

bers of the Society; and our young student was alternately swayed by hopes and fears—although he was well prepared to explain the use of his model, and the principles on which it acted.

For the first time in his life, Lockhart arrayed his person with some care. As he left the house, to take the coach for London, he was met by Crawford.

"I am going to the Adelphi, to hear the fate of my model, Lawrence will you bear me company,"

"I shall certainly be there," was the brief reply. But it was spoken in an under tone, and with an averted eye, and the friends parted—when they met again, it was on the bench occupied by the candidates at the Adelphi.

Archibald did not recognize Crawford, for the latter was seated at the end of the bench with his head bent down, and shaded with his hand. It was not long before Archibald's examination commenced.

He explained with great clearness, but with his accustomed bluntness, the principles of his model. His uncourteous manners unfortunately diminished the interest which had been excited by his handsome and intelligent countenance.

The president of the committee bestowed much commendation upon the usefulness and ingenuity of his discoveries; but regretted that a model, nearly resembling his own, but constructed on a better plan, had been presented for the inspection of the committee, which had met with their universal approbation.

"Mr. Lawrence Crawford," was then called upon.

The blazing eye of Lockhart flushed a withering glance of contempt upon the guilty countenance of his friend, as he slowly rose to answer the questions of the president.

"Base, dishonest wretch! I will not in this place expose you to the scorn of the world! or demean myself by contesting your ill gotten honours!" muttered the injured Lockhart, as, regardless of time and place, he darted from the room.

In a fever of excitement, he continued to pace the pavement in front of the Adelphi, without his hat, and unconscious of the rain, which was falling with all the vehemence of a thunder shower, to the earth.

He had been betrayed and supplanted by his friend, the beloved companion in whose sincerity he had reposed such implicit confidence, and on whom he had lavished the undivided affections of his warm and generous breast. His heart seemed bursting with the sense of intolerable wrongs; and he covered his face, and leaned against the wall to conceal his agitation.

Some one touched his shoulder.

He turned fiercely round. It was the eldest son of the builder, "your friend Crawford has won the gold medal."

"No name him to me," sobbed the suffocating Lockhart, as he left the building. He raised his clenched hand, and was about to strike his ungen-

erous rival to the earth. Better feelings arrested his uplifted arm—religion exerted its holy influence over his mind, and calmed the furious passion that convulsed his agitated frame.

"Go," he said in a broken voice—"go and enjoy if you can, your dishonest victory—you are beneath my vengeance—I—I forgive you."

He took the arm of Henry Wilson, and walked hastily away, leaving Crawford rooted to the spot, and overwhelmed with remorse and shame.

The reputation Lawrence acquired by obtaining the gold medal, formed a topic of conversation for several days among the officers in the King's yard. He alone was silent and discontented; haunted continually by the reproachful glance of his injured friend, he was unable to enjoy the congratulations of his acquaintance. He lamented the guilt in secret, which he was too proud to acknowledge, though constantly tortured with the degrading conviction, and he prevailed upon his father to let him accompany a friend in a tour to America.

It was with a start of painful surprise Lockhart heard of the departure of Crawford. He never knew how tenderly he had loved him, till they were separated by the wide Atlantic. A few months after Lawrence quitted England, Mr. Lockhart and his son were removed to Plymouth, and in a life of active and useful duties, the latter forgot the painful past. A sea-port town presented a wide field of employment to his manly and energetic mind. The life-boat, improved upon his own plan, was his chief delight, and many valuable lives had been saved by his indefatigable exertions in the cause of humanity.

One night, in the latter end of March, Archibald was roused from sleep by the report of a gun at sea, heard amid the deafening roar of winds and waves, which had been collecting their fury for some hours. and the gale which at sunset had only moaned along the deep, and lifted as if in sport, the white crested billows, now blew a perfect hurricane.

The moon was high and bright, when Lockhart sprang from his bed, and hastily adjusting his clothes, joined the group of seamen collected upon the cliff, to witness the destruction of a fine vessel, which abandoned to the fury of the storm, appeared beyond all human assistance; after great exertions, the life-boat was launched, and brought alongside the foundering vessel, whose crew could plainly be distinguished, by the beams of the full and cloudless moon, clinging to the shrouds.

Every face was turned towards the little ark of safety and her heroic band, and hope again brightened the tearful eyes which a few minutes before had been closed in despair.

Ropes and grappling irons were thrown on board. A general rush took place—all were anxious to ensure their own safety. One young man alone remained aloof. He leant against the broken mast, round which his arm was carelessly flung, with his