

arm that gave music to their whispers is lagged. Forgive me, Catherine, but it was so that, as the spirit of the scene, converted every thing into a paradise where ye trode, made it dear to me: it was the hope, the cheer, and the joy of many years, that I could call you mine: it was this that made me fall upon my eyelids as honey on the sun. But the thought has perished. I was going to think that the primrose would flourish on the harvest field. But Catherine, your mother 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 my 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 we ever esteemed you. But let not your kindness hurry you into an act of rashness: he 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 father—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, placed the deeds of the mortgage on a table before her.

Hear me, noblest and best of friends! said Catherine, 'hear me as in the presence of our Great Judge. Think not that I feel less grateful for your generosity, that I may refuse your offers, and adjure you mention them not in my presence. As the wife of Edward Fleming, I will not accept 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 fisherman, 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 expected an April lily to bloom beneath an October sun.' And he put a crown into the hand of the fisherman.

'And I,' added the third, 'am the Solitary 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 presence; the load of my guiltiness fell as a weight upon me. I was unable to speak, almost 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.'