

trifling errand, and the look with which he regarded Whitley completed his discomfiture. The Doctor sat comfortably in an arm chair, sipping a cup of coffee, which his host had placed before him, while Captain Willinton, uneasy and irritated, sat eyeing his visitor with no friendly meaning on his countenance. He seemed to have a mischievous pleasure in keeping him in suspense. At length the silence was broken by Dr. Greenleaf.

"Mr. Whitley can identify the robbers, you say? How very fortunate! He must have heard that a large reward has been offered for them. I suppose he will be entitled to it."

"Fortunate indeed!" said Captain Willington.

"How came you acquainted with the matter?" inquired the Doctor. "I sent for you, the morning after the attempt was made, and received for answer that you were absent from home, and would not return for a day or two. I did not expect such welcome intelligence from you."

Whitley winced under the remark. He did not anticipate a third party at his conference with Willinton, and he knew besides that Dr. Greenleaf was a magistrate, who, if he got a glimpse of the truth, would send him to prison at once, for he had taken the case of the young farmer much to heart. It did not occur to him when he was boiling over with hate and vengeance against young Craighton for the manner in which he cast him from his father's hearth, that he would compromise himself; but he now saw that he had dug a pit, which he could only be prevented from falling into by some hand more dexterous than his own, or by some fortunate accident. He replied as calmly as possible,

"I believe I can identify them, and more than them. There has been much mischief done, and more will be done yet, if the nest is not destroyed. Circumstances—it is not necessary to explain them now—have put the power in my hands, and I am anxious to use it; but I will have nothing to do with rewards. I never knew blood-money to prosper yet."

The last words were spoken with a tone of virtuous indignation, which made an impression on Dr. Greenleaf. Captain Willinton only smiled.

"Very good, indeed!" said Dr. Greenleaf.

"The great thing is to find the ruffian who struck young Bradshaw. He is the man I am most anxious to hear about. I verily believe, that bad as the others are, I would ask a pardon for them, on condition of their proving the treachery of their associate. They're a bad lot,

and the country people will not be comfortable till the whole of them are hanged."

The Doctor was a magistrate—but he was a man too, and he forgot the official in the natural character. His words, however, effectually sealed the mouth of Whitley. He answered farther enquiries evasively, and, saying that he would arrange his materials, and meet the magistrates on a future occasion, he rose to withdraw.

Captain Willinton would have prevented his retreat, however. He had no proof indeed, that the man before him was the culprit, but he felt morally convinced of it. He whispered some words to Dr. Greenleaf; but the Doctor only shook his head. The Captain was not convinced, and was on the point of interfering forcibly on the strength of his own conviction, when the question was decided for him, for a messenger called hastily for the Doctor. Young Bradshaw was a great deal worse, and the Doctor was wanted instantly. Captain Willinton would accompany him, and during the bustle, Whitley quietly reached the door, and walking rapidly up the road, was out of sight before he was again thought of by any of the party.

The couch of the young farmer was one of pain. But it was soothed by the gentle words of affectionate and sympathizing friends. The crisis of the fever was come, and the kind physician anticipated no danger. He knew the strength of the youth, and that no festering thoughts rankled at his heart. He knew also that no care was wanting that could add to his comfort or safety. He therefore only enjoined caution and silence, and full of trust in Him who is all powerful to save, he sat down by the side of his patient, and waited the moment when returning consciousness would place his recovery, as far as human foresight and man's erring judgment might presume to say so, beyond a doubt.

He did not wait long, and the issue proved that he was right. When young Bradshaw opened his eyes, he spoke coherently and collectedly. He was in a fair way of recovery.

How different the lonely outcast. No bodily ailment afflicted him. He was full of health and vigour, and had his mind been free from thoughts of sin committed and unrepented—for remorse is not repentance—he might have been full of happiness. But fear was after him. It tracked his steps. Every bush and tree, to his excited fancy, concealed an enemy. Look which way he would, there was something to remind him of his crime. At last, the perspiration starting in balls from his beating brow, he felt as if pursued by some invisible foe, and hoping to escape from his ever present pursuer, without looking to the