THE

STUDENTS' MONTHLY.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Kind and indulgent Patrons of our humble endeavours, with this Number is terminated the first and last volume of the "*Student's Monthly*."

In completing the task which we undertook, a year ago, to accomplish, we feel that we owe a more than ordinary degree of gratitude to you, who have so liberally supported our enterprise, and also to those gentlemen connected with the public press, whose patriotism of heart and liberality of mind have inclined them to overlook the natural weakness and short-comings of a youthful attempt, and encourage us by kindly word and deed.

But while circumstances require that the "*Student's Monthly*" cease with the present year, we have determined with the beginning of the new year to prosecute still our attempt to establish a Magazine in the *Eastern Townships*, and especially in this place which is, and must become still more, the centre of their literary and educational interests.

We shall therefore issue, at the commencement of the new year, a Magazine of more extended form and comprehensive character, under the designation of the "*Lennoxville Magazine*."

We would again claim your Patronage and Good will; and we hope fully to satisfy your expectations. We shall endeavour to render this new periodical of interest to all classes of readers; and it shall ever be our ambition to make it in every respect an organ of the *Eastern Townships* by giving ample space to the discussion of current topics.

And in presenting you with a readable article, we shall not confine ourselves to original matter, but endeavour to add to its interest by judicious selections from high class English and American periodicals which have not an extensive circulation amongst our reading classes.

We hope, however, if properly supported, to attain in time to the magnitude of a first class original magazine. With the present dearth of writers of native talent, and more especially of that mental constitution requisite for Magazine Literature, such a position is simply impossible.

But this deficiency is rather an incentive to us to continue in our labour; and as we labour from patriotic motives we expect to receive a hearty and patriotic support.

THE THREE SISTERS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

"Gabrielle, you should not stay out so late alone."

"It isn't late, sister dear, for a summer's evening. The church clock struck eight just as I turned into the little path across the field."

The first speaker, who was the eldest, raised her head from her work, and, looking at Gabrielle, said:

"For you it is too late. You are not well, Gabrielle. You are quite flushed and tired. Where have you been?"

"Nowhere but in the village," Gabrielle said.

She paused a moment, then added, rather hurriedly:

"I was detained by a poor sick woman I went to see. You don't know her, Joanna, she has just come here."

"And who is she?" Joanna asked.

"She is a widow woman, not young, and very poor. She spoke to me in the road the other day, and I have seen her once or twice since. She had heard our name in the village, and to-night I promised her that you or Bertha would go and call on her. She has been very unhappy, poor thing. You will go, sister?"

"Certainly. You should have told me before. Go, now, and take off your bonnet. You have walked too quickly home on this hot night."

Another lady entered the room just as Gabrielle was leaving it, and addressed her almost as the first had done:

"You are late, Gabrielle. What has kept you out so long!"

"Joanna will tell you," Gabrielle answered. "I have only been finding some work for you, sister," and with a smile she went away.

They were two stern, cold women—Joanna and Bertha Vaux. They lived together—they two and Gabrielle—in a dark, old-fashioned house, close to a little village, in one of the southern counties of England. It was a pretty, picturesque village, as most English villages are, with little clusters of white-washed, rose-twined cottages sprinkled through it, and a little rough stone country church, covered to the very top of the spire so thickly with ivy that it looked like a green bower. Here and there were scattered a few pleasant houses of the better sort, standing apart in sunny gardens, and scenting the air around with the smell of their sweet flowers.

But the house in which Joanna, and Bertha, and Gabrielle lived was always gloomy, and dark, and cold. It was a square brick house, with damp, unhealthy evergreens planted in front, upon which the sun never shone—summer or winter; the flags which paved the front of the door and the steps of the door were greened over with cheerless moss; and fungi grew up in the seams of the pavement. The windows, with their thick, black, clumsy frames, almost all faced

the north, so that the cold, dark rooms were never lighted up with sunshine; but looked even more dreary in the summer time, with the empty fireless grates, than on winter days. Yet the house seemed to suit well the tastes of the two elder of the Misses Vaux.

It had stood empty for some years before they took it; for its last occupier had committed suicide in one of the rooms—it was just the house for such a thing to have happened in—and the superstitious horror which the event created in the neighbourhood, coupled with the dark and cheerless sppearance of the house, were the causes why it remained so long unlet and so much neglected.

About six years ago, the Misses Vaux had come, quite strangers, to the village; and, in a short time, were settled as tenants of the lonely house. They were young women then—not more than three or four-and-twenty; but already grave, severe, and stern. They dressed always in mourning, and rarely was a smile seen on their cold lips; but they spent their time almost entirely in performing acts of charity, in visiting the sick, and in making clothes for the poor. For miles round they were known and looked up to with mingled reverence and awe. But theirs was a strange, soulless charity—more like the performance of heavy penance than acts of love.

There was a mystery about their antecedents. No one knew whence they came, or who they were; they had neither relations nor friends; they lived alone in their gloomy house, and only at long intervals—sometimes of many months—did they receive even a single letter. They were two sad, weary women, to whom life seemed to bring no pleasure, but to be only a burden, which it was their stern duty to bear uncomplainingly for a certain number of years.

Gabrielle—the beautiful, sunny-natured Gabrielle—was not with them when they first came to the village; but three years ago she had joined them, and the three had lived together since. She was then about fifteen—a bright, joyous, beautiful creature, without a thought of sadness in her, or the faintest shadow of the gloom that rested on her sisters. Even now, although she had lived for three years in the chilling atmosphere that surrounded them, she was still unchanged, almost even as much a child—as gay, thoughtless, and full of joy, as when she first came. It reminded one of a snowdrop blooming in the winter, forcing itself through the very midst of the surrounding snow, to see how she had grown up with this cold, wintry environment. But the gloomy house looked less gloomy now that Gabrielle lived in it. There was one little room, with a window looking to the south (one of the three that had a sunny aspect), which she took to be her own, and there she would sit for many hours, working by the open window, singing joyously, with the sunlight streaming over her, and the breath of the sweet flowers that she had planted in a garden as close under her window as the sun would come, stealing deliciousiy into the room. It was quite a pleasant little nook, with a view far over green undulating hills and yellow waving corn-fields, which sparkled and glittered like plains of moving gold in the deep bright rays of the setting sun. And Gabrielle, sitting here and gazing on

them, or roaming alone among them, was quite happy and light-hearted. Even her stern sisters were thawed and softened by her presence; and, I think, felt as much love for her as was in their nature to feel for any one, for, indeed, it was impossible to resist altogether her cheering influence, which spread itself over every thing around her with the warmth of sunshine.

On this evening on which our tale begins, and for some days previous to it, Gabrielle had been graver and quieter than she often was. She joined her sisters now in the common sitting-room; and, with her work in her hand, sat down beside them near the window, but she answered their few questions about her evening ramble with only feigned gayety, as though she was occupied with other thoughts, or was too weary to talk; and, presently, as the twilight gathered round them, they all sank into silence. The one window looked across the road in which the house stood, to a dark plantation of stunted trees that grew opposite: a very gloomy place, which, even in the hottest summer day, had always a chill, wintry feeling, and from which even now a damp air was rising; and entering the open window, was spreading itself through the room.

"How unlike a summer evening it is in this room!" Gabrielle suddenly broke the silence by exclaiming almost impatiently. "I wish I could, even for once, see a ray of sunshine in it. I have often wondered how any one could build a house in this situation."

"And do you never imagine that there are people who care less for sunshine than you do, Gabrielle!" Bertha asked, rather sadly.

"Yes, certainly, sister; but still it seems to me almost like a sin to shut out the beautiful heaven's sunlight as it has been shut out in this house. Winter and summer it is always alike. If it was not for my own bright little room upstairs, I think I never should be gay here at all."

"Well, Gabrielle, you need not complain of the gloominess of this room just now," Miss Vaux said. "At nine o'clock on an August evening, I suppose all rooms look pretty much alike."

"Oh, sister, no!" Gabrielle cried. "Have you never noticed the different kinds of twilight? Here, in this house, it is always winter twilight, quite colourless and cold, and cheerless; but, in other places, where the sun has shone, it is warm, and soft, and beautiful; even for an hour or longer after the sun has quite set, a faint rosy tinge, like a warm breath, seems to rest upon the air, and to shed such peace and almost holiness over every thing. That was the kind of twilight, I think of it so often, that there used to be at home. I remember, so very, very long ago, how I used to sit on the ground at my mother's feet in the summer evenings, looking out through the open window at the dear old garden, where every thing was so very still and quiet that it seemed to me the very trees must have fallen asleep, and how she used to tell us fairy stories in the twilight. Sisters, do you remember it?" Gabrielle asked, her voice tremulous, but not altogether, so it seemed, with emotion that the recollection had called up.

"I do," Miss Vaux said, in a voice clear and cold, and hard as ice. From Bertha there came no answer.

"It is one of the few things I recollect about her," Gabrielle said again, very softly, "the rest is almost all indistinct, like a half-forgotten dream. I was only four years old, you say, Joanna, when she died?"

"You know it; why do you ask?" Miss Vaux said, harshly and quickly.

There was a pause. It was so dark that none of their faces could be seen, but one might have told, from the quick, nervous way in which unconsciously Gabrielle was clasping and unclasping her hand, that there was some struggle going on within her. At last, very timidly, her voice trembling, though she tried hard to steady it, she spoke again.

"Sisters, do not be angry with me. Often lately have I wished so very much to ask you some things about my mother. Oh, let me ask them now. Dear sisters, tell me why it is that you never speak to me, or hardly allow me to speak of her? Is it because it grieves you so much to think of her death, or is there any other cause"—her voice sunk so low that it was almost a whisper—"why her name is never mentioned among us? I have kept silence about this for so long, for I knew you did not wish speak of it; but, oh sisters, tell me now! Ought I not to know about my own mother?"

"Hush!" Miss Vaux said, in a voice stern and harsh. "Gabrielle, you do not know what you are asking. Let it be enough for you to learn that anything I could tell you of your mother could give you nothing but pain to hear—pain which we would gladly spare you yet, knowing, as we so well do, the great bitterness of it. I ask you, for all our sakes, yours as much as ours, never again be the first to mention your mother's name!"

She had risen from her seat, and stood upright before Gabrielle, the outline of her tall dark figure showing clearly against the window. In her voice was not one trace of emotion; her whole manner was hard and cold and unimpassioned; like that of one who had, long ago, subdued all gentle feelings.

Gabrielle's tears were falling fast, but she made no answer to Miss Vaux's words. She stood much in awe of both her sisters, especially of the eldest, and knew well how hopeless all remonstrance with her would be.

After a few moments, Bertha laid her hand on Gabrielle's shoulder, saying, with something of gentleness in her voice.

"You distress yourself too much, my child. Trust more in us, Gabrielle. We would try to keep sorrow from you; do not make it impossible."

"Yes, yes; I know it is meant kindly toward me," Gabrielle said, gently, "but you forget that I suffer from being in ignorance. I cannot forget that you are concealing something from me."

"Which I would to God I could conceal from you forever," Miss Vaux said. "Gabrielle, foolish child, do not seek for sorrow; it will come quickly enough of itself;" and she turned from her with some muttered words that her sister could not hear.

Gabrielle tried to speak again; but Bertha raised her hand warningly and they were all silent; Gabrielle with her face bowed down upon her hands in the thick twilight.

"We will close the window and have lights," Bertha said, after some time had passed; "the night air is getting cold."

With a deep sigh Gabrielle rose, and drew down the open window, standing there for some minutes alone, and looking out upon the dark evergreen ground.

CHAPTER II.

"I am going into the village," Miss Vaux said. "If you will tell me where that poor woman lives you were speaking of last night, Gabrielle, I will call upon her now."

"Let me go with you," Gabrielle said quickly. "I told her we would come together. Wait for me one minute, and I will be ready."

"I scarcely see the need of it. You are looking pale and ill, Gabrielle. I would advise you to stay in the house and rest."

"I have a headache, and the air will do it good," Gabrielle answered. "Let me go, sister."

"As you will, then," Miss Vaux said, and Gabrielle went away to dress.

She had not yet recovered her usual gay spirits: but was still grave, quiet, and apparently occupied with her own thoughts, and the two walked side by side, almost without speaking, along the little path over the field which lay between their house and the village. It was a very bright sunny summer's day, too hot, indeed, for walking, but beautiful to look at. The heat seemed to weary Gabrielle, she walked so very slowly, and was so pale.

"This is the house, sister. We go through the kitchen; she has the room above."

They raised the latch and went in. No one was in the lower room; so they passed through, and ascended a low narrow staircase, almost like a ladder, which rose abruptly from a doorway at the farther side, until they reached another door which stood facing them, without any landing between it and the highest step. Gabrielle knocked, and a faint voice from within answered, "Come in;" and she entered, followed by her sister. It was a very small room, and very bare of furniture; for there was little in it but a deal bedstead, an old table, and one or two odd rickety chairs, in one of which—that boasted of a pair of broken arms and something that had once been a cushion—sat the woman they had come to visit.

Gabrielle went quickly up to her, and taking her hand said in a low voice: "I have brought my sister, as I promised—my eldest sister."

The woman bowed her head without speaking: then tried to rise from her

seat, but she seemed very weak, and her hand trembled as she leaned on the arm of her chair.

"Do not rise, my good woman," Miss Vaux said, kindly, and her voice sounded almost soft—she was so used to attune it so as to be in harmony with a sick chamber—"do not rise; I see you are very weak," and she drew a chair near, and sat down by her side.

"You have come quite lately to the village, my sister tells me?"

"Quite lately, less than a week ago," was the answer; but spoken in so low a voice that the words were scarcely audible.

"Were you ever here before? Have you any connection with the place?" Miss Vaux asked.

"No, none."

"But you had probably some motive in coming here! Have you no relations or friends?"

"No, no," the woman cried, suddenly bursting into tears," I have no friends, no friends in the wide world!"

A gentle hand was laid on her shoulder: a gentle voice whispered some soft words in her ear, and the woman looked up into Gabrielle's dark eyes, and murmured something between her sobs. Then they were all silent for a few moments.

"I think you are a widow?" Miss Vaux asked, gently, when she had become calmer.

"Yes," she answered, slowly, as though the word had been dragged from her, so much it seemed to pain her to speak it.

"And have you any children?"

A moment's pause, and then another "yes," hardly intelligible from the choking sob which accompanied it.

Miss Vaux was silent, looking inquiringly into the woman's face. It was partly turned from her, partly shaded with her thin hand; her large eyes looking up with a strange agonized look into Gabrielle's eyes, her pale lips moving convulsively. Gabrielle's face was almost as pale as her's; her look almost as full of agony.

Miss Vaux glanced from one to the other, at first with pity; then suddenly a quick change came over her face; a deep flush mounted to her brow, she darted from her seat; and, calm as she ordinarily was, her whole figure trembled as she stood before them, with her fierce gaze turned on them.

Pale as death, neither of them speaking, they bore her passionate look; quite motionless too, except that Gabrielle had instinctively clasped the widow's hand in her's, and held it tightly.

"Speak to me, Gabrielle!" Miss V[illegible]d; and her voice, harsh, loud, and quivering with passion, echoed throu[illegible]he room; "tell me who this woman is?"

From the widow's lips there burst one word—one word like a sudden bitter cry—"Joanna!"

She stretched out her arms imploringly, trying to grasp even her daughter's dress; but Miss Vaux sprang from her, and stood erect in the centre of the room; her tall figure drawn to its full height; her burning eye still turned with unutterable anger upon the crouching woman near her.

"You have dared to do this. You have dared to seek us out here, where we had hoped to hide ourselves from the scoffing of the bitter, heartless world; where we had tried by acts of charity, by suffering, and penance, to blot out the recollection of the shame that you have brought upon us! Are we nowhere secure from you! What have we to do with you! You cast us off years ago."

"Sister, sister!" cried Gabrielle's imploring voice, "oh, remember, whatever she has done, that she is still our mother. Have mercy on her, for she cannot bear this!"

But sternly and coldly came Miss Vaux's answer:

"Did she remember that we were her children when she left us? Did she remember that our father was her husband? We all loved her then—she was very dear to us,—but she turned all our warm love into bitterness. She destroyed our happiness at one stroke, forever; she blighted without a pang, all the hope of our young lives; she branded us with a mark of shame that we can never shake off; she plunged an arrow into the heart of each of us, which lies festering there now. Are these things to be forgiven? I tell you it is impossible! I will never forgive her—I swore it by my father's death-bed—never while I live! Gabrielle, this is no place for you. Come home with me!"

"Hear me, first!" the mother cried, creeping from the seat in which she had sunk back, and cowering, with hidden face, had listened to her daughter's words, "hear me, before you go! I have deserved everything you can say; but oh, from you it is bitter to hear it! Oh, my daughter, listen to me!" She flung herself at Miss Vaux's feet, on the bare floor.

"You speak of the sorrows I have brought upon you—the sorrow and the shame; but have they equalled what I have endured? Day and night—day and night—through months and years—fourteen long years—oh, think of it! I have wished to kill myself, but I dared not do it; I have prayed fervently to die. Oh, no, no, stay and listen to me! My last hope—my last hope in heaven and earth is only with you. Oh, my daughter! you say you loved me once—will not one spark of the old love live again? I will try yet once more to move you to pity. I have not told you all. I have not told you how, in my agony, I tried to find rest and peace, how I sought it every where—wandering from place to place alone, in hunger and thirst, in cold and weariness, in poverty and wretchedness; finding none any where, until at last, worn out with misery, I wandered here. And here I saw Gabrielle, my beautiful child, my love, my darling!"

The wan face lighted up with passionate love as she looked at her who was kneeling by her side.

"She believed me when I told her of my sorrow. She comforted me with such sweet words, that they sank like healing balm into my soul, as though an angel's voice had spoken them. Do not take her from me!"

"Mother, do not fear," Gabrielle's soothing voice whispered, "I will stay with you—did I not promise it?"

"Gabrielle!" cried Miss Vaux. "Come with me, and leave her. The tie that once bound us to her she herself has severed forever: we have nothing further to do with her. Gabrielle, come!"

"I cannot come! She is my mother. I cannot leave her."

"And we are your sisters. To whom do you owe most! We have watched over you through your life; we have shielded you from sorrow; we have loved you almost with the love that *she* ought to have given you. You have been the single joy that we have had for years. Have you no love to give us in return for all we have given you? Oh, Gabrielle—my sister, I pray you!—I, who am so little used to entreat any one, I pray you for the sake of the love we have borne you—for the sake of the honor that is still left us— for the sake of all that you hold sacred—come, come back with us!"

A low moan burst from the mother's lips; for Gabrielle, weeping bitterly, rose from her knees, and threw herself into her sister's arms.

"Heaven bless you for this!" Miss Vaux exclaimed; but, interrupting her in a broken voice, Gabrielle cried, "You do not understand me. I cannot return with you! No, sister. Anything—anything else I will do, but I can not forsake her in her penitence! Can you do it yourself? Oh, sister, will you not take her home?"

"I will not!"

There was a long pause, broken once or twice by the deep sobs that seemed bursting the mother's heart. Then Miss Vaux spoke again, earnestly, even imploringly:

"Gabrielle, I ask you once more, for the last time, to return with me. Foolish child, think what you are doing. You are bringing down your father's dying curse upon your head—you are piercing the hearts of those who love you with new and bitter sorrow; you are closing—willfully closing—against yourself the door that is still open to receive you: you are making yourself homeless—a wanderer—perhaps a beggar. Oh, my dear sister Gabrielle, think once more—think of all this!"

"Sister, spare me further; your words wound me; but I have decided, and I can not return with you. My mother's home is my home."

"Then I say no more," Miss Vaux exclaimed, while her whole figure shook; "May God forgive you for what you do this day!"

The door closed, and Gabrielle and her mother were left alone.

Gently and lovingly Gabrielle raised her from the ground, led her to her seat, and

tried to calm and soothe her— though she wept herself the while— with cheerful, tender words.

"Mother, are you not glad to have me with you—your own little Gabrielle! You said it would make you happy, and yet see how you are weeping! Hush, mother dear, hush! I will be always with you now, to nurse you, and take care of you, and comfort you, and you will get strong and well soon; and some day, mother, some day perhaps their hearts will soften, and they will forgive us both, and take us home to them, and we will all live again together, loving one another," and Gabrielle tried to smile through the tears that were falling still.

"My child, I am weak and selfish," the mother said. "I should have told you to go back to your home, and to leave me; but I could not do it. Yet even now my heart is reproaching me for what I have done. How are we to live? My Gabrielle, you do not know how I have struggled and laboured, sometimes only for a crust of bread!"

"Mother, you shall labour no more. My sisters are very just: all that is mine, they will give me. We will live on very little; we will find out some little quiet village, where no one will know who we are, or where we come from, and there we will rest together. I will never leave you more—never more until death parts us."

She hung upon her mother's neck, kissing the pale brow and sunken cheek, and wiping away the tears that were yet falling: though more slowly and more calmly falling, now.

CHAPTER III.

"......... Of whom may we seek for succour, but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins are justly displeased?.........

"......... Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life............

"I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write. From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit, for they do rest from their labours."

It was a burial in a village churchyard, and standing by an open grave there was one mourner only, a woman—Bertha Vaux. Alone, in sadness and silence, with few tears—for she was little used to weep—she stood and looked upon her sister's funeral; stood and saw the coffin lowered, and heard the first handful of earth fall rattling on the coffin lid; then turned away, slowly, to seek her solitary house. The few spectators thought her cold and heartless; perhaps if they could have raised that black vail, they would have seen such sorrow in her face as might have moved the hearts of most of them.

The sun shone warmly over hill and vale that summer's day, but Bertha Vaux shivered as she stepped within the shadow of her lonely house. It was so cold there; so cold and damp and dark, as if the shadow of that death that

had entered it was still lingering around. The stunted evergreens, on which, since they first grew, no sunlight had ever fallen, no single ray of golden light to brighten their dark sad leaves for years, looked gloomier, darker, sadder, than they had ever looked before; the very house, with its closed shutters—all closed except one in the room where the dead had lain—seemed mourning for the stern mistress it had lost. A lonely woman now, lonely and sad, was Bertha Vaux.

She sat in the summer evening in her silent cheerless room. It was so very still, not even a breath of wind to stir the trees; no voice of living thing to break upon her solitude; no sound even of a single footstep on the dusty road; but in the solitude that was around her, countless thought seemed springing into life; things long forgotten; feelings long smothered; hopes once bright—bright as the opening of her life had been, that had been faded and buried long ago.

She thought of the time when she and her sister, fifteen years ago, had come first to the lonely house where now she was; of a few years later—two or three —when another younger sister had joined them there; and it seemed to Bertha, looking back, as if the house had sometimes then been filled with sunlight. The dark room in which she sat had once been lightened up—was it with the light from Gabrielle's bright eyes? In these long sad fifteen years, that little time stood out so clearly, so hopefully; it brought the tears to Bertha's eyes, thinking of it in her solitude. And how had it ended? For ten years nearly, now—for ten long years—the name of Gabrielle had never been spoken in that house. The light was gone—extinguished in a moment, suddenly; a darkness deeper than before had ever since fallen on the lonely house.

The thought of the years that had passed since then—of their eventlessness and weary sorrow; and then the thought of the last scene of all—that scene which still was like a living presence to her—her sister's death.

Joanna Vaux had been cold, stern, and unforgiving to the last; meeting death unmoved; repenting of no hard thing that she had done throughout her sad, stern life; entering the valley of the shadow of death fearlessly. But that cold death-bed struck upon the heart of the solitary woman who watched beside it, and wakened thoughts and doubts there, which would not rest. She wept now as she thought of it, sadly and quietly, and some murmured words burst from her lips, which sounded like a prayer—not for herself only.

Then from her sister's death-bed she went far, far back—to her own childhood —and a scene rose up before her; one that she had closed her eyes on many a time before, thinking vainly that so she could crush it from her heart, but now she did not try to force it back. The dark room where she sat, the gloomy, sunless house, seemed fading from her sight; the long, long years, with their weary train of shame and suffering—all were forgotten. She was in her old lost home again—the home where she was born; she saw a sunny lawn embowered with trees, each tree familiar to her and remembered well, and she herself, a happy child, was standing there; and by her side—with soft arms twining round her,

with tender voice, and gentle loving eyes, and bright hair glittering in the sunlight—there was one!

Oh, Bertha! hide thy face and weep. She was so lovely and so loving, so good and true, so patient and so tender, then. Oh! how could'st thou forget it all, and steel thy heart against her, and vow the cruel vow never to forgive her sin? Thy mother—thy own mother, Bertha! think of it.

A shadow fell across the window beside which she sat, and through her blinding tears Bertha looked up, and saw a woman standing there, holding by the hand a little child. Her face was very pale and worn, with sunken eyes and cheeks; her dress was mean and poor. She looked haggard and weary, and weak and ill; but Bertha knew that it was Gabrielle come back. She could not speak, for such a sudden rush of joy came to her softened heart that all words seemed swallowed up in it; such deep thankfulness for the forgiveness that seemed given her, that her first thought was not a welcome, but a prayer.

Gabrielle stood without, looking at her with her sad eyes.

"We are alone," she said, "and very poor; will you take us in?"

Sobbing with pity and with joy, Bertha rose from her seat and hurried to the door. Trembling, she drew the wanderers in; then falling on her sister's neck, her whole heart melted, and she cried, with gushing tears:

"Gabrielle, dear sister Gabrielle, I too, am all alone!

The tale that Gabrielle had to tell was full enough of sadness. They had lived together, she and her mother, for about a year, very peacefully, almost happily; and then the mother died, and Gabrielle soon after married one who had little to give her but his love. And after that the years passed on with many cares and griefs—for they were very poor, and he not strong—but with a great love ever between them, which softened the pain of all they had to bear. At last, after being long ill, he died, and poor Gabrielle and her child were left to struggle on alone.

"I think I should have died," she said, as, weeping, she told her story to her sister, "if it had not been for my boy; and I could so well have borne to die; but, Bertha, I could not leave him to starve! It pierced my heart with a pang so bitter that I cannot speak of it, to see his little face grow daily paler; his little feeble form become daily feebler and thinner; to watch the sad, unchildlike look fixing itself hourly deeper in his sweet eyes—so mournful, so uncomplaining, so full of misery. The sight killed me day by day; and then at last, in my despair, I said to myself that I would come again to you. I thought, sister—I hoped—that you would take my darling home, and then I could have gone away and died. But, God bless you!—God bless you for the greater thing that you have done, my kind sister Bertha. Yes—kiss me, sister dear: it is so sweet. I never thought to feel a sister's kiss again."

Then kneeling down by Gabrielle's side, with a low voice Bertha said:

"I have thought of many things to-day. Before you came, Gabrielle, my heart was very full; for, in the still evening, as I sat alone, the memories of many

years came back to me as they have not done for very long. I thought of my two sisters: how the one had ever been so good, and loving, and true-hearted; the other—thought she was just or believed herself to be so—so hard, and stern, and harsh—as, God forgive me, Gabrielle, I too have been. I thought of this, and understood it clearly, as I had never done before: and then my thoughts went back, and rested on my mother—on our old home—on all the things that I had loved so well, long ago, and that for years had been crushed down in my heart and smothered there. Oh, Gabrielle, such things rushed back upon me; such thoughts of her whom we have scorned so many years; such dreams of happy by-gone days, such passionate regrets; such hope, awakening from its long, long sleep:—no, sister, let me weep—do not wipe the tears away: let me tell you of my penitence and grief—it does me good; my heart is so full—so full that I *must* speak now, or it would burst!"

"Then you shall speak to me, and tell me all, dear sister. Ah! we have both suffered—we will weep together. Lie down beside me; see, there is room here for both. Yes; lay your head upon me; rest it on my shoulder. Give me your hand now—ah! how thin it is—almost as thin as mine. Poor sister Bertha: poor, kind sister!"

So gently Gabrielle soothed her, forgetting her own grief and weariness in Bertha's more bitter suffering and remorse. It was very beautiful to see how tenderly and patiently she did it, and how her gentle words calmed down the other's passionate sorrow. So different from one another their grief was. Gabrielle's was a slow, weary pain, which day by day, had gradually withered her, eating its way into her heart; then resting there, fixing itself there forever. Bertha's was like the quick, sudden piercing of a knife—a violent sorrow, that did its work in hours instead of years, convulsing body and soul for a little while, purifying them as with a sharp fire, then passing away and leaving no aching pain behind, but a new cleansed spirit.

In the long summer twilight—the beautiful summer twilight that never sinks into perfect night—these two women lay side by side together; she that was oldest in suffering still comforting the other, until Bertha's tears were dried, and exhausted with the grief that was so new to her, she lay silent in Gabrielle's arms—both silent, looking into the summer night, and thinking of the days that were forever past. And sleeping at their feet lay Gabrielle's child, not forgotten by her watchful love, though the night had deepened so that she could not see him where he lay.

CHAPTER IV.

"We will not stay here, sister," Bertha had said. "This gloomy house will always make us sad. It is so dark and cold here, and Willie, more than any of us, needs the sunlight to strengthen and cheer him, poor boy."

"And I too shall be glad to leave it," Gabrielle answered.

So they went. They did not leave the village; it was a pretty quiet place, and was full of old recollections to them—more bitter than sweet, perhaps, most of them—but still such as it would have been pain to separate themselves from entirely, as, indeed, it is always sad to part from things and places which years, either of joy or sorrow, have made us used to. So they did not leave it, but chose a little cottage, a mile or so from their former house—a pleasant little cottage in a dell, looking to the south, with honey-suckle and ivy twining together over it, up to the thatched roof. A cheerful little nook it was, not over-bright or gay, but shaded with large trees all round it, through whose green branches the sunlight came, softened and mellowed, into the quiet rooms. An old garden, too, there was, closed in all round with elm trees—a peaceful quiet place, where one would love to wander, or to lie for hours upon the grass, looking through the green leaves upward to the calm blue sky.

To Gabrielle, wearied with her sorrow, this place was like an oasis in the desert. It was so new a thing to her to find rest anywhere: to find one little spot where she could lay her down, feeling no care for the morrow. Like one exhausted with long watching, she seemed now for a time to fall asleep.

The summer faded into autumn; the autumn into winter. A long, cold winter it was, the snow lying for weeks together on the frozen ground: the bitter, withering, east wind moaning day and night, through the great branches of the bare old elms, swaying them to and fro, and strewing the snowy earth with broken boughs; a cold and bitter winter, withering not only trees and shrubs, but sapping out the life from human hearts.

He was a little delicate boy, that child of Gabrielle's. To look at him, it seemed a wonder how he ever could have lived through all their poverty and daily struggles to get bread; how that little feeble body had not sunk into its grave long ago. In the bright summer's days a ray of sunlight had seemed to pierce to the little frozen heart, and warming the chilled blood once more, had sent it flowing through his veins, tinging the pale cheek with rose; but the rose faded as the summer passed away, and the little marble face was pale as ever when the winter snow began to fall; the large dark eyes, which had reflected the sunbeams for a few short months, were heavy and dim again. And then presently there came another change. A spot of crimson—a deep red rose—not pale and delicate like the last, glowed often on each hollow cheek; a brilliant light burned in the feverish, restless eye; a hollow, painful cough shook the little emaciated frame. So thin he was, so feeble, so soon wearied. Day by day the small thin hand grew thinner and more transparent; the gentle voice and childish laugh lower and feebler; the sweet smile sweeter, and fainter, and sadder.

And Gabrielle saw it all, and bowing to the earth in bitter mourning, prepared herself for this last great sorrow.

The spring came slowly on—slowly, very slowly. The green leaves opened themselves, struggling in their birth with the cold wind. It was very clear and

bright; the sun shone all day long; but for many weeks there had been no rain, and the ground was quite parched up.

"No Willie, dear," Gabrielle said "you mustn't go out to-day. It is too cold for you yet, dear boy."

"But, indeed, it isn't cold, mother. Feel here, where the sun is falling, how warm it is; put your hand upon it. Oh, mother, let me go out," poor Willie said, imploringly. "I am so weary of the hours. I won't try to run about, only let me go and lie in the sunlight?"

"Not to-day, my darling, wait another day; perhaps the warm winds will come. Willie, dear child, it would make you ill, you must not go."

"You say so every day, mother," Willie said, sadly, "and my head is aching so with staying in the house."

And at last, he praying so much for it, one day they took him out. It was a very sunny day, with scarcely a cloud in the bright blue sky; and Bertha and Gabrielle made a couch for him in a warm sheltered corner, and laid him on it. Poor child, he was so glad to feel himself in the open air again. It made him so happy that he laughed and talked as he had not done for months before, lying with his mother's hand in his, supported in her arms, she kneeling so loving beside him, listening with a strange passionate mingling of joy and misery to the feeble but merry litle voice that, scarcely ever ceasing, talked to her.

Poor Gabrielle, it seemed to her such a fearful mockery of the happiness that she knew could never be hers any more forever; but, forcing back her grief upon her own sad heart, she laughed and talked gayly with him, showing by no sign how sorrowful she was.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, suddenly clapping his little wasted hands, "I see a violet—a pure white violet, in the dark leaves there. Oh, fetch it to me! It's the first spring flower. The very first violet, of all. Oh, mother, dear, I love them—the little sweet-smelling flowers."

"Your eyes are quicker than mine, Willie; I shouldn't have seen it, it is such a little thing. There it is, dear boy. I wish there were more for you."

"Ah, they will soon come now. I am so glad I have seen the first. Mother, do you remember how I used to gather them at home, and bring them to papa when he was ill? He liked them, too—just as I do now."

"I remember it well, dear," Gabrielle answered softly.

"How long ago that time seems now," Willie said; then, after a moment's peace, he asked a little sadly, "Mother, what makes me so different now from what I used to be? I was so strong and well once and could run about the whole day long; mother, dear, when shall I run about again?"

"You are very weak, dear child, just now. We mustn't talk of running about for a little time to come."

"No, not for a little time; but when do you think, mother?" The little voice trembled suddenly: "I feel sometimes so weak—so weak, as if I never could get strong again."

Hush, Gabrielle! Press back that bitter sob into thy sorrowful heart, lest the dying child hear it!

"Do not fear, my darling, do not fear. You will be quite well, very soon now."

He looked into her tearful eye, as she tried to smile on him, with a strange unchildlike look, as if he partly guessed the meaning in her words, but did not answer her, nor could she speak again, just then.

"Mother, sing to me," he said; sing one of the old songs I used to love. I haven't heard you sing for—oh, so long!"

Pressing her hand upon her bosom, to still her heart's unquiet beating, Gabrielle tried to sing one of the old childish songs with which, in days long past, she had been wont to nurse her child asleep. The long silent voice—silent here so many years—awoke again, ringing through the still air with all its former sweetness. Though fainter than it was of old, Bertha heard it, moving through the house; and came to the open window to stand there to listen, smiing to herself to think that Gabrielle could sing again, and half-weeping at some other thoughts which the long unheard voice recalled to her.

"Oh, mother, I like that," Willie murmured softly, as the song died away, "it's like long ago to hear you sing."

They looked into one another's eyes, both filling fast with tears; then Willie, with childish sympathy, though knowing little why she grieved, laid his arm round her neck, trying with his feeble strength to draw her toward him. She bent forward to kiss him; then hid her face upon his neck that he might not see how bitterly she wept, and he stroking her soft hair with his little hand murmured the while some gentle words that only made her tears flow faster. So they lay, she growing calmer presently, for a long while.

"Now, darling, you have staid here long enough," Gabrielle said at last, "you must let me carry you into the house again."

"Must I go so soon, mother? See how bright the sun is still."

"But see, too, how long and deep the shadows are getting, Willie. No, my dear one, you must come in now."

"Mother, dear, I am so happy to-day—so happy, and so much better than I have been for a long time, and I know it is only because you have let me come out here, and lie in the sunlinght. You will let me come again—every day, dear mother?"

How could she refuse the pleading voice its last request? How could she look upon the little shrunken figure, upon the little face, with its beseeching gentle eyes, and deny him what he asked—that she might keep him to herself a few short days longer?

"You shall come, my darling, if it makes you so happy," she said very softly: then she took him in her arms, and bore him to the house, kissing him with a wild passion that she could not hide.

And so for two or three weeks, in the bright sunny morning, Willie was al-

ways laid on his couch in the sheltered corner near the elm trees; but though he was very happy there, and would often talk gayly of the time when he should be well again, he never got strong any more.

Day by day Gabrielle watched him, knowing that the end was coming very near; but, with her strong mother's love, hiding her sorrow from him. She never told him that he was dying; but sometimes they spoke together of death, and often—for he liked to hear her— she would sing sweet hymns to him, that told of the heaven he was so soon going to.

For two or three weeks it went on thus, and then the last day came. He had been suffering very much with the terrible cough, each paroxysm of which shook the wasted frame with a pain that pierced to Gabrielle's heart: and all day he had had no rest. It was a day in May—a soft warm day. But the couch beneath the trees was empty. He was too weak even to be carried there, but lay restlessly turning on his little bed, through the long hours, showing by his burning cheek, and bright but heavy eye, how ill and full of pain he was. And by his side, as ever, Gabrielle knelt, soothing him with tender words; bathing the little hands, and moistening the lips; bending over him and gazing on him with all her passionate love beaming in her tearful eyes. But she was wonderfully calm—watching like a gentle angel over him.

Through, the long day, and far into the night, and still no rest or ease. Gabrielle never moved from beside him: she could feel no fatigue: her sorrow seemed to bear her up with a strange strength. At last, he was so weak that he could not raise his head from the pillow.

He lay very still, with his mother's hand in his; the flush gradually passing away from his cheek, until it became quite pale, like marble; the weary eye half closed.

"You are not suffering much, my child?"

"Oh no, mother, not now. I am so much better!"

So much better! How deep the words went down into her heart!

"I am so sleepy," said the little plaintive voice again. "If I go to sleep, wouldn't you sleep too? You must be so tired, mother."

"See, my darling, I will lie down here by you; let me raise your head a moment—there—lay it upon me. Can you sleep so?"

"Ah, yes, mother; that is very good."

He was closing his eyes, when a strong impulse that Gabrielle could not resist, made her rouse him for a moment, for she knew that he was dying.

"Willie, before you sleep, have you strength to say your evening prayer?"

"Yes, mother."

Meekly folding the little thin, white hands, he offered up his simple thanksgiving; then said, "Our Father." The little voice, toward the end, was very faint and weak; and as he finished, his head, which he had feebly tried to bend forward, fell back more heavily on Gabrielle's bosom.

"Good night, mother dear. Go to sleep."

"Good night, my darling. God bless you, Willie, my child!"

And then they never spoke to one another any more. One sweet look upward to his mother's face, and the gentle eyes closed forever.

As he fell asleep, through the parted curtains, the morning light stole faintly in. Another day was breaking; but before the sun rose, Gabrielle's child was dead. Softly in his sleep the spirit passed away. When Bertha came in, after the few hours' rest that she had snatched, she found the chamber all quiet, and Gabrielle still holding, folded in her arms, the lifeless form that had been so very dear to her.

There was no violent grief in her. His death had been so peaceful and so holy, that at first she did not even shed tears. Quite calmly she knelt down by his side, when they had laid him in his white dress on the bed, and kissed his pale brow and lips, looking almost reproachfully on Bertha as, standing by her side, she sobbed aloud: quite calmly, too, she let them lead her from the room; and as they bade her, she lay down upon her bed, and closed her eyes as if to sleep. And then in her solitude, in the darkened room, she wept quite silently, stretching out her arms, and crying for her child.

For many years, two gentle quiet women lived alone, in the little cottage in the dell; moving among the dwellers in that country village like two ministering angels; nursing the sick, comforting the sorrowful, helping the needy, soothing many a death-bed with their gentle, holy words; spreading peace around them wheresoever their footsteps went. And often in the summer evenings, one of them, the youngest and most beautiful, would wend her quiet way to the old church-yard; and there, in a green sunny spot, would calmly sit and work for hours, while the lime-trees waved their leaves above her, and the sunlight shining through them, danced and sparkled on a little grave.

BOTTLED BEER.

There is a notion, or a tradition, or a something of the kind, that we owe the invention of bottled beer—or the invention of bottling beer whereby that beverage becomes brisk, pleasant and frisky—to a congregation of Baptists who used to meet in the ancient conventicle of the Pithay, in the city of Bristol. In Fuller's "History of Dissent," the author alludes to the fact that the chapel in question was rebuilt in 1784, during the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Tommas, and adds the odd but interesting tradition that "such was Mr. Tommas' generosity to the workmen, during the progress of the building, as to induce them in greatful commemoration, to have embedded in the wall, behind the pulpit, a bottle of strong beer, that the minister might never be in want of what *they* considered so essential to the enjoyment of life."

Some of the patriarchs of Dissent in that city have recorded that, in the pauses of the sermon, certain fizzing sounds were occasionally heard in the wall be-

hind the preacher, which folks imagined proceeded from the efforts of the imprisoned liquor to escape from its confinement, which a well wired cork prevented. After all it was only a minute version of the old myths of the Giants, who were said, in their war against the Gods, to have been buried beneath Vesuvius, which exhibits an eruption every time the uneasy Titans attempt to throw off the superincumbent weight.

It is certainly a curious notion this walling up of strong beer, and reminds one of the less merciful practice by the old Court of Inquisition of building apostates in a living grave, with bricks and mortar—a terrible custom, of which Scott has made fine use in his Marmion, where the grim sacerdotal judges sentence the poor renegade nun to this awful death, the dauntless girl calling to her questioners before they have consummated the sentence :—

> " Dread me from my living tomb,
> You vassal slaves of bloody Rome."

Better, far better, brick up strong beer than beautiful though erring damsels: and in this particular the Baptist has by far the advantage of the Papal. Still our dissenting brethren cannot claim to be the first to invent or find out the secret of improving beer by bottling it. The old couplet says :—

> " Hops and turkeys, carp and beer,
> Came into England all in one year,"

which was somewhere about the middle of Bluff Harry's reign, and the discovery of bottling the beverage dates from the accession of his great and glorious daughter, the good old Queen Bess—a period to which England owes many other national blessings.

Indirectly, however, the Romish Church, and not the Baptist, may lay claim to having caused the elucidation of the great secret, though the circumstances under which the discovery took place are by no means creditable to her. In short, to Papal persecution are we indebted for bottled beer.

Fuller, the author of the Worthies, tells the story, which is at once amusing and instructive. Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's, was in Queen Mary's reign, Master of Westminster School, a learned scholar and a great fisherman. His picture, which is in Brazenose College, Oxford, bears testimony to his proficiency in both pursuits, as he therein is depicted with his books and fishing tackle around him. Bishop Bonner knew him to be a good angler but suspected him of being a bad Catholic. He accordingly made his arrangements to catch the poor pedagogue, who, all unconscious of his peril, went on casting his line and taking his trout, while others were being hurried to Smithfield. Nowell, says Southey, recapitulating the circumstances in one of the pleasant chapters of his " Doctor," was fishing on the banks of the Thames, when he received the first intimation of his danger, which was so pressing that he dared not go back to his own house to make any preparations for his flight. Like an honest angler he

had taken with him provisions for the day, and when in the first year of England's deliverance, he returned from abroad, whither he had been conveyed over the seas by the kind intervention of his friend Mr. Francis Bowyer, a London merchant (strangely enough the ancestor of the ultramontane Sir George, now in the British Parliament), and revisited his old fishing haunts, he remembered on the day of his flight he had left a bottle of beer in a safe place under the bank. There he looked for it and found it, "no bottle," says Fuller, "but a gun, such a sound at the opening thereof, and this (he adds) is believed (casualty is the mother of more inventions than industry) the origin of Bottled Ale in England."

It certainly is an odd coincidence, two Fullers, one a good Churchman, the other a rigid Non-conformist, should be each in his generation an historian of bottled beer in England. The author of the "Worthies," however, has, it must be admitted, by anticipation, demolished the claim of the Baptists to this most valuable invention; though doubtless they might have fairly asserted that they improved upon it, had they laid a good stock of the beverage within easy reach of the Minister. In which case they might have looked for more potent discourses, as some of the sermons one hears now-a-days would seem to be the effusion of the poorest swipes, and could never emanate from preachers who might put their hands behind their pulpits on a bottle of strong beer or brown stout, before giving out the text.

R.

'A DREAM WHEN ONE AWAKETH.'

The substance of the following lines was suggested to the writer in sleep. A lady with mild angel eyes sat beside him holding a book in which she pointed out a passage of peculiar beauty. He read and re-read, and had almost committed the words to memory, when he awoke, and in an instant they were gone. The bare outline alone remained in a sufficiently tangible shape for preservation.

Couches there were of softness, rich and rare,
Bedraped with choicest produce of the loom;
And in the midst a maiden, passing fair,
Stood calm, unheeding all that gorgeous room
Contained which called her mistress. Round about
There lay, in manifold profusion strewn,
Raiment which dazzled e'en the giddy rout
When she adorned it; and the summer noon
Diminished nought its brightness. But her eye
Had less in it, methought, of earth than heaven;
From out those trappings of humanity
Upward to look and on to her was given.
And to me asking what she valued most
Of all that beautiful and costly store,
'This,' she replied, 'and all else won were lost;'
And pointed to the snow-white robe she wore.

O. M.

MY AUNT TRICKSY.

(From Once a Week.)

My Aunt Tricksy was *not* the prettiest girl in ———shire. In fact there was nothing superlative about her except that she was the dearest girl in the whole world.

How well I remember how delighted I was with the new relations which my grandfather's marriage with her mother bestowed on me, and how disgusted my father was with the whole affair. My father was Mr. Thorold's eldest son. The estate was strictly entailed, but there was personal property, and it was this which was in danger. Mrs. Gwyn's blandishments, which had already converted a gouted man of sixty into a devoted lover, might persuade him in a frenzy of uxorious imbecility to overlook the claims of his own family and to enrich herself and her daughter too.

Who Mrs. Gwyn was we none of us knew. But we all knew that her daughter was a great heiress. I heard my uncle Mr. Thorold the banker, and my uncle Mr. Thorold the clergyman, express themselves according to their kind on the subject. "I wash my hands of the whole affair," said the first. I interpreted this Pilatian figure of speech into a resolve not to come again to Thorold House, but this proved my obtuseness. He only meant to exonerate himself from all responsibility, should the marriage be an unhappy one. As long as purple and fine linen, a French cook and a first-rate cellar, were to be found at The House (as we called it), the lavatory process of cleansing us out of his memory was to be postponed.

"I will pray for my father, I will pray for both," said the clergyman. I supposed people were prayed for,—as in church, when very ill; and yet I had seen my grandfather set off on his matrimonial expedition looking younger and brisker than I had ever seen him. It must be Mrs. Gwyn then.

"Is Mrs. Gwyn ill?" I asked my father.

"Ill?—no indeed—I wish—"

"What?"

"She had never been born. Ill, indeed!"

I wished I could have asked for a more satisfactory explanation, but I saw the subject was a dangerous one. I took an opportunity, however, and asked my uncle.

"Did you pray for grandpapa because he was ill, or because he was wicked, Uncle James?"

"What unbecoming questions! how you spoil that fellow, Tom," turning to my father.

"But you said so, uncle."

My uncle looked carefully round the room; there was a servant absorbed in dusting and rubbing a table, but no one else was present but ourselves.

"Ahem! Wilfred, I pray for the happiness of my father, and of his wife."

Again he cleared his throat; but the expression with which he had uttered these words, after he perceived we were not entirely alone, was utterly different from the manner in which he had expressed himself in the morning. I was too young to fathom the reasons of this strange discrepancy, but I noticed them. The state of my mind as regarded this marriage was a chaotic confusion. I did not know whether I wished it or not. My two uncles lived in London and only came down on periodical visits to Thorold House. My father, since the death of my mother, had lived with me there.

Thorold House was a large, commodious house. No architect would have raved about the beauty of its architecture. It was not Saxon or Tudor, Greek or Italian, Elizabethan or Annian. It was simply a convenient, spacious mansion with large windows and lofty rooms. For me these are the three important requisites, but then I am a very literal fellow indeed, and no artist. Since our bereavement, my father and I lived at Thorold. It was very dull. I was only twelve, and I had no companions. My grandfather was, in the intervals of gout and misanthropy, a persevering scholar. My father an inveterate sportsman. I never saw the former at breakfast, and it was only at breakfast and dinner that I saw the latter. The curate of the neighboring village came up every day to give me lessons. My father had a prejudice against schools. I had friends among the boys of the village, but it was friendship under protest. The monosyllable "low" was often applied to my tastes and pursuits. But what was I to do? I had an immense fund of animal sports to work off, and there was no other outlet for them. There was John, to be sure.

Who was John?

John was a ward of my father's, who also lived with us. I say ward, but in fact he was less a ward than a protégé. He was the orphan son of an old friend of my father's, a naval officer, who had died suddenly in the East, and had bequeathed his motherless boy to his old school-fellow and friend, Tom Thorold.

But John Tyrrell was two-and-twenty, and to me that seemed an age of advanced manhood. He had been well educated by my father, and he now was waiting till the Thorold family influence could procure some employment for him. It was difficult to find it. John was really clever, but he was shy beyond everything that could be imagined. He was brave as a lion, upright, and generous, but this frightful disease of shyness prevented these good qualities from being appreciated as they deserved. More than this, it gave an expression of wretchedness to his face and dejection to his manner, which was very oppressive. I liked John, but I rarely sought him out, for there was no fun in him. No mischief had ever attracted him. He was painfully conscientious. All my misdemeanours assumed gigantic proportions when placed before me in the light they appeared to him.

"Indeed, Wilfred," he would say, "I must burn my books if you persist in cramming from them. It is not honest."

"All very fine, but I did not get home till so late last night, I could not write

my exercises, and old Torment (so I disrespectfully called my tutor) comes at 8 A.M."

"Why did not you get up early and do them yourself. I would have called you."

"What a bully you are, John!" And John would blush scarlet and deprecate such an accusation, and I would retort with something worse, and my father would come in and ask John for an explanation, and John would hesitate, and between his almost morbid love of truth and his desire to screen me, become utterly unintelligible. My father would then shrug his shoulders and say, "Really, John, you are too old to have these perpetual quarrels with Wilfred," and John would retire, really provoked and hurt at such an accusation, but find it impossible to clear himself.

I tried once or twice to set it right with my father, but he would not listen. "There, there, I have no time to attend to your squabbles. John is a good fellow, but rather pragmatical, I think."

I would strive for a time to do what was right for the sake of pleasing John, and showing I attended to what he said, but the weakness of my nature soon made me trip again, and, with the usual justice of sinners, being angry with myself, I revenged myself by being especially irritating and tiresome to John. But still he had an influence; and not only on me, but on all of us. My uncles appeared almost to ignore his existence. They had expostulated with my father upon the preposterous notion of taking charge of him, and then, as usual, the washing of the hands and the prayer process had been gone through, and he was ostensibly forgotten. With my usual quickness of observation, I saw, however, that when the clergyman uttered some very pious observation, he often looked at John for approval; and that in the midst of some intense gormandising, when apoplectic manifestations about the flushed cheeks and thick breathing were painfully visible, the banker would fidget and look uncomfortable, if John came into the room. Shy, awkward, painfully modest as John was, he had unconsciously impressed all who came near him with a sense that he had a loftier estimate of character than most persons. Even my grandfather was chary of swearing and raging before him. I was delighted to see the effect obtained, more for mischief's sake than anything else, of course; and I was also very curious to discover how it had been produced. In the fairy lore of my childish days there were tales told of persons who possessed an amulet against evil. I was too old to believe that now, and not old enough to appreciate to its full extent the fact, that noble integrity of character and loving sweetness of disposition formed the true amulet after all, though the casket which held it might be ungainly in appearance and most difficult to open.

The only individual who had ever uttered a single comment on my grandfather's marriage was John, and yet he was the only person immediately affected by it. My grandfather had told my father that he should want the two rooms John had hitherto occupied—a sitting-room and study—for his step-daughter,

Miss Gwyn. As soon as he returned from his honeymoon, Mr. Thorold was going to give a series of parties, and receive a number of visitors, and every corner of Thorold House would be occupied. "Would John mind for a time sleeping in the small play-room outside Wilfred's room?" My father was vexed, but there was no help. He mentioned it to John, and John looked grave, but was silent.

"Not at all necessary, my dear fellow," said my father, "to move immediately. I have written to my father to make other suggestions, and it is needless to disturb yourself till I receive the answer."

"I think it better to move at once, in case Mr. Thorold should arrive sooner than you expect; besides—"

"What?"

"I am in hopes of receiving a favourable reply from a schoolfellow, to whom I have written about my desire of finding employment. I know that it is possible that he may be sent abroad, and I think he will want a tutor."

"And you have offered yourself?"

"Yes."

My father looked vexed for a moment, but recovered himself instantly.

"You are right, John; that would be an opening; it is the right thing, at all events—and yet—and yet—it will be a deuced bore not having you here. I wish to Heaven, if tutor you must be, you could be tutor to Wilfred; but I can't afford it."

It occurred to me that if my father had limited his expenses in horses and hounds, there might have been a way for John to have remained with us; but how many men, and kind and generous ones too, never dream that the cutting off of some entirely superfluous luxury will enable them to be liberal in some less showy expenditure. But all the Thorolds had hunted; and to have a horse less in the stables and a dog less in the kennel was not to be thought of.

I also admired the cool way in which John had extricated himself from what was certainly a false position. He might have been kept dawdling for ever at Thorold; for it was the manner of Thoroldians to leave all as much as possible in *statu quo*. There would always have been a talk of finding employment for him; but unless it had dropped from the sky, or started from the earth, it would never have come, the search was so desultory and dilatory, and his strong youth would have passed into old age while he still hesitated at Thorold House.

As John never spoke of himself, we did not know how much most of his schoolfellows loved him. I have since heard that no boy had ever passed through the trying ordeal of a public school with so many fast friends and so few foes.

John's removal had only just been effected in time. The very next morning we received a letter announcing Mr. and Mrs. Thorold's return.

"Am I to call her grandmamma, I wonder?" said I to John, as we sat together in the library waiting for them.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And her daughter?—there is a daughter you know."

"She must be called Miss Gwyn, I should think."

"But she is a relation now. Let me see; her mamma is my father's father's wife, she is his mamma now—and her daughter must be his sister?"

"Not really his sister."

"In law, of course—but then she must be my aunt; just fancy, John, my aunt. What fun to have quite a young aunt!" And I jumped about, and on the strength of this nephewship ran up and down the avenue to the lodge for half an hour. At last they arrived.

My father had been to meet them, and entered the room with his stepmother on his arm; a fair, very tall, languid-looking woman.

"This I suppose is my grandson," she said, in a kind indolent voice. "You must call me grandmamma now." She stooped and kissed my forehead.

"This is John Tyrrell," said my father; "also one of us."

She started with glad surprise, and held out both her hands to the blushing John. "Are you a Gwyn Tyrrell?" she asked.

"No," said my father; "at least, I think not. He is the son of my old friend John Tyrrell, of the Britannia. I never heard his name was Gwyn."

"I am so anxious to find a missing relative of ours, a Gwyn Tyrrell, that I seize upon every one of the name of Tyrrell, in hopes I may at last discover him."

She then slowly dropped into a chair. "Where is Beatrix?" she asked, but in a voice so low that I only heard the last syllable. What an odd name I thought.

"Here I am, mamma;" and a tiny sprite of a girl came forward, who looked about my own age, though she was in fact some two years older.

"Come and speak to your new friends, my dear; this is Mr. Tyrrell, and this is—"

"My nephew, I suppose," said the girl, laughing.

"How do you do, Miss Gwyn!" stammered out John, taking the hand she offered to him.

"How do you do, Aunt Tricks?" said I, in a loud voice.

I am sorry to say that this piece of boyish folly was greeted with a shout of laughter from my grandfather (who had just entered, and stood beside his wife), from my father, and from Mrs. Thorold. But the young lady looked dreadfully abashed; she blushed, and all but began to cry, and did not let go John's hand, as if it was some support in such a trying moment.

"You said her name was Tricks. I heard you call her so."

"No, no, her name is Beatrix; but you are not far wrong, we did call her Tricksy once, and you may call her so, if you like."

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Tricksy," I repeated, for I saw she was vexed.

She put her hand in mine for a moment, but she kept aloof from me the rest of the evening.

It was the pleasantest evening that had been ever known at Thorold House. My grandfather did not doze for a moment, and was in good humour, though awake. My father was absolutely talkative. As oil soothes the ruffled sea, as cream tempers the asperities of black coffee, as eider-down quilts modify bare sofas, was the effect of Mrs. Thorold on us all, and it was an influence which never left us from that moment. Buried in an arm-chair, speaking only in the lowest voice, and at intervals, she always managed to maintain and direct conversation on the pleasantest subjects, which were treated in the most velvety manner. After a time, we younger ones were sent to bed. I observed Tricksy linger a moment by John's chair. He had been, as usual, quite silent; stroking a little kitten which was always very fond of creeping after him to be petted and caressed.

" Would you like to have it?" he said, as she paused in her " good-night."

" Yes."

But the kitten rebelled; it did not seek a change, which it feared would certainly not be for the better.

John yielded to the kitten, in spite of the wistful looks of the young lady. " To-morrow it will know you better," he said, " and then I will give it you."

She went off, but was evidently not pleased.

" *I* would have given it you," I said triumphantly to her in the passage, " so you will like me best, won't you?"

She did not answer me, but I saw she was meditating upon the subject, and as I felt certain that her meditations must end in my favour, I left her.

CHAPTER II.

I SAID that Thorold House was dull. From that moment it ceased to be so. To me the presence of Tricksy transfigured the place. I never wanted companionship now; she was two years my senior, but in all games and sports she was my contemporary. She was far more childish than I was, she had always lived a sedentary and quiet life in a town; this freedom and out-of-door life was a perfect boon to her, she grew fast, roses bloomed out on her pale little cheeks and she became wild with health and spirits.

She soon became the darling of the house, she and I were inseparable, and what delightful games, and jokes, and rides, and scampers we had! Her mother allowed her entire liberty, I do not suppose Mrs. Thorold ever contradicted anyone in her life. The only difficulty was, that she sometimes assented to two wholly incompatible propositions. When appealed to, she would fold her white hands together and say, " Settle it among yourselves." She had taken a most incomprehensible fancy to John, she would ask him sometimes to accompany Tricksy and me in our wild expeditions, but we did not like it; we were happier

by ourselves; I am certain I was, and Tricksy was always a little naughty with him. It was impossible she could be otherwise, he was so silent or so formal with her, he Miss Gwynned her so determinedly. She sometimes joined with me in teasing him, she always took my part when he and I differed in opinion as to some of my evil deeds. She laughed at him most unmercifully, she used to pretend to be a little jealous of her mother's regard for him; in fact, I must confess that sometimes she was rather provoking in her conduct towards him. I remember one day we were all three riding together. We two were in the wildest spirits and had been racing. Tricksy was absolutely fearless, and rode admirably.

" I wonder," she said to me, " if we couldn't give John the slip, he rides in such a jog-trot, absent manner. At the first by-way we get to, we will leave the high road."

No sooner said than done. We turned to the right, and our spirited little ponies flew like birds down a lane. " Wouldn't I give anything to see John's face," she said.

Unfortunately she did not know, and I had forgotten, that the lane was almost a *cul de sac*. It ended in a water-mill. By the side of a foaming little stream was a steep paved path, down which a horse could be led, but which it would have been certain death to have galloped down. In fact, from where we were, we could see no egress whatever. At that moment there was a rapid gallop behind us.

" Stop!" called out John. " Stop; I insist upon it."

" No—no," said Tricksy.

But in a moment he had passed us, was off his horse, with the reins round his left, and with the right hand he was forcibly curbing in Tricksy's pony; and in spite of her anger—she threatened to cut him with her whip, and did, I believe, make a dash at his hand with it—he succeeded in turning it round. I had stopped in sheer amazement. Tricksy was not going to be defeated in that inglorious manner.

" You can turn the pony," she said, " but you can't turn me," and she slipped off her saddle and ran on.

" Come, Wilfred," but I was too occupied in staring at John to mind her. He was quite pale, and seemed trembling from head to foot.

" She might have been killed," he said to me in a reproachful manner.

" Killed!"

" Don't you know that this is Gap Lane? He looked round after her; the dainty little figure was running down the lane. " Think of her mother," he said, " and be careful of her. It would kill Mrs. Thorold if anything happened to Miss Gwyn." He mounted and turned back, leaving me holding Tricksy's pony.

After ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, she returned; but her step was very slow, and her eyes looked red.

" I was very obstinate," she murmured.

Nothing was said more about it, but that evening, as we all sat by the fire, Mrs. Thorold, as she watched John, who was playing at chess with her, called out suddenly, "What is the matter, John?—your wrist is all bruised."

John gave such a start that the table fell over, and the commotion which it caused in the circle drew attention from what she had said; but Tricksy's eyes and mine met; her's were full of tears.

The next day I observed a maternal tenderness in Mrs. Thorold's manner to John, but she never alluded to the subject.

My uncles had been invited, to be presented to Mrs. Thorold. They were quite obsequious to her, and I, who knew what they had said about the marriage, was disgusted with them. I confided my feelings to Tricksy, and we agreed that they were "horrid." But they were not only obsequious to Mrs. Thorold, they were absolutely servile to Tricksy. For the first time since I had known her, I saw her assume towards them a coldness and hauteur of manner which changed the frolicsome child into the proud and reserved young lady. I once overheard them say to my father, "What a good thing it would be if Miss Gwyn would take a fancy to Wilfred!"

"Yes," added the clergyman, with fervour, "it shows how everything is overruled for good. Who would have thought Miss Gwyn was a millionnaire?"

"But I think," continued the banker, "that you are imprudent in keeping open house, as it were. She will be snapped up before you are aware of it, and think what a loss it would be. It is a good thing that poor John is so awkward and plain, or I should advise your getting rid even of *him*."

"He is going in a day or two," said my father.

"Oh, indeed! that is providential."

"Then we may hope that Wilfred will get the million——"

"No," said my father, laughing, "he is too young, poor fellow. Beatrix is sixteen, though she looks such a child; she will be of age when she is eighteen, and must be married in the course of the same month or she forfeits the money. Any way, if this Gwyn Tyrrell turns up, he is to have half of it."

It was true that John was about leaving us; he was to go for two years to Italy. After the day of the expedition to Gap Lane, Tricksy was very shy with him, and he was ludicrously afraid of her. She was the only person of whom he did not take leave the day he left us.

Although my father called me "poor fellow," he was really too careless about money to be mercenary. Had I been old enough to be able to aspire to the million, he would have been pleased; as I was not, he troubled himself little about it.

There was an endless round of gaiety going on. Young men came to shoot and hunt; there were croquet parties, cricket parties, harvest gatherings. But Tricksy, though she enjoyed them all, was not to be divided from me; we remained the staunchest of friends and allies. Her admirers were a subject of unfailing laughter between us. She knew she was an heiress, but was much too

simpleminded and single hearted to attach any importance to the fact. Her natural intelligence taught her how little any of the persons who hovered about her, cared for anything but the money-bags that went with her name. And, as she did not know the clause attached to her possession of these money-bags, and was not aware of the vital importance of her choice being soon made, the bare-faced passion for money which the precipitate proposals she received seemed to give evidence of, filled her young heart with scorn.

Two years soon passed away. John wrote a few letters to my father, and one or two to Mrs. Thorold, but to no one else. I did not see those to Mrs. Thorold, but those to my father were awkward and uninteresting. John had as little epistolary as conversational talent. Once during the two years my father received a letter from the father of the young man with whom John was travelling, telling him of the deep obligations he and his son were under, to John.

John had extricated the young man from a most disgraceful love-affair, in which he had unthinkingly become involved at college; the heroine of which had followed him to the Continent, but had had her journey for her pains. The young man had been at first most rebellious and perverse, but had finally seen the snare into which he had been led. He was proportionably grateful, and had written a full confession to his father.

At that time of course I only heard fragments of all this, but enough to know that, somehow, John had done a great thing.

"Isn't he a fine fellow, Tricksy?" I said, retailing to her what I had heard. "What a pity he's such a queer, shy old fellow, and so ugly!"

She did not answer.

Two years had passed away, when Thorold House was deprived suddenly of its head. My grandfather died. We had all been so happy for the last two years, that the blow was doubly felt. Mrs. Thorold suffered a good deal, but in the same becalmed and silky way, which was peculiarly hers, under all circumstances. Tricksy was very unhappy. She had been so petted by her stepfather, and under the feminine dispensation at Thorold House, he had become so much less irritable and impatient than formerly, that it was natural she should love him as she did. He was truly a scholarly, stately gentleman, generous and upright in his conduct, and with that oldfashioned chivalric feeling towards women, which made him for their sakes, and in their presence, control the only fault he had, a passionate and fiery temper. He had always been respected, but latterly he was beloved. His will was a singular one. My father of course had Thorold House, with all its appurtenances; but a large sum in the funds was left to John Tyrrell, except under certain contingencies, which were specified in a sealed codicil, not to be opened till the day Tricksy was of age.

To my uncles neither money nor lands were bequeathed; but to the clergyman a folio volume of prayers and meditations, and to the banker a curious basin and ewer, which had belonged to the family for three generations. Evidently my grandfather had become acquainted with some of their remarks on his marriage.

To his wife he did not leave a farthing: this, he said, had been arranged by her on their marriage. She was resolute that not one fraction of his property should enrich her or hers, and had peremptorily refused even the smallest gift from him. But my grandfather requested it of her as a favour, that she should make Thorold House her head-quarters for the rest of her life. Tricksy's name was not even mentioned in the will.

Mrs. Thorold *did* consent, at my father's earnest entreaty, to remain with us. She was the same gentle, placid woman as ever, though many an added line on her white forehead, many a silver hair in her brown curls, showed that she had suffered much. She led precisely the same quiet, still life as before, except that every month or two she went to town on business. What this business was no one knew, except that it was connected with the Gwyn property and the lost Tyrrell. My father had, at her request, written to India to obtain, if he could, the certificate of the marriage of John's father and mother.

I should have thought Tricksy had forgotten John entirely, but that once or twice she insisted upon riding as far as Gap Lane, as if to recall her peril and her deliverance. My father wrote to John to ask him to return. After some delay he was enabled to do so. And now again Tricksy showed she *had* retained a warm recollection of John. She and her mother prepared John's rooms for him—the rooms he had occupied before their first arrival, and which had been given to her by my grandfather.

Tricksy was almost eighteen at this time; but she might have been eight, to judge from the childish importance she attached to the replacing of every article of furniture in John's room just as he had left it. John arrived. He walked in one day, after dinner. He seemed more painfully shy than ever. Sunburnt and thin, with a beard and thick tawny hair, which had a leonine appearance, he was certainly very plain. He had, however, retained the sweetness of his eyes and that gentlemanliness of bearing which no awkwardness could wholly conceal. There seemed less difference of age between us than before, and I was very glad to welcome the honest-hearted fellow once more. But he seemed more reserved with Tricksy than ever. I could not make it out.

Her manner to him was influenced by his to her; and Tricksy was graver and more silent with him than with any other person.

As the day of her being of age approached, Mrs. Thorold informed Tricksy of the conditions under which she was to become possessed of the enormous fortune which was hers. She was to choose her husband on the day she was of age, and declare her choice publicly, or to forfeit the whole.

On the 18th of June Tricksy would be eighteen. It was now the 12th. No girl had been so much thrown into the society of men as Tricksy, and yet there was not a spark of sentiment for any one of them in her heart.

She had had dozens of proposals, and all had received the irrevocable No.

I worshipped her. My whole life, from the moment I had first seen her, had been given to her; but when I once murmured something of my love being

more mature than my years, she had put her plump little hand on my mouth and had said, laughing, " How can an aunt marry her nephew! Am I not your aunt Tricksy, sir?"

On the 16th of June Mrs. Thorold and her daughter went up to London and were to return on the evening of the 17th. Sometimes my father had tried to persuade Tricksy to choose a husband, rather than forfeit her fortune. Surely some of her lovers were men to whom she might eventually become sincerely attached, though she was not romantically in love with them. But Tricksy was firm: she would not marry if she did not love.

John and I went down to the station to meet them. We found we had mistaken the time, and had an hour to wait.

"Let us take a walk," I said, "and return here to meet them."

As we went on, we found, about a quarter of a mile further, that some workmen were busy mending a temporary bridge across a deep stony ravine, over which the train passed. There had been heavy rains, and the passage of a weighty goods train had effected a solution of continuity on this bridge, besides committing other damages. They were very busy working at it as fast as they could. Unfortunately, in their haste they had not sufficiently observed that the supports of the bridge had been thoroughly weakened, and as a last heavy plank was laid paralleled to the others, there was a tremulous swaying of the whole, and then it cracked and cracked and tottered slowly over, burying several workmen in the ruins. At first, all of us who had escaped, were occupied in rescuing these men. In doing so I fell and injured my knee. They were all hurt—some severely so. We attended to them as best we might, when suddenly a distant whistle was heard. Good God! the train was due. It must be stopped—but how. At that point "dangerous" had always been signalled, and it came on very slowly. But what was to be done? there was no time. We saw it, a speck in the distance; but coming on, coming on. Shame on me for having felt it, but my first impulse was to rush down the bank and fly, whither I knew not; anywhere not to hear, not to see the inevitable crash. Where was John?

He had stood for a moment, pale as death; and then he ran forward, shouting, waving his hands, throwing up his arms, standing in the very centre of the line. I called to him from the bank. I had crawled there to make signals to the advancing train. "She's there!" were all the words he said. Had the horror of the moment turned his brain? Did he hope to make himself heard or seen? It was madness. Inexorably the train came on, very slowly, but surely, on. I could see the stokers turned towards John, making signs to him, and a line of heads outside the carriages, evidently not understanding him; and then, as the moments passed, and it came nearer and nearer, John inspired by the very ecstasy of insanity, threw himself right across the line.

It was a forlorn hope. It might or might not arrest them. So imperceptibly did they slacken their course that I did not think they were doing it; but, thank Heaven! it was possible to do it, and they did do it. After a few seconds

of horrible and agonising suspense the long line gradually stopped. It was so near him that John, as he rose, seemed to be clasped by the projecting fangs of a leviathan beast of prey.

The engine-men jumped down. I was too far to hear what passed; but, after a few words of explanation, John returned towards me, still very pale, but calm as usual. I was but sixteen—am I to be excused if I say I sobbed like a baby?

"Come, old fellow!" said John, "this will never do; it is all right again."

At that moment one of those cheers which never can be heard but from British lungs rang through the air. The poor wounded workmen, who were lying about, joined in it.

I do not think that at first John was conscious that it was in his honour; when he was, he looked utterly bewildered; and then, saying to me, "You must send word for the carriage to come for them here; it can wait the other side of the bridge, and they and you can be helped over," he dived down the other side of the bank, and in a few minutes was out of sight. I felt somehow I could not meet them. I gave orders about the carriage, and hobbled on till I met a cart, which gave me a lift home.

Before dinner John came into my room; and, after some shy stammering, asked me, as the dearest favour I could bestow on him, not to volunteer any information as to what he had done.

"I could not stand being thanked, and all that, you know. By-the-bye, they have sent me a huge packet of papers."

"What about?"

"I have not opened them; but I think the lost Tyrrell is found."

I do not know whether I could have kept my word; but Mrs. Thorold and Tricksy were not at dinner, and my father and my two uncles were very busy talking over money affairs. In the confusion the only report that had reached Thorold House was, that there might have been an accident to the train, but it had been fortunately prevented. Mrs. Thorold and Tricksy had gone at once to their rooms on arriving, and therefore I had no difficulty in being silent.

The next day was the 18th of June.

Tricksy came down to breakfast looking brighter than ever I had seen her. She was radiant. She and my father and Mrs. Thorold, and a very grave-looking gentleman, the lawyer who managed the Gwyn property, were closeted for a long time after breakfast. Everything was got through by luncheon, and after luncheon the horses were brought round, as usual, for us to ride. I was still so lame that I could not mount, though I tried to do so.

"Mr. Tyrrell," said Mrs. Thorold, "will you take care of Tricksy? Wilfred says that somehow he has sprained his foot."

John looked rather glum. "I was going—"

"I must have my own way on my birthday," said Tricksy, "so please come with me."

She mounted, and they went off. I looked after them longingly. I had in-

tended trying, for the last time, my fortunes with Tricksy on this day, and I had looked forward to our ride for doing so. We should have got rid of John, I know, even had he started with us.

When they returned, Tricksy came to me in her habit. She looked positively beautiful.

"Where have you been?" I asked.

"To Gap Lane;" and then she suddenly threw her arms round my neck, and sobbed, "Oh, I am so happy, Wilfred dear!" but the tears rolled down her cheeks as she said so; and then she left me. How my heart beat! Would she choose me?

That day, after dinner, my father proposed a health—Miss Gwyn's future husband. I felt cold and hot by turns. Had Tricksy chosen *me?* I looked for sympathy towards John, but in some unaccountable way he had disappeared.

The next day, at twelve o'clock, we were to assemble in the library, to hear the codicil to my uncle's will; after which, Tricksy was to announce her marriage, or forfeit her heiress-ship. We were all to be present.

Somehow, that morning Thorold House was like a desert. My father and uncles, and the lawyer, breakfasted together. I searched for John, but heard he had gone out. Mrs. Thorold and Tricksy were invisible. I wandered about like a troubled spirit.

At twelve I was seated in the library. Would Tricksy declare she had chosen me before them all, without giving me the sweet certainty of her affection, with her own lips first, in private? I was absolutely tortured with my doubts and conjectures.

Presently my father came in, followed by my two uncles. One, as usual, rubbing his hands, as if he were always typically performing the process which was to him the panacea against all responsibility; the other, with a more than usually sour and sanctimonious look, and a prayer-book in his hand. It was wormwood to him to preside, as it were, over the throwing away of thousands and thousands of pounds on a "trumpery worldly chit of a girl." Such had been his designation of Tricksy. Three separate messages were sent after John. He was at home, but sent word he could not come down.

Then came Mrs. Thorold, fairer and paler than ever, in her widow's weeds. "Beatrix is coming directly," she said.

How strange, I thought for her to let her daughter come in alone upon such an occasion; and where on earth has John gone to?

Then there was a pause.

Then the door opened. I started up; but Tricksy was not alone. She was leaning on the arm of John Tyrrell.

He looked so pale that I thought he would have dropped, but he stepped in quietly and gravely, and led her to her mother.

"I have chosen," said Beatrix in a soft low voice, and she turned round. "John Tyrrell asked me to be his wife yesterday, and I have accepted him.

I joined my congratulations with the rest, but I really did not know what I was saying. What an egregious ass I had been. But no one knew it, I hoped. We sat down to hear the codicil. After a short preamble the legacy to John was cancelled. If John married an heiress, or if John could prove he was the heir of the Gwyn Tyrrells and thus had a claim on the half of Beatrix's fortune, the money was left to his grandson Wilfred Thorold. When it was over—and I throught the dreadful circumlocution and periphrases of the lawyer's jargon would never terminate—I went away; I longed for fresh air. My temples were hot as fire, and yet I shivered as with cold.

I went to the remotest part of the shrubbery belonging to the house, and there flung myself down on the grass. I tried to bear as best I might the bitter, bitter misfortune which had befallen me. I was glad for John's sake, but did he love Beatrix as I did? I dared not go further with that question. I remembered the man who, with a look of agony, had turned to me a day or two ago and had said, "Wilfred, she is there!" ere he rushed upon almost certain self-destruction, in the mad desire and resolution, to save her.

While I was thinking and thinking, with that persistence with which all unhappy creatures count, over and over again, the sum of their misery, I heard voices near me. I looked through the leaves, and saw Tricksy and John approaching where I was. I trusted they might not have seen me, and would pass on. I looked through the closely-knitted trunks of the trees, and watched them—they seemed to change characters. John was urging Tricksy to do something which she seemed to deprecate. He walked resolutely forward; she hung back. How pretty she looked in her white dress and braided hair! I shut my eyes, for my heart was very sore, and the sight of her hurt me.

Here there was a silence, and I hoped they had passed; but no: a light step came over the grass, the branches were moved aside, and dear little Tricksy sat down beside me.

She took my hand—"What is the matter, dear?" How tender, how cruelly tender she was! I was silent. I could have groaned. "Shall I tell you all about it? From the very first day, though I used to be so naughty, I liked John. I liked him that very first night, when he would not give me the kitten. All the time, even when I was so wicked to him in Gap Lane, I loved him. I told mamma, and she thought it best for him not to take leave of me. As soon as mamma heard his name, she thought he might be our relation, but it was very difficult to prove it. That was why she had so often been to London the last year. She had told Mr. Thorold, at once about it, but he did not think it likely. He was resolved to leave John his money, because he knew also, that when everybody here was so angry because he married mamma, John was the only one who never abused him or her about it."

"But how?—"

"How did it come about, you mean, that he told me? I will tell you," said the little creature, looking very shy, but very happy. "Mamma, though she is

so quiet, always knows about things, and she saw that John liked me, but that the money would prevent him saying anything about it. I did not know what to do, for we had not yet proved him to be a Gwyn Tyrrell, and I knew he would never ask me to be his wife if I had all the money. But that day, when we returned, mamma brought the proofs and the papers with her. Oh, that day!"—and then she shuddered and cried, "I did not know till yesterday morning it was John who saved us, but then—"

Again Beatrix cried, and then she went on, "When we went out yesterday morning, I took him to Gap Lane, and there I told him how miserable I had been about my wickedness there, and his poor darling hand; and then I told him I knew who had saved all our lives the day before, and he was so short and so grumpy, and wanted to go away, and then I told him that he was our relation, and that he and I were to inherit this money between us."

"And then—"

"Oh, Wilfred!"—Beatrix hid her face for a moment—"I feel ashamed that he, so good, so noble, so brave, can love me, but he says it has been always so."

"And to-day?"

It was no longer the maiden Beatrix, but the child Tricksy, that laughed a peal of laughter at these words.

"You know he got into one of his shy, nervous states, and I do not believe any one could have got him out of his room unless I had gone in; but I went up to him, and coaxed him, and smoothed his hair, and told him how proud I was that he had chosen me, and how glad dear mamma was, and I persuaded him to come down."

"He deserves you, Tricksy," I said.

"But I shall never deserve him. But Wilfred dear, you are glad too, are you not?"—and she looked at me with her earnest eyes,—"glad that we two are happy?—for I know you love us both."

I made a gulp, for my heart was in my throat—"God bless you both."

"It will be always the same between *us*, you know," she said. "I shall always be Aunt Tricksy to you. And now come and tell John so too."

I did as I was bid. From that day to this I never knew whether John suspected how dearly I had loved Tricksy. We were always fast friends, and I was godfather to darling Tricksy's first child, a girl, whom I insisted upon naming Tricksy, *pur et simple*. In all human probability (for there are no such girls now as Tricksy Gwyn was) Tricksy Gwyn Tyrrell will be my heiress. I shall never marry; but I will not make so tyrannical a condition as Tricksy was subject to. Women can be trusted with money. My heiress need not marry the day she is of age.

A SKATING RINK IN CANADA.

Am I living? awake? or dreaming? Entering from the darkness of a moonless night, I am dazzled and blinded by a blaze of radiance. Gas sparkles in a thousand burners; flashes against burnished reflectors, which glitter like pure silver; lies full upon draperies in blue, scarlet, and white lines; and loses itself in the intricacy of evergreen wreaths, garlands, and festoons. When my eye begins to accommodate itself to what I have to see, it ranges through a vast hall, rather rudely raised, in truth, upon a wooden framework, but brilliant, in effect, lika a gala night of the Caliph Haroun. Except a raised platform all round the walls, the floor is spread with an immense mirror, upon whose surface the reflected lights quiver, and which shines, smooth, hard, and bright, like polished steel. It is crowded with figures of both sexes in fantastic dresses, who glide over the surface with a swimming, undulating motion, exquisitely graceful; while a mass of spectators, scarcely less gaily dressed, people the platform. From somewhere overhead floats out a succession of the most brilliant and lively strains that music can produce.

Is it real? modern? and European? European it is not. It is a Canadian skating rink, and this evening is a masquerade night. I gaze with a vivid and eager curiosity. To me, a stranger, it is infinitely novel, strange, and exciting. On the ice hundreds of young girls, every other one of whom is pretty, or certainly looks pretty to-night, and of whom many are strikingly handsome—all alike set off with every device that can aggravate their charms—sway and flit about through the mazes of the crowd, seldom singly, but holding the hand of either a laughing companion or of some favoured cavalier. Sometimes a chain of these young beauties, hand in hand, comes sailing forward in line; sometimes a doubly happy youth leads forth one on either side. The most intricate and graceful evolutions are accomplished with an ease of which it would be hard to say whether it excites the greater wonder or admiration. These coquettish damsels scorch their admirers with a general blaze of scarlet—which is the ruling colour—mercifully toned down, subdued, and harmonised by rich, soft, dark furs. There is fur everywhere—fur encircling the fair, round, rosy cheeks; fur coiled round the white neck; fur on the wrists, and a fringe of fur edging the neat little natty boot. Black eyes sparkle; blue eyes softly gleam; each cast wicked and exasperating glances. There are "affairs" without end. Cupid opens the door of admission, and Hymen closes that at which many a pair passes out.

Now and then a fall happens. A glance of an ankle, perhaps a momentary glimpse of an inch or two more, is lost in enviously voluminous folds of feminine knickerbockers of scarlet cashmere. Officious fair ones hasten to help up their mishappy sister, and ringing and joyous laughter proclaims and celebrates the event. When a gentleman tumbles, the merriment runs over. What fate could he desire better than to afford amusement to these lovely creatures?

All is beauty, grace, youth, life and happiness, joy and enjoyment. With a scene like this, care and gloom have nothing in common. Here nothing but what is gay has any place. It is a supreme moment, plucked from life's rose-bush; a flowery spray without thorns.

A galloping polka is racing over the strings of the fiddles. The mirth waxes fast and furious. From where I stand I see the crowd gradually fall back and give place to a young lady, who advances alone down the whole length of the rink. She is tall and beautifully formed; but a shock thrills through the frame as one looks at her. She is dressed in the deepest mourning, not a particle of anything but what is black finds place about her. She comes slowly forward, while all, on either side, pause in silence and stillness with a hushed solemnity. The music as though struck with the same instantaneous inaction, whether played out or not, comes to an end. A dead silence drops upon the spell-bound assembly. The originator of this extraordinary change skates on listlessly, languidly, carelessly. I can see that she stretches forth her arm, and that her fingers twitch convulsively, as if endeavouring to grasp some imaginary hand. As she approaches nearer, I discover that great beauty is fading away and leaving a sculptured face, paler than the palest marble, upon whose either cheek there glows one bright, burning, hectic spot, a round spot like the red sun showing through a white mist. She looks at nobody, seems to see nobody, and alas! alas! when my eyes seek to meet hers, they encounter only the stony glare of orbs from which the light of reason has been darkened and shut out. Her dress, too, betokens insanity. It hangs loosely upon her, manifestly uncared for—always a sad sight in woman—and is tagged over with shreds of crape, meaninglessly stuck on in one place and another, intermixed with bugles and other shabby scraps of ghastly ornament. Oh, what a melancholy spectacle was there! Young—she looked no more than seventeen or eighteen—lovely, innocent, and brought to so pitiable a pass! And what a frightful contrast to the boisterous gaiety upon which she had intruded, and upon which she had stricken a chill, well-nigh as icy, cold and joyless as herself. It was a lesson too harshly administered. It was like the warning corpse set up at an Egyptian feast.

Reaching the door at the lower end of the rink, near which, having succeeded in making one circuit of the building, I was again standing, the poor creature (having entered, I suppose, at the upper door), without taking the slightest notice of anybody or anything, nor speaking a word that I could hear, except muttering in a hushed, plaintive monotone, "All wet and cold! all wet and cold! all wet and cold!" sat down on the edge of the platform, took off her skates, hung them over her wrist with such an orderliness as if she did it daily, and slowly passed out like a phantom.

Do we not visit lunatic asylums and return to our dinner with undiminished appetite? Was there not a time when fashionable parties were made up to Bedlam, to mock the wretched, ill-treated creatures there? Do not very many more than a thousand persons die weekly in London? Is there not ceaselessly

some one in the agonies of death? Do the people who live on the road to a cemetery think any the more of the day when their own turn shall come to be the hero of a like mournful procession? Does the man who makes the coffin ever take his own measure? Does he not whistle, and tap in the nails to a tune? Do we ever take any one of these warnings? Surely we do not; and surely it was never ordained that we should. If we were to take home to our own bosoms all the misery that is shared among the world at large, would our life be worth living?

Whence has come the elastic capacity that we all have for enjoyment, which rebounds from the heaviest pressure?

When that question shall have been answered in more than one way, we may begin to wonder that the masqueraders recovered, without much effort, from the momentary shock with which they had been stunned. The band struck up. Thoughtfulness, if any existed, was lost in noise and confusion. All fell back into its previous train.

Of course I could not fail to ask for information from the bystanders of what I had witnessed. The story may be easily anticipated. That it was a love story there could be little doubt.

Madeline Danvers had been beloved by a young M.D. without patients, and had returned his passion with all the more ardour that the match was extremely unacceptable to her parents, and was opposed by every obstacle that could be thrown in the way.

It is not very easy to keep lovers apart anywhere. In Canadian society it is next to impossible. If there had not been the skating rink, there would have been some other rendezvous.

One evening, saddened by the difficulties they had to encounter and by the seeming hopelessness of Dr. More's position, the noise and gaiety of the rink, and the observation to which they were exposed, were disagreeable to them, so they exchanged the rink for the open ice in the harbour, where there was no glare of light, and the crowd of skaters was diffused over a large space. In the course of their pastime he was skating backwards, holding her hands in his, as she followed after him. He plunged into a hole from which a vessel had been cut out, and sank, dragging her after him before he thought to let go his hold.

She was saved; but only to fall into a frenzy of agony and fright, while efforts were made to extricate him from under the ice. No persuasion could induce her to quit the spot; and when any attempt at force was used, her shrieks were so dreadful and so heartrending that she was suffered to remain, shivering from head to foot and her teeth chattering with cold, but in a burning fever of grief and terror. At length the body, drowned beyond a shadow of hope, was got out, laid on the ice, lifted on a plank, and carried away before her eyes.

Her earnest entreaties to be allowed to attend the funeral, which took place as usual on the second day, could not be denied; but when the dull sound of the earth falling on the coffin—a moment which I would not willingly know him

who could resist—met her ears, she sank down, never to rise again other than I had seen her,

She was, they told me, perfectly harmless, tractable, and docile. Her desire to frequent the rink was humoured from a feeling of universal commiseration which her case aroused. Absence from the place had been tried, with an unfavourable result. An eye less practised than mine could have seen that her hard probation in this world would have a speedy ending. The winter when I saw her was the one succeeding the catastrophe. She had gained admittance that evening unnoticed. No one ever spoke to her, and she spoke to no one out of her own house. All she was ever heard to say was, "All wet and cold! all wet and cold! all wet and cold!"

NO GHOST.

I don't know how people feel who have seen a ghost; perhaps it would be a relief to them to find that the white garment shrouded a broomstick; but for myself, I once saw a figure in a sheet which it would be an infinite relief to me to believe a ghost. I saw this figure, man or woman I know not, five years ago, when I was lodging in the second-floor of a house in Bloomsbury Street, and within a few doors of Oxford Street. There were at that time unfurnished rooms to be let on the second floor of the opposite house. The blinds were not drawn down, so that, before the windows were too dirty, I could see into two of these empty rooms. That opposite my own was an inner room, lighted by two windows, and entered only from the adjoining small ante-chamber, and this, which also looked into the street, had one window. The great bill,

TO LET, UNFURNISHED,

was there for so many months that it grew yellow with age and grey with dirt, and it was hanging in a hopeless and impotent manner by a single wafer when the rooms were taken: at least I concluded that they were taken, for the bill disappeared altogether, and was not replaced. In the course of a few days the windows were cleaned, and a bed and two chairs were placed in the inner room. There were no curtains and no carpets, nor so far as I could see, any other furniture in these two rooms. But there was some one in the bed, very ill I imagined, for although I saw the figure move from side to side, I never saw it sitting up, or saw the bed empty, or saw the face so as to recognise if it was that of a man or woman.

In any case I should not have been able to see much of these opposite neighbours, for I was only at home in the morning and evening, and they had other rooms besides the two I have mentioned.

About a fortnight after the lodgers came, I was sitting near my window in the early morning, when my attention was attracted by a figure at the window of the

ante-room opposite, wrapped, as it seemed, in a white sheet. A corner of the sheet was drawn up round the head and hung over the face like a cowl, so that, although the person was looking out of the window, no trace of form or feature could be seen; and the arms which were crossed, were also tightly covered by the sheet. For a few seconds it paused at the window, and I, sitting partly behind my window curtain, could see without being seen. Then it entered the inner room, into which I could see very distinctly, as the windows were open.

And here it seems necessary to state that the effect produced upon me at the time by this person in a sheet has been intensified, and has received an added horror, from circumstances which occurred later. It is difficult to describe that which follows without allowing this horror to creep in, and yet, so far as I can remember, I was not sensible of it at the time, and felt only a strange attraction and interest; and a half surprise that any one should dress up and play the fool at 7 o'clock in the morning.

The figure as I have said, entered the inner room, and stood for some time quite motionless by the bed-side. Then slowly the arms were stretched out, pointing at something or some one in the bed; the head still covered by the sheet, was bent downwards; the whole attitude was that of one speaking with an earnest and eager intensity. But soon there was the strangest change: the figure started, gave a wild bound, and commenced leaping and dancing round the bed, standing with outstretched arms for a moment at the foot of it, and then springing first to one side and then to the other with such wonderful rapidity that it was impossible to follow every movement. At length there was a pause; again the hands and arms were stretched out, again they pointed, and, as it seems to me now, in bitter mockery to the bed, and then the body swayed and bent backwards, and the head was thrown up in one long burst of uproarious laughter. It seemed to me that I could *hear* the mocking sounds even above all the noises in the street. I do not know if I turned away for a moment, or if the figure crouched down, but I remember my surprise at finding that it had left the bedroom, and was again standing at the window of the ante-room. From thence it passed out into the passage, and I saw no more of it.

The bed was, as usual, occupied, but I do not remember noticing any movement on the part of the occupier.

Early in the summer evening I returned from my daily work, and sat at the window to watch the sun, as, like a solitary eye of fire glowing through mist and smoke with a dim angry light, it sank into the heart of the great city. The blinds of the rooms opposite were drawn down, and the windows were closed, and they remained so on the following morning. But in the evening, as I watched from my window in the dusk, I saw two men coming down the street, bearing on their shoulders a coffin. They stopped at the house opposite, and carried the coffin in and up the stairs, and through the ante-room, and into that room with the bed, which was opposite to mine. I saw the shadow of it cast upon the white window blinds, for some one went first, carrying a candle.

And then I knew there was death in the room, and that the antic which had mocked and made sport on the previous day, had mocked at the dying or the dead.

The following day was Sunday, and I was again at my window when the plain deal coffin was carried down stairs and put into a shabby hearse. This was followed by a street cab, and one small person sprang quickly into it, closely muffled in a large black cloak. I could not tell whether this person was young or old, and could only guess whether it was man or woman; but something in the rapid resolute movements at once recalled the sheeted figure which had startled me three days before. I could not watch the house again, it was too terrible; and on the following day when I returned home, I saw that the bed had been removed, the windows were wide open, and there were new bills, announcing that the rooms were "To Let, Unfurnished."

EMMELINE.

Why sittest thou by the shore,
Emmeline?
Why sportest thou no more,
Emmeline;
'Mid those oosy-looking damsels just emerging from the brine,
Thy blue eyes on the blue water why so sadly dost incline,
Looking wistful and half tristful,
Emmeline?

One summer morn like this,
Emmeline,
Thy heart beat close to *his*,
Emmeline!
And I rather think he took the liberty to twine
His arm just for one moment round that slender waist of thine;
Oh! wasn't it imprudent for a penniless law-student,
Emmeline?

He loves you—the poor wretch!
Emmeline;
But there's many a better catch,
Emmeline.
Cut him dead when next you meet him, burn his letters every line,
And deserve the eligible match your dearest friends assign:
He is but a poor and true man, you a lady (not a woman),
Emmeline.

C. P. M.

CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

The Lambeth Synod, and its Declaration of Faith, are now, as a leading English paper observes, matters of history; they are, moreover, facts which cannot fail to influence, not only the Church of England—which is now passing through a very important crisis in her history—but the whole of the widespread Anglican Communion, which appears now to be everywhere starting into renewed life and vigour. We note with great pleasure that the Declaration of the Bishops has been translated, not only into Latin but also into Modern Greek, in order to be circulated among the Churches of the East; and we believe that its due publication will have considerable effect in drawing these Churches nearer and closer to us. Although in every point we may not fully sympathize with the doctrines or the ritual of those Churches, yet we cannot fail to have a deep interest in the branches of the Church Catholic, whose humblest members read the new Testament in the Original Greek, and who still use Liturgies which date from almost Apostolic time. So very little is known about these Churches, that very few members of the Western Communions fully realize the existence of a branch of the Church, far outnumbering our own communion, and preserving with Eastern immobility, customs and traditions of the Apostles and their immediate successors. We have inherited the contest between Patriarch and Pope; we have continued to add the "*Filioque*" to the Nicene Creed, and therefore two of the those great branches of the Church have, without actual dissension, long stood aloof from one another. At this time there is especial cause for seeking to know more about the Churches of the East; the Church of England is passing through an eventful period, and her future no one can predict; the strain now put upon her connection with the State may lead to a formal severance, and severance may be followed by confiscation; the clergy and many of her other members, in the sufferings which such a rupture would inevitably bring with it, must take their stand upon their spiritual authority alone, and would naturally look beyond their Island Home and their Island Church for sympathy and support. This severance of Church and State is being now seriously discussed by men of sound judgment and high position; we can no longer look upon it as a matter, the consideration of which may be indefinitely postponed: the Church cannot any longer submit to the suppression of her Convocations and to the stifling of her voice, and accordingly her members have openly in Convocation raised a protest against the oppression of the State, and the uniform determination on the part of the Civil Government to deny to her constitutional rights.(*) Successive Governments have dealt with the Convocations of the Church exactly in the same spirit as Charles I dealt with his parliaments; Convocation' which is at least as old as parliament itself, has been fettered with every encumbrance that could be devised; it has been sedulously

(*) See the Christian Remembrances for October, 1867.

prevented from reforming itself hitherto, and unless a strong stand is made, will not even now be allowed to make any changes in its constitution. There is, however, good reason to believe that a strong stand will be made very soon, and that there are many clergy fully prepared to suffer for conscience' sake, and to submit to the spoiling of their goods, or any oppression, sooner than accede to the demands at this time likely to be made upon their endurance. The Erastian party may be strong in Parliament, seeing that the present Parliaments generally number among their members men of all religions or of none, but there remain comparatively few among the Clergy who are so unconscious of their spiritual obligations. Men like S. G. O. may parade their self destructive and irreverent views, and may pour contempt on their own orders, but such noisy talkers, who are at the same time as negligent of their work as S. G. O., do not carry any real weight. They who on account of the difficulties of the case are perhaps the least ready to advance hastily their views, will be the first to suffer and to act, when the time comes to take a decided step. Unless, indeed, there should prove to be, as we believe, many such in the present Church of England, she cannot survive the present crisis. "If secular legislation is allowed (to quote again from the Christian Remembrances) "to mutilate a rubric without rousing the con-"science of Churchmen, it will not stop there. The precedent will be urged, "the wedge will be driven remorselessly. The marriage, the burial, the bap-"tismal and the Communion services will each in turn be made the subject of a "series of experiments on the consciences of the Clergy." This passage, quoted from a periodical which has great weight among members of the English Church, shows that it is very probable that a time of trial is awaiting the Church of England, a trial which the free and unestablished Churches of Canada and the United States will not have to go through: their dangers in this respect are over, and we have reason to hope that the other danger of isolation, which seemed but a few months ago to threaten them, has been averted, if not wholly destroyed, by the Synod at Lambeth. The decrees of the National, Provincial, and Diocesan Synods in every National, Provincial, or Diocesan Church, must be subjected to the decisions of the Synod of Bishops of the Anglican Communions, which will now, we trust, meet from time to time, and there will then be no fear, lest any Church should, by an ill considered act, cut itself off from membership with the Church Catholic. We know too well what such isolation has done for Protestant Germany; how Lutheranism and Calvinism have ended in unavowed, or even in far too many cases, avowed infidelity, and we know also that this must be the lot of any Church or Community which is severed from the one Holy Apostolic Church. This is no fancied danger, from which we may hope we are delivered, although perhaps very few members of the Churches of Canada, even among those who are delegates to their Synods, have at all considered or realized it.

The Church of England has lost in Bishop Lonsdale, Bishop of Lichfield, one whose gentleness, tact, and piety, so long known in his diocese, but a few weeks since shone forth over the whole world in his presidency of the Wolverhampton

Congress. Few can fail to feel that an earnest Bishop, who was above party influences, and whose work for good in this Church was so unceasing and zealous, is at this time a very great loss to her; and after the appointment of the Rev. A. Boyd to the Deanery of Exeter, vacated by Lord Middleton, it is a matter of anxiety whether the present Government will give to the Diocese a man really fitted to be, in such times of difficulty, a chief ruler of the Church. Most heartily we sympathize with the Spirit of the Prayer, which the Council of the English Church Union has put forth for the use of members of the English Church, "that God would so dispose and govern the heart of "Victoria, our Queen, her advisers and all others, who are privileged to take "part in the nomination, election, confirmation and consecration of Bishops, that "they may have grace to make a wise choice, one pleasing to Our Almighty "Lord God, and conducive to his glory, and honour, and the advantage of His "Church."

The Congress at Wolverhampton, at which the moderation of the late Bishop Lonsdale shone so conspicuously, was in every respect a success; in fact it is now almost needless to say of a Congress that it is a success; the facilities of travelling in England are so great, that anything of the kind, which depends mainly upon the numbers gathered, is sure to succeed. And a Church Congress, at this time, when so deep an interest is felt in Church matters, is sure not to be behind hand in point of a full attendance. The Congress at Wolverhampton was especially brilliant, from the number of Bishops who gathered there from all parts of the world. Men who have been witnessing long for the faith of Christ in distant colonies of the vast British Empire, or in the United States of America, met there with their brethren at home for mutual support and discussion; such a meeting could not fail to be alike important and interesting. At the same time doubts have been thrown upon the advisability of a yearly Church Congress; for it is said that it rather tends to draw away the minds of men, and especially the Clergy from the routine of home duties, and to accustom them too much to spiritual excitement. The true field for work that now takes place in these miscellaneous gatherings, is in the Diocesan Synods of the Clergy and Laity, which, if necessary, might be strengthened and supplemented by occasional Congresses, at which the work done in the Synods of the various dioceses might be gathered up, and perhaps reviewed and criticized. Such is the view advocated in "The Churchman," and which certainly needs consideration, inasmuch the substitution of responsible for irresponsible gatherings is in itself a gain to the Church, and would afford a very important benefit to every diocese in which such Synods should be held.

We learn by the last papers from England that the Rev. W. J. Butler, vicar of Wantage, who was elected Bishop of Pietermeritzburg, in the room of Dr. Colenso, deposed by Bishop Gray, Metropolitan of South Africa, has refused to accept the Bishopric. It is said that this course was taken on the suggestion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Oxford; and, further, it is

reported that his refusal has been made on personal grounds, and not because the diocese of Natal is not considered to be vacant. It is understood that the Archbishop of Canterbury is in favour of an early consecration, inasmuch as there are no legal difficulties to be surmounted; the new bishop will be consecrated as the bishop of a free and voluntary body in communion with the Church of England, but not in communion with that body of which Dr. Colenso claims to be the chief pastor. The only possible difficulties lie in the necessary provision to be made for the new bishop, and in the possession of the Churches and other properties in the colony. It may be that these may remain for a time at least in possession of the Colensoites, but there is not in this fact a sufficient reason for not appointing a bishop, who shall keep together the scattered flock of Christ, and preserve them from the wiles of the arch heretic.

At a meeting of the Leeds Church Institute, which was held on the 6th of November, the Earl of Carnarvon, who in his late position of Colonial Secretary rendered by his speeches such important aid to the Colonial Church in the matter of Letters Patent, made an excellent speech on the present aspect of affairs in the Church of England. He spoke plainly about the evils of sectarianism, and the tendency it exhibits to subdivision; and he told his hearers, what many among them, perhaps, would do well to lay to heart, that there is no rest to be obtained among dissenters; they are incessantly changing, incessantly subdividing. The Baptist sect has divided into five sections; the Wesleyan denomination (to quote the speaker's words) after an existence of scarcely a century, has divided itself into nine. And as it ever is that when some ancient and stately forest tree is cut down, there spring up in its stead an endless diversity of wild flowers, gay and attractive and brilliant, yet lasting but for a brief space, and then decaying and dying away, so it is true that if the true Church of Christ is weakened or perishes, then spring up an endless variety of sects, transitory by the very terms of their foundation, soon to die and give place to others, or leave the ground utterly barren, a home for misery and sin. But it seems to us that the speaker erred very grievously, wher he expressed his view that the noble tree of which he spoke, the Church, the Catholic Church of England, would be cut down by being disestablished. None can doubt the loss, the loss to the Church, and the yet greater loss to the nation, which would be gained by such a step; but her best and heartiest members, nay all her members who are so in any and every degree of sincerity and truth, do not belong to her because she is established, but because she is a real and true and living branch of the One Holy and Apostolic Church, founded by our Lord and Saviour upon earth. All such would still abide in the Vine, which would not by being deprived of its state emoluments and position, be thereby severed from the one stem and root. Nor would the differences of opinion, which now exist in the Church of England, necessarily rend her one whit more were she disestablished; the result might be rather the contrary, that her members would be drawn more together, as in the presence of a common danger. How otherwise does the Church hold together here in Can-

ada? Is it not true that though we may differ in view even upon well nigh vital points, yet we all continue in communion with her, whom we feel to have in her the spiritual authority delegated by Christ to His Apostles. Lord Carnarvon spoke in decided and well merited condemnation of that large, and perhaps increasing section of the English Church, which while it holds keenly on to the establishment, desires to eliminate from the Church all its spirituality, to extract from it all its dogmatic teaching, everything that savours of creed, everything which in the view of the noble Earl and of ourselves also, "gives to the Church its vital and animating spirit." They would convert the Church into "an ecclesiastical department of the Civil office," and we are heartily glad to find a layman, and one who is well acquainted both with the past history and present relations of Church and State, expressing himself in such clear notes, and in such well chosen words, about that party which he says he would term sceptics, but that they are as "earnest as crusaders" in the propagation of their creed, which is after all only a mere negation of belief.

The "American Churchman" has of late been speaking plainly about the deep need which exists in the United States for a "Revival of Religion." They deplore the coldness which has numbed, and still is numbing every Church work among them, the prejudice and conventionality, the party feeling and party systems, which having sprung from the great want of spirituality, are ever tending to propagate the evil from which they sprung. We cannot read the bold and earnest words, and appeals, which are thus made to Churchmen in the United States, without feeling that there is no less need to reiterate them here: the Church here is cold and dead, oppressed by lethargy or overridden by party faction, narrow in the extreme, blind to her true position, and her manifest duties. We too want a religion for men; we want the truth spoken in a manly, fearless and divine spirit, which shall appeal to the hearts and conscience of those who are emphatically men. Narrow schemes, half truths, timorous time-serving repel such; if the Church among us is ever to flourish, and to be strong, if she is ever to present to Christ as once of old, a martyr throng, strong in their faith even to death, she must preach in a far different strain. Who would dare to die for the narrow wavering view of Christianity, watered down in order to suit every one, which we now teach. We would not die for it ourselves, nay we do not even live for it, for on the first breath of opposition we trim our sails, we alter our tack, we pare down unwelcome truths, and express them in such general terms, that they come home to no one, and imagine we have been seeking peace, while we are daubing the wall with untempered mortar! And what do we gain thereby? Is it not true that the world sneers at us, and holds us in contempt, for the very reason that we yield to their clamours. And do we not fully deserve their contempt, seeing that we have more fear of men before our eyes than fear of God? While the laity feel that the clergy dare not suffer for the truths they preach, are they likely to be willing to practise self-denial? Are they likely to be willing to give up their pleasures, to change their lives, while the

priests ministering at the altar do not set them the example? But once let them feel that the religion we preach, "is a thing of strength and power, a thing to toil and fight for, an high heroic cause for the best heart and brain to live and die for," and there will be no lack of Saxon hands and hearts, ready to toil and to fight for it. We must preach the Gospel, whole and entire, and still more we must live the Gospel, and it will not be found then that the divine message has lost its power. Evangelical preaching in all its fulness, evangelical life in all its purity and devotedness, are the great wants of our Church at this its time of trial. If we can do nothing else, we can pray that God would send His Spirit upon his Church, and revive his work; we can pray, as we look round upon the fields white unto the harvest, that the Lord of the Harvest send forth labourers into His Harvest.

THE TRIAL.

I did not weep—tears were denied,
When first I saw my sire dead,
But—standing, silent, by his side,
I gazed upon his narrow bed.

I looked upon his marble face—
I took in mine his icy hand—
Then—gently laid it in its place—
But, tears were not at my command.

I, stooping, pressed my lips upon
His cold, but, else, unaltered brow—
Still, did not weep—but, all alone,
I felt—as I feel even now.

I tried to think death could not be—
He did but sleep—but, ah, how vain—
The coldness of that brow, to me,
Was what would never wake again.

For hours, upon his settled face,
I sought, as others yet will seek,
The only solace left, to trace
Resemblances, however weak.

And still I gazed—so silent, gazed,
It seemed as if my being took
Its tone from the cold image glazed
In eyes that ne'er their last could look.

When busying memory brought to bear
The sunnier tint each feature wore,
When sweet affection's smile was where
Affection's smile would bloom no more.

I thought upon the tender hours,
When those mute lips were wont to dwell
So beautifully on the flowers,
The fields, and things above as well.

I thought of how that pulseless breast
Had glowed with honor's holiest flame,
How fondly he on *me* impressed
To ever keep my own the same.

Then, all that good that grace implies,
A thousand deeds of kindness done,
Like ghosts of memory, seemed to rise,
And pass before me, one by one.

That in so solemn, sad, a scene
A taint of self reproach should be!—
I felt—perhaps, I had not been
As kind to him, as he to me.

Ah, that was more than heart could stand,
My tear strained eyes at once ran o'er—
I took, again, his icy hand
In mine, and——I can write no more.

FRANK JOHNSON.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE.

The rapidly increasing requirements of the Junior Department having rendered necessary the establishment of an additional Boarding House, our readers will be glad to hear that the Rev. W. H. Prideaux, M.A., Senior Assistant Master (whose arrival from England was noticed in our last number), has taken a large and commodious house, which will be ready for the reception of Boarders after the ensuing Christmas Vacation. Mr. Prideaux's long experience in some of the best schools in England gives him a claim to public support, which will, no doubt, be speedily recognized. We are also informed that arrangements may be made with Mr. Prideaux for securing private tuition in the higher branches of Classics, including composition, to pupils who may require preparation either for the English Public Schools and Universities or for any similar object.

Circumstances, which we are unable to avoid, compel us to give the November and December issues of the *Students' Monthly* in the form of a double number.

We publish a few extracts from Old Magazines, reserving for the coming year several contributions, both in prose and in verse, which we have received during the past month.

We regret to learn, from various sources, that an idea prevails, to some extent, that the responsibility involved in the publication of articles in the *Students' Monthly* rests upon the authorities, in general, and upon the Principal, especially, of the College.

We wish to have it distinctly understood that such is not the case. Although the College has made use of us as an advertizing medium; although we have upon our title page its arms, and have from time to time published matter relative to it; we have had no official connection with either the Institution or its officers.

We have always received a friendly support; but further than this no connection exists. All responsibility rests upon the Editor alone, who is the proper recipient of all censure.

Contents of the 1*st No. of the "Lennoxville Magazine."*

A Lord of the Creation, in four parts.—Part 1, Chaps. I and II.
The Church in Britain to the time of Augustin, in two parts.—Part I.
A Terrible Night, from the French of Bénédict de Révoil.
A Neglected Art.

In the 1st No. will also be published the 1st part of a thrilling narrative of adventures in South Africa; an interesting account of a visit to the Gaspé Coast; and other readable matter in prose and verse.

The "*Lennoxville Magazine*" will be for sale at Dawson Bros., Montreal; and Middleton and Dawson, Quebec.