

THEIR PUNISHMENTS.

The Angelus bell rang from the tower of the old abbey. Away down the broad nave, quivering and shivering, a woman was praying.

She was praying for her husband, who had been away from home for many months, and she was praying for her children, who were scattered all over the world.

She was praying for her soul, and for the souls of all the sinners in the world, and for the souls of all the poor and afflicted.

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eternal life, that you will never see this creature again; that you will obey me in all, and that you will accept the punishment which I may please to inflict."

In the anguish of her fear and love she had promised word, for what he had insisted upon.

On a sign of her husband, the young man, humiliated and vilified, had departed, and her expiation had begun.

Her husband had resigned his command in the army, and had gone to live on the mountain slope, assuming a false name, hiding his secret from all.

He had disappeared from the sea without leaving any trace. Twice a year she wrote to her mother, her husband reading all her letters, would mail them himself in some far-off place.

Finally her mother had died and from that day no letters were sent.

In that terrible isolation she had gone through all the stages of despair. For several days she declined to eat, wishing to starve; but her inexorable judge had said to her:

"You are a Christian, you have promised to obey; therefore, eat. And she obeyed, because even in her exodus of despair and revolt, even amid her thoughts of suicide, the idea of failing her promise had never crossed her mind.

That promise was, in a certain sense, the supreme intention of her love, the painful tie that bound her to the past.

As she had lived, hope alone remained. She hoped that her husband, after he had noticed her sweetness, docility and patience, would relent; and for many years she had observed his pensive forehead day by day, hoping to see once a sign of forgiveness.

He never treated her rudely, he never allowed himself to be wanting in respect toward her, nor to speak to her a harsh or sharp word. Only once, having found her sobbing in a fit of despair, he had said to her:

"My life is no better than yours, you I have betrayed no one."

He had, in fact, sacrificed every thing—his ambition, career, family, pleasures—to bury himself with her in the same atonement.

She had hoped, but in vain. Days, weeks, years had glided on in an inflexible monotony; self-control vanished; she became the sport of moods, according to the time and humor—now weary of life, now tormented by remorse, now irritated and full of hatred.

And now he was dying. At this thought she felt a strange, spirit-like feeling which startled her. At last she was about to be free; her own mistress; her actions free; her thoughts free—free to love and to be loved!

man beamed with serenity, his eyelids lowered over his dim eyes, while the only two tears which she had ever seen flowing from these severe eyes came down his cheeks, already cold.

These two tears were to her like the baptism of passion which washed her guilt away, and a great peace descended upon her heart.

She opened the window, saw the starry heavens among the snowy peaks, over which the moon shed its pale and serene smile; then lowering her eyes to the deep valley, she saluted, as if she saw it for the first time, that prison where her life would be spent.

She well knew that, to keep her promise, so that fate should not bring the lovers of former days together, was necessary that she should remain exiled from all, unknown, forgotten, forever.

The tomb which had opened for an instant, had closed forever, and closed in peace—Boston Transcript, from the Italian.

A HUMAN INCIDENT. BY MRS M. L. RAYNE. The feuds of civilization are as bitter and unrelenting as the warfare of savages.

But civilization restrains by the terror of the law, and hatred of an enemy burns and seethes in the heart and escapes the period of suffocation, by an ebullition of wrath in words that wound and sting, but do not slay.

So to-day many a man walks the city streets with murder in his soul, but never seeks any outward expression, yet as surely kills as if materialized into a tangible form, and armed with a deadly weapon.

But it is not the hatred who is slain—it is the hater, who, harbouring this deadly presence, insures the killing of every good impulse, and the destruction of his own soul.

Joseph Downs was a carpenter, like that other Joseph whose Son taught the divine doctrine of forgiveness. And he, too, was acquainted with grief.

His little daughter Muriel had gone home to grow up in the eternal youth of Heaven. It had well-nigh broken his heart, and for a while he had let material things go to follow with vain haste the little traveller on her far journey.

When he had done this, he had said to himself: "I will not let my grief be a hindrance to my work."

He had, in fact, sacrificed every thing—his ambition, career, family, pleasures—to bury himself with her in the same atonement.

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so little. She had worked and suffered, but lost, ever since she had joined her lot with his, and the blow to his manhood was this; She had refused to marry him.

He was doing well again when Muriel died, and after that he had neglected his business, and this was the result. The bitterness we have to drink are those we mix for ourselves.

"Take care, Downs! If you should give the joint a touch with your elbow, it would fall to the street. We mustn't have an accident of that sort on our hands."

It was the "boss" who was speaking, and Downs turned his head and his eye glanced to the street far below, and saw in a dream his enemy walking briskly in his direction, and the next moment the devil of suggestion had put a thought in his head, that, carried out, was to make him another Cain.

Yes, Simon Kent was at that moment taking the final step in the process that was to leave Downs homeless, and in a few seconds he would pass the exact spot where far above his head was poised an instrument of sudden and awful death.

It seemed to Downs that here was the supreme moment of fate, when he simply was waiting for the state of mind necessary for him to be relieved of the man who was bent on destroying him.

At that moment, without any reason for so doing, since he did not know where Downs was employed, Kent raised his eyes to the height directly above him, and saw the face of the man he hated. He knew nothing of hypnotic phenomena, nor dreamed that the intense gaze of the other man was focused on him. But in that one look he read his doom.

Then he gave a great sigh of relief and passed on. Downs had seen more than hatred in the eyes of his enemy. A child's face, crowned with a aureole, had looked out for a swift passing second, from the background of these hard eyes, and at the same time a voice breathed into his soul the simple litany of compassion, "I'm sorry."

That night when he went home his wife met him at the door. "Isn't it good," she said, "I was afraid Kent was coming to order us out, but he says it is all right—that you are to have your own time to pay him, and that you would understand."

Downs did not tell his wife of his temptation, and what saved him, and I think it was right. Confession may be good for the soul of him who confesses, but I regard it as an indulgence to confound sins. Kent between the man and his Maker it is a hold on him he cannot shake off. It is a safeguard and salutary.

A Frank Witness. In Henry County, this state, some years ago, a young woman who was suing her former sweetheart for breach of promise was sued on the witness stand, and the lawyers, as usual, began making all sorts of inquisitive interrogatories.

"You say," remarked one, "that the defendant sat very close to you?" "Yes," was the reply, with a hectic flush.

"How close?" "Close enough so's one cheer was all the sitin' room we needed."

"And you say he put his arm around your waist?" "No, I didn't."

"What did he say, then?" "I said he put both arms around me."

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