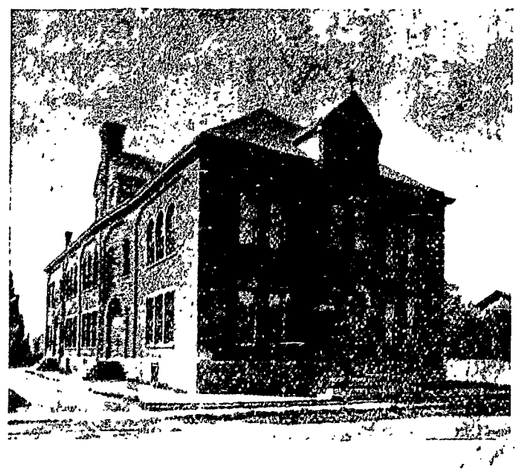

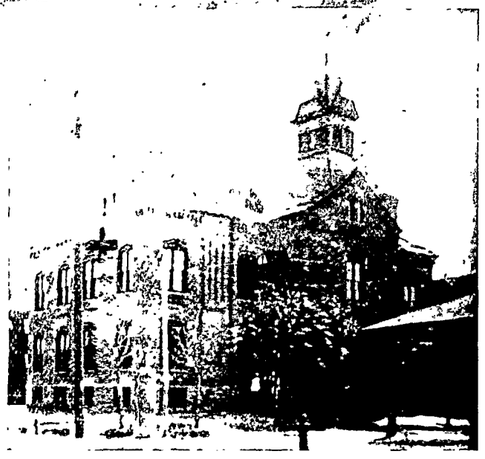

CONVENT SCHOOL OF THE HOLY REDEEMER

INTERIOR OF CHAPEL AT THE SACRED HEART ACADEMY.

WHEN ROSES FADE.

Summer is going—her footsteps fall
In the deepening shadow of hedge and wall,
But the breezes, sighing a kind refrain,
Kiss her and lead her thro' Hollyhock lane.

Summer is going—her blushes fade
Under the riotous climbing vine,
Her withered garlands are tossed aside
Where the painted splendor of autumn [illegible]

[illegible] her Junetime days
[illegible] in my song,
[illegible] has filled them with [illegible]
[illegible] joy in her buoyant [illegible]

[illegible] she leaves me [illegible]
[illegible] to the sorrowing rose-tree [illegible]
While [illegible] fettered passion sings.

Summer is going—why may not I
Wish her to eternal roses fly?
Out there in the gardens of endless June,
Where life leads over Love's path, rose-strewn

Summer is going down Hollyhock lane,
The swallows are nodding in [illegible],
Will she keep pace with the [illegible]
Where [illegible] fires of Poppy land.

Summer is going—it only seems
[illegible] as it starts [illegible]
[illegible] leaves know—'tis a broken [illegible]
[illegible] heart that is sobbing "Fare-well! farewell!"

—George E. Bowen.

END OF A MASQUERADE.

It was at a masquerade at Gilmore's, where the elite of the old Roman [illegible] were met. The flippant [illegible] laughter and [illegible] conversation [illegible]

[illegible] a new arrival [illegible] and a stranger to that coterie of sculptors and painters, had been [illegible] from the friend who brought him in the crowd shortly after his entrance to the ball room. He was wandering listlessly among the merry maskers, quite regardless of their gibes and laughter at his expense. Tired at length of his peregrinations, he turned aside from the glaring lights and heat to the shade and coolness of the balcony. The wide casements at the end of the room were open and gave an unobstructed view of the kaleidoscopic scene within. A divan near the balustrade offered a place for repose, but it was not until he was seated that he was aware of the presence of a lady. She occupied the further end of the divan, and was partially concealed by the drooping tree ferns and palms with which the balcony was decorated. She moved slightly in her nest of [illegible] cushions, and her fan fell with a sharp clatter upon the stone floor. Carson picked it up and gave it to her with a courteous bow. She thanked him speaking in English with just the slightest Italian accent.

"I fear that I am intruding, signora," he said.

"Not so. The balcony is free to all who come. There can be no intrusion."

She reached up her hand as she spoke and pushed aside the feathery branches that swayed between them. Then he saw that she was young and very fair to look upon. Her face was decidedly English. She wore an indescribable swathing garment of soft texture that was gathered up closely about her neck and fell to her feet in long clinging folds—strongly suggestive of a Bernhardt costume. Two beautifully shaped arms were bare to the shoulder, and the small hands that lay in her lap looked as though they had been modeled in wax. She leaned back, resting her head upon the stuccoed pillar, her fan waving languidly to and fro.

"Permit me," said the American, taking the dainty lace and ivory trifle from her hand and fanning her gently.

She smiled a gracious assent and then began talking.

It was so warm in the ball-room, and one grew so tired dancing, she said. Did the gentleman dance? Perhaps he was not acquainted with many ladies—a stranger in Rome. Was he an artist or a sculptor?

"Neither, signora. I am an attache."

"From what country—England?"

"No; America."

"America! Ah, that marvelous land!"

She chatted on in an open, friendly manner until a bevy of tired dancers invaded their retreat. Among them was his friend Tarro.

"Great heavens, Carson! Where have you been? I have looked everywhere for you. Everybody is unmasking and it is time for supper. No doubt you are starving. Come, I have secured a table, and you are to meet some charming women. What have you been doing here all alone? It was exceedingly stupid in us to get separated."

"I have not been alone," replied Mr. Carson. He glanced around, but the lady was gone.

"Not alone? Why, who was with you?"

He spoke the words in a deep whisper, as though fearing to utter them.

"She is with the angels."

A silence fell upon the group, broken only by the suppressed sobs of the girl, and the heavy breathing of the man.

When he again addressed her, his voice had taken a softness which none in Milford had ever heard in its measured cadence.

"And this boy is your brother?"

"Yes, my Brother Richard."

"Richard! For whom was he named thus?"

Mr Steele asked the question breathlessly, with an earnestness very strange and foreign to his stony nature.

"For a schoolmate of my mother's—"

"And this schoolmate's surname—do you remember it?"

"It was Richard Steele, sir."

How the cold face lighted up, and the stern mouth grew almost tender as this proof of the power of the old love was given him.

"And Violet, did your mother ever mention this Richard Steele to you?"

The boy came forward and replied:

"His name was the last on her lips when she died, and, two days before she left us, she gave me a letter which I was to put into his own hand, and we are searching for him, my sister and I, and when we have found him, we are going to live with a cousin of my father's in Portsmouth."

"You need look no farther for Richard Steele, my boy, he is before you! Come into the house, and give me the letter."

The children followed him into the great parlor, and calling his astonished housekeeper, he bade her prepare them some refreshments, then receiving the packet from the boy, he went up to his chamber, closed and locked the door, and sat down in the arm chair by the window. He held the letter in his hand, gazing intently on the superscription which he could scarcely discern for the mist that dimmed his eyes. At length he kissed the writing and gently broke the seal which the fingers of the dead had fixed. The contents of the street were as follows:

"Richard Steele: Now that I am dying it will wrong no one to confess what has hitherto been kept a secret in my own bosom. You believed me false and fickle, you despised all women because of me, and I have suffered you to go on in ignorance while all the time my heart has been slowly breaking for the want of your love. When you left me to go out into the world in search of fortune my love for you wronged Heaven! I was an idolater, and yet Richard were my idol! But if my love was strong my pride was stronger and when your letters after growing less frequent ceased altogether I sought no explanation of your silence.

"Georgia Dale, my step-mother was my counsellor, and because I listened to her my whole life has been shipwrecked. She it was who first whispered in my ear the story of your devotedness to a fair heiress, she it was who brought me the letter containing the tidings of your marriage. Oh, Richard, Richard! who shall picture to you the days of agony which succeeded? But for my pride, I should have lost my reason!

"Well, after that Charles Gray sought my favor, my step-mother approved of him, and I perjured myself at God's altar. Too late I learned the truth! It was all a vile plot of Georgia Dale's. I stood between her and you, but for me, she hoped to win your love. You know the result, her plot was a failure. You fled from the country, hating me in your heart, and never guessing that the smiling bride of Charles Gray cast out a thought after you.

"Seven years ago my husband died, and during these intervening years I have earned my own and my children's bread by the labor of my hands. Only once in that time have I looked on your face, and then you thought me hundreds of miles away, but my love was potent, and I journeyed on foot and alone, a hundred leagues to see you once more.

"You were walking in the garden, and the woman whom you turned away when she asked for a draught of water was Violet Dale. I would not reveal myself to you; it is better as it is. And now Heaven bless you, Richard Steele! I have loved you long, and you only; and in the heaven where I am going there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage; meet me there.

Violet Gray."

He finished the manuscript, and, bowing his face on the open sheet, the long-pent sorrow of his heart burst forth in tears, tears such as only one like him can shed. The closed chamber was opened at last, the double granite doors were rolled back, and the angel of tender memory flew in and took up their abode there.

Violet Dale! the soft-eyed girl whom he had loved with the freshness of his youth and the fervor of his manhood; Violet, who had made his whole life a failure! And yet she had been innocent; before the tribunal of his judgment she was blameless. Yet she was dead—what mattered this long-deferred discovery?—it was too late now! Too late for her, but not too late for her children. They should be his, and he would be their father. And it was even so. Richard and Violet Gray went forth no more from Ireton Hall; henceforth their home was with the early friend of their mother.

Years afterwards, when he lay on his deathbed, loving and grieving friends were around him, and at the very last he fancied he saw the face of his lost Violet hovering above the couch. And at his funeral there were few dry eyes, for the poor had learned to bless his bounty, and the sick and distressed offered up his name in their prayers.