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WHITE ROSE OF WEARY LEAF.

BY  
VIOLET HUNT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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VIOLET HUNT

AUTHOR OF "THE HUMAN INTEREST," ETC.

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## PART II.

## HERMINIA'S PRAYER.

A crowned Caprice is god of this world;  
On his stony breast are his white wings furled  
No ear to listen, no heart to see,  
No heart to feel for a man hath he.

But his pitiless arm is swift to smite;  
And his mute lips utter one word of might.  
"Mid the clash of gentler souls and rougher,  
Wrong must thou do, or wrong must suffer."

"Then grant, O dumb blind god, that we  
Rather the sufferers than the doers be!"

GRANT ALLEN.

## WHITE ROSE OF WEARY LEAF.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

“AWFUL fag meeting people this time of night!”

Amy wrapped up to her chin—but not in furs, she had none, and passionately envied Edith her beautiful set she had worn to go with and would return in—made this remark to the Vicar's wife, who was standing beside her on the draughty platform of the Oldfort Central Station. Her teeth chattered prettily with the cold, she was exaggerating her symptoms a little, so as to make the humorous case against the Dands more obvious. They always chose such awkward hours to arrive! It was after ten o'clock, and the air was misty with frost, more incipient than present; it was freezing a little.

The placid Oldforters had gone to bed, relieved for six or seven hours of all their responsibilities, human and divine, and slept soundly now behind their closed shutters and blinds. Lights were out, gas extinguished in the town. Not so in the vast station on the great highway