

JOE.

JOE lay dying ! Unavailing was frantic grief, or silent, heart-broken woe ! Pretty Joe, with her golden hair, her eyes of violet blue, her lithe, graceful figure, her merry, engaging ways ! All of the past, for the Joe of the last year had been quiet and sad. The golden hair, to be sure, was unchanged in its sheeny abundance, but the once laughing eyes had been dull of late, often filled with tears ; the cheerful voice turned to sighing, the light foot-fall to the heavy tread of one with a heavy heart. Seventeen year old Joe was a pitiful shadow of her former self, a sad illustration of a broken heart, and of man's perfidy ; the victim of a mock marriage, of too ready confidence in the object of her childish affections.

All alone save for faithful sister Pauline, little Joe stepped from the world where she had stumbled, and fallen, into the great unknown land, past the shadow valley awaiting all. It was Pauline who held the small hands, clammy with the dews of death, in her strong healthy ones. Pauline wiped from time to time the cold drops from the broad, low forehead, and smoothed the shining hair reverentially, her hot tears falling fast. Pauline closed the blue eyes when the Angel of Death had done his pitiless work ; and then, falling on her knees by the bedside, the faithful sister wept bitter, unavailing tears for the sister who had left her alone. Alone ! ah, yes ! alone in the far Canadian land. Away from home, from mother, father—all ! Yet, was she alone ?—better so mayhap—a little infant, feeble, helpless, Joe's legacy to Pauline, claimed her care.

Pauline followed the remains of her loved sister to the grave—the only mourner. She stood alone beside the clergyman who had undertaken to read the services of the church over the young stranger, in the wind and hail of that bleak December day. The clang of the door of the receiving vault seemed to strike her heart as with a blow. She