

"I shall be obliged to you if you will. My hands are full."

There is little need that I should lengthen this history. Emma succeeded and opened the prison gates for her husband. On the day that he was restored to liberty, M. Jean Masson passed through the same gates as a prisoner. Indeed, Harding, with his delighted wife hanging on his arm, encountered him in the porter's lodge.

"*Helas!*" he said, addressing his old acquaintances, in explanation of their meeting. "They say that I have run over the policeman."

"No, no, Moseer," interposed the tipstaff who accompanied him. "Them's not my words. I said that gents came here for *overrunning the constable*. That's what he means, ma'am."

Harding and Emma passed into the street without speaking to him.

Had Harding found his work—that work which he was especially sent to do? I know not. If he had brought his entire moral being into harmony with nature; if he had subdued all discord in his soul, he had. For us, he exists no longer; but let him represent a thousand young men, who are thrown into society without a fitting profession, or with no profession. I have not intended to depict the life-long struggle for daily corn-bread, which characterizes the existence of the oppressed and neglected, the "hewers of wood and drawers of water." But, inasmuch as Bread is the Beautiful, and the Beautiful is Virtue. It may also be found by them. I acknowledge the difficulty. I anticipate the objection. What can they know of the Spiritual and the Eternal, whose toil for the material and the temporal, for the need of the perishing hour is unceasing from childhood to the grave? Alas, but little; but something they can and do know. The soul will burst its bonds, and Virtue enters the tenant's hut as freely as the hall of the landlord. What I insist upon, is that, in our vicious society, we hear too much of the bread that the baker has kneaded. "O most excellent person," said Socrates, before his judges. "Art thou not ashamed that thou studiost to possess as much money as possible, and reputation and honor—but concernest not thyself about intellect and truth, and the well-being of thy mental nature? These, as you well know, are the commands of the God. And it appears to me that no good can happen to the state greater than my service of the God; for I pass my whole time inciting both the young and the old, to care neither for body nor state, in preference to, nor in comparison with, the excellence of the soul, telling them that wealth does not produce virtue, but virtue, wealth, and all other good things to mankind, both collectively and individually."

THE END.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

Rewarded at Last.

BY MRS. R. H. CROSS.

WATCHING listlessly from the car window while the train waits at B—, I recognize suddenly with a start of surprise, a face which was once very familiar to me, but has been a stranger for ten years or more. Ten years, let me see—it is twelve years since I left school, and it was when I was a school-girl of seventeen that I attended the Academy at H— with John Ordway, who stands now on the platform not six feet away.

My first impulse is to tap on the window to attract his attention, but the next moment I am appalled at my own boldness. He would not know me. The idea of making myself so conspicuous. And yet—what would I not give to have him recognize me?

"All aboard," shouts the conductor, and the object of my interest gets aboard the car and in a moment is passing my seat. I can restrain myself no longer, "How are you Mr. Ordway?" I say smiling. He stops, evidently puzzled, and taking the seat in front of me, turns and faces me with a "Really your face has a familiar look, but I cannot recall your name," he said at last. "I dare say not, yet we were classmates once at H— Academy, you have not forgotten those days," I queried, rather enjoying his perplexity. "No, nor Agnes Porter either, how are you old friend?" he exclaimed, cordially grasping my hand. "That was some

twelve years ago, was it not, yet you have not changed much now I look at you, unless it be in name," he added mischievously. I was conscious of a sharp pang at his unwitting betrayal of how entirely he had lost sight of me, when I had treasured so eagerly every casual mention of his name, and rejoiced in the frequent reports of his prosperity, yet I only assured him lightly that there was "na luck about the house" where I lived and consequently, I still enjoyed single blessedness. And then the way our tongues flew as the train rattled on towards D—, which was my home. There were so many old schoolmates to be inquired for, incidents of school-life to be recalled and laughed or sighed over, that the miles were not a tithe of their usual length. When the last moment had come, he said that we had only begun to talk, but recollecting suddenly that business would bring him to D— in about two weeks, asked if he might call and finish our conversation then. Whereupon we agreed to adjourn the council and parted.

Parted, yes but how differently to anything I could have expected. I had my old friend back—I felt sure of that; our friendship would now be re-established on a firmer basis—purely platonic of course. Nevertheless my heart beat fast when I met him at the door in a little less than two weeks after, though I was nearly thirty and should have been past such folly. I saw him several times during the weeks his business kept him at D—, and at parting he made a confession. He had been such a busy man he said, had never thought much about women in general and none in particular, had had too much to do, or something had blinded him to the charms of all he met, but since he had met me so opportunely, his home had suddenly grown lonely, his business dull and unsatisfying. Could I learn to love him—would I be his wife. I answered "yes" to his latter question; "no" to the former.

Seeing his surprise I explained that I could not learn to love him, as I had loved him all these years since we parted, had thought it no wrong to cherish that love, though it was given unasked, as long as I kept it a secret.

"You know, John if you had married, I should have considered it a duty to your wife to think of you no more, or if it had unfitted me to do the duties of my lot, but on the contrary, my love for you has been an incentive to be a nobler, better woman. Would John approve this or that I would say to myself, and never have I permitted myself to consider for a moment the possibility of loving another, though I considered my love for you as hopeless, yet I always held it true 'it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.'"

When I had finished my earnest vindication of my motives, I raised my eyes to his face to see if I could read there aught of condemnation, but his eyes were swimming with tears and he whispered softly as he clasped me to his breast, "you brave, faithful darling, to think of your loving me so unselfishly all these long years." "But they have been busy, useful, pleasant years," I protested "and moreover I am 'Rewarded at last.'"

So the "farewell" I supposed he had come to say was changed to an "Au revoir."

Caught.

Over the lattice there clambered a vine,
Its tendrils in arabesques tenderly clung
To the cool slender bars in the shade of the pine,
That sheltered us there where the song-sparrows sung.

As sweet as a rose in the pale pink and blue
Of her thin fleecy robe, with a bud in her hair,
As fair as a tropic bloom fresh with the dew,
She mused by my side in the cool morning air.

How did it happen? I really don't know,
Her lips were like rosebuds—sore tempted, I fell,—
"Oh, nobody saw us!"—I started to go,
When a wee voice,—"*I seen 'oo, an' I'm doin' to tell!*"

—The Century.

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

Cologne cathedral is at last completed, six hundred and twenty-five years after its commencement, and nothing remains but to put the terrace in order. This will cost \$120,000 more than there is on hand for the purpose.