

shawl, bent over him as patient a watcher as he had been her brave deliverer. It was beautiful to see the features once so cold and haughty, now sweet with more than womanly tenderness. There upon that desolate beach, cold, hungry, homeless, shelterless, she was happier than she had been for months. But she trembled as she thought of the future; everything was so uncertain. She seemed involved in a labyrinth of dangers and difficulties from which she could see no path. She knew that both store and home had gone, and probably most, if not all, of her father's fortune. She felt that these losses might greatly modify his plans, and really hoped that they would lead him to remain in this country. She felt almost sure that he would not go back to Germany a poor man, and to stay in America was to give her a chance of happiness, and happiness now meant him over whom she bent.

For a long time she had felt that she could give up all the world for him, but now existence was scarcely endurable without him. To the degree that her love had been slowly kindled, was it intense, the steady concentrated passion of a strong, resolute nature, for the first time fully aroused. All indecision passed from her mind, and she was ready to respond whenever he should speak; but woman's silence sealed her lips, and more than maiden delicacy masked her heart. While she bent over him with an expression that, had he opened his eyes, might have caused him to imagine for a moment that his sleep had been death, and he had wakened in heaven, yet he must needs awake to find that the look and manner of earth had returned. Her sensitive pride made her guarded even in expressing her gratitude, and she purposed to slip his head off upon her shawl whenever he showed signs of awakening, so that he might believe the earth only had been his resting place.

But now in his unconsciousness, and unnoticed by all around, indeed more completely isolated by the universal misery and apathy about her than she could have been in her own home, with a delicious sense of security, she bent her eyes upon him, and toyed daintily with the curling locks on his brow. Whatever the future might be, nothing should rob her of the strange unexpected happiness of this opportunity to be near him, purchased at such cost.

As she sat there and saw the fire rush and

roar away to the northward, and the sun decline over the ruins of her earthly fortune, she thought more deeply and earnestly of life than ever before. The long, heavy sleep induced by the opiate had now taken away all sense of drowsiness, and never had her mind been clearer. In the light of the terrible conflagration many things stood out with a distinctness that impressed her as never before. Wealth and rank had shrivelled to their true proportions, and she said half aloud:

"That which can vanish in a night in flame and smoke cannot belong to us, is not a part of us. All that has come out of the crucible of this fire is my character, myself. It is the same with Mr. Fleet; but comparing his character with mine, how much richer he is! What if there is a future life, and we enter into it with no other possession than our character? and that which is called soul or spirit is driven forth from earth and the body as we have just been from our wealth and homes? I can no longer coolly and contemptuously ignore what he believes as superstition. He is not superstitious, but calm, fearless, and seemingly assured of something that as yet I cannot understand. One would think that there must be reality in his belief, for it sustains him and others in the greatest of trials. The hymn he sang was like a magnet introduced among steel filings mingled with this sand. The mere earth cannot move, but the steel is instinct with life. So, while many of us could not respond, others seemed inspired at the name of Jesus with new hope and courage, and cried to the Nazarene as if he could hear them. Why don't people cry for help to other good men who lived in the dim past, and whose lives and deeds are half myth and half truth? why to this one man only? for educated Catholics no longer pray to the saints."

Then her thoughts reverted to Mr. Ludolph.

"Poor father," said she, "how will he endure these changes? We have not felt and acted toward each other as we ought. He is now probably anxious beyond measure, fearing that I perished in my sleep, and so I would, had it not been for this more than friend that I have so wronged. Oh, that I could make amends! I wonder—oh, I wonder, if he has any spark of love left for me? He seems kind, even tender, but he is so to everyone—he saved Miss Brown—"

*To be continued*