Ah, so swift the waters run-One false step 'twas all undone : Little heart begins to beat Fearing for the little feet, Soon her fear will all be lost, When the stepping stones are crossed, Three more yet on which to stand-Two more-one more-then on land 'Tis the little lassie's plea-Wait for me, wait for me!

Ah, for you, my laughing lass, When the years have come to pass. May One still be near to guide, While you cross Life's river wide, When no helping hand is near, None, if you should call, to hear— Think, however far away, Mother still knows all you say E'en in heaven heeds your plea-Wait for me, wait for me!

Literature.

RETRIBUTION

CHAPTER XXVIII. "WHERE IS SHE?"

In a large, airy room in the convent of St. Philip's, at Lille, the young Earl of Melrose lay struggling in the fierce grip of a fell disease.

fever, his lips parched and burning, his tongue swollen and hanging from his mouth. His head rolled restlessly from bloodshot.

A priest stood at the foot of his bed, re- sleeping form. the sign of the cross over him.

gray serge,

less linen bandage, drawn down upon her nurse. forehead, and entirely concealing her (which fell about her face, partially concealing it,) was drawn over this. A black its accustomed channels again. awkward-looking cape was thrown over from which was suspended by a steel chain | him.

and crucifix. A linen cloth was also bound about the est touch,

seemed solemn and gloomy, but the fresh his eyes wistfully on the nun, "is Sister to lay them down." the farther end, and everything within she has been, too."

was only within the last hour that the nun | pale face with a wistful, eager look. had taken up her position at his bedside; was unnoticed by the sick man.

lips quivered at his every groan.

She reached over and gently changed the wet cloth upon his head; she drew the clothes smooth and tidy over his form away. and then, taking one of his burning hands in hers, she began to bathe it with a wet

At first he tried to resist her-he could not let even one hand rest quiet; but all at once a low, sweet melody broke the stillness of the room-soft, and clear, and soothing as a murmuring brook it reached the sick man's ears and gained his at. his eyes.

lay limp and willing beneath the cooling back to life. sponge, and still the sweet voice sang on, Little by little the heavy lids dropped, the strained muscles relaxed, the heavy limbs settled into repose, and Kenneth Malcolm slept for the first time since smitten with

the fever. murmured the priest, in low tones; and, lifting his hands in blessing above her, he murmured his," pax vobiscum" and silently departed.

The door had scarcely closed after him when the sweet-voiced nun dropped upon her knees by the bedside, and, burying her face among the clothes, remained there motionless until Kenneth stirred

Then, with noiseless step and gentle beginning of a new and happier life. touch, she renewed the ice upon his head gave him his medicines, and soothed him until he grew calm again. And so many days went by.

It seemed as if there were magic in the pale nun's touch, magic in her tones, and in her presence even, for no one else had any power over him whatever.

In his wildest moments, if she but came to him, laid her cool, soft hand upon his head, or spoke to him, he would often grow calm at once. But sometimes, if this did not serve to quiet him, she would lift her voice in song, and, with a sigh of deep content, he would listen as if spell.

bound. She never left him except when in a deep sleep, and then she would steal away for a few hours of rest and refreshment. The third week of Kenneth's illness

was drawing toward its close. He had lived beyond all expectation, and the great physician who attended

him said it was a wonder what kept him But there must come a change soon; it

was coming even then

great convent on the young earl's account ful in spite of those course, uncouth gara hush like death prevaded its long and ments which she always wore, while in gloomy corridors; every sister and attend- her stead there was now an elderly person ant glided to and fro about their different of stolid demeanor to wait upon him. duties shod with velvet shoes, and not a

dawn would find Kenneth Malcolm alive.

The gentle nun hung over him now in an agony of suspense; again and again she would wring her clasped hands, lift head, his mind still too weak even to re- head upon her hands, faint and exhausted ing them toward heaven, while her pale tain the name of his gentle nurse. lips moved in their voiceless petition for "Sister Agnes, do you mean my lord?" the gift of healing from the great Healer asked the nun.

above. A heavy stupor had been gradually face lighting. stealing over the young earl; the purple "She has become wearied with constant flush had faded from his face, leaving it watching, my lord, and she is now taking himself, "before I was stricken with this in a driving wind, were raised to the

and a coo! dew had settled upon his brow her sharp gray eyes.

and about his mouth. hours; he stood now with one finger upon who have been very sick. eye noting every change.

glittering eye fixed upon that finger rest. ed, hoping she had come again. ing over the almost pulseless wrist.

like the knell of doom upon her ears. f the impulse could not be controlled, her. she laid her lips against Kenneth's ear. words, she cried :

"Kenneth, my king! live, oh, live!" Her soft cheek rested against his for usual one moment; then, as there was no answering sign to tell that he had heard, hopeless than the first.

knotted his brow, and the doctor held up were about to leave him. warning finger. Slowly the lids lifted from the heavy

eyes, and they met the agonizing look which the fair, pale nun bent upon him as she waited for what should come next, Then gradually, as if from some magic dered what made her so timid. spell, the lids dropped again, the fore. a faint smile; a long shuddering sigh saint awaiting the petition of a sinful heaved the manly chest, as if some weary mortal.

closed convulsively over the cool, soft vain to get a view of her face. hand of the trembling woman at his side, His handsome face was purple with a slumber sweet and refreshing as ever and drooping ner head still lower. came to him in his childhood's hours.

Twice the hour-hand of the little clock and a look of pain crossed his face. on the mantel traced sixty minutes while side to side, and his eyes were wild and the venerable servant of Esculapius and impatiently, "but it is through your inthe nun watched breathlessly over that strumentality."

peating prayers for his soul, and making A new hope had been born into their permitted to be of service in a good work," hearts, for the fluttering pulse was grow- reverently replied the modest sister. By his side, and unwearied in her atten. ing more regular, though still very feeble tions, sat a nun clad in coarse garments of and a healthful moisture was gathering aside the curtains and let in the light, so the submissive tones answered : Her head was bound about with a spot. hand which still clasped that of his gentle member the face of one who has been so future His mercy shall clear.

When again he awoke reason shone hair. A close-fitting cap of black silk, from his hollow eyes once more, and for your eyes at present, and the physiwith a wide frill of black silk tissue, though to weak to move, yet they knew cian's orders are to keep the chamber that his blood was pulsing healthfully in dark," she answered: but there was the

her shoulders, hiding her form; a large the physician and then upon the nun, strained clasp. white apron was tied about her waist. Who now stood with her face turned from a pair of scissors and the inevitable beads "Where am I?" he whispered, help- sorrowful; then he said;

lower part of her face, so that very little now let me tell you that you are to ask better if I had not lived."

of it was visible; but one could not help no more questions for three days, but do noticing the sad blue eyes, which were as you are told, and we'll see if we can a whisper. never once turned from the sufferer upon keep you a while longer with us," the the bed, nor the delicate hands which doctor said with a sigh of relief, for he constantly ministered to him with tender. felt reasonably sure now that his patient lily. would live.

pure air came in at the open window at Agnes, your attendant, and a faithful one the chamber was sweet, and fresh and Sister Agnes now produced a tiny bowl, made his heart vibrate with strange emo- ed you," he said aloud, gently. " from which she proceeded to feed him

Kenneth had been tossing and moan. something warm and nice, a spoonful at a "Ah! you, too, gentle sister, have known ing constantly for hours; nothing served time, and all the while he seemed to be to quiet him-opiates had no effect. It searching what there was visible of her He could not see how her hand trembl-

but her presence, like everything else, ed in its journey to and from that little bowl: he could not see the new light of But her face, what there was to be seen joy which had sprung into her down cast of it, was full of pain as she listened to eyes, nor hear the song of praise which his moans of unceasing sufferings, and her went winging its way up to the great white of past trials; but there is peace for us with quivering lips; "her eyes were throne from her lobing heart.

"Where is she !" he murmured. "Whom?" asked the physician, bend- clasp of her hands. "Nina," he whispered, tenderly.

"There has been none here but your open your lips until you wake again."

His head gradually ceased its rolling, down, down into the depths somewhere, the wild light faded from his blood-shot and Nina, his beautiful Nina, had come to eyes, a look of wonder and expectation him, and reaching out her white hands to

> It was but a vision of his imagination, however, and he found that he was still near him. alone, with the weary burden of a desolate existence still clinging to him.

How should he know of that slight form kneeling close by his side while he slept "You have done well, my daughter," again, and praying that the feeble life plied, deeply agitated.

might be strengthened? How could he know of the hungry, eager eyes, noting every breath he drew, you mind singing to me now?" every quiver of the eyelids, or every movement, however slight, that he made?

But a loving heart, filled with tenderness and gratitude, was beating close beside him, a faithful heart was waiting patiently now for strength to come, and with strength the dawn of a new joy, the

CHAPTER XXIX.

"LOVE IS ETERNAL!" Slowly, very slowly, strength came back

to Kenneth. For many days he lay in a sort of semiconscious state, too weak to take note of please sing to me just once more," he anything, except when they aroused him urged to take his medicines or nourishment, and then he always felt such a sense of content to find the gentle nun ever by his

It was such a comfort to sip his broth from the spoon held by that white, deli- broke the stillness of Kenneth's chamber. cate hand, and to look up into those deep,

soulful eyes. He had a vague sense of a desire to tear away those hideous bandages about her face and head, while a wonder floated through his weak brain whether he should find the head shorn and bare, as he had

been told all nuns' heads were. But by and by, as he grew to realize more of what was passing around him, he Great anxiety prevailed throughout the began to miss her graceful figure, grace-

Instead of the cool, rosy fingers which voice was heard above a whisper all he had grown to love to have touch his through that long day preceding the brow, and which fed him so deftly, a hand course and clumsy, yet kind, served him; The doctor feared the worst; there was instead of tones of fairy-like sweetness, a but the slightest ray of hope that another voice deep and guttural grated upon his

"Where is sister—sister—"

"Yes, Sister Agnes," he repeated, his him so desolate.

pale, sunken, and death-like; his breath needful rest; her devotion has saved your disease my life was a curse to me."

came feebly from beneath his parted lips life," she returned, eying him keenly with

"Will she not come soon again?" he The physician had not left him for asked, with the unreasonableness of those

the failing pulse, his keen, experienced "Perhaps," was the unsatisfactory reply; and with a sigh of longing, he turn-His face gave no sign of what he thought ed his face to the wall, a sense of dreariand the suspense was grewing intoler. ness and loneliness creeping over him. For a week longer he watched for her, even." "How is it?" whispered the nun, her turning eagerly every time the door open-

He did not know that always while he "Failing was the one word which fell slept she sat by him, watching with an sighed his gentle companion. eager joy in her eye his thin face taking Again she threw her clasped hands high on the hue of health once more, and lisabove her head; a moan of anguish es. tened to his regular breathing as if it caped her lips; then bending forward, as were the sweetest music in the world to

But always just before he awoke she and, all her soul going out in the thrilling | would glide softly from the room, and her place was filled by another

But one day he did not sleep as long as she moved away with another moan, more tender gaze which was so familiar to him. sang? The sister instantly drooped her white Then he stirred feebly, a scowl of pain lids, and started up guiltily, and as if she

> But putting out his thin hand, he seized "Wait, Sister Agnes, wait," he pleaded Trembling, and with an averted face, she sank back into her chair, and he won-

head grew smooth and placid, the pale hands tightly clasped upon her breast, overcome?' lips, with their look of pain, relaxed into and to him she seemed like some pure

burden had suddenly been rolled away "They tell me that I owe my life to from the aching heart; the thin fingers your kind care," Kenneth said, trying in

"You owe your life to the good Father,' and thus Kenneth Malcolm dropped into she replied, devoutly, in low, sweet tones, Something in her voice made him start

"Yes, of course," he returned, a trifle "I am very grateful that I have been

"Sister Agnes, I wish you would draw half uttered, fell upon his ear; then upon his brow, and lips, and upon the that I can see you better. I want to re-

kind to me." he said. "No, my lord; the light is not good least quiver in the sweet tones, and the He turned a questioning look first upon fair hands became almost rigid in their

> during which Kenneth's face grew very hands as if she could bear no more "Sister Agnes, I am very grateful for girl had loved, and found her love

"In the best of hands, young man; and your kind care; but it would have been false, even as he had! He felt that "No, oh, no!" she breathed, almost in

> "Life was a burden to me, and I would gladly have laid it down," he said, gloom-"We all have our burdens, my lord;

Her tones were sweet but very sad, heart and blighted life.' and there was a cadence in them which

sorrow perhaps, and that is why you are here within these walls." The sister bowed; she could not trust

herself to speak. "Your sorrow must have been a heavy one, to drive you, so young, into a place worthy to hear it, and it will be a relike this," Kenneth said, regretfully,

"It is not permitted me now to speak all beyond," was the tremulous response, as blue and deep, but not so sad as He sighed again with disappointment | He could see her bosom heave with yours. I dreamed during my sickas she ceased feeding him and moved emotion which she tried so hard to control, and he noticed that the delicate nails had grown almost purple in the agonized

removed-he felt that she must be beau- on earth on our wedding morn, and nurse and I; now go to sleep, and don't tiful, and he felt an intense longing to not half an hour after she had plightlook into her face; but he dare not ask it. ed her vows to me." A look of sadness and longing crept into No one, he thought, could have such eyes and be plain-they were like Nina's, catching her breath hard, and rocking He had dreamed that he was sinking only hers had never had such a look of

heart-breaking sadness in them. She was so pure and gentle, and refined too, while her very movement was full of coming in its place; the restless hands him, had grasped him and drawn him grace and ease. Her presence, too, thrill-

ed him, and he felt a sense of peace and married me that she might gratify rest steal over him whenever she came "Did you not sing to me sometimes out her grief for what she had done

during my illness?" he asked. "Yes, my lord; music seemed to quiet you when nothing else would." she re-

"It is the only thing which I remember able; but they were hidden beneath -it was very sweet," he said; "would "If my lord would excuse me," she

murmured, much disturbed. "But Kenneth, with the wilfulness of an invalid, persisted.

Then just once more let me hear your her so!" he cried wildly. voice in song." Sister Agnes sat like a statue; her head was bowed until it almost touched her knees, and her face was entirely concealed by the frill of silken tissue which was

vulsed as if in mortal anguish. "Forgive me if I seem willful, but had struck her.

She sat suddenly erect now, and turned from him, so that he could not catch even the outline of her face. She pressed her plain? I commanded her to explain. clasped hands over her heart to still its and she owned that it was her lover! PEARL RINGS, BAND RINGS, bedside to minister to him in her calm, fierce throbbing, and, with a mighty effort Do you wonder that I hate life?-do calmed herself to do his bidding. Soft and sweet and tremulous, but oh. how sad! were the notes which all at once

> " As torrents in summer. Half dried in their channels Suddenly rise, though the Sky is still cloudless, For rain has been falling Far off at their fountains

"So hearts that are fainting Grow full to o'erflowing. And they that behold it Marvel and know not That God at their fountains Far off has been raining!

"Cross against corselet. Love against hatred. Peace-cry for war-cry Patience is powerful He that o'ercometh Hath joy out of sorrow!

"The dawn is not distant, Nor is the night starless. Love is eternal! God is still God, and His faith shall not fail us; Christ is eternal!'

and apparently lost to all worldly things. A great sob shook the sick man's frame, bly all the misery of the past, and made vet?"

"My God!" he cried, "must I come with trembling eagerness toward him. back to the torture of life again?"

he said, sternly. "I loved her so," bright spot of red burned on either he went on, a cold sweat starting out cheek. upon his brow, "and I know, as you sang, that my 'love is eternal; but I had covered his eyes with his hand to know also that there is no dawn for hide the tears which, in his weakness, me, and that my night of woe will had risen unbidden to his eyes. never be brightened by a single star

" Patience is powerful; He that o'ercometh Hath joy out of sorrow,"

in peace again? he demanded, fiercely her treachery," " God is still God, and

His faith shall not fail us. how she trembled.

He awoke suddenly without stirring, ated like his own, and could she prac. into her chair and buried her face in and, opening his eyes, he met the earnest, tice this sublime faith of which she the folds of her cape.

> He longed to read the hidden pages of her life's history, and an uncontrollable desire seized him to confide to her his own misery. He had not received a word of com-

fort or cheer during all the long weary lonely heart cried out for spmpathy. "do you think it possible for a heart Her lovely eyes were downcast, her withered as mine has been, ever to

" Hearts that are fainting Grow full to overflowing. When God at their fountains

Far off has been raining." She could only answer him in the beautiful words of the poet, and her voice seemed full of unshed tears. "You mean that only God can give peace?" he said.

"Yes. He can give sweet peace." "Have you proved it so?" The small head bowed a voiceless

"Have you no doubts for the future -can you go on in the dark and blindmore and more who the sad young the elders. creature could be

A low moan, suppressed ere it was "The past is in God's keeping-the

"Surely," he thought, "she must

have risen above frail human nature if she could trust like this." "Can a heart that has been crushed in its first, strong love ever love again?" was the next query he put,

without the suspicion of the agony he was inflicting. "No, oh, no!" came the pained There were a few minutes of silence, hoarse cry; and she threw up her Ah! how he knew that the poor

"There are other lives as bitter as mine, it seems," he said to himself. "How she suffers! and yet she hugs the cross. Why then should I shrink to take up my burden again? If this delicat girl can live and find peace in ministering to others, surely, with my The room had been darkened, and "This," he added, as he saw him turn but only God knows when it is best for us resources. I out to be of some use in the world, even with my withered

" Forgive me, sister, if I have painsee that you, too, have suffered deeply but your gentle patience and trust have done me good. Now may I tell you my sad story?"

He heard a faint sob, a quicklydrawn breath, then the low spoken words: "Yes, my lord, if you deem me

lief to you.' "I loved a beautiful girl," he began ness at times that she stood over me with a great love and pity shining in them. I loved her with a mad love that was idolatry. I believed her pure as the angels in heaven, and true as He would have given much to have had truth itself; but she ruined my life, that ugly cap and those horrid bandages and proved herself the falsest woman

"Oh, no! no!" moaned the nun,

herself two and fro. "It does not seem possible. I know: but it was even so," Kenneth went on too bound up in his own sorrow to notice anything peculiar in her. "It seems that she loved another, and only her ambition and gain wealth and position, and then she went and wept

upon her lover's bosom. "Cruel! ernel!" murmured the pale lips, and the fair hands were wrung with an agony that was intolerthe clumsy cape, and he did not

"Yes, it was cruel as death," he said, answering the murmured words: "and had mortal man dared tall me that she had been guilty of such a thing, I should have shouted the false-"Nay, sweet sister, you are very modest, hood in his face, and then stricken but pray grant my request. I am soon to him dumb at my feet. But I saw it be well, I suppose, and go out from here all with my own eyes. Great Heaven! -you do not come to me often now, and, and what a sight it was, when I loved

"But-but there must have been some mistake about it--" began the

"Mistake! No; a simple mistake plaited around her ugly, closely-fitting would not have made me the miserblack cap; but could he have looked into able man I am. I tell you it was a it, he would have seen that it was con- cursed reality; he interrupted, fierce- Diamond Sets, ly. His pale listener shrank as if he

> "Why did you not let her explain -I mean---"Who says I did not let her exyou wonder that I wanted to die?"

Kennoth cried, shaking as with the "Calm yourself my lord; this excitement will make you ill again," the girl said, soothingly; then added in quivering tones; "Are you sure that you understood her aright? Did she not own that it was her brother in-

stead of her lover?' With breathless interest she waited for his raply. "Her brother!" he cried, scornfally; "she had no brother; and had she told me it was, I should have Fredonia Railroad Watches. known she only saded falsehood to her other sin; and so I left her there and then, vowing never to look upon

her fair, false face again." "Were you not hasty, my lord?" "Yes, yes; the Malcolms have a hot temper; they love wildly, but To Churches of all Denominations they are true as steel, and they could never tolerate aught of deception or falsehood in any one. Ah, Sister Agnes, no one can know the bitter-It was the song of a breaking heart, sus | ness of that hour to me! Oh! Nina. tained by a great and holy faith! and Nina. how I loved you!" and the cry He put his hand in a puzzled way to his when the sister ceased she bowed her rang out full of a mighty agony through the room

> "My lord do you love her now? every word brought back to him so forci. Is there room in your heart for her Copper Rivers, Team Belis, Whip Lashes The pale nun had risen, and bent

"Wherefore?" murmured the sis- and cast it from her head, Her nostrils where dilated, her eyes filled "Because of a false-hearted woman" with a passionate longing, while a

But Kenneth did not see her; he

But her question had touched his Could be own a love for the woman who had cheated him so?

"No," he replied, with exceeding bitterness; "there will be no room in Can a wrecked life ever gather to- my heart for her ever again, and I can gether its broken threads, and go on only remember her with contempt for

The sister stood for a moment motionless, as if the blighting words were He laid his hand gently on her too terrible to believe. That bright shoulder, and he was startled to feel spot on her cheek faded in an instant; the passionate longing in her eye Had she too loved, and been deceiv- turned to a look of dumb despair. She ed like himself, he wondered; was swayed where she stood as if drunken her heart torn, and bruised, and lacer with wine, and then dropped silently

(To be continued.)

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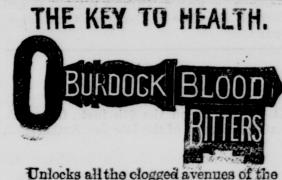
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St. John, N. B., October 20, 1886 ANNUAL

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