

Aunt Connell's room, and just looked in to have a cosy chat with you, and quiz our partners. Hasn't it been a delightful dance? I had such trouble avoiding being seen by those horrid men as I slipped along the passage."

In my horrible embarrassment I groaned almost audibly, and shivered with shame as she rattled on, the subdued light in the room alone prevented her from observing my discomfiture. I was so confused that I could not for the life of me tell what was the right course to pursue. Another knock at the door, and Mrs. Dundee entered without waiting for permission.

"I know what is the matter," she said. "I have known the secret all along. Miss Fenwick and Miss Evenlode please pardon me for the fix I have rather unwittingly led you into. Miss Evenlode, Miss Fenwick is a man and a gentleman!" she added with emphasis. "His being here in this disguise, has been brought about by a chain of circumstances quite unexpected by him,

and certainly not anticipated by me. Miss Fenwick, who is in reality Mr. Charles Tennant, will leave early to-morrow with me. I will stop my husband's mouth. You can tell Lady Council to-morrow that when you came to Miss Fenwick's room you found it empty. If your aunt thinks at all about it, she will think that Mr. Tennant was a gentleman, and never went into his room at all, but contrived to shift for himself elsewhere."

Miss Evenlode fell in with the plan, which, under the circumstances, was a wise one.

Then I found words. "Miss Evenlode," I said, "I grieve that through my folly you should be in such a fix. Will you ever forgive me?"

"Mr. Charles Tennant," she said, laughing, "do not trouble yourself about me. I think you have already been punished sufficiently, for you are certainly the most embarrassed of us all."

The Miss Evenlode of those days is now Mrs. Charles Tennant.



Vivere sat Vincere.

We live for minutes, but exist for years
When Host meets Host in battle's blast;
When man shouts hoarsely in the din of war,
And women weep till they can weep no more,
Then is the time we live!

The trembling fear, the strong desire to fly,
The rushing anger as our comrades fall,
The mad leap forward in the battle crush,
And fierce desire to slay as on we rush,
Then is the time we live!

We only live when cannons roar,
And swords and bayonets wildly wave,
When from the midst of valiant foes
We snatch the Standard that so proudly rose,
Then is the time we live!

When charging o'er the blood-stained dead,
And trampling friend and foe alike,
When with the wounded and the slain
We help bestrew the reddened plain,
Then is the time we live!

And when it's o'er, and when the blood is calm,
And havoc, pain and death are all around;
When Passion sleeps and we, brought back to life,
See nothing but the fearful end of strife,
Then is the time we die!

CHAS. A. BRUFORD.