

her parents that Josephine required her care for some time; enclosing in the missive the certificate of her sister's marriage, which she knew to be false, she set about making a few hasty preparations for their journey to a far-off land. Reader, do not blame Pauline for her deceit in sending the false comfort home to those she loved. She knew well the agony of grief that would assail those loving hearts were the full extent of Josephine's misfortune known. A future, too, lay before her poor, ill-used darling, her shattered idol. Was there nothing but grief and disgrace for her in the long life which might be granted her? God forbid! Her tongue or her pen would never divulge the pitiful truth. Her's should be the hand to keep from Josephine the cruel glance of suspicion, the shadow of disgrace.

The misery of that steerage passage across the wide ocean will never pass from the memory of Pauline as long as memory lasts. The long journey to their hastily chosen destination, a journey performed by the disposal of the watch and some articles of jewelry left to Pauline some years before by a well-to-do aunt. Anywhere! anywhere! away from the vicinity of anyone who knew them!

Weaker, more delicate poor Josephine became. Trouble, sickness, and above all, disgrace, were fast sapping the life-blood in her veins. Ere long she was forced to take refuge in a provincial hospital, a shadow of the pretty Joe of but a year before.

Work! work! all day long it was steady work. Thus Pauline's days passed. But it was a work of love; work for her darling Joe. Evening after evening, no matter how bleak the wind blew, no matter how deep the snow, she visited the hospital, and strove to raise the sinking spirits of Josephine.

"The clouds will pass away some day, dear," she used to say. "It cannot always be so dark and miserable. I think the good God will not ask us," it was always us, "to suffer more than we can bear."

O! dwellers in the world's bright side, can you picture hardship like this? To see your love, your idol in such a plight. To work all day at no easy calling, to hurry each evening to