

pectations of the future to discuss, and through it all a note of sadness and longing which the very stars seemed to understand, for they were winking as if there was a sorrow in their hearts, which they would keep back from the world. Even a belated songster, mistaking the night for day, broke forth in a burst of melody, a sad little song which seemed to say:—

“Every heart has its dead; every lip has its sigh;
Every joy has its sting, by and by, by and by;
Every joy has its sting, by and by.
And the grave is deep; and the sigh is long;
And the joy is peace gone wrong, gone wrong;
And the joy is peace gone wrong.”

As if frightened at the sound of his solitary voice echoing through the boundless vague about him, the melody trembled on the air for a moment, broke in a sob, and was silent. And then as the last notes of the dance died away, and the hush of midnight fell upon the brooding earth, the moon shot his first glance over the distant hill-top, and saw the Senior draw his fair companion close to him for a moment, and press a kiss upon her upturned face.

A passing cloud hid the landscape for a little time, and when the moon looked again, they were gone. But looking through the open window, he saw them amid the mazes of another dance, each with another partner. They were dancing, yet without enjoyment; talking and laughing, yet without pleasure; while even the moon could see a sad, sweet smile on the face of each whenever their eyes chanced to meet. A sad sweet smile that lingered on the lips, and a far away look of the eyes.

C., '00.