

"Greatly; but then we must avoid observation. Mr. Plumber has a pew in the back of the church. None of the family are in town. Shall we sit in that?"

"Yes, yes, anywhere to be secure from notice."

Bidding the driver remain at the corner of the street until the services were over, the two girls alighted and entered the church. They found themselves early. As yet but few persons were seated, and the gas was burning at half light. Quietly they made their way to Mr. Plumber's pew, where seating themselves, they drew down their veils, so as almost wholly to shut out the view of their faces. Family by family the congregation came in, until the building was pretty nearly filled. The gas was turned on to a full jet, the organ pealed forth a salutatory as the minister appeared in the pulpit, and services commenced.

During the singing, the prayer and the rather lengthy sermon that succeeded them, Evangeline and Mary remained seated like statues draped from view. They dared not turn their faces right nor left, lest they should be recognized by some friend. As the minister concluded his sermon, Evangeline quietly drew forth her watch. It wanted five minutes to nine. "We will go," she said to Mary.

As the minister, uplifting his hands, said, "Let us pray," they arose and noiselessly left the house.

"Oh, Mary, Mary, if Harry should not come?" said Evangeline, as she nervously handed her friend into the carriage.

"Stay just where you are, Henry, until I tell you to leave, church is not out yet." She remained standing on the pavement holding open the door of the carriage, her eyes fixed on the dark, grim form of the prison that rose up before her view. "Strange contrast," she said, "this close proximity of the house of God, where men assemble to worship Him according to the dictates of their own conscience, and the prison-house, where men made in His own image and born freemen are shut out from society, abused, insulted, merely because they have dared to exercise their reason and express their convictions—dared to enjoy this right that God himself has bestowed on them, and which all liberal governments guarantee to their meanest subjects. What a sad comment upon mankind, upon the passions to the behests of which he yields up conscience and judgment, and which, like the brute creation he follows as his guide!"

"Mary, Mary," she said, excitedly, thrusting her head into the carriage, "some one approaches. I can't see him distinctly, but it looks like Harry."

"Where, where, Evangeline!" replied Mary, springing out and taking position beside the trembling girl.

"Yonder. Don't you see somebody in the dim gas light coming this way? He turned from Green street. Look he is crossing. It must be Harry. Oh Mary!" and Evangeline started hastily