

GOLDEN THRONE.

[A ROMANCE BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.]

of mental and spiritual life he had not been found wanting. This was, however, scarcely a conscious feeling in his breast; for he was not one of those who ever claimed any credit for doing his duty. He would say, I did it because the doing would give me the greatest pleasure.

He finally wandered to his old homestead. It was in the midst of a beautiful solitude, for the Golden Throne had not yet advanced in this direction. The rough-hewn cabin was embowered with roses; and beautiful vines flowed over it, even to the roof, profuse with blossom. The air was filled with perfume, and the garden left to itself seemed to have received the daintiest touch of nature's hand; for there was scarcely a weed in it, and the brilliant flowers mingled harmoniously together, as if in remembrance of the delicate spirit that once ministered unto them. A flood of associations, of thrilling memories, rushed over Will's mind as he slowly walked amid these richly freighted scenes. He felt himself in a temple consecrated to the divine past. He thought of Madeline, of her beautiful and wonderful spirit, that still seemed living in the bosom of his deserted home. What a star she was in his life, and with what a soft and sweet effulgence she shone over his path to-day!

He went to the door of his cabin. It was open as if to give him welcome. It probably had been open ever since he left it, for Will, when he bade good-by, said, "This cabin belongs to the world, not to me,—to any tired man who wants it; and, therefore, if I lock the door, I shall be guilty of robbery." So many a traveler, no doubt, had found repose beneath its hospitable roof. He entered. What an indefinable yet glorious presence was in it! Almost one might think from its familiar gloom Madeline might reappear to welcome him. A golden flood of sunshine poured in the little window, the rich radiance of departing day. It was a fairy spot indeed, transfigured as every object was in the mellow splendor that joined the day with night like a ring of many-colored jewels.

There was a visitor in the little cabin, a chance curiosity seeker probably, an elegantly attired woman, graceful and in perfect harmony with the scene. She was evidently in an absorbed and dreamy state; for she was standing motionless by the window, looking forth over the vast and dazzling prospect.

Will would have withdrawn, and left her to her quiet meditation. She turned, however, too quickly,

and looked full upon his face.

"Lorena!" he cried, while the blood rushed fiercely to his heart and he almost fell. "Why is this?"

She was entirely overcome, and sitting down by the table covered her face with her hands.

"I did not expect to see you again," she said. "The buried past has all come up before me. It is like the stab of a knife."

"Fate has brought us together again. I have tried to escape you."

"Thank you for that. It was not best that we should be together. I should have died."

"We have done our duty. We have met unexpectedly. Oh, how sweet it is! Alas that we must part again!"

"Alas!" she said slowly.

They looked at each other for a moment, silently.

"When did you come here?" he said at length.

"Only a few days ago. I came to rest. I do need it so much."

"I think you do. Is Mr. Raymond with you?"

"He is not," she said, while a sudden paleness overspread her face.

"How long shall you remain?"

"I do not know."

"This is my old home."

"Is that so?" she answered, with animation. "Tell me about it."

"My sister Madeline and I lived here. This was her room. She made the garden, and planted the flowers and vines. She died here. Yonder is her grave."

"Let us go and look at it," she said. There was gentleness and warmth in her tones. Apparently, she did not wish to separate from him just yet.

So they wandered to the grave of Madeline.

"I was happy here," he said.

"You must have been," she answered.

"It is so quiet. Nothing could have disturbed you."

"Nothing save death. That came at last. Here she lies. See how the flowers grow over her. This beautiful rose, it is an emblem of her soul, pure and rich."

"Will you give it to me? I will remember her with you."

"I thank you for that. You can remember us together, both dead and both living."

"I will give you this for remembrance," she said, plucking another rose.

"I will keep it," he said, "and remember you as I remember Madeline."

"Are you to remain at Golden Throne?" she asked.

"I shall go away to-morrow morning," he replied.

"And travel?"

"Yes, travel, that seems my destiny now, over the world, seeking what is new."

"It must be tiresome. Travel

for a while is exhilarating; but, continued, it becomes a task."

"It is a task."

"I shall not see you again," she said.

"No, I must live upon the memory of this hour. It has been very sweet."

The day was now almost gone, and the stars began to appear one by one. The magic of the night was upon them, and their pulses beat with delicious fervor.

"Shall I walk back with you?" said Will.

She answered yes. And through the winding pathways, amid the rocks and trees, and over the glistening waters, they passed to the bustling city.

Its lights were gleaming in the distance. More slowly the two lovers walked, as if dreading the hour of separation.

"When do you expect Mr. Raymond?" said Will.

"I do not expect him."

"Is he in the city?"

"He is not."

"How many days do you expect to remain?"

"I cannot tell."

"This is a longer separation than usual from your husband?"

"It is," she said nervously.

"Is he unwell?"

"He has been unwell; he never quite recovered from the shock of the fire."

"He is better now?"

"I did not say that."

"You leave him to the care of strangers?"

"I could not do so."

"I know you could not. Yet I wonder—tell me, Lora, is he living?"

"He is not," she whispered. He died one year ago, and sleeps beside the sea. I never left him for a moment."

Her eyes glistened with tears. The moon clothed her with silver radiance, and like a pure vision she stood before her silent and awe-struck lover, over whom swept a flood of agony and joy.

They could not speak. Death overshadowed them with solemn and sublime tenderness. They hardly dared to pluck the jewel which its black waves had borne to their feet, although it was to them the crown of eternity.

He took her hand, and knelt at her feet.

"What shall I say?" he said.

"Now I am free. Now I can worship. The whole ocean of my being leaps with all its music to your beloved shore. Fate, once iron, is now like gold. It glistens, and melts to fervid joy."

In the heart of night bloomed the rose of love, and the dews of morning touched it with deathless radiance. Like two children in some awful and splendid-crowned temple, they joined hand to hand, and knelt before the shrine of that mystic power whose noblest effluence and sublimest interpretation is the affection which binds man and woman into a twofold yet common destiny.

(THE END.)

LITTLE TORCHES.

By W. E. Johnson

Q. How long after God's promise to Abram were the Hebrews freed from bondage in Egypt? A. About four hundred years.—[Ascension Catechism, p. 16.]

The Lord was a mighty long time fulfilling his promise. He would make a good politician.

Every breath we draw four souls perish, never having heard of Christ.—[Western Methodist.]

And, according to your theology, each of these souls is condemned to eternal flame and your god refuses to permit them to die and be out of their misery, in order that they may be adequately punished for "dying without having heard of Christ". What a merciful god he must be!

God sends the snowflake and the sunbeam, and stretches the rainbow of hope across the stage of mourning and despair.—[Christian Soldier.]

According to the Bible, God also sends the "mourning and despair". Probably he does this on the theory of the man who thrashed his wife in order that he might have the fun of comforting her.

Is family worship decaying? From many quarters the testimony comes that it is. Let there be a return, and that right speedily, to the catechism and the family altar.—[The United Presbyterian.]

The true christian is like a dog; always trying to get back to his vomit. He is always yearning for the return of cast-off dogmas which have been laughed out of the church years ago. Family worship is merely one of these worn out, discarded incantations which will never again be revived, unless christians get in power and make it a capital offense to not observe it.

The Bible declares that men reap what they sow.—[The Religious Telescope.]

That is true, and when you sow bibles, you reap the teachings of the bible—cruelty, lying, drunkenness, fornication, murder, war, inquisitions, slavery, persecution, violence and indecency of all kinds and shapes.

Ghosts.

There are only two kinds of ghosts—simple and holy. The first of these are supposed to be the spirits of dead mortals. The second is thought to be the spirit of a live god. A plain ghost is simple, because it is the ghost of some one who has been; a holy ghost is compound, because it is the ghost of a ghost—both creatures of the imagination—a god. A plain ghost may be seen, but not felt; the holy ghost may be felt, but not seen.

Plain ghosts loaf around graveyards and attend seances; the holy ghost attends campmeetings and other places of religious revival.

Plain ghosts are seen only at night, the darker the night the better; the holy ghost may be felt at any time by some people.—[E. L. Morrill, in Independent Pulpit.]