

hood for good behaviour, she will not now, I can assure her.

"The 'tarnalest little plague that ever trotted into all kinds of mischief," says Milly, who, however, will allow no one else the liberty of finding fault with her.

Sandy and Milly, and indeed everybody else, spoil her, I fear; but I cannot help it. Poor, fatherless little daughter!

Marion and Cora are just what they have always been,—the best of children to me. The latter—as wild as a kitten—keeps the house in a constant state of excitement by her antics. The former, as ever, my gentle, faithful helper and friend in all things.

The great pleasure of our lives, beside the comfort of each other's love, and the boys' weekly epistles, is Lela's dear letters. They come every month. Such a budget of them, Estelle declares:

"I do not see how the child finds time to do anything else, when she writes such hosts of letters."

But Lela always had the pen of a ready writer; and now her heart is in it, I doubt not she finds it easy.

In her last box of pretty things, was a hundred dollars for the children from Mr. Audley, who, I am sorry to hear, has just sent Clare the same amount.

---

## CHAPTER XLI.

APRIL.

I AM at New Haven under the shadow of old "Yale," and have been for the past two weeks; this note from Stuart and Marion brought me.

"DEAR MAY;—Clare has been getting into trouble, and now he is very ill, at the house of one of our friends, Judge Lester, of this place. Break the news tenderly to your mother, dear May, we fear he is dying; ask her what I am to do. In haste and love."  
ALDRICH.

Of course there was but one thing to be done, although I dreaded it inexpressibly. I came at once, Stuart met me at the cars, and took me to Judge Lester's house, where Clare lay. He had been attacked while coming from college, fainted in the street, and was carried by Harry Lester, who was one of his companions to his father's house, which was near at hand.

A fierce fever set in, with determination to the brain, and when I reached him, I found him entirely deranged, and his life despaired of, but now after two weeks of struggling with disease, we trust he is recovering.

A sad tissue of events led to this illness, which such as they are, it is my duty to relate. With his gay comrades, he had been off, against the earnest wish of Stuart, and his own better judgment, five or six nights in succession upon sleighing parties.

The last night, wild with frolic they came home, went to a gambling house, and for the first time he played and betted, winning several hundred dollars. As he came out, he saw in a mirror the reflection of the face of the man with whom he had just been playing, its wild ghastly look of hopeless despair, struck a pang of remorse into his heart, and he turned to hand back the money he had just won from him, but swiftly and silently the young man had passed from the room.

The next day when he arose ashamed and disgusted with himself, a throbbing pain in his head, and a worse one at his heart, he saw ever before him, the pale, beseeching, anguish stricken face of his opponent.

Ashamed to confess his last night's employment to Stuart, he bore moodily, all that long day, the secret of his successful sin; with the evening came his companions who when he refused to go with them, taunted him with cowardice and meanness, in winning their money, and then denying them a chance of winning it back. At last stung by their insinuations, he agreed to go, excusing the act to his own conscience by saying, he was going to seek out the young man, whose face of misery had haunted him all day, and see if he could not befriend him.

Again he played, but this time was not allowed to win, and lost not only his last night's winnings, but the money which he had just received from his uncle. Fired with the wine with

which he had been plying, reckless what became of him, with a dozen of his fellows, he sallied forth into the town, rife for any mischief which might present itself.

Rushing through the streets they committed the wildest extravagances, carrying signs from one end of the town to the other, setting up barber's poles before lawyer's offices, and a hundred like reckless things.

At length growing more daring, with a syringe filled with some kind of black tar, or varnish, they threw a stream of black liquid over the front of the beautiful marble mansion of the 'President.'

Then frightened at the dastardly action, as the moon-beams showed the elegant white front defaced, by a dozen trickling streams, they slunk to their homes in dismay.

What the feelings of my pure-minded boy were, when he awoke late the next day from a feverish sleep, I cannot describe: Stuart and Howard, were both away, spending some days a few miles out in the country, and his burden of guilt was to be borne alone.

Of course when he sallied out he found that the atrocities of the night, were the 'town talk,' especially the daring insult against the beloved President, and crowds surrounded his ruined home, expressing the loudest disapprobation.

A meeting of the students was called to devise means to discover the perpetrators of the deed, but in vain, they eluded all detection.

The next day the town was again startled by the intelligence that a promising young student had attempted his own life. To Clare's utter horror, he ascertained the student to be the man from whom he had won his money, at the gambling table.

Overcome with this discovery, he sought the youth who lay wounded, and almost friendless in the suburbs of the city, and learned from his own lips the sad history of his life.

The son of a widowed mother, who denied herself almost the necessaries of life, that he might gain a college education, he had repaid her kindness by becoming entangled with a set of gamblers, and played, hoping always to win enough to pay his own way and relieve his mother, and then to stop, never to touch a card again; such was his determination, alas! for the fallacy of such a resolution.

Sometimes successful, sometimes — oftenest indeed—a

loser, he had gone on for months, until that night when Clarence met him, he had staked his all upon a single throw, knowing him to be an inexperienced player, and lost.

No wonder he had that look upon his face; no wonder that afterwards when he remembered he had lost his mother's little patrimony, that he had wronged her trusting, loving heart, he grew desperate; but strange, beyond all count, that with such an array of sins upon his soul, he, who feared the face of man, and too great a coward to bear the burden of his own guilty life, should endeavor to rush headlong into the presence of that awful "Judge" who hateth sin, and cannot look upon it save in wrath.

Penniless and alone, he lay when Clare found him, at a little wayside tavern, where he had been borne. Horror-stricken by his story, and taking to himself the blame of making him desperate, Clare, wild with the fear that he would die, and thus his blood would rest upon his own soul, determined to relieve him; but he was penniless himself, and a thing he loathed, a ruined gambler.

But something must be done; taking his watch, his flute, guitar, and a few books, all of them precious gifts of his uncle, his mother, or myself, he pawned them for a sufficient sum to pay the debts of the wounded man, and supply his necessities.

Then haggard and heart-sick, he wended his way home, to pass another night of remorse alone.

The next morning, Stuart came from his trip, expecting to find him in bed; but he was up and gone; hurrying to the college, he expected to find him in his usual place; but when the exercises opened, he was still absent, to Stuart's great disappointment.

But just as the business of the day was about to commence, Clare came in, and with a firm, quick step, and a face deadly pale, walked to the stand where the professors sat, bowing low to the President, asked:

"Will you allow me to speak, sir, to make a statement before the whole school, ere they go to their different rooms?"

"This is hardly a proper time, Mr. Beaumont. Would not a private conversation with your teachers do? this is entirely unusual."

"No, sir, I have a confession to make of a public misdemeanor, and desire to be punished in a public manner."

"Proceed, Mr. Beaumont, proceed."

"Then, sir," he said in a clear loud tone, "I have come here to confess that upon my head must rest the guilt of the dastardly action by which your mansion was blemished upon last Thursday evening, and I desire to be punished, not in accordance with the magnitude of my offence, that were impossible, but in accordance with your strictest justice," and he stood with folded arms and bowed head, a silence like death following his words, every cheek was blanched with terror at the revelation. Then, suddenly, a cry went through the "hall" as Stuart sprang forward:

"Clare, Clare, my brother! God help you!"

For a single instant, the boy's courage faltered, and he stretched his hands out piteously towards Stuart, and then turning away, bowed his head and stood trembling in the presence of his judges.

"Mr. Beaumont," began the President, "your unusual proceedings, and the astonishing import of your words, have taken me wholly by surprise." With the first sound of his voice, Clarence stood up uncovering his face, and Stuart came and stood beside him, clasping his hand firmly in his own.

"Will you answer a few questions we may put to you?" resumed the President, after a brief conversation with his associates.

"If I can, sir, I will, as many as you desire."

"Were you alone when this act was perpetrated?"

"No, sir, I was not."

"Who were your companions?"

"I cannot tell you, sir."

"Not if it saves you from expulsion Mr. Beaumont?" said he sternly.

Clare shuddered at the question, but replied firmly:

"Not if it were to save my head, sir."

"Did you devise the scheme? or only assist at its execution?"

"I gave it the countenance of my presence."

"Did you devise the scheme, I ask?"

"That cannot effect the matter of my responsibility, I was one of the parties."

"Did you devise the scheme?" repeated the President in a raised tone.

"No sir, I did not."

"So I thought," was the reply, "where had you been during the evening?"

"At a low gambling house, when after debasing myself by drinking liquid fire, I lost every cent I possessed, besides dishonoring my good name."

"Are you in the habit of frequenting such places?" asked one of the professors.

"By the Lord he is not," said a voice from the centre of the hall, and with a pale proud face Carlton Carroll, a student from Virginia, came to the stand.

"That and one night before were the only times he had ever entered those halls of iniquity. The first night, full of frolic and about half intoxicated, we came in from a sleighing party, and careless what we did, entered one of those fearful holes, who led us I do not know, but this I do know, that Beaumont induced by the jeers of his companions to play, won large sums of money. The next night, stung by the sneers hurled at him, he consented to go again, and allow those who had lost to him to win back their money.

"Again he played, lost everything, drank deeply as we all did; then wild and reckless we sallied forth ready for anything, and the result you know. I was one of the offenders, and as such deserve an equal share of the punishment. But of this I will take my oath, that not only did Beaumont not instigate the plan, but he did not touch the syringe by means of which the varnish was thrown, and when he says he had a hand in it, he tells the first falsehood I ever knew him to be guilty of."

"To the truth of Mr. Carroll's statement I will bear witness," said Harry Lester, coming forward and standing beside the others; "and not only that, but will swear that when the varnish was thrown, Beaumont was half a square off from it, carrying a sign from the grocery store in B—street to Judge Lester's house, with Carroll's assistance."

A smile ran through the assembly for an instant, settling even upon the face of the venerable President, for the pranks of that night had caused much merriment throughout the town, when lawyers awoke in the morning to find themselves barbers, and physicians undertakers, or something else.

But in an instant, resuming his gravity, the President asked:

"Were you among them, Mr. Aldrich?"

"Sir! I one of the ——" Then, remembering who was, he added in a low, grave tone, "No, Sir. I was not."

"Then please resume your seat."

"If you will be kind enough to allow me—" began Stuart.

"I will allow you to obey me, sir, without any reservations," was the stern reply. Then, as Stuart, with a bow, left the stand, he said, in a kinder tone:

"Excuse my apparent severity, Mr. Aldrich; but I cannot permit one who has conducted himself so entirely to the satisfaction of myself and my associates, in whom we have yet to see anything but that which merits and has our highest consideration, standing, as if an accomplice, with those who have, according to their own confession, erred so deeply." Then, turning to the others, he asked:

"Why did you choose me as the recipient of your evil favors, young men?"

"Because we were fools, sir," said Carrol, impetuously

"A poor excuse, young man."

"It is not meant for one," replied Carroll, haughtily. Then he added: "President A——, you do not believe we would have intentionally insulted you?"

"You did it, sir: whether intentionally or not, I cannot say."

"Nay, sir! You are cruel," broke in Harry Lester, his cheeks and eyes all a glow, "and unjust not only to us, but to yourself; for never man was better loved or more deserving of it than you. Surely it is not likely, bad as we are, we would have chosen the best loved of our preceptors upon whom to practise a cowardly trick. Had we chanced in front of my father's house, Judge Lester, instead of President A——, would have been the sufferer."

"And, sir, if you had seen the misery we endured as we gazed upon the work of despoilation, and thought of the kind, noble heart within those blackened walls, which would be pained by the deed, you would not think the insult was aimed at you," said Beaumont, earnestly.

"We will let that pass, my boys. I believe you did not mean to wound me, or throw contempt upon me," said the venerable man, his voice trembling, as he winked back a

suspicious looking drop, and beckoning to one of his associates to ask some further questions.

"Were you, then, the only ones? Did you accomplish all the mad pranks of that night alone?"

"No, sir. There were a number of us."

"How many?"

"More than a dozen. As many as twenty, I should judge."

"Who were they, Carlton Carrol?"

"I cannot answer you, sir."

"Who were they, Henry Lester?"

"I must also refuse to reply, sir."

"Will not the dread of expulsion influence you?"

"Nothing will make me a traitor, sir!" said Carrol, proudly.

"Expulsion would be bad enough, but one's self-contempt would be a far worse thing to endure," said Lester, with a shrug.

"What is your answer, Mr. Beaumont, after consideration?"

"The same, now and ever, as before."

"With your false notions of honor, of course you will hold to this, I foresee; but, according to one of the statements made a short time since, neither Carrol or Beaumont were immediately concerned in the deed. Therefore, Mr. Carrol, — will you tell us what Mr. Lester was doing to the best of your belief, when the President's house was abused?"

Standing upon the topmost round of a ladder, waiting for the grocer's sign we were bringing him, and then helping us to fasten it across the house, sir," replied Carrol, with a merry twinkle in his eye at the remembrance.

"Then, according to your own statements, none of you are guilty of the deed of which you have accused yourselves."

"But we are none the less guilty, sir, for we could have prevented it, had we not been careless, and I am sorry to say it, sir, drunk; for I believe it is no idle boast to say, we three are the leaders of the set of fellows with whom we choose to associate, and that they would not presume to perpetrate any act which met the united disapprobation of

Beaumont, Lester, and myself," said Carrol, in his proud Southern way.

"Then your responsibility is very heavy, Mr. Carroll, not only in this instance but in others."

"We have never abused it until now, sir."

"One thing more, sir," said a professor, rising and addressing the President. "As this remarkable scene has been brought before us in a new and unprecedented public manner, I would like to make some remarks upon it. I chanced to be called this morning just previous to coming here, to the bedside of the young man, whose daring attempt upon his own life, has made him at present somewhat notorious. He was in my class, and from him I learned many of the things which have been discussed here this morning; but I also learned the reason of young Beaumont's second visit to the gambling table, which was in the hope of meeting this young man whose money he had won, and whose look of despair had attracted his attention; but in this he was disappointed, for Grey, the unfortunate gambler, had in despair already perpetrated the dreadful act which nearly sent him unpardoned into the presence of his Maker.

"So the next day, in addition to the night's evil deeds, the loss of his whole income, and the insult to his kind instructor, Beaumont learned that this money which he had won, had been the means (or rather the loss of it) of tempting Grey to take his unhappy life.

"In contrition, he sought the wounded man out, and since then, by the sale of his own personal property, he has provided him with every needful thing. I think this, and the noble manner in which Beaumont has come out and confessed before his teachers and companions, should have due weight with his judges."

Lester and Carrol grasped Clare's hand, and wrung it silently.

"Young gentlemen, you will be kind enough to withdraw to your own homes," said the President, "this matter shall be further considered at a more proper time and place."

It was then, as they went home, that Clarence, crushed and bowed down by all he had endured, fell in the street and was carried to the hospitable mansion of Judge Lester.

When Stuart, whom they summoned hastily from his class came, he was in a high fever, which continued unabating until I arrived.

Mrs. Lester received me in the kindest manner, and my sojourn here has been all that the greatest thoughtfulness could make it.

When I went in, the Doctor was holding his wrist, the pulse of which beat furiously; as I approached the bed, I heard his voice, telling over some of the by-gones, sometimes in his own native tongue, and sometimes in ours.

"The dim old cathedral is so cool, let us go there mamma, and I will play the 'Te Deum' upon the grand old organ for you,—and I will get Lela to sing the Gloria for you. Do you know her, mamma, Lela whom we call the 'queen' at home, but whom I always liken to St. Cecilia in my thoughts. Oh, she has such a voice, such tones, it makes you quiver when you listen to her, let me see she has gone—gone, oh, I forget where she has gone, I think it was on a sleighing party to the college grounds. Oh, where are Aunt Bertha and May, my head aches sadly, if they would only put their soft hands upon my eyes I could sleep."

And as if his words were a prophecy, when I knelt beside him with my hands upon his poor throbbing temples, he sank into a deep slumber.

Then I made Stuart lie down for this night while I kept watch: since then we have relieved each other, kindly assisted by our excellent host and his family, upon whom we have been so unceremoniously thrust.

Especially have young Lester and his friend Carrol been indefatigable in their endeavours to aid and relieve us, taking turns in the night-watches, and already I have learned to prize these noble-hearted friends of my boys.

For many a day, this life so precious, hung suspended 'twixt time and eternity; but now the crisis is over, and God has granted him to our prayers.

Last night we all watched in breathless dread around his bed. Carrol and Lester stood at the foot, with pale anxious faces, Stuart and Mrs. Lester at one side, while upon the other worn out with weeping and watching I lay beside him.

How well I recall every incident of the night, so painfully drawn out, some one came to the door and looked in, Lester held up his hands imploringly, and the doctor who sat with his watch in his hand, got up quickly and closed it.

About two o'clock he lay so still and death-like, our hope was almost gone,—just when our hearts were most faithless—the pale lips moved—for an instant the eye-lids quivered—he looked into my face and murmured:

"Aunt Bertha—" but I laid my finger upon his lips gently, saying:

"Not now my darling boy, you are not well enough to talk just now, wait a little my Clare," and I pressed a kiss upon his brow. He smiled a sweet satisfied smile and began to speak again.

"No, Clare, no," I said "you must be a good boy."

The doctor gave him a cordial, and in a moment he sank into a calm sleep, which lasted peaceful as an infant's until morning.

Completely worn out, I had lain down at his side and sunk into a slumber when I heard him ask:

"Stuart where is Aunt Bertha?"

"Here my dear, are you better?" I answered.

"In body yes but—but is not something wrong—I cannot think—"

"No dear, nothing is wrong, only you are sick."

"What made me sick?" he asked after a pause.

"A great many things, but you must get well, then all will be right."

"It was about—" he continued in a dreamy way, "about some bad things I did—what was it Arty? you were there."

"The *very* bad thing you did was to get sick, my brother, but you are better now, thank God," said Stuart fervently.

But at this moment Clare's eyes caught Harry who stood at the foot of the bed. Like a flash his connection with his troubles seemed to come over him and he said eagerly:

"Oh, yes! Hal. and Carrol were in it too. What was it? I cannot make it out,—only—it was something very wrong."

"Nay, my boy must not distress himself about by-gones, but be content to look and think only of me."

"Dear auntie, do you love me?"

"Indeed I do, dearly, my precious boy!"

"Even if I am bad, very bad, sometimes?" he asked, wistfully.

"Then more than ever, Clare." And with a contented

smile he closed his eyes, and soon lay in another of those deep sleeps which were doing him such a world of good.

When he awoke, he was strong enough to be assisted to remember what had passed. At first, we feared it had done him harm, but when the agony of remorse was over, we were sure it was for the best.

Since then, with none present save the two who were equally concerned with himself, he has had an interview with the venerable President; and I think they will all be better and wiser men for the words then spoken.

All is forgiven; but, for the example's sake, it is thought best none of the three should return to college this term.

By that bed of sickness, while their hearts were still writhing under the sufferings they had endured, and which had cost one of them well-nigh his life, I obtained from them a promise, made upon bended knees, that never again would they play at any game of hazard, or touch a card, even in sport; and I feel in my heart they will keep that promise, made while the shadow of death fell so nearly upon their hearts, and from this trial they will go forth into life wiser and nobler men.

As soon as Clare is able we will go home, where so many anxious hearts pine for us, and we for them.

Howard and Stuart, however, are rejoicing in my presence, for they must be left behind when we go, as we cannot afford that they, too, shall lose the rest of this term's instruction.

MAY 30.

We have been home a month, and pleasant it is to be here. It was many weeks before we felt it safe to move our invalid. But at last, one April day, we started, accompanied by young Lester and Carrol, who had agreed to allow me to pay a tithe of the obligation I was under to Judge and Mrs. Lester for their hospitality, by entertaining them at our home during their suspension. I can never hope to repay the kindness of these dear friends, in whose house I lived, most tenderly cared for, those long, long weeks. All that mortal hands could do to alleviate the anxiety and sorrow of that time they did. And from my heart I thank

them for their untiring goodness to me and mine. Poor Stuart, and my precious Howard, we were obliged to leave behind; for, as Arty said, with a wry face, as we parted:

"Poor folks cannot throw time and money both over their shoulder, and go pleasuring."

So they are to wait until the holidays for their home coming, and then for their pleasure.

We have tried to make the time pass pleasantly for our guests, and I think thus far successfully; for where so many young people are congregated there is scarcely room for *ennui*. Through the day Ernest or Harley take charge of them, or they sally out alone, for Clare is hardly strong enough yet to play the cicerone.

In the evening, they have lively times enough. From my room I hear shouts of laughter, and noise of merry romps. Sometimes, when Birdie and Louise get obstreperous, and I hear Estelle vainly expostulating, I go and bring these two wild witches in here, and scold them a little, until, with their warm lips pressed to mine, they promise if I will let them go back, they will be "just the best and nicest behaved of the whole party."

Sometimes, indeed about twice every week, they go, accompanied by either Estelle or Mrs. Wilbur to some concert or lecture, and come home so full of enjoyment that Ada declares:

"Even Dora's eyes dance for sheer happiness."

And indeed I think not only Dora but all the others are benefited by the interchange of pleasant companionship. At first, we thought Dora's dark eyes had bewitched young Carrol, for his sole thought seems to be, how he could contrive some plan to walk or talk with her; but Estelle, who is an adept at such matters, says:

"Her quiet indifference has quite quenched his flame, and after having flitted for a few brief hours round our 'Mayflower,' he has at last settled his *dévouers* upon Ada, who quite aware of his late gallantries and his present *penchante*, worries him to her heart's content, saucy flirt that she is. Sometimes so coy and apparently all love, then, if he throws the slightest fervor into his looks or tones, she is off like a flash, either as cold as marble, or else flying away from him with her gay mocking laugh. It is well for him that his present passion is (I suppose like all the rest) a myth."

Cora and Louise are young things, and although Harry Lester throws askant looks at them, they are too childish for any feelings but as playfellow's, and many a romp they have. Mary and Dora are at present by turns Harry's chosen friends, at least to all appearances. It has come to be an understanding some way or other, that wherever we spend the summer, they shall go with us, and many are the schemes already made, for future sports. We have had another package of letters from Nora, she is well, and 'as happy as I can be with an ocean between home and me,' she writes.

CLIFF HOUSE, JULY 10.

School is over, and after waiting a little while for our two boys, we all came down to this pleasant place again.

We miss Lela and Jennie sadly, but are none the less gay for that. Mr. Carrol and Lester have followed us, according to agreement; so, with our home beaux and some supplies from the hotels at the Rock, my houseful of belles have an ample supply of gallants. Mr. Marston is here, and passes almost every evening with us. The more I see of him the more disposed I am to like him.

Some of the young folks have taken to teasing him, on account of a secret they have with their prying eyes discovered: nothing more nor less than that he is in love with a very interesting-looking lady, who is staying somewhere in this vicinity, and with whom they have surprised him several times walking or driving. He always looks so flushed and disconcerted when this bantering is in progress, that, as Mary Lea declares, "I think there must be something in it;" but why hide it, I wonder?

The Livingstones have gone to Europe. Mrs. Lawrence and the Dutille's have taken a pretty villa, between our humble cottage and the hotels; therefore the girls are as much together as if still under the same roof. Ada is a very coquette, sure enough, and they tell me has a half dozen swains pining for love of her. Louise thinks she, Dora, Mary Lea, and Marion, are a regular set of old maids, and vows that for herself, if she be not married before she gets to their advanced age (Dora is the oldest,

and she is but eighteen and a few months) she shall enter a convent, or do some other terrible thing; and then she peeps through her curls and looks so *piquante* and *petite*, that though she is so wilful, one cannot find it in their heart to scold her very much. She is even wilder and prettier than Cora, although she boasts "two whole years of greater experience in the world."

---

CHAPTER XLII.

"Even night hath its songs.—Have you never stood by the seaside at night and heard the pebbles sing, and the waves chant God's glories."  
SPURGEON.

AUGUST 1.

Four years are a long time to look forward to; but a short time to talk over after they are buried in the grave of the past.

Yet four years with their griefs and gladness—their clouds and sunshine—have gone by since that dark dreary night, when the angel of sorrow came to dwell in our hitherto unclouded home.

Four whole years since the "Shadow" from the land of sorrow, swept its mantel athwart our hearth stone, and put out the light which had burned so brightly, so kindly in our midst for years, and yet the world moved on as ever!

How many things have come and gone since then, how many another heart has watched some flower that it loved, pale 'neath the sun's bright rays, and fade into the night of the eternal: shuddered to know the life that made its happiness, was being borne by a flood tide into the great ocean of the "To Be."

And yet we live on calmly, although at first we said it could not be, we learn from frequent lookings into the face of our grief, to gaze with even a sad smile at the last, upon what once made us pray for death.

And a kind of happiness comes to the stricken heart, as

year after year rolls by; perhaps once we would not so have called it, but now—it is not the full rich gladness we knew before the clouds came, it has no joyous bursts of laughter welling ever to the lips, nor the glad light hovering in the eye-beam—nay, eyes once thus gladly bright, have had their light washed out by bitter weepings, the heart once brimming o'er with mirth-notes, has for years cherished one memory, so great, so sad, there is no room for other things within the heart's recesses. Still this something, half-pain, half-pleasure, is happiness after its kind, the widowed lonely heart's happiness. And God is good to me.

This, *my* day, the one day of all the year I claim from those about me, as my very own, is over, passed quietly as usual alone, all day I have wandered on the cliffs, far away from mortal eye, or mortal sounds. I have lain me down in the sight of the great sea, with its voice telling me strange tales, and prayed for patience—for patience to wait—to wait! until—until God's time had come.

But when late in the night the harvest moon rode high and bright in the heavens, and the waves sparkled in the silvery sheen she threw, I came home putting away my grief—ready for work—for work once more.

SEPTEMBER 1.

Oh I must be strangely evil that my Father chasteneth me so oft and so grievously, and yet I try—oh I try so hard to be good and true.

My Father! my Father! what does it mean! why have you stricken me once again, was I learning to love her too well, is my very love a curse to those round whom it clings!

We were so contented, so happy, our sky seemed so radiant with Thy tender love, save that the clouds of memory hovered in the distance, making that part a shadowy sadness there did not

"———One speck of gloom appear  
In our great Heaven of blue."

And now all is overcast, gloom has clustered round us