THE FLOWER AND THE FORM.

Sweet-hearted maiden, in my June of flow'rs
You are the rose
Whose perfume strikes the misty, far-off hours,
And stirs repose.

I meet you by the winding meadow brook,
A pause and sigh;
A look of welcome to a lover's look
Is your reply

When was my heart thick thronged with joy like this?
I stoop to read
The answer in your eyes—not dreamed to kiss
This kiss indeed

I take your hand. How soft and very fair!
A jewelled ring!
A jewelled ring I silently slipped there
In tasty spring

Sweet-hearted maiden, in the scent of flow'rs
The past survives:
I see you—and I live the perfect hours
Of our locked lives.

THE TIME OF ROSES.

[CONTINUED FROM FOURTH PAGE.]

the girl was fain to confess to herself that the wish for his departure was growing into a feverish longing, for he made her life unbearable.

"Miss Clithero," he said one day, coming upon her alone, down by the river side, "it is nearly a week since you have been out in the Persephone; if I bring her round here, shall we go for a row before sunset, it is such a glorious afternoon?"

"But it is getting late," objected Bethel, turning away as she spoke; then, thinking he was about to accept her excuse, she jumped up hastily, and cried, "Never mind; I should like it of all things! but just let me run and get my hat."

"Run, by all means," he said; "I am glad you have not forgotten how to—but I should have thought that, with all your new accomplishments, running would have been one of the lost arts."

Bethel turned away blushing, quite unable to think of any suitable repartee, and Philip was left master of the field, although he did not seem to appreciate the victory.

He walked slowly down to the boat-house, whistling as he went, but with a certain anxious look in his eyes, to which he was not accustomed, and a certain hardening of his heart for some painful duty, that could be seen in the compressed lips and slight frown between the eyebrows.

His face cleared a little, however, when he brought the boat up the river and Bethel, in a cloud of sunshine, stepped into it beside him, and sat, with her smiling face full before him, her hat making a kind of halo about her head.

She turned her head aside presently and dipped her idle hands into the water. And he examined her critically from his *coign d'observation*, but not as a picture. The days were few and very short that separated him from his easy, careless life, but he was none the less changed for that, and he knew that he should look in the sweet eyes and at the sunny head with the careless critical admiration of a connoisseur never again. While the sun shone, and the water rippled round them, the passionate love of his heart went out and folded itself tenderly about the girlish figure and the pretty flushed, expectant face.

"Miss Clithero," he said, suddenly, breaking a long silence, "what a lovely rose! you might have offered it to me."

"I could not," she said, with a laugh breaking out at the corners of her mouth. "I never cast a flower away, etc."

"The gift of one who cared for me," he finished. "Is it so, Miss Clithero?"

Bethel laughed shyly. "Oh no," she said, "it was only Jim."

"Where is Jim to day?"

"Gone home! I know?" she said, with an angry flush, and then, pathetically, "He is very kind to me, Captain Strachan; I don't know what I should have done without him this summer."

Captain Strachan made an impatient movement, and shipped his dripping oars with a jerk.

"We will drift," he said.

"But won't you smoke?" said Bethel, timidly, "I don't mind at all."

Philip would not smoke, however; he leaned his elbows on his knees, and sat looking straight before him—beyond Bethel and beyond the river. And she! she sat mute and troubled, all her ready wit and pleasant chatter seemed to have died away, and left her a foolish, silent girl, with a strange throbbing at her heart.

"Miss Clithero," Philip said at last, "I have something to say to you, and I have been trying all this time how best to put it, and my mind is a blank."

The throbbing of Bethel's heart grew so quick and loud that she almost heard it beat; but she leaned over to the water to hide her face, and said, in her happy voice,

"It must be something very dreadful, Captain Strachan, that requires so much preparation.

"Will you listen to me?" he said.

Bethel raised her eyes quickly to his face, and then dropped them as quickly. It was a pretty trick she had, that Captain Strachan had grown to recognize as part of herself; but now he held his hand over his eyes for a minute as if the sight hurt him, and Bethel sat on, in the sunshine, with a great flood of happiness in her reckless heart.

"Do you ever take advice?" he said at last.

All at once the sunshine darkened before Bethel's eyes, she drew her hands out of the water and sat up right.

"Never," she answered.

Philip drew his brows together into an unmistakable frown. "Don't make it too hard for me, Miss Clithero," he said; "but, because we have known each other so long and so well, let me tell you something—give me the right of old friendship for once."

"I give you nothing," she said, and she spread out her empty hands, palm downward, with a gesture of pain; "but you can take what you like, you are strong."

Philip flushed all over his bronzed face, but he spoke gently.

"Bethel—"

"Miss Clithero!" she interrupted.

"Well, Miss Clithero," he said, impatiently, "even you can make mistakes, I suppose, and I—no one could see you drifting into some great error without holding out a hand to stop you—could they?"

"Couldn't they?" she said, coldly. "I see no error, and I see no necessity for any warnings."

Again Philip hesitated, and then again he spoke.

"I will speak," he said, "although you hate me, and I despise myself for it. Miss Clithero, a fellow might be very fond of a girl, and all that, and yet it might not do."

He spoke with a quaver in his voice, that was low and passionate, but Bethel sat as still and silent as a marble statue.

"You see," he went on, desperately, "I know the fellow, and he has his good points, but—but there are better fellows in the world, and life is all before you."

Bethel lifted a white passionless face to his; there were no shy glances now—no pretty color coming and going beneath his eyes; but she made a movement as though she would have risen to her feet.

"Sit still, Miss Clithero; Bethel, are you mad?" he said; "you will upset the boat."

"What does it matter?" she said, in a bitter voice. "I should be better dead."

"Then I was far too late," he answered.

She looked up at him with a wild, hunted, despairing look that cut him to the heart like a knife, then she cried, passionately,

"Row me home, Captain Strachan, and don't speak to me."

CHAPTER IV.

So he rowed her home in silence, as she bade him. What else could he do with that hard voice ringing in his ears, that changed face turned defiantly toward him?

He rowed her home, through the gathering twilight, to the little stone from which her happy feet had stepped into the boat an hour ago, and there he shipped his oars and jumped out. She might have scrambled to shore alone if she could, but in her haste she tumbled over her dress, and would have fallen if he had not stretched out a hand to save her.

"Miss Clithero," he said, "will you listen to me?"

"No, no, no!" she cried, passionately; "I will not listen at all;" and she put her hands over her ears and walked swiftly away across the lawn, while he jumped back into the boat, proud and angry, and rowed down to the boat-house.

Left a'one, Bethel dragged off her hat, and loosed the hankerchief about her neck, gasping for air, while a great flood of scarlet crept up over cheek and neck and brow, and her eyes flashed.

"How dared he!" she cried aloud; "how dared he hint at such a thing to me! Run after, as Jim said; and yet I thought I hid my secret so very well—and he of all men to guess it! And where was the harm, after all? If I love him, whom does it hurt, or who should blame me? What was it to him that he should humiliate me so? I never ran after him—why, I hate him—and any one might have thought I liked Jim best; but it's all over now."

She put on her hat again, and smoothed her hair with her trembling fingers.

"I have had my lesson," she said to herself, with quivering lips. "What a fool I was! but at any rate he shall see now that I am indifferent—to him."

She ran down the terrace, singing, to the drawing-room window and looked in. Mrs. Clithero was knitting in the fading light, and she rose and opened the window for her daughter. "Why, Bethel," she said, surprised at sight of the flushed cheeks and shining eyes, "how warm you have made yourself, my dear! Go and bathe your head with eau-de-Cologne, and put on a cooler dress for dinner. Why could you not have staid at home this afternoon? There, kiss me, my dear, and go."

But Bethel did not go; all her restlessness had died away, and she dropped down on her knees beside her mother.

"I am not hot, dear mother," she said.

"What is it, then?" said Mrs. Clithero.

"Nothing. I am tired," said Bethel; then she suddenly raised herself and put both her arms about her mother's neck.

"Don't ask me any questions," she cried, petulantly; "I suppose things get into a wrong groove sometimes, and I must go now and dress for dinner. I believe," said Bethel, mournfully, "that if I was the most unhappy woman living, my appetite would be as good as ever."

"My dear, I am very thankful for it," said Mrs. Clithero. "Be sure and be in good voice to-night—it is such a treat to me to hear you and Jim sing together."

CHAPTER V.

Bethel went up and dressed, and came down stairs to find Jim and Mrs. Clithero sitting waiting for her in the shadowy room. She came down bright, eager, and beautiful, with a smile on her lips to hide the aching of her heart—a different being to the girl who had sat in such terrible silence in the boat upon the river, and crushed down her unreturned, unasked-for love different, too, to a girl who, five minutes before, had leaned a flush, tear-stained face out of her bed-room window, hoping that the evening air would cool it.

It was a cheerful, happy trio who sat down to dinner that night, judging by outside appearances. Jim and Bethel vied with each other in telling good stories, and making Mrs. Clithero laugh over their foolish ways—for even she was taken in by the girl's careless chatter and ready wit, and, looking from one bright face to the other, built castles in the air that would have startled Bethel not a little could she have looked into her mother's mind.

"Come," said Bethel, after dinner, "will you call us in at tea-time, mother, and we will go for a little ramble in the shrubbery."

"You have been out so much to-day," objected her mother.

"Never mind, dear," said Bethel, kissing her; "the more I am out the better—if I am happy."

And then she put on her shawl and they went out together.

"Do you want any more lilies, Miss Bethel?" asked Jim; "they always look so lovely by moonlight."

"Yes, indeed I do," said Bethel, "I have been waiting for days for an opportunity of getting some new ones; that is one of the advantages of height you see."

"I don't think you need taunt me, Miss Bethel," he said; "you are pretty tall too."

"I am five feet seven," she said, "and you are six feet one. Well, we will not quarrel; I will only look up to you and reverence you."

"Will you?" he said, eagerly; "and love me too—they should always go together."

"And love you too," she repeated, lightly. "That is the easiest, I think;" and she laughed mischievously.

But Jim was very grave.

"Do you really mean it, Bethel?" he asked. "Because I want you to love me really."

Bethel looked up, startled. She was sitting on the little rustic bench that crowned the mount, with the great white lilies in her hand, and something in Jim's earnestness struck her with a sudden pang.

"What do you mean?" she said, faltering a little. "I do you like you, Jim, and you know it if I have liked you all along."

"And I have loved you," he cried, sharply, "that is just the difference, Miss Bethel. If you have been playing with me, for God's sake tell me now, and let me go."

He stood before her, stooping down to look into the sweet startled eyes, and he read the answer there so plainly that he loosed her hands and turned away.

"Stay," she cried, stretching out her hands and lifting her eyes, heavy with tears, to his. "I was not playing indeed. I never thought you cared for me in that way; and, Jim," she went on, passionately, "there is no play about it at all. I think love is a most terrible reality."

Still he did not answer.

"Are you still angry with me?" she said, wistfully; "don't hurt me any more, dear Jim—don't despise me any more than I despise myself."

Jim steadied his voice to speak.

"I would not hurt you for the world, Bethel," he said, with a grave tenderness that was as new as his love; "and as to despising, it is nonsense to talk of it. Do you mind my going home now instead of going in to tea? and Bethel—if I have hurt you, forgive me; I was mad just at first, and I was a brute to speak to you as I did. I was always unlucky," he said, lifting his boyish eyes half wistfully to her face. "Phil always had all the chances—money, life, and love; he has been engaged for five years, you know."

"I did not know," said Bethel, very quietly.

"Really! Well, it was no secret—a very pretty girl, too, and awfully fond of him."

Bethel did not speak again; she let the moonlight play about the idle hands that were lying on her lap, and about the sweet, sad mouth, and Jim, watching her, sighed at the very hopelessness of the passion with which his love had hedged her in.

"Miss Bethel," he said, "look up and say good-bye."

Bethel looked up; but something in her face—as of one utterly weary and disheartened—touched his tender heart, and he took both her hands and bent closer to her.

"Don't look like that, Bethel," he said. "I can not go away and leave you so, with no one to look after you—you will be lonely."

"Very lonely," she said, shivering.

"May I write to you?" he said, eagerly. "I will get all the news I can to amuse you—I will indeed!"

"Thank you," she said, smiling gently; "you are always kind, Jim—kinder than anybody else, almost. I shall miss you very much when I have time to think about it—I am so tired now."

She looked so tired that he had not the heart to worry her any more. He saw that she was troubled and anxious and would be better alone; and, like the tender, chivalrous boy, he was, he put his own trouble on one side to comfort hers. But an unseen foe is hard to combat, an unknown trouble is difficult to reach; and Jim at last saw that the time had come when he could not help her any further, and he went away home and left her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

COMMERCIAL NEWS.

OFFICE OF THE CANADIAN POST,
LINDSAY, June 14, 1877.

British Grain Trade.

The *Mark Lane Express* of Monday, in its weekly review of of the British corn trade says: "Vegetation is very backward, having made little progress under the harsh weather which prevailed in May. It is probable that the acreage under wheat is larger this year than in 1876, owing to a more favourable seed-time, but the harvest will entirely depend upon the future weather, which up to the present has not given promise of a large yield. The growth of all cereals has been retarded. The stocks of English wheat in farmers' hands are now very low, as the recent rise in value was too tempting to be resisted, and a majority of holders sold out freely as soon as symptoms of a reaction set in. The offerings both at Mark-lane and in the country have been very meagre, and in spite of the downward tendency of prices, holders of the little remaining wheat have steadfastly refused to sell at less money, feeling confident that the unusual scarcity would shortly bring quotations up again. As buyers have not been of the same idea, business has been almost at a standstill, and sales could only have been made at a decline of 3s. to 4s. per quarter. After two consecutive weeks of large imports of foreign wheat, little else but depression could be looked for in trade at this season of the year. The course of business at Mark-lane until Friday last, when a steadier tone was apparent, has been listless and uncertain. Prices are fully 10s. per quarter below the recent highest points. Considerable uncertainty prevails as to the future course of the wheat trade. On the one hand we have an exceptionally light stock of English in farmers hands, which would indicate the probability of an increased demand upon foreign and a consequent enhancement of value; on the other, the fact that the large decrease in supply in America seems likely to be counterbalanced by an extensive outward movement from Germany, North Russia, and India. Military operations in the East having been much impeded by the long wet season, the war continues without any apparently decisive action on either side, and for the present the influence of politics has ceased to be felt in trade. The blockade of the Black Sea has tended to increase shipments from the Baltic, but beyond this business has been but little effected. The fall in maize has been heavy and rapid.

Wool.

The season is now at hand when farmers generally bring their wool to market; and but little has been brought forward thus far in consequence of the prices not being high enough to meet the views of the holders. Yet the prices now offered are too high, taking into consideration the low prices in England for combing wool, such as we produce in Canada, and also the low price at which the combing wool raised in the United States is being sold. The prospect for remunerative prices to those who already hold stocks, cannot be regarded as bright. And yet the prices that offered in the markets of Hamilton and Toronto, compel buyers to pay, against their better judgment, figures which promise them a loss. It is a good thing for the farmers and wool-growers to get all they can whether buyers lose money or not, and no one can blame them; but it is not wise in them to refuse present figures in the hope of a further advance. The native American combing of the present day is a softer wool than ours, and for the goods now being manufactured there is more suitable than ours. Formerly our wools not being soft, but fine, long, and of a good lustre, Americans required them to enable the needed finish to be given to goods then being made. Our combing wool is at present not worth at this point over from 26 to 28c, yet some persons think it is low at that price, and for some unexplained reason that it must bring more. Doubtless there is a good deal held which was bought at a high figure, and where holders are going to place it with a chance of saving themselves the present state of both the English and American markets does not indicate. There are those who believe that the war in the East will cause an advance in wool. In this there is a great likelihood that they will be mistaken. If a demand for army clothing did take place, such wool as is grown in Canada would not be suitable for the goods used in the countries where the war is now waging. Wool is low in the British markets, notwithstanding the prevalence of war; and the accumulation of goods has induced the woolen as well as the cotton manufacturers there to diminish production, which must have a depressing effect on the price of raw material. In the United States, although in many of the county districts are tenacious, the feeling of buyers is one of caution, and by no means favorable to advanced prices. The Boston *Journal of Commerce*, of Monday last, in speaking of the danger of excitement among Western country buyers, reminds its readers that although stocks of wool are low, business has by no means recovered from its prostration, and argues that "too high prices paid for wool at present would prove disastrous." Such opinions from a quarter to which no small share of our wool export finds its way, ought to deter prudent wool buyers from seeking to unduly stimulate the market here.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Pope's cash receipts on the occasion of his jubilee amount to $1,500,000, exclusive of valuable presents.

The Orillia public fountain has been allowed to go to ruin. No use trying to get Orillia people to take to using water as a beverage.

Last week, at Louisville, Ky., the well known horse Tenbrock ran a mile in 3:37½. This time has never yet been equalled.

Krupp's 50-ton gun, exhibited at the Centennial, was purchased by Russia for the fortifications at Cronstadt, and is now in position for work.

We copy the following from an exchange: At Garden Hill, township of Hope, on Monday, 7th May, Daniel O'Sullivan, aged 110 years. The deceased was a native of Queenstown, Ireland.

The Grand Lodge of Canadian Orangemen met in Ottawa Tuesday week. The brethren turned out in force to meet and welcome the officers. The same evening the Papal Ablegate arrived in the city and another procession and torchlight demonstration filled the streets. The coincidence was remarkable.

The Kingston *Whig* says: "The Tattooed Man' in Barnum's show was, many years ago, a patient for weeks in the Kingston General Hospital. He was then suffering from fever, and was so very ill his life was despaired of at one time. The medical officers at the hospital and a large number of students will remember the case of such a person, and the man himself says he is the very person."

Yankee ingenuity has proved too much for the grasshopper at last. In Minnesota, the anxious husbandman covers a square piece of sheet-iron with coal tar. The hoppers jump on for the purpose of taking a ride, and, sticking fast to the tar, when the ride is over they find it impossible to descend. In this way about a bushel of them is secured per trip. Five car loads of tar and five tons of sheet iron have been ordered from Chicago.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in packets labelled "JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, 48 Threadneedle-street, and 170, Piccadilly, London."—[May 2, 1877.]—[May 9.]—[May 16.]—[May 23.]—[May 30.]—[June 6.]—[June 13.]—[June 20.]—[June 27.]—[July 4.]—[July 11.]—[July 18.]—[July 25.]—[Aug. 1.]—[Aug. 8.]—[Aug. 15.]—[Aug. 22.]—[Aug. 29.]—[Sept. 5.]—[Sept. 12.]—[Sept. 19.]—[Sept. 26.]—[Oct. 3.]—[Oct. 10.]—[Oct. 17.]—[Oct. 24.]—[Oct. 31.]—[Nov. 7.]—[Nov. 14.]—[Nov. 21.]—[Nov. 28.]—[Dec. 5.]—[Dec. 12.]—[Dec. 19.]—[Dec. 26.]—[Jan. 2, 1877.]—[Jan. 9.]—[Jan. 16.]—[Jan. 23.]—[Jan. 30.]—[Feb. 6.]—[Feb. 13.]—[Feb. 20.]—[Feb. 27.]—[March 6.]—[March 13.]—[March 20.]—[March 27.]—[April 3.]—[April 10.]—[April 17.]—[April 24.]—[May 1.]—[May 8.]—[May 15.]—[May 22.]—[May 29