The Rector of Abernthney.

<text><text><text>

posing breadth to the whole group of buildings. The approach to thehouse was through a broad, extensive avenue, lined on either side with a variety of trees planted with the most delicate attention to effect. I detected the silvery green of the white poplar mingling with the dark green of the native oak, blended here and there with the abnormal tints of the sycamore and the purple beech. The gardens glowed with the same inspiration of beauty and taste. From where I stood my eye could not criticiso their regular-ity, but I saw the outlined hedges of blossoming hawthorn, the flowerbeds en-circled with their ribbons of boxwood, and the gay petnnia flamiting beside the humble violet and the bee haunted thyme.

and the gay petunia flamiting beside the humble violet and the bee haunted thyme. I felt that the spirit which presided over that exquisite blending of nature and art was thoroughly an artist, not simply of the appreciative but of the creative school. He was more of an artist than the painter on canvas. The latter commences with a tabula rasa: this pendi is subject to his will; he puts down a rock here and a brooklet there and works in his buildings and trees are taste may suggest or the laws of per spective demand. Then he can remove with the same facility with which he creates. The landscape gardener must caccept localities as he finds then; he must conceal deformities and create beauties. The greater and more numer-ous the difficulties he has to surmount, the more superior to the landscape painter is his taste and genius. Boware of the man, says some one, There is not simply a specioneness about that remark. It is the embodiment of

Beware of the man, says some one, who loves neither flowers nor children. There is not simply a speciousness about that remark. It is the embodiment of truth. We are conscious of the weight and importance of the cantion, no mat-ter how limited our experience. As I gazed upon the scene before me I felt convinced that the proprietor of Ab-ernthney Hall loved both flowers and children; that he was a gentleman of re-fined sensibilities, a Christian and a scholar. I had come to act as governess to his children. I had misgivings in reference to my new home. My conjec-tures of harshness and a want of appre-clation at times made me almost shrink away from duty. But I was satisfied and wholly at ease as I as there upon the baggage which made up the sum of my earthly possession. And yet there was much of regret con-nected with it—not on account of my-self, but on account of my-self, but on account of my-sed upon the unfrozen Folar sea surg-ing and rolling beneath him. The soul of De Soto, when he first beheld the Mis-grandeur and sublimity: the inductions of science a truth; the open Folar sea was found! The chilling grandeur of the snow, tho

s found!

philosophy was a reality; the inductions of science a truth; the open Polar sea was found! The chilling grandeur of the snow, the palaces of ice, ideal Alhambras glittor-ing like a thousand stars, the giganito stairways of pearl, surmounted by the brilliant arch of the aurora—but, above all, the oppressiveness of that hour of solitude and silence—stirred his soul with a thousand kindling emotions. But he stood there alone; he had no friend to realize with him that half awakening dream of magnificence; to whom he could relieve his surcharged heart by speech; to whom he could point out this or that object of attraction. The op-pressiveness of his loneliness was like a despair; it was the struggle of longing and regret; he would even have grapped irreverently at the ghostly hand of Sir John Franklin had he come out from his icy tomb to stand beside him there. It was something of this regret that 1 felt in my soul. My mind went back to the close, crowded city, with its sea of heated rods, noisy factories, dusty stretest and interminable walls of ma-sonry. I thought of my sister Alice, with her dark spiritual eyes, brighter than the hectic flush upon her cheeks. Poor invilid child! How I wished that she was standing beside me, feeling the same cool breeze faming her brow and gazing upon the same changing vistas of sation

axing upon the same changing vistas of scenery; standing beside me so that I order that the same of the same of the hought about it; the silver abele grow indistinct, and there was a shadowiness about the blossoning likes. I was soon started out of my reverie. A heard voices in the avenue, and in a moment afterward Mr. Ashley reached out his hand to me in his kind way, while the servants shouldered my trunks. I read my employer at a glance there was not nuch individuality necessary to the the nough of the phlegmutic to given him calmenss and dignity. He was still a young man, well formed and with

child. He clatted gayly as we walked to ward the house. He did so partly to re-lieve me from embarrassment and part-ly because it was his nature. Perhaps he noticed, too, that I had been weep-ing. I already felt as if I had known him for years. There was no atmos-phere of mock aristocracy about him, "carrie," said Mr. Ashley, ere we reached the hall door, "this is your new teacher." As he spoke there came from behind a "Is Goethe a favorite of yours?" he asked.

"In Goethe a favorite of yours?" he asked. "Very much so," I replied. "His works have never been faithfully translated, and least of all the one you are now reading. It is not even second-handed. It is what Mrs. Austin called 'a bad translation of a very bad French translation.' Two elements enter into every translation-the author and the translator. Thus, Hoole's 'Ariosto' is hearer to Hoole than to Ariosto. So in Pope's 'Homer.' The Greek is nothing, the Englishman everything. Transla-tions have been called pressed flowers. If you want to enjoy Goethe in all his freshness and fragrance, you must go to the original. In no other way will you be able thoroughly to appreciate him." "Do you understand German, Mr. Jackson?" I asked. "I have been told that I am a perfect master of the language. I have Goethe's works in ny library. You must study German." teacher." As he spoke there came from behind a cluster of china likes a beautiful child of 10 summers. She had an abundance of dark hair, with eyes from the bril-liancy of which nothing could detract but their shyness, while her figure was the very personification of grace. She sprang forward and caught my hand. "Oh! I shall like you very much," she cried.

"On I shall he you very much," she cried. My heart throbbed wildly as I stooped down and kissed her white forehead. "I am glad to hear you say that," I re-plied. "Carrie is both warm and immediates in

Then give to then you any series of the piled. "Carrie is both warm and impulsive in her friendships," said Mr. Ashley. There was a calm, steady look in his gray eyes. "I thought you were a great, lank wo-man, with such eyes as make one shud-der and with a mole on your nose," con-tinued the child. I haughed at that and patted her on the cheek. Mr. Ashley led the way into the sitting room. Carrie still clung to me.



Well, time brought with it its changes, the rector, more. Well, time brought with it its changes. The invalid Alice died. She is waiting for me beside those ever shining gates. Mr. Jackson became more and more en-deared to his people and to me; his moodiness went away from him. Fred grew toward the stature of his manhood, a kind, sterling, tractable child, while the angel Carrie grew still more beauti-ful to me in that childish truthfulness which will light her to the grave. To couple her name, the memory of her virtues and the consciousness of the god-liness of her life with the tomb was to rob the latter of all its shadowiness and dread!

Carrie still clung to me. "What is your name?" she asked. "Jenny Gray." "So! I like that. You won't make meetal you Miss Gray, will you? But instit's ack so many questions. Only I want you to see Fred." The left the room, returning in a min-the or two with her borther. I was soon on social terms with him. He closely presembled his father—had the same light, curling hair, calm gray eyes and ex-pressive lipa. He was not so talkative as Carrie, he was more thoughtful and presentiled his father—had the same light, curling hair, calm gray eyes and ex-pressive lipa. He was not so talkative as Carrie, he was more thoughtful and presentiled his father—had mean to bless my heavenly father for; my lines were outed, steady, happy way. But I do not intend to speak about my duties at Ab-ernthey Hall, my tutorship of thoso lovely children, and how in beautifying the with the rector, that I have to do. Mows on the morning that Mr. Ashley introduced me to him. He turned round, moded gravely and then gazed out of the wind subtactedly as before. I was not piqued at that—I am not proud an estimate upon myself. Though his survey of me was not a leisurely one. I was not piqued at that—I am not proud and stomy friends tell me) put too low an estimate upon myself. Though his survey of me was not a leisurely one, I was not piqued at that-ad mich too low an estimate upon myself. Though his survey of me was not a leisurely one, I was not piqued at that-adv divined as monted of my life and character as a less penetrating man would have learned in a week. It took me that long to engage is uncent. dread!

rob the latter of all its shadowiness and dread! At last it came as it was to be. Mr. Jackson epoke to mo of love. It was on a cold, starlit night in March. We were standing by one of the broad windows, looking out upon the landscape, which was beautiful still, though clothed in the dreariness of winter. "Jenny," he commenced half sorrow-fully, "I am about to say something that may lower me very much in your esti-mation, but I cannot help it. It has been in my heart for many weeks. It has wrapped it, like the landscape before us, in all the chilliness of winter. Wheth-er what I may say will bring sunshine and apring, or leave me still standing an Ishmael in this desert of my life, I can-not tell." — He named a moment and I thought I He paused a moment, and I thought I heard my heart beat in that stillness. I had a consciousness of what was coming.



if he thought and felt like other men. I must say that he even became commu-nicative. He spoke less reservedly and less spasmodically. At first I conversed, and he listened, but by degrees and un-conciously, as it were, our positions be-came reversed. Then it was that I stood upon the confines of the new El Dorado in the world of thought. It was some-thing grand to sit at his feet, a quiet, impressible pupil. I must say it sooner or later, and so I will say it now. I loved himl Yes, warmily, fervently, passionately. I did not know whether my love was recipro-cated, mether did I care. The knowl-edge of the deep love in my own heart was enough for me to dwell upon at say

that intellectual expression upon his fact which comes to mon who read and think much. His lips and eyes betrayed his gonial nature. They would have given their impressions of geniality to a very child. Ho clatted gayly as we walked to ward the house. He did so partly to re-live me from embarrassment and part y because it was his nature. Perhaps han otices to have or interest is a fact on the world without ward the house. He did so partly to re-live me from embarrassment and part y because it was his nature. Perhaps han otices to, that I had been weep-ing. I already felt as if I had known him for years. There was no atmos-phere of mock aristocracy about him,

with are while i speak. My companion-much of hope and faith and love. "God does not create the intelligent mind with its powers and faculties fully formed at the beginning, with all the principles of truth apparent to thought, and all the elements of experience in-folded in its consciousness. He creates it infantile. He makes the very com-mencement of its being dependent upon others, and then he leaves the forces that are lodged in it and that are inntely prophetic of a future to be unfolded, trained and matured by the action of books, by the exercise of thought, by the ministry of experience—above all, by contact with effort and disappointment. I have learned more by my companion-ship with you, by the action of your mind, than by effort and suffering and experience combined. But why should I speak of this? I have told you that I hove to an aver be my wife?" This face was very white. There was a full, icy glare in his eyes and a percepti-ble shudder passed over him. Perhaps we were alike affected and alike manifest-ated. I full a sudden chillines an infest-and looking steadfastly into his face. I and not holy our wife?" The took my arms and made me put hime and looking steadfastly into his face I said: "Leonard, what does all this usan? Why can I not be your wife?" The took my arms and made me put hen around his neck. Then he said, in a low, hosky whisper, "Jenny, I am married!" Deequick, passionate embrace, one looking steadfastly into his face I said: "Leonard, what does all this under looking steadfastly into his face I said: "Leonard, what does all this under, busky whisper, "Jenny, I am married!" Deened only conscious that the rector had staggered across the room, out of the door. Oh, the wretched.more unsatified, more sick and tired of H6 and the world bear so much and yet not break. I felt fuerof thought that one's heat could bear so much and yet not break. I felt fuend all wore thy alid a belowed mother in the grave and later still the invalid Alice. There were no tears in my eyes. It was a giref

works in my library. You must study German." Well, I mastered German. The study was a pleasure and a recreation. I caught the inspiration from the very lips, as it were, of Goethe and Heine and Schiller. I learned, too, the truthful-ness of Coleridge's definition of genius— that it consists in carrying on the feel-ings of the child into maturer years. Men of true genius give themselves up to the first simple impressions of com-mon things. They are content to won-der and smile and admire, just as they did when they were children. It is the opening of the heart to all sweet influ-ences. We are not called upon to write poetry for angels or saints, but for men-for men who work and think and enfor

We are not called upon to write poetry for angels or saints, but for men-for men who work and think and suffer. He who is to photograph humanity must at least be able to stand on a common level with it and by his many sympa-thies enrich his special experience with all that is universal. Poetry is the mu-sic of truth, and let it come through what medium it may it is always mu-sical while it is true. But that literary feast also became a "Liebesmahl." To conjugate the verb "to love" in that rich, full, sonorous dia-lect was less easy than to give it real-ity, an active transitiveness. I learned to love the German, but Mr. Jackson, therefore, more.

24 Cas D

or to me if it is cold! Who makes it cold? It is a nice night to those who never get out into any night at all! How bright the fagets in this little holo lize on the hearth and warm the pictured

How bright the facts in this little hold Blaze on the hearth and warm the pictured wall Did Campbell say that? Well, there are no 'pleasures of hope' for me-I have no hope. What makes you stare at me so? But I oughtn't to speak so gruffly; you are a woman and may help me. Tell me, do you think me crazy?" I did not answer directly. It required an evasive answer, and one so framed that she could not detect that it was such. I still kept my eyes upon her, and said quiefly: "Who said that you were crazy? Take a chair. I want to talk with you." "Hal' hat hat! Just like I answerad you awhile ago. Well, I ain't crazy, though they say I am. I have just broke out of the madhouse. Ah! I am a good hand at stratagem! There now, send me back?"

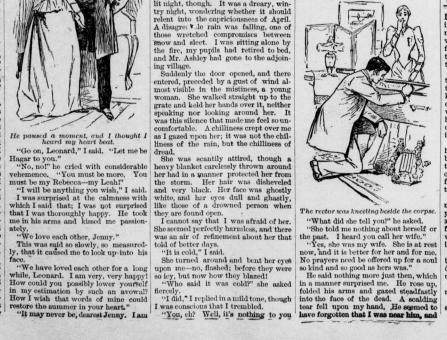
out of the madhouse. Ah! I am a good hand at stratagem! There now, send me back!" "You need not fear me. I have no reason for sending you any where. You can stay here. You are no more erazy than I am." A warm light came into her eyes at those words, and with a little persua-sion I got her to lie down on the sofn, where she soon sank into a slumber. My thoughts were varied as I gazed into that face, pale and careworn, yet beautiful still and framed in with its wealth of raven hair. My life had been a life of rol and struggling and suffering. One by one my relatives had passed into the shadowy tomb, and just then there was a great sorrow brooding in my heart. but I felt thankful that, amid all, God had still vochsafed unto me my reason. A prayer went up in that lone, quiet room; the wind still howled dismally without, but there was a calmness in my eyes as I watched her low, childish breathing. Be remained prostrated a week, sub-fielt on strates up to her room dur-ing the daytime to ask how the strange woman with the white face was, just as if the faces of other wome were not white. In a week from the night upon which

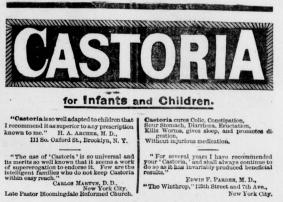
In a week from the night upon which

In a week from the night upon which she came to Aberthmey Hall she died. It rained on that night, too; it rained on the day we buried her; it rained on the day she was barn. So had been her life, always listening to the "fitul sigh-ing of the rain!" The rector was absent during the time our strange visitor was sick. He re-turned on the evening before she was buried. I heard him coming up fito the study. The crazy woman was lying in her shroud in the room below, with a calm serenity upon her face and with a few choice hothouse flowers looped among her dark curls. The kind hands of little Carrie had done that. The rector was somewhat startled when he beheld me sitting in the study instead of Mr. Ashley. He, however, reached out his hand quite cordally. "You seemed troubled," I said. "Thave much to trouble me, Jenny," he said sorrowfully, 'yet I an still thankful that God gives me strength to officie caray woman." Oh, how white his face grew! He cangt on the the study in the parish-ioners dead?" "No, it is a strange woman who died here-a crazy woman." Oh, how white his face grew! He caught at the table for support. "Died where?" ho asked huskly. "He looked at me for a moment; his eyes grew very much like hers in their vacant stare; then he took up the lamp, forgetting that he was leaving me in the darkness and passed down stairs. I fol-lowed him, impelled by a thought that made me shuder just then because it thriled my veins with a sort of pleasure. The rector was kneeling beside the corpse, kissing the cold lips and mur-muring, "Oh, Elsie! my wife my beauti-th on ertor was kneeling beside the corpse, kissing the cold lips and mur-muring, "Oh, but finsheed through my brain. She was indeed the rector's wife, and the thought finsheed through my brain. She was indeed the rector's wife, and the thought finsheed through my brain. She was indeed the rector's wife, and the thought my brain. She was indeed the rector's wife, and the thought finsheed through my brain. She was indeed the rector's wife, and the though

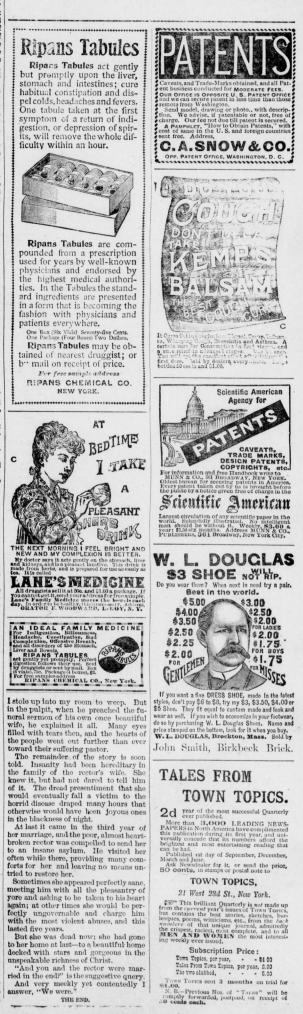
С

getting up from his knees





THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.



21 West 28d St., New York. 21 West 2du Sty, new Yorn. 237 This brilliant Quarterly is not made up, from the current year's issues of Tover Torics, but contains the best atories, sketches, bur-lesques, poems, wittleisms, etc., from the Au-the crispest, match must go surnal, admittedly the crispest, match must go surnal, admittedly MEN AND WONIEN the most interest-ing weedly ever issued.

Subscription Price : Town Topics, per year, - - \$4 00 Tales From Town Topics, per year, 2.00 The two clubbed, - - 5.00

Town Topics sent 3 months on trial for N.B. Deni N. B.-Previous Nos. of "TALES" will be romptly forwarded, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents each.

