PITCHERY-BIDGERY.

The Turning of the Long, Long

the music ? " said she.

" No.'

' Good-night."

BY MONSIEUR DEMOULIN.

" But I found out in Brandon the sad particulars of the final fate of the poor wife and her unfortunate children. They had been sent away or assisted away by this Potts to the time." and had all died either on the way ing of something else." Of what?" out or shortly after they had arrived, accord ing to the villagers. I did not tell them what I knew, but left them to b lieve what they " I'm afraid to say." chose. It seemed to me that they must hav received this information from Potts himself. who alone in that poor community would have been able to trace the fortunes of the unhappy emigrants."

There was a long silence.

"I have done all that I could," said Despard, in a disconsolate tone, " and I sup pose nothing now remains to be done. When we hear again from Paolo there may be some we hear again from Paolo there may be some to be an again from Paolo there may be some the part stood, silently. " Will you not come in ?" " No, thank you," said he dreamily. is rather too late, and I wust go. (is is the part of the pa new information upon which we can act. And you can go back to your Byzantin

poets. "Yes, if you will assist me."

"You know I shall only be too happy."

Yo "And I shall be eternally grateful. see, as I told you before, there is a field of labor here for the lover of music which is like a new world. I will give you the grandest musical compositions that you have ever seen I will let you have the old hymns of the saints who lived when Constantinople was the only civilized spot in Europe, and the Christ ians there were hurling back the Mohammedans. You shall sing the noblest songs that

you have ever seen ? 'How--in Greek? You must teach me the alphabet then."

"No; I will translate them for you. The went into the house. Greek hymns are all in rhythmical prose, like the Ta Deum and the Gioria. A literal trans-lation can be sung as well as the originals. suddenly at a corner of the street. He stopped You will then enter into the mind and spiris with a radiant face, and, shaking hands with of the ancient Eastern church before the days her, for a moment was unable to speak. the schism. "This was too much happiness," he said "Yes," continued Despard, with an enthu-at last. "It is like a ray of light to a poor of the schism.

siasm which he did not care to conceal, "we captive when you burst upon me so suddenly. will go together at this sweet task, and we Where are you going?" will go together at this sweet task, and we "Oh, I'm only going to do a intic sup-will sing the Kath' hekasten emeran, which holds the same place in the Greek church that We will chant "I'm sure I wish that I could accompany the Te Deum does in ours. We will chant together the Golden of Canons, the grandest song of 'Christ is risen ' that mortals ever composed. Your heart and mine will beat together with one feeling at the sublime choral We will sing the ' Hymn of Victory be essential." We will go together over the sougs of S Cosmas, St. Theophanes, and St. Theodore ; some compositions of my own; poor ones, indeed, yet an effort in the right way. They

are a collection of those hymns of the Primi-tive church which are contained in the New Testament. I have tried to set them to music. They are : 'Worthy is the Lamb,' Unto Him that loves us.' ' Great and mar Velous are Thy works, and the 'Trisagion.' Yes, we will go together at this lofty and heavenly work, and I shall be able to gain a new interpretation for your sympathy."

Despard spoke with a vehement enthusiasm that kindled his eyes with unusual lustre and spread a glow over his pale face. He looked like some devotee under a sudden inspiration. Mrs. Thornton caught all his enthusiasm ; her eyes brightened, and her face also flushed some pretext for a few moments, and as be with excitement. "Whenever you are ready to lead me into quitied the room she went to the door with

him and gave him a note. He walked straight home, holding the note that new world of music," said she, " I am ready to follow." " Are you willing to begin next Monde y?"

"Yes, all my time is my own.

" Then I will come for you."

"Then I will be waiting for you. By the way, are you engaged for to-night ?"

are not uncultivated; they are nimply, and to him was treasured up in his memory and do; but I have to go to play the patroness. Mr. Thornton does not want to go. Would wholly, and irretrievably commonplace. That heart with an avarice of love which pravent. ed any one word from even being forgotton. If would a thirsty man be willing to accept a cooling draught?" said Despard eagerly "You open heaven before me, and ask me if I They leave on Thursday attendor. If you do not I will was conscious of her image-a sweet face write the they her image-a sweet face write the they her image-a sweet face write they her image and sak me if I they leave on they day attendor. If you do not I will

will enter."

as she spoke. " I will be back at any hour you say."

as she spoke. "I will be back at any hour you say." "You will do no such thing. Since you are here you must remain and dine, and then go with me. De you suppose I would trust you? Why, if I let you go, you might keep me wait ing a whole hour." "Woull if your will is not law to ma what mittee out from the sheets were carefully and legibly "Woull if your will is not law to ma what mittee out from the sheets were carefully and legibly "Woull if your will is not law to ma what mittee out from the sheets were carefully and legibly "Woull if your will is not law to ma what mittee out from the sheets were carefully and legibly "Woull if your will is not law to ma what mittee out from the sheets were carefully and legibly and sheet object of the sheets were carefully and legibly and the sheets were carefully and legibly here ther

have left him. His replics were vague and " I can not." Despard sighed. " Perhaps it is better not ; general. On reaching the gate he stood sum for a moment under the trees and half turned toward her. "You don't say any hing al out my heart would break." Do you believe that bearts can break?

That's because I am so stupil. I have she asked but with indescribable pathos. lost my head. I am not capable of a single Despard looked at her mournfully, and said not a word.

"You are thinking of something else all CHAPTER XXVI. " My brain is in a whirl. Yes, I am think-CLASPED HANDS.

Their singing went on. They used to meet once a week and sing in the church at the organ. Despard always

Mrs. Thornton was silent. They entered went up to the Grange and accompanied her the gate and walked up the avenue, slowly and in silence. Despard made one or two efforts to stop, and then continued. At last Yet he scarcely ever went at to the church. any other time. A stronger connection and a deeper familiarity arose between them, which they reached the door. The lights were streaming brightly from the window. Desyet was accompanied by a profound reverence on Despard's part, that never diminished, but as the familiarity increased only grew more

tender and more devoted. - 44 T.L There were many things about their music

rather too late, and I must go. Good which he had to say to her. It constituted a common bond between them on which they could talk, and to which they could always He held out his hand. She offered hers and he took it. He held it long, and, half-stooped as though he wished to say some revert. It formed a medium for the commu-nion of soul-a lofty, spiritual intercourse, where they seemed to blond, even as their thing. She felt the throbbing in his hand as it clasped hers. She said nothing. Nor voices blended, in a purer realm, free from did Despard seem able to say anything. At last he let her hand go slowly and reluctantly the trouble of earth. Amidst it all Despard had so much to tell

"You will not forget the music ?" said he. her about the nature of the Eastern music that he wrote out a long letter, which he gave her as they parted after an unusually lengthy He took her hand again in both of his. As practice. Part of it was on the subject of

the light shone though the windows she saw his face — a face full of longing beyond words, music, and the rest of a different character. The next time that they met she gave him and sadness unutterable. He let go her hand, and turning away, was note in response. lost amidst the gloom. She waited till the sound of his footsteps had died away, and then

" DEAR MR. DESPARD - Why am I not a seraph, endowed with musical powers beyond mortal reach. You tell me many things, and never seem to imagine that they are all be-

yond me. You never seem to think that I sm hopelessly commonplace. You are kind in doing what you do, but where is the good where one is so stupid as I am ? "I suppose you have given up visiting the Grange forever. I don't call your coming to he said

take me to the church visits. I suppose I may as well give you up. It is as difficult to zet you here as if you were the Grand Lama f Thibet.

" Amidst all my stupidities I have two o you to protect you." three ideas which may be used in our music "Well, why not ?" if I can only put them in practice. Bear

" On the whole, I think that shopping is with me, and deal gently with "Yours, despondingly. T. T." To this Despard replied in a note which he not my forte, and that my presence would not

He turned, however, and walked with her gave her at their next mosting, calling her Dear Seraph," and signing himself " Grand some distance, as far as the farthest shop in Usemas, St. Incompanses, and St. Theodore : some distance, as it are as the lartness shop in "Dear Scraph," and signing himself "Grand St. Gregory, St. Anatobus, and St the town. They talked gayly and pleasantly Andrew ef Crete shall inspire us; and the thoughts that have kindled the hearts of martyrs at the stake shall exalt our souls to next Mondav? If you don't I won't be re-but U hearts and the town of the town of the town of the stake shall exalt our souls to next Mondav? If you don't I won't be re-sounds to Despard since it was uttered by martyrs at the stake shall exait our souls to next inclusive in you could a supervised the sweetest, the most musical, and her lips - the sweetest, the most musical, and her lips - the sweetest, the most musical, and the tenderest. As to himself he knew not the tenderest. As to himself he knew not

me to come alone ?" " I did not hope for anything else." "Why, of course, you must sall for me. I

you do not I won't go." Despard's eyes brightened. "Ob, then, since you allow me so sweets rivilege. I will go and accompany you." " If you fail me I will stay at home," said

she, laughingly. He did not fail her, but at the appointed with a sweet confusion of face and tenderness time went up to the Grange. Some strangers of greeting which made him feel ready to fall were there, and Mrs. Thornton gave bim a on his knees before her. How else could be bok of deep disappointment. The strangers were evidently going to spend the day, so Despard, after a short call, withdrew. Before he left, Mrs. Thornton absented herself on thoughts filled with her radiant presence?

' How is it under our control To love or not to love ?" Did he know what it was that he felt for

in his hands till he reached his study; then

"There is going to be a fete champetre. It is a ridiculous thing for the Holby people to do; but I have to go to play the patroness. Mr. Thornton does not want to go. Would wholly, and irretrievably commonplace. That

never. The hunger of his longing grew stronger The bunger of his longing grew stronger

nothing in that abstracted gaze. Despard stood she told me something which has filled me facing her close to her. Her hand was hang-ing by her side. He stooped and took that She asked me if I had been making in-

little slender hand in his. As he did so he quiries about her family, for I had said that trembled from head to foot. As he did so a I would. I told her that I had. She asked faint flush passed over his face. Her hear what I had heard. I hesitated for a moment, fell forward. Despard held her hand and she and at last, seeing that she was superior to aid not withdraw it. Despard drew her any sorrow or bereavement, I told her all slightly toward him. She looked up into his about the sad fate of her brother Louis, which description, yet speaking things which filled municated to his uncle here. She listened his soul. He looked down upon her with without emotion, and at last, looking earnest ayes that told her all that was in his heart. Iy at me, said, She turned her head away. "He is not dead !"

She turned her head away. Despard clung to her hand as though that hand were his life, his hope, his jov— I stood amazed. I had seen the very news that band were his life, his hope, his joy-as that alone could save him from some abyss of despair into which he was falling. His lips Despard, which showed how painstaking his moved. In vain. No audible sound broke search had been. Had he not traveled to that intense stillness in which the beating and throbbing of those two forlorn hearts could the Brandone? Had he not written at the of my father thon canst utter them ! be heard. His lips moved, but all sound died very outset wherever he could hope to hear

anything? I did not know what to say. For Louis Brandon is known to have fallen way upon them. At last a stronger effort broke the silence. overhoard from the ship Java during a tre. " Teresa ! '

It was a strange tone, a tone of longing un-utterable, a tone like that which a dying man uses in calling before him one most dear. And have escaped death? The captain, whom It was a strange tone, a tone of longing unall the pent-up feeling of years rushed forth Courtenay Despard found out and questioned in concentrated energy, and was borne to her said he threw over a hen coop and a pail. ears in the sound of that one word. She These could not save him. Despard also in-(looked up with the same glance as before. "Little playmate," said he, in a tone of in-finite-sweetness, "have you ever forgotten the old days? Do you remember when you and I last stood hend in hand?" His voice sounded like the other in the same many state of the same from New South Wales foundered off the coast of Africa.

and I last stood hand in hand?" [Infee passengers seeaped to Sterra Leone, His voice sounded like the utterance of and thence to England. Despard learned tears, as though, if he could have wept, he their names, but they were not Brandon. would then have went as no man went before : The information which one of them, named but his eyes were dry through his manhood, Wheeler, gave to the ship-owners afforded and all that tears can express were shown no hope of his having been found by any ship, even if it had been possible. It was simply impossible, however, for the Falcon did not

forth in his tone. As he began to speak her head fell again. As he ended she looked up as before. Her lips moved. She whispered but one word : "Courtenay I" She burst into a flood of tears and sank in to a chair. And Despard stool, not daring

even to soothe her, for fear lest in that vehem-ent convulsion of his soul all his self-comthe same earnestness, and said, " My brother Frank is not dead."

This surprised me as much as the other. mand should give way utterly. At length Mrs. Thornton rose. "Lama," " Are you sure ?" said I reverently. " I am." said she, at last, in a low, sad voice, " let us "How did you learn this? All who have go to the piano.

nquired say that both of your brothers are Will you sing the Ave Maria ?" he asked, mournfully. "I dare not," she said, hastily. "No, any lead." "They told me," said she, " many times.

thing but that. I will sing Rossini's Cujus They said that my brothers had not come Animam.' Animam.' Then followed those words which tell in would have had to come if they had left the

ofty strains of a broken heart :

Cujus ani mam gementem Contristatam et flebentem Pertransivit gladius !

CHAPTER XXVII.

communicating with the departed. I did not know whether this intelligence, which JOURNAL OF PAOLO LANGHETTI.

When Mrs. Thornton saw Despard next she believed she had received, had been gainshe showed him a short note which she had ed in her trance, or whether she thought that just received from her brother, accompanying she had recent interviews with those on high his journal. Nearly two years had elapse went to see her again, and asked this. She told me that once since her recovery she had since she had last heard from him.

His journal was written as before at long ntervals. and was as follows: Halifax, April 10, 1847.—I exist here, but fallen into that state, and had been, as she

called it, "in her home." I ventured to ask her more about what the considered a communion with the departed. She tried to speak, but looked like one who othing more. Nothing is offered by this small colonial town that can afford interest. Since the to be sub-Life goes on monotonously. The officers and their families are what they are everywhere They are aniable and pleasant, and try to get the best out of life. The townspecific language. She will not be able to express the the subare hospitable, and there is much refinement them till such a language is obtained mong them. But I live for the most part in a cottage mind ever since. she gave me one idea, which has been in my

outside of the town, where I can be secluded and free from observation. Near my house She said that the language of those among whom she has been was nothing on earth which is like it except music. If our music could be developed to an indefinite extent it is the Northwest Arm. I cross it in a boat, and am at once in savage wilderness. From the summit of a hill, appropriately named Mount Misery, I can look down upon this city which is bordered by such a wilderness. might at last begin to resemble it. Yet she said that she sometimes heard strains here in Help me to rise above it.

what to say. On going home and thinking over this, I saw

that she believed herself to have the power of

the Holy Mass which reminded her of that The winter has passed since my last entry, anguage, and might be intelligible to an and nothing has occurred. I have learned immortal. shate. I went out on a noose-hunt with

ineffable, impart to me thy confidence. Let This is the idea which she imparted to me, me know thy secret. Receive me as the Colonel Despard. The gigantic horns of a and I have thought of it ever since. I companion of thy soul. Shut not thyself August 23.—Great things have happened up in solitude. Listen, I can speak thy moose which I killed are now over the door of my studio. I have joined in some festivities,

my studio. I have joined in some festivities, and have done the honors of my house. It is an old fashioned wooden structure which they call the Priory. Both third the prior are passed, and April is now bore. In this country there is no spring. Bo the d inter are passed, and April is now here. In this country there is no spring. an hourly comfort and solace -that I might rise to utter forth to her sounds which she might hear. I had already seen enough of interpreter. All that thou hast learned I will Snow is yet on the ground. Winter is transformed gradually into summer. I must keep up my fires till June, they say. During the winter I have guarded my treas-

might hear. I had aready seen enough of interpreter. All that they have be acted upon. I ad emotions might best be acted upon. I eaw her several times, so as to stimulate my self to a higher and purer exercise of what ire well. I took a house on purpose to have a home for her. But her melancholy con-tinued, and the state of mind in which I found

tinued, and the state of mind in which I found her still endures. Will it ever change? I gave out here that she was a relative who was in ill health. But the winter has passed, and she remains precisely the same. Can she live on long in this mood?

Munda cor meum, ao labia maa, Omnipoteus personified under Athene, will at last exalt Deus, qui labia Isame proplistae, calculo mun-dastic ignito Divine Love over all, and cast aside its olden adoration of Divine Venceance.

heard the language of heaven, the music of

the seraphim. She, my divinity, my adored, enshrined

again in my house, bore herself as before-kind to me and gentle beyond all expression,

but with thoughts of her own that placed

between us a gulf as wide as that which sep-

On that evening she was with me in the

parlor which looks out upon the Northwest

Arm. The moon shone down there, the dark,

rocky hills on the opposite side rose in heavy masses. The servants were away in the city.

Ah, my Cremona ! if a material instru-

a child, as a guardian angel with his ward.

You are tale. You always forgot yoursel

for others, and now you suffer anxiety for me.

Do you suffer. I have my consolations." I did not make any reply, but took my Cre

mona, and sought to lift up all my soul to a level with hers, to that lofty realm where her

pirit ever wandered, that so I might not be

comfortless. She started at the first tone that I struck forth, and looked at me with her

large, carnest eyes. I found my own gaze fixed on hei's, rapt and entranced. Now there

came at last the inspiration so longed for, so sought for. It came from where her very soul looked forth into mine, out of the glory

of her lustress, spiritual eyes. They grew brighter with an almost immortal radiance,

and all my heart rose up till it seemed ready

Now I felt the spirit of prophesy, I felt the

afflatus of the inspired sibyl or seer, and the voice of music which for a lifetime I had

sought to utter forth now at last sounded as l

last I had caught the tone, and from her.

known is wafted over his upturned spiritua

an expression of surprise and joy. So the face of the exile lightens up at the throbbing

of his heart, when, in some foreign land, he

his soul after home, the desire after that

of hers as her soul looked into mine becam

untarily, as words come forth in a dream.

on high, show me too the way. "Oh thou," I said, " who hast seen things

Thou hast been

life to which at last thou shalt attain.

to burst in the frenzy of that inspired mo

ment were ever able to utter forth sounds to

of my father, thou canst utter them !

arates the mortal from the immortal.

We were alone.

ment.

gaze.

For so Isaiah had been exalted till he I am trying to give to my opera the severe simplicity of the classical form, yet at the same time to prevente it all with the warm atmosphere of love in its widest sense. It opens with a chorus of sersphim. Prome-theus luments; but the chief part is that of Athene. Oa that I have exhausted myself.

But where can I get a voice that can ade quately render my thoughts-our thoughts? Where is Bice? She alone has this voice; she alone has the power of catching and ab-sorbing into her own mind the ideas which I form : and, with it all, she alone can express I would wander over the earth to them. her. But perhaps she is in a luxurious ome, where her associates would not listen to such a proposal.

Patience ! perhaps Bico may at last bring her marvelous voice to my aid. December 15.—Every day our communion "You are pale," said she, for she was al-ways kindly and affectionate as a mother with

has grown more exalted. She breathes upon me the atmosphere of that radiant world, and fills my soul with rapture. I lived in a sub-lime enthusiasm. We hold intercourse by means of music. We stand upon a higher plane than that of commen men. She has raised me there, and has made me to be a partaker in her thoughts. Now I begin to understand something of

the radiant world to which she was once for a brief time borne. I know her lost joys ; I share in her longings. In me. us in her, there is a deep unquenchable thirst after those glories that are present there. All here seems poor and mean. No material pleasure can for a moment allure. My Cremona is my voice. It expresses all

things for me. Ah, sweet companion of my soul's dight | my Guide, my Gaardian Angel, my Inspirer ! had ever before two mortals while on earth a lot like ours? Who else besides us in this life over learned the jove of pure spiritual c mmunion? We rise on high together. Our souls are borne up in com-pany. When we hold commune we cease to

be mortals. My Opera is finished. The radiancy of that longed that it should sound. I exuited in that sound. I knew that at Divine Love which has inundated all the being knew its meaning and exulted, as the poet or of Edith has been imparted to me in some measure sufficient to enable me to breathe forth to human ears tanes which have been the musician must always exult when some idea sublimer than any which he has ever caught from immortal voices. She has given me ideas. I have made them audible and in-She shared my exultation. There came over her face swiftly, like the lightning flash,

telligible to men. I have had one performance of my work, or rather our work, for it all is hers. Here are the thoughts, mine is only the expression. I sought out a place of solitude in which I She spoke solemnly and with mysterious emphasis. I said nothing, for I knew not might perform undisturbed and without in-terruption the theme which I have tried to uufold.

of his own language. Bo his eyes light up, and his heart beats faster, and even amides the very longing of Opposite my house is a wild, rocky shore covered with the primeval woods. Here in home is appeased by these its most hallowed one place there tiess a barren rock, perfectly bare of vendure, which is called Mount Misery. I chose this place as the spot where associations. And the full meaning of that eloquent gaze

might give my rehersal. Here, as we stood under the moon, I all apparent to me. "Speak on," it said "sound on, oh strains of the language of my home! Excheard so long, now heard a thought her a spirit with a mortal lover. I recognized the full meaning of the sublime legend of Muma and Egeria. The mortal as-pires in purity of heart, and the immortal comes down and assists and responds to his I knew that I was comprehended. Now all the feelings of the melancholy months came rushing over my heart, and all the boliest ideas which had animated my life came

aspirations. Our souls vibrated in unison to the expresthronging into my mind, bursting forth into tones, as though of their own accord, involsion of heavenly thoughts. We threw our-selves into the rapture of the hour. We trembled, we thrill d, til at last frail " Oh thou," I said, in that language which haortal nature could scarcely endure the in-tensity of that perfect joy. So we came to the end. The end is a chomy uwn lips could not utter-" oh thou whom I saved from the tomb, the life to which I restored there is irksome but there remains a

ins of angels. They sing the divinest of songs that is written in Holy Revelation. All the "Oh thou," I said, "whose spirit moves among the immortals, I am mortal yet im-Blory of that song reaches its climax in the last strain :

mortal! My soul seeks commune with them. I yearn after that communion. Life here on And God shall wipe away all tears from their earth is not more dear to me than to thee.

We went together. But we dried our tears nd went home musing on that " tearless ternity " which lies before us.

Morning is dawning as I write, and all the feeling of my soul can be expressed in one word, the sublimest of all words, which is in telligible to many of different languages and different races. I will end with this : "Alleluia !"

CHAPTER XXVIII

THIS MUST END.

The note which accompanied Langheiti's Journal was as follows :

" HALIFAX. December 18, 1848. " Theresoula mia Dolcissma,-I send you

my journal, sorella carissima. I have ilent for a long time. Forgive me. I have been sad and in affliction. But affliction has urned to joy. and I have learned things unknown before.

" Teresina mia, I am coming back to England immediately You may expect to see

what to call this dear companion of his youth, but the name Scraph came into use and grew to be associated with her, until at last he never called her anything else. Yet after this he used to go to the Grange more frequently. He could not stay away.

His steps wandered there irresistibly. An uncontrollable impulse forced him there. She was always alone awaiting him, generally

her? He never thought. Enough that he felt. And that feeling was one long agony of

"DEAR MR DESPARD, How does it happen image? "DEAR MR DESPARD, How does it happen image? Youth gave it to him. After years could that things turn out just as they ought not? Youth gave it to him. After years could I was so anxious to go with you to the church not effuce it. The impress of her face was

never forgive you. On that day give up your scaling on him, a tender voice saying manuscripts and books for musica and the "Lama." Was there ever so musical and "You never forget yourself," said Mrs. manuscripts and books for music and the "Lama." Was there ever so musica at the "Lama." Was there ever so musica at the so dear a word as "Lama?" For him, organ, and allot some portion of your time to, Yours, T.T."

ing a whole hour." "Weil, if your will is not law to me what is? Speak, and your servant obeys. To stay "Then let me make you happiness." "Despard's face showed his feelings, and to judge by its expression his language had not with the sheets were carefully and legibly written out from the precious old Greek highly. They began with the canon for Easter day of St. John Damacene, who, according to been extravageant. were that any other object but this one. A happy boyhood passed in the society of this sweet playmate, then a young girl of his own age; a happy boyhood here in Holby. where they had always been inseparable, water they had always been inseparable, water the hills; a happy boyhood where she was the one and only companion whom he knew or cared for—this was the sole legacy

judge by its expression his language had not been extravagant. The afternoon passed quietly. Dinner was served up. Thornton came in and greeted Deepard with his usual abstraction, leaving his wife to do the agreeable. After dinner, as usual, he prepared for a nap, and Dee pard and Mrs. Thornton started for the fete. It was to be in some gardens at the other

fete. It was to be in some gardens at the other end of Holby, along the shore. The towns-people had recently formed a park there, and this was one of the preliminaries to its for-mal inauguration. The trees were hung with innumerable lamps of varied colors. There were bande of music, and triumphal arches, and gay festoons, and wreaths of flowers, and everything that is usual at such as time.

from the carriage and offered his arm. She aisles, returning again to their own ears, im-took it, but her hand rested so lightly on it that its touch was scarce perceptible. They are with which imagination has enshrouded walked around through the illuminated paths. the Day of days, and giving to their voices Great crowds of people were there. All looked that endened cadence which the sad spirit can Great crowds of people were there. An howen that sequence which the se

consequence, yet our presence is marked and words were those fragments of hymns which are imbedded in the text o! the New Testa-

enjoyed. "All places are alike to me," answered Despard, "when I am with you. Still, there are circumstances about this which will make ft forever memorable to me." "Look at those lights," exclaimed Mrs. Thornton, suddenly, "what varied colors!" of sorrew past, of grief stayed, of misery at an state of the s

said little, but listened to the confused murpeace

up from afar. Then they rose and walked back. Entering the principal path a great crowd streamed on

bio her big had to face. Despard sighed. "You and I," said he, stooping low and speaking in a sad voice,

are compelled to go against the tide." "Shall we turn back and go with it?"

"We can not."

We cannot. We must walk against the tide, and against the rush of men. If we turn aside there is nothing but darkness."

the gate. The carriage has not come," said Mrs.

Thornton.

" It is not far, Will you walk ?"

me. On arriving, Despard assisted Mrs. Thornton out bore themselves through the vaulted

come," said she. "See how these poor peor Eastern chants, which he insisted were of desolation in his heart than usual, going ple feel it ! We are not persons of very great the primitive songs of the early church. The

mur which in the pauses of the music came

singing it I would wish to die." "It is not the music, it is the words,"

" Do you wish to turn aside ? "

They walked on in silence till they reached

" Do you prefer riding?"

" No.

"With pleasure." They walked on slowly. About half-way

quent than words. Despard's whole frame trembled. "Will you of perfect

they met the carriage. Mrs. Thornton or-dered it back, saying that she would walk the

They walked on slowly, saying so little aced to sing it that at last Mrs. Thornton began to speak about the music which they had proposed to undertake. Despard's enthusiasm seemed to His voice faltered. "Sing," he said, after a time.

live on long in this mood?

pleasantly. A bracing climate, a cool sea-preeze, fishing and hunting in the forests, sailing in the harbor-these are the amuse ments which one can find if he has the leisire.

covery of his love was gradual; and when he knew that his love was so intense it was then impossible to leave. To be near her, to

up new rememberances of her words and looks-these now became the chief occupa-

the sight of her face and the sound of her voice. Their former levity had given place

are circumstances about this which will make ft forever memorable to me." "Look at those lights," exclaimed Mrs. Thornton, suddenly, "what varied colors!" "Let us walk into that grott," said Des-pard, turning toward a cool, dark place which lay before them. Here, at the end of the grotto, was a tree, at the foot of which was a seat. They eat down and staid for hours. In the distance the lights twinkled and music arose. They ead lights, but listened to the confused mur.

As Despard rose from the organ Mrs. did not resent his longing; she did not seen Thornton looked at him with moistenea eyes "I do not know whether your songs brings to another?" to another?" "What she feit the while Dare he think?" Dare he think?" Thornton looked at him with moistoned eyes "I do not know whather your songs brings

Yet there were times when he thought it answered Despard, "which bring before us a time when there shall be no sorrow or sigh-thought brought joy, but it also brought fear

ing." For, if the struggle against this feeling need. "May such a time ever be?" murmured ed all the strength of his nature, what must

ebe. "That," he replied, "it is ours to aim after. he, how could she endure it? Then, as he There is such a world. In that world all considered this, he thought to himself that wroxgs will be righted, friends will be reunited, he would rather she would not love him than and those severed here through all this earthly life will be joined for evermore." Their eyes met. Their spirit lived and acoust her, and was content that she should explore the second event work and acoust here and aco glowed in that gaze. It was and beyond ex- receive, and permit, and accept his adora-

breasion, but each one held commune with tion, herself anmoved - a passionless divinity, the other in a mute intercourse, more elo-In their intercourse it was strange how frequently there were long pause

silence, during which nei sing the Ave Maria?" he asked, in a low, ther spoke & word. Sometimes each scarce audible voice. Her head dropped. She sat looking at the floor; sometimes

She sat looking at the floor; sometimes We they looked at one another, as though they

On one such occasion they stood by the

window looking out upon the lawn, but seeing

Yet

At length I have decided to try a change for her. The holy Sisterhood of mercy have a convert here, where she may find a higher and purer atmosphere than any where else. and purer atmosphere than any where else. There I have placed her. I have told nothing and purer atmosphere than any where else. There I have placed her. I have told nothing of her story. They thirk she is in grief for the death of friends. They have received her with that warm sympathy and holy love which it is the aim of their life to cherish. O mater alma Christi carissima, To nucc flagitant devota corda et ora, Ora pro nobis! August 5, 1847. —The summer goes on pleasantly. A bracing climate, a cool sea

understand and follow me wherever 1 led. ing. Ah me ! I seemed to draw her to my-I could speak this language to her, and she self. For sue rose and walked toward me. could hear and comprehend. This one was And a great calm came over my own soul. my Bice. Now that she had told me this I grasped and deep; the profound peace that dwelleth

out grown more placid. She is in the midst cause any sound to disturb her rapt and me. Her eyes were still fixed on mine. Tears of those whose thoughts are habitually melancholy mood. Hirected to that world which she But now I began to understand how it face was so close to mine that my strength

of those whose thoughts are habitually directed to that world which she longs after. The home from which she bas been exciled is the desire of their hearts. They sim after that place for which she longs with so deep a longing. There is sympath in all those hearts with one another. She hear are their charts when the another that place to make the law and if she could not understand my music in all those hearts with one another. She hear in their charts and prayers those house

It would be the second the words grown man can not comprehend the words of a lieping, stammering child. She had that You speak our language. You speak our language. 'You have taught me something which 'You have taught we wowill labor and desires, and these are but the utterances of what she feels.

language in its fullness. I had it only in its Here they sing the matchless Rhythm of

Here they sing the matchless Rhythin of Mucros and Now Bice learned my words and Ionowea Bernard de Morlaix, and in these words she finds the highest expression that human me. She knew my utterance. I was the master she the disciple. But here was one master she the disciple. But here was one in a could lead me. I would be the follower flows from love-duty. Yes, we will labor together; and they who live on high will learn even in their radiant home to envy us poor mortals." I said not a word, but knelt; and holding hey sang it, as they came to this passage and deciple. From her I could learn more the burst into tears and sank down almost than in all my life I could ever discover by ber hand still, I looked up at her in grateful adoration. enseless :

doration. November 28. — For the last three months I go to the grave to rescue the one they loved. my own unassisted efforts. It was mine, therefore, to struggle to November 28.—For the last three months 1 has reconciled her to exile. She has found one who speaks, though weakly, the language of that home. We hold together through this divine me-dium a lofty spiritual intercourse. I learn from her of that starry world in which for a brief time she was normitted to dwell. Her O bona patria ! lumina sobria to speculantur, Ad tua bomina sobria lumina collacrimantur : Est tua menti pectoris unctis, cura doloris Conciplentibus acthera mentibus ignis amoris. overcome the lisping, stammering utterance of my purely earthly music; to gain from her some knowledge of the mood of that holier,

November 17.—The winter must soon be heavenly expression, so that at last I might be able in some degree to speak to this exile My treasure is well guarded by the Holy the tanguage of the home which she loved i from her of that starry world in which for a Sisterhood. They revere her and look upon that we, by holding commune in this language, brief time she was permitted to dwell. Her as a saint. They tell me wonderful might rise together to a higher spiritual realm. seraphic thought have because communiseraphic thoughts have become communiand that she in her solitude might receive at cated to me. I have made them my own hings about her which have sunk into my least some associate. So I proposed to her to come back and thinde They think that she is another Saint

Jecilia, or rather Saint Teresa, the Saint of tude.

stay with me again. She consented at once. Before that memorable evening I purified for which I longed, and the divine thoughts Love and Longing. She told them once that she was not a She told them once that she was not a catholic, but that any form of working was sweet and precious to her-most of all, the one who was seeking to ascend into heaven to known to the world. How? Description is ofty utterances of the prayers and hymns of take part in that celestial communion, to join The inadequate, but it is enough to say that I have not listen to dogmas, in the new song, the music of the angels. the church. She would not listen to dogmas, but says that God wishes only love and decided upon an opera as the best mode of By fasting and prayer I sought to ascend, making known these ideas. I have resorted to one of those classical praise. Yet she joins in all their rites, and in this House, where love is chiefly adored, and to find thoughts and fit utterance for those thoughts. I looked upon my office as similar themes which, though as old as civilization, she surpasses all in the deep love of her to that of the holy prophets of old. I felt that I had a power of utterance if the Divine are yet ever new, because they are the truth. My opera is on the theme of Prometheus.

teart. January 2, 1848.—I have seen her for the Sect time in many months. She smiled. I I fasted and prayed that so I might reduce first time in many months. She smiled. I never saw her smile before, except once in this grosser material frame, and sharpen and this grosser material frame, and sharpen and this grosser material frame, and sharpen and this grosser material frame. It refers to Prometheus Delivered. My idea never saw her smile before, except once in this grosser material frame, and sharped and Divine Love-since he is the good who school the ship, when I told my name and made her quicken ever nerve, and stimulate every fibre unendurable agonies through his love for of the brain. So slove could I most nearly man. Zeus represents the old austere god of the ship, when I told my name and made her mother take my place in the cabin. She smiled. It was as if an angel from heaven had smiled on me. Do I not believe that she is one? They all say that she is unchanged. Her sadness has no abatement. On that meet-ing she made an effort for my sake to stoop to me. Perhaps she saw how my very soul entreated her to speak. So she spicke of the Sitterbood and said she loved them all. I

its life and increase, at last dethrones the God of Vengeance and enthrones the God of

Sisterhood, and said sho loved them all. I tion by no other way than that of music. Saked her if she was happir here than at my So I fasted and prayed. I took up the Love. Nouse. She said "No." I did not knew words from the holy priesthood, and I said, whether to feel rejoiced or sorrowful. Then as they say:

me at any time during the next three months. She will be with me; but so sensitive is she-so strange would she be to youthat I do not know whether it well for you to see her or not. I dare not let her be exposed to the gaze of any one unknown to her. Yet, sweetest sorelling, perhaps I may be able to tell her that I have a dearest sister, whose heart is love, whose nature is noble, and who could treat her with tenderest care. " I intend to offer my opera to the world at

London. I will be my own impresario. Yet I want one thing, and that is a Voice. On for a Voice like that of Bice ! But it is idle to wish for her. "Never have I heard any voice like here.

my Teresina. God grant that I may find

"Expect soon and suidenly to see your nost loving brother,

" Paolo's own nature is so lofty and spirit-

ual that one like her is intelligible to him.

He has no materialism. He is spiritual. I

am of the earth, earthy; but my brother is a spirit imprisoned, who chafes at his bonds

and longs to be free. And think what Paolo has done for her in his sublime devotion !" "I know others who would do as much,"

said Despard, in a voice that seemed full of

Despard spoke impetuously, but suddenly

checked himself. "I received," said he "by the last mail a

letter from my uncle in Halifax. He is or-

dered off to the Cape of Good Hope. I wrote

him a very long time ago, as I told you, ask-

ing him to tell me without reserve all that he knew about my father's death. I told him

plainly that there was a mystery about it which I was determined to solve. I reproach-ed him for krewing it secret from me, and reminded him that I was now a nature man, and thet he hed no wight

and that he had no right nor any reason to

maintain any further secrecy. I insisted on knowing all, no matter what it might be.

Here it is; " and he handed it to her. " Read it when you get home. I have written a few

words to you, little playmate, also. He has told me all. Did you know this before ?"

"Yes, Lama," said Mrs. Thornton, with a look of sorrowful sympathy. "You knew all my father's fate?"

"Yes, Lama. How could I bear to tell you and give you pain?"

Her voice trembled as the spoke. Despard looked at her with an indescribable ex-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

And you kept it secret?"

" Yes, Lama,"

For so the world goes on ; and thus it shall pression.

'I received his letter by the last mail.

barrier, no gulf as deep as death."

I know others, who, like him, would

Mrs. Thornton showed this note to Despard the next time they met. He had read the journal in the meantime.

So he is coming back ?

" Yes."

" And to me."

" And with this marvelous girl ?" 'Yes.' " She seems to me like a spirit."

Happy is it for her that he found her." "Peolo is more spiritual than human