About Beauty.

Mere beauty may prove but a phantom;
All glittering things are not gold;
Tis all very well to be handsome,
But this is the doctrine I hold—
A sweet disposition of spirit
Is more than a beautiful face,
And that in the scale of true merit
The character holds highest place.

We find, now and then, at the bottom
That beauty is only a screen,
Like fruit that seem ripe in the autumn
When good ones should only be green;
In anticipation enjoying
We promise our palates a treat,
And how disappointing, annoying,
To find a wormeaten deceit!

Yet scorn not a lovely complexion
Though only as deep as the skin,
For looks though not making perfection
May add to the beauty within.
The part they serve is to embellish,
As polish of tone in the speech
Gives thought an additional relish.
As rich color does for the peach.

Poets say in each heart is hidden
A place called the innermost room,
Like plants, its thoughts spring up unbidden
Until into actions they bloom;
Like tracing a stream to its fountain,
From action to motive we trace
Till conduct leads up to a mountain
O'er looking the innermost place.

If nothing is seen there but goodness,
Desires that are noble and pure,
And designs which when worked out would bless
By making life better and truer,
Why! Let the flowers bloom in their beauty,
The stream sparkle bright as it moves,
For thus all the better they suit me,
Their loveliness only improves.

INCOGNITO.

Hamilton, Nov. 2nd, 1886.

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you, uncle," began Ernest fervently, for since the previous evening he had clearly realized that it was necessary for him to make a beginning of doing something.

But his uncle cut him short.

"All right, Ernest, we will understand all that. Now, Jeremy, for you. I propose that you shall be articled to me, and if you work well and prove useful, it is my intention in time to admit you to a share of the business. In order that you may not feel entirely dependent, it is my further intention to make you an allowance also, on the amount of which I have not yet settled."

Jeremy groaned in spirit at the thought of becoming a lawyer, even with a "share of the business," but he remembered his conversation with Dorothy and thanked Mr. Cardus with the best grace that he could muster.

"All right, then; I will have the articles prepared at once, and you can take to your stool in the office next week. I think that is all I have to say."

Acting on this hint, the pair were departing, Jeremy in the deepest state of depression, induced by the near prospect of that stool, when Mr. Cardus called Ernest back.

"I want to speak to you about something else," he said thoughtfully. "Shut the door."

Ernest turned cold down the back and wondered if his uncle could have heard anything about Eva. He had the full intention of speaking to him about the matter, but it would be awkward to be boarded himself before he had made up his mind what to say. He shut the door and then, walking to the glass entrance to the orchid-blooming house, stood looking at the flowers and waiting for Mr. Cardus to begin. But he did not; he seemed to be lost in thought.

"Well, uncle?" he said at last.

"It is a delicate business, Ernest, but I may as well get it over. I am going to make a request to which I beg you will give me no immediate answer, for from its nature it will require the most anxious and careful consideration. I want you to listen and say nothing. You can give me your answer when you come back from abroad. At the same time, I must tell you that it is a matter that I trust you will not disappoint me in; indeed, I do not think that you could be so cruel as to do so. I must also tell you that if you do, you must prepare to be a great loser, financially speaking."

"I have not the faintest idea what you are driving at, uncle," said Ernest turning from the glass door to speak.

"I know you have not. I will tell you. Listen; I will tell you a little story. Many years ago a great misfortune overtook me, a misfortune so great that it struck me as lightning sometimes does a tree. It left the bark sound but turned the heart to ashes. Never mind what the details were, they were nothing out of the common. Such things sometimes happen to men and women. The blow was so severe that it almost turned my brain, so from that day I gave myself to revenge. It sounds melodramatic, but there was nothing of the sort about it. I had been cruelly wronged, and I determined that those who had wronged me should taste of their own medicine. With the exception of one man they have done so. He has escaped me for a time, but he is doomed. To pass on. The woman who caused the trouble—for wherever there is trouble there is generally a woman who causes it—had children. Those children are Dorothy and her brother. I adopted them. As time went on I grew to love the girl for her likeness to her mother. The boy I never loved; to this hour I cannot like him, though he is a gentleman, which his father never was. I can, however, honestly say that I have done my duty by him. I have told you all this in order that you may understand the request which I am going to make. I trust to you never to speak of it, and, if you can, to forget it. And now for the request itself."

Ernest looked up wonderingly.

"It is my most earnest desire that you should marry Dorothy."

His listener started violently, turned quite pale and opened his lips to speak. Mr. Cardus lifted his hand and went on:

"Remember what I asked you. Pray say nothing; only listen. Of course, I cannot force you into this or any other marriage. I can only beg you to give heed to my wishes, knowing that they will in every way prove to your advantage. That girl has a heart of gold, and if you marry her, you will inherit nearly all my fortune, which is now very large. I have observed that you have lately been about a great deal with Eva Ceswick. She is a handsome woman, and very likely has taken some hold upon your fancy. I warn you that any entanglement in that direction would be most disagreeable to me, and would, to a great extent, destroy your prospects, so far as I am concerned."

Again Ernest was about to speak and again his uncle stopped him.

"I want no confidences, Ernest, and had much rather that no words passed between us that we might afterward regret. And now I understand that you are going abroad with your friend Batty for a couple of months. When you return you shall give me your answer about Dorothy. In the meanwhile here is a cheque for your expenses; what is over you can spend as you like. Perhaps you have some bills to pay."

He gave him a folded cheque, and then went on

"Now leave me, as I am busy."

Ernest walked out of the room in a perfect maze. In the yard he mechanically unfolded the cheque. It was for a large sum—two hundred and fifty pounds. He put it in his pocket and began to reflect upon his position, which was about as painful as a position can well be. Truly he was on the horns of a dilemma. Probably before he was much older one of them would have pierced him. For a moment he was about to return to his uncle and tell him all the truth, but on reflection he could not see what was to be gained by such a course. At any rate, it seemed to him that he must first consult Eva, whom he had arranged to meet on the beach at three o'clock. There was nobody else whom he could consult, for he was shy of talking about Eva to Jeremy or Dolly.

The rest of the morning went very ill for Ernest, but three o'clock came at last and found him at the trysting-place.

About a mile on the farther side of Kesterwick, that is two miles or so from Tithebargh Abbey, the cliff jutted out into the sea in a way that corresponded very curiously with the little promontory known as Dam's Ness, the reason of its resistance to the action of the waves being that it was at this spot composed of an upcrop of rock of a more durable nature than the sandstone and pebbles of the remainder of the line of cliff. Just at this point of the promontory the waves had worn a hollow in the rock that was locally dignified by the name of the cave. For two hours or more at high tide this hollow was under water, and it was, therefore, impossible to pass the headland except by boat; but, during the rest of the day it formed a convenient grotto or trysting-place, the more so as anybody sitting in it was quite invisible either from the beach, the cliff above, or, indeed, unless the boat was quite close in-shore, the sea in front.

Here it was that Ernest had arranged to meet Eva, and on turning the rocky corner of the cave he found her sitting on a mass of fallen rock waiting for him. At the sight of her beautiful form he forgot all his troubles, and when rising to greet him, blushing like the dawn, she lifted her pure face for him to kiss, there was not a happier lad in England. Then she made room for him beside her—the rock was just wide enough for two—and he placed his arm round her waist, and for a minute or two she laid her head upon his shoulder and they were very happy.

"You are early," he said at last.

"Yes; I wanted to get away from Florence and have a good think. You have no idea how unpleasant she is. She seems to know everything. For instance, she knew that we went out sailing together last evening, for this morning at breakfast she said in the most cheerful way that she hoped that I enjoyed my moonlight sail last night."

"The deuce she did! And what did you say?"

"I said that I enjoyed it very much, and luckily my aunt did not take any notice."

"Why did you not say at once that we were engaged? We are engaged, you know."

"Yes—that is, I suppose so."

"Suppose so! There is no supposition about it. At least, if we are not engaged, what are we?"

"Well, you see, Ernest, it sounds so absurd to say that one is engaged to a boy. I love you, Ernest, love you dearly, but how can I say that I am engaged to you?"

Ernest rose in great wrath. "I tell you what it is, Eva, if I am not good enough to acknowledge, I am not good enough to have anything to do with. A boy, indeed! I am one-and-twenty; that is full age. Confound it all, you are always talking about my being so young, just as though I could not get old fast enough. Can't you wait for me a year or two?" he asked with tears of mortification in his eyes.

"Oh, Ernest, Ernest, do be reasonable, there's a dear; what is the good of getting angry and making me wretched? Come and sit down here, dear, and tell me—am I not worth a little patience? There is not the slightest possibility, so far as I can see, of our getting married at present; so the question is, if it is of any use to trumpet an engagement that will only make us the object of a great deal of gossip, and which, perhaps, your uncle would not like?"

"Oh, by Jove!" he said, "that reminds me," and sitting down beside her again he told her the story of the interview with his uncle. She listened in silence.

"This is all very bad," she said when he had finished.

"Yes, it is bad enough; but what is to be done?"

"There is nothing to be done at present."

"Shall I make a clean breast of it to him?"

"No, no, not now it will only make matters worse. We must wait, dear. You must go abroad for a couple of months, as you had arranged, and then when you come back we must see what can be arranged."

"But, my dearest, I cannot bear to leave you. It makes my heart ache to think of it."

"Dear, I know that it is hard; but it must be done. You could not stop here now very well without speaking about our—our engagement, and to do that would only be to bring your uncle's anger on you. No, you had better go away, Ernest, and meanwhile I will try to get into Mr. Cardus' good graces, and, if I fail, then when you come back we must agree upon some plan. Perhaps, by that time you will take your uncle's view of the matter and want to marry Dorothy. She would make you a better wife than I shall, Ernest, my dear."

"Eva, how can you say such things? It is not kind of you."

"Oh, why not? It is true. Oh, yes, I know that I am better-looking and that is what you men always think of; but she has more brains, more fixity of mind, and, perhaps, for all I know, more heart than I have, though for the matter of that, I feel as if I were all heart just now. Really, Ernest, you had better transfer your allegiance. Give me up and forget me, dear; it will save you much trouble. I know that there is trouble coming. It is in the air. Better marry Dorothy and leave me to fight my sorrow out alone. I will release you, Ernest," and she began to cry at the bare idea.

"I shall wait to give you up until you have given me up," said Ernest when he had found means to stop her tears, "and, as for forgetting you, I can never do that. Please, dear, don't talk so any more. It pains me."

"Very well, Ernest, then let us vow eternal fidelity instead; but, my dear, I know that I shall bring you trouble."

"It is the price that men have always paid for the smiles of women like you," he answered. "Trouble may come—so be it, let it come; at any rate, I have the consciousness of your love. When I have lost that, then and then only shall I think that I have bought you too dear."

In the course of his after life these words often came back to Ernest's mind.

CHAPTER XIV.

GOOD BYE.

Ernest, on the morning after the meeting in the cave, said good-bye to Eva before he went abroad. It was a public good-bye, for, as it happened, there was no opportunity for the lovers to meet alone. They were all gathered in the little drawing-room at the Cottage; Miss Ceswick seated on a straight-backed chair in the bow window; Ernest on one side of the round table, looking intensely uncomfortable; Eva on the other, a scrap-book in her hand, which she studiously kept before her face; and in the background, leaning carelessly over the back of a chair in such a way that her own face could not be seen, though she could survey everybody else's, was Florence. Ernest, from where he sat, could just make out the outlines of her olive face and the quick glance of her brown eyes.

And so they sat for a long time; but what was said he could not remember, it was only the scene that imprinted itself upon his memory.

And then, at last, the fatal moment came—he knew that it was time to go, and said good-bye to Miss Ceswick, who made some remark about his good fortune in going to France and Italy, and warned him to be careful not to lose his heart to a foreign girl. Then he crossed the room and shook hands with Florence, who smiled coolly in his face and read him through with her piercing eyes; and last of all came Eva, who dropped her album and a pocket-handkerchief in her confusion as she rose to give him her hand. He stooped and picked them up—the album he placed on the table, the little lace-edged handkerchief he crumpled up in the palm of his left hand and kept; it was almost the only souvenir he had of her. Then he took her hand and for a moment looked into her face. It wore a smile, but beneath it the features were wan and troubled. It was so hard to go.

"Well, Ernest," said Miss Ceswick, "you two are taking leave of each other as solemnly as though you were never going to meet again."

"Perhaps they never will," said Florence in her clear voice, and at that moment Ernest felt as though he hated her.

"You should not croak, Florence; it is unlucky," said Miss Ceswick.

Florence smiled.

Then Ernest dropped the cold hand, and turning, left the room. Florence followed him, and, snatching a hat from the pegs, passed into the garden before him. When he was half-way down the garden walk he found her ostensibly picking some carnations.

"I want to speak to you for a minute, Ernest," she said, "turn this way with me," and she led him past the bow window, down a small shrubbery walk about twenty paces long. "I must offer you my congratulations," she went on. "I hope that you two will be happy. Such a handsome pair ought to be happy, you know."

"Why, Florence, who told you?"

"Told me! Nobody told me, I have seen it all along. Let me see, you first took a fancy to one another on the night of the Smythes' dance, when she gave you a rose, and the next day you saved her life quite in the romantic and orthodox way. Well, and then events took their natural course, till one evening you went out sailing together in a boat. Shall I go on?"

"I don't think it is necessary, Florence. I am sure I don't know how you know all these things."

She had stopped, and was standing slowly picking a carnation to pieces leaf by leaf.

"Don't you?" she answered with a laugh. "Lovers are blind, but it does not follow that other people are. I have been thinking, Ernest, that it is very fortunate that I found out my little mistake before you discovered yours. Supposing I really had cared for you, the position would have been awkward now, would it not?"

Ernest was forced to admit that it would.

"But luckily, you see, I do not. I am only your true friend now, Ernest, and it is as a friend that I wish to say a word to you about Eva—a word of warning."

"Go on."

"You love Eva and Eva loves you, Ernest, but remember this, she is weak as water. She always was so from a child; those beautiful women always are; nature does not give them everything, you see."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say, nothing more. She is very weak, and you must not be surprised if she throw you over."

"Good heavens, Florence! Why, she loves me with all her heart!"

"Yes; but women often think of other things besides their hearts. But there, I don't want to frighten you, only I would not quite pin all my faith to Eva's constancy, however dearly you may think she loves you. Don't look so distressed, Ernest, I did not wish to pain you. And remember that, if any difficulty should arise between Eva and you, you will always have me on your side. You will always think of me as your friend, won't you, Ernest?" and she held out her hand.

He took it. "Indeed I will," he said.

They had turned now, and again reached the bow window, one of the divisions of which stood open. Florence touched his arm and pointed into the room. He looked in through the open window. Miss Ceswick had gone, but Eva was still at her old place by the table. Her head was down upon the table, resting on the album he had picked up, and he could see from the motion of her shoulders that she was sobbing bitterly. Presently she lifted her face—it was all stained with tears—only, however, to drop it again. Ernest made a motion as though he would enter the house, but Florence stopped him.

"Best leave her alone," she whispered, and then, when they were well past the window, added aloud: "I am sorry that you saw her like that. If you should never meet again, or be separated for a very long time, it will leave a painful reflection in your mind. Well, good-bye. I hope that you will enjoy yourself."

Ernest shook hands in silence—there was a lump in his throat that prevented him from speaking—and then went on his way, feeling utterly miserable. As for Florence, she put up her hand to shade her keen eyes from the sun, and watched him till he turned the corner with a look of intense love and longing, which slowly changed into one of bitter hate. When he was out of sight she turned, and making her way to her bedroom, flung herself upon the bed, and, burying her face in the pillow to stifle the sound of her sobbing, gave way to an outburst of jealous rage that was awful in its intensity.

Ernest had only just time to get back to Dam's Ness and go through the form of eating some luncheon before he was obliged to start to catch the train. Dorothy had packed his things and made all those little preparations for his journey that women think of, so, after going to the office to bid good-bye to his uncle, who shook him heartily by the hand and bade him not forget the subject of their conversation, he had nothing to do but jump into the cart and start. In the sitting-room he found Dorothy waiting for him with his coat and gloves, also Jeremy, who was going to drive to the station with him. He put on his coat in silence; they were all quite silent; indeed, he might have been going for a long sojourn in a deadly climate, instead of a two-months' pleasure tour, so depressed was everybody.

"Good-bye, Doll, dear," he said stooping to kiss her, but she shrank away from him. In another minute he was gone.

At the station a word or two about Eva passed between Jeremy and himself.

"Well, Ernest," asked the former nervously, "have you pulled it off?"

"With her?"

"Of course. Who else?"

"Yes, I have. But, Jeremy—"

"Well?"

"I don't want you to say anything about it to anybody at present."

"Very good."

"I say, old fellow," Ernest went on after a pause, "I hope you don't mind very much."

"If I said I did not mind, Ernest," he answered slowly turning his honest eyes full on to his friend's face, "I should be telling a lie. But I do say this. As I could not win her myself, I am glad that you have, because, next to her, I think I love you better than anybody in the world. You always had the luck, and I wish you joy. Here's the train."

Ernest wrung his hand. "Thank you, old chap," he said, "you are a downright good fellow, and a good friend, too. I know I have had the luck, but perhaps it is going to turn. Good-bye."

Ernest's plans were to sleep in London and to leave on the following morning, a Wednesday, for Dieppe *via* New Haven, which place he expected to reach about five or six in the afternoon. There he was to meet his friend on Thursday, when they were to start upon their tour through Normandy, and thence wherever their fancy led them.

This programme he carried out to the letter, at least the most part of it. On his way from Liverpool Street Station to the rooms where he had always slept on the few occasions that he had been in London, his hansom passed down Fleet street and got blocked opposite No. 19. His eye caught the number and he wondered what there was about it familiar to him. Then he remembered that 19 Fleet street was the address of Messrs. Goslings and Sharpe, the bankers on whom his uncle had given him the cheque for £250. Bethinking himself that he might as well cash it, he stopped the cab and entered the bank. As he did so, the cashier was just leaving his desk, for it was past closing hour—but he courteously took Ernest's crossed check, and, though it was for a large sum, cashed it without hesitation. Mr. Cardus' name was evidently well known in the establishment. Ernest proceeded on his journey with a crisp little bundle of Bank of England notes in his breast pocket, a circumstance that, in certain events of which at that moment he little dreamed, proved of the utmost service to him.

It will not be necessary for us to follow him in his journey to Dieppe, which very much resembled other people's journeys. He arrived there safely enough on Wednesday afternoon, and proceeded to the best hotel, took a room and inquired the hour of *table d' hote*.

In the course of the voyage from New Haven, Ernest had fallen into conversation with a quiet, foreign looking man, who spoke English with a curious little accent. This gentleman, for there was no doubt about his being a gentleman, was accompanied by a boy about nine years of age, remarkable for his singularly prepossessing face and manners, whom Ernest rightly judged to be his son. Mr. Alston, for such he discovered his companion's name to be, was a middle-aged man, not possessed of any remarkable looks or advantage of person, nor in any way brilliant-minded. But nobody could know Mr. Alston for long without discovering that, his neutral tints notwithstanding, he was the possessor of an almost striking individuality. From his open way of talking, Ernest guessed that he was a colonial, for he had often noticed at college that colonials are much less reserved than Englishmen proper are bred up to be. He soon learned that Mr. Alston was a Natal colonist, now, for the first time paying a visit to the Old Country. He had, until lately, held a high position in the Natal Government Service; but, having unexpectedly come into a moderate fortune through the death of an aged lady, a sister of his father in England, he had resigned his position in the service; and after his short visit "home," as colonists always call the mother country even when they have never seen it, intended to start on a big game-shooting expedition in the country, between Secocoeni's country and Delagoa Bay.

All this Ernest learned before the boat reached the harbor at Dieppe and they separated. He was, however, pleased when, having seen his luggage put into his room, he went into the little courtyard of the hotel and found Mr. Alston standing there with his son and looking rather puzzled.

"Hullo!" said Ernest. "I am glad that you have come to this hotel. Do you want anything?"

"Well, yes, I do. The fact of the matter is, I don't understand a word of French and I want to find my way to a place that my boy and I have come over here to see. If they talked Zulu or Sisutu, you see, I should be equal to the occasion, but to me French is a barbarous tongue. Here is the address, 36 Rue Saint Honore."

"St. Honore," suggested Ernest. "I can talk French, and, if you like, I will go with you. The *table d' hote* is not till seven, and it is not six yet."

"It is very kind of you."

"Not at all. I have no doubt that you would show me the way about Zululand if ever I wandered there."

"Ay, that I would, with pleasure," and they started.

It was with considerable difficulty that Ernest discovered the place, for the address that Mr. Alston had had been written down a dozen years before, and in France, the land of revolutions, streets often change their names once or twice in a decade. Finally, however, he found it. It was now called the "Rue de la Republique," which republic does not matter. It was a quaint, out-of-the-way little street, an odd mixture of old private houses and shops, most of which seemed to deal in the carved ivory ware for which Dieppe is famous. At last they came to No. 36, a gray old house standing in its own grounds. Mr. Alston scanned it eagerly.

"That is the place," he said. "She often told me of the coat-of-arms over the door—a mullet impaled with three squirrels. There they are. I wonder if it is still a school?"

(To be continued.)

The Christian Martyrs in Uganda.

When Stanley came home from his trip across Africa he said there was a great opportunity for missionaries in Uganda. His glowing description of the country, teeming with 3,000,000 of intelligent and fairly industrial people, fired the hearts of English Christians. They sent several missionaries to live in the beautiful country near Victoria Nyanza, in Uganda's chief town. French Roman Catholics soon followed the English pioneers, and all worked hard and zealously to help and instruct the natives. It costs, the French tell us, $5 000 to put a missionary in Central Africa. These Uganda missions have cost not only many thousands of dollars, but also the lives of three white men and years of ceaseless toil and anxiety. The news reached us last week that the fruits of all these priceless labors and sacrifices have been wiped out in a bloody tragedy. The King of Uganda has murdered all the converts of the missionaries, who are themselves in great peril and implore assistance. For a while a bright future seemed to be before these missions. They built churches and made quite a number of converts. A short time before King Mtesa's death about eighty converts were admitted to the English Church on one occasion. Old and young crowded to school to learn to read. Mr. O'Flaherty learned to speak Kiganda like a native. Mr. Mackay sailed the great lake in the little barque Eleanor, which had been sent in sections from England. Mr. Ashe excited much wonderment by digging wells and building a cart. But the King's counsellors always viewed these whites with suspicion. They often advised the King to kill them on the plea that they were subverting the ancient beliefs and undermining his hold upon his subjects.

King Mtesa on the whole was friendly to the missionaries, and they and their work were safe while he lived. His young son Mwanga, however, is the tool of his council, and they have filled him with fear that the whites may some day try to deprive him of the power which seventeen of his ancestors during nearly three centuries have wielded. The murder of Bishop Hannington, therefore, has been followed by the extinction of the native Christians. When the story of the massacre reaches us it will doubtless be found that some of these hapless converts went to their death as fearlessly as the martyrs of old. A while ago King Mwanga warned his subjects of the dangers of embracing new faiths by burning at the stake two Christian boys who refused to renounce their belief. They died with Christian songs on their lips, perfectly sustained in the terrible ordeal by their unfaltering trust in the Deity the whites had taught them to adore.

Domestic Views.

The small boy was regaling a visitor with the family album:

"Who is this one?" asked the victim as he began the photographic volume.

"Oh, that's gramp' an' here's gram' rite acrost the leaf."

"And this pretty lady?"

"That chromo's aunt Suke; she's a terror. An' that fel that looks as if he didn't know beans is nunkey."

"Who are the two taken together?"

"Tha't pop an' mam, only they ain't fitin' there."

"And this sweet child?"

"That's me when I was a kid. An' that's pop's first wife what dide; an' that's another nunky. Say, he don't look like a bird, does he? Pop says he's a real old gallus bird; an' this—"

The entrance of the family prevented further disclosures.

A Good Night's Rest

"I've been riding on the limited cattle train all day, madam," said the tramp in an imploring tone of voice, "and my feet are very tired. Would you mind letting me sleep to-night in the cow pasture back of the barn?"

"Certainly not," replied the woman kindly, "and I'll tell John to put up the bars snug and tight, so you won't catch cold."

He Figured Himself.

"Isn't England the richest country?" asked the garrulous passenger. "Of course," replied the funny individual, "but she will have to forfeit the claim as soon as Beach gets back to Australia with his boodle." "What's the matter with Ireland," put in the brakeman, "for her capital is always Dublin."

There is talk of illustrating Irish evictions in London by a hut carried through the streets, a family of evicted peasants to be brought over for the purpose.