

carried her off to love and freedom—if I had had a life to give her. But to lure her away on false pretences, to unite her with a vanishing existence, to leave her desolate and dishonoured in a foreign land! That were indeed cruel. And I know that the vision could not deceive. I have accepted my doom.”

He wrote to Durnford again, urging him to closer watchfulness.

“ You have often told me that you love me, Herrick,” he wrote; “ you have said that the sympathy between us, engendered of a curious likeness in tastes and disposition, is almost as strong as that mysterious link which unites twin brothers. Think of me now as your brother, and give me all a brother’s devotion. Be the guardian angel of her I dare not guard.”

END OF VOL. II.