

into the street. The cool air did her good. Well, it had been a dream; and, like a dream, it was over. How could she have imagined the English artist would ever have married her? Yet such things have been.

Her thoughts reverted to Tonio. What could have become of him? Was every one going to desert her?

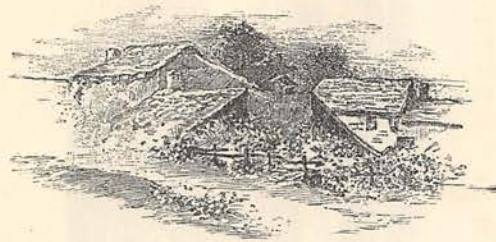
Somebody touched her arm. She turned. Tonio stood before her!—Tonio, pale and sad-looking, without a word of reproach at finding her there.

"Ah, Livieta mia!" he cried, almost breaking into a sob, "how good it is to see you again!"

And they walked home hand in hand, like children, while Tonio explained his absence—how the father

had died and left him the farm in the Abruzzi; and would Livia marry him now at once, and go and live there, and take care of the mother? Not a word of Mr. Rowe. The solemn event which had taken place had driven his anger and his jealousies out of his head; they seemed to have been part of a previous existence—long, long ago. All that was left was his love for Livia and the immense comfort of seeing her again.

And so Livia's foolish dream passed away and was forgotten. She lives happily up in the hills with her Tonio; and if you ever go there and see a handsome woman with two little children playing round her, it may perhaps be Livia Lessi.



The White Dove.

Words from the Swedish (FREDERIKA BREMER).

Music by CHARLES W. PEARCE, Mus.D.

VOICE. *Andante grazioso.* There sit-teth a

PIANO. *p*

dove so white and fair, All on the li-ly-spray, all on the li-ly-spray; And she

pp *dim.*

list-en-eth when to our Sa-viour dear..... The lit-tle chil-dren pray.....

pp *cres.* *p*

p Light-ly she spread-eth her friend-ly wings,..... And to

accel.

f heaven's gate hath sped ;..... And un-to the Fa-ther in heaven she bears The pray'rs that the children have

rall *cres*

do. *Slowly.* said,..... The pray'rs that the children have said,..... And

do. *Tempo primo.* *cres*

p back she comes, from heaven's gate, And brings, that dove so mild,..... From the Fa-ther in heav'n who

cres - cen - do. *f*

sf *dim.*

dim. *p* *rall - en - tan - do.* *Slowly.* *Tempo primo.*

hears her speak, A bless-ing for ev-'ry child, A bless-ing for ev-'ry child. Then,

dim. *p* *colla voce.* *Slowly.* *Tempo primo.*

chil - - dren, lift up a pi - ous pray'r— It hears what-ev-er, what-ev-er you say :..... That

Heavenly Dove, so white and fair, That sits on the li - ly - spray, That sits on the li - ly - spray.....

ON THE ENDINGS OF THINGS.



POETS and romancers have been hard upon autumn. Dreary pictures have been drawn for us of "chill October" and "suicidal November," with their bare tree-trunks, leaden skies, and general air of desolation. Without doubt there is something melancholy in the fall of the leaf. It betokens the end of something, and human-kind—callous, even pachydermatous as it can be upon occasion—feels involuntary sadness about endings. Who ever finishes a pleasant book without a sigh of regret—sometimes even a sob of sorrow? An accustomed occupation is abandoned or resigned to others with the same sense of dislocation that one feels in putting aside the book which has become a friendly companion. Thus it is that, when the autumn leaves do "strow the brooks in Vallombrosa," an involuntary sadness creeps over us as we gaze across the dull grey landscape. Autumn is the year's old age, and though there be something that is chill and lifeless about it, as there often is about old age, there is yet the same tender charm in the gradual and natural decay of the year that one often sees in the closing years of a happy and righteous old age. The seasons of the year and the lives of men are full of parallels, as the moralists and preachers of all ages have not failed to point out. It is natural enough that autumn, treading rapidly, as it often does, upon the heels of golden summer,

should sadden human-kind; yet, after all, what is there more beautiful in life than the season of falling leaves? There is something about an autumn day in the country which soothes and softens wondrously. The brilliant tints of summer have melted into a soft harmony of grey and russet; the blues, the greens, the crimsons, the golden|yellows have faded; the vivid contrasts are gone, and the neutral tints, which are the distinguishing charm of Northern lands, give their tone to the landscape.

The autumn of the year is a reflective time, like the autumn of life. It is a season for counting up—not the casting up of commerce, the striking of averages, and the carrying forward of balances, but the harvest of a quiet eye, the blind man's holiday of the closing year. He who loves the seasons loves nature, and the love of nature is part of that natural religion which is implanted and inherent. Autumn, indeed, is not the only division of the year which gives us material for reflection. The seasons are full of suggestion to those who can read the lessons of earth and sky. The frosts of winter, the buds of spring, the perfumed breezes of summer, are each as morally educative as the greys of autumn. Philip IV. of Spain, who impiously said that had he been consulted at the Creation he could have suggested several improvements, would have been puzzled to invent a fifth season, or to endow the existing ones with a fresh charm.

The feeling which causes people to dislike autumn is akin to that which makes us fearful of death. "I