

THE LENNOXVILLE MAGAZINE.

THE BRERETONS.

CHAPTER IV.

AS Maud quitted her post of observation on the knoll, and descended amongst untrodden growths of bracken, she was hidden from view herself, and also lost sight of the person she was going to meet, for the ferns towered above her head. But this was the case for a short distance only, and within a few seconds she emerged on the beaten track, and found herself face to face not with her brother, but with Mr. Carlton. He was standing at one end of the pathway, and was waiting evidently for her.

Disappointment and vexation were legible in Maud's countenance. For a moment she remained motionless, neither attempting to go forwards nor caring to return. Then bowing coldly she turned homewards.

Mr. Carlton advanced and holding out his hand, said gravely, "pray do not go away without speaking to me. I know I am not the person you either intended or expected to see, and I feel truly sorry for your disappointment. But, indeed, I am not to blame, as you will soon know. The fact is, (and here he looked round, fearful lest he should be overheard,) I am the bearer of a letter to you from your brother. There it is." He paused, for Maud had become deadly pale. "You had better not stand in the damp, Miss Brereton. If you will allow me I will walk with you in the direction of your house."

"Go on with your story, pray," said Maud, "you have seen Frank. Where is he? Why did he not come himself this evening?"

"Do not be alarmed. He is still in the neighbourhood, and I do not think he will leave it without seeing you. He did not come to-night because he thinks he is watched, and as he does not wish to bring you into trouble with your father, he has resolved to remain in concealment for a few days. But, I believe, his letter explains everything," replied Mr. Carlton.

"Here is papa," interrupted Maud, "he has returned earlier than he intended, and he must be coming to look for me."

"I do not think he has seen us yet, and as I am sure he will not like

to speak to me, who am still a comparative stranger to him, I will wish you good evening, Miss Brereton," returned Mr. Carlton, and he held out his hand. For one instant he retained Maud's as he said, "you may be sure I will use all my influence with your brother, to induce him to remain here until you have seen him again. Do not fail to come here to-morrow and the following days at the same hour, and perhaps he will meet you."

Then they parted; Maud moved quickly towards the edge of the wood and out into the evening light without once turning round. Mr. Carlton, after he had shaken hands, plunged into the bracken forest, whence, himself concealed from any but the closest observation, he could watch the young heiress's retreating steps. He watched until she and her father were out of sight, and then set out in the direction of a neighbouring village.

"You finished your business earlier than you expected, papa, did you not?" asked Maud, as she joined Mr. Brereton.

"Yes, my dear, I am at home earlier than I intended. But the thought of leaving you so long alone weighed on my mind, and as the rest of my business can be as well done to-morrow, I preferred coming home to letting you remain solitary for so many hours," and Mr. Brereton glanced sideways at his daughter.

She saw nothing, and only replied, "I am very sorry you hurried home on my account."

Mr. Brereton made no reply, and the pair walked back to the house in silence, each buried in his own reflections.

"I wonder whether he saw me talking to Mr. Carlton. If he did I wonder whether he minded it," thought Maud.

"I wonder whether that meeting with Carlton was chance, or whether it was prearranged? I wonder whether she has any suspicion that I know Frank is in the neighbourhood, or whether she has seen him herself," pondered Mr. Brereton.

In the course of the evening after an hour's silence, during which he had sat with closed eyes, Mr. Brereton turned suddenly to Maud, who thought he was asleep, and said, "Frank was very fond of your mother, wasn't he?"

The colour flushed into Maud's face in spite of the strong effort she made to keep herself composed, and her heart beat so violently that it almost choked her as she replied: "Yes, papa, he would have come many a mile to see her again, I dare say, if he were asked?"

"I am sure he would. No exertion would seem great to him. He loved her so dearly."

"Do you think he would come to the funeral, if he were invited?"

"I am certain of it," returned the girl confidently.

"Could you let him know that it will take place on Tuesday?"

"I would try, papa."

"Then you know where he is," exclaimed Mr. Brereton, rising from his chair, and standing up before his daughter, while the colour flushed into his face in his turn.

"I do *not* know where he is," replied Maud.

"Then how could you let him know I expected him on Tuesday?"

"I did not say I could, I said I would try," returned Maud, who had regained her composure. "Do you wish me to do so?"

"No," and Mr. Brereton sank down again into his chair, baffled.

"I suppose I must be mistaken, yet I certainly thought I heard his voice yesterday, and Maine declares he saw him in the wood." 'Tis so, the girl is deeper than I gave her credit for," he reflected.

As soon as she could do so, without exciting her father's observation, Maud retired to her room and carefully locked the door. Then she drew her brother's letter from her pocket, and read as follows:

DEAR MAUD,

I shall send this letter under cover to Mr. Carlton, and beg him to deliver it himself into your hands, and so he will meet you in the wood this evening instead of me. I hope you won't be vexed. I dare not write to you by post, for fear the letter might be intercepted.

You will wonder what I mean by all this, so I will tell you plainly. I am watched. Last night when you were talking to my father, I escaped from the house without being seen, but as I turned into the wood, I met Maine—you know the bookkeeper who, in old days, always hated me. He stared hard at me, and I suppose two years and a moustache have not so altered me as to make me unrecognizable. At any rate, he followed me at a respectful distance, now and then going by bye roads and corners, but never letting me out of his sight for above a few yards at any time. He tracked me through the village, so I turned into a shop—a new one—where I was sure no one would know me, and when I came out he had disappeared, nor could I find him again. Suddenly it occurred to me that I would consult Mr. Carlton. You remember he came to the curacy at Brereton shortly after I left home, and he was very kind to me then in more ways than you know of. So seeing no one near I went to his house. He was at home, and I spent half an hour with him. When I went out, who should I see but Maine lounging about!

I was resolved to see whether I was the person he was waiting for.

and therefore made all kinds of *detours*, and always found the fellow kept me in view, but at a certain distance. Then I set off to run as hard as I could, and for the second time in my life my athletic capabilities have stood me in good stead. I distanced him, reached the wood in the neighbourhood of Windmouth, and remained there concealed until it was perfectly dark. Then I set out for the town, and found lodgings for the night.

This morning I went out, and again found men dogging my steps. At last I have managed to escape them. I shall not tell you where I am, lest my father should question you. Now you can plead perfect ignorance as to my whereabouts. I shall, probably, not go away without seeing you. Meantime go to the place we fixed for to-night—every evening at five o'clock, until you hear something more from me. Only carefully avoid getting into any trouble on my account. That is now the only thing I am afraid of.

Your affectionate brother,
F. BRERETON.

Maud read and re-read her brother's letter, wondering whether it was possible that her father had heard that he was in the neighbourhood, and had set men on his track; wondering whether she could help in any way to soften his feelings with regard to Frank. That they had hitherto undergone no change she felt perfectly convinced. One thing she certainly could and would do. She would go to the wood every evening at the appointed time and look for her brother.

On the following day, Mr. Brereton, telling Maud that he must finish his business at Windmouth, left her, promising to be home by half-past six. This arrangement suited Maud admirably, for it not only gave her time to go to the wood, but would enable her also to be at home in time to receive her father on his return.

Five o'clock found her stationed on the knoll of the wood, watching and waiting.

Watching and waiting! What a vista of dreariness and hopelessness those words open out! Who cannot recal some epoch in his life, when he has looked and longed, and prayed for something which never came? Something, perchance, which God in His infinite mercy saw fit to deny, but the thought of which for a while filled the whole soul of the watcher with pain or pleasure, as hope or despair gained the upper hand. With most the aching void is after a while filled with some other object, equally perhaps, but differently cherished. And well it is that but few know by little experience what is described as the depth of man's misery,

"Not to fear because all is taken,
Is the loneliest depth of human pain."

And Maud waited in vain. And as a quarter to six sounded from the turret clock, she turned and moved sadly homewards. Just entering the wood, she perceived her father. He had come to meet her, and as he said so, he looked curiously round, but seeing no one, he offered his arm to his daughter.

"It is not often, papa, that you get through your business more quickly than you expect."

"No, my dear, it is not." And as this answer was not calculated to elicit any further reply the conversation dropped.

CHAPTER V.

So the days dragged wearily on. Evening after evening Maud set out for her walk in the wood, comparatively light of heart—for was there not a possibility that she might see Frank? And evening after evening she returned home sad and disappointed. Once in the distance she perceived the tall slight figure of Mr. Carlton, and her heart throbbed with anxious hope. He saw her too and quickened his steps, but before he could reach her Maine lcomed into view, so merely raising his hat he passed on. But at the same moment he let a note fall from his hand amongst the ferns.

Maud walked carelessly forwards past the spot where the letter lay, then appearing to change her mind, she returned and seated herself on a bed of bracken, where, judging from the manner in which she bent over them, she seemed to have discovered some beautiful or interesting botanical specimens.

Immediately afterwards Maine came up to her, bearing a message from her father. Maud looked up quietly enough from the leaves she was arranging, and her gentle "thank you, Mr. Maine," went to the heart of the rough man, for it had a soft place after all, where once an image very fair to him had had a place.

"That girl with her angel's face and soft voice is enough to turn any fellow's head!" he muttered as he left her. "I could almost find it in my heart to give up the search if she would only ask me. Yet the reward is great if we do find him!"

"How strange it is that whenever I come here either that man or my father think it necessary to come and look for me!" pondered Maud. "Can papa suspect me?"

What became of the note? Maud gathered it up with her ferns and carried it with them to her own room. It contained news of Frank but it was not from him. It was from Mr. Carlton, who wrote with many

apologies. He wished in some sort to relieve Miss Brereton's mind. He had seen and spoken with her brother, and had made him promise not to leave the neighbourhood without seeing her. That was all.

So the days dragged on drearily enough, until that last, weariest, saddest of all,—when she who had been to Maud “her dearest, first on earth,” was to be buried out of her sight.

I will not tax the reader's patience with a detailed account of the arrangements for the funeral. It shall suffice to say that no expense was spared, that everything was done with a considerate regard for the feelings and comfort of the guests; that friends came in large numbers to condole with the disconsolate widower; that half the country sent their carriages to join in the procession, and, in short, Mr. Brereton was entirely satisfied with the successful carrying out of his schemes, and that he repeatedly assured Mr. Wellby, the undertaker, that he might depend upon him for a recommendation.

One thing, only, caused him a shade of annoyance. Lord Ashburton declined to come to the house; he would meet the funeral party at the church.

Maud and her father drove there alone, and the young drooping figure, draped in deep mourning, drew down upon it many a pitying glare. But although she was the object of such compassionate observation, Maud was unconscious of it, for she never raised her eyes, and the only sign she gave of emotion was at the instant when the earth fell with a hollow sound upon the lid of the coffin, as the priest pronounced the doom of all flesh: “ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.”

Then Maud shuddered, but no more, and she “neither moved nor wept,” until she found Lord Ashburton at her side, begging she would allow him to conduct her to the carriage.

She looked up as she was about to answer him, and opposite to her, though at some distance, stood Frank. He was watching her steadily, as if anxious to see how far he might trust her powers of self-restraint. These were taxed to the uttermost in order to repress even a start of surprise and pleasure. But her habit of self-control gained the victory, and the only sign she gave was that the colour flushed slightly into her cheeks. This, however, was of no consequence, for her thick veil effectually concealed any such manifestation of feeling.

At this instant Mr. Brereton turned round, and said to Lord Ashburton: “May I consign my daughter to your keeping for a few moments, as I find there is some difficulty in connection with our family vault?” and he moved off.

“You will be safer in the carriage, Maud,” whispered his lordship, offering her his arm, and as he said so Frank joined his sister.

"I said I would not go away without seeing you, so I am come. I must say good-bye for a long time."

"Why for so long a time?" enquired Maud.

"I am going out of the country, I leave England to-morrow," was the reply.

"Oh Frank! where are you going? Where are you staying now?" cried Maud eagerly.

They had by this time reached the carriage, and as soon as Maud had seated herself inside, Lord Ashburtown withdrew a few steps, so that brother and sister might be alone. "Don't be afraid," he said to Frank, as he turned away, "I will be on the lookout for your father and will let you know when he is coming in time for you to make your escape."

"Frank, tell me where you are staying," urged his sister.

"With Lord Ashburtown. He has been most kind to me, and fully believes in my innocence: although he has nothing but my own assertions to go upon."

"I don't doubt your innocence for a moment, but let me hear you say once, with your own lips, that you are free from blame."

"By heaven, I swear I'm not guilty, Maud."

"Thank you. Now tell me where you are going?"

"I am going to Canada with my regiment. But you may spare yourself the trouble of trying to trace me out by seeing what regiment sails to-morrow. You will not find my name on any army list," returned Frank with a sneer.

"You must go, Frank. Your father is in sight," interrupted Lord Ashburtown, hastening back to the carriage.

"There he is; good-bye, Maud. Whatever you do, do not betray me," cried Frank, seizing his sister's hand, and almost crushing it in his eagerness.

"Good-bye, Frank; write to me," replied Maud, but he was gone; and she only saw her father, his face red with excitement, enquiring whether his lordship thought everything had gone off well.

She saw and heard no more, for she was straining her eyes to catch a glimpse of her brother, who had disappeared, probably into his friend's carriage; for Lord Ashburtown persistently declined to accept Mr. Brerton's invitation that he would accompany him home. "You know the place looks a little dreary, and Maud there looks dreary enough in that sweeping black dress, and with those pale cheeks. Most of our guests are returning with us; indeed you had better think better of it and come."

His lordship still refused to change his mind, and the Breretons turned homewards.

"Maud," said Mr. Brereton, suddenly looking full into her face, as he asked the question, "Maud, who was that tall young man who was talking to you at the door of the carriage?"

"He was a friend of Lord Ashburton's, I think, papa."

"What was his name?"

"He was not introduced to me."

"Well, I do call it great presumption to allow a man to talk to my daughter, and neither to mention his name to her or to me, but it is just like Ashburton. And the fellow was ashamed of it himself, for he bolted as soon as he saw me!" fumed Mr. Brereton.

Here, to Maud's great relief, the conversation dropped. Presently her father began again.

"Did it occur to you, Maud, that that man was like anybody you have ever seen?"

"Yes," returned Maud, after a moment's hesitation, in which it might be fairly surmised that she was endeavouring to recall the faces of her friends. "Yes, papa, now you mention it, I do think he was a little bit like Frank. Don't you, papa?" Then, as if she were still considering the subject, she added, "only he had a moustache."

Mr. Brereton was completely at fault.

"It is clear she knows nothing of the boy, and therefore she can't know where he is," thought Mr. Brereton, "as she would never have dared to answer me so. She is too meek, too much like her mother."

Mr. Brereton imagined he understood his daughter's character. He was incapable of feeling what a power a great and deeply tried affection may exercise over an habitually yielding disposition.

As Maud showed no inclination for conversation, Mr. Brereton relapsed into a good-humoured silence, which lasted until they came in sight of Brereton House, when he uttered a sigh of relief, and an exclamation of "Thank Heaven. The blinds are drawn up at last!"

As Maud got out of the carriage, her father raised her veil and kissed her forehead. "You will come down stairs and see the visitors as soon as you have taken your things off?" he said.

But Maud pleaded a severe headache, and retired to her room until the evening, when she knew her father would be alone.

WIND OF THE SOUTH.

Wind of the South! hast thou stolen the breath of the blossoming heather

Fresh from the land I left, never again to return?

Bringing me back the days when walking over the hill side

Many a time we met, we who shall meet not again.

There are the Myrtles still, there twine the clambering roses

Garden and granite cliff, there are they still as of old!

There by a wine dark sea, dark bloom Constantia's vineyards!

There are the tall black ships moored in the mirroring wave!

Changeless when all is changed, and fair as last I beheld them

Faintly, with farewell gaze, over the heave of the sea—

Bringing me back the thoughts and the days that are, and that are not,

Seen through the torrent's mist, heard through the cataract's roar.

C. PELHAM MULVANY.

A LORD OF THE CREATION.

PART III.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Miss Kendal, in a few terse sentences, expressed her opinion as to the convenances of flirting in general, at whatever places or seasons. Madame de Vigny listened with dutiful attention. At the finish, she came close to her monitress, and looked up at her with a coaxing smile.

"Ah! don't be cross with me. Nobody ever is—nobody ever used to be, you remember. I don't mean any harm by my flirting; it is bigger in English than in French, I think. Nobody is frightened of it in France."

Miss Kendal did not appear absolutely convinced by this argument. She looked grave and thoughtful. And her vivacious companion seemed to have caught the infection of her seriousness. She sat silently on the ottoman at Miss Kendal's feet, her pretty face leaning on her hand. At last she looked up with a sigh.

"I could believe I was twelve years old again, learning my lessons, as I used to do. O, dear old *gouvernante*, I wish it was true!"

She laid her cheek against the "dear old *gouvernante's*" lap. A kind hand was laid on her shining hair. Very kind, loving, yet regretful eyes were bent upon her.

"My dear, the past is for none of us; the present is for all; and it is enough. Take care of it."

Two or three days afterwards, Madame de Vigny and Miss Kendal called at Redwood. They were shown into the drawing-room. Miss Maturin was with Mr. Hesketh, who, the servant said, was not so well as he had been the day before. This was all; but Miss Kendal sighed, and appeared restless, as was her wont, when she was seriously troubled. Blanche's light chatter, as she glanced observantly about the room, at the pictures, the statuettes, the books, and music, seemed discordantly out of season. Blanche herself looked almost cruelly brilliant, blooming, and gay, as she stood on tiptoe to examine more nearly a very pretty water colour sketch of Caroline, executed six or seven years back. She indulged in many little admiring exclamations in French and English, and finally turned to Miss Kendal.

"O! your Caroline must be vraiment belle comme un ange. I wish she would come."

"Moderate your expectations," said the elder lady, in her most laconic manner. "She is not at all like an angel, and still less un ange."

The door opened, but it gave entrance, not to the expected Caroline, but to Vaughan. Of him, so soon as the usual greetings were over. Miss Kendal precipitately inquired particulars regarding his uncle. His tone was far more satisfactory than the servant's had been. The invalid had not slept quite so well, but was otherwise as usual. The doctor was now with him.

"And Caroline?"

"Pretty well. She looks pale and tired sometimes; she is such an indefatigable nurse."

So far Vaughan had acquitted himself faultlessly. His air was easy and courteous: his voice had the precise inflection of seriousness, and no more, that was suitable to the tenor of the words. The shade of gravity still subdued his face as he turned to Madame de Vigny with some more indifferent remark. Evidently he was master of himself for the time. He had been taking into rigorous discipline those rebellious, vagrant feelings which had nearly betrayed him. With desperate bravery he even dared to encounter the same power which had vanquished him awhile before. Fearlessly, he seated himself near the syren, looked at her,

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listened to her, conversed with her. It was perilous. The very atmosphere that surrounded Blanche de Vigny was one of witchery, most alluring and enchanting; and the alloy of sophistication, which, to many men, would have been an antidote to the charm of all the rest, was not so to Vaughan. Perhaps his instinct was not subtle enough to detect it, perhaps his taste was not sufficiently refined to object to it. Be that as it may, Madame de Vigny, with her dainty prettiness, her finished grace and elegance, her fascinations without number, was to Vaughan Hesketh absolutely and imperiously irresistible. By every turn of her head, every dimple in her cheek, every varied glance of her dark eyes, now shy, now saucy, now half-averted, and again turned full upon him in bewildering radiance, by every smallest gesture or movement, she drew him to her as by a glamour most potent and most tyrannical. He had not sat beside her five minutes before the chains were writhing about him. He had neither the strength nor the desire to escape from them. Every other consideration gave way to the one selfish, and, therefore, sufficing delight of looking at her, basking in her smiles, yielding to the delirious magic of her presence.

To be sure, there was no immediate demand made upon his prudence. Miss Kendal was poring over some old books at a side table, and, as for the conversation that was passing between himself and Madame de Vigny, the whole world might have taken notes of it, without at all disconcerting either of them. But, when Caroline entered, the state of affairs changed. Madame de Vigny rose, and eagerly advanced towards her. Miss Kendal was beforehand, however, and already held her old pupil by the hand. A very informal introduction took place, and the young girl and the brilliant woman greeted each other cordially and kindly.

But poor Caroline! she stood facing her new acquaintance, admiring with enthusiastic and innocent delight her beauty and grace. Quite unmindful, quite unconscious of herself, poor, worn, and wind-blown wildflower, she gazed on the attractions of this perfectly-cultivated, luxuriously-cared-for blossom, and never thought how its brilliance made herself look doubly faded and forlorn. For, truly, she was both. Undue confinement to the house, and the continuous though hardly recognized weight of care and responsibility, had stolen the roses from Carry's fresh cheek, had subdued the brightness of her smile, and had left dark marks, as of fatigue or exhaustion, under her eyes. Her dress, too—more adapted for a sick chamber than for the drawing-room—lacked all the grace and exquisite finish of the other's. Madame de Vigny's silk robe, with its delicate embroidered trimming, her velvet and miniver, the

innumerable little charming *agremens* of her toilet, put out of countenance Caroline's plain and plainly-fashioned merino dress, with its simple collar, and skirt innocent of flounces.

But nothing could alter the true, sweet, frank nature which, alike independent of physical ailment as of external and adventitious aids, shone from her face, and was eloquent in her voice and manner. Her honest admiration of Madame de Vigny was sufficiently evident, and the lady, spoiled beauty though she was, could hardly be insensible to its pleasant flattery. Besides, all the better and more real sympathies of her own nature were at once attracted to Caroline. So they "made friends," as the children say, at once; while Vaughan bit his lip in silence, as he looked on, and Miss Kendal waited contentedly for a future opportunity of private conference with her favourite.

Caroline herself was the first to make it. Leaving her new acquaintance examining a volume of music at the pianoforte, she came to Miss Kendal, and leaned over her chair.

"My uncle heard you were here. He begged you would not go away without seeing him."

"I will go at once, my dear."

Vaughan, engaged in watching Madame de Vigny, and in listening to the faint sotto voice in which she was singing to herself as she looked over the music—Vaughan heard nothing of this brief snatch of dialogue. He was rather surprised to see Miss Kendal leave her chair, and, leaning on Caroline caressingly, walk down the long room to the door, deep in low-voiced talk. Then Miss Kendal disappeared, and Caroline came back to the pianoforte, and to the fair student, who still bent over her book, and hummed her little tunes to herself, in the same dainty sotto voice as before.

They resumed their talk. Vaughan leaned back on his sofa, watched them, but interfered not. Once or twice, Caroline, out of the fulness of her heart, smiled at him a bright smile of exultation. It was a new pleasure that she was enjoying, and after so long a season of much loneliness and anxiety, it came with refreshing zest. But Vaughan could not command himself to answer her smile; he sat, dull and apparently impassive, only speaking when appealed to, as he was sometimes, though rarely, by Madame de Vigny.

But the musical discussion was at an end. Blanche moved from the piano to the window. Would Miss Maturin venture out on the terrace? It looked so pleasant, and she wanted to make acquaintance with the Redwood gardens, of which she had heard so much from Mr. Hesketh.

"O, Vaughan, we must show Madame de Vigny the new American plants in the greenhouse!" cried Caroline. "Let us go at once."

Her blitheness might have won some answering gaiety from a less apathetic spirit than Vaughan's appeared to be at present. He accompanied them, however, opened doors, and shut gates, with all due attention: but still the conversation was chiefly supported by the ladies. Caroline, eager in her search after the choicest flowers to enrich the bouquet she was forming, ran to another greenhouse, leaving the others gazing on the lingering glories of some gorgeous tropical plant. Then Madame de Vigny turned her swift glance from the flower, and, looking up in her companion's face, "Qu' elle est joyeuse, your cousin! When she first came, she looked so sad and tired; and she is pale still."

She watched her, with evident curiosity and some interest. Vaughan, in turn, looked at the watcher. From her he glanced at Caroline. The contrast was striking. Now that she was no longer talking—now that the brief flush of change and pleasurable excitement had passed from her face as from her mind, a gray and heavy shade subdued her—body and spirit. The old care re-asserted its dominion, and weighed her down. She stood, arranging her flowers, under the drooping branches of the silver-birch, with the sombre line of firs rising behind, and above them the autumn clouds, ponderous, and of a dull purple color, that fitly harmonized with the rest of the picture. Poor Carry! her very step, as she came towards them again, had lost its temporarily-recovered buoyancy. It was time for her to go in again. Some particular medicine had to be administered to the patient, who loved best to receive it from her hands; and, the stable clock striking the hour, had brought back to her, as by magic, all the atmosphere of weariness and gloom, which for awhile she had almost forgotten. She could only stay to bestow her bouquet, to shake hands with the radiant Blanche, and with a parting smile, very sweet, and as cheerful as she could make it, to Vaughan, she left them.

"O, I am so sorry she is gone," said Madame de Vigny, turning to her companion. He made no reply; and presently, with a smile and a half bow, sufficiently expressive, she added, "I like her *very* much. She is fair, she is sweet, she is bien gracieuse. Je vous en felicite, Mr. Hesketh."

Mr. Hesketh retained presence of mind enough to bow in acknowledgment. But his companion laughed gaily and archly in his face.

"You are very retenu. You never said a word, but you see I have divined your secret. Do you know how? Can you guess?"

He could not guess. He presumed, in a very deep, and rather sullen tone, that she had been informed.

"O, you do wrong to my cleverness," she averred. "No, indeed; I had my suspicions from the first, it was so natural a thing—so likely. And when you began to speak, c'est à dire *not* to speak of 'your cousin, Miss Maturin,' I was sure. And so, je vous fais mes compliments."

Silence. They were pacing the broad terrace-walk at rather a brisk rate. Vaughan's eye studied the ground with persistency. The lady, alert and gay as a bird, looked around her with airy grace. Suddenly, she turned to him with a question.

"And when—when shall you be married? It is not indiscreet to ask?"

"Yes, it is indiscreet for you to ask; it would be dangerous for me to answer," he returned, hoarsely. He looked up; he let her see his face, very pale, and with a lightning-like effluence in the eyes that fixed themselves on her. "I love you! You must know it—you must see it," he muttered, beneath his breath. Apparently his companion did not hear. "I cannot tell you more—now," he went on; "some day perhaps!" A passionate ejaculation, a call—how meaningless! how mocking!—on a Name that he had no right to invoke then, at least. And Vaughan Hesketh strode fiercely and quickly from her side. Only for a few minutes, to pluck, apparently, a spray of myrtle that grew near. He came back to her, and began to talk in a totally changed tone. Did she not like the gardens? Were not the evergreens cheerful, though the other trees were now almost leafless? The myrtle, too, it was flourishing yet, it grew in such a sheltered spot. Might he offer her the spray he had just gathered?

Madame de Vigny disliked *scenes*. She had been startled and somewhat annoyed by Vaughan's sudden air of tragedy, although she was quite prepared to understand its drift. But she preferred the lighter atmosphere, the superior *convenances* of comedy. She accepted his offering with the lightest grace, the sweetest smile in the world.

"Mille remerciemens. I hope nothing troubles you? I should be very sorry."

"Would you?"

Something in his tone smote the heart of the woman; for she had one, though thickly incrustated with worldliness, love of admiration, and vanity in all forms. Perhaps, too, for the first time, the thought of Caroline in her relation to Vaughan came across her mind. Howbeit, she drew back, without looking at him; she flung away the myrtle.

"It is old and brown. Je ne l'aime pas. Do you think Miss Kendal is ready to go home?"

Not waiting for a reply, she slid past him, with something of stateli-

ness in her erect little figure. They had come into the garden by the study window; it was still open, and she walked swiftly towards it. Vaughan followed close, but she would not see his hand extended to assist her up the step. She sprang in; she hardly paused in the room, but went at once to the door leading to the hall.

Then Vaughan detained her.

"I have not displeased you? I am not so doubly, trebly miserable as that? Give me one word."

"Mr. Hesketh, vous me faites de chagrin. Permit that I pass."

"Tell me, at least——" He paused, as she flashed on him a glance of sparkling indignation. He grew desperate. His passions slipped from their control. "I swear to you," he cried, "I swear——"

"Silence, monsieur; you have no right to speak to me in this manner. I *shall* pass."

In good time sounded Miss Kendal's voice in the hall. Blanche opened the door, closed it behind her with energy, and joined her friend. She was a clever little person, and able to disguise her emotions to perfection.

"We have been walking on the terrace; it is so pleasant. I hurried away when I heard you call."

Miss Kendal, pre-occupied herself, scarcely heeded either the words or the aspect of the speaker. Had she done so, she might have penetrated beneath the apparent ease, howsoever skillfully assumed. But she led the way to the pony-chaise, which awaited them, with compressed lips and thoughtful eyes.

Blanche made one or two remarks as they drove off, to which she received very abstracted replies. At last she asked, "Mr. Hesketh—the old gentleman—is he better?"

Then, as if the spring of her meditations had been touched, Miss Kendal turned quickly, looked her blooming companion full in the face, said, "I believe I have seen him for the last time. Poor Caroline!"

No more. The lips were compressed again. Madame de Vigny averted her head without reply, and the silence continued unbroken till they reached home.

CHAPTER XI.

Vaughan Hesketh, issuing from the study some half-hour afterwards, met Dr. Barclay and the physician from London descending the stairs into the hall. Both looked grave at sight of him, and, after an awkward pause of hesitation, Dr. Barclay took him aside. "I think it well to tell you — that — that Sir —— has just seen your uncle. He

thinks (as I feared before) that a few days must terminate all. Nothing more can be done."

He was unaffectedly shocked. He had not thought his uncle's illness so serious.

The doctor went on. "Miss Maturin guesses nothing of the truth. She should be told — at once. It is impossible to say how ——"

But the great London physician waxed impatient over this consumption of his golden minutes, and the other was compelled to break off and follow him.

Vaughan was left, standing at the foot of the wide staircase, to enter into the newly-created chaos of his thoughts, and to reduce it to order as he best might. He passed in review as calmly as he could—and he was sufficiently calm now to calculate chances and probabilities—all the circumstances of his position. His uncle, he knew, had executed the will by which Redwood descended to him; but he knew well, also, that the property had been thus bequeathed in full reliance on the approaching union of Caroline and himself. Should any suspicion occur to the old man, Vaughan reflected, that aught stood in the way of that union, or that his love for the young girl was less than he fondly believed it to be, it would not be too late even then to alter the will—to his utter confusion and ruin. But then, what was it that the doctor had just now informed him? . . . The guilty exultation throbbed at his heart for an instant, but if he could not quite banish it thence, he veiled it over decently at once; it shocked his taste, if it failed to wound his conscience. And he paced up and down the broad hall; his eyes bent on the floor, muttering to himself that it was a cursed turn of fate. He wished to Heaven (in the vain *parlance* of one who never thought of, nor believed in, that which he adjured) that things had happened otherwise.

And thus he thought, calculated and planned, and five minutes—or it might have been an hour—had fled by, when a light rustling in the corridor at the head of the stairs disturbed him, and Caroline's voice called him: "Vaughan, I was about to fetch you—please come. My uncle is certainly better—he is sitting up. He would like to see you."

He hardly seemed to understand; she had to repeat the words. She looked so smiling and glad in her good news—something of the old happiness and careless grace was visible in her for the minute. She waited. He could do nothing but ascend the stairs to her side. She looked up at him with eyes dewy in thankfulness. She slipped her hand into his, poor child, in happiest, most confiding faith. The new joy took her unawares, and made her unwontedly demonstrative.

"Vaughan, I am sure he is better."

He replied something vague and not very audible about "the doctors."

"They have just gone. Did you see them? Did they say anything to you? They said not a word to me, except that he might get up if he liked. So they *must* think him stronger."

There was an earnestness in her tone, as of a yearning beginning to be felt—a yearning after corroboration and confirmation of her own hopes. But they were in the sick room now.

The old man was leaning back in his great chair. There was a light in his eye, an animation in his face, quite enough to account for Caroline's glad hopes but his voice was very weak and faint; his attitude showed painful feebleness. The revivification was, after all, more mental than physical. He beckoned them towards him. Caroline was at his side instantly, leaning over the arm of his chair with her soft cheek touching his withered, wrinkled brow. Vaughan advanced deliberately. He took his uncle's hand; in a low indistinct voice he uttered all he could find to say. Then, in obedience to the invalid's gesture, he seated himself beside him.

Mr. Hesketh looked from one to the other. "My children—my two dear children!" he said, many times over, keeping close hold of a hand of each, and pressing them in his fond clasp. Caroline, oppressed, she hardly knew why, by the unusual tenderness of his tone, stopped his lips with her quick, loving kiss. Then she began stroking his thin hand, trying not to see how very thin it had become. With a resolute effort she turned to his face again, and resumed for the time something of her olden gaiety.

"You are so brave and strong to-day; I think it is Miss Kendal who does you so much good. I am jealous of Miss Kendal—she interferes with my prerogative. I am your nurse; it is I who should make you better."

"And so you do—so you have always done, my queen—my bird—my darling!" murmured he, lavishing on her all the pet names he had been used to give her. But a restless look began to appear in his face. He put his hand to his forehead as if trying to recall something he only half remembered.

"Miss Kendal—Elizabeth Kendal—is a good woman, Caroline; I think she will always—always——" There he broke off abruptly.

Vaughan looked at him earnestly, and with a slight shade of alarm in his earnestness. "I am afraid, dear uncle, you have been talking too much this morning," he said, in a soothing careful tone. "Perhaps you will be better if you are left quiet for a time?" He half rose from his seat as he spoke, but the old gentleman detained him.

"No, no; I am quite fit—quite ready. I am going to be a man of business again for this afternoon," he said, with a new gleam in his looks, as having at last touched the right spring of recollection. "I am going to look over papers and deeds with my lawyer. Mr. Clayton is to be here at three o'clock, Caroline. Order that he is shown up to me at once."

Both his companions were startled by this intelligence. Vaughan felt a sudden shock of dismay; a sudden and imperative call upon all his prudence, caution and cleverness. Caroline disliked the idea of law business, because she feared the effect of mental fatigue on the invalid. A second thought as to the possible nature of these legal arrangements made her colour deeply, and busy herself in arranging cushions and footstool, so as to avert her face from Vaughan. There was no need for her to do so—he was not looking at *her*—he was looking at his uncle, wondering, speculating, calculating perhaps.

"I suppose, dear sir, your law business cannot be delayed?"

"Why should it be delayed?" the old gentleman asked in his turn, with almost sharp eagerness.

"Only that it is likely to tire you so much; and if you could rest to-day —"

"My dear Vaughan, it is not well to take rest till we have done what remains to do," Mr. Hesketh said, with a feeble sort of dignity, infinitely pathetic to note. "I have been easy too long—idle too long. I will set all in order now. You know —" He looked in the young man's face, and hesitated. "You know I never signed that will; I mean the altered one." He grew confused, and again paused.

"O, don't talk about these things now! Vaughan, don't let him weary himself," cried Caroline, anxiously.

But Vaughan now had his own anxieties. All was even yet, then, not safe, not secure? With a degree of fatuity that even the shrewdest are sometimes liable to fall into, Vaughan took it for granted that the will he spoke of was the one by which Redwood descended to himself. He hurriedly whispered to Caroline that it was not well to thwart him, if he wished to speak of "these things." And then, seeing that the invalid leaned back in his chair, thoughtful and silent, he bent towards him, as inviting his further communications.

"Caroline, did you tell them that Mr. Clayton was to be shown here—to my uncle—at once?" Vaughan presently asked.

She gravely assented.

Mr. Hesketh looked up, with the peculiar start as of something suddenly remembered. "Yes, my pet, tell them again. I have something to

say to—to you," he said, turning to Vaughan, while Caroline went to the bell. "You know—it was well to make it quite clear—about Redwood. You will be satisfied?"

"My dear uncle," he replied, fervently, a flush of colour coming to relieve the apprehensive pallor of his face, "can you doubt—can you question?"

"That is well—that is well;" and Mr. Hesketh returned the pressure of his hand. "So when I see my two children happy," he wandered on, "for they love one another—they love one another, Miss Kendal——" But the utterance of the name set him right. He looked up, with a half smile of courteous apology. "I forgot—I forgot. I think I am tired. Children, come here a minute. Stand there—just there—side by side. Nay, sweet, you are not frightened?" For Caroline was trembling, partly from nervous anxiety, partly from shyness. But Vaughan took her hand, and whispered to her reassuringly. He put his arms around her.

"You love her, Vaughan?" said the old man, looking at him straightly and fixedly. The gaze of those eyes, curiously bright, intensely earnest, smote the young man like a sharp weapon. He winced; the blood seemed to career madly up into his brain. He felt blinded—dizzy for the moment. But conscience held but a brief dominion. He had gathered himself together anew in another instant, cool, calm, and collected; he drew the girl closer to his heart, and bent down and kissed her brow. "I love her!" said he, and Carry, altogether broken down by a tumult of emotions, both sad, painful, and sweet, drooped her head on to his arm, and cried quietly. For a little while Mr. Hesketh looked at them both. He clasped within his own their joined hands.

"I have said 'God bless you' many a time, without thinking for *whose* blessing it was I asked. But now I think I know better what it means. God bless you; I suppose no one deserves his blessing. But try——" The low, musing tone faded into silence.

Never before had Mr. Hesketh spoken with such solemnity on such a subject. Caroline was awed. Vaughan felt embarrassed: he thought it was time for this scene to end. He was relieved when Caroline gently disengaged herself from his arm, and ran to the door to answer a low-tapped summons. "It is Mr. Clayton," she said, coming back to them.

The old gentleman raised himself in his chair. "I am ready—I am ready," he called out impatiently. "Bid him come."

Vaughan, equally impatient, turned to leave the room.

"Yes," the invalid went on, with nervous haste, "you and Caroline can go, but tell Mr. Clayton——"

Here Mr. Clayton entered, followed by a clerk with a deed-case. Caroline and Vaughan passed together down the stairs.

"O, I wish—I wish that man had not come. I wish we could have persuaded him to rest and be quiet for to-day. I know he will suffer afterwards."

"We have done all we could," said Vaughan, in a far more philosophical tone. "Opposition would but have irritated him. It is useless to fret, my dear Caroline."

"He was so much better."

"Those sudden improvements are generally treacherous—we must not rely too much—" the young man began, cautiously.

But Caroline's quick alarm was aroused. She turned to him with a blanched cheek. "Vaughan, O Vaughan! what do you mean?"

"Don't be so terrified. I only mean—I mean we must not be too sanguine. It is always well to be prepared for *all* possibilities. Don't you understand?"

Yes, she understood. The full tide of consciousness came in with one great, overwhelming wave. It did not need the addition of Vaughan's rapid communication of what the doctor had said to him. But he told her all.

"Did he say—no hope?" then she faltered.

"No hope."

For an instant she stood motionless as stone, then, putting her hands out as if for guidance, she tottered into the study, and with a blank, hapless look around her, sank upon a chair. There she sat, looking so white and strange, that Vaughan, in much confusion and bewilderment, looked about in a vague search for he knew not what of restorative efficacy. He found no such thing, but instead, on the floor by the window, he picked up a dainty little scarf, of some fine, fairy-like texture, embroidered in gold. A faint odour of otto of roses yet lingered about it. Had there been no other clue to its ownership, that might have decided it. But Vaughan knew at once from whose neck it had dropped. His thoughts whirled back to their old rioting ground. He clutched it eagerly; he gazed at it madly; then, after the first minute, he remembered and glanced round at Caroline. She was sitting with her face buried in her hands. He thought she was weeping. He did not hear her voice faintly, feebly calling his name. He was unmindful of everything, for the time, except of his new-found treasure, and all that was connected with it. She called him again, after a little while; then he came to her side, with some muttered words, the sense of which she failed to catch. Her poor, pale face looked pitiful indeed—the eyes were distended and

heavy, with the oppression of a woe that could find no tears; the lips were white—they moved tremulously, but made no utterance. With a sudden, sharp sob, she stretched her arms to Vaughan, as in entreating, blind reliance upon him for help, strength and comfort. Better had she put her trust in some Egyptian or Hindoo deity of wood or stone. That, at least, would not betray, though it failed to aid. But the idolatries of these civilized days are lavished on what is frailer than wood, harder than stone, while deaf and obtuse, it may be, as either.

Vaughan Hesketh was perfectly capable, had he so chosen, of assuming the semblance of the very tenderness for which poor Carry's desolate heart was yearning. *Had he so chosen*—but he felt not the slightest inclination thereto; and inclination was the guiding rule of his actions, as self-gratification was their aim and end.

Therefore he only took her hands in his, and led her to the sofa. "Lie down—you are quite overcome." And he stood over her for a minute, suggesting calm, composure, and such popular prescriptions, in the hard, dry tone of a philosopher, or a stoic, or a man of the world. He might have been either, or all of these, as he stood there uttering his sedative sentences at stated intervals. But Caroline saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing of the hollowness and mocking unreality of his looks, gestures, and tones. He was Vaughan—she loved him—she believed in him. In such a woman's nature faith and love spring from the selfsame root—they have their being and growth together—they fade and fall together. She *could* not doubt, because she loved him. She loved, as she trusted, with her whole heart. No little thing would have power to shake either the confidence or the love.

She had pressed her face against the hand that held her own. She was quite still, quite silent, till presently she raised her face, and suffered her eyes to give a long wandering gaze round the room at the familiar objects on every side, and the old man's especial chair that was placed opposite to her. Then something smote at her heart, and would not be denied. Long-drawn sobs heralded the passionate burst of tears that at once relieved and exhausted her. When they were spent, she sank back among the sofa-cushions, wearily, hopelessly.

"That is right," said Vaughan, in approbation; "rest yourself for a little while. Perhaps you could sleep."

She shook her head.

"Try; it will do you good. *Do try*," he said, anxiously; for in truth he began to feel perplexed. He had a good deal to think of—to do, perhaps—and much time had been wasted already.

"My uncle," said the pale, quivering lips, "he will want me, Vaughan, presently."

"But you had far better recruit your own strength first."

"Ah! no; don't ask me, dear Vaughan. I must go—I cannot bear to be away."

She moved restlessly from her reclining position.

"You must not go to him now, at least—Mr. Clayton is still with him now," said Vaughan, hastily.

"I forgot," she murmured, with a slight shudder of painful recollection. "That is why, then, he was so anxious for him to come. O, Vaughan—Vaughan! I cannot understand—I cannot believe——"

"I must insist on your lying down and keeping quiet. Nay, Carry, for my sake, you must," he urged, his manner passing at once from authority the most cold, to tenderness the most persuasive. "I will come and tell you when they have gone; then you shall do as you like, but don't stir now."

She closed her eyes obediently, only whispering he was to be sure and tell her.

"Of course I will. I'll go and keep watch now." He pressed her hand, and was presently gone from the room.

She lay, patient and contented with his promise; but no sleep could come to those aching eyes, no repose could be tasted by that over-wrought spirit. Her first sorrow stared her in the face; she had need to study its aspect, to make acquaintance with it as she best could. Darkly it loomed before her—icily its breath came upon her heart. Death was a dreadful visitant. She remembered dimly her only experience of it. Her own childish shrieks of agony, as they tore her from the bed whereon lay what had been her mother, rang in her ears. Her own words she had often remembered since—"I shall never see her any more! I shall never see her any more!" They set themselves to a sort of chant, to which she could not choose but listen, albeit it was terrible to her. It seemed the very utterance of despairing bereavement—and so it was. It is true that the mechanical phrase of appeal for divine help rose more than once to her lips, but the cry of her heart went not so high. The living faith was not lodged in heaven, and in this hour of darkness and of trial it went hardly with her. The instinctive consolation to which she turned was in Vaughan—Vaughan's love, Vaughan's care. Yet somehow she was cruelly conscious that even that fell short—it failed to give even a temporary peace. She felt infinitely desolate—we can all tell after what sort. Night had come to her world, and the false earthly light failed to illumine the darkness. In its shadow she vainly strug-

gled for strength—for calm. Then presently came to her the thought of her mother, whose face, but faintly remembered at other times, now rose before her, distinct in its pale, worn beauty. Alas! there was no peace written there. From parent to child had descended the conventional husk of semblance—the thing that was to stand to them in place of religion. The outward sign of an absent spiritual grace, that was all! How many have such, and only such! God's pity light on them when the hour of trouble comes! And truly we know it doth come.

Caroline lay there a long time—her hands pressed to her eyes, as if she could so shut out some of the pain that was racking her heart. The November twilight began to close in, and when she at length aroused herself, she was startled to perceive how late it must be. She looked at her watch—she had been lying there two hours. Mr. Clayton must surely be gone now, yet Vaughan had not come to her. She was perplexed, and when a servant came in to say Mr. Hesketh had been asking for her, she rose with a pang of mingled remorse and anxiety.

"Where is Mr. Vaughan?"

"In his room, miss, I believe," the man replied.

"He grieves, and he will not let me see," was her thought; and the idea of his grief was to her so touching, so pathetic, that the tears fell freely, and her own sorrow grew for the time less harsh and galling.

Yet when she entered into the sick chamber, and saw, with the new vision given by the sad, heavy consciousness of coming woe, the familiar face, the beloved grey head, then it was hard for Caroline to maintain an outside calm above that surging sea of passionate emotion, that seemed to choke her brain and deafen her ears. However, she summoned self-control. She stood beside him, leaned over him, spoke lovingly and quietly. And he was not now quick-sighted to see what in former times he would have detected at once—the livid pallor of her face—the occasional convulsive trembling of her figure, as she hung about him.

"I am content now, my queen," he said to her, with almost exulting smile. "I have finished what I had to do; I may rest now."

"That is right. Are you tired?" she compelled herself to say.

"Yes—no. No, I am not tired. I feel better, I think."

She replied nothing to this. She saw that in the very utterance of the last words a deep, solemn thoughtlessness had come over him. From it he aroused, to draw her with his feeble hands closer towards him; and when she knelt down beside him in her accustomed familiar attitude, he stroked her hair with the old caressing tenderness. Now, it seemed to break her heart in twain; but bravely she commanded herself. She answered him when he spoke, as nearly as she could in her usual cheerful

tone. He asked her to read to him. She rose alert, went to the table whereon were scattered various books. His eyes followed her.

"No, child, none of those! On the stand by the window you will see a large book—read to me out of that."

Caroline reached it down with a sort of awe. In that house the Bible was no familiar friend, no well-loved, often-sought adviser and comforter. It was but the text-book of certain formulas and conventional observances—nothing more. All beyond that was vague mystery, unsatisfying, unreal.

There are two classes of humanity whose shortcomings cry loudly for the mercy of God—professing Christians, who evade the putting into practice of their belief, and those, far fewer, far rarer, who, while mysteriously blind to the faith, live the *life* of the followers of Christ.

Mr. Hesketh had been one of these last. His past, blameless before men, had been but lifeless, dry, withered and rotten, as regarded all higher aims and aspirations. Upright, honorable, benevolent, and even capable of acts of self-denial not generally habitual to the practice of many a believer—he was all this, and yet—what a world was wanting! He had, perhaps, felt the want, many a time—what man would not?—but his life had been singularly free from those great crises which come to some of us like electric flashes, revealing at once the nothingness of earth—the might and the glory of Heaven. A great sorrow is sometimes needed to teach a man the whole meaning of his life. Human hearts are touched in divers ways: some, it would seem, are only to be smitten like rock—blasted into fragments—"earth undone," before they can be "God satisfied."

But now—the unrealities of life were fading like shadows from before the old man's eyes, and something lay beyond—something to which he had been blinded before. Yearningly he sought and tried to grasp it. Not Dives praying for a little water to cool the tip of his tongue longed more earnestly than the weak, enfeebled invalid, the sometime indifferent doubter—too indifferent, indeed, to be rightly termed a sceptic—longed now to search into the truth, truth that he had been content to carelessly pass by all his life. For, verily, though men may deliberately live without God, they cannot—cannot prepare to die without Him.

And so it came to pass that Caroline, sitting on her low stool at her uncle's feet with the Great Book spread open on her lap, read therefrom, read words that have been as healing waters of consolation to thousands of torn and bruised hearts—words that have lent strength to the helpless, courage to the weak, patience to the restless and the heart-sick.

After about an hour that her low voice had sounded gently on the

quiet of the sick room, the old man laid his hand on her shoulder—"Rest now, my pet. Put out the lamp."

She did so, and then resumed her place. He leaned back in his chair, with closed eyes, meditating many new and strange things. The fire-light flickering on his face—on the silver hair—the pale, closed eyelids—the thin lips, that ever and anon moved restlessly, as in some mute utterance of the thoughts that possessed him.

The flame-light flashed, too, on the figure of Caroline, who leaned her head between her two hands, and looked fixedly into the red heart of the fire. Her face also was very pale—the lines of the mouth were more rigid than was natural to them, and the eyes—Carry's clear, steadfast, fearless eyes!—were clouded with a kind of intent searchingness.

It might have been a long or a short time that had elapsed while the old man and the young girl each sat still and silent. But at length Mr. Hesketh spoke in a tone that startled her, it was at once so distinct and so tremulous—"Caroline! teach me—teach me a prayer."

She looked up at him almost wildly; then she drooped her head, hid her face, clasping her hands tightly before it. The cry of her newly-stirred heart arose—a yearning, entreating cry—from the very depths of the agony of a vague remorse, remorse she hardly knew for what, but none the less rending and terrible. Was it only now, that for the first time in all her life, the desire, the longing to pray came upon her, to be thus strangely echoed? The set words of many a prayer familiar to her lips rose to them, but her heart rejected them all. The sense of her ignorance, her impotence, her unworthiness, overwhelmed her—ay, and saved her.

"Caroline!" entreated the tremulous voice again.

It could not—must not be denied. But faint, low, so that the listener bent his head to catch the accents, came the first utterances.

"Our Father—Our Father, O help us!"

And with a great cry Caroline fell upon the old man's neck.

MEMORIAL LINES.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THE REV. FORMERLY CURATE
OF*.

And art thou gone, so suddenly, so soon,
Or e'er thy summer day had reached its noon ?
When last we met, who would not have felt sure,
Thy life's thread would at least with mine endure ?
Yet thou art gone, and I am left. Thine eye
Will smile no more, which smiled so cheerily ;
Thy tongue,—unwonted silence chains it now :
The dews of death have settled on thy brow.
The common lot, forsooth ! an oft told tale,
That friends friends lost untimely should bewail ;
And then perhaps forget them ! But to thee
Death's mandate came so wrapped in mystery
That I can ne'er forget it. Not a sound
Marked his approaching footstep ; all around
Reigned peace (as I in thought thy course pursue),
And health, and joy, and hopes of many a hue.
The while that darkling shadow, all unseen,
Stole near and nearer, until 'Thou hast been.'
It wrote of thee as of the ages gone ;
And one was left, all widowed and alone.
Yet mourn not, wife of yesterday, to-day
A widow, as if ruthless death a prey
For aye had made of him thou lovedst best :
For he has found, believe, a surer rest
Than aught, or wife, or child, on earth could prove,—
A loving Father's everlasting love.
Weep on, then ; but let Hope's bright rainbow hues
Unearthly tints upon thy tears diffuse.

M. O.

* was married shortly before leaving for a living in the North of England. He appeared in his usual health and was conversing with his wife, when he fell down dead without any previous appearance of illness. He was a most kind, agreeable man, and a conscientious, attentive clergyman.
* * * *English Paper.*

ON TASTE.

" Whose fate is still to yearn and not be satisfied."

THE uncertainty and variety of taste is, I suppose, universally acknowledged, if we may judge from the frequency with which the many proverbs concerning it are in every one's mouth. I do not know that it is to the physical sense they are applied most frequently, but of all our "senses" this "taste" seems to be the most capacious and wilful and unreasonable and unaccountable; the most individual and personal too, and undoubtedly the most dogmatic; brooking no contradiction, and asserting absolutely, unless put down by a stronger hand than most people think it worth while to erect against it.

In matters of sight, hearing, smell, touch, we reckon on a certain agreement with other people, and appeal to their corresponding "sense" to corroborate testimony and support assertions. These are difficulties in degree and power, indeed, and one person sees beauty of form or grace in arrangement, and variety in colour, where another receives but a general, and perhaps vague, impression. One may hear

" A lingering harmony in ocean shells,
And pleasant music in the meadow bells,"

when another hears but the dull plash of the waves or the careless clatter of the sparrows; but this latter is from want of habits of observation, and as far as the outward senses go, these are, up to a certain point, much the same in every one.

But taste, there is "no accounting" for it. That "tastes differ," has become such a recognised point, that it is *the one* on which most people are commonly content to let each other alone, because they do not expect agreement, and because they regard it as fortunate that every one does not like the same things. So, though wonder may be expressed at the incongruities of taste, little effort is made to reconcile or account for them. Probably they *could* often be accounted for either by early training, habit, natural constitution, or prejudice. Though for the matter of training, children's tastes are not uncommonly yielded to, and left to bring themselves up, perhaps from a tacit acknowledgement of the individuality of this wayward and capricious sense, perhaps from powerlessness to control it, perhaps from its close connection with our physical well-being. But, like all our other bodily senses, it grows and strengthens, and becomes confirmed with years, and though it might be a hopeless

task to endeavour to convince the labourer, whose refinement and sensibilities had been ground down between hunger and hard work, that his strong cheese and sliced onion were not infinitely better than four delicate biscuits and grated Parmesan, yet, as a child, his organs were capable of refinement, and might have been rendered even fastidious. And now he *has* tastes, he has his likes and dislikes in the things with which he is familiar, and in these a quick discernment; beyond them he does not go, and well for him is it that his tastes are accommodated to his circumstances, and that he is not unfitted for his work and his position by pining for the dainties and delicacies which some deem so necessary to health and comfort.

Now "our moral life is the counterpart of the natural," and to each sense of the body there is a corresponding sense of the soul, and the words applied to the one, and description of it, are used equally in speaking of the other. The two senses which seem to be the more refined and exalted in the body—sight and hearing—express faculties of the brain and mental powers: the seeing of the outward eye corresponding to the inward vision of the mind, the hearing of the ear to the understanding of the intellect. The two which seem more bodily and sensual—smell and touch—these correspond to feelings of the heart, of the emotional part of our nature, the sweetness or sourness of temper and disposition, the tenderness and sensitiveness of the heart, its affections and passions, and lastly we come to taste, which seems, as it were, to stand on the confines of each, wholly corporeal, as it belongs to the body, but corresponding to that most ethereal, incorporeal faculty by which we discern and appreciate harmony. The medium, as it were, which intervenes between our bodily senses and our innermost depth of thought, quickening, stimulating the powers to fulfil their offices, and conveying the result to the mind in emotions of delight, disgust, pleasure, or annoyance, deserving to be described in the same language that we used to the bodily sense, influencing and even opposing itself oftentimes to reason and judgment, but yet, when in proper order, bending to and controlled by them, capable of immense refinement, fastidious if indulged too freely, but a most valuable guide if duly kept in hand; liable almost to die of neglect, and capable of being rendered vulgar, coarse, and even vicious by ill-training, and therefore requiring careful education fed through our bodily senses, and sustained by the use of them, and thus closely connected with our material frame, constantly and unceasingly conveying emotions and impressions to our minds, and therefore closely connected with the highest and most ethereal functions of our immortal spirits.

I said above that taste was that incorporeal faculty by which we ap-

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preciate harmony. When we so speak of it, we regard it as trained, and come to something like maturity; but in its original state, it is probably not much more than an instinct, and as such is given to every human being, which point we will first consider in the present essay.

We frequently hear the most positive and unhesitating assertions made on the subject of taste, as if it were thoroughly understood by every one, as a matter of course, and as if the laws which govern it were few and simple, and could easily be referred to; but of all dogmatic and absolute sentences, none is more often repeated than "No Taste." It is possible, indeed, that this is said without consideration of its literal meaning, and that it means much the same as "bad taste," of which we are also in the habit of hearing a good deal, and not the least often from those who, perhaps, hardly escape the charge themselves. For taste enters largely into sayings as well as doings, and without going very far for example, we might possibly name more than one of those whose criticisms on what are commonly called "matters of taste," have not been wholly free from offences against taste of the most elementary kind, *i. e.* consideration for others arising from the *instinct* of taste, good feeling.

But, be this as it may, I am disposed to think that it cannot be strictly true to say of every one, that he has "no taste." Every human being whose bodily structure is perfect, unharmed by disease, and not deprived of any of the members or organs belonging to that structure, is endowed with certain senses belonging to those members or organs, and the exceptions are not more than sufficient to prove the rule. The possession of mind and reason by every human being is even more inviolable than that of his bodily senses. Indeed, we believe it to be absolutely without exception, since, even in lunatics and idiots, there are traces, here and there, of that *something* which makes them men and not beasts; and they exhibit a degree of intelligence, together with habits and powers of discrimination, which prove that they do possess mental faculties, though in a morbid condition. If then, the existence of a body, with its organs and members perfect, is proof, or at least, a strong presumption in favour of the possession of bodily senses, why should not the existence of mind speak as to the possession of all its constituent elements and media of activity, though in very different degrees of perfection? The one is, at least, as much proved as the other, though after all, as Mr. Froude says, "the two lives are alike mysterious in origin, and visible only in their effects," and though the effects of taste seem sometimes far enough off, yet I believe that in some degree they may be traced in every single individual. Primarily, it is then not much more than an instinct, a spiritual instinct, using "spiritual" here

in its simple meaning of incorporeal, as opposed to corporeal, and it is composed mostly of feeling. It is a sense of discrimination, an unreasoning preference for one thing over another, dependent on nothing that is definable, and not to be depended on in the least. It is thus that we meet with it amongst comparatively uneducated people, shown by a great appreciation of the effect of natural beauty, flowers, trees, landscapes; for feeling only is required to discern the beauties of nature, whilst artistic excellence cannot be rightly estimated without knowledge also.

Proceeding from taste as an instinct, which is part of our birthright, we find that in order to its due exercise, knowledge also is required, as we saw was the case with the physical sense, that being a discriminating power. It is impossible a man can exercise it when he does not even descry, so that to expect him to do so were about as reasonable as to expect a blind man to argue on colour, or a deaf man on sound. There must be first a certain degree of merely external knowledge or familiarity, without which we cannot judge of things.

We may notice, in passing, that custom and familiarity affect our taste, and the formation of it, and because when we are attached to places or things, we sometimes become almost unconscious of their merits or their defects; it has been said that custom is an enemy of taste, because this is mere sentiment or prejudice apart from reason and reflection. But I am inclined to think that this is a very shallow view of the matter. In becoming attached to a country or place, we may think it beautiful from association, from the many tales of joy or sorrow of which it reminds us so forcibly, from the recollection of the merry voices that echoed there, and the loved faces that rendered it ever bright, and a deeper, far deeper, sense of taste and appreciation is appealed to than can be roused by greater perfection of external beauty apart from these memories. Besides which, there is no doubt, that in the things, places, and scenes which we know well and love, we can see beauties which a casual observer cannot see—I mean mere external beauties.

But to return, we will take an example in Art, of the necessity of this familiarity. Suppose a man who had never seen an oil painting, got fond of drawings, whether etchings or water colour, or in any other style, suddenly taken into a gallery of old masters. His feelings at first would be those of surprise and bewilderment, rather than of gratification and pleasure, and he would not understand the depth of infinite beauty, veiled, perhaps, sometimes, under a somewhat stiff conventional form. By and bye admiration would begin, not only when he had seen again and again, and the canvas had gradually become to him only the index and faint shadowing of the vision of grace and beauty which the painter

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strove to reveal, would he be, in any degree, able to form a judgment, or exercise the appreciative faculty of taste. And the more he previously knew of art in general, the more he had studied the beauties of nature, the more thoughts and consideration he had given to the effects conveyed to his mind through his outward senses, by so much the more would he feel and know his own ability; and taste, founded on the knowledge of his own want of knowledge, would come to his aid in another way, and prevent his committing errors and advancing rash opinions on a subject upon which he was ignorant.

But beyond familiarity, of course, comes real knowledge of the subject, and of the rules and laws upon which alone taste can be exercised with regard to it, and not the least is this the case in that branch of taste which regulates our conduct in social matters, and in our intercourse with each other. There are certain conventional rules by which society governs itself, and as these originated in a consideration of what was decorous and desirable, they cannot be transgressed habitually without offences against taste, and therefore acquaintance with them is needful. And the more so because there are cases when the best taste breaks these rules, and sets them aside, to do some kindness, or to give expression to some good or noble feeling, which a strict adherence to conventionality would have forbidden. But this independence of action which is dictated by taste, the instinct, resulting from feeling, is unsafe, unless there is knowledge of exactly how far it has gone, and of how far it may go without defeating its own object.

And here we touch on that main point of harmony, which taste especially appreciates, and which is its perfection. In the instance just mentioned, it is required that the balance should be preserved; that the transgression of the rule should be in exact proportion to the magnitude of the occasion, or the intensity of the feeling; otherwise discord is produced and taste is offended.

Some of the ordinary ways in which we look for the exhibition of taste, are in architecture, and the arrangement of houses and other buildings, in pictures, ornaments, furniture and dress. If we consider what it is in each of these that produces the most tasteful effect, we shall find that it is combination of harmony. That, for instance, which constitutes a beautiful house, is the proper correspondence of all its parts, both in appearance and in fitness for their different purposes, and also to the position in which it is placed; for what is good in one position may be bad in another. Of this I saw an instance lately. A man of comparatively low birth, married a lady of large fortune, and obtained the entire control over her money. He went down into the country, bought some

land, and built a house. He had passed his life in London—in fact, he had been butler in large houses: so he built what would have been a good and well planned house in London, but in the country is simply a monument of “want of taste!” No, scarcely “*want of taste*,” for the position was beautifully chosen, commanding a lovely view, which he evidently appreciated; his garden was being carefully laid out in terraces or lawns, and rosaries, sloping down the side of the hill. What was it then? Want of knowledge, producing want of harmony. The house contradicted everything it looked at, or that looked at it; for miles round you could see it standing up square and gaunt; offices and everything that might have supported it, were carefully put under ground; and instead of harmonizing with its situation, and adding the beauty of Art to what Nature had so abundantly provided, it produced a sense of discord and dissatisfaction, by obtrusively looking like a bit of London, dropped maliciously down to spoil the landscape.

Charles Lamb, whose life is spoken of as “all in unconscious harmony,” seems particularly to have appreciated the pleasure and the beauty of harmony; and he touches most happily on one point which illustrates our subject well, and is constantly under our notice. He insists that the bindings of books should harmonize with the contents, and says: “Magnificence is not to be lavished on all kinds of works indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of magazines, for instance, in full suit. * * * A Shakspeare or Milton, (unless the first editions,) it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel.” The gaudiness of a smart binding would be at variance with their sober majesty, and unsuitable to it; and what is unfitting and unsuitable can never be tasteful, whereas what is fitting may always be in good taste, though, of course, I only say *may be*, not *is*.

This is but too frequently illustrated in dress, where the unsuitable so constantly presents itself. Not only is it that people try to dress above their station, not only that much show at little cost is the aim of many, not only that gaudiness is too often made a cloak to untidiness, but also that people *will* submit blindly to the dictates of fashion, or, in fact, of the tailor and the dressmaker, without considering what is most appropriate to their requirements, or to their station in life, and without studying the proper harmonizing of colours, both with each other and with the wearer.

Again, in the arrangement of furniture: you may go into a room and become conscious of a feeling of pleasure and satisfaction; you do not quite know why. Your senses are gratified, and you are aware of being in an air of comfort and repose, but nothing strikes you especially, and

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you examine and find that there is nothing very costly or remarkable in any way, but only that everything suits the room and the owner of it, and the position it occupies, and seems fitted for the work required of it. Another room, more gorgeously furnished, with finer pictures, handsome books, more costly ornaments, may not afford you the same satisfaction.

Not that this need be the case; for the most costly and rare things may be arranged so as to produce an equally harmonious, and therefore, tasteful effect, if only they suit, and do not impress the eye as if trying to outshine each other, and if they can do their work, as well as stand in their places; and this harmony of arrangement can only be attained by the exercise of a cultivated taste, composed as we have said, of feeling and knowledge, and able to render a reasonable account of its proceedings. It may be contended that this is Art, that high Art, which by careful labour and study, arrives at perfect naturalness, (to borrow a word from Mr. Carlyle.) But, though this may be true, and there be art in the arrangement, it is taste which dictates and appreciates. In the instance just taken, it is evident that more study, more knowledge, we may say, more art, would be required to produce an agreeable and harmonious effect with every artistic and costly material, than with the more humble. There would be more danger of their clashing, more danger of the intrinsic worth or beauty of any one thing overbalancing its neighbours and becoming obtrusive. For obtrusiveness is wholly opposed to taste. A perfect chord strikes on the ear, not as a multitude of sounds, but as one complete and harmonious tone, each component note fulfilling and completing the other; if one predominate the unity is marred.

On towards this perfection of harmony, producing the repose of unity, does taste stretch, as it proceeds from feeling to knowledge, it becomes, from an unreasoning instinct, a reasoning and reasonable faculty.

Taste in its office we may compare to the compass of a ship, which points out the path she should pursue, enables her to keep a direct course, and under the steersman's guidance, to avoid shoals and rocks. Thus does taste direct us in the education of all our powers, point out the best way in which we may combine our energies of mind and body, and, under the guidance of heaven, correct the influence of disturbing and evil agencies, and enable us to avoid many errors and blunders. And, as the value of the compass seems to be increased, in proportion to the value of the vessel and her cargo, so, in proportion to the powers of mind possessed by any individual, does the value of taste seem the greater to direct those powers, and guide them safely and harmoniously onward in their voyage, towards that perfection which should be their ultimate end and aim, and which lies on the other shore of the Ocean of life.

In like manner, every one needs the guidance of taste, but men of greatest ability seem to require its teaching most urgently, and especially men of real genius, lest, by following too closely the bent of their peculiar talent, they destroy the balance, mar the harmony, and in some measure lessen the beneficial influence of their gift.

It has been said by a modern American writer, that "a great error of human existence is devotion to one set of duties at the expense of others," and that man should endeavour to give his faculties their "due proportionate cultivation." May it be that the neglect of this accounts, in some degree, for the amount of "bad taste" of which we constantly complain, and for the so-called "eccentricities of genius," which amount, very often, to a total disregard for taste in the concerns of daily life. Man, complex as he is, requires education in every part, and unless mental, moral, and physical faculties are each and all duly cultivated, the development of his nature will be unequal and one-sided, instead of advancing towards perfection, however distant he may be from the goal.

I have only alluded hitherto to "bad" taste; but perhaps it requires a few words, though my business has been rather with taste which should and ought to be good, than with the reverse.

Now, "bad," is used in two different ways; being defined as wicked, ill, sick, vicious, hurtful,—there is the active "bad" as we use it of persons, or of any power that is combative on the side of evil, and originates it; and the passive "bad," as we use it, when we describe either an absence of accustomed power, or a disturbance of equilibrium, or a consequence of injury or disease. Taste may be bad in either of these senses; actively, *i. e.*, vicious, corrupt, depraved; for evil training may vitiate it as much as good training may improve and perfect it; and it then exercises a hurtful influence over its possessor, tying him down, there, where he has dragged it, making him delight in evil, instead of revolting from it, and rendering him unable to find his pleasure in pure and simple pursuits. Or it may be "bad" passively; imperfect, undeveloped, sick for want of nurture and cultivation; and this we are disposed to suspect is the most common species of bad taste, and is really occasioned by entire want of education, or from that unequal one-sided education of which we have been speaking.

There is, as we said before, less danger of this one-sidedness in those who just follow in the ordinary course, and neither devote their bodies or their minds to any thing in particular, than in those, who, either from genius, or talent for any particular thing, or from general ability and strength of character and will, go farther than their fellows. These latter feel that they are somewhat above and beyond others, that they go deeper

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than the surface, and restraints and fetters are irksome to them, and they are disposed to think that they need not concern themselves to conform closely to laws which were made for those whom they feel to be their inferiors in some respects. Then there is intense intellectual delight in study, in some favourite pursuit, and a kind of contempt arises for those who have no such pleasures; quickness of discernment, a power of *repar-tie*, or a sense of the ludicrous, being a strong temptation to scoff at anything like sentiment, and supposing a person to be really well principled, and with high aims and standard of moral, as well as intellectual life. The consciousness of right endeavours may blind the eyes to the influence or words and behaviour of others:—from the habit of despising morality or religion, unaccompanied by intellect, comes a worship of pure intellect, and the under-rating of everything else; they are flattered and made much of by a certain set of people, whom they have drawn round them, and to whom they become each a kind of centre; their intellectual self assumes undue proportions, and they are guilty of violations of taste, from the one-sidedness of character which has arisen out of the over cultivation of the intellectual life, to the proportionate loss of the moral.

Again, it is an error to cultivate the moral nature at the expense of the intellectual; as also is that "self-spiritualizing process, which seeks by a refined asceticism to transcend humanity and creatureliness," a grievous mistake. Body, soul, and spirit, are alike the gift of the Creator to His creature, and no one of them can be despised without evil and harm.

Possibly, there is no point in our duty and our self-culture so difficult to remember and put in practice as this, especially for those who devote themselves earnestly to anything at all: and we may find instances of every phase of it in the history of man, from the impatience of that noble but one-sided Greek ideal, which "despised the body and daily life, abhorred matter as a prison house instead of using it as a scaffolding, and longed so intensely to become pure, passionless intellect," and those ascetics, who in their desire of subduing the evil of the flesh, dishonoured too much that which their Maker had honoured by assuming; and on and yet lower to those, in the present days of intellectual restlessness and impatient questionings, who despise alike the superstition of science and the superstition of faith, and possibly take a more limited and one-sided view than either; until we come to those lowest of all in the scale of intelligent beings, who think it enough to spend themselves on their physical well-being, heaping up riches, buying land and building houses, and saying they will eat, drink, and be merry.

And mankind generally, divides itself into three great classes, each

exalting unduly one portion of our nature : the worshippers of intellect, who urge the exclusive education of the head, and would leave questions of morality and religion to shift for themselves; the devotees to pure morality, who rather prefer a want of education than otherwise, or would give it in a most diluted form, forgetting that a man's mind may accompany him to a brighter world, even if it does depend upon his soul to raise him thither; and the worshippers of material advancement and prosperity, who think that if they do but assist and promote the physical well being of mankind, the rest is sure to follow. It is in the nature of things that this should be so, from the shortness of life, from man's inclination to egotism, in idea even more than in practice, and because "it is with life as it is with science. Generations of men have given themselves exclusively to single branches, which, when mastered, form but a little section in a cosmic philosophy; and in life, so slow is progress, it may take a thousand years to make good a single step." And so "it is difficult to find a man who sees the work before him in its just proportions, and does it, yet does not make out of his work an obstacle to his perception of what besides is good and needful; and who keeps the avenues of his mind open to influences other than those which immediately surround him." No wonder is it, then, that "tastes differ," and that the utter want of appreciation which people commonly have, for what is opposed to their special idea, is expressed by "*chacun à son goût*" or as the proverb was, I believe, originally, "*chacun à son vilain goût*," with a shrug of the shoulders and an expression of pity, for the blindness and one-sidedness of others.

In speaking of the necessity for cultivating each portion of our being, it is not intended to imply that a man may not most advantageously devote himself to any one pursuit to which his inclination may direct him. I do not say "his taste," though the word is often used in this way, for it is an equivocal use, and should rather be "talent." For that strong bent and inclination which men have for some one kind of work, betokens a talent for it, unsuspected, may be, at first, but manifesting itself afterwards, thus proving that it gave rise to what was called the "taste." Still the due *proportionate* cultivation of our *being* does not interfere with the energetic pursuit of any one object in either of the three great branches; every sphere of work in life has more than one side, calls out more than one set of faculties, may, in fact, employ the energies of our whole being. It is not the cultivation of every sort of knowledge, but the cultivation of every side of man's being that we urge, as indispensable to the cultivation of taste, and its improvement to its perfection.

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What, then, is the ultimate end and object of taste? If it be a sense of the soul, given to every child of man, which he must cultivate by the education of his whole being, and which enters into almost every detail of life, we are concerned to know whither it leads us, and whether there be any standard up to which we may bring it.

We have observed, that a lower degree of taste is required to appreciate natural beauty than artistic excellence, and this, partly, from the former being within most people's reach, partly, from its being simple and real, requiring, therefore, little power of imagination or idealisation for its recognition.

Art, which is, in some form or other, the great sphere for the exercise of a refined taste, is not within the comprehension of taste as a mere instinct. Taste is the appreciation of the aims and objects of art, and so, in considering briefly what the end and aim of all true art may be, we shall arrive at the highest function of taste as an appreciative sense, and at its end and aim.

Mr. Ruskin has pronounced Fine Art to be "that in which the hand, the head, and the heart of man go together," employing our triple nature, as we have already said, it must be employed in the cultivation of taste. It is clear, that if the three must be in conjunction to produce the result, they must all be required, though, it may be, in less degree, in order to the appreciation of it. Art has been defined as, "the endeavour after perfection in execution." In all other things we are, and may be, reasonably satisfied if the degree of excellence is as great as the object immediately in view seems to be worth; but, in Art, "the perfection itself is the object," and Art, when really cultivated, is eternally aiming at an ideal beauty. She may never attain it, for continually the vision seems to elude her grasp; and as she seems to be approaching it, it glides away and lures her on and on by ever assuming shapes of new and unexampled loveliness, and so, true Art is never satisfied with imperfection, but is ceaselessly striving after perfection.

"Now this sense of perfection which would make us demand from every creation of man, the very utmost that it ought to give, and render us intolerant of the smallest fault in ourselves or anything that we do, is one of the results of Art-cultivation," and this is, in fact, taste; the appreciation of perfection, or, as alone we can exercise it here, of that which comes nearest to perfection. Therefore, we conclude, that though for every-day purposes, a sort of standard of taste may be formed, on the general consent of educated men, yet there is really no standard at all, but that ideal of perfection which every man may form each for himself, and in our present limited capacity, this will be but poor, though

it will, as we journey upward as well as onward, be ever advancing higher and higher, drawing us nearer to perfection itself.

If then taste be a sense of, or craving after perfection, do we not elevate it at once into the region of those superior faculties, which are man's immortal inheritance in right of the animating breath of Divinity?

Perhaps it is so, perhaps since the day when man fell through gratifying his taste, not merely his bodily taste either, for it was the beauty of the fruit conveying a pleasurable emotion to the mind which ensnared our mother Eve; our taste, though liable to grossness and perversion, to waste and decay, like all else that we possess, through that same fall, has yet been the spiritual sense through which our bodily powers could be brought to the appreciation of the refined and lofty pleasures of a purified humanity. Perhaps, if we watch that it dwell not too much on externals, or become tied down to earthly beauty, it may be the medium through which yet deeper delight shall be revealed to our inmost souls. Perhaps, in its wonderful power of adaptation, of refinement, of exaltation, it may be that special gift through which our body, as well as our spirit and soul, shall be enabled to appreciate and become fitted for a higher life than any we can now understand or imagine; by the ethericalizing and purifying of our bodily senses, without our losing our individuality, without our ceasing to be ourselves.

But here, taste can never be wholly satisfied, for it follows the highest art in the struggle after beauty and perfection, and here, art must ever be incomplete, but it ever

" Leads and tends to further sweetness
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own."

To a refined and cultivated taste, art is the world's interpreter, the teacher of nature's unknown tongue, To it belong

" Those finer instincts that, like second sight
And hearing, catch creation's undersong,
And see by inner light."

Taste, the appreciative is, as it were, the handmaid to art, the creative faculty listening to her voice, waiting for her teaching, yearning to understand her dreams of beauty, striving to catch the faintest echoes of the glorious and solemn music which she hears :

" I cannot soar into the heights you show,
Nor dive among the depths that you reveal,
But it is much that high things ARE to know,
That deep things ARE to feel."

R. H. S.

BY FAIR KILLARNEY'S STRAND.

I.

Well, that heat, thirst and headache could torture one so—
I dreamed not in former years—
When one's pulse is aglow, when one's brain and one's brow
The fire of the fever sears,—
When again and again, though the thought brings pain,
I long for the lost home-land,
And the joys that are fled with the days that are dead
By fair Killarney's strand!
With the sunny days now dark and dead
By fair Killarney's strand!

II.

Oh, golden and glorious time
For love and song and carouse!
Oh, ghosts of Happiness, crowned sublime,
With saddest of cypress boughs!
Oh, period of smiles and wine—
Two things it is hard to withstand,
And that turned my head in the days that are dead
By fair Killarney's strand!
In the pleasant days long lost and dead
By fair Killarney's strand!

III.

Vain complainers are those
Who lament for the lost happy hours!
In this wine stream of amber and rose
Live the spring and the flowers,—
Lives the love in this magical stream!
Will it kindle again at command?
Ah, but feebly instead of the flame that has fled
By fair Killarney's strand!
Ah, but faintly instead of the fire that is dead
By fair Killarney's strand!

C. PELHAM MULVANY.

THE CHURCH.

ON Tuesday, the 30th ult., and the two following days, the Lord Bishop of Quebec held his biennial visitation at Bishop's College, Lennoxville. More than thirty of his Clergy were present, those prevented from attending belonging chiefly to the remote district of Gaspé. It has been his Lordship's practice since his elevation to the See to mark the period of each visitation as a season of special prayer and counsel, as well as of hospitality to his Reverend brethren. For three days the Clergy were the Bishop's guests within the college, which had been kindly placed at his disposal. This Diocese has always been distinguished for the brotherly love and Christian toleration prevailing not only between the Clergy and the laity, but also among the Clergy themselves. Much of this kindly feeling is due to him whose memory is still dear to us, the late Bishop Mountain. But we are confident no surer means could have been devised for preserving and perpetuating this godly union and concord than that so happily inaugurated by the present Bishop, and which, as all who have attended these conferences can testify, has already been attended, in many ways, with the happiest results. We are sure our readers will feel obliged to us for a brief summary of the proceedings.

The business of each day was preceded by the celebration of the Holy Communion, at seven o'clock, in the College chapel. At noon, matins, and at 8 o'clock P.M. evensong were said. The services, which were under the direction of the Rev. W. S. Vial, were chorally rendered, and will long be remembered by those who were privileged to take part in them. From 9 o'clock till noon, and from 3 to 6 o'clock, the Clergy, under the Presidency of the Bishop, were engaged in discussions; the subjects of which, as well as the speakers by which they were introduced, having been previously chosen by his Lordship. On Tuesday morning a paper on "Public Worship" was read by the Rev. A. A. Von Iffland. Nothing could be more cheering than the unanimous, hearty assent of the Clergy to the obligation of daily Common Prayer, the weekly celebration of the Holy Communion, and to the distinctive position of this blessed Sacrament as the Church's perpetual sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. We were not less pleased with the generous tone of the Clergy with what is popularly known as Ritualism. We cannot but augur well of a Diocese in which strict observance of the formularies of our Church is not deemed incompatible with obedience to the Chief Pastor, and with Christian toleration of the reasonable wishes of the laity.

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In the afternoon the subject of lay co-operation was introduced in a paper from the Rev. C. Hamilton, and an address by the Rev. J. Thornloe. Much stress, and, as we venture to think, very properly, was laid on two points, (1) that lay co-operation is not so much a privilege to be conceded by the Clergy as a ministry to which every Christian is consecrated in the Sacrament of Baptism and the holy rite of Confirmation; and (2) that it behoves every clergyman to encourage and direct those committed to his charge in the right exercise for the common good of the various talents committed to them by God the Holy Ghost; who, in the distribution of His gifts, divideth to "every man severally as He will." After evensong, in the unavoidable absence of the Bishop of Connecticut, a sermon was preached by the Rev. the Principal of Bishop's College, on the "Signs of the Times." The subject for Wednesday morning was "Missionary Work in the Diocese." Papers were read by the Rev. J. Foster, and the Rev. R. C. Tamb, and an address delivered by the Rev. A. J. Woolryche. The chief points brought out were (1) that those who stand in most urgent need of the missionary efforts of the Church are such as avowedly belong to no religious denomination; and (2) that what is needed for this work is the carrying out into operation of the Church's entire system, together with the establishment of an organized system of lay agency to supplement the scarcity of clergymen. Reference was also made to the necessity of the laity becoming familiarized with the three orders of the sacred Ministry—Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, as engaged in the daily discharge of their respective offices.

Extemporaneous preaching, together with the free expressions of sympathy, was felt, on all hands, to be essential to a Missionary's success.

The subject for the afternoon was "Parochial visiting." Papers were read by the Reverend H. Petry, and the Reverend A. C. Scarth; and an address was given by the Reverend A. W. Mountain. The difficulties and arrangements attending the performance of this arduous part of a clergyman's work, were very thoroughly and graphically described. Regularity and method were shown to be necessary to its satisfactory discharge.

After evensong, the Bishop gave his charge to the Clergy, which was listened to with most respectful attention. Seldom, indeed, have we heard a charge more impressively delivered. As it will probably be published, we think it due to our Diocesan to defer any remarks we may feel ourselves at liberty to make, till we have enjoyed the opportunity of a careful perusal.

On Thursday, the subject was Systematic Instruction. Papers were

read by the Rev. E. C. Parkin, and the Rev. J. Kemp; and an address delivered by the Rev. R. Walker. The discussion chiefly turned on systematic teaching in the Sunday school, and systematic teaching in the pulpit. In connection with the latter it was unanimously agreed, that where the Church is dogmatic, duty requires that the teaching of the Clergy should also be dogmatic; but that on those points on which the Church is either silent, or has abstained from every formal definition, the Clergy should be careful to avoid even the appearance of claiming for private opinions the obedience due only to the authoritative decisions of the Church. Subsequently the Bishop, at the request of the Clergy, nominated a Committee for the purpose of drawing up a Catechetical Manual on the basis of the Church Catechism, which shall contain a complete system of instruction for the upper classes in our schools, and our candidates for confirmation, together with prayers for various occasions. A Committee of three besides the Bishop was also appointed to revise and edit the manual. It was also resolved that the librarian of the Diocesan library, which owes its existence mainly to the liberality and pastoral exertions of the Bishop, should be elected from time to time by the Clergy assembled at this visitation; and that the Rev. G. M. Innes should be librarian for the ensuing period. At the close of the proceedings, the Rev. J. Torrance, at the request of the Clergy, expressed to the Bishop their hearty appreciation of the motives which had induced his Lordship to gather his Clergy around him, as well as their confident belief in the good which had, and they doubted not, would attend these periodical reunions. The Bishop having kindly responded, the Conference terminated with the Apostolic blessing.

We fear we have left ourselves but little space in which to advert to current events elsewhere. The first despatch of the Duke of Buckingham to the Governor of Natal, stating that Her Majesty's Government looked "with great apprehension and regret" on the intention of "some Colonial Bishop to consecrate a Bishop to take charge of the Diocese of Natal, on the assumption that Dr. Colenso had been deposed, and directing the Governor to "use all the influence which legitimately belonged to him to prevent it," can only be regarded as a personal disgrace to the Colonial Secretary, which necessarily reflects more or less disgrace on the Government of which he is a member. His Grace's subsequent despatch, by which time he had become aware of what was known to all the world—his Grace excepted—that it was not intended by the Bishop of Capetown and those who might outwit him, to interfere with Dr. Colenso's legal rights; and in which, as the *Guardian* says, the directions of the last despatch are "cancelled, and that very frankly and unreservedly"

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can only produce in the minds of our readers a very likely source of gratitude, that the Canadian Church is happily free as well from the ignorance as from the tyranny of the Colonial office. By way of counterpoise, we are pleased to note that the vacant See of Bombay has been offered by the Secretary of State for India, to the lion-hearted Dean of Capetown.

The Report of the Upper House of the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury on the subject of the canonicity of the judgment of the Bishop of Capetown, renders it too late for us to do more than chronicle that, apparently amidst much perturbation of spirit and difference of opinion, the Committee find—

1. That substantial justice was done to the accused.
2. That though the sentence having been pronounced by a tribunal not acknowledged by the Queen's Courts, whether civil or ecclesiastical, can claim no legal effect, the Church, as a spiritual body, may rightly accept its validity.

The Bishop of Lichfield has sailed for New Zealand with the hearty prayers and good wishes of all.

Within what he recently styled "six singularly happy months," his Lordship has performed almost herculean labour, the greatest of which perhaps, is the establishment of Synodical Conferences in his own Diocese.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE TOWNSHIPS.

PART II.

“Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure.”

In the Magazine for April, we referred, incidentally, to the fact that a very large proportion of our public schools are elementary. Such is necessarily the case. It may appear to some that the cause of education in the Townships would be improved by greatly diminishing the number of elementary schools, and making those retained of a higher class. We think this to be true to a certain extent. We fear that in many cases parents have been influenced more by considerations of convenience than of the character of schools, in the arrangement of school districts; but at the same time we doubt whether the present number of schools could be materially diminished without depriving many altogether of an opportunity for common school education. It may be said that children should acquire the elements of education at home. With this we agree; and in many instances such is the case, and might probably be in many more. But in a large majority of cases, it cannot be done. In many instances parents have not the ability, in more, not the time, to instruct their children, and hence the elementary school is a necessity. As was remarked in the former number, these schools furnish to the mass of our youth, the main source of education. To increase their efficiency and usefulness should be the aim of all those interested in the prosperity of our Province. To secure good elementary schools—1st. *We must secure teachers well fitted for, and feeling a lively interest in their work.*

Miss Robertson, in her admirable essay (known as the “Galt Prize Essay,”) very well remarks, “It may be true that it is neither desirable nor possible that the children of our common schools generally, should be carried beyond the simple rudiments of an English education. But it is also true that even the rudiments of an art or science cannot be well taught by one who has not gone far beyond these rudiments. Any one may teach a child his letters, or drill him in spelling words of an indefinite number of syllables, but to teach a child to read well, one must be able to do far more than to tell the letters, or to put the syllables together. A limited knowledge of arithmetic may suffice for the teaching of the simple rules, the mere mechanical work of adding or multiplying,

but only one who is skilled in the art, who understands the science in its relation to other branches of mathematics, can reveal to his pupils the form of figures, or give him an idea of the wondrous events of time and space which they may be made to disclose. * * * To imagine that the actual necessities of the pupil may, with propriety, limit the resources of the teacher, is to take a very narrow view of the subject of education, to form an unworthy estimate of the importance of the teacher's office."

That a teacher should be morally fit for his position, may be regarded as self-evident. This principle is so distinctly recognized in one system, that "good moral character" is a pre-requisite for examination for the teacher's office.

But we have already occupied the limits intended for this article, and must leave the subject for another number.

ESSAYS IN TRANSLATION.

SAINT'S TRAGEDY.

From C. Kingsley.

I.

Wake again, Teutonic Father ages,
Wake again, beloved primæval creeds,
Flash ancestral spirit from your pages,
Rouse a greedy age to noble deeds.

II.

Tell us how our stout crusading fathers
Fought and died for God and not for gold,
Let their love, their faith, their boyish daring
Distance-mellowed gild the days of old.

III.

Tell us how of old our saintly mothers
School'd themselves by vigil, fast and prayer,
Learned to live as Jesus lived before them
While they bore the cross that poor men bear,

IV.

Tell us how the sexless workers thronging
Angel-tended round the convent doors,
Wrought to Christian faith and holy order
Savage hearts alike and barren moors.

V.

Ye who built the temples where we worship,
Ye who framed the laws by which we move;
Fathers! long behind and long forsaken,
Oh forgive the children of your love.

*Ευλογῆσαι βουλόμεσθα τοὺς πατέρας ἡμῶν ὅτι
ἄνδρες ἦσαν τῆσδε τῆς γῆς ἀξιοὶ καὶ τὸν πέπλου.*

I.

ARIST. EQUIT. 565.

Nobis resurgant sæcula Teutonum
Nobis loquantur Catholicæ preces,
Mentemque pandentes avitam
Commoveant animos avaros.

II.

Manent, ut olim Religio patrum
Arma excitavit fortia, non lucrum;
Ardorque virtutis priorum
Degeneres animet nepotes.

III.

Manent, ut olim pauperiem pati
Matres amarum et ferre jugum crucis
Crux ipsa Divini Magistri
Edocuit vigiles per horas.

IV.

Manent, ut olim, quæ melior Deo
Sacrarat ætas agmina virginum,
Terris in incultis agresties
Et steriles domuere campos.

V.

Qui candidistis fana Britanniaë,
O qui Britannis jura patres pia
Dedistis ut quondam favete
Preteriti memores amoris.

C. PELHAM MULVANY.

ADDENDA.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Alumni of the University of Bishop's College, (the second since its formation) was held in the University buildings on the 24th of June last. It was numerously attended and passed off very pleasantly. A bountiful breakfast was provided in the large dining hall of the College; and service was conducted in the College Chapel by the members of the Alumni in orders, assisted by the Reverend the Principal of the Institution.

Afterwards the members assembled in the fine University library for the literary exercises and the transaction of business.

An interesting and clever paper was read by the Rev. John Foster, M.A., Coaticooke, on the connection of the Alumni with the progress of Church education. Brief addresses were delivered by the Revds. D. Lindsay, M.A., Waterloo; Septimus Jones, M.A., Belleville, Ontario; H. Roe, B.A., Richmond; and T. Massen, M.A., West Farnham.

The Association then resolved unanimously to support a Tutor in Mathematics in the University, and nominated the Rev. R. C. Tambs, M.A., of Bourg Louis, to the post. The resolution was thankfully received by Corporation, and the nomination confirmed. Mr. Tambs is a man of high mathematical attainments, and peculiarly fitted for the duties of a teacher.

Other resolutions were then passed, which we are not at liberty to publish at present.

The Association now adjourned for dinner, and assembled again at 3 o'clock p.m., for the transaction of further business.

The officers of the past year, *i.e.*, Rev. John Kemp, B.D., Compton, President; Rev. John Foster, A.M., Coaticook, Vice-President; George Baker, Esq., A.M., St. Armand, Vice-President; E. A. W. King, Esq., B.A., B.C., School-Secretary, were re-elected for the coming year.

The Rev. H. Roe, B.A., was appointed to deliver the address, and John F. Carr, Esq., B.A., to read the essay before the next annual meeting.

The following gentlemen were appointed to act as a Committee in the administration of the Mathematical Tutorship Fund:—

The Officers of the Association.

The Reverend A. C. Scarth, M.A., Lennoxville.

E. C. Towle, Esq., B.A., Lennoxville.

John F. Carr, B.A., Durham.

Any of the above Committee will thankfully receive contributions to the Alumni Fund.

MEMOIR OF HON. T. D. MCGEE.

The third and concluding part will appear in our next issue.

DUES.

We trust back dues will be soon forwarded to the Editor of the *Lennoxville*. Money may be sent either in bills or post office order.

MICHAELMAS TERM.

Owing to the attendance of the Reverend the Principal of the University at the Provincial Synod, the members of the University will not assemble until the 12th of September.

A considerable increase in number is expected.