

my own way; I feel that it is good for me to be alone."

"I am of a contrary opinion," said George; "duty compels us to control these feelings, which, I believe, are often sent to ensnare us; particularly as the indulgence of them tends to shake our reliance on the mercy of God, and to render us unhappy and discontented. They are one of the mysteries of the mind, which we cannot comprehend—the links which unite the visible with the invisible world. But whether they have their origin from above, or beneath, is to me very doubtful—particularly in your case, without it operates as a warning to shun impending danger."

"I hear no admonitory voice within," said I; "all is dark, still and heavy—like the black calm which slumbers in the dense folds of yon thunder cloud; as if the mind suspended all its vivacity, hushed beneath an overwhelming consciousness of horror."

George looked enquiringly at me, as if he suspected my recent accident had impaired my reason; when a vivid flash of lightning, followed by the most awful burst of thunder, diverted our thoughts into a new channel, and a horseman rode at full speed into the inn yard. Another blinding flash of lightning, accompanied by a roar of thunder, which seemed to fill the whole earth and heavens, made me involuntarily close my eyes, till an exclamation from George, of "Good heavens! what an escape!" and a great bustle in the inn yard, made me again hurry to the windows.

The flash of lightning had struck down the horse and rider whom we had before observed—the nobler animal alone was slain. The avenging bolt of heaven had passed over, and left the head of the miscreant, Theophilus Moncton, unscathed. Livid with recent terror, and not over pleased at the loss of the fine animal at his feet, he cast a menacing discontented glance at the lowering sky above him, and bidding the ostler, with an oath, which sounded like double blasphemy in my ears, to take care of the saddle and bridle of the horse, entered the inn.

"What a monster!" I exclaimed, drawing a long breath; "bad as the father is, he is not so infamous as that man."

"Geoffrey, he is but what the father has made him—now, would I give much to witness the meeting between the father and son."

"You will be spared a frightful picture of human depravity," said I; "half his fortune would scarcely bribe me to witness such a revolting scene."

The rain was now pouring in torrents, and one inky hue had overspread the whole heavens. Finding ourselves likely to be detained for some hours, we ordered dinner, and determined to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. All our efforts to provoke mirth, however, proved ineffectual—the silence of our meal was only broken

by the dull clattering of the knives and forks, and the tinkling of the bell to summon the brisk waiter to bring wine and clear the table. But if we were thus silent, an active spirit was abroad in the house, and voices in loud and vehement altercation, in the room adjoining, arrested our attention. The muttered curse, the restless impatient treading to and fro, convinced us that the parties were no other than my uncle and his son, and that their meeting was not likely to have a very amicable termination. At length the voice of Robert Moncton, in a terrible state of excitement, burst out with this awful sentence:

"Go, and take my curse along with you—go to —! and may we never meet in time or eternity again!"

With a bitter sneering laugh, the disinherited replied:

"In Heaven we shall never meet—on earth we may meet too soon. In — we shall be united for ever!"

A deep groan from the father, another derisive laugh from the son, of fiendish exultation, and the unhallowed conference was over. Some one passed the door with rapid steps—I walked to the window, and encountered the dull, leaden stare of Theophilus Moncton. He started, and stopped for a moment—I turned contemptuously away; and presently after, we heard him bargaining for a horse, to carry him as far as York, on his way to London.

"I do not envy Robert Moncton's feelings at this moment," said I; "what can be the cause of their quarrel?"

"It may spring from a thousand conflicting circumstances," said Harrison; "his son's marriage alone, would be sufficient to exasperate a man of his malignant disposition. But see, Geoffrey, the clouds are parting in the west, the moon rises early, and we shall have a lovely night for our journey to York."

"To York? I thought you were going to the Elm Grove, by the coach which passes for — this evening."

"Such was my intention—I have changed my mind, and am now resolved to accompany you as far as York, on your journey."

"I shall be delighted with your company, George—but—"

"You would rather be alone?" returned he with a smile.

"Not exactly—but it will be postponing your meeting with Catharine."

"Only a few hours, dear Geoffrey; she will excuse the cause. To tell you the truth, I did not like the glance with which your cousin recognized you—I should feel anxious for your safety. At all events, I am determined to accompany you."

I was too much pleased with his proposal, to attempt to thwart his wishes—we fell into cheerful