

members the joyous hours she had spent there—to-morrow she will be far away! But then she loves him for whose sake she leaves all, and she wipes away her tears, for he is worthy of the sacrifice.

Through one of the small grated windows of that gloomy prison, the moon is also glancing. There sits one, who, in an evil hour, listened to the Tempter's voice, and committed the crime of forgery. "The Empress of the Night" casts her soft spells around his spirit. Memories of the past steal over him—thoughts of the home he has disgraced—of his sorrowing wife and helpless little ones, press how heavily on his heart! Two years more and then he may leave those walls, but he dreads to meet the world's scorn. Then he thinks of a home in a distant land, where, with his children and his wife, he may be happy, for he knows that through sorrow and disgrace she clings more tenderly to him than in their brightest days. This hope will cheer him through the remainder of his wearisome imprisonment. Will it ever be realized?

One more scene and I have done! There is walking the deck of a noble vessel, which is ploughing its way through the waves of the wide Atlantic, a tall handsome young man. Sadness is on his brow, for every moment he is borne farther from his home, and all the dear ones he has left behind. He glances up at the beautiful heavens, his gaze rests on the moon's familiar face. Perhaps some loved one is gazing on it too. The thought that there is at least one object which both, though apart, can view, cheers him. He thinks of a little room far away, through the glass door the moonlight may now be streaming. There he has passed