We don't *know* that he has done a wrong, we only have that little paper; it may be false or it may be a mistake; we cannot judge him by *that*, papa." When she finished speaking, after the most noble effort at calmness, she was panting breathlessly, and lines of pain were about her mouth. She might have been overcome by an act of her husband's, but it did not signify that she would calmly listen to any comments from someone else, even though that someone be her old, broken-down father.

"I would wait, Adele, and see Lawrence," he winced and tightened his lips as he uttered the name, "had I no other proof of his guilt than that paper; but I have two other proofs, Adele, and if you were able to bear a shock, I would show them to you; but we will wait until you are better; then I will prove to you that I am right; besides, I want to make a visit before I do anything rash. Will you promise me, Della, that if these accusations are true you will come back to me?"

"Papa," she said, sadly, taking his hand, "it is loyal and true in you to forgive my marriage, that was so hateful to you; I appreciate your goodness in coming to me now, when I am in trouble, but, papa, you do not realize what a gigantic thing you are asking me to do; what a sacrifice you are asking me to make; tearing a wife from her husband is a fearful thing, papa; a *fearful* thing! I am sure that if Lawrence is guilty of this deceit, he will abandon it, when he knows how sincerely I deplore it; he will give it up when he knows how nearly I have died from it."

"Give it up, Adele? You know so little about men and their ways. Instead of giving it up, he would be spurred on by your sorrow; he might not wish to grieve you, but the very thought that he was doing you an injury would make it seem impossible for him to further his wishes, and the denial would make them more tempting; besides, Adele, it has come to such a pass that I am afraid he dare not break off with——"

"I don't understand you, papa."

"No, you do not understand me, because you know of nothing but this little paper. I know of something else."

She would not ask him what it meant, but she would have given much to know.

"Daughter, I will make one more proposition. I have a suspicion of something having occurred in town last night, and I am going down to the inn to learn what it was. I heard a bystander speak sneeringly of Hayne's fair protegée; I will go and see what it meant; if I find that this is a mistake, and that your husband is not dishonorably implicated, I will come to you and tell you so, and, in reparation for this suspicion, and my readiness to believe these papers, I will offer my friendship and good will to your husband, and shall do all in my power to promote your prosperity."

"Oh, papa, you will forgive Lawrence?" she cried, eagerly.

"Only on the condition I have named. On the other hand, if I am still convinced of his fraud, I will take you away with me—you started, Adele, I know I pain you, but it is best my child; it is best."

"Papa, I would rather bare my breast, and feel the knife thrust into my heart, than to live here in this atmosphere, and hear his name; perhaps *see his face* and know that he is a stranger to me. Why, papa, you cannot understand."

"No, I cannot clearly understand, but I am sure, Adele, that I know best. I am going to take you away. For years, I have wanted to paint a picture that will live after I am dead. I want to take a tour through Switzerland mountains, and afterward settle down abroad, for awhile, at least. If I do this, Adele, I must do it now; I am too old to put it off long. If you would rather stay here than go with me, why——"

"Papa, I"—she could only lean her head and moan. She had said to herself that she would be true to Lawrence; if he had sinned, she would try to win him back by her forgiveness. But when her father said that he was old, and she looked at the gray hairs so profusely scattered on his head, and the deep lines on his face, it seemed to her that Heaven had been unjust, and that she had better have been slain by one of those terrible gleams of lightning, on her fatal wedding-day, than to have lived to be tortured thus. Poor girl; there are duties and duties; but the hardest duty to perform is the one for sympathy's sake.

"Do not answer me now; I will come back to-night, and you shall give me an answer then. Good-by, Della. *I will be kind.*"

When he had closed the door, she buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed brokenly, "He must have suffered! He is patient and kind. Ah, papa, why did you not treat me kindly then? I can do so much for friends that love me."

As her father passed out through the hall, he said to Netty, "*Admit no one to-night;* until I return." He then went out through the garden and passed only a few feet away from Adele's window. His head was bent upon his breast and he walked as though in serious meditation. Adele watched him as long as he could be seen in the dim moonlight, and when he had emerged from view, she lay back upon her pillow and decided, not without regret and pain, that inasmuch as she had disobeyed and sacrificed her father for Lawrence's sake, if the latter had wantonly deceived and wronged her, she would go with her father, and in hapless misery weighed her husband in the balance, and awaited her father's return, to hear his report.

"And I had learned to think that earth held only happiness for me. O my love, I could place my hand on your dead face, and be calm; but this is worse than death!"

ANNA OLDFIELD WIGGS.

GOOD-BY.

Good by! I say it, Love,
With streaming eyes,
For in that simple word
A lifetime lies;
And as I gaze across
The waste of years,
No little ray of light
The gloaming cheers.
Good-by! The echo calls
In wistful tone,
I hearken for *thy* voice—
I am alone:
And now upon life's journey
I depart—
A smiling face above
A broken heart.

HESTER CRAWFORD DORSEY.

SUCCESSFUL STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE.

The universal sympathy of Shakespeare, and his vivid portrayal of life aud character, have created for him a large circle of admiring readers, representing all classes and conditions of people. Yet it is significant that as education becomes more comprehensive and wide-spread, there is a proportionate increase in the number of those who give days and nights to the study of these wonderful plays. Moreover, the most devoted students of Shakespeare in England, France, Germany, and America, have been, and are, men and women of the greatest learning and genius, distinguished essayists, poets, and philosophers. The names of Milton, Johnson, Coleridge, Lamb, Mrs. Jameson, Victor Hugo, Goethe, Schiller, Schlegal, Emerson, Richard Grant White, and a host of others of equal worth, offer a sufficient proof that the most important and effectual aid to the successful study and appreciation of Shakespeare is intellectual culture. Nothing, indeed, can in any measure take its place, unless it be an unusual knowledge of men and things, gained by a thoughtful mind from a diversified experience. But these acquired qualifications, knowledge and culture, are in themselves insufficient. Genuine admiration implies love, and lovers of Shakespeare are born so; that is, they possess innately one or more essential qualifications; either a vivid imagination, keen sensibility, ready sympathy, or tendencies to analytic and philosophic thought.

Imagination places the student at once on a vantage ground whence only he may view the greatest number of the beauties and wonders of Shakespeare. On one side will be spread before him the romance and beauty of the Forest of Arden, on another, the magic and enchantment of Prospero's Isle; in the distance he may see hostile armies contending—

> As two spent swimmers that do cling together
> And choke their art.

Or he may look with awe upon the three weird sisters standing in *Macbeth's* path, and casting their blighting influence upon him; or, turn with a sense of relief from the sight of the *Ghost* of "Hamlet" the elder, to drink in the peaceful loveliness of the scene as—

> The morn in russet mantle clad
> Walks in the dew of yon high eastern hill.

It is the imagination also, which, in connection with sensibility and sympathy, enables the student to enter with adequate appreciation into the feelings and actions of the different characters, especially of such creations as *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*, whose deepest and strongest emotions are embodied in, or developed by, the ideal. To understand *Macbeth*, we must stand by his side in the visionary, though thick and polluted atmosphere created by the witches, we must feel the force of that suggestion,

> Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair.

And we must see the air-drawn dagger and the *Ghost* of "Banquo" as clearly as they were pictured on *Macbeth's* guilty mind. The apparition of his father must be as visible to us as to *Hamlet*, while we enter with the same dreamy uncertainty the mazes starting from and developed by the *Ghost's* story.

It is imagination also which partially opens the way to our enjoyment of Shakespeare's wit and humor, especially such as that which fills the pages of his most refined comedy and ideal play—"As You Like It."

Finally, imagination alone makes possible a true and delighted appreciation of the language, the rich and varied figures, metaphors, similes, pertinent words and phrases, and musical lines. So patent is this fact to readers of Shakespeare, illustrations are unnecessary; but it is a pleasure to quote, in confirmation of my point, several lines chosen almost at random,

> There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
> But in his motion like an angel sings.
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.

Or Ophelia's simile concerning Hamlet's—

> Noble and most sovereign reason
> Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,

And the metaphor describing England,

> This precious stone set in a silver sea.

And such phrases as, "The milk of human kindness," "eagled-winged ambition," "sky-aspiring thoughts," "angels, tempest-tossed," "hurly burly," "tongueless caverns of the earth," "an unlined hand," "sightless couriers of the air," "multitudinous seas incarnadine," etc.

But, having seen with the eyes of imagination, we must feel with the nerves of sensibility, if we would be properly impressed with the passions and emotions of the characters, the grandeur and pathos of sentiment and expression, and the indefinable harmony of the atmosphere surrounding each play. Through sensibility we are able to comprehend the pathos of *Macbeth's* vain struggle with evil, and to feel the pangs of *Hamlet*, suffering from

> The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Through sensibility we share the noble emotions of *Portia*, when first she cries

> O love be moderate, allay thy ecstasy
> In measure rain thy joy.

And later, when in complete self-abandonment, she gives herself and all she has to *Bassanio*. Through sensibility we enter equally into the passionate grief of Constance for her "fair son," and into the