

"In any case," they say, "'tis none of our concern." And they speak truth. 'Tis mine alone. It only comforts *me* to know that, tightly clasped in two cold hands beneath the cruel soil of a far-off, stranger land, there is a golden locket, inscribed "E. D.," which holds a little curl of hair, in colour not unlike the coil which now lies loose upon my shoulder, and hangs upon this sheet, which I am covering with scrawls. That locket bears the intermingled kisses (he insisted on my kissing it when the gift was made and we were full of hopefulness) of two sadly foolish humans. One has already solved the Future's problem, and the writer of these lines looks forward to the coming of a day when Eternity will be inscrutable no more, and when, she trusts and hopes, the counterparts of souls will be united.

In the meanwhile a marriage will occur, and, as the phrasing of the day may put it, "The bridegroom and the bride looked well, and will make a happy couple."

Yes, do you hear that Wedding March? No. 'Tis nothing but the organ of the old Cathedral as it bellows forth the grand "Dead March in Saul."

Flirt! flirt! Men, women, children, flirt your lives away! But, oh! beware lest love, in some unguarded moment, should thrust a peace destroying dart behind your shield. Had I not so plenteously despised the enemy, and but maintained a line of conduct in accord with my belief (which, by the way, was always what it is), how many pains and troubles would have been eschewed! I cannot now declare, with certainty, that my negligence is bloodless.

Flirtation was (and still would be, had I not, in the maddest moment of my life, fallen from the pedestal of