

left upon his face. Occasionally we may approximate the truth in regard to a man's past life; as we learn to recognize the debauchee by the bland indifference of his manner and the traces of dissipation on his worn face.

Again, I think we have all known, somewhere, a woman with a gentle, cheertful countenance, that seems to bespeak the placid content of her life, who is only waiting to find rest from as much sorrow as could possibly be crowded within the brief space of her years.

How little do we know of men and women by their faces and bearing. A man may have an injenuous countenance, and talk to you with open honest eyes; having nothing in his manner that would not indicate the greatest earnestness. But with a wisdom gained by experience, you save yourself in the knowledge that he is wearing a mask, behind which he leers at you, as he entertains designs upon your purse, or thinks of gaining your influence for his own aggrandizement.

Men are instinctively regarded as evil geniuses. Some come to us in the guise of friends, and we learn that the only way to cope with them is to retaliate. Thereupon we adjust our false faces, and greet them, reciprocating their smiles and blandishments in a manner becoming the characters that we are. Better and cynical, it has made some of us that we do not after a time discriminate between friends and foes. Many are the heart-aches we cause by choosing to misunderstand the kindly motives of others. True friends may be beside us in the procession, and should they see us jostled by the crowd and trampled beneath its rude feet, they would fain stop and lend us their assistance. We, underestimating, repel the proffered aid. Striking the hand held out to save us, we struggle to our feet and hasten on to overtake the crowd.

Men have won their masks with marvellous skill. Never did men and women present a fairer exterior, than in the corrupt courts of Louis of France. Never

did more gallant men tender their homage to more brilliant fascinating women. Neither trusting the other, they, whose lives were of darkest intrigues and deep laid plots against each other, tried, by their flattering tongues and brilliant courtly manners, to hide the treachery of their hearts. Beautiful, smiling Judases! what master would *they* not have kissed and betrayed?

We naturally associate the good with the beautiful and are attracted by comely faces. The men and women most famous for heartless cruelty, have also been famous for their handsome faces. Writers of fiction have not been unmindful of this fact and Faust is represented as being a handsome man; while German fishermen sing songs of the Sirens who drag men's souls down to perdition by the power of their fatal beauty.

We do not know what lurks beneath the smiles and roses of a woman's face, and in the music of her voice. She has, by right of heritage, joined the masquerade, and with a piteous prayer for strength, she strives to play her part. She glosses her pale face with laughter and lifts her voice tempered by feigned happiness. The red mouth closes down the breath that is hard and fierce; the mad pulse beats back the baffled life with a low sob. We may look into the clear saintly depths of her eyes, and never guess that they reflect but the weariness of a dead soul.

The time is not long for you, ye weary and jaded masqueraders; the week of revelry is almost over; the time is drawing near when we must leave our place in the procession to others. The music and dancing will cease for us. The lights, whose glare may have dazzled some of us here, will be turned down and in the light of eternity, each masker will turn to his companions and present his soul revealed.
