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WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1879.

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Poetry.

RETROSPECTION.

BY "BOHEMIAN DASH."

A rose, a leaf, two broken rings—Mamma, why keep these worn old things?

A lock of hair, a picture—see! Can all these things come play with me?

A piece of whip, an old kid glove; A card with "love," "love."

A picture with blue eyes is here, And two hearts on it—oh, so near!

And here's some violets stowed away; Please may I play with these to-day?

I wonder if you mean to keep These queer old things in here asleep!

No, no, my babe, my dark-eyed pet. You must not touch these trifles—yet.

The leaf, and rose, and other things, I've kept with thoughts kind memory brings.

That picture, with the eyes of blue. Once loved Mamma—if sighs be true.

So the violets hide a thought of home— So let the tiny things alone!

I could not, darling, give you these Old broken rings nor withered leaves.

A token bright they are for me; Of friends now far beyond the sea,

The baby face looked into mine, And said: "I'll play with these some other time."

—New Orleans Times.

LESSONS BY THE WAY.

Starting from the cradle Towards the grave below, Treading in the footprints, Made so long ago; Do we note the landmarks All along the way? Do we stop to gather Wisdom, day by day?

Do we see the rivers Made of human tears? Swelled by evil passions Fed by craven fears? If so, are we stronger Battling with the foe? Are we hourly growing Wiser as we go?

Do we heed the breakers With their sullen roar? Do we see the timbers Strewn along the shore? Wreck of human greatness Foundered in a night— Do we mind our rudder 'Better for the sight'?

Beacon lights are shining From the hills and towers; Angel voices calling In the darkest hours! Let us heed the warning All along the way— Let us gather wisdom While we watch and pray!

A GILDED SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WEDDED AND PARTED," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &c.

(Continued.)

All his fancied dislike melted as he gazed on her. He wondered how he could have hated her, how he could have forgotten her. He reproached himself for it with bitter reproaches. How could he have been unkind to Giulia's child? 'I have been dull all my life,' she had said, and the words smote him with pain. He longed to say to her, 'I am your father, Veronica, but my love for your mother is shut up in my heart. It is my most cherished secret; it is so secret to me that I cannot talk of it; I cannot tell others of it; it is the very core of my heart.' He was sorely tempted, but 'Not yet,' he said to himself—'not yet.' He turned to her suddenly.

'Tell me about your life, Veronica,' he said. 'What made it so dull? How have you spent it?'

'I have lived with my aunt Assunta,' she replied, 'and my aunt was a woman whose heart must have been broken when she was very young, I think. She never laughed, she never even smiled, but she hated the English. 'They are as perfidious,' she said, 'as Judas. The sun never shines on England; it is always dark with Heaven's frown.' She would not let me have any friends. We used to sit for days and months and years in that dark old palace, watching the water, watching the sky, seldom speaking a word. She gave me histories to read, and after many prayers she allowed me to have masters for painting—nothing else; and for many years I have passed my life in reading dull histories and in painting.'

'Poor child,' he said, 'it was not a very bright life, was it?'

'No. I have often asked her to tell me where my mother and father lie buried; but my aunt would never inform me. I have never seen my mother's grave.'

Sir Jasper's face grew white with emotion. He said to himself, 'It is Giulia's child who has led this sad life—who has never known one bright hour.' He dared not look at her lest she should wonder at the pain on his face.

'How old are you, Veronica?' he asked. 'I am twenty, as men count years,' she said. 'It seems to me that I have lived a century in the dark old palace. It was full of spirits who wailed all night through the long dark passages. When my aunt was angry with me, she said always that I was a child, an ignorant child. I think myself I am very old, more like a woman whose years are run than a child.'

'You will not feel so when you have lived a little longer,' he said gently. 'Veronica, look round you. This is an English winter. Do you see how white the ground is—how great icicles hang like huge diamonds from the trees and hedges? When the sun shines on the snow and sparkles on the ice, I do not think there is a grander sight in the world.'

'I wonder,' said Veronica musingly, 'why my aunt disliked England so much—do you know?'

He tried to answer her indifferently. 'It would require a very learned philosopher to understand a lady's likes and dislikes,' he said. 'Veronica, you say that you have had a very sad life; let me advise you to try to forget it—forget the gloomy aunt who seems to have been so mistaken. Just as a flower opens its heart to the sun, open yours to the sunshine of happiness. Will you try?'

'I will try,' she answered. 'I will do anything you tell me.'

Then he pointed out to her the beauties of the park through which they were driving, and then, in the distance, the towers of Queen's Chace.

'How beautiful!' she cried. 'And see—the sun shines on it; it looks as though Heaven were blessing it.'

He wondered what she would say if she knew that this superb house ought one day by right to be hers.

'Tell me,' she cried—'what do you call this beautiful place? Teach me to say it; teach me to say your name. What must I call you?'

And he taught Giulia's child to call him Sir Jasper, while lodging with all his heart to hear the word 'father' from her lips.

'Some day,' he said to himself, 'I will tell her all about it, and she will know. Then I will ask her to call me 'father'—and I shall hear all earth's music in the world.'

Sir Jasper said one thing to Veronica on entering the house. He turned to her with an expression of pain on his face.

'Veronica,' he said, 'I want to ask you one favour—that is, I wish to give you one piece of advice, afterwards you will know the reason why. I advise you to say nothing whatever of the house you have left. People are sure to ask you questions. Do not answer them; evade them.'

Veronica, looking up at him with the simple faith of a child, replied— 'I will—I will do whatever you tell me.'

And he knew from that moment that any secret, anything which touched his interests was as safe in her hands as in his own. He never forgot the expression of utter astonishment on Lady Brandon's face as the young girl came forward with her graceful, self-possessed manner to speak to her.

'I really thought,' she said afterwards to her husband, 'that an old Venetian figure had descended from its frame. What a face she has, Jasper! It is essentially Venetian not Florentine—I know the Florentine type so well—no Roman, but purely Venetian. Her mother must have been a beautiful woman.'

He winced at the words, but made no reply. Lady Brandon smiled as she continued—

'She is a great contrast to Katherine. I am not sure that it is wise to bring a rival beauty into the house.'

Sir Jasper looked up impatiently; this woman's tattle annoyed him.

'She will never harm Katherine,' he said somewhat sternly. 'Do not put ideas of that kind into Kate's head. I want her to like the young stranger. See—that is a pretty picture.'

Husband and wife were standing by the fireplace in the Yellow Drawingroom, as one of the prettiest apartments at Queen's Chace was called. The two girls were at the other end—Katherine seated on a low chair, her golden head thrown back, and Veronica kneeling on the ground by her side. The

two faces were each lovely, yet differed entirely. Veronica was gazing at the English girl with something like rapture in her face. Katherine was a new revelation of beauty to her.

'Tell me something about your home, said Katherine. 'The one dream of my life is to go to Italy; but papa will never hear of it.'

Veronica gave one hasty glance across the room to the dark, handsome face of the man who had so great an influence over her. Remembering her promise she answered—

'Ask me about anything you will,' she replied, 'except about home I cannot speak of it.'

Katherine looked at the flushed face, and thinking that the subject was one too sad for her, she stooped down and kissed her.

'I will not ask you about home or anything else that grieves you, Veronica,' she said. 'It must be very sad; you have lost everything—every one. But you will be happy with us after a time. You shall be my sister—I have always longed for one; and you will love papa—every one loves him when they know him.' It was strange but typical that she did not speak of Lady Brandon. She said nothing about loving her.

'Kiss me, Veronica,' she said—'not coldly, but as if you were really my own sister. I shall love you as though you were.'

The dark eyes filled slowly with tears. 'You will love me?' she said. 'It seems impossible; it is too good—it cannot be true. You will really love me?'

'Why should I not?' asked Katherine, wondering at the girl's emotion.

'Why should you, rather?' she replied. 'You are so different from me. You seem to me like a fairy princess. You live in the midst of beauty and magnificence; every one loves you; even the servants do wait upon you seem almost to worship you. You have the sunshine ever on your head. Look at these bright threads of gold! You seem to me more lovely than a poet's dream.'

Katherine laughed; flattery was always pleasant to her. She experienced a girl's natural delight in being called lovely. Then she passed her white fingers over her bowed head.

'Has no one ever told you that you were beautiful?'

'No; I have never heard any one speak of me in that way,' replied Veronica.

'Then let me tell you now,' said Katherine. 'You are a thousand times more beautiful than I am. But I am not jealous of you—I love you. Mine is a pretty pink-and-white, healthy, happy kind of beauty; yours is a grand, half-sad, wholly imperial loveliness. I am like a rosebud, you are like a mystical passion flower. There are hundreds of girls like me—there can be few others like you.'

'Is it really true?' asked Veronica. 'Am I really beautiful? Tell me, Caterina mia—do you think that any one who saw me for the first time would like me?'

'I am sure that every one would admire you very much, and those who knew you would love you.'

'It seems so strange,' said Veronica—and Katherine saw a light come over her face—'so strange. I have never thought of myself in that way at all. I have often wondered if ever any one would love me.'

'Did they not love you at home?' asked Katherine, surprised.

'We will not talk of home,' was the reply uttered sadly. 'No, you are the first person in all the world who ever said to me, I love you!'

'I am glad, yet sorry,' said the English girl slowly.

A strange light came over Veronica's face; her eyes darkened, a quiver passed over her lips.

'Yes, you are the first,' she said; 'and because in all my life you have been the first to say to me, "I love you," I swear fealty to you—I will be true to you until death—I will be a friend more than in name. If the time should ever come when, by laying down my life, I can save yours. I will do it. If the time should ever come when I can take a trouble from you or by suffering myself save you from suffering, I will do it or undergo it.'

Katherine was touched by the earnest, passionate words.

'How much you think of kind words, Veronica!' she said quietly.

'Ah, you do not know! I have been all my long solitary life without them. For years I heard but one voice, and it never addressed me kindly. No one in all this world been so utterly alone.'

'It is all ended now,' said Katherine; 'you have us to love you.'

'Yes, it is ended,' returned Veronica. 'Do you know, Caterina, that I could not believe the world was fair or bright? I seemed to me impossible. I knew that the skies were blue, and that the light of the sun was all golden, but I did not understand the glory and the loveliness that seems common to you. Once, long ago, I found an old book of poems, and I read them. They were all about the beauty and passion and tenderness of life. I thought the man who wrote them—Alfieri—was mad; now I think there was some method in his madness. Do you know, Caterina—I like to give you the sweet soft Italian name—the for long years I have never had but one thought, and that was how soon Heaven would let me die!'

(To be Continued.)