

"Wouldn't you like to go away from here?" I asked, after a while.

"I could n't," he replied; "I have to do my duty."

I wasn't surprised at this answer, for intuitively I saw the spark of noble, high principle in him.

"But he don't deserve it," I urged.

"I can't do wrong because he does."

His words were simple and sincere, and my heart bled for his plight while I felt how useless it would be to try to reason him out of what he considered his duty.

"Do you ever remember being called by any other name besides Drammel?"

"I think I used to have another name where I lived before, but I think my mother died there and—and—I forget."

He seemed to become dazed by his thoughts and he lay down as if exhausted on the bed.

I had become excitedly interested in him, for I felt I knew some secrets of his early life, and I sat on the chair beside him now in suspense.

It had become quite dark and in the silence of that lonely spot I heard with deepest pain the heavy breathing of the wretched boy. After a while the moon came out from behind the dark clouds, and threw a light in the room for a few seconds and then it was darker than ever.

I spoke to Arthur Drammel but he seemed to sleep, until a little after when he flattered, "I'm tired! Oh! so tired."

I laid my hand on his haggard cheek, and was in a humor to weep with pity for the misfortune of his life, when suddenly the outer door of the house opened with no gentle force and a shudder passed through me as I became conscious of being in that lonely old house in a worse position than trespasser, so far away from other inhabited abode, and about to meet the fiend in human form, its owner.

This feeling, however, lasted only for a moment, the nearer the heavy footsteps came the firmer became my nerves, and as the handle of the door of the room in which I sat turned, I threw back my shoulders, clenched my teeth firmly, and determined to face bravely whatever might take place.

(To be continued.)

The Unbidden Guest.

Within my home that empty seemed, I sat
And prayed for greater blessings. All

That was mine own seemed poor and mean and small;
And I cried out rebelliously for that

I had not, saying if great gifts of gold
Were only mine, journeys in far-off lands
Were also mine, with rest for burdened hands;
If love, the love I craved would come and fold

Its arms around me; then would joy abide
With me forever; peace would come and bless,
And life would run out from this narrowness
Into a fullness new and sweet and wide.

And so I fretted 'gainst my simple lot,
And so I prayed for fairer, broader ways,
Making a burden of the very days,
In mad regret for that which I had not.

And then one came unto my humble door
And asked to enter. "Art thou love," I cried,
"Or wealth or fame? Else shalt thou be denied."
She answered, "Nay, my child; but I am more,

"Open to me, I pray; make me thy guest,
And thou shalt find, although no gift of gold
Or fame or love within my hand I hold,
That with my coming cometh all the best

"That thou hast longed for." Fair, tho' grave her face,
Soft was her voice, and in her steadfast eyes
I saw the look of one both true and wise.
My heart was sore, and so, with tardy grace

I bade her enter. How transfixed
Seemed now the faithful love that at my feet

So long had lain unprized! How wide and sweet
Shone the small paths wherein I had been led!

Duty grew beautiful, with calm content
I saw the distant wealth of land and sea,
But all fair things seemed given unto me
The hour I clasped the hand of dear Content.
—*Carlotta Perry.*

SIBYL'S HOUSEKEEPING.

Yesterday morning cousin Sibyl's little Will came running over with the message, "Mamma says, please come over and stay with her all day." "Wasn't I glad though, for I always feel so lonely when Charlie is away, and I always like to go to Sibyl's.

When I got there, I found Sibyl in her pleasant sitting-room, a white apron on, her hair smooth and shining, and her morning's work all done. (I'll own to you, you dear old journal, that I felt conscience-smitten as I thought of the way I thrust my unwashed sauce-pan into the closet and went off to dress for my visit.) Well, when I go to Sibyl's I always have such a good time; everything is so cozy and home-like there, though her furniture is not as nice as ours, but there is such an air of perfect order there, never anything out of place. Her kitchen—O how nice it is!—neater than somebody's sitting-room that I wot of; no unwashed dishes to furnish the flies with a meal, no greasy tables or unswep corners. But the great charm of that house is Sibyl herself. I can never understand her, she is always so calm and self-possessed,—such a perfect lady in her every-day life, if she does do all her own work. She never gets flurried or vexed as I do if things go wrong, just takes it all easy, and somehow they seem to straighten themselves out. Yesterday after dinner I got my crocheting, and she her sewing, and we had seated ourselves for a nice talk, and I just made up my mind to ask her all about it; so I said, "Sibyl, how is it that you never worry about anything?"

She looked up a little surprised, and said,—

"How do you know I never worry?"

"Well," said I, "you never appear to. Everything goes on so smoothly with you. Now about your dinner to-day; warm as it was in that kitchen, you came in to dinner, after doing all the cooking yourself, looking as fresh and neat and cool as if you had just come out of the parlor. Now I am sure if it had been me, I should have been all flurried and heated and tired and—cross, perhaps, I often am, I am sorry to say. I cannot understand it, Sibyl."

"Well, cousin," said she slowly, "perhaps after you have kept house for eight years you will get over that, and yet there are some things which even experience will never teach us. Now perhaps you think the wheels of our domestic life run very smoothly; so they do, but they have not always. When I think of our first two years of housekeeping, I tremble to think how near I came to losing Harry's love by my fretfulness and complaining about little things which I should have kept to myself; for, my dear, it is one thing to win a man's love, and another to keep it. And the danger lay in placing my work first, and Harry's comfort second."

"O Sibyl," I said, "you don't know how my conscience has troubled me all day. Now I'll just tell you. You met Harry at the door at dinner-time, and you looked and acted for all the world as if you had nothing to do but attend to him. You did not fly around and hurry things on the table, or push Will out of the way, or scold Harry for coming before dinner was ready. Now this morning Charlie was so anxious to go away early, and so I hurried to get his breakfast ready, and it did seem as though everything was in the way, and I could find nothing I wanted, and—"

"Did you plan your breakfast over night?"

"Why, no," I said. "I never do that. Perhaps if I had, I should not have become so nervous and worried for fear I should be late. Well, by the time the meal was ready, I was as cross as a bear, I know, and poor Charlie seemed to feel the effects of my ill-temper, for he scarcely ate a mouthful. After he was gone, and I had leisure to think it over, I felt sorry enough."

"Now, dear," said Sibyl in her soft, gentle way, "you will surely ruin your own and Charlie's happiness if this is to con-