

"COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE."

1999

THE SISTERS

Once upon a time, there was a king and a queen who had two daughters, the eldest called Margaret and the youngest Finnette. One day their good fairy godmother, who was a fairy, called to her the two

“My children, for many years I have wa-
tered you with a mother's care. I now find I
am obliged to leave you forever, but ere I go I
will perform for you one last act of love. Follow
me. So saying, the fairy turned and set forth to-
ward the rising sun. And the two princesses, who

Two roads leading right and left branch from the foot of the mountain. That on the

as narrow, hard, and full of rocks, thorns, and brambles, and the end was lost in a dense black, so ominous, that the young prince drew back in horror. The road to the left was broad, smooth, and pleasant, and strewn with flowers. Roses grew by the wayside—birds sang, keeping time to the tinkling music of

'My children,' began the fairy, 'those paths are both open to you. That on the rough difficult to travel—though the thorn

"This for me, then!" cried Maligna, turning to the broad path. "so fair a path must lead to the Garden of Eden, where care and sorrow are no more. That path, fair as it looks to the eye, leads to the Garden of Da kness, where gloom and desolation forever dwell. Now make your choice!"

"Nay," replied Finette, "I shall go to the Garden of Peace. The path may be rough, but it shall repay me for all. Farewell!" The princess, fixing her eyes on the far off tower, set out for the Garden of Peace.

A young girl, fair, frail and spiritual, sat
telling this tale aloud. Now she laid her book
and turning to her companion, a maiden of
great beauty, whose crimson cheeks, flashing
eyes, and full red lips, bespoke a passionate
nature, she said :

'I should have done as Maligna did,' Leonore, tossing back the raven curls from her broad, bold brow; 'no narrow, thorny path. I shall ever wander among roses.'

'And end in the River of Darkness,' so
ther, half sadly: 'Leonora, I can see
There is a deep moral to this tale. . Our
through life must lead either way—which
do choose? The one will end in the Va
the Shadow of Death, and the other in the Va
(Now, Rose, don't afflict me with a se

It was a large dim shadowy room in which the sisters sat. Heavy dark curtains draped the windows, and excluded the wild shrieks of the wintry wind. The rich soft carpet, large, old-fashioned chairs, dim, strange pictures

Rose Mortimer sat in her large elbow chair, her thoughtful air once fixed on the fire.

... sweet and fair she looked, with the wavy
hair falling from the pale intellectual brow.
One would have called her beautiful; she was
light, too fragile, too pale for that, and yet
was something far, far higher than mere beauty
that shone from her clear eyes. A noble

Very, very different looked Leonore, with very intensity, black eyes flashing, and sparkle diamonds; her wealth of raven hair fall heavy masses over her rounded shoulders, exquisite, voluptuous Aurora and Spinel.

' To-morrow we must part, sister Leonore, raising her clear eyes to the bright, pale face beside her ; ' when in your far distant home, think sometimes of this strange old le-

'How silly you are Rose!' said Leonore gently, 'have I not already told you? Do as though my path led through thorns?' He glanced proudly at the reflection of the

'And the end, Leonore?'

'Do hush, Rose. I protest you are the tiresome creature I ever knew. Why, how is I?' she added, as the great hall clock struck eleven. 'I am going to bed. Good night.' And Leonore

Once, twice, thrice, the clock struck and yet Rose still sat gazing dreamily into the void. Could she see there two distinct worlds through life, both so full of darkness?

Month after month glided by, and the years allotted Leonore to remain at school passed and gone. Rose received her education. She was too frail and delicate to be trusted to strangers, and amid the shadowy halls of the old manor house, and the dim

But of late Rose had been studying
a lesson, one that brought the rich blood
to her eloquent face—that kindled a new light
in her eyes—that made her heart bound at the sound
of a well-known footstep, and thrill at the sight
of a familiar, eloquent voice—a lesson she

It was a warm hazy midsummer afternoon the sun's rays fell tempered through the leaves of the old forest upon the face of two who

And so you love me my sweet Ros