

the door opened, and the curate entered. A deep cavernous cough and a stooped figure announcing the signs of some serious chest disease, were all I had time to observe; when, with the politeness of a gentleman, he advanced towards me. The first sound of his voice was enough, and I cried out, "Lyndsay! my oldest and best friend, — don't you know me?"

"I am ashamed to say that I do not," said he, faltering, while he still held my hand, and gazed into my face.

"Not yet?" asked I again, smiling at the embarrassment of his countenance.

"Not even yet," said he. "Tell me, I beseech you, where did we meet?"

"Come here," said I, leading him to the door, and pointing to the wide-stretching moor that lay before us; "it was there, — yonder, where you see that heavy cloud-shadow stealing along, — yonder we first met. Do you know me now?"

He started; his pale cheek grew paler, and he fell upon my neck in a burst of tears. Who shall ever know the source, or what the meaning? They were not of joy, still less of sorrow, — they were the outbreak of a hundred emotions. Old memories of happy days, never to come back; boyish triumphs, successes, failures; moments of ecstasy — of bitter anguish; his own bleak, joyless existence, perhaps, contrasting with mine; and then at last the fell consciousness of the malady in which he was but lingering out life.

"And here are you, and here I!" cried he, in a voice which his faltering accents made scarce intelligible; "who should say that we were to meet thus?" Then, as if his words had conveyed a meaning of which he was ashamed, he blushed deeply, and said, "And oh, my friend! how truly you told me that life had its path for each, if we but knew how to choose it."

I must not say how the hours were passed, nor how it was nightfall ere either of us guessed it. Lyndsay insisted upon hearing every adventure that had befallen me, questioning me eagerly as I went, how each new feature of prosperity had "worked with me," and whether gold had yet hardened my heart, and taught me indifference to the poor.