another month of rest and thought, and a new-felt home kindness brought from the physical wreck a man.

Barely a Senior by luck of easy exams. and mother wit—in which he was nowise lacking—he set himself down to long-deferred work, saw no one, went nowhere, and tried to think of work alone. But the remembrance of his "ministering angel" was still fresh; she who, indeed, "did not care to hear from him," but who, he was determined, should hear of him, if at all, only in most creditable terms, and to the ideal, inspired by this thought, he climbed steadily up. He received his degree, and took a high position in his chosen profession.

Strange to say, he thought not so much now of the "Edith" of his sickness, for another Edith occupied his day thoughts and night visions; and that she cared for him gave him the crown for all his struggles after true manhood, which Edith Armitage had first inspired. He did not doubt that she would still care for him, even if she knew of his old wildness, but he knew that he must put it to the test; so the night before Christmas he called on her at the house of the friend she had been visiting since he knew her. After waiting none too patiently for his opportunity, he took her away from the merry Christmas crowd into "their" alcove. "Edith," he said, "I've a present for you."

"Oh Jack, how lovely. Let me see it," and she held out her hand.

"I will presently," he said, as he took the hand; "but first, I want to ask you something. You know there ought to be a Mrs. Jack Barnes. Now, this ring is to remind you that you have promised—if you will,—to be that self-sacrificing person."

For a minute she was speechless; but when she saw his face grow more and more anxious, she said at last: "Jack, dear, if your hand wasn't trembling so, I should think you were joking. But since you asked me so prettily, I—I—O Jack, kiss me, please."

By-and-by Jack said: "Edith, there are two things I want you to know. First, there used to be another Jack Barnes who had the same legal rights as this one, but who was not at all what he should have been."

"Yes, Jack, I know."

"I won't ask you now how you knew it, but does that make any difference? It really should not."

"No, Jack."

"Second, that that same reprobate had one thing in common with the present Jack,—he was in love with an Edith."

"How do you know, Jack, that it wasn't the same girl?"

"Oh, her name was Edith Armitage. She was much like you, or even the other Jack could not have loved her; but she was not you."

"Oh, but she was, Jack, for her name and mine is and was Edith Langham. Mr. Armitage was my stepfather."

"Edith! And you,—but you,—the doctor said you 'never cared to hear from me again.'"

"The doctor was angry,—he was my uncle,—or he would not have said that. Do you know why he was angry?"

"Why, Edith?"

"Well, Jack, it was because,—because I did care."

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Cercle Francais.

Edouard Rod, the novelist and contributor to the Revue des Deux Mondes, has been engaged by the Cercle Français de l’Université, Harvard, to give a course of lectures on French literature, under its directions, before Harvard University during the coming academic year. These annual series of lectures were inaugurated last year by M. René Doumic, the literary critic of the Revue des Deux Mondes. M. Paul Bourget, of the French Academy, will probably be the Cercle lecturer in the year 1900.