

CHAPTER XLV.

THE END.

EVERY one in Mangan's household is on the "look-out" for the mysterious harper. Emma is determined to know, next time he comes, what he is, and what he isn't. Henry says nothing, but thinks the more.

At the present point of our story, the doctor and his lady are not at home. They have gone out to take a walk. If the musician happen to come now, what a sad disappointment to the hopes of both husband and wife!

Mary is sitting musingly by the front windows of the parlor, and is feasting her eyes upon that portrait of which mention has long since been made. Till now, that picture had not, for many a day, been taken from its hiding place. If he, whose representation it is, appear at this late season, how poor a likeness will it prove. Why cannot Mary dwell with secret pleasure upon the image that *was*, as Longfellow expresses it, rather than exchange it for something which can be little more than a shadow?

"Perhaps I never may again behold,
With eye of sense, your outward form and semblance,
Therefore to me you never shall grow old,
But live forever young in my remembrance."

Would not this be better? Yes; but

"The heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look that she turned when he rose."