

"But you can't go to the farm-house," she said. "Mrs. People has not returned, and there is no one to take care of you."

"Oh, I shall do very well," said he. "Now that Thorne has gone, I shall not mind being there without Mrs. People. But I suppose she will return in a few days; and, in any case, I shall make a visit to the city next week."

Nothing was said for some minutes, and then Mrs. Justin exclaimed: "I do wish, Mr. Stratford, that you could see this affair as I see it! If you could, I am sure you would instantly abandon your purpose."

"How different we are," said Stratford. "I hope, and what is more, I expect, that the day will come when you will say, although you may not even then believe that my methods were proper, that their result has been most happy."

"You may think," said Mrs. Justin, "and you have reason for it, that you are a man who is never turned from his purpose. You may be very steadfast in your present purpose of merely carrying Gay over that gap, but you will be turned from it."

"By whom?" asked Stratford.

"By Gay. You will marry her."

WHEN Mr. Stratford took leave of the ladies that afternoon, Gay Armatt did not feel so sorry as she would have felt if she had not known that Mr. Crisman was coming in the evening train. She was a woman now, and all sorts of young and half-fledged sentiments were fluttering into her soul, some flying restlessly about and then out again, and some settling first here and then there, as if very uncertain whether they ought to stay or not. But one little sentiment nestled down as if it felt itself at home, and it made Gay feel that while Mr. Crisman was with her it was just as well that Mr. Stratford should be away. There was no reason connected with this sentiment. It was nothing but a little partly-feathered thing that did not know itself where it had come from. It found Gay's soul a very quiet and pleasant place in which to nestle, for the young lady did not know that Mr. Stratford was not coming to the house again while she was there.

(To be continued.)

SHE CAME AND WENT.

SHE came and went, as comes and goes
 The dewdrop on the morning rose,
 Or as the tender lights that die
 At shut of day along the sky.
 Her coming made the dawn more bright,
 Her going brought the somber night;
 Her coming made the blossoms shine,
 Her going made them droop and pine.
 Where'er her twinkling feet did pass,
 Beneath them greener grew the grass;
 The song-birds ruffled their small throats
 To swell for her their blithest notes.
 But when she went, the blushing day
 Sank into silence chill and gray,
 The dark its sable vans unfurled,
 And sudden night possessed the world.
 O fond desires that wake in vain!
 She ne'er will come to us again;
 And now, like vanished perfume sweet,
 Her memory grows more vague and fleet.
 Yet we rejoice that morn by morn
 The sad old world seems less forlorn,
 Since once so bright a vision came
 To touch our lives with heavenly flame,
 And show to our bewildered eyes
 What beauty dwells in paradise.

James B. Kenyon.

COQUELIN.



I was nearly seventeen years ago, and the first time that the writer of these remarks had taken his seat in that temple of the drama in which he was destined afterwards to spend so many delightful evenings, to feel the solicitation of so many interesting problems, and to receive so many fine impressions, foremost among which was this, that the Théâtre Français was a school for the education of the taste. It seemed to the spectator of whom I speak that the education of his own dramatic taste began on the evening he saw M. Coquelin play a part—doubtless of rather limited opportunity—in “Lions et Renards.” I have seen him play many parts since then, more important, more predestined to success (Émile Augier’s comedy to which I allude was, not undeservedly, a failure), but I have retained a vivid and friendly memory of the occasion, and of this particular actor’s share in it, because it was the first step in an initiation. It opened a door, through which I was in future to pass as often as possible, into a world of fruitful, delightful art. M. Coquelin has quitted the Comédie Française, his long connection with that august institution has come to an end, and he is to present himself in America not as a representative of the richest theatrical tradition in the world, but as an independent and enterprising genius who has felt the need of the margin and elbow-room, the lighter, fresher air of a stage of his own. He will find this stage in the United States as long as he looks for it, and an old admirer may hope that he will look for it often and make it the scene of new experiments and new triumphs. M. Coquelin’s visit to America is, in fact, in itself a new experiment, the result of which cannot fail to be interesting to those who consider with attention the evolution of taste in our great and lively country. If it should be largely and strikingly successful, that sacred cause will beyond controversy have scored heavily. Foreign performers, lyric and dramatic, have descended upon our shores by the thousand and have encountered a various fortune. Many have failed, but of those who have succeeded it is safe to say that they have done so for reasons which lay pretty well on the surface. They have addressed us in tongues that were alien, and to most of us incomprehensible, but

there was usually something in them that operated as a bribe to favor. The peculiarity of M. Coquelin’s position, and the cause of the curiosity with which we shall have regarded the attitude of the public towards him, is in the fact that he offers no bribe whatever—none of the lures of youth or beauty or sex, or of an insinuating aspect, or of those that reside in a familiar domestic repertory. It is a question simply of appreciating or not appreciating his admirable talent, his magnificent execution. Great singers speak or rather sing for themselves. Music hath charms, and the savage breast is soothed even when the “words” require an ingenious translation. Distinguished foreign actresses have the prestige of a womanhood which is, at any rate, constructively lovely. Madame Sara Bernhardt was helped to make the French tongue acceptable to the promiscuous public by the fact that, besides being extraordinarily clever, she was also, to many eyes, very beautiful and picturesque, and had wonderful and innumerable gowns. M. Coquelin will have had the same task without the same assistance; he is not beautiful, he is not picturesque, and his clothes scarcely count. The great Salvini has successfully beguiled the American people with the Italian tongue; but he has had the advantage of being very handsome to look upon, of a romantic type, and of representing characters that have on our own stage a consecration, a presumption in their favor. M. Coquelin is not of a romantic type, and everything in him that meets the eye of the spectator would appear to have been formed for the broadest comedy. By a miracle of talent and industry he has forced his physical means to serve him also, and with equal felicity, in comedy that is not broad, but surpassingly delicate, and even in the finest pathetic and tragic effects. But to enjoy the refinement of M. Coquelin’s acting the ear must be as open as the eye, must even be beforehand with it; and if that of the American public learns, or even shows an aptitude for learning, the lesson conveyed in his finest creations, the lesson that acting is an art and that art is style, the gain will have been something more than the sensation of the moment—it will have been an added perception.

In M. Augier’s comedy which I have mentioned, and which was speedily withdrawn, there was frequent reference to the