

for mine still stay till I hear again from the Baron."

A pause ensued, which was broken by a loud peal of thunder that seemed to shake the very foundation of the castle; both started to their feet.

"Lady, lady, it may not be. My destiny is determined. May years of happiness be in store for you! farewell! by to-morrow's dawn I must go hence, and the Knight would have hurried from the room, but she caught his hand to detain him, shrieking at the same time at its icy coldness.

"Ah! leave me not thus,—yet a few more words," she cried; "will you ever return again?"

"The Knight cast on her a look of indescribable agony as he murmured: 'Never!'

"Lady Isabel, on hearing this burst into a flood of tears, which so overcame Sir Roland that kneeling at her feet and raising her hand to his lips, he added: 'Most beautiful and worthy of the tenderest love, my heart bleeds to distress you; would that a happier fate had been mine! gladly would I have returned your warm feelings, and called you my own, but other ties bind me.'

"Then you are married," said Lady Isabel, starting from him. 'Cruel—cruel, not to tell me this before.'

"Lady, I am not, no earthly tie is mine."

"Mysterious being, how am I to understand you?"

"A pallid line overspread the countenance of the Knight as he replied,

"It were better to tell you the truth perhaps at once: sit down and hear a tale that will curdle the blood in your veins," and he drew the lady back to her seat, and taking her hand in his, he would have commenced his story; but just at the moment several of the domestics rushed in, exclaiming,

"O my lady—my dear lady, have nothing to say to Sir Roland Fitz Eustace,—fire and smoke are issuing from the nostrils of his horse; no human being can approach him; he seems mad with rage,—his master must be a demon in human form,—see how he trembles at our words. Fly from him, I beseech you."

"Lady Isabel seemed paralyzed by these words, turning to the Knight for an explanation. He looked fearfully towards the dial plate, the hour of midnight in the same instant striking, while all the lights burnt blue. When again he turned round, the face of a skeleton met her view; she uttered one long, piercing cry, and fell forward on his breast; the arms of the Knight then closed upon her with iron force. The domestics shrieked and fled, and when the returning light of another day gave them courage to re-

enter the room, they found the Lady Isabel extended lifeless on the floor, but the Knight was no longer there. A letter from the Baron to his daughter arrived the same day, announcing with deep regret that Sir Roland Fitz Eustace, on his way from Palestine, had died of his severe wounds a few weeks before the arrival of the phantom Knight. From this period the castle was suffered to fall into ruins; for the Baron, inconsolable at the loss of his only child, it is said, threw himself into the thickest of the battle, and fell covered with wounds."

Katherine had listened to the wild tale with breathless attention, and when Sir Henry ceased, she looked so pale that he could not forbear laughing.

"I see, I have frightened you," he said. "Let us therefore quit this gloomy spot for one more cheerful; shall I show you Clara's bower?"

He led them from the tower as he spoke, down a path overshadowed by pine trees, at the extremity of which he had erected a bower, where the passion flower, the jasmine and the monthly rose wreathed around the trellis in the richest luxuriance. Here they entered and remained a considerable time, conversing on various subjects, till the heart of Katherine, lightened and relieved, responded to the glad feelings of her companions, and her sweet face became animated with smiles. Often had she heard of the beauty of Clara Woodford, but she scarcely expected to find the realization so surpassingly lovely; it was not so much the regularity of every feature, the grace of every movement, that so particularly struck her, as the mild, almost heavenly expression of her countenance, that told of a mind at peace with God. Sir Henry smiled on perceiving her eyes so intently fixed on his sister, and playfully asked,

"Are you trying to discover a likeness between me and Clara?"

"No! indeed I never saw any one like Miss Woodford," replied Katherine.

"Oh! do not say so, I *must* be like my dear—dear brother,—at least I wish it," replied Clara, affectionately linking her arm within his as she sat by his side.

He pressed her to him, while he looked proudly and fondly upon her.

"The eyes of Clara are veiled to all defects where she loves," he observed.

"A frequent case," returned Katherine, sighing; "and nothing can be more sad than when that veil is suddenly torn aside, and we are compelled to behold one we have loved as he really is, rather than as we thought him. But that can never be your case," she added, emphatically, to Clara."