

turned even silence to advantage, and the very winds of Heaven to your way of thinking! 'He will be safe in this weather,' would 'a say when 'twas calm; or if it blew fresh, 'Denis hath no fear of a tempest!' and with such a fulsome patience of belief, as I think, had she had positive news you were dead, she would have said you feigned it on purpose to have leisure to think upon her."

"Had it not been for your own good courage, mother," replied Idonia with a run of laughter, "I had often enough done so. And 'twas you went to Mr. Osborne for me, as Mr. Nelson did to the Council, to give account how matters had gone, and to exonerate this long lad of remissness."

"Tilly vally!" cried the lady. "I exonerate none of your lovers, not I, that steal away at midnight, to leave their sweethearts weeping by the shore!" And so, as if blown thence by the strong gust of her resentment, she was gone from us, ere I could mend her wilful misconstruction of the part I had been enforced to play.

But that part of captive I was now content enough to continue in for just so long as Idonia willed, who held me to her, and by a thousand links bound me, pronouncing my sentence in terms I shall neither ever forget nor shall I now repeat them. Such sweet words of a maid are not singular, I think, but rather be common as death; to which for the first time they give the only right meaning, as of a little ford that lies in a hollow of the highway of love. . . .

I told her gently of her guardian's drowning, at