

it shine afar, shall ever beam unclouded on my mental vision, and with its gentle lustre, irradiate the darkened chambers of my soul! Once more, farewell! Be God thy guide, and angels bright as thyself the guardians of thy life. May thy path be over flowers—may thy cup of happiness be full, and when thy lip quaffs it, I pray only that thou wilt sometimes give one thought to thy exiled, but ever faithful and adoring

"GUISEPPE."

He sealed the letter, and despatched it by a trusty messenger, a friend of Fabiani's, into whose hands, with a charge that it be given privately to the Lady Ianthé, he promised to deliver it. Then, wearied in body, and exhausted by the intensity of his emotions, he descended the long flight of stairs leading from his apartments, and walked forth to calm his fevered spirits amid the sweet and silent influences of nature. The soft and balmy air fanned his hot brow with its dewy breath, and seemed to bathe even his scorched and aching heart with freshness, while he pursued his onward way, unheeding whither, yet instinctively pursuing the path which led to the ancient abbey, among the ruins of which he soon stood; with the broad landscape stretching in beauty around him, and the over-arching heavens, gorgeous with the radiance of a rich Italian sunset, bending in glory over his head.

"It was here, yes, on this very spot, that I first beheld her," he said, as leaning against the sundial, he looked up at the turret window, through whose clustering vines her lovely face first appeared to his view, like that of an angel from an opening cloud, and then recalled the moment when, emerging from the low portal, she stood before him a vision of youthful beauty no less touching to his soul, than dazzling in her surpassing loveliness to his senses. Every object on which his eye fell, every sound that stole with whispered melody to his ear, spoke to him of her. The perfume of the flowers, and the silvery murmur of the fountain, as its bright waters ran trickling over the granite lip of the basin upon the emerald turf, were like sweet voices breathing her name into his listening ear.

"And I shall see her no more! no more! no more!" he sadly reiterated, and it seemed to him that the mute things around him suddenly echoed his melancholy accents as he pronounced these touching words.

Softly the purple twilight stole over the dewy landscape; the bee, laden with honied spoils, sought rest within her golden citadel, the butterfly folded her wings and slept in the fragrant bosom of the half shut flower, and the nightingale from her tangled bower of roses hailed the ap-

proach of the hour she loved, with a burst of melody that at any other moment would have caused the soul of Guiseppe to thrill with rapture. But now,

"For her he had no ear; the starry vault,
The grove, the fount, but fed one 'whelming thought.
Time, fate, the earth, the glorious heaven above,
Breathed but one mighty dream—that dream was love!"

Silent, absorbed, motionless as the stone against which he leaned, he stood bending down his head upon the old pedestal, half buried as it was in clustering vines and shrubs, when the sound of a footstep falling lightly on the path which wound through the deserted garden, caused him to look up, and then to gasp for breath, as, through the thick foliage, he saw the lovely figure of Ianthé approaching the place he occupied. Her step was slow—her air sad—her cheek pale, and tears glittered on the fringes of her downcast eyes. She came near—she passed by without raising her head, and as he felt the air gently stirred by the flutter of her robe, the blood retreated to his heart, and but for his low and hurried respiration, he might have been mistaken for the "marble genius" of the place.

Eagerly his gaze followed her retreating form, as moving through the shrubs and trees, she approached the tower, and disappeared within its narrow portal. It was the impulse—the act of a moment to follow her; but rapidly as he did so, when he stood beneath the arched doorway, she had passed up the steep and winding stairs from sight. He hesitated whether to ascend after her; for, as he placed his foot on the lower stair, an invisible hand seemed to hold him back, and a voice to whisper in his ear:

"Whither goest thou? and by what right dost thou pursue her, whom thou knowest it wrong to seek, and to whom thou hast voluntarily bidden a last farewell?"

But the temptation, all powerful and unexpected as it was, could not be resisted, and springing lightly up the narrow stairs, he stood in an instant, breathless on the landing place above.

A half open door was before him, but wanting courage to pass through it, he paused irresolute, longing, yet trembling, to cross the threshold of the chamber, hallowed by the presence of her he loved. While he yet lingered and listened for some sound to greet him from within, a low sob, mingled with murmured words of prayer, met his ear, and yielding to the emotions which rushed like a flood of fire upon his heart, he hastily entered, and stood in the centre of the small apartment which crowned the summit of the tower. But he saw nought that it contained—nought save the kneeling figure which, pros-