

does she talk in that way of Mr. Longworth? What is he to her?"

"Her best friend in the world. She was in the *Phoenix* office almost from the first; she addressed wrappers and did light work of that sort, and was the sole support of her old grandmother for years. Then she caught small-pox in some way, was taken to the hospital, remained there two months, and came out as you see her—perfectly blind."

"*Mon Dieu!* How terrible!"

"Terrible indeed. There seemed nothing but starvation or the poor-house for Emily and her grandmother, and I think of the two, starvation would have been preferable to both. She bore her blindness bravely, but she broke down at the thought of the almshouse. Then Mr. Longworth came forward, and in the most matter-of-fact prosaic, business-like way, said that, as she had been in the office so long, and worked so well, she had a claim upon the *Phoenix* which that noble-minded bird could not disregard—her salary should still go on as before. It was kind of him, no doubt," says Miss Hariott, in an impartial voice, "but really nothing more than his duty under the circumstances."

"Kind of him!" exclaims Reine, and then she stops and compresses her lips.

"Of course," says Miss Hariott, coolly; "do I not say so? He has continued to pay it ever since, and will go on indefinitely. Emily's gratitude is boundless; but still she partly earns the money, for she addresses wrappers still, only at home instead of at the office, and sows for me and for him when we want her. She is quite cheerful and resigned as you see, having, as she says, too many blessings left to 'fly in the face of Providence' for the one blessing He has taken from her."

There is silence for a little, and then Reine speaks in a low and broken voice.

"And I, with sight, and home, and sister left, repine and rebel against heaven, grieve and mourn for the liberty, and the home, and the friends I have lost. Oh, my friend, how thankful, how full of ingratitude I am. To go through life always in night, to see no sun, no lovely world, no flowers, no sea, no summer! And yet to kiss the hand that strikes!"

"Do you know Mrs. Browning's poem, *Reine*?" says Miss Hariott. "There is one verse I like to think over, when the past with all its losses and crosses come back to me.

I bless Thee while my days go on,  
I thank Thee while my days go on;  
Through dark and death; thro' fire and frost,  
With emptied arms and treasure lost,  
I bless Thee while my days go on."

They go home through the sunset almost in silence. At Miss Hariott's gate they part.

"Are you coming to-night?" Reine asks.

"To the croquet party? Of course not, child. The idea of playing with little red and white balls at my time of life! No, I expect a friend or two this evening. If you see Frank Dexter, tell him I want him to come and see me to-morrow without fail. The lad goes moping about no more like himself than I am like a statue of Niobe. I don't know what's come to him—Yes, I do too," says Miss Hariott, rubbing her nose in, a vexed way, "and I like the boy, and it worries me. His mother wants him. I had a letter from her to-day, asking me how he is carrying on, and threatening to come and fetch him if he does not report himself speedily at head-quarters. His continued absence annoys old Mr. Longworth, and that ridiculous fortune we hear so much of fluctuates in the balance. Send him to me, will you, Little Queen?"

Reine promises and goes, troubled and anxious about many things. As she enters the garden she finds Marie, all in white, and looking seraphic, her "sweet face in the sunset light upraised and glorified," gathering flowers for a bouquet.

"Every one will be here in half an hour, *Petite*," she says, "and here you are dusty, and worn, and dishvelled as usual. How can you fancy running about those ugly streets in the hot afternoon sun, instead of staying sensibly at home, and improving your time and your temper by a siesta? I am sure you and Miss Hariott must bore the poor people dreadfully with your perpetual visits. Wear pale yellow to-night, dear *Petite*, and this red rose in your hair."

"Come up with me, Marie," says