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WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1879.

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Poetry.

MY COT AMANG THE TREES.

I have a pretty brown cottage Hid away amang the trees, And there the robins' morning song Soars quivering on the breeze; There I've spent my happiest days With a wife and children dear, Each daily task more pleasant made

By their joyish shouting near. And in a' this world naught can my fancy Like my dear brown cottage amang the trees.

I've travelled far in foreign lands, I've seen the lords' castles fine, I've at their costly tables dined, And quaff'd the rich ruby wine; Felt a' the joys of high estace,

And revell'd where princes reign; Yea, been honored amang the great, For mine is a vaunted name; But no where have I found the pleasant ease As in my brown cottage amang the trees.

Lords! tell me not your lives are sweet, Your days a' contented spend, Many sweets ye may daily taste, But bitter a' at the end; Yea, bitter is a' at the end, When the heart sick of pleasures

Sighs oft for mercy and release From a' youths' festive treasures; Sighs for rest, some place where to dwell at E'en tho' it be a brown cot 'mang the trees.

Beaverton, Oct. 22nd, 1879.

A PROPHECY OF ST. COLUMBA.

An esteemed correspondent sends the New Zealand Tablet the tollowing Gaelic verses, with an English translation. He finds an earnest of the prophecy's fulfilment in the re-establishment of the Benedictine Order in Scotland :-

"I mo chridhe, I mo ghraidh! Naite guth mhanach bidh geum bha: Ach mun tig a' saoghal gu crich, Bidh I mo chridhe mar a bha."

Iona, lovely, holy isle! In thee, the voice of monks while Must yield, alas; to low of kine! But ere time ends, again thou'lt shine.

A GILDED SIN

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

(Continued.)

'I will not insult Miss di Cyntha by any such question,' he replied.

'Then you are unjust,' she said. 'You accuse me of bringing a false charge; ask Miss di Cyntha whether that charge is true or talse-she will not deny it if you ask her.

Still there came no words from the white lips that were closed so strangely. 'I refuse to do any such thing,' he return-

'Again, Sir Marc, I say you are unjust, I accuse Miss di Cyntha of having in her own room, unknown to every one, and, as she thought, unseen by every one, wilfully burnt Sir Jasper Brandon's last will and testament. More than that, I can prove that she did so. Now, Sir Marc, look from her to me-which of us looks guilty ?'

He looked at Veronica as though expecting an indignant denial. None came.

'Miss di Cyntha," she continued, 'tell Sir Marc, who accuses me of bringing a false charge, whether you destroyed that will or not.'

Still there was no answer.

'I swear to Heaven that I saw her do it, and that I have the proofs,' cried the maid. 'I should not speak so plainly before you, Sir Marc, but that hush-money will do from you as well as from her.'

Then Veronica spoke; she went up to him, and without looking at him, she said-'Will you send that woman away, Marc?

I shall die if she remains here. I will spcak to you when she is gone.'

It struck him with a pang more bitter than death that she had never once denied the charge. 'Go,' he said to Morton; 'leave Miss di Cyntha's presence, and never dare to seek it

again. Leave this house at once. If in one hour from now you are within the walls, nothing will save you from prison.'

'And nothing will save Miss di Cyntha from penal servitude,' she rejoined.

The woman's persistence in her story astounded him, while Veronica's silence bewildered him. It could not be true- of course it was false; but it was evident frem her silence that there was a mystery. ' Hush !' The white lips had opened again

and a voice that was unlike any he had ever heard came to him in the sunlit silence .-'Do not drive her to extremes. Send her away.

Then Sir Marc, pointing to the door, said: 'Go! Leave the house ; but weit for me at the railway-station at Hurstwood. I will see you there.'

The woman left the room, and he took Veronica in his arms.

'Sweetheart,' he said, 'what is this mystery? Why did you not deny that woman's outrageous charges? My Veronica burn a will! You cannot think how it has distressed me.' He kissed the white cold face, which looked as though neither warmth nor colour could ever brighten it again ; his heart was full of keen intolerable pain. 'There is some mystery, Veronica,' he went on; 'I can see that. Tell me what it is.'

'I cannot,' she said. And the two simple words were more terrible to him than any others.

'At least, my darling,' he pleaded, 'tell me that it is not true. I cannot endure that you should remain silent under such a charge; it is unwomanly almost-deny it. I ask no explanation of the mystery; my sweetheart shall be as free and unfettered as the wind that blows. But I do ask this-deny those horrible words.'

Then she looked at him, with the pallor of death on her face. She tried to speak lightly, but her lips trembled. She tried to smile, but the smile, died away.

'What if I could not deny it, Marc?' His face flamed hotly.

'Great Heaven, Veronica,' he cried, 'do not jest over such a subject as this -do not jest about a crime! I could not have thought you capable of such light words.'

'I am not jesting,' she answered, faintly ;

I never thought of doing so.'

She saw his face grow stern and his eyes take a cold, hard expression. 'Veronica,' he said, 'answer me one question-it is your own fault that I have to ask it-is that woman's charge true? She says that she holds proofs-is it true? Tell me

-did you burn a will or did you not? Auswer me.' She knew that it would be useless to resist her fate even if she could lie-Morton would produce the charred fragments as evidence. She-Veronica -- would not attempt

to screen herself. He must think what he

would. 'Did you destroy a will, Veronica?' he repeated. 'Answer me-I shall go mad with suspense.'

She raised her white face to his, and spoke slowly-

'It is quite true,' she said-'1 did burn Sir Jasper Brandon's last will and testament; yet listen-I would deny it if I dared, but i that woman holds those fatal proofs it is useless.'

He drew back from her as though she had stabbed him.

'You do not mean it, I am sure,' he said - you cannot mean it-it would be too horrible. You are saying it to try my loveonly for that-to try my faith, my darling you could not have done it.'

'Was it so great a crime?' she asked sim-

'A crime?' he repeated. 'The person who could even ask such a question must be dead to all sense of honour and shame. 'A crime? I should place it next to murder.'

'I did not know it,' she said softly; ' never thought of that.' He looked at her in horror,

"Then you did it-you really and truly did it, Veronica?' he said. 'Yes, I did it, Marc,' she replied sadly.

it? What was your motive? Tell me, that I may understand.' 'I cannot do that,' she replied sadly.

can tell you no more than this, that I of my own accord burned that will.'

'Great Heaven,' he cried, 'it is incredible! Did any one else know?'

'I cannot tell you,' she replied.

' Was any one else present?' 'No,' she answered.

'Was the will you destroyed one against your own interests? Did it take money from you, or what?'

She raised her dark eyes in solemn wonder at the question. 'You must think what you will of my motives,' she replied-'I cannot explain them

to you.' 'It is incredible !' he cried. 'I could be lieve you and myself both mad before I could | may. believe this. Is it some foal trick, some hor-

rible farce? 'No,' she replied, 'it is the simple terrible truth. I destroyed the will, but I did not know it was such a crime as you say.'

. And if you had known?' he cried. 'I should have destroyed it just the same.

'You swear it is true?' he said. 'I swear it,' she replied.

the suubeams fell between them and the birds sang on the roses outside the window, Veronica was the first to break the terrible silence.

'Marc,' she said, 'you will not betray

'No,' he replied slowly. 'I will not betray you, lest the iron hand of the law should grasp you. Great Heaven, how could you have done such a deed?'

She looked at him with a shudder.

'Could I really be put into prison for it?" she said.

'Yes, if those whom you have defrauded chose to presecute you; and then he wondered, for a soft sweet light came over the white stillness of her face.

'I see,' she said slowly -- 'I understand." 'Veronica,' he cried, 'how callous you are! You seem to have no shame for the deed that you have done.'

She was asking herself what she should do -how she should make him understand; and then, with a great, sharp, bitter pang, the thought came to her that she could never make him understand-that she could never break her oath, the oath taken with her hands on her dead father's heart. He was looking at her with wistful eyes. 'You, Veronica,' he said, 'whom I thought

some explanation of the mystery-any key by which I may solve it? Will you say one word that will lessen my misery ?' 'I cannot,' she replied. 'I am bound in chains of iron-I cannot. I tell you this.

of all women the most perfect, will you tell

me why you did this? Will you give me

must trust me all in all, or not at all.' 'Trust you? Great Heaven, trust a woman who could burn the will of a dead man! Stay-tell me one thing. Did he wish you to destroy it? Did he ask you to do so?'

one bare fact-I burned the will. You

'No,' she replied, 'he did not.' 'Then do not osk me to trust you, Veronica. No man's houour would be safe in such hands. If there is a mystery, and you will explain it to me, good-that will de ; if not, we must part.'

'Part,' she repeated-'part-you and I?'

She held out her arms to him with a low

'Yes,' he answered coldly, 'if it broke my heart a hundred times over. You do not suppose that 1, a man of honour, could marry a woman who had deliberately destroyed the will of a dead man? I would not marry such a one even if the loss of her kill-

'I never thought of that,' she said, clasp: ing her hands. 'I should imagine not,' replied Sir Marc.

'I could never look at you without remem-

bering what you had done. I should be wretched, miserable. We must part.' 'Part !' she repeated faintly. 'Oh Marc, I thought you loved me so !' ' Loved you? I love you even now des-

pite what you have done; but marry you I cannot, Veronica. Your own conduct has parted us.' 'You must not leave me, Marc,' she said,

more than my life , you must not go.' 'I could never trust you,' he said, holding er arms lest they should clasp his new nawares. . There is no help for it, Verd a. Unless'you can explain away this mystery, we must part. Think it over, and

holding out her arms to him. 'You are

give me answer yourself.' She stood quite silent before him, her white face drooping from the sunshine, her hands clasped in mortal pain. Was there any chance, any loophole of escape? Could anything absolve her from her solemn vow No, there could be no release. It was for Katherine's sake, for her father's memorythe same urgent reasons that had influenced her before existed now. Were she to be induced to break her vow, Katherine would

suffer tenfold. She would keep it. 'Must we part, Veronica,' he said-'we who have loved each other with so great a

love, must we part?' 'Unless you can trust mo, and let m

keep silence,' she replied. 'I cannot trust you ; I can only say good bye, Veronica. You have broken the hear of the man who has loved you as few hav 'What was the reason? Why did you do ever loved. Farewell!'

He did not touch her hand, or kiss he

face, or stop to utter one more word. Per

haps, if he had done so, his strength woul have failed him. He left her standing then in the sunshine, with the bitterness of deat hanging over her. He went at once in search of Lady Bras

don. He found her in the pretty morning room, alone. She cried out when she sa his pale set face,

'What is the matter, Sir Marc? Whi is wrong?'

'I want to speak to you, Lady Brandon he said. 'Veronica and I have had son unpleasant words. We have had a quarr that can never be healed, and we have par ed for ever.'

Lady Brandon held up her hands in di

Can it be possible, Sir Marc, that y have parted with Veronica? Why, she w break her heart! It must not be. Let go to her-let me talk to her. If she h offended you, she will, I am sure, be ve sorry ; let me go to her, I know how loves you, my poor Veronica.' (To be Continued.

THE ADVOCATE from now until 1st They stood looking at each other, while January, 1881, for \$1. Send in your nan

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