

and after hearing his opinion, which was that Dr. Leslie could not survive but a few days at farthest, Harry Hewit with a heavy heart took his way homewards. How could he cross that threshold which never before since he could remember, after an absence like the present, his mother had not stood to welcome him. Now, she who had nourished him in infancy, directed him aright in boyhood, and had been a self-denying affectionate mother all his life, had fled from earth and its cares, and he was alone. He who should have stood by his side in this his dire affliction, that their tears might flow together over the hallowed remains of this sainted mother, was flying from the laws of his country, a victim of designing men, and his own blind love for an unworthy woman. All these thoughts crowded through his mind, as he approached the house, and seemed to render him at times almost incapable of sorrow in the bitterness of his resentment against those who were the authors of his misery. He shook hands with the neighbours who were assembled at the house, but his heart was too full for speaking. Some would fain have offered such comfort as was in their power, but he could not listen to them, but going to the room which contained the remains of his mother, he fell upon his knees at the bedside. How long he indulged in this silent grief he knew not, but, was roused by the trampling of horses feet in the yard, and rough voices in the hall below. Starting to his feet, he exclaimed to himself some one surely forgets the reverence due the departed. I will show them, at least, that I'll not suffer it. He descended to the hall and there found Bertram and a group of armed militia. Bertram was arguing in a rough, loud voice with some of the neighbours who were trying to dissuade him from his object. He has come to arrest William thought Harry, who advancing said in a cold formal way, Mr. Bertram, to what am I indebted for this visit, you seem to forget the respect due the departed or the afflicted. If you will, therefore, state your errand, I shall be happy to be alone.

Bertram eyed Harry with a broad grin, and mak-