

winding stairs, shivering as the cold air struck her. How dreary it looked, and how bare of every comfort! She would have some curtains, and she would buy him some books; and she would have a little stove put up so that he could sit there if he wished. She recalled now seeing him come down blowing his fingers after he had been up there for half an hour, but he had never complained. Then he must have a new table-cover. How the snow was drifting! and the wind rising every moment! She wished that he would come! Yes, he must have a new cover! And in setting down the lamp on the table to examine the old one her eyes fell upon a note directed to herself. A sudden cold fear struck her heart like an icy hand, and with trembling fingers she lifted and opened it; read the few words, then gave a great cry and fell forward on the floor.

Too late! Her awakening had come too late! Roger had gone! gone, perhaps never to return! He was only a trouble to her, the note said; he felt that she would be happier without him, and so he had gone away. She must not try to find or follow him, she would not succeed if she did. He had loved her dearly (here was a large blot on the paper), but as she could not love him he had better go. He asked her to forgive him for having annoyed her; he was sorry he had wet her clean floor, it was careless of him to forget. He had fed all the animals, and would send a boy to take his place on the farm. And then he said 'Good bye,' and told her that he had kissed the paper at her name. And that was all.

Gone! gone! gone! Too late to show him how she loved him! too late to keep his young footsteps from straying into forbidden ways! too late! too late!

'Roger! Roger! Roger!' she cried, and then fell forward and in falling—woke.

Yes, she had been asleep, and it was not too late! there was yet time, thank God! to show her boy the sincerity of her love in a new form. She glanced up at the clock and saw with amusement that she could not have been asleep ten minutes, and that there was yet time to make the cookies before Roger returned. He would not be late, she knew that well. He was too sweet and chivalrous a nature to think of taking revenge. He would come back before bedtime and go quietly to his cold, dreary room with no anger in his heart, only an aching pain. At least that is what he would have done had not her awakening come. There would be no pain in Roger's heart that night, she told herself with a glad little laugh. She moved quickly; and with dexterous fingers soon tossed her dough together and filled the great shallow pans, which slid, one after another into the oven's yawning mouth; and long before a quick light step on the porch fell upon her ear a great platter stood heaped up on the snowy table, just as she had seen it in her dream.

The color deepened in her thin cheeks, and her heart gave a sudden throb as the boy's hand touched the latch, and the tears started to her eyes as she noted how carefully he cleaned his boots, rubbing them over and over again to make sure that no trace of snow remained upon them. Then he lifted the latch quietly, fearing, she knew, that she might be asleep in her room opening from the kitchen, which was living-room as well, and came in. He did not see her at first and was in the act of lifting the lamp to carry with him to his room when his eyes fell upon the great platter of cookies, and he stood still as though rooted to the spot, his great gray eyes opening wide in astonishment. And then he could not see her, for, coming up quickly behind him and laying her hand on his shoulder, she half whis-

pered, 'Will you forgive your cross old sister, Roger? and dear, you may bring in tons of snow if you want to, if you will only—'

But she never finished. Like a flash the boy wheeled about on his heel and both his strong young arms were about her in an instant.

'Why, Merry,' he cried (and her heart leaped to hear his baby name for her once more), 'why, Merry! it is I who should ask you to forgive me! I have been so ashamed of myself! I hadn't any business to fly out at you, but I was in such a hurry to tell you that I had found our old gray hen, that I forgot about my boots. And to think that you should have made my cookies! Well, you are a dear! Shall we kiss and make up, Merry?'

He was not prepared for what followed; he could not understand why she should lay her head upon his shoulder and cry like a little child. But he did his boyish best to soothe and comfort her and presently ended by placing her in her easy-chair and offering her one of her own cookies. At which she laughed, and said that she thought she would make herself a cup of tea to drink with it. But he would not allow her to move, declaring that it was a pity if he could not make a cup of tea. And so sitting there she watched him, busy in his funny awkward way, about his unaccustomed task. And when he had served her with the very questionable beverage—but sweeter to her than nectar—he brought some milk for himself from the storeroom, and a plate of her cookies, and seating himself on a low stool at her feet, told her all the news that he had gleaned in the village, not one word of which she heard, as she looked back into the bright young face, thinking regretfully, and with bitter self-reproach, of the days when she might have been happy—when he might have been happy, but for her.

But she knew that this was wrong, and her mind went back to some words which she had once read, with gratitude to know that she was not the only one in the world who had a Past that she wished undone.

'Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine.'

Yes, the present at least was hers. And so she thanked God and took courage; and leaning down kissed the boy again; then rising went to her room and to her knees.

### What Was Left Out.

The fifty boarding scholars in Miss Hinman's school for young ladies were quite surprised one morning by being informed that on account of a case of diphtheria among the teachers they were all to be sent home for an indefinite period. Some of them were glad at the prospect before them, however they may have regretted its cause.

Others were sorry to have an interruption in their studies. A few had come from a long distance and found it inconvenient to arrange so suddenly for a return. Among these was Catherine Dwight. Her home was three hundred miles away, and her parents were travelling in Europe.

She was discussing with her roommate the question of how to arrange for this precipitate flight when Mrs. Montgomery's card was handed her. This lady was an old friend of her mother, and had lately come to reside in a village about five miles from the town in which the school was situated. Catherine was naturally ready to welcome some one qualified to advise her in the unexpected situation.

'Bad news travels fast, my dear,' said Mrs. Montgomery, as Catherine entered the par-

lor. 'I have been very sorry to learn this morning of your perplexity, and have come with my carriage to take you at once to my own home. I know your mother well enough to be sure that this is what she would advise under the circumstances. So if you will let me do just as she would herself, I will help you pack your clothes and then take you away with me. I have already seen the principal, who says that this will be a relief to her, as she has to help so many girls to make their arrangements.'

Mrs. Montgomery was a woman of action, and with her assistance Catherine speedily collected her belongings. In the course of an hour the drive was begun.

'Last week,' said this friend in need, 'I really grieved because, my spare room not being in order, I was unable to invite you for Saturday and Sunday. Now I am glad that all your impressions this morning will be new ones, and I hope that they may be very pleasant. Perhaps you may not have heard that my father, Mr. Gleason, is living with us. He is very fond of young society and I think that you and he will have fine times together.'

Arrived at their destination, the young girl was shown at once to a most charming apartment which was to be hers during her stay.

Before the day had passed she already felt quite at home, not only with her cordial hostess, but also with the gray haired father, who showed a most kindly interest in the youthful visitor. Mr. Montgomery too, when he came home from business at supper time, extended a hearty welcome. These three comprised the family.

In the evening Mr. Gleason questioned Catherine with regard to her studies. She talked about them readily and intelligently, for she was very fond of her books, and had made creditable progress as a scholar.

'So you seem to be specially interested in languages and literature besides having a good outline training in other departments. I should think your course an excellent one.'

This remark Mr. Gleason made after listening attentively to Catherine's account of herself. 'Yet it seems to me that you may be leaving out the most important thing, after all. Let me tell you a story. Old gentlemen are fond of story-telling, you know.'

'When I was a lad I was very anxious one spring to have a garden. My father had a small plot of land which he cultivated though it was very small, for our home was in a city where land was valuable. However, after learning what my desire was he gave me a portion of the space in which to have a garden of my own. He also supplied me with seeds of the vegetables which I wished to raise.'

'I had watched him so carefully as he was at work that I understood quite well how to prepare this ground. This I did with great ardor, spending the whole of one Saturday in labor. He asked at supper time "My son, is your garden made?" and I answered, "Yes," thinking that I was telling the truth. In the evening one of my uncles called with a hurried request that I should spend the night at his home, as he was needed at the bedside of a sick brother, and my aunt wished me for company. Of course I did as I was asked, and the result was that I did not enter my father's house again for a week. Various distractions occurred during that time, and my garden was entirely forgotten.'

'After returning to my home I went quite often to look whether the seeds were coming up, but though I watched and waited I saw no growth but that of weeds. This