

# SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

"Nay," he said, quietly, "I am only speaking for your good. You are young, Crystal, but you must be conscious indeed your manner took me so last night that you have grace, beauty, and talents, which gifts that the world adores. You will be its idol. Make your own election, then, my child, for you are now a woman. I will never seek to influence you, I am only to do with a ball-room queen; the world's wisdom has been my way, for from my youth I have determined that "for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

"His calm steadfast voice awoke me; every word seemed to rebuke my vanity and presumption. Ah, I saw I fell now, and he had hoped—he had hoped otherwise."

"We had reached the end of our walk by this time. Before us was the poor cottage where Lettie White was dying. I took my hand from Raby's arm and, down on the little stone which the bees have, Raby seemed to linger a moment, as though he expected me to speak to him, but I remained silent and he turned away with a quick sigh and went into the house. Soon after I heard his voice through the upper window, when he was talking to some one in the breeze, and Lettie's weak tones answering him."

"Before me was a field of crimson clover; some brown bees were busy at work in it. There were scarlet poppies too, waving in the breeze, and the hands with a sea splash and ripple; beyond was the sea vast and crystalline, merged in misty blue. Did I hear it with a dull whirring of repetition, or was it the voice of my own conscience? For me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

"Raby came out presently, and we walked home, still silent. The dignity of his office was upon him; his lips were moving, perhaps in petition for the dying girl."

"When we reached the house he went up to his room. The evening came. I got out our German books—Raby and I were studying together—and presently he joined me. In his absence of mind he had forgotten all about the ball, as I knew he would, and we were both absorbed in the magnificent *Wagnerian*. Margaret entered, looking what Hugh Redmond called his 'Marguerite of Marguerites,' his pearl among women."

"Raby started and looked perplexed."

"What, is it so late? You are dressed, Margaret, and this could be no common occasion," he cried. "Pray help her Maggie, she will be dreadfully late."

"Margaret gave me a wistful smile."

"The carriage is here already," she answered, quietly, "and Mrs. Montague is waiting. Crystal is not going to the ball, Raby."

"Not going?" He turned and looked at me, our eyes met, and then he understood."

"Does not Margaret look lovely," I asked in assumed carelessness, when the door closed, and he came back to the room."

"For answer he took me in his arms. 'Not half so fair as my Esther,' he said tenderly, 'though she is not wearing her regal dress. I thank God, and here his voice grew low and solemn. 'Crystal, I have chosen the better part that shall not be taken away from her.'"

CHAPTER XXV.

GO BACK TO RABY.

O calm gray eyes, extinguished in a storm, blown out like the light of a candle, though struck for by the shipwrecked. My cloud to go before me towards the wilderness. I would that you could see me here to the soul.

"Things went on very happily for a long time after this. The church at Sandycliffe was finished; Raby gave up his curacy, and read himself in; and then came the day when Margaret and I heard him preach."

"Shall I ever forget that day—it was Easter-day and all that belonged to it; the last unclouded Sunday that was ever to rise on me; the tiny flower-decked church already crowded with worshippers, the memorial window that Raby and Margaret had put in, sacred to the memory of their father, with its glorious colors, and the pavement in stains of ruby and violet; and lastly, the grave beautiful face of the young vicar as he looked round upon his little flock for the first time, his eyes resting for a moment as though in silent benediction on the vicarage seat."

"Were I to tell you what I thought of that sermon, you might think my praise partial, but there were many there, Hugh Redmond among them, who commented afterwards on the eloquence and vivid power of the preacher. Hugh Redmond had accompanied me to church, for he and Margaret had been engaged some months, and they were always together. He declared that that sermon had made a deep impression on him."

"Many were affected that day by Raby's deep searching eloquence, but no more so than a lady who sat alone under the pulpit, and who drew down her crepe veil that no one might see her tears."

"I knew her well; she was a childless widow who had lately come to live at Sandycliffe in a pretty cottage about half a mile from the vicarage; and with whom Margaret had become very intimate—a fair gentle-looking woman who had gone through much trouble, and who wished to devote her life to good works; and as I looked at her now, my own eyes misty with sympathy, did I ever imagine that the time was fast approaching when I should meet her with the bitter hatred, and even seek to lift my hand against her."

"And yet you were one of God's dear saints, Mona."

The service over, we lingered for a moment in the churchyard, and Hugh and Margaret and I, until Raby should join us. He came out at last, a little pale and tired-looking. Margaret met him, her eyes shining like stars."

"Oh, Raby, she faltered, "God has given me my own's desire. He smiled, but his hand went out to the girl standing silently behind him."

"What does my child say?" he whispered, when the others had gone on a little; but I had no answer ready, he was so good, so far above me. With a sudden impulse I lifted the kind hand to my lips as though he were a king."

"Raby was very zealous in his profession. There was little to do in Sandycliffe, but he offered himself as coadjutor to the vicar of Pierpoint, and as there was a large poor population there, he and Margaret, and Mrs. Grey, found plenty of scope for their energies."

"Mrs. Grey had no ties, she was rich and lonely, and she sought relief from her sick heart in the ministering to the needs of others. Her health was delicate, and the air of Sandycliffe suited her—she had taken a fancy to the place; and the pretty cottage she had rented was more to her taste than her house at South Kensington."

"Margaret and she were always together, their natures were congenial to each other, and a warm friendship grew up between them; Raby was also much interested in the young widow. I heard him say more than once that she was a rare creature, and so humble in her own estimation that one would never have guessed her so cultivated and accomplished as she really was; her manners were so perfectly gentle, he went on, 'no wonder Margaret is glad to have found such a friend.'"

"I began to think she was Raby's friend too, for nothing seemed to be done in Sandycliffe without Mrs. Grey—our Mrs.

Grey, as Raby called her. Scarcely a day passed without seeing her at the Grang, and very often, as I knew, Raby called at the cottage."

"When I was with him their conversation was always about Pierpoint. He had the workers' meeting that was Mrs. Grey's hobby; she was certainly, in spite of her weak health, a most active creature; Raby always seemed to defer to her opinion. He told Margaret that Mrs. Grey was one of the most clear-headed women he had ever met, that her large-minded views were always surprising him. I used to listen in silence to all this. I liked Mrs. Grey, but I began to be jealous of her influence; I thought Raby was too much guided by her judgment—perhaps he was fascinated by her sweet looks."

"Small beginnings make large endings." "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Even in a small country place like Sandycliffe there are busy and mischievous tongues. Presently a whisper reached my ears that fanned the smoldering coals of a different life to mine; that the quiet and monotony were killing you; would anything have been too hard for your brother's love?"

"I shivered at the word. Oh, Raby, why—why did you utter it? who were you, who never could be a brother of mine. He had never used that word before; it bore a terrible meaning to me now."

"I have spoken to Dr. Connor," he went on more quietly, "and his opinion coincides with mine; and so I have a kinder or a sweeter soul never breathed, not even our own Margaret. You are to go abroad under her care for six months; Dr. Connor advises it. Yes, it will be hard for us, but never fear, my darling, the time will soon pass."

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I say, I can see no good and valid reason why it would not be equally proper and true to say "You're a liar," as to respond with "Not at all," "Honor now, can you?"—*Stroller* in Toledo Journal.

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On the 17th of April, 1725, John Ridge bequeathed to the parish of Trysell, in Shropshire, 20 shillings a year, that a poor man might be employed to keep the church during the summer and go about the village street, or witness the frank cordial smile with which they parted. Mona's look, her touch, her soft vibrating voice set every nerve on edge. I was pinning my ears to the cause—how could they? for as the weeks went on, a cold forbidding; haughtiness hid their child's suffering heart from them. I would die, I said to myself recklessly, before they should guess my secret."

"Raby's face grew sad and then somewhat stern. I knew the old doubts were harassing him; he feared their quiet life was irksome to my youth, that I was fretting in secret for the gaieties and triumphs I had renounced."

"One day we three were sitting at lunch together, I was sitting at the table on my plate to prevent them noticing my want of appetite, as though I could evade Raby's eyes, and longing to escape from the room, for I felt more than usually miserable."

"But there was watching me. I could see through his conversing was directed to Margaret. She had been talking about the new schools that Mrs. Grey proposed building at Pierpoint."

"She wants to sell her house at South Kensington," she said, "she never means to accompany me to church, for he and Margaret had been engaged some months, and they were always together. He declared that that sermon had made a deep impression on him."

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quietly on the couch as though I were a child, and went on with his speech."

"Crystal," he said, rather sternly, "I claim obedience as your guardian; I claim it legally and morally. Never had a woman who costs me a great sacrifice. I am going to send you away from us for a little while for your own good; for your own peace and happiness. Alas! I see plainly now, how we have failed to secure either. I tried to speak, but I could not. I crushed my hand together as though they were a vice, as I listened."

"Heaven knows," he continued, sadly, "how I have tried to do my duty by you, and how Margaret has tried for you; how we have loved you, prayed and cared for you, never thinking of ourselves, but only of you. What have we done that you should hide your unhappiness from us? Why did you not come to me and tell me frankly, and like a brave girl, that the sacrifice I asked was too great for you to demand; a different life to mine; that the quiet and monotony were killing you; would anything have been too hard for your brother's love?"

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UNIQUE HOSPITALITY.

A Boston Woman Who Compelled a Caller to Take a Bath.

One of the Providence *Journal's* Boston sketches is appended:

Mrs. Y. is a brilliant Boston woman of abundant executive ability, shrewd wit and delightful hospitality. The exigencies of her husband's business led to the keeping up of an establishment in the west. Mrs. Y. passes some months of the year, and where she entertains a great many people. One day there was brought to Mrs. Y. the card of an English gentleman, accompanied by a letter of introduction from friends of the Y.'s abroad. The hostess went down stairs and greeted the guest cordially. "We are so accustomed to travellers here," she said, "that we know just what to do with them. We expect everybody to arrive travel-stained and exhausted, and we let everybody take a bath. I speak the matchless servant before I came down, and everything is all ready." "But," stammered the stranger, "I cannot think of putting you to so much trouble." "Oh, I know just how you feel," interrupted Mrs. Y.; "but this is the only thing that restores me to normal condition when I've been travelling; and you have come right through from Boston." The guest demurred, but Mrs. Y. was too executive and too truly hospitable to allow his scruples to prevent the carrying out of her simple intention. The Englishman was shown upstairs to the bath-room, where it is to be presumed he combined with the progress of his toilet reflections upon the originality and practicality of American hospitality. In due time the guest descended again to the parlor, where Mrs. Y. restored me to normal condition when I've been travelling; and you have come right through from Boston." The guest demurred, but Mrs. Y. was too executive and too truly hospitable to allow his scruples to prevent the carrying out of her simple intention. 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