

Like one in a dream she walked to her father's door and awakened him.

"Father, grandma is worse. I believe she is dying. You must go to Dr. Berne. You will find him at the ball. Go quickly!"

She went back, and sat there, wearily waiting for something—for a sound, a sign from the dying woman; but none came. Slowly but perceptibly, the lines settled around the pleasant mouth, and the dark shadows crept over the placid face, but no sound issued from the pale lips.

Janet bent her head. There was a faint flutter—no more, and Janet clasped her hands. Would grandma die there before her eyes, and never speak a word.

She caught the cold hand in her own and cried aloud:—

"Grandma! speak to me! speak to your little Janet! Don't you hear me, grandma?"

But grandma heard nothing. The chillness of death had settled down, and even as she knelt there the breath fled, and Janet was alone.

She understood it all when she arose, and she sank back, half fainting, in the arm-chair near the bed.

"Janet, my poor darling!"

She lifted her head. Austin Bosworth was leaning over her.

"My little girl! Why did you not send word to me to-night, and let me share your sorrow?"

"You, Austin?"

"Yes, have I not—. Ah! forgive me! This is no time or place. I missed you as I have always missed you, but thought it was your own pleasure to remain at home. When your father came in with a white, frightened face, and whispered to Doctor Berne, I knew you were in trouble. I came at once, and, Janie, I shall not again leave you."

She knew his meaning and did not put him away when he held her close in his arms, and drew her into the parlor.

Margaret and Lettie coming in with their faces horror-stricken, saw him holding her in his arms, her tired head resting wearily upon his shoulder, and the proud Lettie said:—

"Mr. Bosworth, I am surprised!"

"You need not be. This is my privilege now and forever."

Three days after they gathered in that parlor, to hear grandma's last will and testament read. After some little directions, it said:—

"And to my beloved grand-daughter Janet Leeds, I bequeath the Holmes-estate, together with my entire stock of furniture and money amounting to ten thousand dollars."

Janet's father smiled upon his astonished and crest-fallen daughters.

"It was mother's whim! She never desired it to be known. Therefore you were ignorant of the fact that she had a dollar beyond the annuity that I held for her," said the father.

When six months later, Austin and Janet were married, her elder sisters dared to say, that he married her for her money. He knew better, and so did I.

There is a soul and spirit in Masonry beyond forms, ceremonies, or ritual; a soul which enjoins the practice out of the Lodge of the virtues enjoined within it; and the Mason endeavors to realize in his own actions the conviction which that understanding of the subject naturally creates.