

what long, but I could have listened to him for an hour longer and then not have been weary of it, he was so eloquent, and had such grand ideas to advance."

"What was his name?" queried the old lady.

"McKee," replied Nellie, "Judge McKee of C—."

"McKee," mused the old lady running her fingers through her gray locks; "McKee, let me see, I wonder where I have heard that name before. Oh! wasn't that fellow's name McKee that got up such a desperate flirtation with you, some, well let me see, it must have been some eight or ten years ago; about the time Susan's oldest child was born I think, little Jimmy you know, the one that died when he was about eight months old. Poor child! I always thought he favored Susan most, but Susan would have it anyway that he favored his father. 'looks just like him for all the world' she used to say a dozen times a day. Poor Jimmy! Susan thought the world of him, and I suppose if he had lived to have grown up, Susan and Jacob would have spoiled him, seeing that he was the first one so, and they set so much by him. Poor little Jimmy!"

But while the garrulous old lady was recounting for the one-hundredth time the sad fortunes of "poor Jimmy," Nellie had taken off her things and seated herself by the stove. Aunt Jemima glanced up at the clock. It was half past nine. All thoughts of that "fellow McKee," and of Susan's first-born fled from her mind. Half past nine! that was half an hour later than she had been up since Jane (Mrs. Raymond) was sick. She adjusted her spectacles several times to get as good a view of the clock face as possible, and make sure that she was right, and that there could be no possible mistake in the matter, for Aunt Jemima was a very punctilious old lady, in fact almost a clock in herself, and this little infringement upon her bed hour could hardly be pardoned. After satisfying herself that it was really half past nine, she arose in

great haste, put away her book and spectacles, and went off to bed, leaving Nellie alone with her thoughts.

Man loves companionship. Few we think would willingly become Alexander Selkirks, and live only with their own thoughts, however much the story of Robinson Crusoe may have charmed the adventurous imaginations of their youth. Yet there are times, many times, in every one's life, when he desires that no greater favor shall be shown him, than that he be left alone with his own thoughts. He longs to converse with himself, to argue with himself; to inhabit his pretty air-castles; and to whisper pretty things into his own ears, that he wouldn't whisper into any-body else's, not even his sweetheart's. How often does it happen, too, that when this much-wished-for solitude is obtained we cannot think collectedly and discreetly, we can only feel and our wild distracted thoughts go with our feelings.

So it was with Nellie Raymond when she had been left alone, she could only feel, imagine herself a school-girl again, and let her thoughts go back unrestrained to that one year of her life, when she had known Howard McKee, and whose events were still as fresh in her memory as though they had happened but yesterday. Pleased, she would close her eyes and muse upon this period of her life, just as when one awaking from a pleasant dream, and being loth to leave the beautiful visions behind in dreamland, closes his eyes again and muses upon what he has dreamt.

For a long time Nellie sat in front of the cheery hearth, wholly given up to her own thoughts and feelings. Suddenly, however, she was aroused from her reverie, and became quickly conscious of present existence by hearing a loud halloo in the street directly in front of the house. Starting up, she ran to the front window and peered out from behind the shutters. It was bright moonlight without, and she could see that an omnibus had broken down, and that the driver was bending