

meant. For Honor had needed love before, and strength and guidance as we all must; but that night, for the first time, she had the consciousness of the Divine pity.

'Mrs Lamar, there's a gentleman downstairs with Professor Lamar, and I heard him ask him to stay to dinner. Could I help you with your dress?'

It was the housemaid Maggie, who spoke, standing at Honor's door one late afternoon in January. Honor was putting a few finishing touches on a new dress of creamy cashmere.

'Yes, thank you, Maggie; you may put the ruffles in for me. It is dinner time I see. Who did you say the gentleman was?'

'It said "Mr Turner" on his card, but Professor Lamar calls him Doctor, I think, ma'am.'

'Oh yes, Dr. Turner,' and Honor looked interested. 'I am glad my gown is ready.'

'It be's that becoming to you, Mrs Lamar, with the bits of pink about, I wish you'd always go dressed in that way! Gwen, deary, don't hug your mamma so tight. Don't you see you crush her pretty dress?'

'We don't mind that Maggie, when Gwen wants mamma,' said Honor, taking the child up in her arms.

'Mamma's so pitty dis day,' said Gwen, patting Honor's soft hair.

A moment later Honor ran down the stairs and was about to enter the drawing room. A half smile of something very like happiness was on her lips, springing from the thought so common to happier women, but a new and daring one to Honor, that she might be fair to look upon in her husband's sight. She paused for an instant, hearing Dr. Turner say—

'And so you have been married within the year, Lamar?'

'Yes,' her husband's voice replied, with a sudden change from free-hearted cordiality to the reserve with which she was familiar. 'The step was simply forced upon me by the necessities of the case. The arrangement has proved entirely satisfactory.'

Poor Honor! The heart within her was ashes and dust. Her face grew fairly grey for a moment, all the sweet, bright gladness forsaking lips and eyes. 'Entirely satisfactory!' Rossiter Lamar had no need of anything more at her hands than the year had brought him. It was not *her*, the woman with heart and soul and brain all his, that he cared for—it was only the domestic machine. A great hope had been stirring to life in Honor's heart. In that hour it died.

She received the gentleman at dinner a few moments later—a pale, proud woman, with a brilliant light in her eyes, and a bearing of sly, sweet dignity.

Dr. Turner, an accomplished scholar and man of the world, addressed himself to the wife of his friend—whom he inwardly characterized as an 'exquisite woman'—with the attentive and admiring deference which the relation of guest and hostess permitted.

Before the soup was removed, Honor found herself deep in a discussion with him of Browning's Paracelsus, enjoying—with a subtle sense of healing to her woman's pride so long and sorely wounded—the perception that she could still please and charm.

Professor Lamar was silent for the most part, looking on. Honor was a revelation to him that night. She had been to him hitherto, a pale, quiet, modest girl, who held herself under an intense reserve and avoided him persistently. Now he saw her with luminous eyes, cheeks delicately flushed, her whole face radiant with beauty of a rare order. He watched the swift play of thought and emotion and perception as she spoke and listened; he saw for the first time the beautiful soul of the woman through the transparent face. He marvelled at the intellectual power, the wit, the fine discrimination shown in all that she said. 'My wife is a brilliant and beautiful woman,' he thought, but quickly followed the admonition: 'In reality she is not your wife at all. You have injured her beyond recovery. She will never be stirred to this high, magnetic world by you.'

It was as they rose from the table that Rossiter Lamar said this to himself, and before he had followed his wife and Dr. Turner into the library, he had felt for the first time in his life a pang of jealousy, fierce and strong, and even more amazing to himself than it would have been to them could they have guessed it.

Dr. Turner left soon after dinner. Honor bade the Professor a cold good-night, and withdrew to her own room. He sat alone for hours before the library fire.

The next morning, entering her room, after breakfast, Honor found a quantity of exquisite pink roses on her dressing-table. They were replaced in a day or two by carnations, and these again by violets. A week demonstrated the intention that 'my lady's bower' was to be kept supplied with fresh flowers. Nor was this all. A set of Browning's Poems, with sumptuous binding, and enticing, recent pages, was brought to her that same week, with a hastily pencilled note:

I did not know that you read Browning. Will you not read to me some evening!

ROSSITER LAMAR.

Honor met the Professor at the foot of the stairs when he came home. He scanned her face eagerly, but it was cold and grave.

'Do not send me any more flowers and books, please,' she said quietly.

'Ah, you reject my poor little peace offering? That is not kind.'

'So it is in that sense you have sent them? It is useless. Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering.' Besides, to what purpose? I heard you say to Dr. Turner that the "arrangement"—referring to our marriage—was "entirely satisfactory" to you. Roses and poetry were not "ominated in the board." Like Shylock, "I stay here on my bond."

'You would do better as Portia, Mrs Lamar, than as Shylock.' The Professor spoke sternly, and with a certain vibration of aroused will in his voice, which gave Honor an inner trembling.

'You can hardly blame me for acting upon the line which you yourself laid out for me,' he continued. 'The arrangement is entirely satisfactory to me, as I told Dr. Turner. My housekeeper is a paragon, and my government is perfection. Still I am not satisfied.'

I'm which Honor with an intuition of danger ahead, moved on to the dining-room.

'Dinner is served, I believe, Professor Lamar,' she said quietly.

The season passed with no tangible change in the relation of these two. Honor held herself quietly, but resolutely aloof, while Rossiter Lamar waited, biding his time with a patience which was born of penitence.

April came.

Honor, standing by the library table Easter Eve, looking at a new review, did not hear the Professor enter the room behind her, until he closed the door. She looked up quickly then, laid down the magazine and started to leave the room, saying—

'I was just going upstairs.'

'Undoubtedly,' replied Professor Lamar, laughing merrily, 'You always are when I appear.'

Honor had never seen him in this mood. There was a thrill of power and purpose in his voice, a firm decision in

Some one was standing at the foot of the stairs in the shadow, waiting for her. It was the master of the house. He guessed where she was going. Touching the lilies, he said gently, 'Thou wert up at break of day and broughtest thy sweets along with thee. May I go with you, Honor?'

She did not speak but put her hand for a moment in his.

'Together now, together always,' he said as they walked through the silent streets. After that they hardly spoke.

The church seemed strange in the dim, early light, with one or two long gold-coloured beams shining through the painted windows, and the few worshippers here and there in the hush and silence.

'Christ the Lord is risen to-day.  
Sons of men and angels say:  
Raise your songs and voices high,  
Sing ye heaven; thou earth reply.'

The Easter hymn was sung, and Rossiter Lamar and Honor with faces awed but glad, walked together down the aisle and knelt side by side at the chancel rail to receive the communion. Only their own hearts knew what that moment meant, the hand that administered the elements did not guess that these two received a double sacrament. Who but they could know that this was their marriage moment.

As they left the altar, Rossiter Lamar slipped upon Honor's finger the ring which she had given him back on that June evening, which now seemed so long ago; and so filled with all spiritual benediction and grace they left the church together, husband and wife.

And no happier woman is there to day in this big and beautiful country of ours than Mrs Rossiter Lamar.

JAPANESE GIRLS.

In a book entitled 'Japanese Girls and Women' an interesting account of the duties of a daughter in the family is given.

'If she is the eldest daughter, to the servants she is "O Jo Sana," literally, young lady; to her own brothers and sisters, "Ane San," elder sister. Should she be one of the younger ones, her given name, preceded by the honorific O, and followed by San, meaning Miss, is the name by which she will be called.

As she passes from babyhood to girlhood, and from girlhood to womanhood, she is the object of much love and care and solicitude; but she does not grow up irresponsible, or untrained to meet the duties which womanhood will surely bring to her. She must take a certain responsibility in the household, must see that tea is made for the guests, and in all but families of the highest rank, must serve it. She must know the proper etiquette of the table, how to serve carefully and neatly.

She also feels a certain care about the behaviour of the younger members of the family, especially in the absence of the parents. In all but the very wealthiest and most aristocratic families, the daughters of the house do a large part of the simple housework.

In a house with no furniture, no carpets, no mirrors, picture frames, or glasses to be cared for, no stoves or furnaces, no windows to wash, no latest styles in clothing to be imitated, the amount of work to be done by women is considerably diminished, but still there remains enough to take a good deal of time.

Every morning there are the beds to be rolled up and stored away in the closet. Breakfast is to be cooked and served, and marketing done. Of sewing there is always a good deal to be done, for many Japanese dresses must be taken to pieces whenever they are washed, and are turned, dyed, and made over again, and again so long as there is a shred of the original material left to work upon. Then there are the every-day dishes which our Japanese maiden must learn to prepare.

The proper boiling of rice is in itself a study. The construction of various soups, which form the staple in the Japanese bill of fare, the preparation of *mochi*, a kind of rice dough which is prepared at the New Year, or to send to friends on various festival occasions,—these and many other branches of the culinary art must be mastered before the young girl is prepared to assume the duties of married life.

AN OLD MAID'S QUERY.

LONG years ago there lived a man,  
A learned man, they say—  
So learned that his memory  
Has lived until to day.

He'd studied all the sciences  
And mastered every art,  
Except the art of capturing  
A lovely woman's heart.

And so a lonely bachelor  
He lived, and so he died;  
And Charon ferried him across  
The Styx's inky tide.

And now the question must arise,  
From countless lips let fall;  
Although he knew so much, was he  
A wise man, after all?

'Did you get your bric a brac home from the cottage all right?' 'Yes—with a marked increase, too. My wife packed six pieces in a barrel, and when they got to the house there were thirty pieces.'

LOCAL INDUSTRY V. IMPORTATIONS.—Competent judges assert that the Lozenges, Juubes and Sweets manufactured by ALLANBROOK & Co. are unequalled.—(ADVT.)



'NOW WE SHALL HAVE A GLIMPSE EACH INTO THE OTHER'S HEART.'

his very step, a new light in his eyes as he confronted her now, saying—

'But this time I have captured you—you inexorable, you relentless creature—and I shall hold you fast until I choose to let you go.'

He had put an arm around her and drawn her gently to his side. Honor's breath came quickly. A tumult of feeling seemed almost blinding her. She tried to release herself but he held her firmly, saying—

'Do not try to get away. I have something to tell you which you must hear. You notice I say *must*. I have been studying St. Paul and the prayer-book, and they both assure me that I have a certain authority over you. For I am here to remind you—as the public speakers say—that I am your husband. Did that ever occur to you?'

'Not that I remember.'

'So I have inferred. Well, it has to me. My girl, I love you with a love great enough to overflow and blot out all the wrong of the past if you will only let it. Honor—how well the name fits you—do you positively hate me?'

'Not positively.'

'Do you like me a little?'

'No.'

'Do you love me?'

'You know I do, with all my heart,' but with that she escaped from him and fled away to her own room.

Easter morning!

Honor awoke early with the words,

'Rise, heart! Thy Lord hath risen.'

on her lips, and in her heart a great and solemn joyfulness. The Easter chimes seemed to ring out at two-fold gladness—the great Resurrection, glory unto all people, and for her—morning after the long night; light after darkness; life full and glorious after the long death of hope and love.

She had thought before of going to the sunrise communion service. Now, nothing could have kept her away. There, in the holy place she would present herself with her new life, a sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto Him who had died for her and risen again. So she came down in the morning twilight, white lilies in her hand to be carried to the church, a radiance on her face as of a soul which had been very near to God.