

"Yes, Milton."

"Now, I understand it all."

"No, John, dear! No, Milton was mistaken. Mr. Maxwell is to marry my sister Jennie. He came a few weeks ago to ask father's consent, and they are to be married next month. Now, John, please kiss me once."

"Some other time. Some day if you will permit me," I said.

"Very well! But John, will you let me rest my head upon your breast for a moment?"

The head of a beautiful woman rested upon a man's bosom. The stars and the angels looked down. The woman prayed, prayed for the man. The man wept, and prayed for forgiveness, for the sake of the woman's Saviour. Penitential grief choked his utterance. Placing her arms tenderly around the man's neck, the woman gently drew his head down, and kissed his lips.

"Julia, our Julia," said the man.

"Your Julia, John," replied the woman.