

There was an animated scene that evening when the Countess came back, and found Frank and Miranda involved in a most amicable *tête-à-tête*, and her shriek of dismay brought up the Colonel, half awake. Yes, that scene would be worth describing! There was a general explanation of a very vigorous and exciting kind; but it all ended happily. That is to say, the Colonel took his punishment like a man, and seemed to feel all the better and happier after having done so. When a man has once begun to go down-hill, it is astonishing the strides and plunges he will take as he approaches the bottom. He made nothing of declaring that marriage was the true destiny of man, but that to marry a widow

was a privilege which only the most fortunate of his sex could aspire to enjoy. As for Frank, he was obliged to content himself with a less ideal fate; he married Miranda, who was not a widow, nor, so far as one may judge, is likely to become so. They are now living in the other part of the house, but other avenues of communication have been opened up besides that by way of the picture in the recess.

"If I were you, Cousin Menander," said Frank one evening, as all four of them were sitting round the open fireplace, "I would knock off that great work of yours on 'Esoteric Religion,' and write a book about the 'Origin and History of Prejudices, with Eminent Examples from the Author's own Experience.'"

*Julian Hawthorne.*

### GREAT LOVE AND I.

I MOCKED at Love!

Love seemed a little thing;  
"A small, blind god," I said, "with golden wing,  
For these poor poets to adore and sing;  
Their stock-in-trade, which has its price to bring:"

*I did not know.*

I laughed at Love!

"The merriest jest of all,"  
I said, "a gay, light, bounding ball,  
Which gathers wit at both its rise and fall  
And never flies our grasp beyond recall:"

*I did not know.*

"Your Love," I said,

"Through the long summer days  
I lie and laugh and listen to his lays;  
Court Fool is he," said I. "Crown him with bays  
And laurel for the folly of his ways:"

*I did not know.*

"Court Fool," I cried,

"We'll barter all for you;  
You are a toy to mock at, ever new,  
A jest when false, a better jest when true!  
Laughter will always ring at thought of you."

*I did not know.*

I looked on Love!

Ah me! I mocked no more.  
Within his hand a flaming sword he bore;  
His eyes were great and sad, and prone before  
Him in the dust I lay, lamenting sore.  
"Great Love," I cried, "Master forevermore!  
I know, I know."

"Master," I cried,

And trembling, touched his feet.  
(His eyes were great and sad and bitter-sweet!)  
Beneath his gaze my heart, all laboring, beat;  
To lift my glance I knew I was not meet.

I knew, I knew.

His face was pale,  
And most majestic fair;  
There was no lightsome joyance in his air;  
A throbbing wound bled in his bosom bare;  
A thornèd crown was on his shining hair,—  
So did I know.

"Great Love!" I cried.

"Great Woe am I," said he;  
"Great pain and tears of blood shed bitterly,  
Tears of heart's blood, salt as the great dark sea,—  
And dost thou jest and ring fool bells at me?  
Thou didst not know."

"Forgive," I prayed.

"No wings are mine," he said;  
My bleeding feet pass on with weary tread  
Whithersoever I am sadly led;  
The poet sings but when his heart has bled—  
Dost thou not know?

"Laughed thou at Love?"

The day will come for tears,  
For pangs and aching longings, heavy fears,  
For memories laying waste all coming years,—  
Dead hopes, each one a living flame that sears,—

Then wilt thou know!"

Then I who mocked

Cried, "Having seen thy face,  
I pray thee, tarry for a moment's space,  
I pray thee, grant to me one piteous grace,"  
(To stay his feet I held them in embrace)

"I know, I know!"

"I mock no more,

Great Love, but hear my cry;  
Give me the pang, the woe, the bitter sigh,  
Hear me, in pity, hear me, lest I die.  
Let me bear all, so Love pass me not by,  
Since Love I know!"

*Frances Hodgson Burnett.*