

HER SPHERE.

A maiden sang in the morning light
 As she paused on the threshold of life :—
 Her voice was glad and her eyes were bright
 And hope in her innocent heart was rife—
 'A trusting bride I would scorn to be,
 I crave a nobler destiny;
 I'll have none of love, the poisoned dart
 Strikes woe to a woman's tender heart;
 Sweethearts are slaves to man's caprice
 And wives are captives who pine for release;
 A worthier mission shall be mine
 To worship at Minerva's shrine.
 Oh, world of thought and action free,
 I proudly surrender myself to thee !'

A woman sobbed in the twilight gray
 And her bitter tears fell fast,
 'Ah me !' she cried, 'let them say what they may,
 But love seems sweetest at last.
 Alas ! the long weary day is done,
 And I've found nothing good beneath the sun ;
 The way was hard and fraught with pain,
 And the world's paltry praise is empty gain ;
 I would count it a fuller measure of bliss
 To exchange my miserable pride for one kiss.
 Hungry heart, cease thy clamor behind the closed door,
 Life has passed by and will tempt thee no more.
 Oh, that my youth might come back to me,
 That love might still claim and have all of me.'

Miss Lane mechanically folded the letter.
 Her fingers were numb, and there was a tense
 look about the lines of her face. She looked
 straight ahead of her for several moments with
 eyes that saw nothing. Suddenly her head
 dropped forward into her hands, a sob came
 into her throat, her breast rose and fell with
 each convulsive breath.

"Oh, God ! I am so lonely," she whispered