

be near thee, listen to thy voice—sweeter in mine ears than the music of the forest's sweetest warbler—feel the soft touch of thine hand thrilling my very soul! Ah! would I had not revealed myself!" he exclaimed, as Adrienne averted her face; "for in my disguise I should have revelled in thy sweet ministering, and oft-times felt thy soft hand, when now thou art displeased, and wilt leave me to another's care until I can forever leave these walls."

Sadly his dark eyes pleaded; how could Adrienne resist? Was he not all that was left her? the only link between the happy past and the oft-times dreary present? Had he not known and loved her father? Might it not be to speak of him Claude longed to talk with her? or, better still, perhaps he wanted advice and comfort, and, if she refused to listen to him, might she not be neglecting an opportunity of doing good to the soul of her friend, which, perchance, would never return?

Thus Adrienne pleaded, and thus she yielded, though not so entirely outwardly.

Without replying to Claude, she offered him some refreshment, which he took from her hand, gravely thanked her and lay down again. For a moment Adrienne stood looking down into his sad eyes, which, after all, did not look hopeless; but Claude did not speak, so she turned and slowly left him.

Slowly she moved about among her other patients, thinking all the while of Claude, and how he loved her; she thought what a trial it must be to him, great strong man as he was, to lie there in that narrow bed in the close, crowded room—he who was accustomed to roam so freely in the green wood, or glide over the fresh, bright waters—and all this he was enduring that so he might look upon *her* face, and listen to *her* voice! Adrienne's heart softened—as what maiden's would not? and, as she stood beside some moaning Indian, she would turn and look on the motionless figure she had left, while bright tears filled her deep blue eyes.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

BY "CYNIC."

As tossing on a fev'rish bed I lay
One night, and thought of all that in the day
Had passed, and of a hundred things beside,
With care and pains to fall asleep I tried
In vain. I turned on this side and on that,
I propped the bolster up, then laid it flat;
Threw off the clothes, then pulled them on
again,
The pillow turned; "Ah, now, for all my
pain
I shall have rest," so foolishly I said,
And for three minutes in one posture laid;
Easy and warm, I *all but* slept, not quite;
Some little thing was wrong, to make it right
I moved, and so began again the fight,
Which, little varied, lasted through the night;
Till, at the first chill grey of early dawn,

My pulse abated and my fever gone,
I slept, I know not how, till noonday shone.

'Tis thus, methought, with life—we strive in
vain,

Some fancied ease or comfort to attain;
Or, if attained, we scarcely are at rest
To sink down comfortably in the nest
Our hands have made; when restless still we
find

Some good is missed; some trial left behind.
From year to year we strive, and toss, and
turn,

With aching limbs, and heads and hearts that
burn.

Still must we want, and work, and watch and
weep,

Till in the end we are surprised by sleep.