

their children ; I warned them to watch well their lambs ; and now I—the preacher, the leader—have lost my own poor lamb.”

The boys left the town to hide their shame ; everyone they felt had Josephine's name in their mouth. They could not bear the looks of pity cast upon them by some, the averted faces, the curious glances of others. Did not everyone know what became of Manton Descollet's victims ? The family had not been many months in their new home when a letter came directed to Pauline. A letter was a rare visitor. Great was the excitement caused by its appearance. The writing of the address was unfamiliar, the post-mark was Liverpool.

Before evening Pauline was on her way to that distant city alone. On through the night flew the great iron monster which carried the faithful heart to the poor, deserted, broken one. Bound for a strange city, alone, almost ignorant of the ways of the great outside world, Pauline had started out after reading the startling missive, to find the poor, lost lamb which had strayed away, if need be to share its misery and neglect. O ! faithful heart, forgetting self in sisterly love ! When Pauline reached the wretched lodgings in Liverpool where her sister had taken refuge, she found that the unfortunate girl had been deserted by her betrayer, for betrayer he was. The marriage lines proudly shown by Josephine, in partial extenuation of her conduct, proved on enquiry to be forgeries. The clergyman, whose name had been personated by some friend evidently of Descollet's, denied all knowledge of the ceremony, convincing Pauline of the truth of his words by reference to the parish register. A terrible fraud had been practised on the unsuspecting victim. Josie was not the wife, as she fondly imagined, of the man who had lured her from her home, but the dupe, the betrayed of as black a scoundrel as ever disgraced society. Pauline's one idea was to hide from the dear home circle the depth of her sister's humiliation. Away, anywhere, across the ocean ; there, in a new country, to hide her grief and disgrace. Sending word to