

charm that gave music to their whispers is
 lagg'd. Forgive me, Catherine, but it was
 so that, as the spirit of the scene, converted
 every thing into a paradise where ye trode,
 that made it dear to me: it was the hope, the
 ever, and the joy of many years, that I
 could call you mine: it was this that made
 me to fall upon my eyelids as honey on the
 lip. But the thought has perished. I was
 going to think that the primrose would flourish
 on the harvest field. But Catherine, your
 father was my guardian: I was deeply in
 debt, for he was to me as a father, and
 for his sake, and your sake, I have redeemed
 his property, and it shall be, it is yours.'

Lost in wonder, Catherine was for a few
 moments silent, but she at length said:

'Generous man, it must not; it shall not
 bury me not. Crush me not beneath a
 weight of generosity which from you I have
 at the last to deserve. I could not love, but
 ye ever esteemed you. But let not your
 words hurry you into an act of rashness:
 time will heal, if it do not efface the wounds
 which now bleed, and you may still find a
 man, more worthy of your own, with whom
 to share the fortune of which you would
 deprive yourself.'

'Never! never!' cried he; 'little do you
 understand me. Your image and your's
 was stamped where the pulse of life
 was in my heart. The dream that I once
 cherished is dead now—my grey hairs have
 taken me from it. But I shall still be your
 friend—yea, I will be your husband's friend
 and, in memory of the past, your children
 shall be as my children. Your husband's
 property is encumbered—throw these in the
 fire, and it is again his.' And as he spoke,
 he placed the deeds of the mortgage on a
 table before her.

Hear me, noblest and best of friends!
 and Catherine, 'hear me as in the presence
 of our Great Judge. Think not that I feel
 less grateful for your generosity, that I
 would refuse your offers, and adjure you
 to mention them not in my presence. As the
 friend of Edward Fleming, I will not accept
 of what he would spurn. Rather would I toil

with the sweat of my brow for the bare crust
 that furnished us with a scanty meal; and if
 I thought that, rather than share it with me,
 he would sigh after the luxuries he has lost,
 I would say unto him—'Go, you are free!
 and, hiding myself from the world, weary
 Heaven with prayers for his prosperity.'

'Ye talk in vain—as I have said, so it is
 and shall be, added he; 'and, now, farewell,
 dear Catherine.'

'Stay! leave me not thus!' she exclaimed,
 and grasped his arm. At that moment her
 husband returned and entered the room—and
 you know the rest. But Sir Peter Blakely
 was not mortally wounded, as the Solitary
 believed: in a few months he recovered, and
 what he promised to do he accomplished.'

'That is something new,' said the fisher-
 man, who had found the manuscript, 'and
 who told ye, or how do ye know, if it be a fair
 question?'

'I,' replied he who had spoken, 'am the
 the Lewis, to whom the paper was addressed.'

'You!' exclaimed the fisherman; 'well,
 that beats a'—the like o' that I never heard
 before.'

'And I,' said another, 'am Sir Peter
 Blakely—the grey-haired dreamer—who ex-
 pected an April lily to bloom beneath an Oc-
 tober sun.' And he put a crown into the
 hand of the fisherman.

'And I,' added the third, 'am the Soli-
 tary himself—this my Catherine, and these
 my children. He whom I thought dead—
 dead by my own hand, the man whom I had
 wronged, sought for me for years, and in
 this my hermitage that was, he at length
 found me. But he spoke, he uttered words
 that entered my soul: I trembled in his pre-
 sence; the load of my guiltiness fell as a
 weight upon me. I was unable to speak, al-
 most to move: he took my hand and led me
 forth as a child: in my confusion the papers
 which you found were left behind me. And
 now when happiness has shed its light around
 me, I have come with my benefactor, my
 friend, my Catherine, and my children, to
 view the cell of my penitence.'