

No one among those who loved Josephine so dearly noticed that lonely walks, ostensibly for health's sake, became her favorite pastime, and that these walks grew more frequent, more prolonged.

Often, as the lovely spring afternoons drew to a close, the mother would wonder to home-staying Pauline where Josie had gone to be so long away. Then Josie would come tripping in, bright and rosy, her blue eyes all aglow with health and vitality; and mother would forget to chide her for her long absence.

But, as time went by, Pauline was concerned about her pretty sister. Joe was changing. Frank and open with Pauline always before, a something seemed to have risen between them; and Joe's replies to Pauline's queries as to her whereabouts during her frequent absences became curter and shorter, until at last Pauline, whose feelings were not easily hurt, left off questioning her.

It was the old, old story! A cosy bed unslept in—an empty nest. Josie gone! The pretty bird flown! A few lines written in a trembling hand—bitter reproach (what is more bitter than deserved self-reproach?) for the liberty allowed their darling—for the careless permittal of those apparently lonely walks.

Gone! Would that Death's cold hand had led her away than that this should have happened! Gone with Manton Descollet, the dissipated step-son of the old Squire of Hemsley. God have mercy on the erring girl! Manton Descollet would have none.

The days came and went; they come and go for wounded hearts as well as merry ones. Father grew grayer; mother grew older looking and more faded; the boys silent and morose; Pauline sadly performed her daily duties. Then the poor old man gave up his charge and went to another duty in a distant county. "How," said he, "can the people look up to me now? I preached to them of their duty to