

A Sonnet to a Boy.
If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, e'er life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—ill he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sing by any child of song.
Fondle it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserving praise long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you,
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the speaker
How before his God alone.
Why should he who shares the power
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's eyes,
Share his grief. Attend by sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silver laugh is rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. "The wise man's saying,
For both joy and grief a place."
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veils the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Fail for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver.
He will make each seed to grow.
So simple his happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

At Nine and Seven.
Without his country, now clothed
In his winter robe, and warmly glowing
beneath the last kiss of the setting sun,
The pine trees in the distance stand motion-
less under the gleaming mantle which has
lain on them many weeks, and over which
many more must pass ere they wave their
shadowy boughs beneath the summer sun.
Just now the bleak wind whistles as if
that day would never come; but it hard-
ly moves, slowly as it may try, the snow,
fast bound in the icy grasp of a true Cana-
dian winter.

Within a heavy curtain—a large
room of which the owner knows the
easy chair and the heavy cushions,
pondered that it is not a library for the
purpose of the quiet studies of the master,
but an essentially cozy room more often
used by the family for less legitimate
purposes. But, as Miss Edge says, "a father will
make his study the coziest, jolliest room in the
house, who can blame us for liking it
too?"

Just now a great wood fire is blazing,
lighting up three glistening fountains
on the rug in most undignified yet not un-
successful attitude, now revealing the whole
room, then sinking into glowing gloom.

"I wonder, mother, how we shall get
out with Eleanor?" I hadn't said it if she
gives herself airs," says Maudie, the privi-
leged member of the family, though she
is 14 years old.

"I mean to like her. Mother's niece
cannot be very disagreeable."

The speaker is a slight, delicate blonde
of 17, whose transparent lilac-and-rose com-
plexion has caused many an anxious pang
to her parents, as they remember the early
death of her aunt Lenore, mother of the
expected orphan cousin, Eleanor Tempest.

At least the sleigh bells are heard, and
all rise and hasten to the hall—to welcome
the wretched creature.

"Not much to be seen of her yet!"
says Mr. Annesley, in a heavy voice,
handling out a confused mass of fur and
cloudy wraps, out of which, after sundry
struggles at length emerges the lady
rounded form of the long-looked-for cousin.

Then she bows and embraces, and
with a light step enters the library to warm
herself before dressing for dinner.

An hour later there comes the click-
clack of high-heeled shoes down the broad,
shagreened stair, and the heavily-veiled
traveller now fully reveals herself. She has
a slight, girlish figure, a little noble
head, on which the brown locks are gather-
ing back into a rich riot of dusky gold,
sweet curls, and a tender, sensible
mouth.

And, the beauty of the family,
is waiting for her, but her beauty is of
such a different type that there is no fear
of their parents' jealousy. Regular fea-
tures, dark eyes, hair, eyes black as night,
and a sweet, sunny smile. Such is this
young girl of Quebec.

Dinner at the Annesley's is a very
pleasant meal. They are bright, ray talk
among the brothers and sisters; and it is
little wonder that Eleanor is soon at home
among them all. She speaks with a soft
in the palm by her animation and brilliant
repartee.

"How is he?" says Miss Edge.
"Why, he will be away all the end of the
week. Lucky day, to be talking to you,
while I am condemned to this everlasting
penalty! Do you know Miss Beverley put
off her departure on the ice-boat?" She said
she would not venture on it, while the last
day was out of town."

"What an interesting time! The
new additions must be a splendid
profitable venture with a variety of golden
curls. I am quite happy in the
golden curls."

"Wait till you see him, Miss Nell."
"I don't know, I don't know."
"How do you know she is not?"
"Miss Edge, with a quiet glance."

"But who is the redoubtable Nat?"
queries Nell, who is not wanting in wom-
anly curiosity.

"Nathaniel Drummond, my dear child,
is Captain of Ours, the last remaining
scion of a noble Scotch family, who, for
aught I know, possessed the ancestral
castle when William the Conqueror was in
long frocks; and he is the best fellow out
into the bargain."

"Yes," puts in Mudge, "he always
brings me bonbons."

With a laugh at this unanswerable logic,
the ladies rise and leave the room. Father
and son soon follow; but they find that
their pretty relative has retired to rest,
wearied with her long journey from sunny
Devonshire to the frost-bound shores of
Canada.

"Sleigh bells jingling, ice boats flying
along, looking, with their great white
sails like monster swans; and the careless
hum of voices, as skaters of all sorts and
conditions sweep by—some bent on busi-
ness, for the frozen river is the high-road
for all traffic; others on pleasure—singly,
in couples or a dozen abreast.

The Annesley's and Nell Tempest have
just arrived on the busy scene, clothed to
their knees in long sealskin paletots; be-
low, short velvet dresses in rich keep
colors, hardly hiding the little well-shod
feet. Nell, her dark gray eyes kindling
with excitement beneath her round seal-
skin hat, makes a bewitching picture in
the opinion of the party of officers who
hasten up to proffer their services to the
popular Miss Annesley. All are introduced
to Miss Tempest, the last name causing
her to turn hastily and bestow a cabalistic
look on the owner thereof, when she en-
counters a pair of dark eyes scrutinizing
her with an amused gleam at her evident
surprise. Instead of the golden haired
giant, with regular chiseled features whom
she has had described to her, she beholds a
man with a world-worn, weather-beaten
face, a face bronzed by exposure to sun
and tempest, with dark glowing eyes,
which can both soften into tenderness and
burn with fierce anger, while his tall,
nervous form gives evidence of strength
and endurance.

Meanwhile Maud Annesley is taken
possession of by Sir Arthur Conyers, a young
English Baronet who is spending a winter
in Canada for shooting, and has been suc-
ceeded by the bewitching eyes of the Cana-
dian beauty. Dick constitutes himself
Nell's squire, and when her skates are on
her comes water with severely veiled in-
terest to her feet, and the St. Lawrence
Nell herself has no fear; she is a profi-
cient skater, and as she skates along—the
only perceptible movement being the
swaying undulation of her ribs form—she
unconsciously forms a picture which even
Canadian skaters pause to admire. While she
is resting a few moments, the bright carna-
tion flooding her cheeks and imparting a
more seductive brilliancy to her eyes,
Captain Drummond draws near and avails
himself of the chance of a tête-à-tête with
her.

"Have you been as far as the ice-bridge?"
"No; we have only been a very short
distance up the river."

"Will you come with me?"
Nell smiles assent, and hand in hand
they go, fast as the wind, his strong grasp
taking her along at a rate she had never
before experienced.

"Oh, how delicious! It is better than
dancing."

"You are too excited, I see."
"Yes—to feel that one is living! I can
not bear stagnation."

"Nor allow those near you to feel it!"
with a meaning smile.

A bewitching smile is all she vouchsafes
him.

"Are you going to Mrs. Beverley's dance
to-morrow?" asks Nat, as they almost
reign their companions. "May I have a
dance with you?"

"Not unless you are a 1 in dancing."
"You have robbed me of my last grain of
confidence, Miss Tempest. I begin to
wonder whether I can dance."

"Will give you one round to see if you
are good enough; Good-by;" and off she
glides to join her cousins, while Nat, as
he returns to the barracks in the sleep-
ing twilight, cannot forget the sweet teasing
eyes of the girl who has flippantly teased
him of whom most women stand in awe.

On the following night, at the ball, this
impression deepens. Nell, with her sus-
piciously seductive face, and her fair white
shoulders rising like a flower from her
black dress, lighted here and there with
pale gleaming water lilies, bears all before
her. The men are all infatuated when
she treats them with a debonaire nonchal-
ance all her own. When they are leav-
ing, Captain Drummond murmurs in a
low tone, tinged with jealousy:

"I am sorry my dancing was not good
enough for you to allow me more than
one waltz."

"Why, Captain Drummond, you are
really cross! I wish you a better temper
before we meet again."

He turns away angrily, knittings his
brow.

Days wing their flight, uncounted amid
the amusements of a Canadian season. Maud
and Sir Arthur Conyers are lost in the
ecstasy of the first days of their engage-
ment. Nat Drummond and several of his
brother officers are constant worshippers at
the shrine of the beautiful Miss Tempest.
She apparently favors no one in particular;
but now and again the tall-pale blue rises
and the long curly locks droop before the

fervid gaze of Captain Drummond, betray-
ing that the citadel is not invulnerable, as
she would lead herself and others to sup-
pose.

On this evening they are sitting in the
deep recess of the oriel window, shut off
by the heavy curtains from the merry
group round the fire. In the deepening
gloom Nell's eyes have a tender look as
she gazes out upon the snowy expanse of
country round by pine forests.

"Do not the old pine trees look beau-
tiful with the rising moon silencing their
white boughs? I often long to be under
them."

"Have you never been?"
"No, never."
"Will you let me drive you there to-
morrow?"

"Oh, how I should like it! Will you
really take me?"—looking up at him with
all the eager anticipation of a child in her
limpid eyes. "It won't bore you?"

With a smile of amusement at her nature
blended with a deeper feeling, Nat assures
her that he will try to endure the tedium
of her society for an hour.

"At what time will you come? And
will you drive Don and Roy?"

"If you are not afraid of their barking."
"Not at all. I should enjoy being split
in the snow. How undignified you would
look, emerging from a drift and vainly
seeking poor me entombed in an early
grave!"

At this juncture Mrs. Annesley's voice
is heard asking Nell to sing. Nell rises
and goes to the piano, leaving Nat on the
window seat. Her voice is wonderfully
rich and sweet; the liquid notes flow with
eased effort and are very thrilling. Nell
strikes a few quick chords and then she
breaks into the tumultuous bitterness of
Rhumthal's "Life," her voice swelling to
passionate longing, and then sinking to
the subdued rhythm of the music to a
resigned patience like the sigh of a wearied
soul.

"The listeners' earnest attention suc-
ceeded song, the last one being "Good-
by, Sweetheart." As she rises from the
piano, Nat is close behind her, and he
thinks her with an eloquent look which
shows the rich blood mantling to her cheeks,
and causes her, she knows not why, hastily
to join the others.

Punctually at three on the following
afternoon a light, elegant sleigh, drawn
by a pair of young thoroughbred chestnuts,
dashes up to the door of Annesley House,
and after a few moments' restless clump-
ing of their bits and pawing of the soft
snow, they are off again, bearing in ad-
dition to their driver, a light form enve-
loped in velvet and furs, with an animated
face which gathers fresh brilliancy as they
speed through the bright frosty air.

Nat Drummond was the first to break
the silence.

"Have you ever been in Scotland, Miss
Tempest?"

"No; my mother was so delicate that
we always traveled about in the south of
Europe; and after her death I lived a very
quiet life, spending my summers in Devon-
shire, and going to London for masters in
the winter. I was very glad to come out
here, for I have no one belonging to me
in England."

"I very seldom go home, for the estate
seems so lonely and deserted, with no one
living in it, that I can't stand it. It is
bearable only when I have a lot of fellows
there for the shooting."

"Suppose you ask us all to come over
and stay there next summer?"

"Suppose I ask you to come and stay
there?" with a sentimental look which is
not entirely assumed.

"Suppose I should decline the invita-
tion to such a dull place?"

"I wish—"
"Never wish, and then you won't be
disappointed."
"Do you always follow that maxim?"

"I generally get what I set my heart
on."

"If with you'd set your heart on me."

"The game is not worth the candle,"
with a coolly disparaging look, which sil-
ences him for a few minutes, during which
he gazes straight ahead, while she, leaning
back among the furs, regards him with a
mischivous smile. Presently he turns his
head, and his serious face amuses her;
the dimples deepen as she laughs, and he
is able to join in, albeit at his own expense.

At last the pine forest is reached, and at
her eager request he assists her to alight,
and leaving the horses at a steady near at
hand the two penetrate the somber depths
of the forest on foot. A solemn silence
reigns around; they seem to be the only
living creatures amidst the quiet motion-
less trees which appear as grandly beauti-
ful in the rays of the declining sun. A
too tender remark of his breaks the spell
which has hitherto held them. Blushing
furiously, she abruptly turns the conver-
sation, and with her sweet rally effectively
wards off for a time the fervid words which
they both feel are imminent. As he wrings
her carefully in the great fur rug, his eyes
for a moment close to a void.

And then full-blown and the with sight of it,
head just between the eyelids.
"The drive home is spent in that deli-
cious silence which can fall only between
those who linger on the happy border-land
of unspoken but not unrequited love.

It is the night of the military ball,
thoughts of which have monopolized the
minds of many fair dames in Quebec for
the last fortnight.

Maud and Edith are in the drawing-
room, awaiting the coming of the ven-

Nell, whose toilet this evening has oc-
cupied more time than usual. Maud looks
quaintly in a pale pink satin robe, with
diamonds sparkling on her breast and hair.
Edith, in her gown of pale blue, gleaming
through soft lace, looks equally beautiful,
though in a less imperial style.

The irresistible Dick flings open the
door as a silken rustle is heard outside and
announces "Queen Edith." She steps
in, more radiantly beautiful than usual,
clad in shimmering white silk and cloudy
lace, looped here and there with exquisite
bunches of freshly culled crimson and yel-
low roses, her ornaments a magnificent
collar, and bracelets of rubies and
diamonds.

"Oh, Nell, darling, you surpass your-
self to-night!" exclaimed the two girls.
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"
adds Maud.

You're exceedingly polite,
and I think it only right
to return the compliment.

She sings gaily, making him a low obeisance.
"You want a bouquet of roses to finish
you," says Maud.

"And by love, here it is," exclaims
Dick, as a servant enters with a bouquet
addressed to Miss Tempest, composed of
roses similar to those on her dress, fresh
and dewy as if gathered on a fine June
morn."

Nell receives them with a bluish which
deepens as she catches a glance of indelli-
gence in Dick's blue eyes, while Edith
observes astutely:

"I thought the thistle was the Scottish
badge, not the rose."

As they enter the ballroom, which is
lit with flags and bright with costly
exotics, the Misses Annesley are as usual,
immediately surrounded by a throng of
applicants, civil and military, eager to
fill their cards with illegible hieroglyphics.
Maud is claimed by Sir Arthur, while Cap-
tain Drummond carries off Nell in triumph
having taken care some days previously to
secure several dances with her.

"How radiant you look to-night!" he
murmurs, as they float round to the haun-
ting rhythm of the "Dreamland Vale."
"Yes; I feel as if I must enjoy myself
to-night. Do you know that feeling when
one's very happy, as if something dread-
ful were going to happen? I think it
must be to keep us from going mad with
perfect happiness."

"Don't let such feelings spoil this even-
ing. A child like you should not have
such fancies."

"Child, indeed!—a merry laugh chas-
ing away her momentary depression.

"Do you know I shall be 18 next month?
You know mutual confession is good for
the soul. "Nine-and-twenty," he groans
in a tragic tone, "—fast approaching forty.
Think Heaven, I shall never be fat and
fair as well!"

"No; no one can accuse you of being fair
to see. I can picture you lean and
wrinkled, with a villainous temper."

"May you never come in for a share of
it, in revenge for the insults I now endure
with lamb-like submission!"

"My temper may be worse than yours;
so I shall still have the best of it."

"As the last sighing notes of the valse die
away they saunter off along one of the
luring corridors, and ensconce them-
selves in a nook screened from the liguati-
ve gaze of chaperones by loosey banks of flow-
ers. When her next partner finds her,
after a long search, Nell and the Captain
are sitting ostentatiously apart, Nell with
drooping eyes and rosy blush, while Nat's
buttonhole is decorated with a tiny yellow
rosebud which shortly before had rested in
her dainty bosom.

The house fly. Nell's little feet have
glided unobtrusively through most of the
round dances, and she is resting in her
favorite haunt, while her partner, a sus-
ceptible young lieutenant, is gone to fetch
her an ace, when some words uttered by a
passer-by causes her to listen with strained
eyes, and blanched cheeks. On her part-
ner's return, he is struck by the sudden
alteration in her looks.

"Are you ill, Miss Tempest? You look
frozen."

"No thank you; I am all right!"—with
a bitter little laugh and a floupe pain at
her heart.

She remembers with a pang that her
next dance is with Captain Drummond,
and a wild longing sweeps over her to
escape before he finds her. But he is al-
ready in sight, a glow of happiness light-
ing up his dark face, and she calls up all
her pride to meet him with her usual man-
ner.

"Will you dance this, or are you tired?"
he asks, with a lovingly searching look.

"Not in the least, thank you;" and they
return to the ballroom.

After a few rounds Captain Drummond
insisted upon taking her back to the con-
servatory, for he is sure, from her pale
face and distraught manner that she is mor-
tally tired that she will allow. As she sinks
wearily into the low chair, he can no
longer repress the burning words which
rush to his lips. Watching the effect of
his passionate, loving appeal, he sees no
answering emotion in her face—only a
chilling scorn.

"How dare you speak thus to me?"
comes at last from her ashen lips.
"How dare I? Have you not I shown my
love to you in every word and act for the
last month? Surely you have not led me
on with your false, beguiling sweetness
only to make a fool of me?"

"Think what you will," she answered
angrily, rising to her feet.

"Good heaven, Nell, don't try me too
far! You have shown that you care for

me; you can not say you do not love me!"
and moved by his great love he strains her
light trembling form passionately to his
breast.

Far a few seconds she lies passively in
his arms, then the sense of her great wrong
returned with redoubled power, and she
withdrew herself from his embrace, and
says, in clear high-pitched tones, her eyes
flaming with indignation:

"I hate you! I have never loved you!"
In his anger he says in a hard, contem-
ptuous tone:

"Great heaven, to think that baby face
makes such a will! Heartless coquette, I
will never forgive you!"

She trembles at his cruel words, and al-
most yields to his great love, but the re-
membrance of the wrong he had done her
rekindled her passion. Her eyes sparkled
through great tears, she dashes herself up
proudly, and leaves him standing, with
down set face and clenched hands, trying
to keep down the contending passions
which rage within his heart.

A little later, Nell having escaped to her
room on the plea of headache, is lying
prone on her bed, all her pride and anger
gone, her bosom heaving and her frame
shaken with bitter sobs. Will she never
shut out the strains of the valse that recalls
the moments when she, poor fool, fancied
that she loved her? At the maddening
thought she shudders, while a fierce flash
of shame rises to her brow as she remem-
bers his proud, almost triumphant look as
he so gently uttered the falsehoods which
had deluded other victims before her.

For hours she is tortured by her despair;
but at last sweet sleep, more pitiful than
the cruel realities of the life around her.

Months have elapsed and have witnessed
many changes. Shortly after the memora-
ble ball, Captain Drummond's regiment
was recalled to England, and Miss Tempest
maintained an unbroken silence as to all
that had occurred on that eventful night,
and, though many had wooed her since, it
has hitherto been in vain. In May, Maud
Annesley became Lady Conyers, and her
family, feeling the first break in their cir-
cle, have been since then traveling in Eu-
rope.

Edith and Nell are staying in London
with Mr. Annesley's sister, Lady Helen
Crichton. It is the afternoon of the 11th
of August, hot and sultry. Heather-clad
hills lie stretched in purple beauty under
the blazing sun. Scarcely a breath of air
ripples the calm surface of the lake, Shiel-
ballion rises in the dim distance, not a
cloud darkening his rugged sides. All Na-
ture seems asleep in the overpowering heat.
The birds are silent; the deer lie quietly
in the shelter of the brake; the fierce
little mountain cattle stand cooling them-
selves in the burs. The grasshopper
alone has energy enough to chirp his
everlasting song as he skips gaily through
the heather.

The two girls are slowly sauntering
along on the shady side of the avenue,
looking fresh and cool in their pompalour
chiffon gowns, notwithstanding the heat of
the day. Edith is swinging her hat as she
walks, and is in earnest talk with Nell,
whose face is laid hidden in the shady
depths of a broad hat, tied under her chin
with a white ribbon. Edith is screwing
up her courage to tell her that Captain
Drummond is one of the guests who are
coming for the morrow's shooting. At
last she tells her trying to scan at the same
time Nell's hidden face, while Nell is
thankful for the broad-brimmed hat which
hides the red flush that rises at his name.
A sudden resolve comes over her to tell
her cousin all that has passed between them
and Edith listens to him with pitying anger,
though she can hardly believe in Nat's
unusually behavior.

"Well"—with a sigh—"it's all dead
and buried now. I shall be a spinster to the
end of the chapter. You will never tell
what I have just told you, Edie; and you
must help me to doubt him as much as pos-
sible, though no void he will keep far
enough away from me," she adds bitterly;
and yet there is a tender light in her eye
as she thinks she shall soon see the still
fondly-loved Nat.

They have traversed the long avenue
through flickering shadow and sunlight,
and have stopped a moment on the lawn
to look at the lovely expanse of moor and
left, lying as if asleep beneath the cloudless
summer sky. Nell stands lost in thought,
unheeding the sound made by the wheels
of an approaching dog-cart, till a warning
touch from Edith causes her to turn slowly
and find herself face to face with Captain
Drummond. Her innate power of conceal-
ing her feelings makes her stand cool and
self-possessed, while Nat gazes on the face
of the girl he had prayed never to see again,
but which has haunted his dreams, waking
and sleeping.

Mrs. Tempest quietly offered him her
hand, and, after some trivial remark, turns
away and returns to the rose-garden to
gather spots with which to beautify her-
self in the evening while Nat, with hurs-
gled eyes following her vanishing form, does
not hear Edith's greetings.

He is standing apart when she enters the
drawing-room, dressed for dinner, in a soft
lilian muslin gown, a lace fichu daintily
draping the low square-necked bodice and
simply gathered together with a break-
knot of pale pink roses. He notices that
her manner has a subdued gentleness, and
though her cheeks have lost some of the
soft carnation glow and her sweet lips droop
down in repose than they have been wont
to do, yet the grief which has toned down
her sparkling gaiety has added a depth to
her beauty and a tenderness to her eyes.

Nell is taken to dinner by Lord Hawk-
hurst, with whom rumor had already
coupled her name; and Captain Drum-
mond has the felicity of facing her and
seeing the "hateful puppy" snuffing him-
self in her smiles and apparently absorb-
ing all her attention, though why Nat
should object he himself could hardly say.

Whether by chance or design, Nell and
Drummond do not exchange a word that
night; but he feels her presence and ob-
serves her every look, and when she slogs
again and yet again, he listens, bating the
siren voice which has allured him to des-
truction, yet lovingly drinking in every
soul cadence. He hall resolves to leave on
the morrow; but then he thinks it would
be a shame to miss the twilight, while it
will be amusing to watch her well prac-
ticed arts on the silly moth who hovers
round her.

So he judges her the pillow of the
girl who has been so gay and winsome
that night is, however, wet with bitter
tears, and her faithful colly, who sleeps on
the rug at her feet, is disturbed far into
the night by his mistress's sobs.

The shooting has been excellent. Some
of the guests have left, and others have re-
placed them; but Nat Drummond still
lingers. He sees Nell Tempest at meal
times and on an occasional picnic excu-
sion, but he has not exchanged a dozen
words with her during the ten days, so
well has she avoided him. She has grown
paler and thinner, but this is no doubt
owing to the heat, which daily becomes
more intense.

The sportsmen are indefatigable, and
the girl who has been so gay and winsome
afternoon some of the ladies have driven
up to the moor with their luncheon. Nell
does not care to go, and has established
herself with Jock, the colley, and a three-
volume novel, in the punt, close under a
shady tree. There she lies among the
cushions, looking up through the flicker-
ing green leaves at the deep blue sky,
while Jock pensively watched the fish,
which splashed up close under his nose.
And so the afternoon wanes. Nell knows
they have all returned from the moor, but
she is too lazy to join them yet; she
craves a little quiet rest before putting on
the weary semblance of light-hearted
gaiety.

The fragrant scent of a cigar rouses her,
and she silences Jock's betraying bark,
hoping to escape observation; but the
smoker stoops to look across the lake, and
then perceives at his feet a white figure
reclining among crimson cushions in the
punt. Nell looks up and sees Nat. At
last they have met.

"How