

THE TRAVELER AT SUNSET.

The shadows grow and deepen round me; I feel the dew-fall in the air. The music of the darkening thickets I hear the night-thrush call to prey.

MRS. MARTHA'S BAG.

No one had ever seen Miss Martha without her bag. It was a notable bag—a sentimental bag—with a heart embroidered upon it, a wreath of forget-me-nots, and on one side a branch of laurel. It was always fastened and strapped with stout clasps.

subject was broached was amusing, if it did not succeed in keeping inquiry at arm's length, she would break into a fit of pathetic and child like anger. "It was impertinent to notice her bag. It concerned no one. Leave it alone."

lips, and recoiled as if she had received a physical hurt. THE BAG'S SECRET. The fete of the Mere Superieure was a gala day at the convent, yearly celebrated with social and religious eclat.

rattled. Now listen: Malbrook is gone on a visit—first parting—a great despair—egotism of—Miss Martha has bidden him not to be too happy without her.

gesture of her head. The Mere resumed gently: "You have nothing to reproach yourself with, Miss Martha. I have nothing but praise to give you. And yet, I hope you will understand me, after this unfortunate affair my duty to those young girls confined to my care—only for a time—to ask you to suspend your attendance at the class."

"Yes, repeated Aline, hesitating, resolved to speak. "You see, I had to listen when Reine read these letters. As when you left, and everyone was going to me. I tried to shut my ears to the spirit, one of temptation. I went to the chapel and prayed and prayed; still he was there talking to me, the voice of the young man killed. It was as if I had laid my hand upon his heart and felt his throbs, and he had come to be my friend. He was always by me, in the convent, in the church, in the garden. I thought I heard his steps keeping pace with mine as I went up and down the convent stairs. I almost thought I saw him, his brave young face looking for me—as he pleaded for—for it seemed to me—a comrade. Ah! we used to argue together, to fall out, to be reconciled. He would say: 'How do you know that it is not that one who told you his love that you are sent? One heart comforted may be asked of you, one life made a little happier, a little nobler, for your influence over it.' Ah! Miss Martha, I have prayed and prayed, to know if it was my own poor heart that spoke to me, if it was an evil spirit or a true one who haunted me. I don't know yet. I don't know. But I told it all to the Mere Superieure, and to my Confessor. They advised me to leave the school for awhile, to go into the world, to test my heart there. And so I said to myself, I shall go to Miss Martha, to the woman the dear friend loved. I shall ask her to come with me, to come into the country. We shall all three go together—all three."