

"I shivered with a nameless dread, and closed the door. Went to bed and cried myself to sleep.

"I had slept an hour, perhaps, and then awoke with a sudden start, feeling a great difficulty in breathing. A part of the quilt lay across my mouth, I thought; but, on reaching my hand to remove it, I found it was a handkerchief saturated with—what? chloroform!

"A thrill of terror passed over me. Who had done this? Was there some one in the house?

"I silently arose, and just then almost screamed as a sudden sound smote upon my ear. It was only the clock striking the hour of midnight. I placed my hand upon my heart to soothe its fierce throbs.

"Stepping along, carefully avoiding all obstacles, I reached the door, opened it, and advanced into the sitting-room. No one was there; but some one was in the ticket-office, for I saw a light and heard a voice! What did they want? The money!—O, the money left in my charge! Somebody was stealing it, and what should I say to Mr. Sayre? My God! I might be accused of taking it myself, and thus forfeit honour and position!

"Rather lose my life!' I said to myself. 'I'll defend that money until death!' and looked around for some weapon.

"Under the stove was a large iron poker. Seizing it carefully, I started toward the door.

"God aid me!' I said, with white lips; and then, opening the door of the office, I stole softly in. A man with his back towards me was at the other end of the room. He had forced open the drawer, taken out the money, and was looking gloatingly at the crisp green bills, when I stole behind him. I had just raised the poker to strike him, when he glanced around.

"My God! it was Clarence Devarges!

"Hang it! now I suppose I'll have to kill this pretty——' he seized me by the throat, and, uttering a faint cry, I sank down. Just then Jack, my own dear Jack, rushed in. I heard oaths, blows, fierce struggling—then all was dark.

For the first time in my life I fainted away.

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"When I recovered, Jack's face was bending over me, and Jack's voice uttering loving words. I put my arm about his neck and cried like a weak baby.

"Arn't you hurt, Jack?"

"Not a bit, dearest. Devarges is disabled, though, with a pistol wound in his leg. 'Tisn't very severe, but will prevent his escape.'

"O, Jack, how came you here?"

"Why, you see, when we parted this morning, Nell, I thought I'd never see you again; but to-night, after I had come home, I made up my mind to come and try and "make up."

"I rather thought he was a scamp, because, when I was in the city yesterday, the chief of police told me

that he had reason to think that a noted gambler and "blackleg" had come up in these parts. He gave a description, and it suited Devarges perfectly, all excepting a moustache you so admired, which was false and fell off in our scuffle.'

"Well, as I said, I saw Devarges prowling about, and I thought I would see what he was up to. He looked in the window at you, and I heard him mutter, "The deuce take it? She is at home, after all! What the deuce made her say she was going to her grandmother's? Now, I suppose I'll have to wait till my pretty bird is asleep."

"So he sat down under one tree, and I sat down under another. We both saw you open the door and look out. After you had been in bed about an hour, Devarges forced open the sitting-room window and crawled in. While he was in the office lighting the lamp, I also got in at the window and concealed myself in the closet, and—well, you know the rest.'

"Jack,' said I tearfully, 'you'll forgive me for being naughty and wayward, and you'll believe me when I say that I have loved you all the time, won't you?'

"Well, ma'am, Jack said he would, and we've been happy ever since. And this is my story, ma'am, my only romance.

"There, the baby has woke up! See him stretch out his arms! I do believe he wants to go to you. Would you like to take him? He isn't a bit afraid of strangers."

### COME, O COME, THOU KING ETERNAL!

Come, O come, thou King Eternal,  
Over us, and all to reign,  
Let the spring with blossoms vernal,  
Visit our poor hearts again!  
O for love so pure and fervent,  
Love reflected from Thy throne,  
As to find each happy servant  
Living for his Lord alone.

'Tis afar, and yet 'tis present,  
'Tis on high, and yet 'tis mine—  
Every comfort, sweet and pleasant,  
Jesus gives of joy divine.  
O, I would these hands could crown Him!  
O, I would these eyes could see,  
And this voice with raptures own Him,  
Source of every bliss to me!

Yet my Lord comes whispering to me,  
"This, and more, shall all be thine!"  
Sin, though strong, shall not undo me,  
Resting on His arm divine.  
So I wait a little longer  
For his fellowship above;  
Yearning with a holy hunger  
For the perfectness of love!

Newmarket.

—William Wye Smith.