

**BEYOND THESE VOICES**

O, not a pleasure-ground this world of ours!—  
A Capuan retreat, where soul and sense,  
Alike benumbed beneath the poppy-flowers,  
Are lost in dreams of endless indolence!

A forest, rather, of uncertain ways,  
Where travellers would be overcome with fright,  
Save that, at intervals throughout the maze,  
God's sunlight falls upon the feeblest sight.

Not here, not here, fulfillment of our dream;  
Not here attainment of our soul's desire.  
This but the stepping to a world unseen,  
Where life is love, and love is something higher.

—By Marie Mumford Meinell.

**THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.**

Jim Bourn and I were boys together at Westminster; we went to Oxford together—to Balliol; we took our degrees together in the Classical (Honors) School; and we were ordained together by the Bishop of L—, as curates for his diocese. Here our paths separated for some years, and when next we renewed our old friendship, I was the vicar of the town, still single at thirty-four; and Jim was the chaplain of the famous gaol in the same town, and married.

We were talking in my study, as in olden times. Somehow the conversation drifted to the subject of a recent newspaper article—"Ought married people to have any secrets from each other?" I said "No"; Jim said "Yes." We both smilingly stuck to our text. It was not often we differed in opinion, but this was one case, anyhow.

"Why, Jim," said I, "you would have been the last person I should have expected to take that line, for I am sure, from what I have seen that if ever two folks were happy and loving, they are Ella and yourself. I can't conceive of you having any secret which you would not wish Ella to know."

"Ah," retorted he, with a peculiar smile, "that's just it. Well, Howson, I'll tell you one, if you like; though" he added, "it must remain a secret between us two. I have never spoken of it to any one in the world, and never shall except to yourself."

"Thanks, Jim; you need not fear me, as you know. I'm only curious to know the case," and I assumed an attitude of eager attention to Jim's story.

"I was the chaplain at Lowmarket, as you are well aware, before I came here. It is a pretty place, and one wonders whatever made the government build a gaol there. However, there it is, and there was I. The amount of society that one got in Lowmarket was perfectly astonishing. Had I had time and inclination for it, I might have turned out a regular 'society' clergyman. As it was, I had a full amount of lectures, soirees, parties, and entertainments. Amongst the people I got in with none were nicer than the Yorks. Miss York, a maiden lady of fifty, lived in a large and beautifully-furnished house, called 'The Cedars,' in the best part of the town. She was known all over the district for her charity, kindness of heart, and pure life. Everybody had a good word for her. Nor was her niece, Ella York, any less popular. People in Lowmarket fairly worshipped them.

"I was twenty-eight when I first saw Ella York, and at once succumbed to her charms. For weeks her praises had been in my ears, and now, on acquaintance, I found her beauty, her manners, kindness of heart not one whit less than report stated. I loved her. Of course I could not say so at once; and whether after two or three meetings in the course of my work—for Miss York the elder took great interest in our sphere of labor—she guessed my love, and reciprocated it, I could not then say. I found from judicious enquiries that Miss York—Ella—had lived with her aunt from childhood; that she was now twenty-four; that her mother was dead, and her father lived on the Continent for his health; also that she was her aunt's sole heiress. These facts were, of course, only learnt by degrees, as one cannot go to the fountain-head for such information.

"After much heart-searching and debating within myself, I thought I saw that Ella York was not wholly indifferent to me, and I resolved to ask her to be my wife. I need not go into details as to how I did it, beyond saying that it was one summer morning rather more than five years ago, when having gone to see her aunt, who was out, I met Ella in the grounds; and after taking as we walked along on various subjects somehow it came out unexpectedly and almost before I could comprehend what it all meant, Ella York had promised to be my wife, subject to her aunt's consent.

"But her aunt didn't consent. I received a dainty note that night—how tenderly I regarded it, Howson!—from Ella saying that she had spoken of my visit to her aunt, and had told her I was coming tomorrow for her approval; that Miss York had been very kind but acted rather strangely, and said she would see me, but she could not consent, as she did not wish to lose Ella. My dear girl went on to say that she had in vain tried to get from her any more than this.

"I was in a curious frame of mind as I went next morning to see Miss York. What could her objection really be? Surely not to me! My position, my family, my life were, I hoped, beyond reproach. Even if it were a question of money, I had enough private

means, as you know. As for Miss York, well, of course, it would be lonely without Ella at first, after so many years companionship, but surely she didn't expect her never to get married! It was preposterous.

"I was destined not to know her objection. As I approached the lodge, the portress met me.

"Oh, Mr. Bourn, this is shocking!" "I was more puzzled than ever! Why my engagement to Ella should be 'shocking' I couldn't see; and I no doubt expressed it in my looks.

"So sudden, too, sir!" said the woman. "Nobody expected it!"

"Whatever's the matter?" said I. "Why, haven't you heard that Miss York's dead? No! Oh, dear! Poor thing; had a fit in the night, doctor says; was quite unconscious when Miss Ella got there, and died at nine o'clock this morning.

"My heart sank; I felt faint and giddy. It was some minutes before I could move. You will never know how it feels, Howson, unless you should have such a blow, which I hope you never will. But I am bound to say my one thought was 'My poor, lonely darling, Ella!'

"There were no more details to be learnt about Miss York's death. She was buried in Lowmarket churchyard. Ella was ill for weeks, and could not see even me. When she was well enough to attend to business, it was found that she inherited all her aunt's money; and as she had already accepted me, we were married a twelvemonth afterwards. She had been awfully lonely, she said, since Miss York's death, but no couple have ever lived happier and been nearer and dearer to each other than Ella and I. May God bless her."

"Amen," said I, solemnly and reverently. "Ella and I," pursued Jim, "could never give the remotest guess as to her aunt's objection to our engagement, and it would probably have remained a mystery to me, as it has to Ella, even now, had it not been for the following circumstance. Some time ago I was sent for at the prison to see a rather desperate character, whose end was very near. He had been sent to seven years' penal servitude some three years before for forgery and, after serving two years at Portland, had been transferred to Lowmarket. His appearance was superior to that of the ordinary convict, even when a forger. Although I had seen him several times, and certainly been struck with his face and appearance, we could not be said to be friendly, as he had been indifferent to all my advances.

"I found him lying in the hospital, and I soon saw he would not live very long. "You seem pleased to see me," I said. "Yes, sir," replied No. 152, "I am glad you've come; I hardly expected you would, considering how stand-offish I've been. But I wanted to see you, as the doctor says I'm not likely to last much longer—perhaps not till tomorrow.

"There, well, never mind. Keep your courage up, and you'll probably deceive the doctor."

"I talked to him about his soul and spiritual things. That we may pass by, Howson; I believe he was thoroughly penitent. I asked him if there was anything I could do for him."

"Yes, sir, there is one thing, if you will. It's such a curious one, I hardly like to ask you." His eyes looked eagerly at me. "Go on," said I; "I'll do it if possible."

"I've had a queer life, sir," said the convict. "I might have been somebody, and done some good; but I got led astray after my marriage, and broke the heart of my wife, who died soon afterwards. Yes, I've led a bad life, and its precious few friends I've had lately, anyhow. But I hope I may be forgiven, as you say God will pardon even the worst of us. And if you'll promise me to do one thing when I'm dead, I shall die happy."

"I'll promise as far as I can," said I. "What is it?"

"It's to take care of your wife!" answered No. 152. "Ah!" said he smiling, "I thought that would astonish you!"

"Take care of my wife!" I gazed at him in amazement. "Why, of course I shall! But what is it to you?"

"A great deal," he said. "Why?"

"Because she's—my daughter!"

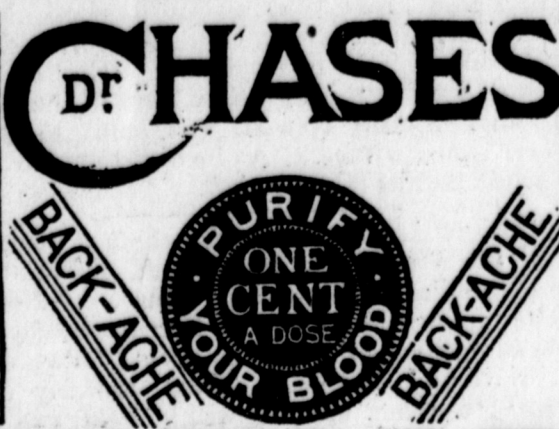
"I looked at him in terror and astonishment, and was about to call the nurse and send for the doctor, feeling sure he was rambling, when he said slowly: "Sit down, sir, please; I can't talk much longer. You need not send for Dr. Darton, I'm all right. I feared it would give you a shock, sir, as it gave me one the first time I saw her here with you. Ella York—you see I know her name all right—was taken when quite a child by her aunt, who disowned me, and never told the child what her father was. In that she was quite right. She changed her name from Wilton to her mother's name of York, and completed the disguise. Whenever I desired—and, oh, I did often desire—to see Ella, my darling, Miss York always threatened me with the police, and I knew better than to have them on my track, if I could help it. Yes, sir, I see you can't realize it yet, but you will find Ella Wilton's birth and

**CHASE'S CHAPTER**

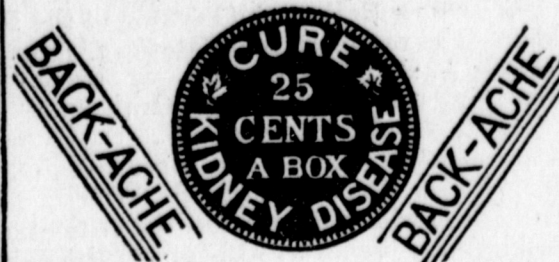
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baptism in the registers at Northfield; and I give you my word it is true.

"I sat in dumb silence. What could I say? Ella, my Ella, a convict's daughter!

"Please, sir, don't tell her," said he. "She never has known; don't let her know. But I felt I must tell you, sir, and you'll not think any worse of her!" and his eyes looked pleadingly and wistfully at me.

"My senses had somewhat returned.

"No," said I, "of course not. I am half dazed, but I feel what you say is true. But Ella is my own now, and always shall be, whilst I live. I wish I had not heard this, but it cannot alter my love for Ella."

"Thank God," he said. "And, sir, there's one thing. The doctor says I shall sleep myself away. Do you think it could be managed for my darling to give me one kiss ere I die, just one."

"I'll try. Yes, said I, 'she shall, if you'll leave it to me.'

"I will! God bless you, Mr. Bourn."

"I left him. When I got home Ella thought I was ill, and indeed I was. Over-worked, I pleaded. In another hour they came to tell me he was asleep, and would not wake in this world.

"I took Ella with me to the hospital. 'Ella,' said I, 'a prisoner who is dying, and has no—few—friends told me to day how he had seen you, and would like you to kiss him ere he died, as his own daughter would have done. Will you?' "Certainly, darling."

"And, with eyes full of tears, she did. The unconscious form half rose, the eyelids half opened, the face smiled. She didn't know; did he?"

"I led her away, weeping my own heart full. I afterwards verified his story. But Ella has never known any more, Howson, and never will. There is sometimes a secret which should not be shared between husband and wife, Howson, isn't there?"

"You're right, dear old Jim," said I, as he grasped my hand in silence, but with tear-dimmed eyes. "You're right, old fellow, and God bless you both!"

The spirit of sectionalism seems to die hard in South Carolina. The new Governor, John Gray Evans, was born since the outbreak of the war, graduated at a Northern



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college, and was elected by the Reform party, which represents the "New South." Yet we find in his inaugural address this specimen of ante-bellum Bourbonism: "It has been truly said that of all the States of the Union, the citizens of South Carolina are possessed of most characteristic individuality. It is expressed by an English historian in these words: 'They are first South Carolinians, next Southerners, and lastly Americans.' This is true; we are South Carolinians from birth and choice, Southerners from principle, and Americans from force of circumstances." The State of South Carolina certainly has reason to be proud that it was the "choice" of such an American as a birthplace.—*Out-look.*

**SPACE.**

Space! What art thou? The mightiest word We say in haste the human tongue Can utter. Boundless. Consider it. Where, we ask, does existence end and Space have sole domain? We know not. But though creation's work may extend Further than human thought can conceive, Yet it must end, and space is but begun. Oh, mind, when life's span is all too short To comprehend such greatness, why dost thou Recall a greater and make us tremble When we think Eternity?"

—E. S. Kirkpatrick, D. D. S.

**A Summer Angel.**

He—Do my eyes deceive you? No, it is true. One year ago, on this very rock, you promised to become my wife.

She—(a summer belle)—Did I? Well, never mind; you shall have the privilege of imagining that I kept the promise.

"May I?" "Yes, indeed. Sit right down here. The nurse will be along very soon, and you may hold the baby till my husband comes."—*New York Weekly.*

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