

was no sign of Mr. Monteith, nor of any one else, about the premises.

While I waited for some one to come, I walked through the house inspecting it; and thinking of her who was so soon to occupy it. I was thus engaged when the sound of footsteps reached my ear, and, in another moment, of voices, raised in angry altercation.

I ran to the window and looked out. In the yard below I saw Mr. Monteith and another man. They were both talking loudly, and as I looked at them and observed their angry gestures, and heard their violent language, for the window was partially open, I perceived that they were both intoxicated. Yes, once more Mr. Monteith had broken his pledge.

Again the engagement was broken off. Again I said, and this time with a bitterness which written words cannot describe, that no power on earth should ever again induce me to permit Mary to see or speak to Mr. Monteith, except it was by accident, or unavoidably; that henceforth he and she were parted forever.

I said this, and three months from that day she became his wife.

Yes, in the quiet morning, when the dew lay thick upon the grass and flowers, and the light mists were rolling away from the mountain's slopes, she left me with a kiss upon my lips and a yearning tenderness in her parting look as she went from the room, which afterwards I remembered, oh, how sorrowfully, how mournfully, upbraiding myself, refusing to forgive myself, that I had not read it aright, and snatched her from herself and saved her from her fate.

When I found that Mary had left me, and was actually gone to be married, I was at first like one deprived of reason. She had been gone some hours before I was aware of the fact.

It had always been her custom to rise early, but of late she had been still earlier, and had often left her bed before the first streak of dawn.

On this particular morning I had

heard her moving about in her room before it was daylight, but I had thought nothing of it more than usual, as I knew that the restlessness of her mind drove sleep from her pillow; and in silence I breathed a prayer that God might comfort her in His own good time and way.

When she came into my room and kissed me softly in the pale, uncertain light, and told me that she was going to the village to see a woman who had promised to come to work for us, and that if she felt the walk long she would rest awhile, so that I must not expect her back for some little time, I felt no uneasiness. I knew that the woman was to come, and that she had disappointed us; and her work was waiting for her, and I was glad that Mary should go to fetch her; glad, because there was a necessity for her coming, and glad because I thought the walk and errand might divert Mary's own mind from the sorrow upon which it was constantly dwelling. I should not have felt comfortable at her going so far alone, and at so early an hour, had I not believed that Mr. Monteith was, absent from the neighborhood.

Some one had told me only the day before, that he had gone away, and would not be back for a week. This report, as I afterwards concluded, he had caused to be conveyed to me to avert suspicion, and to facilitate Mary's meeting him. They had met at the house of the woman whom she had agreed to visit, and who, as I afterwards found, was in the secret of what was to happen. He had had a carriage in waiting, and they had driven off together to the nearest Protestant church, where, in the presence of witnesses ready provided, they were married.

I had a slight headache that morning, and did not rise at my usual hour. When I came downstairs the clock was striking eight. Peter was in the kitchen. He looked up as I entered, with a curious, inquisitive look on his face.