

real and likely to be permanent. It was now therefore agreed that he should be shortly married to Elizabeth; and, as such things are seldom long in getting abroad, to the extent at least of the parties' immediate circle, the news came to the ear of John Glanville; for what else could have induced him to invite his brother, as he now did, to a solemn feast of reconciliation? Frank had still so much of the ancient Adam in him as made him strongly inclined to reject this proffered kindness; but Mr. Crymes happened to be present when the note came to hand, and urged him in a way that admitted of no denial to accept. "Fraternal hatred," said the kind old man, "is a bad preparation for the holy sacrament of marriage. It is most fitting that, when you approach the altar, it should be with a heart void of offence to man and Heaven, or little good will come of it."

It was with no pleasant feelings that Frank prepared for the meeting with the brother from whom he had been so long divided; but Elizabeth and her father had also been invited, and, though with some strugglings of the spirit, he determined so to play his part as not to shame himself in their eyes. Upon entering the hall, into which he was at once conducted by the servant, he found the party was to be limited to themselves; the table was spread for four only, and the old man, who was there already with his daughter, stood leaning on the back of a chair, and anxiously watched the scene of meeting. In the next moment John had stepped forward, and, having welcomed him kindly but gravely, led him to the seat at the head of the table.

"Excuse me, brother," said Frank, drawing back, "the seat of honor in my father's house is yours by my father's will, and to me that will must be sacred. Long may you live to enjoy it."

Old recollections came upon him as he spoke, opening up the fount of all his better feelings, and when he pressed John's hand, it was with a warmth of which but a minute before he would have thought himself incapable. The old man's eyes filled with tears; Elizabeth trembled and turned pale, but smiled at the same time; and in that smile Frank would have felt himself amply rewarded for any sacrifice. Even the stoicism of John was evidently affected, though he endeavored to maintain his usual staid demeanor.

"It is well said," he replied; "but nevertheless you must, for once, oblige me in this small matter. And now, Brother Frank, that we are all seated, be pleased to uncover the dish before you."

Frank complied, but started back upon opening it, and dropped the cover. "What have we here?" he exclaimed: "Parchments!"

"Even so," replied his host: "the deeds that transfer our father's estates to his natural heir—that is, to yourself."

Frank, for the moment, was absolutely struck dumb by the bewilderment of his feelings, and looked from one to the other, his lips quivering, but unable to give utterance to any intelligible sound. In the benevolent smile of his old friend it was plain to see that the latter had been prepared beforehand for what had just taken place; while poor Elizabeth, between joy and surprise, seemed on the very point of going into hysterics. At length Frank exclaimed, yielding to the irresistible impulse of the moment, "And yet for two years you have left me to struggle single-handed with the world!"

"It was my duty, Frank; for so our father would have acted while unassured of your constancy in better courses. Had he lived to see this welcome change in you, there can be as little question that he would