

some one in the agonies of death? Do the people who live on the road to a cemetery think any the more of the day when their own turn shall come to be the hero of a like mournful procession? Does the man who makes the coffin ever take his own measure? Does he not whistle, and tap in the nails to a tune? Do we ever take any one of these warnings? Surely we do not; and surely it was never ordained that we should. If we were to take home to our own bosoms all the misery that is shared among the world at large, would our life be worth living?

Whence has come the elastic capacity that we all have for enjoyment, which rebounds from the heaviest pressure?

When that question shall have been answered in more than one way, we may begin to wonder that the masqueraders recovered, without much effort, from the momentary shock with which they had been stunned. The band struck up. Thoughtfulness, if any existed, was lost in noise and confusion. All fell back into its previous train.

Of course I could not fail to ask for information from the bystanders of what I had witnessed. The story may be easily anticipated. That it was a love story there could be little doubt.

Madeline Danvers had been beloved by a young M.D. without patients, and had returned his passion with all the more ardour that the match was extremely unacceptable to her parents, and was opposed by every obstacle that could be thrown in the way.

It is not very easy to keep lovers apart anywhere. In Canadian society it is next to impossible. If there had not been the skating rink, there would have been some other rendezvous.

One evening, saddened by the difficulties they had to encounter and by the seeming hopelessness of Dr. More's position, the noise and gaiety of the rink, and the observation to which they were exposed, were disagreeable to them, so they exchanged the rink for the open ice in the harbour, where there was no glare of light, and the crowd of skaters was diffused over a large space. In the course of their pastime he was skating backwards, holding her hands in his, as she followed after him. He plunged into a hole from which a vessel had been cut out, and sank, dragging her after him before he thought to let go his hold.

She was saved; but only to fall into a frenzy of agony and fright, while efforts were made to extricate him from under the ice. No persuasion could induce her to quit the spot; and when any attempt at force was used, her shrieks were so dreadful and so heartrending that she was suffered to remain, shivering from head to foot and her teeth chattering with cold, but in a burning fever of grief and terror. At length the body, drowned beyond a shadow of hope, was got out, laid on the ice, lifted on a plank, and carried away before her eyes.

Her earnest entreaties to be allowed to attend the funeral, which took place as usual on the second day, could not be denied; but when the dull sound of the earth falling on the coffin—a moment which I would not willingly know him

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