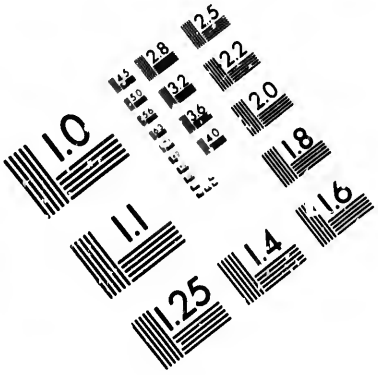

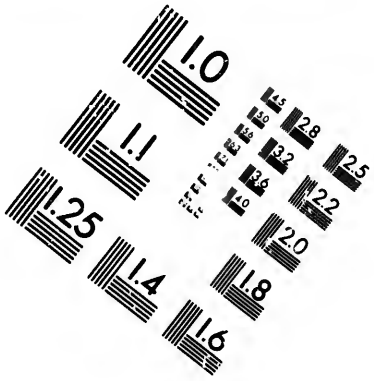

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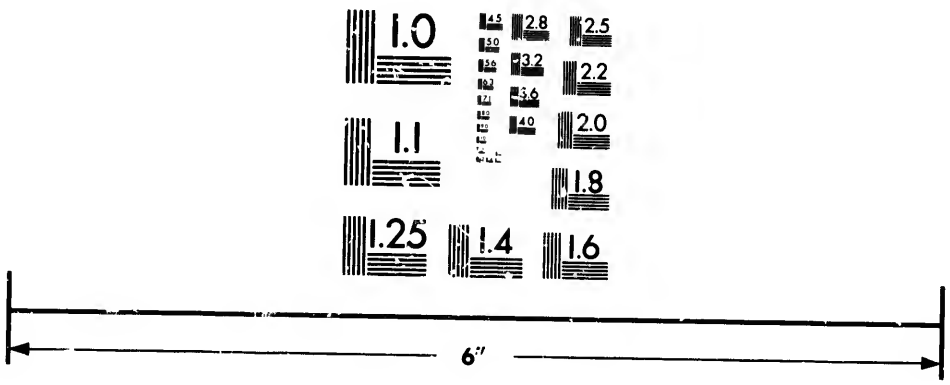

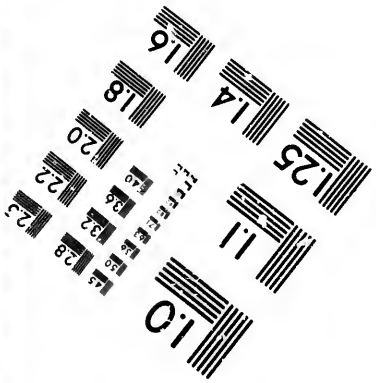

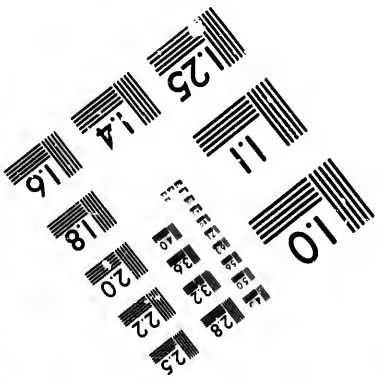

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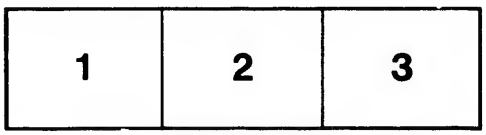
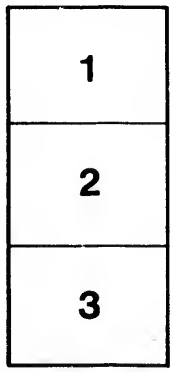
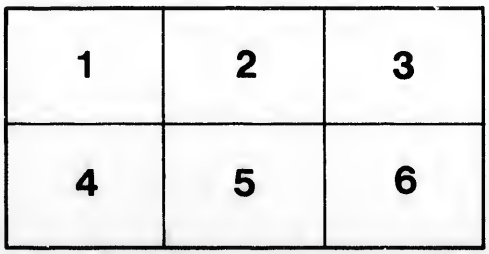






G. DWYER, K. W.

BY

PAUL TSYR.

MONTREAL:
JOHN LOVELL & SON,
23 ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

CONTENTS.

G. DWYER, K.W.

CHAPTER I.

IT is February of the year 1887. The long dining room of the Russell House, Ottawa, is gaily decorated with many colored bunting and festoons of flowers. To the right of the entrance is an elevated platform over which several Union Jacks are draped, and at the opposite end of the room is a little balcony occupied at present by about twenty persons, guests of the hotel, who are looking on the brilliant scene below.

About two hundred and fifty of the sons and daughters of fair Canada's young capital have accepted an invitation to an "At Home" extended by the members of "The Taché Hill Tobogganing Club" to their friends, and are chasing care with flying feet. The sweet strains from Magillicuddie's Orchestra, the subdued light glancing down through variously tinted lustres on beautiful women and handsome men, the lovely evening dresses of the ladies contrasting pleasingly with the severe elegance of the gentlemen's full-

dress which, however, is relieved here and there by the brightness and warmth of the uniform of some young officer of "The Guards" or "The 43rd Battalion" who has just arrived from an official dinner at the Governor's, permeate all with a sense of beauty, making the nerves thrill with pleasure. Strong arms joyfully encircle forms breathing the breath of Paradise for the hour. Perfume steals upon the senses, silks rustle, fans flutter, jewels glisten, eyes sparkle, hearts beat.

Near the door stand two gentlemen who have not as yet entered into the spirit of the place. They have just arrived, and are looking for familiar faces among the throng. Both are tall, dark gentlemen, past their youth,—one being a portly good-natured looking lawyer of forty, and his companion a slight, reticent-looking man (a lawyer also) of about thirty. By and by them floats gauzy draperies in the mazes of the dance, and ever and anon there passes a figure as slight airy and graceful as a fairy, with feet in time and heart in tune with the sweet notes of the "Forget me-not" waltzes. The band plays on for fifteen minutes and neither gentleman has said a word their gaze instinctively following the swan-like movements of that lady gliding round and through the dancers with a young officer, the two forgetful of everything earthly but themselves and the dance

Mr. Moore, the older lawyer, feels discontented as he looks, and imagines he is tired after the duties of the Court that day. He longs for he knows not what, never dreaming that it is the youth and fire of twenty-five that is wanting to make him forget there is such a thing as being tired; but what bachelor of forty has completely lost his appreciation of female loveliness if he ever had any?

"I say, Reed, how senseless it seems for educated and refined people to pass whole nights agitating themselves in a whirl of excitement like this. If it were a task imposed upon mankind, how many would rebel against the labor!"

"Well, yes; but you know that humanity must be amused and diverted to keep it from going mad. Why not this way as well as any other? There are many more disastrous, notwithstanding all the clerical anathemas. The clergy are inexperienced, evil-minded or envious when they try to rail down so many amusements which they cannot stop. It seems to me if they would preach more Hygiene and less Theology and blind obedience they would keep the flood of passion better within its banks. But, by-the-way, who is the lady you have been watching? Has the hitherto icy substance of your heart been undergoing a melting process lately?"

"Now, now, Reed, if I mistake not, your gaze followed mine pretty closely, and all joking aside, are you not, at this moment, wishing for an introduction? I shall be most happy to oblige you."

"Thank you; but as I have not danced for a long time, and the lady seems to have around her aspirants more numerous than she can oblige, I had better not make use of an old friend to inflict myself upon her."

"You are too modest, I assure you. She enjoys the society of middle-aged men; and much as she enjoys the dance, enters into a *tête-à-tête* with as great seeming pleasure."

"What a paragon!"

"Not at all. She is anything but beautiful."

"What is the reason, then, that she is the centre of so much attraction?"

"She is young, but has a great knowledge of human nature for her years, and knows how to touch the right chord in the bashful by kindness; the curious seek her because it is whispered that she is odd in many of her ideas; and the avaricious flutter round, because she lives with her rich uncle Mr. Power of Daly street. Now, with her natural grace, which is better than beauty, do you wonder she is popular?"

"Not at all. I suppose her marriage will be an

item in the column of society events during the summer."

"Well, they say she is not matrimonially inclined. This dance is over. Let me present you. Miss Dwyer, this is my friend, Mr. Reed."

The lady turns a face upon her new acquaintance which has the kindest eyes he ever saw, and a smile so sad yet sweet that it is puzzling. She bows her acknowledgment, and tapping a vacant seat beside her with her fan says: "There is only room for one."

Moore insists that his friend take the offered seat, and then stands and chats a while the "*little nothings*" of a ball-room. Reed takes no interest in the conversation, and has become absorbed in his own thoughts, gazing on the scene before him. All at once Moore perceives a gentleman standing at the other side of the room who was a college chum of his, and whom he has not seen for years. He excuses himself and crosses over to speak to him. Now Reed and Miss Dwyer are together alone, and he, being a man unaccustomed to flatter ladies, and indeed very little accustomed to society at all, is at a loss to know what to say to this one who receives adulation from all as if it is her right. She looks at him, and mentally remarks his rugged features: an ugly mouth scarcely concealed by a stubby mustache, a small nose, and a complexion,

well, a good healthy complexion, dark skin with ruddy cheeks,—altogether "a common, very common looking man," she thinks. He looks at her and she almost starts. His eyes with the light upon them are brilliant as stars, large and earnest, honest eyes, eyes that seem to contain a smouldering fire so well and so long under control as to be almost extinguished. She is looking at him, and he returns her look so coldly, so steadily, that she, woman of the world that she already is, feels ill-at-ease. She asks him if he does not dance. He replies that it is so long since he has danced he is almost afraid to try, but if she will accept him as a partner for the next waltz he will be most happy.

The band strikes up "The Annette," and away they glide past a mirror in which each in the same turning notices the other's figure. He so tall, straight and manly, she so light and willowy. The music and a rush of very joyousness seem to carry her along. Every fibre in her thrills, and she communicates to her partner some of her high spirits. Pleasure is contagious. He dances as he never danced before, and many eyes turn to follow their graceful movements. They waltz till the last bar of the music has died away, and when they sit down, laugh because they forgot themselves so. Presently an awkward-looking young fellow

comes up and stands beside Miss Dwyer,—she introduces him as Mr. Blair ; then another young man in military uniform starts across the room, evidently for the purpose of securing the next dance. Miss Dwyer turns to Mr. Blair and asks him if he has a partner. He says "No," on which she says : 'You must consider yourself engaged then ;" and when the officer has made his request, she says she has promised Mr. Blair, who smiles, while the other tries to look pleasant over his disappointment. When the dance begins, Reed wonders what made her prefer the ungainly young man, then thinks of his own dance, and that it seemed as if the weight of ten years of life had been taken from his feet for those few moments. He watches her for a few minutes in the crowd, and a sensation runs along his nerves like a light electric shock. He turns to look for his friend, thinking all the while that he had done well to keep away from women as much as possible, for flesh is flesh, and "a young man married is a young man marred " in certain lines of study. Moore coming up wants to get him other partners, but he is tired. He had only come through curiosity. It is so long since he was at a ball he had almost forgotten what such things are like, and as it is late they decide to slip away unnoticed as they had come. Moore had a case to

prepare for Court next day, and was glad to leave to snatch a few hours' rest before appearing. The outside air was delightfully invigorating, and a brisk walk brought them, in ten minutes, to the divergence of their ways.

Moore says gaily in bidding adieu: "Good-night, friend. Forgot to say I hope you are not taken in the toils. I'll tell you her history next time we meet, if you desire to hear it."

Reed went home, and dreamed till morning of silken robes fluttering, white shoulders gleaming in a throng, and in many places arose the same eyes and smile. A fair young girl leaned upon his arm. He looked, and it was she. Ahead a stately matron was promenading with an ancient beau. She turned, and behold! it was the same face again. He looked around, and every lady seemed a counterpart of the first who leaned upon his arm. Next she was upon an iceberg in mid-ocean and he in a solitary bark, saving her from the cruelty of wind and waves, when the servant, rapping at his door, announced it was "half-past eight." Just one hour to dress, breakfast and be at his office. The ball and dream were as completely effaced as if they had never been.

That day and the next the same face came up in day-dreams, occasionally, but seemed only as a reminder of the days of verdant affections when

his heart had been captivated more than once by a pretty face or figure. In a forgotten corner of his writing-desk were some relics of former times, a lock of hair, some ribbon, some old letters, and even in the back of his watch a miniature picture which he had almost forgotten he had placed there, —remembrances of *loves* whose places had long since been usurped by ambition. Yesterday he would have found it silly to look at these keep-sakes so tenderly, but to-day something seemed to say that there are joys in life greater than worldly prosperity. His aim had been to succeed and be an honor to himself, his family and his talents. He had kept his burden on the road light by walking alone, and he could now see the goal of achievement ahead; still, there had been many thorns and briars on the way which woman's tender fingers would have helped to heal and baby smiles made him forget. But the chances in love and war are precarious. He had known deceitful women in his youth, and had resolved to trust none. He wondered why this train of thought had come upon him, then thought of his friend, and resolved to run over and have a chat with him that evening. The following chapter is a synopsis of the young lady's history as told by Moore during that chat.

CHAPTER II.

GRAZIELLA Dwyer had been born in the city of Ottawa about twenty-two years before the time of which I write. Her father, at the time of her birth, was a merchant, whose business of late years had all turned out badly, so that their financial affairswere at a very low ebb about that time. The father was of an ardent temperament, ambitious and energetic with lots of animal spirits. He had married a good-looking young school-teacher on a three weeks' acquaintance, and both had cause long since to regret their haste.

She was a woman of great ambition also, but of high moral principle. *She* looked on life as one great *duty* to be fulfilled. She was strict in her adherence to her principles (and these were the highest moral outcome of the best interpretation of the Roman Catholic faith), and was as cold and free from passion as the snow on "Jura's brow." She had married, as a great many women do, for fashion's sake, without comprehending the sentiment of life at all. Most women desire an establishment in life. They feel, as young unmarried

women, nonentities, and horror of horrors is that dreadful title "old maid."

Also when brothers and sisters get married, it is trying to be left to live with a sister-in-law or brother-in-law, or just as trying to be left with the old folk. Then married life has many charms as the great unknown. Sometimes too a little avarice or emulation steps in, and when some young man who is well-to-do in a worldly way offers his heart and hand, the latter is accepted, without much consideration of the former. Thus some virgins are married who have as much taste for married life as infants have for castor oil. It is well when such as these meet a man who wants a housekeeper, but ill indeed when a woman of that cold, hard temperament is joined for her natural life to an impetuous nature, as happened in the case of Graziella's father and mother. The first twenty-four hours of what should be communion of souls is apt to leave upon one a touch of disgust and upon the other a shade of disappointment which will grow into a black shadow of regret.

Some women are women of high ideals, who before marriage look upon life as you would upon a wonderful scene; but when they take up the brush to imitate, there are many difficulties to overcome. They cannot get down to the level of using the brush without losing their fascination for the work.

If they paint their picture out, it is but a lifeless copy in the end,—the warmth of soul is wanting.

How do ardent men make the mistake of marrying against the dictates of Nature? Their impetuosity leaves them no time to study human nature, although they daily see its various phases. They are taken by a pretty face or form, and judging mankind in general by themselves, never dream of an existing necessity of reciprocity of sentiment. Marriage is a need to them.

Graziella's father and mother bore their mutual disappointment heroically, both being proud. I have said both were ambitious, but the mother was better educated than the father; she therefore felt her opinion should have weight. In fact, when anything seemed right to her, it was so right that it appeared blindness in anyone else not to be able to see with her eyes, and she therefore sometimes asserted her opinions aggressively. The father was a man easily coaxed but could never be bullied,—an obstinate man. Dissension soon came over ways and means of getting on in the world. The disappointment rankled in both hearts. She cold at first, grew frigid.

Religion for a long time kept the husband at home, but soon Nature asserted itself the stronger. Appearances in the home life were kept up for

the sake of relations and children, unfortunately. The innocent one soon began to suffer in health for the trespasses of the guilty. The first symptoms developed into a foul disease. Then followed the bitterest estrangement, then upbraidings on the husband's part, the most tantalizing silence on the wife's, which came from a strong resolve to bear the pangs of baffled hope and life in silence. She had her child always near her, however, and she, although young, could not help understanding some of the misery which was constantly surrounding them. There is a magnetism in a voiceless woe: it stirs our very entrails. Graziella was sorry for her mother. Scenes of more or less violence, distressing pantomime, were of so frequent occurrence that the sympathetic child's nerves were entirely unstrung. She grew to hate her father and also to fear him. His step upon the door-sill would make her heart beat violently, and fear would almost stop her breath,—not fear for herself, but fear for the effect of his presence on her mother.

The father neglected his work, drank, and left his family unprovided for.

The mother's disease waxed incurable. The woman who had been all coldness to her husband loved her child with a love stronger than death. She planned night and day for that future time

when she would no longer be there to guide her. The thought of leaving her little girl at the mercy of this cold world, alone, perhaps to meet a fate like hers, almost paralyzed her faculties. She made every sacrifice to keep her at school, turning old coats to make a presentable cloak for her in winter, and often depriving herself of nourishing food to keep the child dressed to go to school. She had insured her life soon after her marriage, and to pay up her Policy she deprived herself of almost every comfort, sewed for her neighbors whenever she could get anything to do or when she was able to do it, and all the while tried to bring up her child in the fear and love of God. Her great object was to impress upon her little daughter that a convent is the happiest spot on earth, and that consequently she must be a nun, the unhappy mother thinking that her daughter away from all men was shielded from all harm.

Shortly after this her malady took an alarming turn. She lingered for a Summer, and in the early Autumn died. The home, if such it might be called, was broken up, the father going away to New York, where he was killed in a railway accident two years afterwards.

Now, Graziella, thanks to that life insurance Policy, was ensured from want until such times as she could earn her own living. She was placed in

a boarding school, a Catholic nunnery, where she passed a quiet and uneventful life until the age of sixteen. Her mother died when she was ten. There were some things in this period of her life, however, which left an indelible impression on her mind.

The first six months after her mother's death were passed in a boarding school on R— street, Montreal. Now, the Superioress of this establishment was a great financier. Graziella's tutor was a merchant of the city of Montreal who figured largely at bazaars and at church as a kind of business advertisement. By some means this worthy Superioress had heard this, and had something to request through the child every time the gentleman came to see his ward. One time she would tell Graziella to ask for a web of cotton to make her underclothes, another time for a web of flannel, *et cætera*, Graziella had plenty of clothes, and knowing very well the things requested were not for her, was loth to ask for them; but the Superioress insisted, and after having been punished several times for disobedience the child arrived in the parlor one Sunday afternoon in tears. Her tutor contrived to know the cause; he was indignant, and ordered Graziella to pack her trunk, and immediately made arrangements for transferring her to the institution on

C— street. When she was about leaving, the Superioress sent for her, and with a face purple with rage indulged in bitter invectives, and told Graziella she hoped "*she would never prosper for her duplicity.*" She might have been more vexed at herself for her indiscretion. Graziella left with a bitter sense of injustice done her and a little remembrance which, when she was afterwards able to reason it out, gave her a slight contempt for the sincerity of a certain lady's work solely for the love of *God*.

In the institution on C— street the Sisters were very kind to her, many of them particularly so, and she remained with them a little over four years. The last year she took up special work, to try, at the Ontario Teachers' Examination, for a certificate to teach. The money left her was all gone but a couple of hundred dollars. She had proved clever. She was trotted out as the lion of the school in Mathematics, whenever any grandee paid a visit, to perform upon the blackboard for his edification.

There was among the boarders the daughter of a well-to-do Civil Servant of Ottawa who had been in the institution some ten or twelve years. She was, at the period we speak of, about twenty years of age. The time had arrived for her to graduate, and graduate she must, irrespective of

her fitness. She had neither talent nor the gift of application during her years of incarceration, but once *out* in Society she would occupy a good position, and would be able to show in distinguished places medals gained in the institution if she were not able to do honor to them. The last three years she had been kept at school by repeated promises of many distinctions to come, and as this was undoubtedly her last year, all the promises were to be fulfilled in the culminating honor of receiving the " Governor's " medal. This medal had been promised to her at the beginning of the year. It must be admitted that the young lady had that particular polish which all those who have long been in contact with persons refinement possess. This would be sufficient to guide her pretty safely through the mazes of a society not *very* highly distinguished for its intelligence.

Graziella was doing special work, and would probably pass the Ontario Teachers' Examination, and the good Sisters had a happy thought. It was impossible to impose upon the reflective public by a show of medals alone, but could not Kathleen be made to shine with a reflected light, so that the few who would detect any deficiency would conclude she must certainly know more than was apparent.

The Special Course which Graziella followed was catalogued below the Graduating Course when it should have been classed above.

Near the end of the term the Rector of a certain college was requested to set an examination in Grammar as a test to decide the ownership of a gold medal donated by a lady friend of the institutoin. The papers were written upon on a determined afternoon, and sent in. In the evening the graduates were missing from the play-grounds. Graziella was up in the English class, doing extra work as usual, when one of them entered and stopped, all confused at seeing her at her desk, and left the room immediately. Bessie Carruthers, one of the older girls though not one of the more advanced, suspected something was wrong when the graduates were missing from the play-grounds. All year the partiality in the graduates' favor had been so flagrant that the whole school was indignant at them and the teachers. Bessie stealthily left the play–grounds and communicated her suspicions to Graziella. Together they searched the great house for the missing two. There was a kindergarten class-room on the third story far from any other class-room. The door of this room they found locked, and over the upper half (which was glass) a green baize had been hung on the inside. Bessie said : " I knew it. I knew it. They are here

and are re-writing their Grammar papers." Though Graziella was loth to believe the accusation at first, conviction soon forced itself upon her through the indiscretion of the graduates themselves.

Graziella refused to write on any examinations from that time to the end of the term, and her persistent refusals caused a rupture between herself and the good Sisters, the ultimate result of which was that, the following year, instead of returning to the convent, she attended the Collegiate Institute at Ottawa,—a change which was most beneficial to her in every respect. She remained at this school for two years, distinguishing herself repeatedly in "*Science*" and "*Language.*"

In the meantime Mr. Power, her tutor, had lost all his children by diphtheria, and attracted by Graziella's many talents he determined to adopt her. He was also related to her,—his wife being a sister to her dead mother. To separate himself from painful associations, he sold out his business in Montreal, and started afresh in the Capital, thereby making a great mistake financially.

Graziella was not long installed in her new home till she had won the warmest place in the hearts of her foster-parents, who lavished everything on her that wealth could procure. She was

introduced into Society, and became a general favorite. She was a beautiful singer and an excellent dancer, having taken lessons in both singing and dancing at the Convent, besides having the gift of conversing intelligently and interestingly.

She had been living with Mr. and Mrs. Power for four years when the ball took place at which Mr. Reed first met Graziella.

CHAPTER III.

DURING the week succeeding the ball Reed received an invitation to an "At Home" given by Mrs. Power in honor of a young lady from Montreal who had arrived on a visit to Graziella. He accepted the invitation.

Thursday evening the Powers' home was a blaze of light. The young girls stood on the right side of the long drawing-room to welcome their friends, which they did so charmingly that each one felt himself or herself at ease immediately. As the gentlemen guests arrived, Graziella once incidentally wondered if the tall, stiff-looking gentleman whom she met at the ball would not soon arrive; at that moment the door opened, and Mr. Moore and Mr. Reed were announced.

The evening passed pleasantly and quickly. Mr. Moore entertained himself by being agreeable to all the ladies, but to none in particular, while Reed seemed to have a partiality for Miss Burrows (the young lady from Montreal), near whom he remained all evening talking badinage as he had not done for years. Now and then he addressed himself to Graziella, but always in the

most casual manner. This piqued her. Gentlemen usually were more deferential to her. What a curious manner this stiff gentleman with the beautiful eyes had! She thought oftener of him after the evening was over than she would have had he been more attentive to her.

Ada Burrows remained with Graziella all during the winter months, and as a matter of course both girls were invited out frequently, and Fate seemed to have decided that Mr. Reed should be invited wherever they went. They were always glad. Ada took his continued presence in her neighborhood as a compliment to herself, and Graziella always enjoyed the dance or two which she danced with him more than the others. He was a beautiful dancer. Then he generally seemed so ill at ease and anxious to get away that it was a kind of triumph to talk him into a touch of familiarity.

The last dance of the season had arrived, and Graziella, thinking over the incidents and acquaintances of the winter, felt a kind of pang,—a most unreasonable thing, when she found herself considering that this would put an end to her frequent meetings with Mr. Reed. The gentleman must have been indulging in somewhat the same strain of thought. During the evening he signified to Graziella that it would give him unqualified pleasure to keep up her acquaintance, so naturally

there followed an invitation from her for him to call at her aunt's when it might suit his fancy.

There were several calls before Ada left and several invitations to go boat-riding, which the young ladies accepted.

Early in June Ada was called home. Her going in no way disturbed the regularity of Reed's calls. He found himself in Graziella's company a couple of times each week. He could not or would not account to himself for his new found gallantry. Sometimes they went together to hear the band play on Cartier Square or Parliament Hill of an evening. At such times they strolled around quietly, not saying much. At other times they went up the canal in a boat, and these were the evenings most enjoyed by both. Both were fond of music, and to while away the time Graziella would sometimes hum the airs of some popular opera, while Reed, smoking in the other end of the boat, let it glide peacefully along; or she would listen while he whistled softly. At times they rowed their boat into a little arbor (a short distance above the railway bridge), which is formed by a tree whose lower branches touch the water some five or six feet from the bank, and arch between, so as to form a snug little retreat secure from the observation of the occupants of passing boats. This romantic little spot has been guilty of

causing many a lover's full heart to overflow in a proposal of marriage. It has been called the "Lovers Retreat." Reed and Graziella were much more affectionately inclined towards each other at such times than *friends* generally are, but their conversation was commonplace—that is, devoid of all sentimental tendency.

Mr. Power was the owner of a magnificent library, and Graziella had developed into an omnivorous reader, her taste running in the line of philosophical novels, which she was able to criticize most intelligently. A new bond, stronger than any that had existed previously, grew between them when each found in the other a friend of mutual sentiments on many subjects.

Once they were caught out in the rain in a boat, without umbrellas and, to make matters worse, Graziella had nothing but a thin dress on. Reed forced her to put on his coat, thus protecting her fairly well, but being drenched himself so as to present a sorry sight when they returned to the house. This was a source of amusement to them for many days.

Towards the end of June Miss Chase organized a party to take a day's outing down the Ottawa. The party was composed of a dozen or more ladies and gentlemen. They were to embark on the steamer "Empress," land at Montebello, wander around the

grounds of Papineau's castle for a couple of hours, and come back to the city on the return trip. The ladies provided the eatables, and the gentlemen took charge of *both*, on which they bestowed double attention. Dinner was eaten on the grass on the Castle grounds immediately on arriving, then the company divided up into twos, threes or fours, as it happened, to stroll around the grounds, admire the fine situation of the Castle and the many beautiful flowers, to inspect the museum so kindly left open to a public which sometimes shows itself so little grateful towards the owner as to make one think their only object in coming there was to destroy as much as they could, and finally reluctantly to return to the landing-place when the noisy blow of the boat signified that it was time to quit this retreat. Once on board the time passes quickly enough, some of the party dance, some sing, some sit out on deck and watch the receding waters. Graziella and Reed were of the latter. It was already dusk when the steamer was moored at the "Queen's Wharf," and some being tired elected to ride home, while a few preferred walking,—of these were our two friends. At the head of the stairs the gentleman offered his arm. Graziella accepted it, and in doing so felt a very perceptible tremor pass over her companion, then both seemed to lose the power of speech, and walked half way up the

street without uttering a syllable, then with one accord they launched slowly into common-places and at last Graziella was at home, and then in bed, not to sleep, however, for long enough.

The next afternoon Graziella was much astonished to receive a note from Reed, stating that the sudden death of one of his uncle's in England necessitated his immediate departure for London, and that to catch the next outgoing ocean steamer he must start that very afternoon, without having time to bid his friends even a hasty adieu.

This news fell like lead upon her heart. She went around all day in a state of semi-consciousness of every thing that transpired about her. She wondered at what time his train would start and what he was doing at that particular moment, when his steamer would leave, when he would arrive in England, and whether he would have a stormy passage. Then she felt happy as she thought he must soon be back. There was nothing to detain him in England more than a few weeks, and his practice would urge his speedy return.

He had been gone hardly a week when she received a letter from him. It was a revelation. It was so natural, so easy, so affectionate. He could write more of what was in his soul than he would ever venture to say. How she grew to care for him!!

Mr. Moore sometimes dropped in in the evening with Mr. Power, and many a tedious hour was whiled away by "a game of cards." On a sultry evening, all four, Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Power, and Graziella sought cool air and amusement at the "Electric Park," or betook themselves to "Rockliffe," and wandered around under the trees, sat on the grass, listened to the river flow, and all seemed to them, under the incandescent light, like some scene out of pictures of fairyland. Many were the fairies that peopled their imaginations at such times. On several of these occasions there was talk of private picnics, moonlight excursions or other amusements shortly to take place, and it happened that Moore would propose to accompany the family, or he would offer himself as escort to Graziella when Mr. and Mrs Power were unable to attend. Graziella did not always like the arrangements made, but did not exactly know how to protest; thus she was frequently thrown into Moore's society, and he seemed to lose no opportunity of showing personal attentions and being gallant, until Graziella's friends commenced to whisper about that the absent lover was losing ground which was being rapidly gained by Moore. These rumors, reaching Graziella, weighed heavily upon her, but she could not prevent Moore's visits to her uncle's house without seriously displeasing

both her uncle and aunt, and, moreover, she was bound by no tie which could prevent her from receiving the visits of any gentleman she chose. Moore was by so many years her senior she could not bring herself to treat him as she would have treated a younger man whose attentions might distress her. Her distress was increased by the knowledge that at any time an account of his attentions might reach Reed and although he would have no reasonable right to question her reception of any of the former gentleman's attentions, still she felt in a vague way accountable to him for her actions.

CHAPTER IV.

THE first week of September brought a letter from Reed, stating that in a few days his business matters would be in such shape as to allow his return. That week had a coloring which no former week had had since Reed left. Graziella's aunt noticed she went about the house in a light and airy manner. She sang catches of songs and turned a beaming face on every one she met, still she found the days crawl by at a snail's pace. She argued to herself she was not in love with him. Her childhood had destroyed the possibility of such sentiment in her, she thought, but she had faith in his goodness.

Finally the papers announced his return. She did not expect him to call on her immediately, but he came the next afternoon, and was greeted by the most smiling, happy, grateful face that ever was seen, and he went away in a dream of happiness. Not many days afterwards, in making the round of his friends, he called on Helen Chase. That young lady was the most gossipy of his acquaintances. She soon let him into the secret of what people were saying of Graziella and Moore,

and said of course she would not have it repeated for the world, but Graziella had t old her enough to cause her to believe she was engaged to Moore, and the young lady added that probably the wedding would take place within the year. The young man went home with a dull, numb pain, as if some angry wolf were gnawing at his vitals. He kept in the house for several days, and when he was seen around again his friends remarked his altered appearance, and were sorry he had been so ill. For weeks he shunned the street on which Graziella iived. Moore called at Mr. Power's as usual. When the two gentlemen met at other places, as they sometimes did by chance, Moore found that Reed was no longer his friend of old. Any warm advances on the part of the former were received with the coldest civility by the latter. There was no effusion, no expansion as of old, and Moore, being unconscious of Reed's state of mind and innocent in his own intentions, was a little bewildered over the change in his friend ; but being a man of the world, and as such willing to see with little surprise any new phase of life, he soon settled down to accepting complacently the new state of affairs, and they drifted further and further apart.

CHAPTER V.

AN epidemic of pneumonia broke out in Ottawa, and Mr. and Mrs. Power were among the earliest to be prostrated by it. From the first it was easy to see it was likely to be a serious matter with Mr. Power. The disease developed, and soon there was no hope for his life. Graziella attended to her aunt and uncle with untiring devotion night and day, although she had a very slight attack of the disease herself, but neither bodily illness nor fatigue seemed to diminish her great sollicitude for those who had been as kind to her as the fondest of parents for several years.

It was impossible to ward off the fatal blow. The disease became acute, and the old gentleman succumbed. The malady had caused Mrs. Power to be delirious for several days and she was still too weak to be told what had happened. Graziella, worn out and stricken with grief, was almost crushed to earth. She could never have found strength to make the funeral arrangements; but kind and willing hands were near. Moore attended to everything, and in such an unobtrusive manner that things almost seemed to have arranged themselves.

Graziella's mind received such a shock by the turn events had taken, that she seemed like a somnambulist, though sufficiently awake to understand it was an urgent need for her to remain at her post, and with that conviction came the required strength which carried her through.

Mrs. Power was some better, and must be told. Graziella comforted her as best she could, and diligently attended her during the period of convalescence, which was long drawn out by the grief which continually sapped her new found strength. When she was around once more, it would have been difficult to tell which most required care,—the aunt or niece. Neither had any idea of business, and therefore they were unfitted for the winding up of Mr. Power's affairs in more ways than one. The store was closed, the stock sold off, all Mr. Power's debts paid and his life insurance looked after, all by the same kind friend. These women could not have done without an intermediary, and their oldest and much-trusted friend was the one to whom they naturally turned. Mrs. Power had enough money to provide pretty comfortably for herself and niece if it were well invested. A brother of hers who was in the oil business in Ohio offered to invest the money in land and conduct the boring of oil-wells for her, and she sent it on to him, as he had made a fortune for himself in that locality.

Reed sometimes met Moore on the street, and asked in a casual way about Mrs. Power and Graziella. Moore could have shaken him for his coldness at such times. Reed could have crushed Moore for being their friend whom he would have given all in the world to be. Sometimes, in returning from his office, he involuntarily went down Metcalfe street, which was not on his way, and he invariably looked up on arriving at a certain house. If a light were shining in a particular window, he was recompensed for the addition to his walk.

He called conventionally upon Graziella at the proper time. He had always found it hard to express sympathy to those for whom he really felt. On this occasion he found it doubly hard to utter even the most hackneyed of sympathetic phrases. Graziella said little. Her grief had subdued her, and her resentment of Reed's apparent indifference made her put a restraint on herself in her attitude towards him. In the intervals during her uncle's sickness, when she had had time to think of her former friend, she wondered with a vague fear what might be the matter. Was it an overheated imagination on her part which made him seem cold, or did she expect too much attention? Her eyes when set upon his face that afternoon had a kind of wistful, questioning look, but he remained passive under her gaze. He bid her good-bye, after

the manner of a very good friend indeed, but some thing clutched at her heart. Was he no more tha this? The tears welled up to her eyes; as h turned to leave, he glanced at her face and sa them;—a moment more and he had paused on th doorstep, then he descended the steps abstracted and ran against the first man he met. He bu toned up his coat and hurried home.

Graziella sought her room, her soul filled with terror such as mothers feel when their first-bo lies gasping in agony in danger of death.

Day after day she was worried by material ca and interests, and morning, noon and night s carried along with them a burden of anxiety a conjecture concerning her former friend.

News reached her and her aunt that the produ tive outlook in the oil district in which their mon had been invested was anything but good. six weeks more the girl was but a shadow of h former self. She had become much emaciated, b performed her accustomed daily duties with ev more than her customary energy. Trials of h early years had developed endurance in her.

Helen Chase came frequently to see her, and her gay and careless chat sometimes beguiled h into a happy smile. At other times she insist on taking her out for an "airing," and Grazie always returned feeling some better in spirit. O

ening after having walked until Graziella was
ed, Helen insisted she should accompany her
me to tea, which Graziella consented to do after
ittle persuasion. Helen's little brothers and
ters made a boisterous but mirth-inspiring addi-
n to the supper table, and long before the meal
d ended everyone was laughing at the merry
ics of the younger ones. They were allowed
join the older members of the family in the
ning, and Helen even proposed games or danc-
. Helen and Graziella were only organizers at
, but before long had caught the spirit of
hour, and were children again themselves, so
two gentlemen had entered, and remained
nding in the drawing-room door for a couple of
utes without having been perceived. All at
a calm settled over the room; the two young
es immediately perceived the cause, and Helen
ened forward to receive Reed and Mr. Quinn.
gentlemen laughed at the general discomfi-
, and by a bantering, easy manner relieved
y one of the bashfulness caused by the sud-
interruption. The romping games were
ed into dances, and the children were soon as
nated as before. Mrs. Chase was at the piano.
Quinn and Helen joined the dancers. Gra-
a and Reed were left to admire. At last he
ed and said: "We will go around once or

twice." His gaze was upon her. She accepted his arm without response,—she could not have refused. He drew her to him and she rested on his heart. He held her there so firmly, so tenderly. Neither spoke a word. Their emotion was becoming painful, and Graziella, fearful of her strength, by an effort, broke the ecstacy with a commonplace. Unbounded joy filled two hearts. They were mutually confident.

The rest of the evening passed like a dream. Reed escorted Graziella home, and was surpassingly tender in his attitude towards her; but not a word of love was exchanged. He was still suspicious of her relation toward Moore, although morally sure of her affection. She was betrayed even by her voice, which was so low it covered her with confusion; but when she tried to be brave, and pitched it in a higher key, it doubly played the accuser by its tremolo. Her soul hungered for one word of love, but it was not spoken although a balm of Gilead had soothed two wounded hearts for the time being. They had read each other's love.

Both passed a sleepless night. Reed wore a tired and jaded expression the next day. His doubts had recurred to him during the night. Graziella seemed to have gained renewed strength. No fear had been mingled with *her* new-found

hope. It was a flood of happy thoughts that banished sleep.

The third day after this Mrs. Power received a letter from the brother who had invested her money, dwelling upon the non-productiveness of the wells already bored, in such earnestness as to make her anxious to withdraw the money she had invested there without greater loss, to seek a more reliable place of investment in Canada. She wished to confer with Mr. Moore both as to the withdrawal and also the re-investment of what still remained to her, and she and Graziella went down town to his office for the purpose of soliciting his opinion. Just as they were entering the office they met Mr. Reed.

Moore promised to consider the matter and lay the result of his consideration before the ladies for their approval. He concluded it would be better to bring the money to Canada as soon as an opening could be found in which to place it, and he constituted himself their agent. This necessitated his calling frequently at their home to let them know what the prospects were. Frequently they thought they had found the required opening, but on looking for security against loss were unable to find as good as they would desire to have.

One day, within a fortnight of the evening Gra-

ziella had spent with Helen, Moore called in the afternoon, and asked to see Graziella alone. He explained to her that a financial crisis was imminent, and it would be better for them to sell out their investment as quickly as possible, and that probably by the time they would have their money in hand he would be able to dispose of it. He confided the gravity of the situation to Graziella rather than to Mrs. Power, as the former was by far the more competent to act promptly and decisively in an emergency. She was to urge the necessity of her action on her aunt as best she might.

Before Moore left that afternoon another caller was admitted. It was Reed. He was almost up to Graziella and her friend before they had become aware of his entrance, so absorbed were they in their topic of conversation. His first look took in much that must appear to indicate that these two were more than ordinary friends, a certain proximity of situation, a deep and earnest conversation and a flushed and interested countenance on Graziella's part were the "trifles light as air" which to the jealous man seemed "confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ." The conversation became general and ran in commonplace channels. Mr. Moore had other business to attend to, and soon bade good-bye. Graziella followed him out of the draw-

ing-room, and remained away a few moments for a last advice as to how she was to proceed.

When she closed the door on Mr. Moore and turned to retrace her steps to the drawing-room, her last meeting with Reed flashed across her mind and suffused a gentle heat through her whole being, —her eyes sparkled, her lips parted in a smile, her step was light, and she came and sat near him in a half caressing way. He first thought her looks and manner the effect of her leave-taking with Moore, but could not remain so blind as not to see she intended to convey to him affection for himself. Deep in his soul, he could almost have cursed the fair face which seemed to hold forth to him the promise of a joy at which he almost stood aghast, and which, he was morally certain, was the incarnation of duplicity towards him. He mentally concluded that, aware of his weakness in regard to her, she was making game of him, and determined to meet her on her own ground. He was gay and entertaining far beyond what was usual with him, but there was a hollowness about his mirth and a conventionality about his conversation which could not deceive the quick perception of a loving heart, and his exceeding cheerfulness appalled Graziella as no amount of gravity could have done.

Both felt relieved when they had parted that day.

It was an unusual thing with Graziella to cry; but this afternoon she sought her room, and wept long and passionately. She had been so cruelly disappointed. When she had stopped from bodily and mental exhaustion, she arose and washed her face, and went down and about her household duties as usual, a little ashamed of her own weakness. The world had shown this girl its cruel side, and the steel had entered her soul then. After-years had partly caused her to forget and believe in human nature, but something had been left behind indelibly impressed upon her character,—a certain coldness of outward expression, caused by the well ingrafted idea "that we have much to endure, and that the world only laughs at our sorrows and mocks us because we feel, and therefore it is always the better part to hide our sufferings."

The weeks wore on. The efforts of Graziella's uncle to realize on the real estate in which he had invested their money were meeting with no success. To sell, he must be content to lose two-thirds of the money put in, and matters were allowed to drag on in the vain hope that some turn of the wheel of fortune would bring them good luck.

Mrs. Power had never wholly regained her strength since her illness. Her husband's death had contributed a certain disheartening whic

told heavily on her health, and Graziella, although scrupulously careful to minister to her every want, was coldly tender. Her whole being had become so absorbed and permeated by the one great longing that as regarded everything else she was almost an automaton. There was no heart-to-heart sympathy between them. It was not natural for Graziella to confide in anyone, and, moreover, had she been so inclined, her aunt had as many mental and physical burdens as she could bear. The elder woman could not help perceiving the dreadful change which had come over her beloved niece's appearance in a few weeks, and was much alarmed by it. She constantly worried Graziella by well-meant questionings, and was herself more and more perplexed and troubled over the way in which she was answered. Graziella invariably made light of the change in her appearance, and after she saw that her aunt, once started to be solicitous about her, would soon have her suspicions aroused, by an extraordinary effort she assumed a cheerfulness much at variance with her feelings. The strain in keeping up this illusion told most seriously on her strength, but each day, as she found herself losing, she, by an almost superhuman effort of will, kept herself up, and deceived her aunt still further.

There was no relief to her worries; her aunt's

health and the procuring of their money occupied such of her waking hours as were not already occupied by her attempts at solving her former friend's indifference. She lost her appetite. Her aunt's doctor gave her a tonic, which spurred her jaded system on a little and then lost its effect. She tried many different ones, but all with the same result, then she gave them up. During all this time she never saw Reed. If, when her household necessities forced her out, she were about to meet him on the street, he always managed to avoid her, but not so dexterously that she did not perceive his intention. How it cut her!

She at last stumbled on the thought that Mr. Moore's attitude towards herself and her aunt might be in some way accountable for his strange behavior, but she regarded Mr. Moore so little as a lover that it seemed preposterous for any one else to look at him in that light in relation to her; still the thought came back many times, and became the most aggressive and irrepressible of her many worries. She conjectured for many days whether this were the matter, and when she had concluded it probably was, she was indignant at Reed's graceless suspicion, then blamed herself and circumstances as tending towards a confirmation of such a suspicion. She found an excuse for all Reed's actions, and caring

for him more than ever, was seized with a burning desire to set matters right; but how could she do so when she never met him?

He sedulously shunned the house, he as assiduously avoided her on the street. She dreamed day-dreams of a meeting, and planned a reconciliation, but they were only dreams and plans. They did not meet. In agony she felt so much more distance between them each day, and realized this lengthening chain of time would perhaps seal her lips, if ever she *would* meet him. Her mind had become diseased, and these thoughts seemed to burn as coals into living flesh. They became so painful that any avenue of escape from them would have been a gracious boon. She sought distraction in music, and would pass every evening playing on the piano with her aunt as audience. Her music was a picture of her stream of thought. When in her heart she found an excuse for every seeming harshness of Reed's, she mechanically played the softest, sweetest things she knew. When she felt all within rise impatiently because he accepted her supposed position without assuring himself from a reliable source that it was true, thereby showing his utter want of confidence in the truthfulness of her sentiments as mutely expressed to him, she changed the tune to ruder strains. It all kept the veil over Mrs. Power's

eyes. She did not read her niece's mind, and did not know how sadly she was in need of a sympathizing heart to lean upon. The hours Graziella passed in the solitude of her bed-room were the most exhausting of all. There she laid aside her mask of cheerfulness, and suffered doubly because of having had to wear the mask. It was far on towards morning before she would fall asleep, then her sleep was not quiet or restful, but full of nervous starts and broken dreams. At this period she contracted the habit of reading until an advanced hour. To make the hours of the night bearable she sometimes arose from a wakeful couch, and, throwing a dressing-gown over her night-robe, would pass the long hours of the early morning in her chair.

One evening she had retired to her room early and, without lighting the gas, sat down at the window to look out upon the street and think the thoughts she turned over in her brain with unceasing regularity. She had been there some time, looking at the forms of the passers by without seeing them, when suddenly she started into vivid consciousness. An electric current ran from her head the whole length of her body and ended in a shock. She peered into the lighted street, not to lose one outline of that form. It surely was his beloved form that had paused, and

raising his head he had for one delicious minute directed his gaze towards that window. In that instant two souls had again been re-united. She sat there many hours, paralyzed by an ineffable joy.

He dreamed the dreams of the days before this misery, and slept a refreshing sleep after good and tender thoughts of her whom he would have given worlds to be able to press to his bosom in the blessed confidence of the early days of their acquaintance. He resolved that night, as a last waking thought, to set his mind forever at rest from its conjectures by hearing the truth, however damning, from Graziella's lips as early as he could make an opportunity. His confidence in her was renewed; he felt she would speak the truth.

The next morning *she* surprised the solitary servant of the household by singing a snatch of a song or two while attending to the morning's duties. In the afternoon she astonished her aunt by announcing her intention of going to spend a few moments with Helen, if her aunt could dispense with her care for a very little while. Mrs. Power was so delighted to hear her express a wish to go out, that she actually became fussy in her attempt to hurry her off, and declared that Graziella's going out would surely do HER good. The dear girl was so altered in appearance that Mrs. Power was most uneasy about her.

Helen was at home, and delighted to have Gr
ziella come over of her own accord to pay her
little visit. She was lively and chatty, and fin
ing her friend in an interested, listening mood, s
fired a continuous volley into her attentive ears
it was so long since they really had been atte
tive: Daisy Cooper was to be married in
month and had ordered her "trousseau" fr
"*Felix*" of Paris. Just think of that! L
James and Andrew Booth had fallen out, a
Lola had declared she would never make up w
him again, but she was dying to have him ba
and was encouraging Expert Jackson most sha
fully, everybody sai make Andrew jeal
and bring him to her feet. Edith Grant was
in such an elegant new suit yesterday, but
dear! her hat was so ill-suited to the dress and
unbecoming. How could she ever wear such
thing? She had been invited to an "At Ho
at Evie Stewart's, but had to decline, as it was s
to be a swell affair, and she positively had noth
to wear. And oh! (she had nearly forgotten) eve
one was talking of Miss McLean and Reed.
was so seldom Reed paid attention to anybo
and now he escorted Miss McLean to all the c
certs, operas, and so forth. It surely must m
something. "He is such a queer fish," Helen add
"Do you know, dear, that I really never unde rsto

im at all, and wondered how you ever enjoyed so uch of his company as he used to bestow upon ou."

In so saying she glanced at her companion's ce, and saw the spasm of pain which convulsed at face for an instant, but left no trace a second terwards, except a slight increase of the deadly allor which was now habitually there. Helen was armed by that momentary look, and was urgently licitous as to the cause. The girl's natural pride ade her painfully anxious to hide the wound, and e took refuge in a subterfuge.

She little heeded the rest of the conversation. elen noticed her abstraction, and persisted in lieving Graziella was suffering some bodily in, and questioned her so closely about it at the former departed as soon as possible to relieved of her friend's innocent officiousness. It was Christmas holiday time, and already rk when she walked into the open air five o'clock. The streets were lighted up brilntly, but the light only seemed to dazzle her. As e descended the doorsteps of Helen's home she d to watch her footing, for the steps were slippery; having reached the bottom she brushed a lady d gentleman in passing. The gentleman bowed her. She looked after him to place him among acquaintances. It was Mr. Reed who had acci-

dentally joined Miss McLean on the street. Graziella did not know this woman, but everything within her seemed to shout forth with one accord this was her rival. She walked on and on, thinking and still thinking. Suddenly she stopped. She was going in the direction opposite to her home, and was already nearly a mile away when she became conscious of her surroundings. When she arrived at her own door she was bodily and mentally exhausted. She dragged herself to her own room and threw herself across the bed, where she slept heavily for some time. When she awoke she looked around. It was some time before she could locate herself. All at once she remembered she must have left her aunt alone for several hours, and a great remorse seized her. She turned with redoubled love towards the one being of whose affection she felt assured at that moment. She got up, washed her face, combed her hair, and put on a house dress. She stood in the drawing-room door before her aunt was aware she had entered the house. Mrs. Power imagined she had just come in and had had her supper with Helen. Graziella came and sat down on an ottoman by her aunt's rocker, and clasped her hands across Mrs. Power's knee. Looking up into her aunt's face she asked if she had found the time long since she had gone out, and then told her all the news of interest she

had heard from Helen. All? There was one thing left untold. The elder woman, looking into the face uplifted to hers, noted the brilliancy of the eyes, the redness of the lips and cheeks. and said: "Why, dearest, you should go out every day. You are really beautiful to-night;" but touching her feverish brow, she added: "but I think I shall have to determine the length of your walk and the time you are to stay."

She gently pressed the head down into her lap and stroked the throbbing brow with her delicate fingers. If she only could have soothed the wounded spirit by that gentle, regular touch. Graziella remained there for a long, long time, even until it was their usual hour for retiring. She never, in all her lifetime, could remember what streets she had traversed that night nor how she found herself at home.

For some time Graziella looked better; although she gained nothing in flesh, she was brighter and more animated. She seemed to have acquired an infinite capacity for work. She was busy morning, noon and night. Ah yes, she was especially busy in the night, but no one ever saw any results of those frightful travails of her mind. Perhaps there appeared dark circles under her eyes, only that and nothing more to indicate the wretchedness within.

Helen, wondering at her friend's prolonged ab-

sence, put on her out-door wraps and sallied forth to see what could be the matter Graziella was delighted to see her. She was fond of her, and, moreover, she had a morbid desire to hear anything and everything concerning Reed that her friend would chance to know. Helen told all she heard unreservedly as a general rule, but she had remarked that spasm of pain which had convulsed her friend's countenance, and had since conjectured it might have been caused by something in the conversation. She could not tell exactly what, but she determined before leaving home this Thursday afternoon to be observant, and to take a new topic of conversation should she find anything she would say disagreeable to her friend.

The three ladies passed a pleasant afternoon, and Helen was importuned to remain to tea. Nothing urgently required her presence at home, so she remained. At tea she asked Graziella if Mr. Reed had not passed as she came out on the last evening Graziella had been over to Helen's. The former replied in the affirmative. Helen remarked :

" I thought it was he I caught a glimpse of when closing the door ; " and she added " that was the girl he is going to marry, with hin.. You could not see her very well, I suppose, but you could get a general idea of her height and appearance on

the whole. I understood you to say you had never seen her."

Graziella had become so deadly pale that her aunt thought she was going to faint; perceiving that Mrs. Power was liable to make a fuss e overcame the weakness which had stolen over her by a supreme effort of will, and made light of her indisposition ; but a secret had been laid bare—if not totally, partially—to the eyes of Mrs. Power and Helen.

Helen felt rather embarrassed at having touched the wrong chord, and was almost silent during the remainder of the meal. Mrs. Power was silent also; she was so much amazed and startled by the stream of thought Graziella's illness had created that she became, for the time being, insensible to everything around her. After tea they adjourned to the drawing-room, and Graziella was by far the most animated.

Early in the evening Moore dropped in to see how they were getting along, as he said himself. He knew all the current news, and detailed it in a pleasant, interesting manner, cheering the ladies up and making all three forget the little unpleasant episode of the supper-table.

About half-past eight two other callers were announced, Mr. Reed and Mr. Quinn. When the former entered, an almost imperceptible shade of

annoyance passed over his countenance as he first perceived Moore, but it immediately passed away, and was seen no more that evening. Moore found his friend as he had formerly been, and inwardly content at this waxed more and more talkative and genial. Mrs. Power and Helen were the quietest members of the group. Each was wishing to take her own mental observations, and of this Graziella was fully aware, and determined to betray herself no further than she had already done. She was kind and considerate towards each and all, but her particular attention was paid to Mr. Quinn, —if particular attention could be said to have been paid—noticing which, Quinn went through a mental process something such as this : " She is evidently making herself agreeable to me. I thought Moore or Reed would be the lucky one. Get in ahead, old boy ! " He responded so readily and heartily to the interest Graziella had so slightly shown that she really became alarmed, but was unable to beat a graceful retreat.

Graziella proposed a game of cards, and Helen and Reed played partners. Mr. Moore wished to talk to Mrs. Power, so Graziella was left to play with Quinn. She knew the attitude she had assumed during the evening might be misconstrued by Reed, and was troubled by this misgiving. She played never so badly before. Quinn and Helen

constantly teazed her about her mis-play, but this did not seem to improve it any. When they were tired of cards, coffee and cake were served, then after a little more talk Reed and Quinn took their leave. Moore walked home with Helen.

This Quinn was a very eligible alliance He had three things of the highest value to offer any woman on whom he might set his affections : social position, money and brains. All the men of his set were jealous of him. Reed was many years older and much soberer than he, and had really never compared himself with this young man, nor with any other for many years, but had conceived a friendship for him such as is sometimes seen between grave old men and youths whom they admire for their boyish freshness and candor. To-night a strange feeling towards him had awakened. It was very evident, from what he could judge during the evening, that Moore had a warm spot in his heart for Helen, also that he was very, very good friends with Graziella, but nothing more. Here was a young man of her own age, with every advantage which could render him pleasing to a lady, evidently doing his very best to render himself agreeable in her eyes. He drew a mental comparison between himself and this rival, and a certain natural diffidence quickly helped him to a con-

clusion which he must eventually have come t
even when judging between them most coolly an
justly. The younger man had every advantag
There was only one possible case in which h
could conceive himself to have the ghost
a chance against this young fellow: it was
supposing Graziella already cared for hi
That same evening before entering her hom
his hopes had been high; he then thought th
his one chance was in his favor, now he w
plunged into horrible doubts again.

These thoughts occupied him on the homewa
way and Quinn would have found him a mu
duller and more abstracted companion th
usual if he had not been high-spirited and talkati
himself. When they came to the divergence
their ways Reed made an effort to be as cordial
usual, but did not deceive himself enough to co
clude that he had been anything but cold. Qui
hardly perceived his coldness, however. He h
had a pleasant evening, which had left h
pleasant thoughts enough to occupy him for
far longer time than it would take him to reach
home.

Two of the company that evening had misund
stood Graziella; three had seen through t
veil she had tried to hold up to screen her wound
heart; each before sleeping that night h

determined, in pity for her, to befriend her in her trouble,—each from a different point of view. Moore worried least ever his discovery, he had only to have a talk over this with Reed and all would come right. He saw there must be a misunderstanding, and considering Reed's actions for some time past thought it serious enough ; but he had never doubted his affection for her, although he had forborne to interfere, not being quite so sure of the lady's feelings. Now he knew she was suffering from Reed's apparent indifference, and determined to act as intermediary, to restore confidence between the two as soon as possible.

Helen was sincerely sorry for her friend, but her sorrow was tinged with that shade of contempt,—so slight perhaps she was hardly aware of it herself —with which all women regard the sentiments of their social sisters who have had the misfortune to place their affections where they are unrequited. She had heard he was engaged, and believed it, but would set herself properly to find out, and in case there was still any hope for her friend, she would contrive to bring them together as frequently as possible, that they might work out their own salvation. On these thoughts she went to sleep.

Mrs. Power was the most deeply troubled of the three who had found out Graziella's state of mind that night. Sleep forsook her pillow. She pondered long

and sorrowfully over this revelation. She found explanations for actions of her niece which had hitherto perplexed her. She saw reasons for moods and causes of sickness which had been mysterious to her. She summed up Reed's former evidences of devotion, and saw no change in Graziella or action on her part which could reasonably have cooled his affection had it been genuine; rather did she consider the girl's endurance, tenderness and self-forgetfulness to have shone with new and unaccustomed brilliancy during their months of trial.

Reed had had opportunities of judging her in many aspects, and Mrs. Power considered it was almost impossible for him ever to have cared for her without caring for her still. She made two suppositions, and weighed him in the light of each. The first was that he had cared for her and forgotten his love, and she knowing Graziella, and considering that he should know her fairly well also, despised him thoroughly when she hesitated for even a moment over the thought that his love had grown cold at a time when any serious-minded man (and he appeared to be one) would have felt it broadened and deepened, and settled on a basis a thousand times more stable than formerly. That he had never cared for her might be, but it was certain he had sought the lady's society and shown her marked preference during many months. In

that case he had proved himself most cruel, as his grave and serious manner was well calculated to mislead even the most wary into considering his homage genuine. In these months of intimacy he must have had many opportunities of understanding Graziella, and Mrs. Power felt he must be deficient in appreciation of the true and pure if he had not esteemed her too highly to trifle with. If he had cared and still cared for her, his attitude was again unpardonable. He had been so cold and indifferent during the heaviest afflictions. Graziella, loving him as her aunt unhappily saw she did, would have given him no good reason for feeling himself injured; and if he had been slightly ruffled or wounded from any cause whatsoever, should he not have overlooked that in her time of trouble? If their confidence had been mutual and a misunderstanding had come between them, should he, the gentleman, not have been the first to seek one opportunity at least of setting things right? Loving Graziella, she thought that one opportunity of righting herself was or would be all-sufficient. She wound up her reasonings by having, and making up her mind to retain, a bad opinion of Reed, and determined to set him in her niece's eye as he was in her own at the earliest opportunity; but the opportunity was very long in presenting itself, as Graziella sedulously avoided making that gentleman the topic of any

conversation whatever between them and the elde
lady, remarking this, found an immense difficult
in broaching the subject herself. Graziella knew b
intuition the way in which her aunt regarded mat
ters, and she had also conjectured what Moore an
Helen were thinking, and she had devised correctl
with the quick perception of great interest. Sh
was certain her aunt would blame her if she con
tinued to care for him, and as she felt it impossibl
for her to cease to care, and that discussion of th
subject could only lead to disagreement, she arm
ored herself against attack in silence.

The first time Moore had a plausible excuse h
called on Reed, and had a long, friendly talk wit
him as they were accustomed to have in month
gone by. He tried to draw him to the sub
ject he wished to talk about, but Reed evidentl
could not or would not be drawn, and Moore lef
conscious of having been defeated, but none th
less determined to return to the attack. The
met again in a short time at Helen's home, an
when the evening was over the two left togethe
On their homeward way Moore courageously struc
into the subject. He commenced by speaking
Graziella's evidently poor health, their worry abo
the investment of their money, and from one them
they passed to another, until he accidentally r
marked that Reed and Graziella were clearly n

good friends as they had once been, and laughingly sought to know the cause. Reed answered they were just as firm friends as they had ever been, that certainly he thought a great deal of Graziella, that there never had been anything between them. never anything whatever. At this he dismissed the bject by his tone of voice alone. Moore dropped e subject, but was annoyed, and thought within mself that if there had never been anything whatver between them there should have been. Still, did not yet despair of befriending Graziella, and w that his only chance of doing so was in being vil and friendly, so he swallowed his displeasure d tried to make himself agreeable the rest of the y.

The calls Reed made of his own accord at raziella's were the fuel which kept up the fire of pe in her breast and made her think the news of engagement might be false. Sometimes it was most extinguished when one of these would cause to blaze up for a while with renewed vigor.

The winter wore on. Helen had not forgotten r resolve to give these two a reasonable chance understand each other. They had met on veral occasions at Helen's, *accidentally of course.* mehow, Graziella was afraid Reed would think elen had brought them together at her instigation elen's plan was not as covert as she thought),

with no acquiescence on his part, and she never was natural on such occasions. Reed suffered from the painful apprehension that Graziella would think Helen had caused them to meet as a salve for his wounds about which Graziella cared but little, and as a consequence he was not himself. Quinn was cultivating Helen's friendship at this period. He was to be seen in her drawing-room every evening Reed and Graziella were there. The oftener they all met the more a dim idea seemed to shape itself in his mind that somehow he was measuring himself with a gentleman of good parts, of greater experience than himself, and felt that to come out ahead would be a confirmation of the good opinion he had already formed of his own qualities as to their superiority over the qualities of most other men. He was entirely devoted to Graziella, and she was entirely at a loss to know what to do. She blamed herself for giving him an opening in the first place, and saw with agony she was probably misunderstood by Reed, but could not refuse to receive Quinn's attentions without being decidedly rude to him, or without seeming to offer Reed an advantage which she was very much afraid he did not care to have. She was angry with him sometimes,—and those were the times she felt he cared for her,—that he did not assert himself more and claim her as his rightful possession. *He*

did not care to seem anxious for the favors of a girl whose affections might or might not be another's. There were times when he dismissed his skepticism and was fond of her as of old; then he was angry because she allowed Quinn to pay her such marked attention, and still refused to assert himself.

These evenings were periods of great nervous strain for both. Reed was strong and healthy without any asides to worry him. Graziella naturally nervous and sensitive, was already worn out by sickness and trouble at home. She came to dread these meetings as much as the sailor dreads the whirlpool which draws him in but to destroy, yet she never refused to be present, and Helen invariably managed to convey to her by the manner of her invitation that *he* was to be there, thus prolonging the agony by causing her sufferings to begin much sooner than they might have. How she managed to keep up appearances that the world was going on as usual with her (and she did this to most people) was a mystery to herself. She was exceedingly thin and delicate-looking, but the majority of her acquaintances attributed this to everything but the right cause.

In the meantime, Miss McLean had been receiving her friends from time to time during the long winter months. Now Reed's name occupied the

highest pinnacle of her gentleman's visiting list and he was favored with an invitation every time anyone was invited to her home, and many times when no one but himself was to be there. He had generally accepted ; indeed, he had gone out more that winter than ever before during his life. He had felt a need for diversion which no amount of "going out" could satisfy, though he went assiduously. After having accepted Miss McLean's invitations many times, he decided that some slight return from him was necessary after all her kindness The first return took the form of an invitation to the theatre. The young lady accepted for herself and younger sister who was included in the invitation.

On the evening of the play, Graziella went out to see a friend of hers who had been ill for some time, and who had expressed a wish to see her. They talked over old times, and did not feel the hours slipping by until it was almost eleven o'clock. Graziella arose with a sigh over happy days long past, and made ready to go home. Her friend's brother was her escort. As they walked up Maria and approached Metcalfe street, an open cab passed. Graziella immediately recognized Reed and the woman she had seen once, but whose form was indelibly impressed on her memory. She had never actually hated anyone before. An irrepressible

wave of anguish swept over her heart, and she hated this woman beyond all power of expression. It looked quite a family affair, too—no need of her mother as chaperone, the younger sister only, as an offering to the proprieties. She believed herself to have been unnoticed, but Reed had recognized her and had thought he also recognized her companion. His jealousy had conjured up Quinn's form. He was most amiable and agreeable to Miss McLean the rest of the way home, and that night she dreamed of a dear little establishment which belonged entirely to her. It is needless to say she figured as its mistress, and that a certain gentleman with whom we are well acquainted acted as master.

The next evening, in going up town Reed went by the street on which Graziella lived. As he neared the house, whom should he see entering but Quinn, and he was alone. The hot blood mounted to his temples as he bid him good-night, and he walked on, biting his lips in suppressed rage. He did not know that Quinn left in a very short time, not sure whether to be most annoyed with himself for having called or with Graziella for being so distraught and uninteresting.

The weeks wore by. Helen had a friend from Montreal staying with her. To introduce her to her Ottawa acquaintances, in order that her

visit might be pleasanter, Helen gave a "Progressive Euchre Party" a few days after her arrival. The hostess came to see Graziella several times, to insist on the latter's presence at "the informal little affair," as she called it. Graziella raised every objection she could think of, the principal one being that she was still in mourning for her dear uncle, but Helen argued that the regulation time for wearing black was passed, also that a little brightening up and change were absolutely necessary to her well-being, and finally that she would not ask her to take part in any of the amusements so long as she promised to be present. Graziella at last consented to go.

She wore a black china silk which fitted her most beautifully, and relieved the sombreness of the color by a few white camelias on her breast and in her hair. She knew he would be there, and hungered for a sight of him. The weeks since she had seem him had seemed like ages, and yet to see him meant but to pierce her heart afresh.

Standing in the ladies' dressing-room, ready to go down to the company, she looked into the mirror and saw two flushed cheeks and eyes sparkling with brilliancy. She could scarcely command her excitement. Her limbs trembled as she moved forward. At the foot of the stairs she met Helen, who was delighted to see her, as she had hardly

expected her to come after all. She glided her arm around Graziella's waist to give her a little squeeze of gratitude, and in doing so felt how the poor girl was trembling. She immediately insisted on taking her into the dining-room, and made her swallow a wine-glassful of Port, which strengthened and braced her for the time being.

No one who saw her enter the drawing-room would have imagined for a moment she had stood trembling at the foot of the stairs a moment before, hardly daring to enter the room, fearing that the eyes of the whole assembly would detect her weakness. She had determined before leaving home she would act towards Reed as she had always done, that even the keenest observer would detect nothing which would betray any feeling whatever. On entering she spoke to him as to the others, in passing. She was a little late, and there was but one vacant seat in the room,—it was beside Quinn. Graziella took it. That gentleman immediately devoted his attention entirely to her, and as he was in a particularly happy strain and exceedingly gay, her overwrought nerves and burning brain seemed to catch the mood as if by magic. She laughed and chatted most gaily, all the while feeling herself in asort of dream. Cards were drawn for partners and the playing began. She never played so badly before. When by the frequent

changing of partners she found herself coupled with Reed, she felt dazed, and lost every single point, much to her own chagrin. She felt she was acting her part but ill, and this knowledge did not conduce towards calming her excitement and making her play better. She was greatly relieved when the games were over and Helen had had the tables removed and the room prepared for a little dance. The dance was an impromptu feature of the evening's entertainment, so no musician had been provided.

The ladies who could play offered to contribute in turn the necessary music. Graziella's turn came first. Reed was standing by the piano, and leaning over it he said: "What is that you are playing?" She answered "a waltz," and continued playing. When she was done she joined a quartette who were playing cards at a little table in the corner near the piano. She could not leave her place on the piano-stool without having her way blocked by them. Helen and Reed were at the table. Graziella, so as not to disturb Helen by making her rise, leaned over the back of her chair and seemed to take an interest in the game. Reed lost a trick, and his partner accused him of foul play. He appealed to Graziella to know if he had not played correctly and she replied: "Why, of course! An excellent play!" She meant the

answer in good faith, but saw by Reed's face and subsequent manner he had thought he found some hidden sarcasm in her tone. Graziella was troubled and immediately knew that her curt answer at the piano was responsible for it. Quinn came round and she experienced the feeling of being a dual personage again: the exterior one acting mechanically without any knowledge of voluntary control on her part; the interior one suffering intensely, but having all its faculties paralyzed. She had a dim recognition on the whole that the exterior being was doing exactly what she would not have wanted it to do had she any control over it. She found the hours exceedingly long. When it was time to go home, Helen, by some little manœuvring, managed to send Reed home with Graziella. Neither was blind to the scheme. It vexed Reed. He saw pity for himself in it and it still further confused Graziella.

He did not offer his arm nor did he take hers, and the walk at first was silent. Graziella longed to disabuse his mind of the idea that she had intended to be sarcastic at any time during the evening, but could not broach the subject for long though. Finally she said:

"Mr. Reed, I fear you felt hurt at my answer to you on a couple of occasions this evening. Let me assure you that if you thought you had reason

to feel so you misinterpreted me entirely, as I fear you often do."

He saw nothing but the pity again, and replied: "I hurt! Why, not at all! One would need to be over-sensitive as to your treatment of him to ever feel that you are anything but kind. There is one of us, however, who apparently finds you more than kind. He is an excellent fellow, and I shall be delighted when I may congratulate him."

Graziella saw the workings of his mind with horrible distinctness. Though willing to agree that Quinn was the excellent fellow Reed said, she protested with all the earnestness of which her nature was capable, that never under any circumstances would he be able to offer felicitations for such reason as he now imagined. She added that she would have supposed him to be the last to consider her engaged or likely to be engaged to Quinn. Anger arose in her heart at his persistent misunderstanding of her; in his because he thought she was trifling with him again. He said he thought "it would be a most desirable affair altogether, and that in the present state of society a suitable establishment is what every rightly constituted females mind desires and seeks to obtain. Any one who sets store by the little artifices of the sex and indulges in sickly sentiment is much to be blamed as aiming at upsetting

the normal conditions of society. He himself might have annoyed her, at one time, by attaching too much significance to words or actions which were meant as little graces and embellishments to their intercourse, and only as such; but as the unwitting cause of such annoyance he humbly asked her pardon, and was prepared to wish her all happiness, especially as he had provided for his own by being engaged to a very dear little girl."

If Graziella had ever believed this, she did not now. She was aroused thoroughly from all dual existence. Every faculty was alive and every nerve quivering She felt the very centre of her being vibrate under the insults he heaped upon her. *She* hawking her smiles and favors about from pillar to post to find a good market! She anxious to sell herself! Was ever anyone so outrageously treated? She must right herself at all cost. How could she suppose he believed her engaged or that he himself was so? She would have quarrelled with him angrily, but the angry words were stopped before they reached her lips. How deeply must the man be wounded when he would stoop to wound her thus! She said to him:

"I wish you much happiness; but if she loves you more truly than I do, she must love you well indeed. I cannot help saying this. You must have known well. Life holds, nor can hold, no more bitter

experience than to hear you say these things. I have been forward, and brought it on myself no doubt. I confess I have been much to blame for annoying you and making myself unhappy, but know that I exonerate you and conjure you not to feel sorry for me. I must speak. To be considered the vile creature you imagine me would torment me forever."

She had reached her own door by this. From the time she began speaking she had never looked at him once, and had not given him any opportunity to answer, although he had attempted to do so several times. Her voice had trembled with emotion as she spoke. With a hurried good night she left him shut out in the street. It was impossible to see her again that night, although he felt a mad desire to pour forth words of love and comfort. He stood aghast as he conceived how he had insulted that proud and noble spirit. He walked the street for hours. He felt what he had just done was beyond forgiveness. He knew she would give him no chance to right himself, that one of her spirit could not and respect herself after breaking forth in despair as she had done. Time must cure the smart of that stinging blow before he dare present himself, and in that time she might forget her love for him.

How was he to clear himself in her eyes? If

kept up the pretense of being engaged, he knew she would never allow him near her again; if he declared it was the basest falsehood, how could he imagine she would ever respect him afterwards? He saw how cold, proud, revengeful and jealous he must appear to her. Who could bear to be held up in such a light to the woman he loved? He saw the past months in their true aspect, and groaned inwardly at the sight. What a miserable wretch he was! He must wait, wait. Surely things would work themselves out right. The next morning he left the city to pass a few days in Montreal,—he wanted leisure to think. There was no possibility of his being able to attend to business, and he wished to escape the comments of acquaintances on the vagaries he knew would be apparent in his conduct.

Mrs. Power was surprised not to find Graziella at the breakfast table. She was invariably there before her aunt, but the latter thought that keeping such late hours the night before had fatigued her, as recently she had not been in the habit of doing so. As it wore on to lunch time, Mrs. Power became anxious, and went up to her niece's room to see what was the matter. Graziella had tried to get up. When she had stood on the rug to dress herself she had sunk upon the ground with scarcely enough strength to crawl back into bed.

Her aunt was much surprised. Mrs. Power did not know that she had been obliged to sit down while washing herself, from sheer want of strength, during four or five months previous to this, nor that she had scarcely eaten enough to support life properly in a three year old child during that time, except perhaps at night when she would eat a piece of pie or some bread and cheese, with porter, or ale, or cocoa, or chocolate. Even this she would force down, thinking to keep up her strength. Her digestive organs had become seriously deranged first from overstrain on the nerves, and still further by this abnormal way of eating. She had never imagined in an instant that any of her bodily ills had come from such a source as this, but had persistently attributed them all to another cause, and thus had been doing what was most hurtful to her all along. Now a sudden shock had prostrated her. Mrs. Power was much alarmed, and insisted on sending immediately for a physician. Graziella objected that she was sure it was but a slight indisposition, but a doctor was called, who put her on a diet of milk and Vichy water for several days, besides leaving various nauseous remedies for her to take. She was a week in bed without feeling any increase in strength, and was mortified beyond expression at finding herself in that position. She was consumed by an ardent desire to be up and around, at the cost of no matter what strain upon herself.

One morning she awoke about ten from a refreshing sleep. The sunshine streamed in through the lace curtains on her window and fell across her bed. She had never realized how beautiful the sunshine is. She examined the patterns of the flowers in the lace, and admired their every outline, each gathering a new beauty from the golden light. She stretched out her hands upon the coverlet that they might bathe in it. It was a solace to her. Her aunt came in, and found her much, much better. Graziella asked her to open the window. The fresh morning air blew in across her face. It refreshed and revived her. She took it in in deep breaths, and felt it was a blessing she had never before appreciated. The birds sang and chirped in the tree outside the window. A new melody and harmony was in their voices.

During the first days of her illness she had been tired of life to such a degree that it kept her strength from rallying. She would have had but one regret in dying—to leave her aunt alone. This morning beauties cropped up all around her. Nature asserted herself. She got up and sat in the window. When the physician came he reprimanded her gently and advised her to husband her strength most carefully, but she longed to be occupied,—she felt it would do her more good than any quantity of medicine. She was anxious her friends

should not know the extent or gravity of her indisposition. Someone had sent her a magnificent bunch of flowers. Their perfume did her good. The sight of them did her good, and especially a certain conjecture as to who the sender was did her good. The next day she was downstairs. Helen came, and was much displeased at seeing her down—she looked so miserable; Graziella not only insisted on being down, but would make Helen promise to come the next afternoon to take her for a walk. Helen promised, but did not imagine she would find the girl ready to go. She was, however, and as the walk left no bad effects they went for a short one every afternoon, until Graziella looked vastly better.

The servant had been questioned about the flowers. A child had sent them. It was not exactly what Graziella had hoped, but it was but one more pang.

In the meantime, Reed had returned to the city and had heard of Graziella's illness. His first impulse was to go to her, tell her the truth, ask her forgiveness, and tell her of his sympathy; but he remembered how she had shut him off from any explanation the last time he had seen her, and he feared she would still be unwilling to listen to him. In going to her home he was liable to meet her friends calling on her, and he

aunt on account of her illness would be sure to be present. It was imperative that he should see her alone the first time they met. This sickness agitated him strangely. He thought he had been a brute, saw himself in such a light that he felt it was impossible for her to forgive him. All these things kept him silent, and all the while Graziella was waiting with open arms to receive him when he had decided to make his confession. Love's divine instinct had helped her to see his position as he saw it; there was even a tinge of compassion in her mental attitude towards him; but he did not come. It chafed her. His continued absence did not shake her confidence in him, but the self-protective instinct that puts us all on the defensive and makes us wary when not working in a perfect light filled her with vague fears. She had made a very sad break, but she would give him no further opportunity of seeing her heart quivering under an excruciating scrutiny. If he loved her, he must work out his own salvation without any further assistance from her. If he did not, she must suffer and be strong.

She went out driving with a friend, and passed him on the street. She tried to smile naturally at him, but failed most miserably in overdoing it. *He* felt as if the smile had congealed his very blood.

Graziella was still under the physician's care, and after the one spurt she had taken at the time she got up out of bed her strength seemed neither to increase nor diminish. A change of air was ordered. Helen was already preparing to spend the summer at Rigaud, "a delightful little place on the Ottawa," she said, and coaxed Graziella to go there likewise. Graziella had no choice as to places. She had not been accustomed to go to the country to spend the summer, and this year her purse was not sufficiently full to allow of going to the sea-side, so it was decided without much consideration to go to Rigaud. All of Helen's family excepting her father were to leave town. Such a time as the boys had packing up tents and fishing tackle, choosing hammocks and having a boat built. At last everybody was off. The trip had to be by boat, as there was no way of arriving at their destination otherwise. The boys were in the height of good spirits, thinking of the sport to be. Mrs. Power and Helen's mother sat apart and talked, as did Graziella and her friend. They did not pay much attention to the scenery of this part of the river as they had travelled it often. The Captain was the most conspicuous person on board,—conspicuous especially for his excessive affability to those among the passengers who appeared to be

important or wealthy people, and for his excessive churlishness to the poorer-looking passengers and his crew.

The boys were devoured by impatience from the time they left Grenville till they reached Carillon, and let out some of their restrained energy in abusing the little transit train, its slowness, and the propensity to topple over it continually showed. From Carillon to Rigaud they exhausted themselves wondering where was the exact spot on which Daulac and his men so bravely fought the Iroquois, so that when they arrived they had not a word to say. Their intention was to put up tents down on the "Pointe aux Sables," where the river "de la Grèce" runs into the Ottawa, and to remain there as much as the weather would permit during the day-time. Only the boys elected to stay there at night. The ladies were to have their rooms at "Clairmont's" up at the village, and provisions were to be forwarded from that excellent establishment down to the camp. The boys were to row up to the village every morning for the ladies, and to take them back every evening.

Graziella rested at the hotel for a few days without stirring out much. The others were meanwhile very busy getting everything in order down at the camp. Two tents were put up and

hammocks were slung under the trees. In two days everything was ship shape. Helen had sent invitations for three or four of her girl friends to join them when they would be settled. These young ladies were Montrealers. After they had been there a week Helen wrote them to come on. They were soon in camp. The boys spent the greater part of the time in their boat, fishing or making excursions to various spots on the river, never failing to turn up, however, to catch the Montreal boat at the wharf. This broke the monotony of the day.

A month and a half had already passed by, and the boys were almost sick of camping. For some time they had been wishing for more exciting scenes, when one fine morning they espied on Jones' Island out in the Ottawa the gleam of a new tent among the trees, and a flag different from any there before was distinctly visible above the trees. They lost no time in rowing over to see who the new comers were. The former campers were old friends of theirs now.

A man was standing on the shore as they neared it. Much to their surprise they found it was Moore. The boys gave a yell of welcome, and the next moment jumped ashore to find themselves among Reed, Quinn and half a dozen others they knew quite as well.

"By Junipers! but this is jolly!" shouted Bob.

"Won't the girls be glad to see you, though!" chimed in Fred.

It was well for him the girls were not listening. The greetings all around were most cordial.

"But what brought you down here?" inquired Bob when he had had time to think. Moore was accused of having got up the party. Office work had been wearing during the hot weather. He had told Quinn and several others that Helen and her friends were down there. Some of these girls had visited Helen in Ottawa, and had already warm enough regard from these young men to make them anxious to meet the ladies again. Two of the gentlemen had come with a secret intention of cultivating Graziella's friendship.

Bob and Fred stayed for dinner over at Jones' and made fun of everything they got, drawing comparisons between fare at the "Pointe" and fare on the island, reflecting much glory on the ladies by these comparisons; but they ate everything with a relish given by their six weeks' outing, which made the arrivers fear that if they came over often another consignment of provisions would have to be forwarded. The lads wanted to take the islanders over to their own camp that afternoon, but they objected to taking the ladies by storm. Moore was anxious to go, however, so he was elected "to

pay his respects" for the whole crowd, and to pave the way for a descent of the company.

Everybody was surprised and delighted when Moore came home with the boys—Helen most of all; but she blushed crimson under Graziella's earnest gaze when she professed her "especial exceeding-great surprise."

Both Graziella and her aunt passed a wretched night. Mrs. Power wished Reed had remained in the city. Graziella's doubts, hopes and fears plagued her again like some hideous dream. She was to bear the strain of wearing the mask once more. She was not sure of having strength to do so. She felt like running away, but was thrust upon the stage and had to face the music now.

On the following day the occupants of the two camps met at the steam-boat landing. Everyone was very gay but Graziella. No one commented on that—she had been sick so long. There were many jokes about the variety of costumes, and much laughing and noise about nothing. Everyone visible on the decks of the "Sovereign" was criticized as he or she came to look down on the crowd on the wharf who did not fail to get *their* share of criticism also.

After the steamer shoved out some one proposed the strangers should visit "La Pointe." Their boat was filled by an equal number of girls

and young men who would round the point while the remaining ones crossed through the little intervening woods. The "Sovereign" was making her down trip. It was about half-past three when they reached the tents, and the hours passed all too quickly till it was time to separate for the night.

This was on Monday. Before parting that evening, plans were laid by the entire company for an exploring excursion to the mountain back of the village of Rigaud, which was to take place on Thursday. No earlier day could be fixed, because letters or parcels expected from town would have retained one or more of the company any previous day, and this trip must take in the whole set. However, there were meetings every day when the boat arrived, if not of all at least of most of the acquaintances. On Wednesday the island boat was brought over by two of the boys, and in this and their own, four of the girls, chaperoned by Mrs. Power and Mrs. Gray, went to visit the camp on the island. Graziella had a headache. She remained at the "Pointe" with Bob and Fred, who had been over to the island twice already that day, and one of the girls who postponed going over to stay with her. The next day Graziella would gladly have remained in the hotel all day; when she awoke after a short sleep which had refreshed her but little, she still had a headache. Her limbs

trembled under her when she walked. Mrs. Power, notwithstanding her niece's earnest protestation, insisted on taking her to the mountain with them, mentally concluding she would be as well in the open air, distracted by the gayety of her companions, as in her own room, solitary, pursuing the same round of thought.

The intention was to go up to "The Devil's Garden," examine that wonderful deposit of rocks, have dinner in the woods near by, and return before [illegible].

"Clairmont" sent a horse and express to convey the eatables as far up as possible, and Graziella was behind the others in that vehicle, to save herself as much fatigue as she could. The others, having preferred to walk from the village up, had started ahead.

When the refreshments arrived, there were many willing hands to unload and carry them up the ascent. Mrs. Power had refused to give a basket in charge to Quinn, but had requested him to help Graziella up the hill instead. He never murmured at his exchange of burdens.

After weary climbing they came to a nice green spot where the trees were thinner; here they deposited the lunch baskets, and rested for a while, then proceeded up slowly, and after making a few deviations to the right and left came upon the spot they sought.

How those millions of round stones, so nearly of a size, came to be gathered together in that basin on the mountain side had puzzled many tourists before these, but that did not prevent some of the gentlemen from offering suggestions as to their origin. When several had aired their ideas on the subject, Moore announced that this must have been the bed of a lake in some of the bygone geological ages, and that some prehistoric earthquake had set it high and dry on the side of this mountain. He was doubly satisfied with the conjecture when in walking around the field of rocks he found several ridges of stones running off from the main deposit and winding round the mountain. These had been the outlets of the lake. In making the circuit of the field our friends stumbled on a party of picnickers from Ste. Marthe (a little village back of the mountain). They were all men, and were having a jolly time, having come to pick blue-berries, but were well supplied with refreshments, especially in the drinking line. They sang songs and clinked their glasses every round making the mountain ring with their merriment. Reed, wandering off somewhat ahead of the others, came across them first, and it was well, as he was the only one of the gentlemen campers able to put five words together in French. He addressed the nearest man a commonplace greeting, and was answered by the

whole cluster. They offered him a seat and something to drink, and were exceedingly sociable. When the civilities were over, Reed remarked upon the peculiar geological formation of the spot, and advanced Moore's idea of how it came about. This provoked the hilarity of the picknickers. Had monsieur not heard that the devil and his imps had piled these stones in the dim past, and here they had remained, although the place had been purged of its diabolical inhabitants and had become a holy shrine and place of pilgrimage for the faithful? Reed's friends were approaching, so he lingeringly bid good-bye to his new-made acquaintances, and joined them. Of course they were all surprised to hear how the stones came there. They explored for several hours, then returned to their baskets. The good humor of the St e. Marthe's party had been contagious. They at e and drank, laughed and sang with the best, then rested a while before starting back, the girls filling in the time by fortune-telling and other pastimes.

Reed had not been near Graziella all day. There was no opening for him without being aggressive. He was vexed with her because she did not make an opportunity for him, and she was annoyed because he did not make one for himself. They sought their respective pillows that night more estranged than ever. Fatigue after the mountain trip kept

Graziella away from camp for several days. The majority did not miss her. There were games of croquet, base-ball and tennis at the "Pointe," and the gentlemen made a voyage to Oka to see the Trappists at work on their sand hills, and had many wonderful stories to tell when they came back about the monks and their home. The girls were exceedingly curious to hear all about these recluses, as their monastery is closed against all female intrusion. Quinn suggested that the ladies make another trip to the mountain, accompanied by the gentlemen of course, and climb to the cross to feast their eyes on the sandhills from afar if they could not be permitted to inspect the habitation. A day was determined on.

Dinner was eaten at Clairmont's before starting, and the whole party, including Graziella, started out.

They had a terrible climb. It was hardest on the ladies, but the gentlemen nobly came to their assistance, and after frequent rests they reached the summit of "La Grosse Montagne," and were amply rewarded for all their trouble in toiling up. Beneath them the Ottawa with its beautiful valley and the "Grèce" like a silver thread running into it, the village nestling at the foot of the mountain in moderate pretentiousness, the Lake of Two Mountains away to the right, with the white sand-

hills beyond, the eighteen church spires which might be counted, and lastly the flags and white tops of the many tents on Jones' Island or elsewhere, constituted a varied and picturesque landscape. The waving grain fields in various stages of ripeness stretched away to the West, and filled in just what was wanting. They marked the approach of the "Sovereign" through the windings of the river by the trail of smoke along the sky. Soon she hove in sight, then was lost again behind the trees at Rigaud wharf, then away down the Lake so graceful and stately.

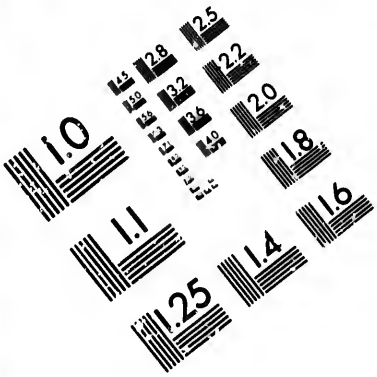
When the surrounding scene could furnish nothing new to gaze upon, the attention of the young people was directed towards the cross itself with its story of names. Many had been cut there, but all were names of strangers, with the exception of one or two, the names of boys from Ottawa who had attended the College just beneath.

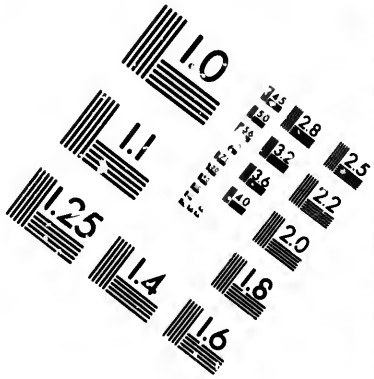
Tea-time came all too soon for our set of young people. They reluctantly started for the village coming slowly down the mountain and across the graveyard, resting a while at the foot of the great cross in the centre, and then back to the hotel for supper, after which the gentlemen left for their tents.

Graziella and Reed had passed another day of absolute non-communication except in as far as

recognizing each other at meeting and at parting.

The next day but one a great pilgrimage of two thousand persons arrived in this quiet little village from Montreal. All our acquaintances doffed their camping costumes, and donning something more sober met at the station to see the train come in. When it did, the people were like bees swarming around the little station house; they formed into a procession, and filed along to the pretty little frescoed church where a priest was waiting to sing High Mass. After mass the procession formed again and started for the chapel on the mountain. Priests were everywhere among the people, reciting the beads as they went along, which were answered by the pilgrims, or intonating hymns which the multitude sang. Some of the women took off their boots and climbed the mountain road to the chapel over the sharp little stones in their bare feet. The chapel is about half-way up the mountain. It is a very small little thing like a summer house, painted white, and surmounted by a cupola covered with tin which may be seen many miles up the river. Inside, there is just room for an altar, a priest and a couple of assistants. A platform runs around the chapel, from which a fine view is to be had. A good broad road has been constructed up to this





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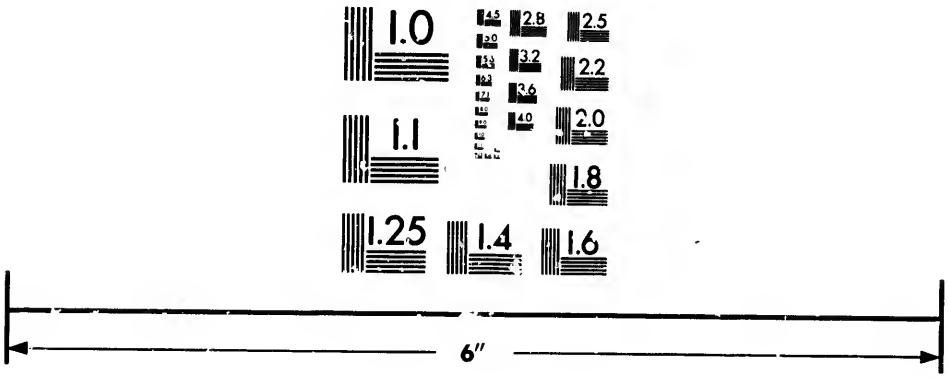

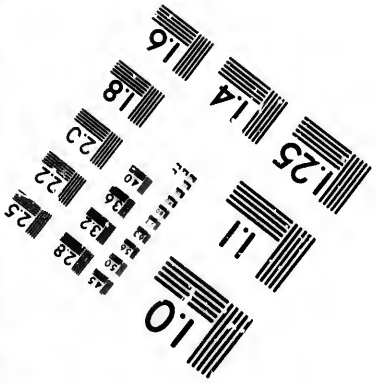

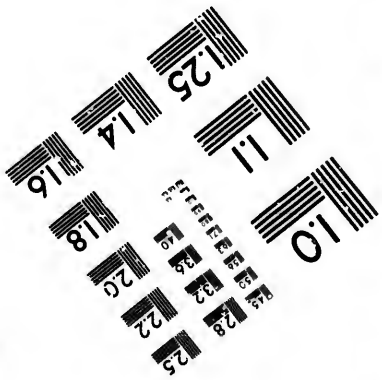

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chapel by the priests of the College and their pupils, and along this road, at short intervals from each other, are little stone constructions resembling vaults. They are seven in number, and contain the "Stations of the Cross." The doors of these little cells were open, and the faithful knelt in passing and went through the form of prayer used in making the "Way of the Cross." At last they arrived at the open space in the bush at the foot of the steps which lead directly up the cliff to the chapel. None but a priest and two acolytes mounted into the chapel. The people knelt on the ground and stones around, or if too exhausted sat on the steps. The priest who had mounted now began mass in the chapel in view of the two thousand pilgrims. There had been dead silence, when all at once two thousand voices blended in a hymn of praise to the Virgin. This shrine is called the "Lourdes of Canada." Then the singing of hymns alternated with the recitation of the rosary till the mass was over, when a Capucin monk, in his brown habit and cowl, with rope around his waist and rosary at his belt, with bare shaven head and sandaled feet, mounted a temporary pulpit at the foot of the steps and harangued the faithful in French; he was followed by a Jesuit from Montreal who preached in English. The whole was picturesque and weird to the utmost limit.

The campers were separated from each other in the bush. Reed had gone home as soon as the preaching began. A great many of the pilgrims had dinner on the mountain. An enterprising fellow had set a table there. They returned to the village just in time to take the train at 3 p. m., and Graziella and her aunt found themselves separated from their acquaintances. Graziella was so tired and weak it was almost impossible for her to walk down the hill without falling. Her voice trembled when she tried to speak. The boys had left for camp, and the other ladies were at supper when they reached the hotel. Graziella went to her own room. She had looked weak and exhausted in the morning, and Mrs. Power had urged her to remain in that day, but she had persisted in going out. She was afraid of the comments her frequent illnesses might occasion among her friends. Mrs. Power had gently chid her on the way home for persisting in coming out, and much to her aunt's consternation she burst into tears.

Dr. Lalonde, who was called in, pronounced it a very serious case of prostration, and advised Mrs. Power to return home, as her niece was likely to be ill for some time. They started the next day. Kind hands helped her on the boat at Rigaud and kind hands took charge of her when she reached

Ottawa; notwithstanding, the trip tired her very much. After having reached home and been put to bed, she was so weak she felt as if her bones and flesh were about to settle into a mass of jelly. The chat of the many friends who called to see her wearied her intensely. All night, the first night, her mind dwelt on minute details of Reed's attitude towards her, and magnified mole-hills into mountains. The same ideas recurred to her with exhausting regularity. The future appeared without one ray of hope and the miseries of life sprang up in an appalling multitude. Then a vision of sweet oblivion presented itself,—one plunge in a deep, swift-flowing river would end it all. Great God! she faced the idea of suicide without recoiling. She had still a reserve in it. She would not have had Mrs. Power know she had, for one moment, dwelt on the thought. Then she realized she had been pursuing a tenor of thought at variance with every instinct of her nature, and with a cold chill a horrible fear grew upon her. She was going crazy! She tried to brace herself to think of other things, but before she was aware of it she had run the same gamut, and she stopped more assured that her mind was failing. There is no ghoul more terrible than insanity when we stare it in the face. Face death a thousand times in preference. She could not sleep.

How she longed for the blessed light of day to disperse these demons of the night before it would be too late! At length the day broke. Mrs. Power came in early to see how she had rested. Her tender fingers soothed the troubled brow, but Graziella could not command her voice. It trembled when she spoke.

Mrs. Power had thought during the night that perhaps reasoning with Graziella on a certain subject might effect some good, so after she had hesitated long she broached the topic. She had not gone far when sobs interrupted her. She was exceedingly sorry she had begun, dropped the matter immediately and tried to console Graziella, but her efforts were unavailing. The girl sobbed for an hour, till Mrs. Power was almost distracted, then she suddenly and unreasonably commenced to laugh, till her aunt, almost out of her senses, sent for the physician, who lectured the girl, and gave her an opiate which caused her to sleep several hours. When she awoke, her voice was steady; otherwise her condition did not improve for many days.

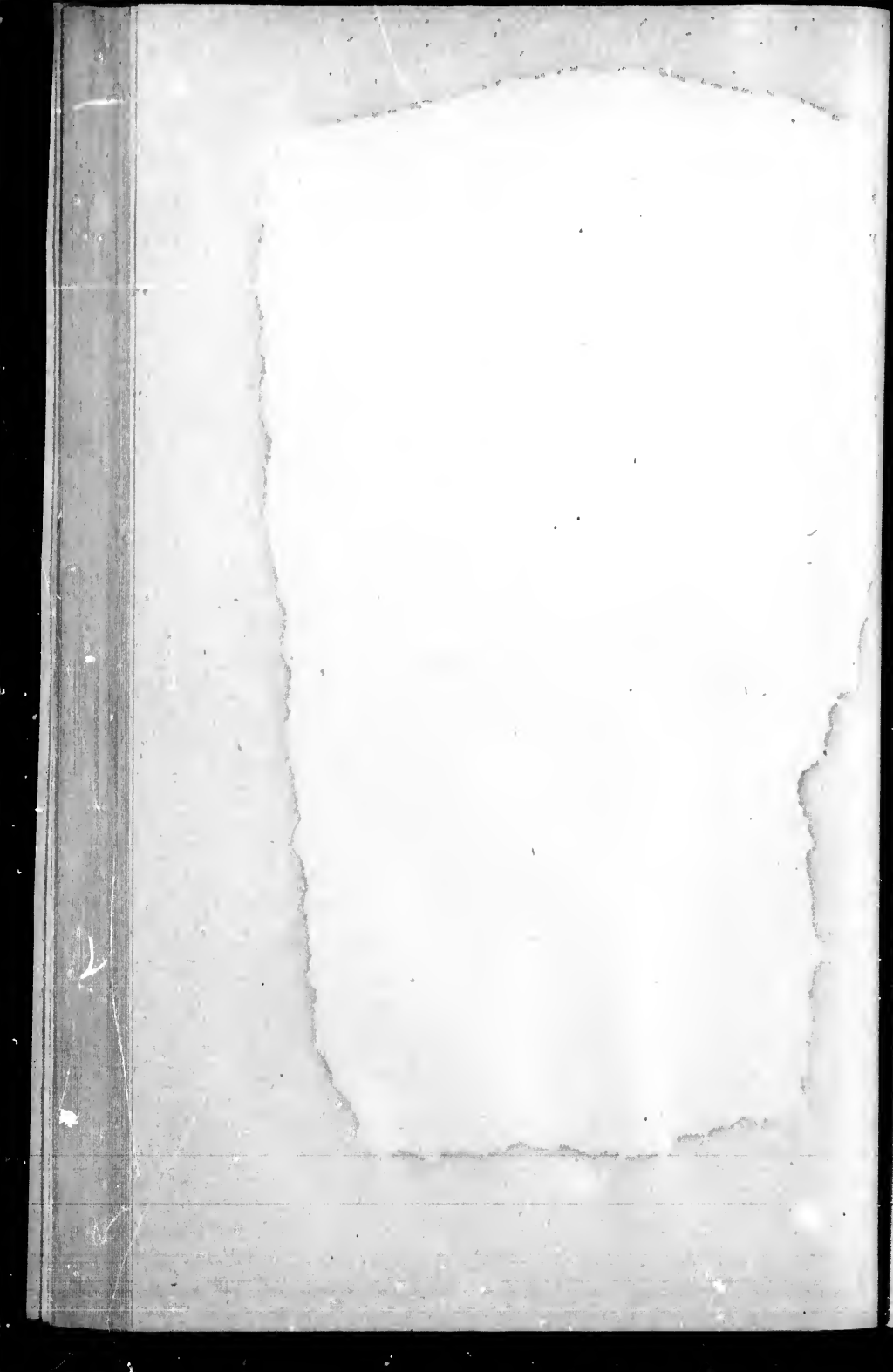
Helen had come home about a week after Graziella, and her first care was to visit her sick friend. She told Graziella how sorry every one in camp had been at her departure, that the gentlemen's camp had broken up because of business calls, and

incidentally mentioned Reed. A pang shot through Graziella's breast, caught her breath and turned her cheek a greenish white ; it was already blanched. It was gone in a second, and Helen had not perceived how cruel she had been—in fact, she was beginning to believe that Graziella had grown indifferent to her old love. The sojourn in camp had completely deceived her.

Several weeks passed, and the patient was no better. She forced herself to get up, although she had no more strength than when she first went to bed. Her stomach was so weak she was obliged to live on milk and barley water. When she was tired of the milk the old servant made her broth or beef tea, and fussed around in her solicitude till the girl was worn out. Graziella frequently repaid her kindness with impatience, for which she would afterwards repent. The old woman's only comment on these moods was, " Poor dear ! she is quite tired out."

The crowning misfortune came to these two much tried women when Graziella had been sick about two months. The decrease in the value of the land they had bought had made it difficult for them to sell, and now a further decrease had caused them to lose all they had but a paltry few hundred dollars, which would barely suffice to tide them over a few months,—enough to give them a

breathing space in which to look about for some means of earning a living. It was a bad state of affairs. The aunt had never done anything for herself, and would scarcely know even how to look for something to do. Graziella's precarious health was likely to be much injured by the news. The doctor forbade them to tell her for some time, but she divined by her aunt's unhappy face that something was the matter, and she rightly guessed that no new affliction could come to them except through their money. She questioned Mrs. Power so closely it was useless to try to hide the truth. The knowledge of the loss had a different effect on her from what had been expected. She rallied from that day, although she did not fully regain her strength for several years. The idea that her beloved aunt was henceforth a charge on her to support and cherish was the best of tonics.



BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

SEVERAL months have glided by, bringing with them a new life for our friend. A pittance of Mrs. Power's money was left. This Graziella had secured to her aunt, for whom it would scantily provide. Graziella must earn her own living. She had a good education, so through an old friend of her father's, who was Public School Inspector for the county of——, she procured a school in his Inspectorate. The school was in the country. She had no friends on the City School Board, and her inexperience in the profession told against her. She had no objections to the country. She had only known it in summer around Rigaud, and looked forward to its blessed peacefulness with pleasant anticipation. In her childhood's dreams and building of air castles she had had visions of herself in two positions,—the one as an instructor of youth, which was now about to be realized; the other as an instructor in a larger field, a great novelist,—a dream which would never be realized,

Her new career would not be irksome to her. Her health of body and mind improved greatly in preparing for it. The day of parting between aunt and niece came, and many tears were shed and much advice given by each to the other. Mrs. Power was to keep a couple of boarders in Graziella's absence, for company, and also for the pecuniary aid they would give.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Graziella arrived at the school-house of Section No. 5, Township of G——, County of O——— she found a neat little brick building, containing about thirty pupils of all ages and sizes. She had been informed by the woman with whom she had elected to board that they were a rough lot, and that the grown up young men and women among them were in the habit of making themselves disagreeable to the teacher. She never had one iota of trouble with them. They were first impressed by her stylish clothes and graceful manner, then, when they were better acquainted, by her infinite tenderness and patience,—qualities greatly developed in her by her unfortunate passion, and lastly by her general knowledge, She was wanting in knowledge of details of school government and of methods of instruction, but she had elements of success which a vast number of teachers lack, great faculty for improvement, heart power and enthusiasm. In a month, every pupil, big or little, boy or girl, was her obedient and devoted admirer. She had the supreme pleasure of moulding them as she pleased.

There were other joys in life for her. Her aunt was getting along nicely. Helen wrote a long letter every week, telling the varying successes of her love affair with Moore, but sedulously avoiding any mention of Reed, who was now her particular detestation, and Moore regularly sent a package of magazines and papers which he as regularly addressed to "Miss G. Dwyer, K. W."

The K. W. was always written large, and quite puzzled Graziella. She had recourse to Helen to know what it meant, who informed her it was a degree conferred on their friend by Moore and herself, and that it was suitable to her new condition in life. It was an abbreviation of "Kid Wolloper." Graziella did not see that the degree was applicatory, but laughed heartily over it. She had adapted herself to her fate with such good-will her friends had fallen into the habit of chaffing her about it.

These bundles of papers were a source of some pain to her. When they arrived she sometimes left them unopened for a day. When she did open them she picked out the Ottawa papers feverishly and read the column of marriages. She was constantly looking for a marriage notice which she had a deadly fear of finding.

When she had heard their money was lost, she had come to the supreme decision of banishing all hope

of reconciliation with Reed, and therefore had by her own contriving never met him since. She had felt her need of health. Now she argued to herself that hope was dead ; but it has many lives. In one of those papers there was an advertisement neither very large nor very glaring, but the name of the advertiser was the same as a certain name burned in upon her brain. Some evil spirit seemed to spread this advertisement over all the paper. She seemed to see it first, last and always, and for months it never failed to give her the same stinging pain when she opened the papers.

By November the school was working very well. She had had one visit from her friend the Inspector. He had set her right in many ways where she was in error, and given her some valuable advice.

The farmers with whom she boarded were wealthy, and the wife had been well brought up. The house was only three acres from the school. She had a beautifully furnished room. Her home-life was perfectly happy, and she grew stronger every day, notwithstanding that the school work was sufficiently exhausting.

His Grace the Archbishop of —— had since his consecration been directing a crusade against public schools. In the month of August he had been to the villlage of V— to consecrate the church

which had just been finished. As was his wont, he had insisted on the formation of Separate Schools in the parish. Now Section No. 5 belonged to this parish, and it contained but two Protestant families, one of which sent no children to school.

The heads of these families were among the heaviest rate-payers, but were unable to support a school of their own. Twelve Roman Catholic rate-payers in the section could not be made see the necessity of having a Separate School, as they had already all the advantages claimed by the Bishop for the Separate Schools. The Catholic (Roman) portion of the section controlled the school and the teacher, who was invariably a Roman Catholic. The priest controlled them all.

The parish priest was ardent in enforcing the Archbishop's orders. He refused the sacraments of the church to such as were not willing to become Separate School supporters, and predicted that dire calamity would befall the obstinate. The timid in the section fell into line immediately. Those living down the road from the school joined the section on the East, which already had a Separate School. Those on the West joined a Separate School on that side. The twelve would no longer be able to support the school as before, so they were obliged to notify Graziella that her

services would no longer be required after the Christmas holidays. There were many disadvantages in this dismissal. She did not know where to look for another appointment. She was just getting the work into easy methods of management, and had already learned that it is an arduous task to get a school into a teacher's way and for the teacher to become acquainted with the characters of the children.

CHAPTER III.

INSPECTOR D— sent Graziella a list of schools which would require the services of new teachers for the New Year. She applied for several, and finally was engaged by the School Board of the village of C—. This was just before the holidays. When it was time to leave, she said good-bye to her pupils with great regret. One blue-eyed, curly-headed boy of twelve, who had been the terror of three previous teachers, lingered behind, and with tears in his eyes said "he was sorry she was going." He had been her devoted slave for weeks. She changed his tears to smiles by saying: "Jimmie, you must write to me sometimes, to tell me how the boys and girls are doing." He went home the proudest boy on earth.

The vacation passed all too quickly for Graziella and her aunt. They had so many new experiences to relate and so much planning for the future to do. Moore and Helen came together and spent several evenings with her. If tears wet her pillow on nights after these visits it was not jealousy of Helen that made them flow.

The second week in January found her installed

in her new position. She had no fear of losing this school for the same reason that she had lost the last. It was a Separate School. There had been but one Protestant rate-payer in the section when it was a Public School. In December the school had been put up at auction, and had been knocked down to the Roman Catholics, to be used as a Separate School, at one dollar, the *one* rate-payer being ignored.

The priest called at the school a few days after her arrival. He was most agreeable, and promised to call often. This promise did not elate her very much, although the Reverend gentleman's manner had been most engaging. There was a domineering style about him for which she conceived an intuitive fear. On the evening of the day of his visit she was recounting the events of the day to the gentleman and lady with whom she boarded when the husband remarked to her that "she had better stand in well with the priest, and everything would be right."

Father MacCormac came often to visit the school, and was highly pleased with everything he saw and heard. He exhorted parents from the pulpit to send their children to school, and offered prizes for regular attendance. All this had a very good effect on the school.

In February, Miss Brice, who was organist in

the church, joined the ranks of married women, and left her position vacant. Father MacCormac had heard Graziella play and sing at his house, and immediately decided to honor her with the position. She could not exactly see the great honor in being obliged to practise a choir one night a week and spend about three hours playing in the church on Sundays, which always left her more tired on Sunday evenings than on any other evening of the week, and all this without remuneration of any kind but she had a vague notion it would be unsafe to refuse to do the work.

All this time she had been steadily organizing her school, and already it was in very good order.

In the early spring, Father MacCormac undertook to make a garden. He loved planting, weeding and such work. He had his garden ploughed, and his seed and sprouts were ready, so one afternoon he sent over to the school for Tom Jones and Dick Watson to come over to help him in squaring off his beds and making the drills. These two boys were studying for *Entrance* to the High School, and Dick was rather behind in Grammar. Now Graziella, taking his needs into account, had prepared a grammar lesson for that afternoon, which was to do him great good; but refusing the priest could not be thought of, so the lesson was relegated to some future afternoon.

The Spring air was rather pleasanter to the boys than the school-room, and His Reverence was especially amiable, so they did good work but could not finish the garden. They were invited back for the next afternoon. Graziella was disagreebly surprised when she heard this, but said nothing; however, when they told her a third afternoon would be required of them, she resolved to step in to "Father Mac's" after four o'clock, to show him how near the examination was and how much the boys needed every hour that remained to them. She felt he would send them to school immediately. She was mistaken; "His Reverence" was ruffled because she spoke at all. There was an affront to the dignity and authority of the Church in hinting, even in the remotest manner, that his wisdom was not infallible, so he somewhat peremptorily insisted on having the boys the next afternoon, and dismissed Graziella with less affability than usual. She felt she had made a mistake, but could not be sorry for it, as she was certain of having done her duty.

From the time of that interview until the summer holidays, Requiems or other High Masses during the week, sung with organ accompaniment, were timed to commence at nine a.m. instead of at eight, as had been the previous arrangement. This was probably to test the organist's obedience

to the Church. Happily there were not many masses during the months of May and June. On three occasions she was obliged to lose an hour from school, thereby breaking up the morning's work. The fourth time there was to be a service, Graziella went to school, leaving the singers to do the best they could without accompaniment. She heard that Father MacCormac was much annoyed, but as he said nothing to her she was not much troubled, and repeated the offence soon afterwards. On this occasion he sent for her, and wanted to have a reason for her absence, which she gave. He did not seem to think it a good one, and although she urged her excuse as well as she knew how, she left, knowing she had deeply offended and had not made good one point in her own favor.

Vacation came at last. She spent it with her aunt. There was no going out of town. They were too poor for that,—and had she not spent the greater part of the year in the country? There were few visits. The greater number of her former acquaintances had forgotten her in a year. She had gone down in the social grade instead of up, and such retrogression is a great manufacturer of poor memories. The friends she had were good ones and were dear to her in proportion to their scarcity. She heard from time to time of

Reed. He was apparently oblivious of her existence, and was known to escort rather regularly the young woman who had first aroused her jealousy. There had been a time when she had felt so intensely on the subject of his visits to that other girl that her thought, almost a rebel to her better nature, had been dangerously near wishing the young woman any fate that would rid her of a rival who had no right to exist. The girl was a stranger to her. There were no sweet reminiscences to soften Graziella towards her. But this feeling was of those of the days of her most horrible mental suffering. Now she wished her no harm, but she sincerely desired people would not talk of Reed and her. She avoided going any place where she would be obliged to speak to him if she met him. She knew she had no strength to carry her through such a painful ordeal. She also thought she did not want to see him even, but she found herself continually planning ways of gazing at him from a distance. When she had managed to see and not be seen, by contrivances known only to herself, she passed several days in a depression of spirits which she found anything but beneficial. Her aunt's keen eye remarked her moods, and quickly conjectured that she must see Reed sometimes in her walks. She imagined the whole truth, so when Graziella proposed to

walk during the remainder of the holidays, Mrs. Power offered to accompany her. She could not manage to meet him coming from his office while with her aunt. Her walks thenceforth improved her looks and humor.

Vacation passed all too soon; and September found her toiling away again. September and October passed monotonously. The first days of November were devoted to a *retreat* preached in the parish church by Redemptorist Fathers from —. Father MacCormac had given himself much trouble to procure zealous missionaries. There were sermons morning and evening, with hearing of confessions in the afternoon. There was singing at every session. Graziella had to be present. They had ordered the school to be closed at the beginning of the retreat. All work of material benefit must be entirely set aside to permit untrammelled labor for the spiritual improvement of the parishioners. Wonderful things happened during this retreat. One of Graziella's pupils named Silas Wilson had walked on a crutch for many years. He was afflicted with running sores on his right leg. That limb was from two to three inches shorter than the left. One of the preachers rubbed the member with water from Ste. Anne de Beaupré, and caused the boy to wear a steel elevation under the right foot

The crutches were thrown away and a faith-cure had been effected. Silas was jubilant; and all his comrades, not considering that the steel foot and the cane he now carried might have done as much without the water, as the sores were still there, were much affected.

One sermon of the mission was devoted to Catholic communication with Protestants. They laid down rather narrow rules. No dealings with Protestants were to be tolerated when it was at all possible to do the same business with Catholics. Catholics should have nothing to do with Protestants if they could in any way help it, and especially Roman Catholics were on no account to send their children to a Protestant teacher. Catholics should not even go to the funerals of their *separated brethren.* They were "the devil's dead." Graziella's nature rebelled at this. After church she walked part of the way home with Trustee Brankin's wife, and said some harsh things about the sermon. The good woman was shocked, not at the preacher, but at Graziella's daring to differ from him in opinion, especially after the working of the wonderful cure.

Towards the end of the Retreat the trustees of S.S. No. 18 waited on the missionaries in a body. They were in a predicament. Their school was still a Public School, although the majority of the

rate-payers and all the trustees were Roman Catholics, and, being deceived in a name, they had hired a Protestant teacher, so they had come for a solution of the difficulty. The answer was peremptory: the teacher must be got rid of immediately. There must be no waiting till Christmas to eradicate the poison. That afternoon these trustees waited on Miss Thistle, and informed her that her services were no longer required. She had an "*agreement*" between herself and them which required a month's notice to be given by either party before the contract between them would be terminated. She thought they meant they would hire another teacher after Christmas, but the spokesman, in a long preamble, tried to make her see that she could not remain even another day. The teacher was obtuse, and could not understand she *must* leave before the holidays, even when the whole thing was explained in good, plain English. She did agree to leave on one condition: they must pay her salary until the end of the year, and give her a "Recommendation." They were all willing to give the "Recommendation," but there was a division about the salary,—only one wanted to pay it. A school meeting was called. The *minority* was with the one trustee. They went to Father MacCormac. He thought it would not be impossible to keep the girl in her position till Christmas, but

he was not pronounced in his opinion. If she were sent away she must get her salary. There was another school meeting, and a compromise was effected. Miss Thistle would retain her position, but the pupils would remain at home. Miss Thistle had only four pupils for the following six weeks, —these were Protestants.

Graziella was not wise enough to pass no remarks on this little incident. Every time the matter was mentioned in her presence she dilated on the narrow-mindedness of both trustees and missionaries, and thereby lost the consideration of many of her former friends. To follow the record of those days of her life properly we must go back to the day after the Retreat. When she entered her class-room on the morning of November 11th, she found Albert Allen, aged fifteen, son of the Protestant rate-payer, seated at his desk, crying as if his heart would break. From the sentences he blurted out she understood that the boys had all been playing in the yard, and a slight altercation had arisen between Albert and Silas Wilson. Silas had tried to pick a quarrel with him all the previous day. On that morning when the altercation began, Silas picked up a stone and hurled it at "the measly Protestant." Albert was about to retaliate, when the whole school interfered by attacking Albert, and kicking and pounding him till

Graziella came in sight. She had seen some of the fuss, and asked two or three for a statement of the cause. There was no lack of information. They all acknowledged that it was as Albert said. The boys seemed to feel they had done a laudable action which Graziella must approve. They were sullen when she tried to show them the dishonorable side of such conduct, and revenged themselves on her for keeping them in, by petty acts of disobedience which seemed to increase every time they came afresh from home Dick Watson was one of the most troublesome, and Graziella was obliged to have recourse to extreme measures to bring him into subjection. Mr. Watson was a trustee, and chose to be annoyed at this. He had a grievance against Graziella, which aggravated his displeasure on this occasion: Dick had not passed the "*Entrance*" examination at midsummer.

Graziella met Mr. Allen accidentally, and expressed her regret over the little school occurrence. He exonerated her from all blame, but she saw he felt sore on the subject. He felt so deeply indeed that it was impossible for him to be entirely silent on the matter, so one afternoon, in the post-office when a group of men were talking of the missionries in his presence, he denounced them as a pair of bigots who had done more harm than good in

the place. There were ten ready to champion the two clergymen of course. Mr. Allen tried to answer them, but could not get a hearing. Disgusted, he turned on his heel and left them, saying: "The teacher is the only one around who has any brains." That was wind to a smouldering fire. Two trustees were present in the office, and an impromptu school-meeting was held, then and there, at which it was decided that Graziella must be removed. Father MacCormac heard of the trustees' intentions, but passed no remark further than to stipulate that the new teacher should be able to play the church organ. He had not been actively either her friend or her enemy since the previous May. He knew she was a good teacher, devoted to her profession in an extraordinary degree, but she was dangerously outspoken, and he would not be sorry to be rid of her.

Graziella had at this period lost all the strength she had garnered during vacation, in vain efforts to make her excellent school-work gain some hold on the people, and she looked forward to the organization of another school with well-defined dread, but there was a bright side to this cloud as to every other. She hoped to be cast among more reasonable people.

She searched the advertisement columns of the *Montreal Star*, the *Toronto Mail* and the *Globe*,

for vacancies. She applied for several of the Public Schools advertised therein, whose trustees had not requested a teacher of any particular denomination. She was anxious to get a Public School in some Protestant community, if it were possible, hoping that liberality of views might profit her more in such associations than heretofore. She received answers to four out of seventeen applications she had made. Two stated that she would suit if she belonged to the English Church, the third accepted her application on condition she was a Methodist, and the fourth wanted to know the religion she professed before deciding. The trustees who wrote the last letter had liked her application best of seventy they had received, but it was necessary to know what she pinned her religious faith to before committing themselves. She knew it was useless to tell them she was a Roman Catholic, and expect the school, but did not blame them, but the Catholic Separate Schools, for their exclusiveness. She applied for a Separate School she saw advertised in the *United Canada* of Ottawa. After some preliminaries she found herself engaged. She had tried to have her "agreement" signed before Christmas, so that no uneasiness would prevent her from having the full benefit of the two weeks' rest before attempting to organize another school.

On arriving at home she found her aunt sick with "la grippe." She had already passed the worst stages of the illness, but was still very weak. There was relief to Graziella's heart in sitting beside Mrs. Power's bed and telling her all she had suffered because of her ideas of right, since she left. There was solace in her aunt's sympathy and in the hope which she still continued to cherish for an amelioration of her condition in the future. She told Mrs. Power the story of Albert Allen's chastisement and of his gratitude to her for having taken his part. After the memorable morning of November 11th, Albert had commenced writing Graziella a series of love-letters, on his slate, which remained unperceived by her for over two weeks. Her attention was drawn to them first by observing that a couple of the other big boys hung around the school after four o'clock until she left. This happened so often that she became curious, and left the school one evening, leaving her gloves behind. In about five minutes she returned for them, and found the two laughing heartily over Albert's slate. While she went to her desk for her gloves the two went out. She looked at the slate, and this was what she found:

"Dear Teacher:—I dreamt of you last night. I thought you had went for a drive with a nice young man and a white horse. I thought the horse ran

away and you was throwed out, and they carried you into school where we was all waiting for you as good as could be. They put you down on the platform, and you was very white. I went up and kissed you. Because if you are hard on me sometimes, I love you just the same.

"Your loving pupil,

"ALBERT ALLEN."

The next afternoon she found another; then she interviewed Albert, and insisted on his stopping the composition of these epistles, but he did not cease to show his affection for her in many ways. He was hyper-sensitive over her criticism of his work, and would almost melt into tears at her slightest word of disapproval.

During these holidays she had realized it would be necessary for her to renew her certificate before any great length of time, and foreseeing that it would be difficult for her to give up teaching to spend several months at school, she determined to obtain her certificate while teaching, even if she needed a very long time to cover the work by studying only in the evenings. She provided herself with all the necessary books before setting out for her new charge.

CHAPTER IV.

THE village of Yep is situated on the bank of the Ottawa river. It has a pleasant situation, and is fairly well built. Graziella thought she would like it. Father O'Brien was parish priest, but never meddled with the school, or had never meddled. The school was only nine miles from the one in which she had last taught. Yep was ten miles from the village of Cana, in which place nuns were in charge of the Separate School.

Most of the pupils in Graziella's school had attended the Public School of the place for many years. When a Separate School had been first formed, the Roman Catholics were so poor they had been obliged to hire a teacher with a District certificate, which was about equal to a High School Entrance certificate. Also, the teacher had had no training in Pedagogy, had never even attended a school where good methods were used, and as this school had been her first, she had not the confidence given by experience, and, worst of all, her natural ability was mediocre. The pupils had not taken long to come to the conclusion that their knowledge was as great, if not greater,

than that of the teacher. The school was thoroughly disorganized when Graziella took it in hand.

Graziella had been engaged at a much higher salary than her predecessor. To equalize expenses the trustees had hired as assistant a young girl of the village for whom a "permit" had been procured from the Inspector. This young girl was only sixteen, and the average attendance in her class-room during the winter months was sixty-five, with a prospect of increase in the spring.

Graziella had much trouble in subduing her own class by gentle means, and in fact did not accomplish it for several months; but what she found more difficult was to keep the juniors in awe of her. When they made such an uproar that it was impossible for her to keep her attention on what she was teaching, she would suddenly appear in the next room and punish whichever seemed to be the ringleader for the time being—for instance the one found running around the room, or climbing over the tops of the seats, or whistling, or making any one of the dozen noises which proceeded from that room at intervals. Having to attend to the discipline in both rooms was wearing.

At night she took her seat at the table in her room at six o'clock, and never left the place till ten o'clock, which was her usual bed-time. The

interval was occupied in studying for a Junior Leaving Certificate, which when made a professional certificate is a life diploma. Sometimes nature rebelled against this work. Her head ached violently, but her strong determination conquered, and she sat down to work.

Added to her many anxieties there was another not yet mentioned. Her aunt continued weak and ill. By March, Graziella had lost ten pounds of flesh. An attack of neuralgia came on early in the spring to increase her miseries. It was so acute that for many days she taught and studied with a solution of chloroform beside her, which she applied at intervals to deaden the pain, to be able to continue her work. The first of April, a dentist paid his regular monthly visit to the village, and she had him examine her teeth, thinking that they might be the cause of her suffering. He filled six and extracted two. For a week after this operation she felt as if she were in Heaven. At the end of that time the pain came back, redoubled in intensity. This time she knew it was tooth-ache, and could locate the troublesome tooth. She had the village doctor extract it. The pains in her head ceased, but her weakness was so great that it required a supreme effort to do her work. She could see the grassy graveyard stretching back behind the village church

from her bed-room window. When she sometimes sank on the rocking-chair at that window for a moment's rest before commencing the evening's work, and saw the quiet, peaceful look of the grave-stones, she would think that she would like to be buried there when she would die. It was so clean, and green, and quiet. At these times she wondered why some people feared death so much ;—it is an outlet to so many cares and woes. As she considered it, it seemed more like a beckoning angel than a monster of frightful mien. Her thoughts ran on complacently one evening, till she had imagined herself dead and buried there. She had just conceived a great sorrow for her aunt in such a case, when six struck and brought her back to materiality.

She tried patent tonics. They were very expensive, and stimulated her only while she took them. She consulted Dr. Kain, who told her that patent tonics such as "Beef, Iron and Wine," et cætera, were only for convalescents, and encouraged her greatly by telling her that he would give her strength immediately. He heaped a great iron spoon with flakes of pure iron-rust, and dissolved this in a bottle of Sicilian wine which he gave her to take. Before the half of it was used her stomach was almost ruined. It was fortunately June. She managed to finish her term, and

she wrote on her examination in July at the High School in the town of Pently. She reached home exhausted on the eighteenth of July. For many days, existence was an effort. Complete rest of mind, judicious exercise and the cheerfulness of Helen and her aunt helped her to get strong, and before the end of August she was sufficiently improved to help Helen in the selection of parts of the latter's trousseau, for the wedding which was to take place early in the Fall. This brought back to her mind reminiscences of things and scenes which were formerly most painful to her. She realized with joy that they had almost ceased to be painful. During the last six months she had hardly thought of that former unfortunate passion. The intense strain had benefited her in one way. It soon showed that it had in another. She received word who had successfully passed the examination. Miseries sometimes come in showers, blessings likewise.

Graziella received a letter from one of her Senior Fourth pupils (Adele Lawrence, a girl of seventeen), which contained two important announcements: A new assistant for the village school had been hired, she was an experienced and successful teacher; and Adele herself had determined to become a nun,—a conclusion which she had been helped to by visiting the Sisters at Cana. She had

quite fallen in love with them. Father O'Brien encouraged her in the idea. He also admired those Sisters very much. He had been at their Distribution of Prizes in June, by special invitation. The children, their pupils, had been charmingly polite and well-bred. They had all done an exceedingly good year's work, for they all got prizes. Everything had been beautiful. The children had been trained to act their pieces perfectly. The principal Catholic man of the town had made a neat speech, praising everything, and a very mean man, to whom she had told all this, had said that perhaps he had been invited there purposely and had been cajoled into doing it. Adele was indignant at that man. Her intentions were to leave immediately for the head community of this Sisterhood in the city of Buffalo, State of New York. Graziella was sorry to lose Adele from her class. Though never especially brilliant, she had been one of those dear, good girls who never cause a teacher a moment's distress. She was grave beyond her years, considerate and affectionate.

With Adele's letter there arrived another from "Jimmie Wylie," the curly-headed boy of her first school. From among the mistakes of this letter she picked out this information :

The twelve rate-payers had remained obdurate

and the Public School had been closed up. The younger children of these parents were receiving no education. The big children of such as were able were sent to the neighboring village, or to some college where their parents would pay their board for a term or two. They picked up, in that short time, as much as they could or were not ashamed to admit they did not know. The upper section was paying one hundred and sixty dollars to their teacher, and the lower never could afford more than two hundred. There were very few pupils over twelve years of age in either. The pupils graduated young, all seeming to be impressed with the idea, rightfully or wrongfully, that suchcheap knowledge was not worth acquiring. She saw by the letter that feeling on school matters ran so high that the children discussed matters after the manner of their elders. She could not help thinking that the Archbishop had been guilty of a gross injustice in forcing Separate Schools on some of his faithful. Here he had alienated the obedience and affection of a dozen familiesin one vicinity, which was something not to be ignored in a parish.

The opening of the Fall term came all too soon. Graziella went to work again with fresh hope. The new assistant was an energetic, self-confident girl who had a *District* certificate. Graziella felt her

mind relieved of all anxiety regarding the discipline in the Junior room. The worst was over as concerned breaking in her own, and she had no study imperatively commanding her attention. Dr. Little of Ottawa had laid his injunctions on her to get up every morning and go for a walk of a mile before breakfast. After she had followed his advice for a short while, she experienced great benefit from it.

Miss Gray, the assistant, was very devout. She went to mass every morning, and communicated always twice, sometimes three times, a week. Graziella never attended to mass on week mornings, but went for her walk instead. The village people soon considered her anything but as religious as she ought to be. She was completely cast under a shadow by Miss Gray. Miss Gray taught catechism energetically. Graziella heard uncomplimentary remarks because she did not. She wanted to keep her school, so she put catechism on her Time-Table, and taught it for half an hour three times a week; but it was soon evident that Miss Gray was currying public favor. Graziella had whipped several of the pupils who had proven themselves otherwise incorrigible when she first came to the school. Miss Gray emphatically denounced whipping at the outset, and looked very much horrified and grieved if anyone told

her that Graziella had been known to use the rod. Getting the school in order was more than she bargained for, however. There were some "tartars" among her "darling charges" and soon there was discontent among the parents. Some accused Miss Gray of pinching their children. Others objected to having them put in a corner with a fool's-cap on. "They preferred having them whipped," they said. She had one fad which appeared ridiculous to many: When her lesson terminated within five or ten minutes of dismissing time, she had the children sit up perfectly straight, close their eyes, and meditate (after convent style) till the bell rang. This young woman had been in the novitiate of a religious community for two years, but the Sisters had not allowed her to take final vows, for reasons of their own.

Nevertheless Miss Gray was a good teacher and knew the latest methods. The Phonic method of teaching primary reading had never been introduced into this school, and she was anxious to practically illustrate its advantages. She had been using it for five or six weeks before the village perceived the fact. Unfortunately for her, one of her enemies overheard his little son making an unconscious parody of her teaching. He sifted the matter and struck the alarm in the village. "The children were being made fools of,

there was no doubt." As the news was spread and dilated on, the excitement grew. A school meeting was called, and the system denounced. Several parents sent her word the next day to discontinue the method, but she was firm, and refused to change her teaching. The Trustees were sought, but all, excepting one, refused to interfere. Graziella had talked one over, and the third would have been neutral but for slight leanings towards her side. The leanings were so slight that they did not count in the fight, however. Trustee Newland ordered Miss Gray to change her method, but she did not obey. Then he addressed himself to Graziella, to see if she could help in the matter. She set to work to show him the benefits of teaching by Phonics, but he would not see those benefits. Other school meetings were called, which advanced the matter none. Dr. Kain was called on for an opinion. He knew nothing about the respective merits of methods for teaching Junior pupils, and frankly admitted that he did not. A local politician of address and influence thought in his own mind he knew all about the matter, but would not express one syllable, through fear of making enemies. The priest thought the old methods entirely satisfactory. He had been instructed by them. The school-meetings numbered eleven before any conclusion was arrived at. Then Miss Gray sent

in her resignation. It was immediately accepted, and the Trustees cast about to find her successor.

On St. Cecilia's day the nuns of Cana gave a "musical soirée," and invited Father O'Brien. They heaped honors on him, and he came back more delighted with them than ever. The school question was broached to him the next day by one of the Trustees, and he said among other things; "it would be a great blessing if we could have nuns to teach the school." No one saw why nuns could not teach the school. Three nuns could be had for the salary the two teachers received, and three teachers were required. It would be nothing unusual for nuns to take the school in charge. They were the only teachers in the village of Kenmure. They would keep house and have a fourth sister to cook for them.

Graziella had not heard of what was brewing, and as the Christmas holidays were drawing near, and it was the custom among the Catholic teachers of the parish to invite the priest to their schools on the day of closing, to have their pupils examined by him, because he thought it part of his rights to be the leader in opinion about all educational matters in his district. Graziella determined to hold out an olive branch to Father O'Brien in the form of a little polite attention she had never

thought of before. She wrote the Reverend gentleman a note, inviting him to be present on the afternoon of the last day of school, in company with the Trustees whom she would also invite, in order to test the standing of the school. The afternoon arrived, and all those invited were present, as also several gentlemen of the village whom the Trustees had in asked to come with them. All the children were in their Sunday clothes. Graziella was also, and the hush appropriate to the importance of the occasion had fallen over the whole school. The priest was asked to take the chair to conduct the examination, which he did not hesitate to do, as he felt the position belonged to him. Father O'Brien had followed his college course in the Province of Quebec, and thought the Educational system of that Province the finest in the world, so he had never taken any pains to make himself conversant with the Ontario system. He was not a good judge of the amount of knowledge which should be required of a certain grade in a school graded as the Ontario schools generally are. The first class called up was a Senior Third. It was a class of bright, intelligent little pupils, who read well, and answered the first few questions put them on the subject matter of the lesson so brightly and intelligently that the examiner was much delighted; but presently, when

he commenced to search out for discussion the difficulties in Logical Analysis in the lesson, they became so much confused they were unable to answer two or three simple questions he asked in trying to cloak over the total ignorance they had shown of the Analysis, before sending them to their seats. Graziella explained that this classhad not yet taken up Logical Analysis to any extent but could not, under the circumstances, explain why they had been unable to answer the succeeding questions. It was impossible to tell him he had made an error in judgment, and had thus frightened the children into silence. She knew that everyone present felt they had made a failure, and her anxiety was apparent in her face. The priest passed the matter off by rubbing his hands, nodding, smiling, and reiterating "Very good"—"Very good," and his nods and smiles was repeated along the row of gentlemen on each side of him. The next class called was the Junior Fourth. The priest was now on his guard against going too deeply into subjects, and the pupils were nervous because of the bad appearance made by their precursors and the look of uneasiness upon the teacher's face. He asked them questions in Geography, History and Literature that Graziella would have asked a Senior Second class. The pupils, expecting something far more difficult to

be demanded, were suspicious of the questions, and feared there was a catch where none was intended. They stumbled over many of the answers, and sometimes gave such foolish ones that Graziella was in an agony of shame. In a little while these were dismissed as the others had been, but with less applause than before. Graziella pointed out to the gentlemen that these classes were in the habit of doing better, and that a way of putting the questions which was new to them had perplexed them.

Other classes were called. The priest told her to put the questions. The answers were all prompt and intelligent, and would have given her extraordinary pleasure if she had not been the examiner. She was painfully conscious that the spectators might accuse her, mentally, of choosing her points. She had a sickening sense that the whole affair could look like nothing but a failure, and longed for it to be over. When the gentlemen had bowed themselves out with many polite remarks and congratulations, she vowed she would never allow any one again to examine her classes who was not experienced in the educational matters of the Province, and who had no standard of attainments appropriate to the several grades to guide them in their series of questions. She had never had reason to feel so mortified before, as her classes

had always done her honor on the occasions of visits from Inspectors or Teachers who had a definite idea of what it is proper to expect of the respective grades. She had made a concession, for policy sake, which had been against the dictates of her judgment, and for which she was now very sorry. She determined she would never more have any such examinations.

The priest did not say much about the event, but remarked that the children were not so well-bred as in a certain school he had visited the day before. They had been trained to recite a little complimentary dialogue to His Reverence, and had presented him with an address and a "little offering" in the shape of a meerschaum pipe with pouch and tobacco. Graziella had forgotten to attend to a like politeness.

She received the month's notice required by her agreement to quit at the end of the year. The great majority of the parents liked her very much. Her only mistake had been siding with Miss Gray in the matter of methods. Now she had been but slowly recovering her strength all fall. A sickly dread came over her at the thought of changing again, but there was nothing to do but look about for another position.

The entire village was soon acquainted with the Trustees' intentions for the New Year. Rate-

payer Howland had been an inhabitant of Cana for a period of eight years prior to his coming to Yep, and had sent his children to the Sisters' school. He had been known as a quiet, non-interfering man. Suddenly he developed a great amount of combativeness, and would leave his work at any time of day to talk on the school question. He stopped any man he met who was willing to talk to him. He was violent on that question, as if long pent up feeling had broken its bonds. He told the villagers they would rue the day they would allow the Sisters in their midst. "Before the nuns had been installed in Cana," he said, "the Catholics of that place had lived in peace with their Protestant neighbors and had had the benefit of the best Public School education at a very low cost." He argued that the education of nuns in general, both professionally and non-professionally, was inferior to that of the majority of lay teachers, and although they devoted more hours per day to their pupils, they accomplished less in a given period of time than lay teachers, through want of knowledge of good methods of imparting their instruction; also, they wasted valuable time getting up "Receptions" for the patrons of the convent and in preparing public entertainments at which they might make their pupils show off, to dazzle fond parents into

believing that their children were storing up knowledge which would serve their turn in the *struggle of life* to come. To those who argued that teaching by the nuns is very cheap, he contended that before the parents would have paid their salary and contributed towards a collection for buying their winter's wood, or adorning their chapel, and when a donation would have been given to buy a present for each Sister, as also for the priest, on their separate feast days, and when they would have paid for a dozen unnecessary books with which even the smaller children would be loaded down, because the Sisters wished to stretch out a helping hand to their colleagues the Christian brothers, the compilers, and likewise to pocket a little margin for themselves, the vendors, they would find themselves considerably poorer if they calculated, than if they had paid suitable salaries to competent lay teachers. He said "God sent nuns as one of his choicest blessings to the earth, to minister to the sick or afflicted, but when they leave that Divine vocation, through avarice, for work for which they are not nearly so well fitted, it is a great falling from grace." Mr. Howland was so earnest and persistent in his canvas against the nuns, that his opinions took root, and before very long he had a little following.

In the meantime, Graziella had made application

for several schools, but had been unsuccessful. She was loth to bother the Inspector again, and was trying to procure a situation without recourse to him.

Mr. Howland was making some headway. He had brought out a set of books used in the nuns' school by his children, and among them was a First Book, from which his little ones had been trying to learn French. Its first page contained the letters, then three pages were covered with difficult words for syllabication, some of four syllables, and the first lesson was the Lord's Prayer. This was followed by other prayers, and the remainder of the book was a Bible history. He showed this to the priest, and asked him what kind of book he thought that to put into a child's hand for its first attempt at reading. Father O'Brien thought there could be nothing better. It would inculcate piety in an admirable manner. Howland pointed out that the difficulties the child would be asked to surmount being too great for its capacity at that stage, it would become enervated, and learn to read very slowly if at all, and that in all probability the child, knowing its prayers before going to school would not be interested in learning to read the Lord's Prayer,—another drawback; and, again, making the prayers class-lessons would tend to lessen their devotional aspect in the child's mind

that it would soon cease to discern between the Lord's Prayer as a reading lesson and the Lord's Prayer as a cry to the Omnipotent; but Father O'Brien was firm in his conviction that nothing could be more advantageous to the human race than to have the minds of the little children run in religious channels. The impressions of our youth are so lasting! Howland thought they were, but that there are evil impressions as well as good. How many superstitions live and influence us against our reason because they have been impressed on us in our infancy! How many times do we go through the form of prayer unconsciously, without the least devotion, because we contracted the habit of making our bodies conform while we were young when our minds were rebellious, especially we Catholics; but also how we submit to the most unnecessary and insolent domineering on the part of our clergy, because we were told when we were infants that all this is right, and we cannot shake off the habit of cringing.

Howland's party gained strength every day, and yet Graziella had no school,—in fact, some urged her not to hire anywhere else, as her services would certainly be still required in Yep. Father O'Brien, not knowing what to do, wrote to his Bishop for advice. The time for electing a new trustee was approaching, and the whole matter of having the

Sisters or not having them depended on this election. The two Trustees remaining in office were on opposite sides. The new one would constitute a majority one way or the other. Father O'Brien was instructed to preach a sermon on the "Sin of Disobeying Ecclesiastical Authority," and was then to read his parishioners a letter from their Bishop, commanding the opening of a convent school in the village. A few resented the Bishop's interference, and went over to the enemy after the sermon was preached but although many were strengthened in their desire for a nuns' school, still the matter on the whole was not bettered. Father O'Brien feared the wrong man would be returned.

Day by day the Howland party gained ground. The Bishop then authorized the priest to threaten the refusal of the Sacraments to such as persisted in their idea of right, This was done on the Sunday before the election, and on the day of the contest Father O'Brien remained at the poll all day, by instruction, to keep a memorandum of the names of such as had the hardihood to oppose him to his face. As the voting was not by ballot, many, at the last moment, chose Scylla instead of Charybdis, and immolated their most precious trust, their children, to that most powerful, and far-reaching of all human institutions, the Roman Catholic church.

Graziella was still without a school, and had remained over to see the result of the election, as she was hired again if the Howland party won; it lost, so she started for home that evening. There was not much rejoicing in the village. The majority had really been forced. The few who did rejoice were violent. They showed their feelings principally in calling the other party names, the most derisive and disdainful being "*Suisse.*" No one who does not know how this word is applied in some parts of Canada can have an idea of the amount of insult supposed to be conveyed by it when used by an ardent Catholic. It is the epitome of all that signifies vileness, and means one who has left the Roman Catholic church to join any sect of Protestantism.

Father O'Brien had already spoken to the nuns at Cana to procure Sisters for his school, and the "Mother House" of their community had three in readiness to send on at any moment, but the Trustees had inadvertently opened negotiations with the nuns of ——— because their fame as good teachers was wide-spread and they had virtually pledged their word without consulting Father O'Brien. Their consternation was great when they waited on that gentleman to show him how nicely everything had been arranged. He was thoroughly aroused. *His* word was pledged also, and could not be

broken. The Trustees were obstinate in keeping theirs, and there was immediate trouble. Much was said, but nothing done for a week. Time was precious, as it would soon be the proper date to open the school again. On the last day of December the Trustees received a letter from the Nuns, saying it would be impossible for them to furnish the village of Yep with Sisters from their community, as the Superioress had found when sending the contingents to the various schools already established, that, in fact, she was actually in need of more teachers than she could provide for existing missions. Trustee Howe was in the town of Burystone the day after the reception of this letter, and there learned that the Catholics of that place had just established a Separate School, and that the nuns they had negotiated with were hired to teach it, also that these nuns had been furnished on or about the day the Superioress had refused teachers to the Trustees of Yep. Howe called on the Sisters, and told the head one he thought their Superioress had deceived the Trustees of Yep, and asked her the reason. She had no excuse to give. Her only answer was "the community must obey the Bishop," from which Mr. Howe inferred that the Bishop had told the Superioress not to send her nuns to Yep which, to her, was equivalent to a command

from the Divinity. Human nature is contrary sometimes. When Trustee Howe reported matters to his two comrades in office, they determined not to be forced into having the "Sisters of the Cross;" and to be even with the Bishop, wrote to Graziella that evening to return if she were still without a position. She was much surprised, and could by no means guess the undercurrent which had led to such a turn in affairs. She was glad of the respite. She was now sure of being at no great distance from her aunt for another period of time. The latter was still in delicate health. Father O'Brien did not give her a warm reception on her return, although just enough to exonerate her from all blame, but the three trustees were the theme of a scathing sermon the next Sunday. They were in the not-to-be-bullied mood, and paid no attention to it.

Graziella found herself in a most difficult position. To half the section she was one of the "*Suisses*," consequently they kept a jealous eye on her teaching, through fear she might convert their children into moral monstrosities. Her every faculty was strained to do such good work it would be impossible to find fault. She worked energetically from nine till four, and frequently remained half an hour afterwards to teach catechism. She spent two hours every night

correcting exercises and preparing work for the next day. She studied up the best methods of teaching, but all this did not prevent some of the pupils from being troublesome and impudent. Patience was absolutely necessary although her temper was sometimes tried to the utmost when she saw that nothing could succeed against the mountain of prejudice piled up against her.

The Roman Catholic church of Yep had never been completed inside. The contract for its completion had already been signed several months, the Bishop having promised to furnish the necessary funds to the parish at six per cent. interest. In May the contractor was about to begin work, when the parish was notified that it would be impossible for His Grace to advance the money promised till such time as his wishes were carried out in regard to the school. There was more fuss than ever. Such a tide of ill-feeling surged up against the Trustees, and they were so thoroughly abused, that they resigned in a body, and a new election returned a "Board" calculated to be the delight of Father O'Brien's heart. Graziella was glad it was decided for her that she must leave. She was heartily sick of the many petty persecutions she had been subjected to since the New Year began. The "Sisters of the Holy Cross" were engaged three months ahead of time,

and Father O'Brien saw the engagement signed and sealed, that there might be no quibble this time. The Sisters who had originally been intended for this school were now far away at a "House" in British Columbia, but Father O'Brien would be content with any he could get. One professed nun and two novices were named for the mission. Sister Mary Joseph was to be Principal; according to the account given by Father O'Brien, she would be general manager, and attend especially to the teaching of Literature and Grammar in all the classes. Sister Agatha, one of the novices, would have charge of Mathematics, French, Geography and History in the higher classes. Sister Mary Magdalen would teach the baby classes. Father O'Brien spoke of those ladies so respectfully and used so many long words to describe their beautiful methods, the villagers were on their knees, figuratively speaking, in admiration, before the Sisters came at all. When the nuns arrived, Sister Agatha was none other than Adele Lawrence metamorphosed. They accepted her services without thought of murmur or complaint. Her robe had transformed her mentally and physically.

Graziella had ample time for reflection during the two months vacation which followed, and she was forced to the conclusion that hard work and

merit are as feathers in the balance with the prejudices of bigotry. For some time she had been casting off the cloak of sensitiveness under which she had always shrunk, and was developing a pugnacity which would ultimately be the saving of her by ameliorating the condition of her bodily strength. Through the medium of the "Press," and by reason of her good qualifications, she had secured a new position, this time in a Public School. It was a large school in the village of Dover, county of Essex, in which four teachers were engaged. Graziella was placed in charge of the whole school. She came to Dover a few days before the legal opening of the term, to get a bird's eye view of the section, to form a plan of procedure which would produce the best results.

To give a correct idea of conditions of things, it is necessary to write a sketch of the village fluctuations during several months antecedent to her advent. The place had formerly been inhabited by English people who had kept up a good school according to Ontario methods, but for some years property had been changing hands, until that which had previously belonged to English Protestants belonged almost entirely to French Catholics. The preponderance in school and out of it had been on the Roman Catholic side of late, but one Protestant teacher had always been engaged in

deference to the wishes of the Protestant minority who had lately been the majority, This was liberal on the part of the Catholics according to their ideas, because in former times when the majority was the other way, their request for a Catholic teacher had been met by the parry, that surely the teacher's creed made no difference as long as the teacher proved satisfactory at his work, and in acting on this premise they had invariably hired Protestant teachers. Probably it was the charitable idea that they could thus further contribute to the enlightenment of their neighbors that had influenced them, but it was a mistake in diplomacy. This did not prevent them from feeling it was grievous when the Catholics refused to hire more than one teacher professing Protestantism. At the ardent request of the prejudiced of both sides, the school was classified, not according to grade in studies, but according to nationality, which meant according to religion. This division had left something over a hundred pupils to two Catholic teachers (one English and one French, the teaching of English to French pupils being compulsory in the Public Schools of Ontario), and from ten to fifteen at the most for the English Protestant teacher. Now the Protestants thought themselves superior to the Catholics by reason of the influence they still retained, because of their former advantages and

also because of a certain confidence in their own mental elevation; the Catholics felt the superiority of their numbers and of their righteousness as contrasted with the unrighteousness of the unbeliever, the latter sentiment being rather augmented by a fierceness of Catholic zeal in the spiritual adviser of this community.

The priest of the parish was one of those men who believe tolerance to be contamination.

To continue the subject of the school arrangements, it is necessary to state that things went very badly as a result of this misjudged division. The hours of recreation were filled up by quarrelings between the two nationalities, and the animosities engendered in these quarrels were carried to the streets of the village and into the homes of the village.

At this period one of the male teachers (French), who had been bravely struggling to bring up a large family on a very small salary, and who had found it impossible to provide adequately for those dependent on him, had asked for an increase in his yearly allowance. By some impulse of generosity quite miraculous in ordinary trustees, the requested increase was granted. Immediately the Protestant male teacher felt his dignity touched, and although the increase in Mr. Beaulne's salary had not made it equal to Mr. Rice's, still Mr.

Rice's self-respect demanded that *his* salary should be correspondingly increased, so that he might look down on his colleague from the same height as before. The Trustees persisted in seeing that both his official duties and his family burdens were lighter than those of his collaborator, and refused to accede. Mr. Rice had one advantage: His certificate stated his qualifications to be presumably greater than Mr. Beaulne's; he threatened to send in his resignation, and this frightened the minority, who saw in the whole affair nothing but the menacing vision of an opportunity in which the majority might ignore their rights and leave them no advantage, by hiring the teachers all of one creed. A petition in Mr. Rice's favor was presented to the Trustees, which, to their chagrin, had no effect. At this particular point it becomes necessary to speak more personally of one trustee than of the others. It is a well known fact that in Boards of Trustees as well as in societies and communities of men there are leading spirits, and so it was with the Trustees of Dover. The predominant will belonged to a man who had been trustee for nine years previous to Graziella's advent. When the Protestants had first seen it was necessary to bring out a Catholic to satisfy the claims of the Catholics who were becoming importunate, they had chosen this man. He had never shown any antipathies,

and had always expressed himself satisfied with the Protestant teachers, because he could acknowledge to himself that they had generally been good, therefore, the minority fondly hoped to make a tool of him; when Rice's petition failed in its object, there were thirteen wrathful Protestants who felt they had been personally injured by the influential trustee. His ingratitude was too much for them to bear.

Rice resigned. The indignation of the thirteen knew no bounds. Fortunately there was a means at hand by which the refractory Trustee could be punished. He was a carpenter by trade, and not being well up in points of law had committed the misdemeanor of making some necessary improvements on the school premises, among which was the building of a stairs during a period in which he was at the same time acting as Trustee. This is an offence punishable by a fine of fifty dollars. The thirteen defenders of their rights entered an action in court against him, and there were lively times in the village. The Trustee was told the action would be withdrawn if he resigned, but this he refused. The case went against him, and fine and costs amounted to ninety dollars; he was also disqualified for being a Trustee, without further election, and was liable to another fine every time he acted in that capacity before such election,

The rate-payers had taken sides almost exclusively according to their religion. There were only three Protestant families who did not approve of the procedure of the greater number of their brethren, but two Catholic heads of families, because of personal jealousy of one of themselves who had gained a step on them in the regard and confidence of the villagers, went to make up the thirteen who sued on account of the improvements. The pursued one resigned his position, but allowed himself to be brought forward again immediately as a candidate in the new election without any diffidence as to results. He went in with an overwhelming majority. It was two months after this that Graziella was hired. Mr. Duprat (the above mentioned trustee) had heard of her as a good teacher. He was particularly anxious to have a good teacher, and he was the means of bringing her to Dover. During the election many gibes has been exchanged by the opposing parties, which were swallowed with as little grimacing as possible at the time, but which left a taste behind anything but relishable.

The fact that Graziella had been engaged by Mr. Duprat at this juncture was sufficient reason to make his thirteen opponents her enemies. She found the school demoralized. For three months anterior to the closing of the last term the playgrounds had been the scene of many battles royal.

The two teachers who had been in charge of the French pupils had always had more to attend to than they could possibly manage; moreover, Mr Beaulne had always been an easy-going individual, one capable of pursuing comfortably the matter in hand notwithstanding considerable noise going on around him. The pupils had unconsciously drifted into lax methods of doing the desk work which was provided for their employment while the teacher attended to a recitation or made some explanation or demonstration.

Mr. Beaulne resigned also at mid-summer. This left another vacancy. Mr. Duprat had much difficulty in procuring a second suitable teacher. The one he did hire was a Protestant. Graziella replaced Mr. Beaulne while Miss Goodwin replaced Rice. It was understood that the former was head of the French department (she spoke excellent French), and the English and French were to be distinctly separate.

In affiliation with this school there was a Government Model School which occupied the second story of the building. The lower story was divided off into three class-rooms and a hall, two of the class-rooms being in the front of the building, one on each side of the entrance, while the third extended across the back of these two. Graziella taught in the room to the right of the entrance

and Miss Goodwin occupied the other. The playground on Graziella's side was intended for the girls, while that on the other side was gambolling ground for the boys. There was a plank walk in front of the building as far as the road, which was continued around the school on each side to two doors, one of which gave admittance to the Junior class-room while the other opened into the hall, from which stairs led up to the school above. The owners of the property adjacent to the school property on the right had been Mr. Duprat's bitterest antagonists. They despised French people more than everything else in the world except Catholics.

Graziella and the French children were detestable in their sight, and if one more than the others in the family abhorred looking at them, it was the mother, perhaps because she had the aggravation more constantly under her observation. It is right that each one should contribute his or her mite towards the advancement of ideas in the world, if we only know what is advancement and how best to contribute our portion to the general enlightenment. This woman thought that no faith is good for the world but Protestantism, and considered that the most effective method of demonstrating its merits was by loathing every other set of religious principles, so she undertook to give

expression to that loathing in the following way: Her kitchen window looked out into the school-yard on Graziella's side. Now, although the other side of the school-yard had been allotted to the boys, all the girls of Miss Goodwin's room (and of eight, five were over fifteen) elected to appropriate to themselves all right to the plank walk on the boys' side. The boys would defer to them, and they would thus hold themselves aloof in disdainful distinction from the rest of the school; the zealot on the neighboring property never was appeased by a sight of them. She suddenly conceived an idea that the very best way to dispose of all her superfluous potato peelings, tomato cans, cabbage leaves, bones and scraps left from the meals was to throw them through the kitchen window. It was more satisfactory to her mind, and consequently more conducive to health than her former method of burning them. She also had ideas of her own as to the benefits of shower baths, and must have concluded that the poor French children were in great need of them, for it frequently happened that Graziella was obliged to console some child suffering because of a too plentiful sprinkling of dish-water, by keeping the disadvantages of such sprinkling in the background when she found it impossible to urge its advantages. The woman's idea of the benefits of these baths also

increased with experience in giving them, and the number of hair-breadth escapes reported were so exercising to Graziella's patience that she was up to the turning point, when on one Thursday afternoon a child came running in drenched with an extra supply of greasy water. Graziella was too angry to think the matter over to apply the most efficacious remedy. She walked across the intervening ground, and requested a young girl, who happened to be at the window to inform the lady of the house she was told to refrain from further depositing of nuisance in the school-yard. Immediately there was an apparition at the window of a face distorted by anger, and Graziella knew before the lips opened that a torrent of abuse was coming. She did not wait to listen, but could not escape some of it. She turned once within speaking distance to tell the woman "it would be better to consider the matter quietly, as no amount of talk would alter the fact that she would be obliged to find other refuse ground.

The next day one would have thought she had gathered all the rubbish in the neighborhood to deposit it in the hole already washed out by continued dashing of water. The Trustees waited on her husband about the matter. He disclaimed any knowledge of the proceeding, and gave it as his opinion that it was entirely in the teacher's

imagination that such a thing had been done ; but the Trustees, on visiting the spot under discussion, had their olfactory and optic nerves so disagreeably impressed, that they stood convinced it was urgent to go to the utmost extent of the law if necessary to stop the nuisance. The Health Officer was sent with a notice, which was disregarded but Graziella had no further trouble, as the Trustees brought the misunderstanding to a proper termination in a very short time. All right-minded people would naturally be expected to side with the teacher under the circumstances. Prejudice sometimes gets the upper hand, even in the most unlikely cases. Thirteen heads of families bottled up some extra venom for future use in dealing with this self-willed young lady who so presumptuously asserted herself.

For two months there was nothing more serious than the minor aggravations of the school-room, which, by reason of their number and frequency of repetition, were drain enough on an enfeebled strength, but seemed to dwindle into insignificance to Graziella, when she was not entirely crushed by inability to cope with a burden of outside hostile opinion as in former sections.

It is true the teacher in the Junior room was entirely incompetent in management, and that the noise of the constant banging of doors by the

children who were incessantly running in and out, and the uproar kept up by them within the class-room, sometimes reached Graziella's ears and the ears of her pupils so distinctly, it was necessary to interrupt the routine of the class for considerable periods of time. This she ignored as best she could, feeling it was impossible for her to remedy the disorder.

Miss Goodwin had good methods and sufficient education to have fulfilled her duties capably; unfortunately she was not self-assertive in a social way, and she had to deal with two young ladies in her class-room who had weighed themselves with all who had yet come within range of their short-sighted vision, according to the standard of their own egotism, and had not found themselves wanting. Vanity is a powerful magnifying-glass. These two, in their various weighings, had never failed to weigh themselves with each new female teacher as she arrived. Miss Goodwin had been found wanting, and therefore deserved to be treated contemptuously out of school and consequently *in* school. Although they were bitter personal enemies, they joined forces in a tacit understanding that they must, as by sort of obligation, show that they judged according to a high social scale, and that she, the teacher, was found inferior. This is not the rarest state of mind to be found in pupils.

These two girls swayed the opinion of the class-room, and made it impossible for Miss Goodwin to have good order. They brought candy to school, and ate it at recess or during class hours, as best suited their humor. At intermission, they ran around the room playing tag or puss-in-the-corner, not forgetting the screaming which generally accompanies these games, without any sense of loss of personal dignity. They wrote notes to the boys of their own age, rolled them up to form little arrows, and sent them flying across the room with the most insulting indifferenee as to whether the teacher was conscious of the side-play. Miss Goodwin (being a timid creature) felt she was over-mastered. One of these young ladies, Nettie Cox, had a devoted lover named Bob Debs. One bright day Nettie and her friend were promenading, during the intermission, up and down the plank walk leading to the side door on the boys' side. Four little French boys were grouped, discussing some subject of vital importance to them, three were near the walk and the fourth was on the walk, with his back turned to the pair pacing up and down. He was a boy of eleven, of diminutive size, while both the girls were in their sixteenth year. The young women rudely brushed the little fellow in passing, several times, which excited his not too latent irritability.

They shoved ; he shoved in return. Exerting a little strength, they pushed him off the walk, whereupon he kicked Nettie in the shin with all his might. The amorous Bob was hovering near, as was his wont, and thinking to clothe himself in the raiment of a hero in the eyes of his beloved, he pounced upon the young transgressor, and chastized him severely by means of both feet and hands. Nothing was said about the matter on Miss Goodwin's side after intermission. Graziella was greeted with a storm of complaints. Every French boy wanted to tell the story at once, and all sided with the little boy. Their eyes glistened with excited interest in the episode. Graziella promised to look into the matter, but said nothing further for the time being, as she feared the tension of their religious and national antipathies had perhaps made them unjust. She intended to discuss the event with Miss Goodwin after four. That lady had left for her boarding house before Graziella had time to seek her. The same evening the little boy's father sought Graziella in an agitated state of mind, and demanded that Bob be punished. She recognized the necessity of inflicting punishment on the wrong-doer, no matter who that might be, if peace and authority were to be maintained around the school premises. The following morning

Graziella had an interview with Miss Goodwin, who acknowledged having seen the fracas from the window. She considered the girls to blame for having commenced to be disagreeable, and thought Bob had interfered in what did not concern him; but when Graziella pointed out that it was imperative he should be punished in some way, and that the young ladies must be made understand they were transgressing on the boys' rights in frequenting that side of the play-ground, she replied: "It is of no use for me to speak to them; they ignore everything I recommend. Bob and these girls make my life miserable." Graziella returned to her own room, rather puzzled as to the best mode of procedure. She first set the little fellow at a task of writing "*lines*," after having cautioned him emphatically against the danger of taking the school law and discipline out of the teachers' hands, — a proceeding which would have nothing but the worst results for himself. At noon she consulted Mr. Tremblay, the Principal of the Model School, as to what was urgent in the case. (This Model School was unlike other Government Model Schools of the Province. Those attending were French young men and women who had never had the advantages of the Ontario Public Schools, because of their nationality, and who were consequently so far behind that it was

necessary for the Principal to teach facts and demonstrate truths during the largest portion of the term. In fact, he had very little time for the teaching of "*Methods*," which is generally understood to be the chief object of a Model School. Thus, by his duties, he was completely separated from the working of the Public School in affiliation, a separation which had been encouraged at the time the male teachers conducted the Public School. The Principal of the Government Model School, appointed by the Government, was considered to have no authority over the Public School whose teachers were engaged by the Trustees. This gentleman was unwilling to do anything except give his advice. "The episode could not be passed over in silence without causing lasting injury to the management and discipline of the school. There should be a head or fountain of power, or peace could not be maintained." Miss Goodwin had been included in the conference. All three saw the necessity of having a head to the establishment. Miss Goodwin said she had no right to that position. Graziella had not been invested with any superior power.

Mr. Tremblay said: "If it were my duty to maintain authority, I would do it at any cost; but I have been informed by the Trustees that I am not Principal of the Public School, therefore the duty of punishing devolves on one of you."

Graziella replied: "I also would take the case in hand if I felt it were my duty."

Both Mr. Tremblay and Miss Goodwin urged her to do so. It was agreed that she should do something in the matter in the afternoon. At three o'clock, by previous arrangement, Graziella opened the door between the two rooms, stood in the doorway, and made a little speech which could be distinctly heard by every pupil in both classes. She had calculated to say little, but to make what she said effective. She referred to the kind intentions of those young men who took the weight of enforcing discipline out of the teacher's hands, in a grateful way, and dilated on the glory with which they covered themselves in the eyes of the fair, but regretted that a long recognized idea of appropriateness obliged her to request the young gentlemen of this school to desist from any further attempts to aid the teachers in matters of discipline, and insisted that it would be more advantageous to all concerned for differences to be reported for settlement at headquarters in the future. A certain deliberation in speech and coldness in manner lent emphasis to every word. Addressing herself to the girls, she said: "All I have to remark to the young ladies is that if they really were half so fine as their idea of themselves, they would certainly not encroach upon the boys' play-ground, where they must

surely hear and see things more or less repulsive to delicate sensibilities." She closed the door. The last words had stung like vipers. These girls knew by intuition Graziella had been used to a social life better than they would ever know, but would have been willing to obtrude their estimation of themselves upon her also. They were of that inexperienced class who fondly imagine they blind people to their want of taste and breeding by their determination to find no taste or breeding in any but themselves. It was gall and wormwood to them to think that Graziella might in her secret soul have a test of social condition which would not give them their due. Now she had expressed what they had previously supposed was in her mind. They would not forgive her for it.

It never entered their minds to humbly take it for granted they had done wrong. Nettie reached home with an inflammatory account of what had been said by Graziella, which caused her father to rush off in a heat to the Trustees. He would be appeased by nothing but a "public apology" from Graziella. Mr. Bro seau answered (Mr. Duprat was not sought) that "it would be a difficult matter for the teachers to make themselves masters of the school and have the best possible aid, and that in the present case he considered the teachers had acted judiciously, and did not intend to ham-

per them by criticizing their methods." Parental indignation had swallowed up all clear-sightedness. The father went home in a rage, and falling back on an old hobby, conceived that all his vexations arose because of the bigotry inherent in four persons,—the little boy and the little boy's father, Graziella and Mr. Brosseau, who were supported by the preponderance of public opinion in the community.

Nettie's father, Bob's father and the husband of the charitably inclined woman put their heads together (figuratively speaking), to set about devising ways and means of revenge. They decided to air their grievances and ridicule their opponents in the "Press," which, if not conducive to reform in the management of the school, would be consoling to their hurt pride and humiliating to those who had incurred their wrath. A letter was written to the editor of the Toronto *Courier*, the purport of which was that "the village of Dover was in a state of wild excitement, owing to oppressions practised on the peaceful Protestant inhabitants by the bigoted Catholics of the neighborhood." It asked that a reporter be immediately sent to write up the situation. Two days afterwards the scribe appeared on the scene. Graziella met him as follows: One morning, while she was much pre-occupied with a lesson she was giving, she sud-

denly perceived that the attention of her class was divided, half being bestowed on what she was saying, the other half being centered on some object at the back of the room. Looking down, Graziella's gaze met that of a person standing in an easy position near the door, as if he already had been there several minutes. She looked at him, but as he did not move, she advanced to the back of the room for an explanation of his presence. He volunteered the information that he was "Jones of Toronto," and that he wished to visit the school, if the teachers had no objection. Graziella had none whatever. He remained in each room about ten minutes, and requested to be allowed to return in the afternoon. After dinner he passed an hour in Mr. Tremblay's room, then nothing more was seen of him, but he was heard from in two issues of the paper he represented, each article comprising a column and a half of matter, the purport of which was nearly the following: A general ridiculing of the classification of the school (which was outrageous, but for which the Protestants were certainly as much to blame as the Catholics), also a statement that there was no chance of "fair play" for any but a French Canadian in the school; and as corroboration of this he cited the plank walk incident, with this slight variation: "A big boy had brutually kicked a little girl with no provoca-

tion, and had been left unpunished because he was a Catholic and she a Protestant,"—this way of putting the episode having presumably been thought of as a tranquilizer of religious jealousies throughout the country. It was shown that there were certain monetary advantages not obtainable elsewhere by the teachers of the French pupils, which made them "stand in" with the Trustees and be willing to be their instruments of revenge on too *knowing* opponents, which statement lacked the very necessary element of truth to make it a sting to those against whom it was directed. The architecture of all buildings in the village recently built by Mr. Duprat was shown to be clearly monstrous. This helped to prove, it is to be supposed, that the school was being improperly managed. There were many personal and injurious things said about the teachers, with the exception of Miss Goodwin, but Jones had delicacy enough to refrain from naming the lady teachers, and instead emptied an undeserved phial of wrath on the head of the unoffending Tremblay who in no way had any transactions with the villagers. These articles appeared early in the month of December. It was a week later before the teachers had seen them, and they were then busy with the half-yearly examinations and in preparing to leave for the Christmas holidays. They decided it was best to let the matter

drop without reply. They were pressed for time, and by ignoring the articles they would give the subject less publicity and their calumniators less satisfaction than by denying the charges.

Miss Goodwin was leaving at Christmas, and an acquaintance of Graziella's had been engaged to replace her, having heard of the vacancy through Graziella. This was "another conspiracy to injure the Protestants," and they nursed a new grievance (the ousting of Miss Goodwin to make room for another Catholic), until the announcement of her marriage, a couple of months afterwards made it specious that she had resigned for the purpose of being married.

Acting on the advice of the Inspector and of the teachers, the Trustees gave orders to grade the school according to class standing, not according to nationality, to equalize the burden of work and give each teacher an opportunity of displaying her ability. It was bitter for the minority to lose their distinction of separateness. Graziella was placed in charge, and consequently had the striplings to manage, among whom was Bob. Her difficulties regarding him can be judged from the following points. He had a preconceived dislike for Graziella. He was much infatuated with Nettie, and had an overmastering desire to gaze at her at frequently recurring intervals. To this gazing

Graziella had a violent objection, as it absorbed his attention and distracted the majority of the other pupils. He was quick to understand, and consequently sometimes found reiterated explanations tiresome, and would loll in his seat in a manner aggravating to a teacher much interested in her work. Graziella had to keep a watchful eye constantly upon him, which was agreeable to neither the pupil nor the teacher. Bob, not seeing himself with the eyes of others, felt that the teacher's constant watchfulness and frequent fault-findings were a burning injury, and being incapable of giving up his indolent propensities, he left school, declaring that the teacher had taken a dislike to him and that he could not endure her taunts. He attended the District Model School (for which he was too far advanced in every subject except French Grammar by a year and a half's study) for the remainder of the term. He graduated from this school at the end of the term with a certificate that qualified him to teach during a period of three years in three specialized counties of the Province. The permission accorded by this diploma was acted upon immediately after the summer vacation.

The Trustees of the Dover school, though honest men, had been in the habit of doing their business relating to school matters in a slipshod fashion, which was blamable, and, as has been seen at the

time of the suit about the school repairs, were not well up in points of law. It had happened more than once that when it had been necessary to agree on the amount of money needed from the Council to keep things running, two of the Trustees, and sometimes the three, had held a meeting of the "Board" at a street corner to make an approximation of the needful sum of money, and had demanded this from the Council. The money, when received, had been handed over for disbursement to the Secretary Treasurer, who had not been asked for a financial report for considerable time.

When this process was repeated three or four times, there remained a surplus in the school treasury of something over a thousand dollars which had not been reported to the Trustees. They were of opinion that there was a sum of money in the treasury, but deferred the day for the balancing of accounts. Nettie's father was the ferret who found out that this money was lying in the Treasurer's hands without any surety for its production on demand. Many kindred emotions had combined within a few months to make him suspicious of the "Board," and the fuse was ready to cause a great explosion of his indignation. The thirteen discussed the matter. Their fears about the money were not calmed, because the Treasurer was a drunkard of Jewish propensities

in his sober intervals (he lived by usury in money-lending), who was one of the recreant Protestants that had gone over to the Catholic side at the last election, because of a stipend of twenty-five dollars a year for handing over every quarter's salary to the teachers and dispensing some money for needful repairs at stated intervals. There were private meetings, at which the leaders of the thirteen concluded they were on the verge of ruin, and that there would be no term to the injuries of their opponents, so they concluded to separate from them. These meetings were followed by public upbraidings of the Trustees, who were much shocked to find they had transgressed so far.

They audited the accounts and made a memorandum of the money in hand, then drew up an account of all moneys necessary for current expenses for the following year, and proposed to levy a tax to cover the required amount minus the sum in the hands of the Treasurer which would remain where it was over into the New Year. It was approaching the end of November, but the minority refused to leave the money any longer in the Treasurer's hands, who, they were sure, had already lent it out at a high rate of interest. Steps had to be taken towards the immediate restitution of the moneys.

Before any action could be taken, the minority

sent in to the Township Clerk the notification required by law that it was their intention to open a Protestant Separate School in the section at the commencement of the New Year. At a meeting of all the rate-payers which was called shortly afterwards, the money on hand was divided according to the valuation of the respective properties, and the minority were offered two hundred and twenty-five dollars as a peace-offering; —this was twelve dollars more than their proper percentage of the whole if the money had been strictly divided. The money needed for the expenses of the Public School for the following year because of the surplus on hand would only necessitate a levy of one per cent. on assessment.

The minority, now composed solely of ten families working together, opened a Protestant Separate School. They were obliged to rent a building, furnish it, and also pay a teacher two hundred and fifty dollars to teach fourteen pupils, and in the face of this well-known heavy drain on their pockets, and a certainty that they knew that by remaining in the Public School they would have to pay but one per cent. on the valuation of their property for the following year, they gave as a reason for separating, that financial ruin stared them in the face if they remained supporters of the Public School.

The collapse of the Public School would have pleased them, and that very thing was a threatening possibility made many times more imminent by their separation. Some of the French ratepayers who had been brought up in Quebec, and thus had been accustomed from their childhood to think that any sum from one hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars is salary enough for any teacher, and that any amount above that is extortion, had grumbled long over the high prices paid the teachers, although Graziella's salary, which was the highest, did not exceed four hundred dollars. When, during the year of which I have been writing, the Trustees indulged in the extravagance of building in a furnace, because the children suffered so much from cold that it was impossible to do good work, they seized the opportunity to declare their intention of joining a Catholic Separate School situated one mile out of the village. They professed such entire obedience to His Grace their Archbishop that it became a matter of conscience for them to become Separate School supporters. The fact was that neither the Archbishop nor their parish priest had ever mentioned their joining a Separate School. It was an understood thing that the Dover village school, being in affiliation with the French Government Model School, should remain a Public School, for certain reasons

The priest, who on an ordinary occasion might have kept the Catholic rate-payers together, and who did not wish to see the village school collapse, was powerless to restrain the discontented, as it was impossible for him to mount into the pulpit and forbid them to join the Separate School. They separated, thus making three parties in the village: those who belonged to the Protestant Separate School, those who supported the Catholic Separate School, and those who still paid to the Public School. The latter school being many times more expensive to its supporters than the others. There was danger of its breaking up, had it not been for a few determined spirits who declared it would stand, should their taxes be trebled.

Graziella, naturally keen and intelligent, with her affections forcibly in abeyance, entered into the spirit of the place and time as completely as if she had been a man and a rate-payer. She was much esteemed by every one in the village not too prejudiced to see she was doing the very best of work. When she saw that one party was bound to keep her in her position at any cost to themselves, she determined to do her utmost so that all parties would be obliged to acknowledge they had done well. There had arisen in her a spirit of resistance to injustice, which seemed to

give her strength for sustained effort against the unjust.

The history of her efforts in this school would be incomplete, if the connection between the Church and the School were not mentioned, as there is no school entirely Catholic, be it Separate or Public, which does not feel the influence of the clergy.

Father Guay was as pious a priest as could be found in the Dominion, and a man thoroughly impressed with the belief that "there is no salvation outside of the Catholic church." It hurt him deeply that the village school could not be made a Separate School because of its close connection with the Government Model School (this school was the outcome of an agitation started by a newspaper a few years before), as his hobby for keeping his people Christian was to keep them exclusive and to keep them occupied praying. He was insatiable in his demands on his parishioners, in bringing them to church for never-ending services and in asking prayers of them at home; but it must be said in his favor that he never shirked himself, and was always willing to do more than he asked others to do. He was satisfied in conscience, although hurt, to have the school a Public School, because it was the Bishop's orders that it should be left unmolested; but it was necessary to

his peace of mind that Catechism should be taught in the school, and the teachers had not been teaching it, nor had they been opening or closing school exercises by prayer. He visited the school (as soon as the Protestants had separated, he felt more at home in doing this), and requested the teachers to teach Catechism and say prayers. Graziella urged as reasons for not teaching Catechism that the use of any unauthorized text-book made the teacher liable to a ten dollar fine, and as she had advanced pupils, her time was much occupied. When the subject of prayer was reached, she had not as good a reason to offer for not saying it. She had a mixed class (three Protestants remaining in the Public School), and being considerate of the feelings of the minority, no prayer at all had been said. This was all that passed between the priest and the teachers. Father Guay interviewed the Trustees, who were told to arrange matters as good Christians. Now, Mr. Duprat, although the recognized leader of the Catholic party, had no desire to have the priest meddle in the running of the school, but it was imperious for the life of the institution to effect a compromise with the Church, so he urged the teachers to do as the priest desired. Graziella felt herself more at ease in talking to him than in speaking to the clergyman. She did not believe in mixing religious and profane teaching conti-

nually. Religion should hold a dignified position. It is part of the priestly duty to teach Catechism; why does he try to put it on other shoulders? In the Catholic church a child is supposed to commence to learn Catechism at the age of reason.

Now, the *Catechism* is a very small book, but it must contain matter beyond all reasonable comprehension, if what dogmas it covers cannot be driven into a child's head during three years, that is, before the said child is ten years old (this is counted an early enough age for a child to make his First Communion) by the priests and parents, with the incidental aid the teacher gives by teaching him to read. The poor teacher has probably five or six other subjects to teach him at the same period, which will fit him to gain his livelihood, and is all the while helping the religious idea implanted in him by the Creator to germinate by watching over his habits and morals. Why saddle her with a work that is some other's duty? The Catholic Church is a great and powerful Institution, which has been given its position by the laity. The laity can surely in justice ask the clergy to do their work after having paid them well to do it. Graziella could have enlarged still further on the subject, but she had said enough to convince Mr. Duprat she was determined to argue the matter; and as he did not want any discussion, the two under-teachers, who

were willing, were directed to say prayers at opening and closing of the day's work; a resolution was passed by the Board, to the effect that the Junior pupils were to be dismissed every day at half-past three, with the private understanding that they were to be kept till four to learn their Catechism and have it explained to them. This last arrangement was to override the law against the use of unauthorized text-books. Graziella, having none but pupils who had made their First Communion and been confirmed, was exempt from all these regulations. The priest showed no dissatisfaction, for which goodness Graziella determined to prove her gratitude on the first occasion which would present itself.

The reader has perhaps been wondering for some time if Graziella ever recollected former days in Ottawa and the old loves there. The intervals had become rarer and rarer at which she had thought of these things, and for some time her life had been so busy her mind had hardly dwelt on them at all. The passionate pain was entirely gone. There was a certain zest in having her eyes open to everything going on around her, and in being a factor of some importance in the little world in which she lived; but if ever she thought of the affections (in as far as the opposite sex was concerned), it was as of something which had entirely passed

out of her life and was dead forever. She had become convinced that life is a duty to be performed, and that the greatest difficulty lies in the attack. She had made the attack courageously, and half the difficulty was surmounted.

Father Guay was in perplexity at this period. His organist was about to leave, and there was no one to replace her unless Graziella undertook the task. He hesitated in asking her, as there was no remuneration connected with the office, and he had already found to his surprise that she could refuse a priest; so although he considered the bestowal of the position quite an honor, still he dallied about speaking to her. She saw his difficulty, and in gratitude for his non-interference in the final arrangements at the school, she offered to play the organ on all necessary occasions, although she knew it would be a considerable drain on her strength, of which she had none to spare.

The church was as cold as it could possibly be that winter. It was unfinished inside, and the heating apparatus consisted of two immense stoves—one in the front of the church and the other at the back. These were elevated from the floor some two feet, and threw considerable heat, but they were inconvenient in so far as they roasted those who were near and left those who were at some distance to shiver with the cold. Because of their elevation,

everybody's feet were like chunks of ice. Graziella's fingers were frequently stiff with cold on the ivory keys.

Father Guay had already given the contract for the finishing of his church, and had laid a heavy debt on his parishioners' shoulders, which they had promised to pay off in instalments for which they had given their notes. The burden was already heavy enough in that way, but it still was imperious for him to procure a furnace to heat the church during the following winter. He thought of having a bazaar to procure funds for the heating apparatus. He commenced to speak of it in the spring, but it was autumn before he had it organized. Since Graziella had offered to play in the church for him, she had been quite friendly with him, and in the organizing and running of his bazaar she was indispensable. Many times she had to assume rôles which were entirely distasteful to her, but which she could not shirk through fear of displeasing "His Reverence." The bazaar lasted some two weeks, and Graziella was in constant attendance after school hours when not engaged in practising the young people of the village for a concert which was to terminate it. There were some excellent singers among those young people, but none were acquainted with the principles of music, so she had a difficult task to teach them by rote. Her

strength was in danger of failing, but she managed to worry through on a little artificial strength gained by means of tonics. She invited a couple of strangers to take part, at her own expense, and contributed her own share in the entertainment. It was a great success. Father Guay was much delighted, and praised Graziella highly in the little speech he made at the closing of the entertainment. When Graziella measured the void in her pocket-book after the concert was over, her conscience was a little uneasy. It reproached her with having spent in music and sundries more than she was justifiable to spare, but she consoled herself by the thought that the priest would in the future be friendly towards her, and that in this way she would be repaid for her outlay.

In the meantime, her name as a teacher had been spreading, and many young men and women came to the village to board and attend her school. This made a great deal of extra work for her. The greater number of these were desirous of afterwards becoming teachers, and were intending to follow the course in the Model School when they had learned some English. She had already two classes, one of which was as advanced as (the High School Entrance) and the other more advanced than (the Public School Leaving) this District Model School

in every subject but French. This third class, composed of aspirants for promotion *to* the Model School, was far below the standard of the lowest of the other two, and consequently gave her an immense lot of trouble. They were all past childhood, and some were taking up the Teaching Profession, more at the instigation of their parents than because of any ambition of their own. This was also a source of annoyance to Graziella, as they were inclined to forget the needs of the future to attend more particularly to the craving of the hour. There was always, except in the case of an extraordinary few, a great desire for a little fun and flirting, which Graziella felt bound to rigidly curb as detrimental to themselves and her; but these little troubles she counted as nothing, feeling secure in her confidence of her capability to overcome such trivialities.

Father Guay took a parent's interest in his parishioners and parish. If he expected a visit from his Archbishop, he ordered the village cleaned and the roads and sidewalks mended. He watched over details in many other particulars as well. When the week day mass was not sufficiently attended to satisfy his zeal, he would indicate so clearly, from the pulpit, those whose duty it was to be present, that it would have been as well to name them at once. He did not believe in private remonstrance,

but in the efficacy of what was said in public. The transgressors generally wheeled into line, either through reverence for advice from such a rightfully dictatorial quarter, or through fear of having the finger of scorn pointed directly at them from such a visible standpoint. It never crossed his mind—or if it did, he did not care—that many nursed secret sores because they had thus been held up to ridicule with little provocation. All winter a grievance had rankled in his breast, and, as was very unusual, he had never spoken of it. There were two little hills in the village. The school boys were in the habit of sliding down one of these, and the girls of doing likewise on the other. It is true that the little sleighs with their loads sometimes frightened passing horses; but it was not that that hurt "His Reverence": it was the fact that the little girls indulged in this boyish sport, so contrary to all his notions of modesty and decency. When spring came and they brought out their skipping-ropes, and again in the summer played base-ball, he could not retain his indignation, and preached violently about their amusements. He said: "What I find strangest is that the children are allowed to do these things at school, under the eyes of the teachers, and I hear that nothing is said to them about stopping; if the teachers are too lax to at-

tend to this, why do the parents not remind them of their duty?"

On the following day Graziella's girls hung around the room, not knowing exactly what to do with the quarter hour of recess. Graziella passed no remark. The next day, one or two of the hardiest proposed to return to their games, but the greater number hung back in reluctance, while a few positively declared they would play no more. Those were acting under instructions from headquarters at home. Graziella still abstained from interfering. Things remained thus for another day, then the little girls could stand it no longer, so they waited on Graziella in a body to express their discontent. She was loth to tell them directly to disobey any superior power whose working is generally on the side of good, but she explained to them she did not think those games any harm herself—in fact, she thought they were good for little girls when not carried to excess, and that she herself would all her life suffer from an enfeebled constitution because she had been brought up in institutions where it was counted unbecoming for a young girl of good breeding to laugh aloud, and where it was a crime to run or play like children till either their constitution or their morals or both were ruined. However, she could not establish the precedent of defying any recognized authority, so she referred

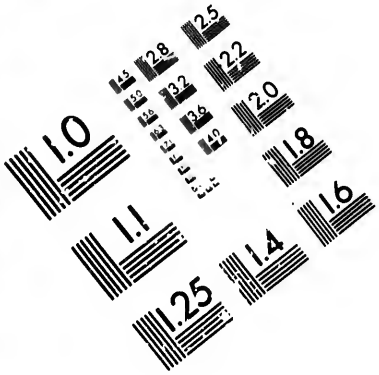
them to their parents, saying that each child must act on the advice of her father and mother, and declared she would enforce their decision, whatever it might be.

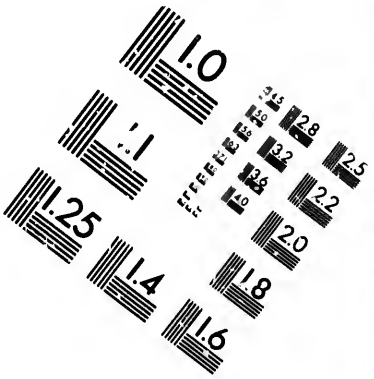
She noticed the girls were early at school the next day. They were at play when she arrived, all but two or three who did not join the others for a week or more, but did so at last.

The priest was informed of all that had passed (there are informers everywhere), and was much astonished. He could not very well afford to quarrel with Graziella at that special time, and he already saw it was impossible to coerce her into a course of action at variance with what she had predetermined doing. He overcame his scruples, or forbore to speak of them, but had a little hidden ill-feeling towards the girl who had been the first to cause the villagers to regard his advice as naught. He soon remarked other details about her actions which he did not like. He had prayer in public every evening, which was attended by the majority of the villagers and by all the teachers but Graziella. She had chosen prayer time as the best at which to take a walk, as there was always fewer on the streets at that time, and in the course of a walk extended enough to do any physical good, she was sometimes obliged to meet the same persons many times, as the village was very small.

When she had taken her walk, the remainder of the evening was spent in looking over the newspapers, in reading some improving book, or in correcting or preparing exercises for the following day, until ten o'clock, at which hour she invariably retired for the night. Now, Father Guay's morning exercises, which consisted principally of the mass, were begun at six in the spring and summer months and at seven in the autumn and winter, and Graziella, never having any energy to spare, always indulged in a morning sleep, which prevented her from attending these exercises also, although she was strictly regular on Sunday.

Father Guay had looked at these sins of omission indulgently for some time. He now began to see malice in them, and a very bad example for the children and even the parents of the village, and, as was his wont, he felt obliged to mention the matter in the pulpit, which he did as follows :— "There are many people in the village who are in great spiritual danger because of their religious coldness. Nothing is so menacing to the soul as indifference. Out of three hundred persons, the majority of whom should be at mass every morning and prayer every evening, there is a regular attendance of perhaps forty. The men should come especially, and there are some whose duties do not commence till a late hour in the day, and





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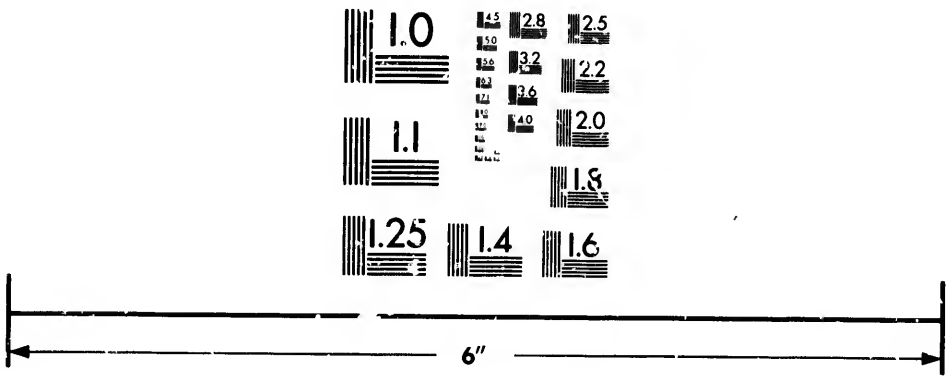

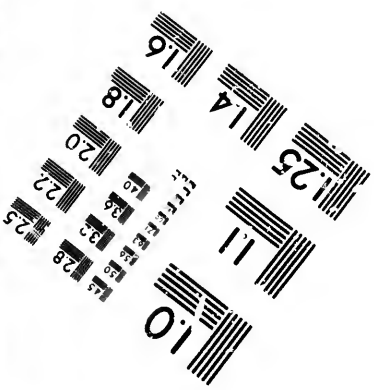

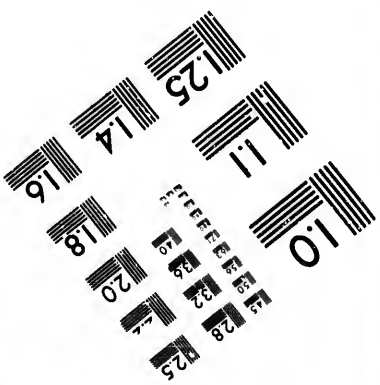

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whose position places them as an example in the view of many, who do not come to mass. I tell you, teachers above all others should be religious,—a godless teacher is a curse in a section."

Graziella had no intention of deranging the plans she had made for economizing her bodily forces, but she understood that "His Reverence" must be appeased. She had not the zeal necessary to attend the religious exercises regularly from desire, apart from the obstacles offered by her plan of daily routine, and not hypocrisy enough to go for the sake of public opinion. There was a way by which she could please him and not displease herself. She was passionately fond of music, and it was invariably a pleasure for her to practise. The young people of the village were fond of music also. Many were good natural musicians, and some of those who were not had histrionic talent. She had only to mention to them that they should get up a concert for the benefit of the church, and they were all enthusiasm. She suggested that they should hold a meeting to appoint a committee of management, and proceed in a business-like manner. The meeting was held in the school after four one afternoon, and Graziella was appointed general manager. They also named a secretary, a treasurer, one to look after the engagement of the hall and its preparation for the reception of a

good crowd, and one as a delegate to Father Guay to inform him of their intentions. Besides being general manager, Graziella had a specialty: she was appointed to get up the programme. Father Guay was much delighted with the project, as he had, for some time, been puzzling his brain to know how to procure money to buy a statue to place in a niche over the High Altar at present vacant, but showed some little anxiety about the management of the practices and place of meeting for rehearsals. When told that Mr. Duprat had given the young people permission to use the parlor of his house (Graziella boarded there) for three months, if they required that much time, his anxieties were all at rest, and he was most kind to Graziella whenever she came in contact with him.

She advanced the money for all expenses of running the practices, till the treasurer would have funds in his hands, sent away for music and dialogues, and with the help of the music teacher of the village commenced the almost never-ending teaching by rote.

The division of parts was a great difficulty. All the good singers wanted the principal role. Great tact was needed to make each of several characters appear as principal, and boundless ingenuity was requisite to keep down petty jealousies from developing into quarrels and to maintain aggressive

spirits sufficiently subordinate to carry out her own wishes as regarded the presentation. For three weeks she and the music teacher had two hours hard practice every evening in private coaching of individuals in the parts, but the tug of war did not come till they tried to put the parts together and had all the young people reunited. Then the boys *would* look at the girls, between times of course, and the girls would smile at the boys, and somehow the basses and sopranos in the operette would not harmonize, or the altos or tenors were too fast or too slow, till the two girls were at their wits' end, and were ready to give up in despair, when things took a sudden change, and went so well that they were encouraged to try to do themselves proud.

Graziella worked so hard that once more she was obliged to take a tonic to keep up her strength. She had great difficulty in perfecting a drill which she had introduced into the operette, for the sake of the effect of movement and color to be had from the girls' æsthetic dresses. Graziella had asked thirty in all to take part, and of these six were Protestants. These she had asked because of their talents. Some of them needed careful handling, as they belonged to the party which was so much against her and were hypersensitive to her every act. They had not wished to refuse

taking part, firstly, because occasions for display were rare, and, secondly, because Graziella had always been so polite to them, they could not very well refuse her without appearance of boorishness. One of the six was a young farmer, Cyril Dray, who lived within twenty minutes' walk of the village, and who was the possessor of a magnificent tenor voice. Graziella had never met him till the practices began. He had been pressed into service by Miss Gray, the music teacher. He had some knowledge of the principles of music, picked up by himself, and learned his part without any aid. Graziella was much surprised at the beauty of his voice and the good taste with which he sang the solos allotted to him. When for the first time he saw the drill, it was almost perfect, and he was loud in his praises of its graceful movement, but suggested a few changes he thought would be improvements in such a tone of quiet confidence that Graziella was much astonished, and although she thought she had the better judgment in the matter by right of taste and experience, yet she was moved to try the changes he suggested, and found them great improvements. He often helped them out of difficulties with the refractory by a quiet remark, and made himself conspicuous in an unostentatious way so frequently that she found herself considering him. He was a tall, broad-

shouldered fellow, without grace, but also without awkwardness. His feet and hands were large. His face, though not entirely handsome, was benevolent looking, and his head was crowned with a heavy mass of rich brown curly hair. The only perfectly beautiful thing about him was his large hazel eyes, which seemed to reflect every passing emotion of his soul. She had noticed all this by degrees. *He* had noticed the delicate formation of her limbs, especially the smallness of her hands and feet. He had remarked that her clothing, though of the quietest colors, was of the finest quality of goods, and that, when she passed near him, the faintest odor of delicate perfume emanated from her garments. What interested him most was the tinge of sadness in her expression, which seemed to linger there behind the brightest smile when she was in the gayest humor. His mental observation was "a delicate girl, finely nurtured, who has had some great sorrow in life, and who lives with uncongenial people bravely, but who would never make anything but a burdensome wife for any man she will in probability meet. Not one to help a man to get rich."

The concert was a success greater than her very best expectations, but she was sadly tired after it was over, and had felt many times during the practices that she was bidding for favor which in the end would be dearly bought.

The worst was that one of the young gentlemen of the village, Arthur Chase, became enamored of her during the rehearsals, and insisted on paying her particular attentions, which were very embarrassing. It seemed a strange and ridiculous idea that anyone should make love to her. He persisted in calling on her after the concert was over, although received with the coldest courtesy.

In a little while he dropped all love-making and talked general news, and the village news in particular, which Graziella frequently heard first from him, until she commenced to see him come with pleasure, never dreaming anyone would for an instant regard him in the light of a lover, such manner of considering him being so far from her own mind.

CHAPTER V.

AS I have mentioned already, Father Guay's church was unfinished. Early in the spring of 1892 he had completed a bargain with a contractor for its termination, and the men had immediately been put to work on the building. During the first part of the summer the church had been pretty well choked up with piles of lumber, and pieces of boards and other debris was so continually falling from the scaffolding where the men were engaged rounding the vault and boarding it in, that it was impossible for the priest to have the customary annual spring training in doctrine and grinding in catechism preparatory to the yearly First Communion. That function was postponed till the autumn, when the work would be fairly advanced.

The Protestant Separate School had changed teachers, and had secured the services of a person of excellent methods. When Graziella came back after vacation, she was not any less anxious than formerly to do good work and show good general results, and a natural emulation sprang up between the heads of the two schools, although they were excellent friends.

Among Graziella's pupils there were four or five whose First Communion had been postponed from spring till October, and the whole, with the exception of three, of the first assistant's class was of the number. Graziella changed classes with this teacher during an hour every day. The second teacher was a specialist in mathematics, while Graziella had most ability in teaching language subjects, and in the best interests of her pupils each preferred to give them the benefit of the finest teaching procurable in these respective branches of study.

The children began attending Catechism the first of September, but did not receive their Communion till the middle of October. The priest did not spare himself any trouble in perfecting them in knowledge of Catholic doctrine. It was exceedingly annoying to Graziella to go into the junior class-room every day at the hour to find three pupils to be taught; but it must be borne. She fortified her patience by repeating to herself, it was not nearly so exasperating to her as it must be to the second teacher, who was obliged to pass five hours every day with the three hopefuls.

The funeral and marriage services were a serious hindrance to Graziella in her work, as four boys of her Entrance class were invariably required to serve these functions, and they deprived the boys of quarter of a day's work every time.

The priest was always kind enough to send a written excuse for them, which was a great condescension on his part and flattered them very much; it made them feel important, but did not blind Graziella to the effect this loss of time might have on the result of their Examination. There was something which chafed her more than all the rest. This was a French parish, and the parishioners were violently addicted to the French Canadian habit of having Requiem masses sung for the dead, or other masses sung or said for the good of the crops or for the procuring of any other good they desired very much, but could not reasonably expect except by Providential interference. The grander and more ceremonial these masses were the more efficacious they would be, and to be very grand they had to be sung at a late hour in the day, which again caused the absence from school of the boys who served as acolytes, sometimes to the number of six.

Graziella struggled bravely against all drawbacks, and her regular monthly examinations were not showing discouraging results till on in February of the new year, when Father Guay proposed to celebrate the completion of the interior of his sacred edifice by a grand Retreat, to be preached by Redemptorist missionaries from below Quebec. When they arrived, they announced that the re-

treat would last ten days, and gave out the hours of the different services in the morning, afternoon and evening. To Graziella's horror, she found their programme would preclude any possibility of keeping the school open if teachers and children were obliged to attend every meeting of the faithful. She knew it was certainly no use to ask to be excused from attending the mass and morning sermon, but fondly hoped that if she placed her anxieties before Father Guay in the proper light, he would not exact attendance at the church after eleven, the hour at which the morning service ended, until the evening meeting. She first broached the subject to Mr. Duprat, who interviewed the priest. Then she went herself, and begged him to at least order the children to go to school after the sermons, as the majority always showed an inclination to profit by any excuse to stay at home, but would religiously obey the priest's injunction if he told them to attend. They would thus have instruction for a couple of hours each day. Father Guay argued that he was not the one to address under the circumstances. He had completely given over his parish into the missionaries' hands. It was for them to say what should be and what should not. They were horrified at the idea of keeping the school open at all. Graziella advanced the opinion that the children would derive

as large an amount of spiritual benefit from the retreat in being sent to school after the sermons as if they were allowed to lounge around the streets but the Fathers said it would be contrary to all precedent (in Quebec) to allow the school to be kept open, and that indeed it would be enough to scandalize many. Graziella had to submit with the best grace possible, and attended all the sermons and ceremonies, as if religious exercises were what she delighted in most in the world.

After the retreat was over, she did her best to overtake the work left behind, so that before Easter holidays she was worn away to a skeleton. The boys still continued to be away at intervals, serving masses, and this was another incitement to her to do extra work.

At Easter she returned to Ottawa for a week and a half. Her aunt was struggling along bravely, although she continued to have very little strength. She was delighted to have her darling with her once more, and Helen too was glad to see her, to show her beautiful boy, the finest boy in the whole city—according to Helen's idea. He really was beautiful. How Graziella delighted in looking at him and his happy mother, who had grown so plump and rosy since her marriage. At the sight of this mother and child, some vague discontent stirred in Graziella's breast, which she

was hardly aware of herself. It was not jealousy of her friend's happiness, but a sort of craving, like hunger, for a little affection to enter into her own life. None of this feeling was perceptible to her friends. It had no outlet, except perhaps in making her more gently patient towards her aunt, or more caressing towards Helen and her baby.

Helen's kind little heart knew of these feelings in her friend by intuition, and she had the most tender compassion for her, but Graziella overawed her. They never spoke of times that had been, nor of Reed, whom neither ever met now. Graziella even refrained from recounting her many little trials to those dear friends, who would have been solicitous for her where she never dreamed of being solicitous for herself. She had come to regard what she had to suffer as the natural outcome of existing conditions, against which the most powerful arm is patience, and for which there was no immediate remedy.

Helen would have given much to arouse Graziella from the coldness in which she was becoming habituated, and to kindle the emotions in her once more. She was so happy in the emotional life she led herself, that she would fain have procured the same happiness for her beloved friend. She made many little plots for ensnaring Graziella. She frequently had one of Moore's friends to tea,

and was always in such a fuss about having to entertain with the care of the baby on her, that Graziella could not possibly refuse when asked to come, to take the burden of the entertaining off her.

Then there were little games of cards of an evening when Graziella had been over to spend the day and one of the aforesaid friends dropped in by chance. Helen was much chagrined to see that Graziella never seemed to take more than a passing interest in these new acquaintances, and also to see that she had lost the old electric fascination for gentlemen by having lost her coquetry. Sometimes she thought she was succeeding. A man more serious than the others, having been accidentally drawn into conversation with her, would show special pleasure in her company, and return in hopes of meeting her, but the rules of polite society kept the conversation in the rut of commonplaces when it was general, and Graziella was ashamed to seek, or even to have without seeking, any private talk with persons of the other sex. She was much less at ease with the gentlemen in the city than with those she met in Dover. She knew her friends might consider some of those she met in town eligible, while the latter were out of the question. When occasion necessitated a *tête-à-tête* with a gentleman, she felt like a detected

criminal if any wandering gaze of her friend's rested on her. It was not that affection was dead in her. Her aunt had been much surprised to notice how much interest she exhibited in the house-plants during her last visit. How carefully she watered them! She had also taken to petting a kitten that had been a favorite of her aunt's, but never before of hers. In the end Helen felt rather discouraged, and would fall into very serious moods about Graziella's prospects in life. How many times she had been penitent for telling Reed Graziella was engaged to Moore. She often thought with consternation that she might have been the unwitting cause of all the trouble between them, but generally finished by deciding that perhaps it was as well they had parted. She felt sure Reed would have made but an indifferently kind husband. She knew he had been cruel to Graziella.

This Easter Graziella had shown herself more incorrigibly indifferent to all those presented to her than ever before, and when she had returned to her duties, Helen's anxiety about her—she was exceedingly thin and pale-looking—arose to such a pitch, that, being of a pious turn of mind, she added an "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" to her daily evening prayer for Graziella's happy settlement in life.

Early in May, the children who were that year's

communicants began to prepare for First Communion, which great event was to take place the first Thursday of August. The teachers were broken in to submit to the inevitable gracefully. The greater number of those who had been admitted to make their First Communion in the autumn were again attending Catechism in preparation for Confirmation, which was bestowed only on the occasion of episcopal visits, of which there was to be one this year. The aspirants for both sacraments lost from school all the time from start to finish, as Father Guay exacted that the time which was not passed under his surveillance at the church should be passed in poring over their Catechism at home, and these French Catholic parents were obsequious in attending to the fulfilment of their pastor's wishes. In going to and fro between their boarding-house and the school, the teachers passed a house where three children were in preparation for the great event. In the morning two of these children were always to be seen posted at the front windows of different rooms, which left it to be surmised that the third was stationed in some other quarter, with their Catechisms in their hands. They were there at twelve, and again when the teachers passed back from dinner, and still there at four o'clock. The ladies were often right opposite the windows

before being perceived by the small students, and these latter were frequently surprised in fits of abstraction for which they seemed to feel very much ashamed, deeming that the teachers thought the conning of the Catechism to be one of the greatest privileges in life, for which all other duties and pleasures must be laid aside, as people seemed to have a perfect mania for thinking. The teachers considered that half an hour of good study of the Catechism each day, which would have permitted them to attend one school session diurnally, would have been as profitable in results, in as far as knowing the letter of the Catechism was concerned, and far more profitable by preventing them from acquiring an entire distaste for the subject; but they took especial care not to air their ideas. They knew they were already looked upon as not overly good Catholics, and discretion is the better part of valor.

Examination time came. Graziella was in great perplexity. She feared most of her candidates would fail, and tried to persuade several not to write on account of having lost so much time; but some of the parents thought the lost time might not make so much difference,—in fact, might be a help, as they had offered prayers, and had directed their children to do likewise for said children's success in the coming examination, during the Retreat and at other times of which Graziella complained.

Many really had a vague desire their children should pass. The teacher had grave doubts as to the efficacy of the prayers in passing her pupils, and would have preferred being able to fall back on substantial work as a supporting consolation, but there was nothing to be done but to allow those who were in the Entrance class, and who were desirous of writing, to try.

Every evening Graziella went for a long walk. When she went alone, she was in the habit of carrying a book along for a companion. She would sit down when she had gone so far that she was ready to return, and read for a while for rest or recreation, and would wend her way back to the village as the shades of night fell. One June evening she had gone for one of these solitary strolls in the direction of Cyril Dray's home. When she was tired walking, she sat down on the end of a log, opened "Felix Holt" and was soon absorbed in the history of the man determined to be poor all his life. The book fascinated her greatly because of the analogy in circumstances between the case of the heroine of the story and her own. Both had tastes entirely at variance with their surroundings. She was so anxious to see how the author would bring this girl of fine sensibilities to accept the good but unpolished hero as she evidently intended, that she did not hear the sound of

approaching footsteps, and started violently when a strong manly voice addressed her.

"Fine evening, Miss Dwyer. That is a most incautious way of getting so lost in a book that a fellow could almost steal the rings off your fingers without your noticing it," and flinging himself down on the grass beside her, Cyril continued: "Pray let me see what the title might be. I hope you don't mind my being free, but I think I shall wait and see you home, as I passed an ugly-looking customer on the road down there, and it is getting late."

To Graziella's horror she remarked it was almost dark, and she was still quite a distance from home. She started up immediately, and would have made off in great haste, but the young man evidently intended to accompany her as he had intimated. He got up with such easy repose of manner that she naturally dropped into the same style, and they sauntered towards the village carelessly. On the way he asked questions about the book, till she was drawn into giving him an outline of the story. He was interested in the delineation of a character which could set before it as a chief end in life a determination never to become rich. Such a notion was at variance with what he had always thought the highest good for man. After leaving Graziella at her own door, he walked home leisurely in a meditative strain of thought. He

wondered could a man be happy without being well off in worldly goods. He was a good fellow, and his sole intention was to be an honorable man; but all his plans of life had been constructed with considerable regard to his advancement in wealth. Whenever he had thought of marrying, he had had a sort of undefined idea that he would choose one who would work with him to accomplish that object. He had never been in love. He had a beauty-loving nature which had never been appealed to by any woman he had met in his sphere. He admired the movements of Graziella's limbs. He had liked to hear the soft sound of her voice, but he thought of her as something entirely apart from his life. To-night he had noted that she blushed when he threw himself down beside her, and that evidence of delicacy was charming to him, but it would have appeared strange to him to even imagine her married.

When Graziella entered her boarding house that same evening, she found that Arthur Chase had been waiting for her for some time. They were soon chatting gaily. Arthur was full of news. His father had just made the important decision that he would set his son up in business, and Arthur was immersed in his own projects so deeply as to be unable to find any other topic of conversation. Graziella was sincerely glad of the brightening up

of the outset of his career, and manifested a great interest in all his plans. Before she would return from her summer holidays he would have his store in running order. He was rather pleased to open it while she was away. He wanted to have the first awkwardness off before she would see him in his new position.

When the time came, Graziella went home to her aunt as usual, Each recurring separation seemed to make Mrs. Power fonder of her niece. She felt herself old. She was prematurely aged by trouble and sickness, and clung with ever-increasing tenderness to the one being she loved with all her heart. Helen had not yet given up in despair trying to settle Graziella, and had had some little private conversations with Mrs. Power about Graziella's intractableness. Nothing could render the aunt happier than to see her niece in a home of her own, where she could be always with her; but she would not have spoken on the subject of marriage to her.

Graziella felt her aunt's desire through the frequency of the times when the latter expressed her sorrow at being so constantly separated from what was most dear to her and her only source of solace in her widowhood. Marriage presented itself to her in a new light. She could accomplish some good by it, which made her consider the matter without repulsion. Still, there were two considera-

tions which preceded and followed all and every thought she had concerning matrimony: she must respect the man she would marry, and feel herself capable of making him happy. She had become diffident about her own attractions and power of pleasing, and she despaired of becoming well enough acquainted with any man for him to marry her for qualities of heart and brain. When she first left the city, she had, as she thought, set aside forever all idea of joining her life to that of another.

Towards the end of her vacation the results of the Entrance Examination were published, and it was as Graziella had feared. Her candidates, with the exception of one, had failed. This was still a blow to her, because she had worked so hard, notwithstanding that it had not been totally unexpected. The Protestant Separate School had passed ninety per cent. of its candidates. Graziella knew the teacher was neither so capable nor so devoted as herself, and consequently felt bitter when her thoughts dwelt on the reason of her want of success. She went back to work in September with exceedingly little heart. She had not gained as much strength as was usual during the holidays, and had been slightly troubled with a nervous disease, so that the doctor had forbidden her to continue playing the church organ on Sundays. He also prohibited the getting up of concerts, insisting that her class

work was more than sufficient employment for her limited strength.

Arthur Chase's business, which was in the boot and shoe line, was well started, and he was most assiduous and delicate in his attentions to Graziella. When he went to town on business, he always brought back some choice fruit or fine candy, or some book or music he thought she would appreciate. He never asked her to go out with him alone, or to do anything which was not in the strictest good taste. She would have liked him much if it had not been for a peculiar expression she had remarked in his eyes at times when he looked at her. Since the conversations with her aunt during the vacation, she was alive to little facts and circumstances which had escaped her before, and she was now aware that Mr. Chase contemplated asking her to be his wife. A few months previously, if she had surmised any such thing, she would immediately have shown him she considered that impossible; but now she was drifting with the tide, and did not exactly know where she would eventually land. He perceived the new conditions in her feelings, but wisely moderated his desire to urge himself upon her.

Two or three times, when going for her customary walk after four, she had been overtaken on the road by Cyril Dray. He had been spending much

time reading of late, and had read "Felix Holt," as well as some others of her favorites. His enthusiasm over the former was much greater than hers, which was very great. They admired the same kind of hero or heroine,—one strong to bear sorrow or misery, but still retaining tenderness and mercy for the weak or sinful. Victor Hugo had a passionate admirer in each of them. These chance encounters had a kind of witchery about them, which caused Graziella to invariably take the same road when out for exercise, without having any definite knowledge that she was purposely doing so. If Cyril had business down in the village, he went at four o'clock. Arthur knew of these walks, and was bitterly jealous. He restrained himself with Graziella for some time. His chances were too precarious to risk a quarrel, but he lost no opportunity of speaking slightingly of Cyril, and in his remarks cast reflections on the latter's character, which she knew from her acquaintance with the man were untrue; but she had no proof to offer, so she remained silent. Not long after this, a lady in the village gave a small party on the occasion of a visit from one of her sons who had been several years away from home. Cyril and Arthur were there, as well as Graziella, along with the other young people of the village. Dancing was one of the amusements of which Arthur was very fond, and he never failed to profit

by an opportunity such as this to have what he called "a good time." Graziella seldom danced now. She had lost her old liking for it entirely, and indulged in the amusement only when by so doing she was giving some other person pleasure, or when it was obliging to fill up a set. Cyril had never tried to dance when he was younger, and was unwilling to begin now. Graziella danced the first dance with Arthur, and had him lead her to a seat a little aside, where she might look on comfortably. She sat down beside the hostess, who was soon engaged in talking of the son just arrived, telling all his virtues, as all fond mothers will. Arthur felt he was not needed by these ladies, and was at liberty to seek another partner for the next dance, which he lost no time in doing. Cyril, who had been standing in the doorway of the drawing-room, looking around carelessly, had seen the old and the young lady chatting for some time before he crossed the room, between dances, to join them.

The hostess had duties to attend to which soon took her away, then Cyril and Graziella dropped into conversation as easily and naturally as was their wont. Arthur who had been watching every movement with a jealous eye proposed to interrupt the private conversation by asking Graziella to dance.

She begged of him to find a partner who would be more animated, and thereby enhance his own enjoyment, but he insisted she was "the only partner he wanted," and she was about to go reluctantly, when Cyril said to Arthur:

"Chase, you are always anxious to please the ladies and make them happy. Don't you see Miss Dwyer's chair is so comfortable she does not wish to leave it? There is Miss Ray who is anxious to dance. Why not make her happy?"

Arthur swallowed his indignation, and answered:

"I would be unkind to deliberately miss an opportunity of making two ladies happy, so I shall offer myself as partner to Miss Ray, and leave you to your interesting topics of conversation."

He sought Miss Ray, asked her to dance, then wheeled her several times around the room without speaking, and deposited her beside her mother with a brief "Thank you," which caused her to remark she "had never seen him act so queerly."

There is a limit to all periods of enjoyment. The party was over all too soon for the majority of the young people, who considered parties wonderful events, because of their rarity.

While the ladies were in the bedrooms putting on their wraps, there were some playful allusions

to something scandalous that had happened or was about to happen in the neighborhood. Graziella did not understand the drift of their conversation perfectly, but she gathered that the gentleman of whom they were speaking was Mr. Chase, and that they were glozing over something which should be disgraceful to him because he had become the most eligible young man of the place. A chill crept over her. She was not sure they were speaking of him, and shrank from joining in the conversation directly for the purpose of enlightening herself. They seemed to be talking of circumstances well known by them for considerable time, and took it for granted everyone in the room understood what they alluded to.

She went down the stairs with a kind of creeping horror over her, to find Arthur awaiting her at the landing below. They passed out into the night silently. When they had reached the gate of the grounds the gentleman offered his arm, which she refused, pleading as excuse that it was necessary to hold up her skirts. He was vexed and insinuated she would probably have been better humored had Dray been her escort, whereupon they quarrelled outright. She praised Cyril, and found good things to say of him which she hadnever even thought before.

Chase sneered for a time, then ended by saying,

"After all, there must be something in him since you are in love with him," and left her at her own door with scant politeness. When she reached her room she sank on the foot of the bed, and thought long and earnestly of all that had passed during the evening. The imputation that she was in love with Cyril Dray had startled her at first. The idea appeared less incongruous on close examination; however, she must keep clear of any such entanglement, as it would mean the ruin of his prospects for him. She knew he intended to become rich, and knowing also the limit of her own strength, she felt the impossibility of her ever making a good farmer's wife; and as she was sure he did not care for her at all in a sentimental way, she hastened to dismiss the thoughts which came to her, trying in her own mind to make light of what Arthur had said. But many times during the following day, and indeed during the whole week, she found herself adjusting an imaginary young lady of some such qualifications as she herself possessed into a position where such young lady would be happy milking cows and making bread and butter. She could not get the young woman to fill the position properly, or else was not able to find conditions conducive to the said person's happiness under such circumstances.

On the day following the hop, Grazielia heard

the whole of the story of which she had only caught a few details the previous evening. An innocent girl had been wronged in the most heartless way by Arthur Chase, but *society* in the town condemned the girl, and persisted in keeping the gallant on his pedestal. Graziella could not think of him with any feeling but that of loathing after she heard full particulars, and the breach made on the evening of the dance kept widening, till they passed each other on the street with the coldest and most distant of bows.

School arrangements were not more interesting than formerly, and Graziella had a cause of uneasiness in the fact that Father Guay was becoming more, and still more, hostile every day in his attitude towards the school management. She was afraid she would soon have to resign if things continued, and her nervous trouble was more serious than before. She was in a quandary beneficial to neither her health nor her spirits.

CHAPTER VI.

THE winter dragged its length along. At last spring broke up the ice in the river and clothed grass and trees in green. As soon as the fine weather came she would spend all her leisure time out of doors, generally half reclining on some grassy knoll, under a tree, on the river bank, her thoughts frequently turning on the unattainableness of happiness on this mundane sphere.

Why could she not love Cyril Dray and he love her, and what a pity her education and his ambitions made their fates irreconcilable. She saw him often now. Indeed he had fallen into the habit of calling at her house, but their mutual attitude was still unchanged.

From the village Post Office a fine view was to be had of the part of the little river that wound past a crazy old saw-mill, which in its turn stood up beside a more imposing brick grist mill on the bank. The mills were by a rapid, and just above the rapid the water of the river was dammed up, and a water-course carried the pent-up river by the mill-wheels. One afternoon in April, as Graziella came round by the Post Office, as was her habit

after four o'clock, she noticed a crib of timber hanging half way over the dam, out about midway in the stream. There were three persons on it,—two men and a boy. There was nothing unusual in seeing a raft in that position for a few moments, but some one she met told her this one had been in the same position since shortly after one o'clock. It was almost perpendicular, and those on it had hard work to keep from falling into the water. They were waiting patiently, in hopes that another crib, in running over the dam, might pass near them and by a well-calculated push send them into the rapid below, but the descending cribs were carried by the obstinate current either too far to the right of them or too far to the left. One more propitious than the rest had come near enough that one man had jumped from the perilous position he was in to the passing crib; but it was gone in a flash, and the three had been left behind to await another. They waited long in vain. They were wet to the skin by the water flowing over the timber from the top of the dam. One of the men was subject to attacks of rheumatism, and was afraid to risk too much exposure. Graziella had stopped a few moments to see if they would not be delivered from their embarrassing position when she heard them call to the shore for help. They asked several times that some one might come out in a boat to

get them, but of the men on the bank whom they addressed none thought it his turn to go. The current was strong and would carry a small boat over the dam. The groups that gathered on the bank were of the opinion that a piece of timber had become disengaged from the under part of the crib, and was standing on one end against and above the dam. It was useless to imagine the timber would get free till the surging of the water below the dam would have shaken the crib to pieces. One, more humane than the others, the village butcher, said when he heard this, that he would try to go out to the men, in a boat, if a rope were tied to the end of the boat and held by men on the shore.

He was soon struggling with the current, which was as obstinate in carrying him out of his straight course to the crib as it had been in carrying other cribs too far aside. The rope proved useless as a safe-guard against going over into the rapid. The current carried it away with such force that those on the shore were unable to have any control over the boat by it because they could not estimate the proper amount to let out. Once the boat was almost near enough for the men to jump into it, but it lurched off to the right. The rower called to the men on the bank to pull, which they did with so little effect that the slackness of the rope

frightened him, and after one or two fruitless efforts to approach them, he gave up and came in to shore.

Graziella remained on the bank until tea-time, and returned about seven o'clock with several young ladies, to see if the men were still there. They were there, almost benumbed by the cold water, and had had no supper. The night was coming on, and it promised to be cold. The girls had their winter coats on, and still were chilly, while of the three on the crib only the child had a coat or vest on. The other two were in the ordinary raftsman's costume of shirt and trousers, with a red belt around the waist. One of the men had lost his cap. They were calling frequently and anxiously for help, and Graziella turned sick with fear, when she saw the villagers could not or would not devise a means of rescuing them. To remain there all night meant certain death either by cold or drowning.

The crib was certain to be dashed to pieces before morning by the boiling of the water at the foot of the dam. By half-past seven the entire village, men, women and children, were on the river bank discussing ways and means of relief.

Another attempt at rescue was made by a man in a boat. It would have been better if two had gone to work more powerfully against the stream. The

man who had been out in the afternoon proposed going with an experienced raftsman. They were to take another boat in tow with oars in it, so as to have assistance in rowing back ; as they were about to start, the butcher's wife arrived on the scene, and clung to him, weeping and screaming, till it was impossible for him to go. It was now dark, but the men had made little bonfires along the shore, and were burning old bags soaked in petroleum, on the ends of long poles, and then empty coal-oil barrels, to encourage those out in the river and enable them to see the raftsman's boat as it approached them, and to help him guide his craft better. Cyril arrived when he was starting out, and stood by Graziella's side long enough to hear the story from her. The attempt was not more successful than the effort of the afternoon. There were plenty willing hands to pull on the rope, but they did not know how much allowance to make for its slackness in the water. The night was black and the lights on the shore illuminated the near corner of the crib, but the far side and beyond were in darkness.

Another half hour passed in vain struggles before Cyril had thought of a plan unanimously declared good. The men hauled in the boats, and proceeded to bore holes, one in each side, midway between the ends, and very near the rim of one of them.

Cyril attached stout ropes to each side of it, through the holes already prepared ; in the meanwhile a horse was harnessed, and five men dashed down the village, over the bridge and away to the opposite side, a half a mile around, to make a huge bonfire and take over a supply of rope. Two paddles and a lighted lantern were placed in the bottom of the boat, and it was towed away up stream, where the raftsman got in and rowed it across to the other shore, while nine men held the rope attached to the near side, and let it out as he gained in distance from them. A longer rope was attached to the other side when he landed, and the fires lighted up the scene of action satisfactorily. The men on each bank let the boat down the river slowly, now pulling on one rope and now on the opposite, as the stream carried the precious little craft too much to one side or to the other. The dead silence around was broken at intervals by cheering from this shore or that, which gave the silent men the cue to pull. It was an endless half-hour before the boat approached its destination. One man was stretched out, over the ends of the timbers standing up above the water, as far as he could reach without losing his balance. He was hanging on by one hand, and with his gaze bent on the approaching vessel had one arm stretched forth in the red light, to seize it when it would finally be in

reach. Slowly it approaches, nearer, yet nearer. One moment more and it is within his grasp. In an instant he is in, then the other man, and as the boy jumps into the arms of the second man, a great cheer breaks the dead stillness. The cheer had not died out before a cry arose. As the boy jumped, the boat lurched, and sliding around the corner of the crib was tilted over the dam in an inkling. There was a scramble in the boat and confusion on the shore. The men bounded forward with the ropes with such agility that several landed up to their waist in the water and out again in a breathing space. The men in danger were out of sight for a moment. Some bystanders shrieked "*dead*," but ere the word died on their lips the bark was off its perilous pivot, and the three were still in it. Only one was supple enough to row. He grasped a paddle, and using it from one end of the boat worked with all his might. The men on the far shore let go their rope, as it could not help to draw the craft to land. The remaining rope was stout, the man was paddling, and they were near the shore. All at once the oar was broken by the force with which the eager man manipulated it. Twenty men were pulling on the rope slowly and steadily, which was at its utmost tension. Every person held his breath. The crowd had learned not to be too quickly elated.

Closer and closer they come, till the boat is within the grasp of a dozen outstretched hands. The occupants clambered over the end on to the shore, and were safe.

Cyril turned around to say good-night to the girls before leaving, and was surprised to hear them exclaiming and fussing around something on the ground in their midst. Graziella had fainted when the man broke his paddle, and here they all were in consternation, doing nothing for her but the very things they should not do. Her boarding-house was only a couple of minutes' walk away. Cyril carried her over, and gave her in charge to the women, then waited till there were signs of returning consciousness before wending his way home. When she revived she was eager to hear if the men had been safely landed. She was told all that had transpired in the interval.

She purposely avoided meeting Cyril for several days afterwards, and all the while was ashamed of herself for her seeming want of gratitude. A meeting was inevitable, however, and it was most unsatisfactory It was on the street. Both were embarrassed, though they tried to hide it. Cyril was discomposed because Graziella was so visibly nervous. She had meant to say something kind to him about his behavior and thoughtfulness for her, but the words would not be uttered, and she could

only allude to the incident in a passing way and thank him superficially for his attention to her, but his soul read beneath the words, and he went home with his thoughts in a whirl. Something like an earthquake had taken place beneath his feelings and emotions.

The Protestants were preparing a concert for the 24th of May, to procure funds to provide an organ for the Methodist Church. Graziella was a splendid accompanist, and a concert in the village could not prove a very great success without her concurrence. She was asked to lend her aid, and immediately promised it, because of former help from them.

It was strange, but true, that Father Guay never heard of this concert during the time of the practising. When it came off it was a financial success. The organ was cleared, and a surplus left over, so there was considerable talk, which the priest heard. He was very much vexed when he knew Graziella had taken part. She had not even consulted him on the matter. Surely she was getting beyond all endurance, and would be making proselytes in his congregation. The following Sunday he mounted into the pulpit, and preceded his sermon by a scorching denunciation of such Catholics as helped to support other religions by furnishing their churches and by giving their help in a

public and scandalous way, contrary to the wishes and without the permission of their pastor. Such Catholics were a danger to the community (all eyes were on Graziella, who was well forward towards the altar of the church and directly facing the speaker), and a bad example, which would certainly have an evil effect upon the young. Graziella's cheeks were burning and the tears ready to start. She was the only Catholic who had transgressed. She succeeded, however, in composing her face when leaving the church after mass, and not one of the curious could divine her emotions. Most of the congregation were sorry for her. There was a few who had always been envious of her because of her clothes, her position or her talents. These were glad to see her *taken down* ; then there were a few rigid Catholics who were horrified along with the priest at her open countenancing of Protestants, and regarded her as something odd and dangerous. She happened to bow to a couple of the latter in going home, and read their thought in the uneasy look and cold bow they gave her. A tide of indignation surged within her at the unreasonableness of the priest's point of view, and a sob arose in her throat and almost choked her, when she realized the influence his opinion had in degrading her in the public esteem. Two averted looks had cut her to the heart. Oh ! for a Titan's strength to hurl

the prejudices down that had eaten into her life since she had started out to fight the world on her own account. She thought of the priest's words all the afternoon, and slept none that night. In the morning she was physically unfit to go to school, but being too proud to show any sign of mortification, she drank some wine before starting, took some with her, in case of an emergency, and by force of will remained at school that day and several other days, when it was slow torture for her to be there.

This was the climax to the discontent that had been gaining on her. She sent in her resignation by the first of June. It was necessary for her to give three months' notice.

Many expressed their regret at losing her. She was in a kind of dejection which did not improve her looks, and in three weeks she was but the shadow of her former self. She felt glad of the interval left her before it would be necessary to look for another situation. At that moment she seemed to have lost all her courage and could not have exerted herself to find one.

Cyril knew what was passing outwardly relating to her, and instinctively felt all she thought. For some time he had been acquainted with the details of the hardships of her life, and admired her fortitude with a great admiration. He pitied

her now, and silently showed his sympathy by frequent little visits, during which he was always in the best of humors. His mind had changed considerably about the value of riches as a procurer of happiness. He had even gone so far as to think a fellow might adore a creature like Graziella, and be happy with nothing but her love; but then such as she could never be fond of a rough individual of his stamp. He also considered that Protestantism and fervent Catholicity dwelling under the same roof sometimes made life's pathway thorny.

He had never heard Graziella express herself on religious topics, and was ignorant as to the depth of her sectarian zeal. He would, perhaps, tolerate a Catholic wife, but he could not look down the vista of years and see a Papist family growing up around him without a distinct conception that this would be so disagreeable as to be unbearable. Thoughts like these kept all tender expression a stranger to his countenance when he pitied her most. A friend cannot permit himself the graces of a lover without becoming a great deal more or a great deal less than a friend. The circles under her eyes became deeper day by day, and the expression of angelic patience more pronounced, till his pity triumphed over his prudence. The future years were so far away it seemed too far-reaching to mix them with the present.

The morning Graziella left for home, Cyril drove her to the railway station four miles away. On the road he asked her to be his wife, in such a quiet, matter-of-fact way, it did not startle her. She begged him to remember she had a charge upon her in the care of her aunt, which would be an extra burden on the man good enough to wish to provide for her for life, and gently demonstrated to him how much her education and bringing up would interfere with her being a useful wife to him. Then no matter how good her will would be, her strength might be at fault, therefore she refused to take advantage of an offer which proceeded from the goodness of his heart, the acceptance of which would inevitably render him miserable for the remainder of his days. He insisted he had considered all the points she laid before him, and still ardently desired to marry her if she could do so without requesting him to be a Catholic.

She persisted in refusing him, to his own best advantage as she thought, and told him, but he knew perfectly she was only half resistant, and that he could overcome her scruples if he had time and the desire.

They were at the station, and the train was arriving when they got thus far. He helped her on and in saying good-bye to him she naturally and innocently turned her face up towards his, and gave

her lips to be kissed. It was an affectionate kiss, a delightful kiss, but as pure as the kiss of a mother. She had promised to write to him, so that he would be kept acquainted with her doings and prospects. When at home she had much leisure to think. She would be loth to marry a strict Protestant, for many reasons. She believed religious sentiment to be as necessary to the well-being of the world as food and drink are necessary for the body. She thought all religions that elevate human morals good and worthy of respect. But in its wide-spread and arbitrary influence there is no church can compete with the Roman Catholic Church. Its ceremonies and pageant are rightly calculated to endear it to many in a spectacle-loving world. The beauty of the music composed for its offices makes a lasting impression on the souls of those brought under its influence. The grandeur of its churches and their appointments is intelligently ordered to make faithful slaves of the multitudes of retainers, if they are kept famished physically and intellectually to keep up the institutions, who feel themselves part of the beautiful whole, the weight of whose support must fall upon their willing shoulders. Its priests are well advised in setting themselves on a pedestal. It is only a very few sharp and discerning people who do not take others at their own valuation of themselves, so that those who affect the

high and mighty sometimes wield a much greater influence for good, when their minds are set that way, than simple honest fellows who fail to find anything superior in their human nature to the good they see in other natures around them.

Graziella had long since ceased to debate questions of honor and morality with the Roman Catholic doctrine as either guide or monitor, but she had never felt it irksome that public opinion required she should appear in her accustomed place in church every Sunday because she was willing to help on by example the practice she knew was beneficial to so great a number. She would have been unwilling to leave the Catholic Church to attend any other, because she considered its influence of the greatest and best, but she perceived it was becoming so masterful and aggressive, that it was in danger of having rope enough to hang itself.

She could live with a Protestant husband ardent in his faith, and give him none but words of encouragement, but she would be distressed to be obliged to go to church with him because she knew it would be most painful to a few dear friends. If she ever thought of having children, her mind revolted at the idea of bringing them up so prejudiced towards either side that they could not consider all mankind with equal charity. If bringing them up in the Catholic Church would

mean having them educated in the narrow-minded atmosphere of separate schools, she would a thousand times prefer bringing them up Protestants for their spiritual welfare, and then what would those who knew her say? She had suffered and become so strong that no opinion of the world in general could seriously affect the workings of her conscience or her happiness.

She was glad she had not consented to marry Cyril, though long before this the refined girl of her imagination had many times been busily engaged in milking cows and making bread and butter.

She would take better care of her health in the future, and would surely find resources within herself which would enable her to be a very happy and therefore a very agreeable old maid.

She heard from Cyril frequently. "The village was exceedingly dull and poky," and the first of August he wrote her he was coming to town for a few days amusement. She went around as blithe as a bird after receiving this news. She explained her good humor to herself by concluding that she surely would be ungrateful if she were not glad to see him.

Helen felt uneasy, because she imagined Graziella must be inwardly mortified, when on her introduction to Cyril she observed his familiar and protecting manner towards her friend. This somewhat

clumsy caller might be offensive, and she knew Graziella's sensibilities to be very tender; but her mind was soon entirely at rest when she saw the unobtrusive affectionateness, stripped of all self-consciousness, that characterized the girl's attitude towards him. Then her interest was aroused. Cyril remained a week, the greater part of which he passed in Graziella's company either at her home or in sightseeing around the city. They had many opportunities for expressing their ideas and opinions, and each day taught them they had more in common.

Before he left for home it had been decided they would be quietly married in December. Mrs. Power was much opposed at first because of Cyril's occupation and religion, but long before the time set for the marriage Graziella had talked her into seeing things in the light in which she saw them, and she was fairly satisfied.

Graziella's trousseau was not elaborate. She preferred spending less on her clothes to have a book-case full of books, some fine engravings and other little articles, evidences of taste and refinement, around her. She had a piano, also carpets and curtains, with the best of furniture if it was somewhat old-fashioned. What clothes she did buy were of the finest and newest-fashioned.

The housekeeping was broken up a week before

the marriage, and Graziella was married from Helen's home, Mrs. Power going home with the newly-married couple on their return from New York, where they had gone on their wedding tour. Many people turned to look again, while they were away, at the bride and bridegroom (they still were recognizable as a newly-married couple, as such always are), but no one ever thought of passing a joke or nudging another at their expense.

They were like two happy children in the big city. They went to Central Park, the theatres and the art gallery, besides "doing" the docks and the city itself, and altogether it was the most quietly happy week either had ever spent. They went by sea from New York to Boston, and after three days there returned to their home in the country.

The couple had been married by a priest, in deference to Graziella's wishes, and Cyril had been given a document to sign (not by her), in which he promised never to prevent her from performing her religious exercises according to the dictates of her conscience, and to allow her to bring up any family time might bring them in her own faith.

Cyril, having become better acquainted with her ideas on religious as well as on other subjects, during the days of that first visit to her in the city,

signed these promises without hesitating, remarking that as long as he would not be bound to force her to act against the dictates of her reason no difficulty would arise.

CHAPTER VII.

THE first Sunday after her return to Dover Graziella was so stigmatized in the pulpit by Father Guay as an atheist (he had heard she was married by a minister), without directly naming her, but in such a manner everyone knew whom he meant, that she felt it would be impossible for her to attend the church so long as he remained in charge; thus the subject of her going to church was never discussed. She remained at home on Sundays, although Mrs. Power attended regularly.

Cyril's parents had been dead for several years. A sister had kept house for him until within a couple of months of his marriage, when she had herself been married. He had kept bachelor's hall for those two months, so that the interior arrangement of the house left much to be desired when Graziella arrived. It was a large, old-fashioned stone house, bleak enough looking outside in the winter. Before January was over, Graziella, with aid from Cyril and her aunt, had metamorphosed the interior. Cyril was kept in a state of perpetual admiration at the unexpected

ways in which a touch from Graziella's fingers seemed to magically produce an artistic effect in the draping on a curtain-pole or in the arranging of knick-knacks. They took a little room in the front of the house, to the right of the vestibule, for a sort of library and reading-room, which they did up in blue and white. They painted the floor a light blue and the rest of the wood-work white. The wall paper had a white ground covered with tiny blue flowers, the curtains were white with pale blue draperies over the poles, and they had three deep crimson rugs upon the floor. When a fine large book-case well-filled with books, a writing desk, a couple of large leather easy-chairs, a couch and some stools, with two or three fine steel-engravings were added, it was the sweetest and brightest little nook that could be found. She had no drawing-room, but across the passage was a living-room arranged in a few colors as the library was. This room was carpeted, and contained the piano. Then she had a neat little dining-room and a great large kitchen she hardly knew what to do with. The bed-rooms were all up-stairs. Cyril had had two canaries before he was married. Graziella bought new brass cages for them, and hung them up in the living-room, where they frequently interrupted the music by their singing. What delightful winter days were spent

in fixing up! Her bed-room she painted pea-green and white, and it was there she placed some of her favorite pictures. The Madonna with her sad sweet face, and the Magdalen with the divine expression of repentant supplication conceived by Guido. There were pictures of lovely children asleep or at play, and of the human countenance in many types of refined expression. She had designedly filled her retired and special retreat with the best she had of what was beautiful.

How she longed for spring, that she might start to cultivate some flowers and lay out a lawn around the house. She had brought slips of all the house plants in her aunt's possession from town, but they were lost in the big farm-house. She had both the vegetable and the flower garden laid out in her imagination many times over before it was even time to sow the seeds in boxes or hot-beds.

She had baked bread a few times already, and would soon be proficient in the art, but it troubled her greatly how she was to manage to milk when the cows would come in. Cyril, being a very well-to-do farmer, had considerable stock. Her wrists were so weak she was sure she would never be able to lift or carry a pail of milk. Then she would be afraid of the cows, and it would take her so long to milk one she would never get through with more

than two or three at a milking. She had tried so many other things she would at one time have thought impossible, and had succeeded with them, that she did not look at this in the light of an insurmountable obstacle, but rather considered it as something with which she would have the greatest difficulty, but which she would finally overcome by dint of perseverance, but she felt it was the one thing she would be obliged to do that would always remain repulsive to her. She never mentioned her thoughts on the subject to Cyril. They had a hired man living in a little house on their farm. This man and his wife were both to help in the milking, by previous agreement, so Graziella knew her turn would not come till all the cows were in.

It was a new pleasure to her to go to the barn every time the arrival of a lamb, or calf, or even a little pig was announced, to examine the little animals. She had never before stopped to consider that they possessed beauty. Now she really had an affection for them. They belonged to and constituted a part of an establishment where affection reigned supreme. She would take the little lambs in her arms and caress and fondle them, till Cyril would come along and laugh at her. The wonderful enjoyment she derived from experiments with setting hens and had in feeding chickens, little turkeys and goslings made her husband and Mrs.

Power smile; then, as if sorry for smiling at her little foolishnesses which they really found adorable, they would take turn about in helping her to feed and fondle her little pets.

Graziella had made herself a time-table of her daily duties, and the two women were generally through with their household work at noon. The afternoon was given to sewing or knitting, mending or fancy work, and the evenings were invariably devoted to reading, with the alternation of a little music. At last the time came when she thought it necessary to go to milk. She started out bravely with her pail and little stool, and commenced at what the hired man told her was "the easiest cow." She tried long before she could get any milk at all to come. When she had worked away for half an hour, and her hands and wrists were sore and she knew she had not half milked the cow yet, the tears *would* start. Cyril coming in the stable to speak about some work to the man caught her in this plight. He was astonished at seeing her there, as he had always intended helping himself when there was too much work for the hired help. He picked her up and carried her into the house, and depositing her on a chair forbade her, under pain of his lasting displeasure, to return to the stable for the purpose of milking. In starting off to finish milking the cow she had begun, he said as a parting shot, looking over his

shoulder, laughing, to occupy her spare time on the miniature trousseau, which speech caused Graziella much confusion. For a couple of weeks, since the commencement of June, she had been engaged in the fabrication of sundry small articles resembling dutiable goods, inasmuch as they needed to be smuggled in and out of various places, especially when Cyril was around; but he had had glimpses of a couple of little garments, sufficient to enlighten him as to the cause of certain slight manœuvres which would otherwise have been incomprehensible to him.

She had commenced this fancy-work long before there was any necessity for doing so, because she wanted to be looking at the little things, and when anything new had been completed and put away in a secret drawer, she made private little trips many times a day to see that it was right, and still where she had left it. After that evening Cyril was admitted to a knowledge of the mysterious contents of certain bureau drawers, and the loving pilgrimages to the hiding places were not always made by Graziella alone.

Helen came down to spend the hot weather with her friend. She had never been much in the country, and like a great many other city people, in her estimation, country folk were very inferior (which we shall admit to be true in a great many

cases, through want of trying to be otherwise). She could not cease wondering how Graziella could decide to marry a farmer and live out of the city, but she loved her friend as dearly as ever, and this although Graziella's action pertaining to religious matters was a great affliction to her. She knew that much tried heart too well to think for one moment her sentiments were anything but honorable, whatever course of action she chose to follow. When she was on the farm, her perfect sympathy with Mrs. Power and Graziella soon drew her into feeding the chickens and petting the little animals around the place with as much honest, natural pleasure as they did. She was surprised and charmed at Cyril's graceful kindnesses to every one in the house, but especially to Graziella, and was ashamed, in her own mind, of ever having thought of him as awkward. Through gentleness and love, Nature makes more true gentlemen than all the polish in the world. She wanted to be initiated into the mysteries of churning and baking, and many other things Graziella did or superintended the doing of, and could not be kept in bed in the morning after six o'clock. Everything smelt so good and the air was so fresh and invigorating. She wanted to see the milk sent off to the factory ; she wanted to see the dog work the churning machine ; in fact, she wanted to see all

the work done, and for this purpose was obliged to get up early in the morning.

Graziella made her sleep a little while every afternoon. Before she had been away from home a month she was so fat and rosy she was almost unrecognizable. She had not improved more in appearance than Graziella. She too was fat and rosy, but the greatest change of all was in the expression of her countenance. During the years of her teaching life her expression had habitually worn a slight tinge of melancholy. It was still the same quiet face, but radiant with satisfaction in living. Some inward joy seemed peeping forth from her beaming eyes. Helen often wondered if any painful recollection of Reed ever forced itself between Graziella and her new found happiness. She would not have questioned her about her thoughts; she imagined Graziella had still some reserve about them; what was her surprise when one day Graziella asked several questions about Reed in Cyril's presence. Helen could not help looking astonished, and Graziella said:

"Why, Helen, Cyril knows all the little incidents of those painful years, and forgives my having cared for some one else, because of his perfect surety of possessing all my present tenderness." She continued: "I am glad of the past because I feel it has made me better than before, and

rendered possible a happiness I would otherwise have never known. Dwelling on events of those times can never again give me pain, but I must not say I entirely forget, for I draw many profitable lessons from my memories of sufferings that have been."

Graziella had no idea she was hurting Cyril by speaking thus. She was sure of herself, but Helen noticed a reticence in his manner, which he concealed by immediately leaving, saying he had some work which must be attended to. Helen kept the observation she made in her own mind, but it explained to her the reason why Cyril had never fallen into homely, caressing ways with Graziella, but treated her with the respectful gallantry of a well-bred gentleman. He had not shown great pain, and she wondered how much he felt hurt over this previous passion ; but her intelligence told her all things would come around as they should be in the course of time. He had not cared so very much when Graziella told him the story of this love affair before their marriage. He had believed her when she told him she loved *him*, but the passing weeks had given birth to a passion in his heart he had never dreamed himself capable of. When he thought of this story, as he sometimes did, it was with a jealous twinge of which he always felt ashamed. When

he looked at Graziella fondling a little animal, he would suddenly walk off, painfully conscious she had never deliberately offered him a caress neither before nor, what was stranger, since their marriage. He never thought to wonder why he had never caressed her. Helen said to the wife one day :

"Graziella, why do you never kiss Cyril ? I want to kiss my husband many times a day."

And Graziella replied :

"I really don't know, but I think Cyril would not care for me to be demonstratively affectionate. He is reserved, you know. When we were first married I used to think of kissing him, but he never caressed me, so I thought to please him best by refraining from making him uncomfortable."

"Making him uncomfortable ! Pshaw ! " broke in Helen. "My advice is, kiss him once in a while if you want to make him happy. We are all babies in that instinct, you know, especially the husbands, my dear. There is no danger of your tiring him by excess, I'll warrant."

Graziella laughed. She often thought of Helen's advice, but somehow could not get her courage up sufficiently to try the experiment.

Helen received letters every few days, impressing her with the idea there was " a poor, home-

less wretch who could hardly find a bite to eat in Ottawa, and who was suffering many ills, the worst of which was lonesomeness, and that she had better come home to attend to him soon," so she sent for Moore to come after her. She wanted to have him down to spend a Sunday before she left, to let him see how happily they could live in the country, if he could only rid himself of a horrid, stuffy office and clients, cases in court and political meetings, to enjoy the pleasures of fresh green fields and the delights of the barn-yard. From the extreme of despising the country and detesting its inhabitants she had jumped to the extreme of thinking there was nothing in the world so nne as life there. Moore agreed, when he came, that the life lead by Graziella and Cyril was actually of the happiest in the world when the farmers were fairly well-to-do as they were, but thought he would still prefer his own line of business, for various reasons. He enjoyed meeting with Cyril very much, and the whole party spent the pleasantest Sunday, fishing in the little river that passed by the farm, which they had enjoyed for many a long day.

The next day the women were loth to part, and would shed tears, and then laugh at themselves for doing so, many times before the hour for departure had arrived. Helen had always been a

creature easily moved, but it was strange to Moore to find the once self-contained Graziella so careless of appearances in the emotional line as she now was. There were many promises of future visits. Helen was to come to spend every summer on the farm, and Graziella was to go to town for as long every winter as Cyril could spare her away.

For several days after Helen left, the house seemed unusually large to Graziella and Mrs. Power. They especially missed her little boy with his sweet smiles and baby chatter. He had given them many a trip to keep his busy little fingers out of mischief, but the fingers were doubly dear, first, because he was a darling child, and again because it was Helen's baby. Any little hardships he made them suffer were labors of love. They both looked forward to a coming event with all the more eagerness because of the pleasure they had felt in beholding the little lad playing through the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

DURING the same week Graziella had occasion to go down to the village for something she needed. She was in the habit of rowing across the river (she lived on the side opposite to the village), and walking down the other bank, as it was but a short distance. When she had reached a little bush situated at the end of the sidewalk which was laid for a third of a mile out of the village, she came upon a party of little boys and girls who seemed to be out picknicking, as some of their mothers sat at a short distance from them with a plentiful supply of baskets in easy reach. The children were nearly all small, and had never been Graziella's pupils, but she recognized them by sight, from having seen them frequently on the play-ground of the school. They were in the grove with a fence between them and the road, and were so absorbed in their play, they did not notice her approach. She was so astonished at the novelty, to her, of the play in which they were engaged, she unconsciously stopped and watched them for some time. They had piled up sticks and stones so as to form

an elevation, and had cut priestly vestments out of paper. Robed in these, one of the boys, of about eight or nine years old, was suppositiously officiating at the temporary altar. Three girls and four or five boys were kneeling on the grass as assisting at the service. Two boys acted as acolytes, while the rest of the party of children were playing "Here we come gathering nuts and bay" at some little distance, which game they interrupted every few minutes to laugh at the antics of those who were playing "church." The mock-priest had cut some hosts out of white paper, and had provided himself with two cups, one of which served as "Ciborium" to contain the hosts, while the other was the "Chalice," in which water took the place of wine. Graziella watched while the would-be priest went through the mock consecration of the bread and wine, and gave communion to the children, who held pieces of newspaper up under their chins for communion cloths. Then one broke out in a kind of sing-song: "Hail Mary, full of grace," etc., etc. When he had reached the second part of the prayer, some of his companions began to long for a change, and to break the monotony, made additions to the prayer by way of improvisations such as these: "Holy Mary, Mother of God."—"Beans and peas in a pod." "Pray for us sinners,"—"Who are the winners?" "Now and at the hour."—"Half

a barrel of flour." "Of our death, Amen." —"Ahem." "So be it."—"Little tom-tit."

Graziella turned away with a chill of horror, and was so absorbed in painful thoughts she failed to hear the hisses, groans and muffled cries of "*Suisse*" which they sent across the distance after her like the good little Catholics they felt themselves to be. If she had heard, she would certainly not have paid any attention, although their manifestations of abhorrence were louder than they ever dared to make them on the village streets. She had overheard expressions of ill-will towards her many times, but had decided that to feign indifference was the best way to take all the pleasure out of their tauntings, and she surmised they would refrain from bothering her when they found no amusement in the employment.

She had never spoken to Cyril about these little annoyanc- ..nich the village boys some.imes caused her; there was no use troubling him; the matter did not weigh upon her feelings, as her trips to the village were taken at very rare intervals, and generally in her husband's company, when they did not dare to pass any insulting remarks even in an undertone. As she walked along, her mind dwelt on the inconsistency between the violence with which, she was sure, some of those mothers within sight and hearing of their chil-

dren would protest their devotion to their religion if they were questioned about it, and the apathy such mothers exhibited even when the most sacred rites of that religion were being belittled and derided by their own children whom they would protest they wished to make good Christians. It was not the first time by many Graziella had seen want of reverence in the children with regard to things usually considered sacred, but she had never seen any of them go so far as this before, still she remarked that it must have been no uncommon occurrence, every one of them seemed to enjoy the play so unreservedly. She was convinced more than ever before that "too great familiarity breeds contempt." Those children were obliged to take religious doses at such frequently recurring periods during the day that they had become accustomed to the operation, and performed it mechanically, or had grown to like the medicine and mixed it with their snatches of play. The rites of their religion were the pictures most vividly impressed upon their young minds, being about the only thing pertaining to the spectacular which entered into their lives, and immediately, when they had lost their awe and subsequently their reverence for the original spectacle, they showed the extent of the charm it had exercised over them, by trying to imitate its perform-

ance. She was deeply thankful that at all times, so far in her life, she had been guided by reason, rather than by emotion in what pertained to the religious. She knew that the good, and pure, and noble which she sincerely desired, and strenuously tried to cultivate within her, would not be in danger of being scattered far and wide by every ruffling wind. It had been set up on a foundation too solid to be withdrawn by the fluctuating emotions.

In doing her business in the village she met with many persons she knew well. The greater number were exceedingly shy in speaking to her, but she had just been inwardly applauding her own course of action, and consequently was perfectly indifferent as to the light in which they regarded her. She thought: "Perhaps they will know me better some day; but if I cannot live down their prejudices, they are at least powerless to make me unhappy."

That evening Cyril and Mrs. Power remarked she was unusually quiet, and her husband, imagining she had fatigued herself too much, made a law that "she was not to walk to the village any more, no matter how busy the men were." The fact was, she was constructing in her own mind a creed of universal love and charity, which was to have as starting point, reverence for the "Great Creator" and affection for the smallest as well as for the greatest of His works as seen in Nature, and was

working out a plan of ways and means of inculcating such creed into the mind of the being she was about to bring into the world, so as to make a good man or woman. She determined, before going to sleep that night, to eradicate from her own life and thoughts, even in as far as human nature is capable, all the gross and to cherish exceedingly all the good, honorable and non-sensual, so as to be worthily and naturally the mother of good and inferentially of religious children. Her children would have the advantage of having a good father (she thought him superior in principle and sentiment to herself), but she understood that that was not sufficient. She could influence them before and after birth in mind and body as he could not, therefore all her energies must be bent on producing the best results. Her watchfulness over herself must be constant. She had surrounded herself exteriorly with as much of the beautiful as it was in her power to procure; she must make her heart and mind as pure and refined as her knowledge and understanding permitted. This was not the beginning of this determination on her part. She had dwelt more or less on the same ideas ever since the day she had chosen the best pictures for the rooms she frequented the most, and had inwardly striven towards the same end.

The lonesome fall weather was so much filled

with anxieties and inside preoccupations that no one had a thought of paying any attention to the weather, though they found the time long. Graziella had been very delicate for some weeks, and the doctor who had been called in expressed the gravest doubts as to her ability to pass successfully through the inevitable ordeal. Cyril went around with a furrow of care upon his brow so constantly there, it threatened to write a wrinkle, and Mrs. Power held it frequently necessary to find some retired little spot where she could relieve her heart by shedding a few tears over her darling's altered countenance.

Graziella knew the cause of the sad looks they made such vain attempts to hide from her, but persisted continually in a gay humor. Once in private, she spoke to Cyril of certain things she would wish done in case of her death, but had not dwelt upon the melancholy subject. Nothing was further from her thought than the dramatic.

Shortly before Christmas, after two weeks of anxiety and suspense, while Graziella had been critically ill, she was up and around the house again, and Cyril was the father of a splendid boy.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. Power had been fixing up a dainty little cradle while Graziella was confined to her room. Cyril had ordered a beauty from town, and her aunt had been engaged for several days lining it in silk and in making a little down bed and pillows. She trimmed the little sheets and pillowslips with some fine old lace she had had by her since her girlhood, and made a down spread. When Graziella was able to come out to the living-room, it was a veritable heart's delight. Of course Cyril and Mrs. Power assisted at the first inspection of the little gem they had procured to surprise her. After they had examined it for some time, the aunt went off to bring forth all the little stock she had in store for its equipment on different occasions, and Cyril must try the baby in its nest. Graziella had left it lying awake on the bed. He brought it out as gently and carefully as if it were something breakable hardly, to be trusted in his own big hands, put it in the cradle and tucked it in, then stood looking at it with infinite tenderness. He had forgotten his wife's presence for the moment. She had watched the operation

with so much love and gratitude in her heart that tears had welled up into her eyes. Her husband, looking at her, saw those tears, and with them an expression in her gaze which was bent upon him that thrilled him to the very centre of his being and appeased his heart hunger forever. Their looks met across the crib in one long caress, then he took her in his arms and pressed upon her lips a kiss of delightful promise and ineffable love.

FINIS.

"ENVOI."

This book is dedicated with deepest affection to the few good friends who have been the author's consolation and encouragement in life, and to the many strangers who have suffered from the evils of the system of which he writes. He has tried to relate the least harsh things he knew relating to "The Separate School System" through a lingering fondness for the Roman Catholic Church, and hopes the work may be received in the spirit in which it was written.

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Go forth, dear thoughts, and may the good thou dost produce be in proportion to the sufferings that have engendered thee.

PAUL TSYR.

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