

# The Montrose Democrat.

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## Select Poetry.

### THEMOPYLAE.

BY GEORGE W. DOANE.

'Twas an hour of fearful issues

When the bold three hundred stood

For their love of holy freedom

By the old Thessalian flood;

When lifting high each sword of flame

They called on every sacred name

And swore, beside those dashing waves,

They never, never would be slaves!

And, Oh! that oath was nobly kept,

From morn to setting sun

Did freedom urge the fight

Which valor had begun;

Till, torrent like, the stream of blood

Ran down and mingled with the flood,

And all, from mountain cliff to wave,

Was Freedom's Valor's Glory's grave.

O, that that oath was nobly kept,

Which nobly had been sworn,

And proudly did each gallant heart

The woman's fetters spurn;

And freely was the light maintained,

And amply was the triumph gained;

They fought—fair Liberty, for thee:

They fell—to die—to be FREE.

## Miscellaneous.

From Tait's Magazine.

### MARY SUTHERLAND.

CONTINUED.

There was a long pause in the sick room,

while Mary nerved herself to reply. She did

not dream of combating his conviction, for

she had seen that inexplicable look on his

face which she felt instinctively to betoken

death: she was only struggling with her

self, so as best to comfort him. 'Dearest,'

she whispered at last, 'I have no need of a

marriage portion. Aleck is young and strong.

He will work for me, and will take my mother

to his heart as a son. Do you fear to lose

me, dear brother? O! it shall be the labor

of my life to fill your place.'

'I know it will be answered,' and I ought

to leave it in the hands of God, and trust to

His mercy; but I cannot—I cannot. Mary

he said, again, after a pause, 'do you think

all is going on well with Aleck? Nay, do

not look so startled, love. I only ask, be-

cause—because it struck me that his expres-

sion changed greatly when I mentioned this.

It was natural, dear, for it took him by sur-

prise. I think he had forgotten on what

terms we held this property. Still, if he has

prospered since your engagement, it cannot

affect him very much, can it?'

'And did he not say so?' asked Mary, her

heart swelling with indignation. Arthur

made no reply. 'He might at least have

feigned it,' she muttered between her teeth.

'Aleck has always been a good boy, and I

know absolutely nothing of his affairs; yet

my loved, my darling brother, trust to me.

If the most watchful affection, the most ten-

der care, can make my mother happy, she

shall be so. I will work for her night and

day, if needs be; and I will love her—O, I

will love her so, that even while she mourns

her angel-boy, she shall confess she never was

so loved before.'

The dying had seemed soothed by her ear-

nest words, and a little more. But his

wasted temple on her shoulder, and ex-

hausted by his agitation, sank into a feverish

sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

That night was a fearful one for the Suth-

erlands. A wintry storm raged around the

house, and shook its casements; but it was

nothing to the terror which reigned within.

Arthur awoke from the fevered sleep which

succeeded his conversation, in wild delirium;

'O, my God! my God! why must she suffer thus? Lay thy hand upon me, but spare—O spare, this head of thy creature! It is little more than a stifled whisper, yet Mary caught every word. Could it be Aleck, moved for once from his cold composure by the sight of her woeful form? But no. Her feet were clasped to a beating heart, and light as was the pressure, his arms had never held her, in his fondest moments, with such passion in their grasp. She felt that kisses, wild and despairing as that clasp, rained upon her dress and feet; and her heart seemed to beat aloud, and almost to suffocate her with its violence. Ever and anon, while those glowing arms were still around her, she heard the quivering voice again; but now it was only her name, coupled with epithets of passionate fondness.

How long a time passed in this struggle, Mary knew not. She felt at last that the kneeling figure arose, and moved to the window. She opened her eyes, and there, drawing the curtains together, stood Cecil Norton. Her gaze was fascinated upon him, and she watched him turn, and raising her glove from the ground, thrust it into his bosom. Before he lifted his head, she closed her eyes, and heard him slowly pass from the room, saying to some one who apparently was approaching, that Miss Sutherland was sleeping, and must not be disturbed.

Mary felt as if an earthquake had opened at her feet. At first she was lost in amazement, that this visit of love should be lavished upon her. Then came crowding memories of the many times she had read it long ago, had she been less blind; and, last of all, with the sting of self-reproach, arose the consciousness that her own heart had answered, in every trembling fibre, to the despairing appeal of his. In vain she denied it; in vain the torrent of her tears rained down. They could not wash away that bitter memory; and as she pondered further, too true she recalled the many instances in which, unregarded and unheeded, Cecil's approval had been the prize for which she had looked and labored. In vain she tried to forget the proofs of his influence over her with which the past was teeming. Memory would not be still. Had she not sought out the books he loved, the subjects of which he had spoken? Had she not looked for his sympathy, and treasured it as her best solace in every little trouble? She remembered how vivid and tedious had been the year of his absence, and how his unlooked-for return, even though coupled with her brother's illness, had brought a strange flow of spirits to her heart which she had never sought to analyze. She did not confess, even then, that she loved him; but she felt there were chords in her heart of hearts of which Aleck never dreamt, and which vibrated to the touch of Cecil's hand. Poor Mary! Memory did not spare her. It even brought back her mother's long-forgotten warning, and she bowed her head in utter self-abasement.

To crown her misery, Arthur—the tender, thoughtful brother, on whom she leaned for support and counsel, and whose sweet patience had fulfilled her ideal of all that was holy and self-denying—was passing away, in anguish and delirium, to that silent land where her little troubles never more would be remembered. With speechless yearning did she long that her dream might be fulfilled, and that he might guide her yet, even through the valley of the shadow of death, and into the silent grave.

It was long before she slept again; but nature demanded rest, and at last her woe was hushed. When she opened her swollen eyes, it was with the conviction that that kneeling figure, those clinging arms, had been but the phantom of her brain. 'Alas! whose hand had closed the curtains to guard her sleep? where was the glove she had dropped upon the floor? Mary tottered to her brother's door. Strange to say, he was better, far better, than he had been for weeks. Nature had rallied after her hard won victory. Mr. Norton passed her as she entered; he was very pale, and his massive features looked sunk and haggard. 'He is so much better,' he whispered; but Mary felt that she forgot her doubts until she could lay them at his feet, and she would shape her future by his side. She passed from her own room very softly to the door of his, and turned the lock slowly, and with care—he might be sleeping. Why did she pause upon the threshold, and clasp her hands together with that sudden thrill of horror? Kneeling by the bedside was Cecil Norton; and it was his face which arrested her feet, and made her very heart stand still. Evidently passion had faded away from his eyes, though it was more pale and worn than ever. Large drops stood in the eyes which were fixed upon the bed, but an awe-stricken grief, too deep for tears, seemed to forbid their falling. Mary stepped forward with a faint cry, and moved aside the curtains. One glance was enough; he was sleeping, but not the sleep of life. No cry of hers could bid those heavy lids unclose, or draw one word from those sealed lips. There was nothing of suffering or sorrow upon the face, only a trance stillness—the rapture of repose.

Arthur Sutherland had died in Cecil's arms that morning, without a struggle or a cry; and he, wishing to spare poor Mary as long as it was possible, had entreated that her rest might not be broken into by the news of her loss.

We cannot but hope, sometimes in our ignorance and weakness, that the spirits of the loved and lost are withheld from the knowledge of what passes on earth. Arthur Sutherland would surely have mourned, even where all tears are wiped away, could he have seen the anguish of his mother, and the utter desolation of poor Mary, that week. She gave way uncontrolled to the full tide of her sorrow, shutting herself up in her room and refusing access to any; and still, through the fond recollections of her dead brother, of his frail childhood, and his sweet, patient youth, came the image of her lover. She wept anew, as she remembered how little sympathy he had shown at any time for the gentle sufferer, whom all beside loved and pitied, and how brief and few had been his visits to the sick room—and other memories would come too. It was hard, strive as she might, to forget the tender hand that had fulfilled, as if by instinct, every wish of the dying lad—hard to shut out the consciousness that there had been a loving watchfulness following her own footsteps, and soothing her with unspoken sympathy, such as Aleck had never shown. But it gave her

no pleasure; or, if it did, it added a sharp pang; for Aleck's face, as first she had known it—young and bright, and warmed into a loving earnestness by the first glow of passion—arose before her; his beautiful eyes pleading as they once had done. And again she longed, with an eager thirst, that the struggle of her life was over, and her throbbing heart at rest beside her brother.

Mr. Norton spared the bereaved mother much that would have been exquisitely painful. No hand but his smoothed the hair, and fastened the buttons of her dress. He managed all the sad details of his commission to the grave, and followed him there with a heartfelt sorrow that satisfied even her!

It was not until all was over, and they were bereaved indeed, that Mary consented to see Aleck Sutherland; and it was then without any fixed plan of action, and without anything so much as a display of tenderness on his part. She saw, even as he entered, that that fear at least was groundless; for the old expression of silliness, such as she had often striven in happier moments to drive away, was unmistakably apparent.

'It was a strange thing to shut yourself up in this way, Polly,' he said, after saluting her rather coldly. 'I have actually been to the house three times since last Wednesday. The absence of anything like condolence in his words, and his casual mention of the fact on which her brother died, sent an angry pang through Mary's heart. 'I have suffered too much since then,' she answered, 'to bear your cold comments upon my sorrow. I never expected you to sympathize with it; but you can at least refrain from intruding upon what you do not understand. Besides, what cause had I to wish for your presence, Aleck? You all but ridiculed my anxiety when my darling Arthur was falling into the grave before my eyes! I lay after where I too, when you have so loved, of me, as if I were a child. I have not been here since Tuesday, when your mother sent to say he was worse, for I had a particular engagement; but I have been here three times since, as I told you. And I must say I think it very absurd of you, dear, to shut yourself up in the way you have done. Such romantic grief can do him no good now, and—'

'Push, Aleck! said Mary, vehemently, eyes flashing through her tears. 'Be ware how you force upon me more strongly than ever the bitter truth that we were never made for each other's happiness, and that in my future life by your side, I shall be wounded at every step by a callous nature that will never dream of the anguish it inflicts.'

'I have no desire to force any such life upon you,' he answered, in a tone of supplication, and an air of grief. 'You are mistaken. I am sure, and I can forgive your having been mistaken. I had no idea, I can assure you, of this stormy temper being let loose upon me at every touch and turn; it does not make my future look very promising.'

'Aleck! take you at your word, and I thank God that you can so easily forgive my mistake. 'Twill be no such easy task to me, homeless and bereaved as I am, to stand up in this hard world, unloved and lonely; but whatever it may cost me, I will rather than thousand times endure them, work your peace with my own. I am as God made me. I cannot be checked and schooled into the chill restraint you would have, nor do I envy you your coldness. O! Aleck! Aleck! did you not stand by Archy's side, and hear unremoved the doubt and grief that made death more terrible to his trembling spirit, and yet utter never a word of comfort? It is not that you are so cold; I interrupted that more readily; but—'

'You do not know all I felt, or how, in the same angry tone, or even you would scarcely have looked for a romantic display of indifference on my part. I have had losses of late; many and serious ones. Besides, if Arthur had not been more than skinned than any other created being but yourself, he would not—'

'Enough, enough! His very name is sad to me. Dismiss it forever from your lips. You have not a soul to comprehend the angelic spirit which has passed away from us. O, hold! she added, 'for pity's sake! The sun has never shone here, since he closed his eyes upon it.'

But Aleck appeared not to hear her; and even as she spoke drew completely away from the window the heavy curtain, which, as she said, had never been withdrawn since the morning of Arthur's death. They were in the room; and I could not see the light of his unobscured eyes, and the moment of the dead, overcame Mary's remaining composure. Her tears had fallen fast as she spoke, and often choked her words. Now hysterics shook her up, one after another, with a force she could not resist; and Aleck's child-like voice only changed them into unmeaning laughter. Her mother and the servants entered in alarm; and Aleck regretting for the hundredth time 'Mary's sad want of self-restraint,' left her to her care. He did not think it; but he had looked his last on Mary Sutherland; or rather, he never held speech with her again.

'As she regained her composure, and was lying with her head upon her mother's bosom, she told her, without preface or comment, that their parting must be forever. Mrs. Sutherland looked startled and even shocked.'

'Then our only hope must be in God,' she said despairingly, 'for we are friendless indeed! I had so fondly dwelt, my poor child, upon your happiness; picturing you, at least, as safely sheltered from the cold buffetings of the world. O, my dear girl, pause I implore you, ere you take this step! God knows I would not urge you either way; but you have been so well-content, so safe; and you must now be so desolate and unfriended. It cannot be very long before my grey hairs are laid in sorrow in the grave. I have been for years so wrapped up in my beloved boy, that I have cut myself off from all acquaintance and even friendship. What will there be for you? I had my doubts of your peace once. You know it, dear; but of late—'

'Do not add to my remorse, mother. Too well I remember your first words of warning. Each time I have felt, with an aching heart, that Aleck and I were ill-suited to each other. Those words have rung in my ears—but I cannot pause now, if I would: the die is cast. O! take me to your breast, mother! we are both sorrow-stricken and lonely; let us be all in all to each other. He is cold; cold at heart; and it will be my comfort, that though this is my act, I shall suffer far more than he. He never loved poor Archy. He never warmed to me; he did not ask for such love as I could give; he did not need it; and it has returned to my chill bosom, and gathered there, and choked me.'

'My poor child! So well I know that stifled anguish, borne day by day in silence. We will be all in all to each other. Will your mother be bruised and weary heart-suffering you? Will there be no sickening regret? Will you long for sympathy yet more? Mary's consciousness awoke; and with a sudden pang, she hid her burning face. 'What can be nearer?' she whispered.

'True, my beloved child. Of our future we must not think just yet. There will be a little left to us; and even if it is necessary to give up this place, with all its precious memories, I hope I shall be enabled to say, 'God's will be done.' She looked round regretfully. Her boy had been cradled there; and every spot seemed sanctified by his presence. 'Mary, dear,' she resumed, 'I have a letter for you—I believe from Amy. See what she says.'

'It may be the last I shall ever receive from her,' said Mary sadly, as she took it. 'She loved her cousin so that she will never forgive me. How strange are our lives here, pushed up! She certainly is not happy. Well, perhaps that may teach her to judge me mercifully. I shall not be so unkindly. 'Strangely ordered, indeed, if she has really been tried as my beloved boy believed. Your eyes question me, my love. 'Twas but a supposition, and he charged me never to name it. As you say, she is not happy. There is a restless under-current beneath her calmest words which tells of some hidden wound.'

'I think so, mother; but whatever it be, it may be healed, or at least be lulled to rest, if it be only blessed with children.'

Mrs. Sutherland shook her head slowly. 'Heaven send and glorious gifts as they are, they make us woe,' she said. 'But my love, do you know really how lonely we are tonight?'

Mary started, and felt the blood leave her cheek and lips. Could he have deserted thus! His half-avowed passion might, indeed, as she had the greatest, pursued and herself have been pitted toward the sufferings of a weaker creature. But could he leave her? Could he find it in his heart to withdraw his sympathy, just as death and change had so desolated their dearth? She did not answer; and Mrs. Sutherland, thinking she had heard the question went on. 'It was hard to part with Mr. Norton; for he is endeared to me, more than words can tell. My devotion to my boy. But I cannot now give him up. I shall feel so independent and happy in working for you dear mother, and I am of ever ready. He did not ask to see you, Mary; but then he knew you were with Aleck Laurence. He left this for you, my love, and rising, she put a small parcel into Mary's hand.

It was a copy of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' with her name, and the date of her brother's death, upon the title-page.

CHAPTER XI.

COULD Arthur Sutherland have looked back six months after his death, he would scarcely have recognized in Mary the child-like buoyant nature which had been the greatest charm of his short and painful life; and he would have seen his old home almost as much changed. Mrs. Sutherland's now slender means would not support the establishment which had hitherto kept up; and the duties which remained in her possession for life, were far larger than she could possibly perform; yet she would cheerfully have endured privation, and even want, rather than have left its roof. As it happened, it had two entrances, and admitted well of being divided; so retaining a few rooms, amongst which was Arthur's study, for their own use, the remainder, with the garden, was let to a neighbor, who fortunately took it off their hands at one hundred dollars.

To Mrs. Sutherland was a mournful consolation to rest upon the pillow where her child had rested last—to tread the ground his feet had pressed; and, while such associations nursed her grief, they certainly softened its first acuteness. With Mary, however, it was far otherwise. She could not comprehend the solace her mother found by Arthur's grave; it renewed her burning tears and wild longings for his presence. It may have been that she needed Mrs. Sutherland's grave, and years and longer experiences of sorrow to mould the temper of her grief; or perhaps, her ardent and unimpassioned nature could not otherwise than be incited by the constant recurrence to her past life and its vanished happiness. Certain it is that day by day she faded, and her face habitually wore a subdued and patient look, unnatural in one yet in the morning of life. Even her tears were changed, and as she sat by her brother's window, her favorite hymn in laygone days, they would gather slow and heavy in her wistful eyes, without sound or sob.

Every spot around her recalled the dead or the lost, and there seemed no resting-place or any side for her wounded spirit. Amy also had foreseen without her friendship and correspondence, and that with marks of the deepest displeasure; and Aleck Laurence, with little generosity or delicacy crossed her path on every possible occasion. Yet she could not believe in spite of his assumed indifference, that he had so readily forgotten the past; and his self-reproach, when she recalled the young life, was harder to bear than all besides.

She never regretted her decision, however. As her judgment matured, and she grew under the silent influences of her present life a wide chasm appeared to separate her from her former self, and she knew that what had once seemed happiness could not now satisfy her awakened heart, nor fulfill its desires.

And she learnt, too, in the new sense of loneliness which fell upon her, and the feeling which pursued her in every occupation, how one image (albeit unconsciously) had filled her thoughts, mingled in her day-dreams, and strengthened her in every good

and holy purpose. Poor Mary! no word or sign showed that her memory was cherished or even preserved; and as the long slow months sped by, the half-spoken love which had mocked her with its glorious promise, faded away, till it was as some faint vision of the past. Mrs. Sutherland engrossed by her sorrow, did not perceive the change in her daughter's aspect until it had been evident to others, and then only aroused from her pre-occupation by catching suddenly in Mary's face the peculiar look which Archy's had so often worn. It was rather an expression of endurance than angst else; but the mother knew it well, and gazed again, with eager, searching eyes. Yes, there was the same transparent skin, wasted hands, and drooping figure. She reproached herself bitterly that, in the grief for one child, she had neglected the other; but all her questions could elicit no direct complaint from Mary.

'It was really, dearest mother,' she said 'with our straightened means, to incur the expense of a doctor's visit when I have not a single ailment to lay before him. You must not expect me to be my old self again; you have lost your giddy, foolish child, but you have one quite as fond; will not that satisfy you?'

'Do not speak as though I had blamed you, dearest; you have been my only comfort, but remain, too, you are my only one—I can afford to run no risks.'

'But indeed, mother, I have no ailment worth speaking of; only wait awhile and I shall live down this rebellious heart, and all will be right.' But Mrs. Sutherland's fears were not to be silenced, and the medical man who had attended Arthur, was called in. He had known Mary for some years and discerning at a glance the root of the evil which ordered her treatment. He was especially peculiarly recommending constant occupation. The very word changed roused her from her listlessness; she felt that it would be life to her to throw off, if possible, the clogging memories and tearful associations with which every breath of home was fraught. But how was the expense to be met?—or how could she bear to drag her mother from the spot where her lost child was almost present with her yet? She pondered with something like her former energy upon a more feasible way of carrying out the advice she felt to be so salutary, and before many days had elapsed there appeared in the paper (without Mrs. Sutherland's knowledge, however) an advertisement setting forth poor Mary's acquirements in modest terms, and offering her services in that beaten track which, unfortunately, is the only one open to women in this country. She made no other stipulation, but that the children she instructed should be young; and asking only a moderate remuneration, had several answers without delay. Even this seemed a wonderful success to her self-depreciation, and she marvelled at the elation, so long unfeigned, with which she laid the letters before her mother.

Mrs. Sutherland was even more opposed to the plan than she had anticipated; and it required all her powers of reasoning and eloquence to induce her to consent to it at all. 'I shall feel so independent and happy in working for you dear mother, and I am of so little use to you here with this unconquerable sinking of my spirits. Only let me go for one year, and I shall come back to you quite strong and wise, and bring a little purse full of my own earnings too.'

'It is not that I think of my love, nor do I doubt that the occupation will be most salutary. It is the coldness and the slighting you may meet with which makes me tremble. No Mary; you have had home nursing, too long; and are by nature too tender, to be sent amongst strangers, and exposed to the humiliations which, alas, too often fall to the lot of woman struggling for their bread. We must devise some other means of carrying out this plan.'

Mary sighed deeply, but she would not relinquish her post. 'I am not now what I once was, mother, rest or steel steels the nature against minor trials, as you must know. Besides, there are kind hearts and noble ones in the world; surely I shall meet some such, if in a healthy spirit I set out earnestly upon my work.'

With these and similar arguments she prevailed at last, and wrung from her mother a reluctant consent. Then came the difficulty of deciding between the different offers she had received; but this, though there was little to guide her, she was not long in doing. One offer offered employment by the sea-side, which in itself was a strong temptation, for she felt as if the very sight and smell of the broad free waters would bring life and strength with them. Then, the hand writing was delicate and feminine, and the diction unmistakably that of a gentleman; so that Mary, accustomed to trust much to instinct, felt that she could not be very far wrong in the favorable judgment she had formed of the writer.

'It may be foolish, mother,' she said, 'as you counseled the letters over,' but the very date looks inviting to me. 'Earleigh Glen' it sounds like a cool, silent place; and then 'the Grange,' mother! I can't you fancy a moony gray roof, deep-set windows, and a shady old porch? Yes—I think I can trust Mrs. Hardwick; her letter is 'courteous and considerate.'

'That is a mistake, mother, dear. Don't you remember what Mr. Norton used to say? He would have the imagination developed like any other faculty, nourished with healthy food, and curbed, if you will, but not clipped away.'

'I dare say, he was right, my love; at least, I always found that so more, stronger and firmer men, but follow citizens with the saints, and household of God.'

After reading this verse, he deliberately raised his eyes to the congregation, and remarked: 'My dear hearers—St. Paul was not a know-nothing! and, without another word or comment, went on with his reading. The reverend gentleman, though opposed to making political remarks in the pulpit, could not let slip so favorable an opportunity of denouncing St. Paul's position on Hindoos.—New Haven Register.

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of late almost to loathe, seemed bound to her heart, now that she was about to forsake it; by many a tie which she had been unconscious. She begged permission to walk round the garden once more. How every spot was haunted with the mournful spirit of the past! Here was the arbor, where Cecil had given her first lessons in sketching—there the robin house Aleck had built for her tamed birds. She turned down the broad center-walk where the foot of roses, clustered so well with the smooth, yellow path-way below; how often from Archy's window had she watched Aleck's handsome figure framed to such advantage by the waving green around! Her lips quivered, and she hurried into the side-walk; but there, in the glad sunshine, as if it had but just been used and pushed aside, stood her brother's garden-chair. There were the old sketches upon the paint, the old leather-bound book for her dear brother, and the very footstool she had so often placed under his feet. Then there arose in her heart those bitter and fruitless questionings: why were these things here—the cushion on which he had leaned, the very tree he had sat under—all strong and fresh as ever, and he, the tender, loving spirit, gone—gone forever from the flowers and the sunshine, shut up in a dark silence from the voice of nature that gladdened all besides? She pressed and yet reverently for her dear brother, by his footstool she had so often placed under his feet. Then there arose in her heart those bitter and fruitless questionings: why were these things here—the cushion on which he had leaned, the very tree he had sat under—all strong and fresh as ever, and he, the tender, loving spirit, gone—gone forever from the flowers and the sunshine, shut up in a dark silence from the voice of nature that gladdened all besides? She pressed and yet reverently for her dear brother, by his footstool she had so often placed under his feet.

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