

always alone; alone in my life. In the moonlit evenings of Autumn, I sit out on the balcony in front of my window and dream, watching the smoke from my pipe, curling away into the night air. Here I dream long, long hours, living over again the golden days of youth, and yearning for the hour which shall set my soul free from the bondage of earth and earthly things. And my eye wearily seeks the far corner of the garden, where the red berries of the rowan tree are hanging, indistinct in the moonlight; and my thoughts wander back to the long ago, and my heart is young once more.

Twenty years ago; twenty years it will be this very night—before which time I must have finished this brief account of a wasted and ruined life;—twenty years to-night, since the evening that I love to dream of, day after day. It was in the early evening, in August, and I sat within a few yards of this very rowan tree, in a rustic chair. The red berries were there, hanging in clusters as they are now, the peculiar leaves were there, standing out, motionless and graceful as to-day. The air was calm then as now. The moon shone, soft and serene, away low in the West. The tall white lilies stood up, down near the hedge, among the dark amaranthus, with beautiful effect. Unnoticed, the long spikes of fox glove waved majestic to and fro. The damp air from the marshes mingled with the smell of the clover fields, as it will to-night.

I sat in a rustic chair, down near the end of the garden. Beside me, sat my young love, Zaidie. I