

ing, as he had done. Arrived at home, cigars were brought, the bottle passed round, and the young men sat down to "drink and be merry," as Warton expressed it. But Osbourne was not easy; the parting words of the lecturer rung in his ear, and there was in his friend's manner something constrained that he had never known before; his gaiety was forced, and the glass was raised to his lips by far more frequently than wont. The voice of conscience was whispering reproaches in Leslie's ear, and he was striving to drown the sound by liquor, to hush that voice and to forget. When the hour for parting arrived, Warton went home, but Leslie was to remain with Osbourne all night; and the young man saw for the first time the eye of his friend wild, and his step unsteady. Osbourne was shocked and grieved. He felt this was his work, and unable to affect a mirth he did not feel, proposed retiring to rest. But he could not sleep at first; the words uttered that evening, lightly heard at the time, recurred with redoubled force afterwards. "Reflect a moment," the speaker had exclaimed, addressing those who, by ridicule or persuasion, prevented others from joining the society, "when looking on them whom love or fear of you had led astray, what will be your thoughts; will not the blighted hopes, the ruined prospects, the approaching destruction of such an one, ring with fearful voice in your heart the terrific cry, 'It was you! it was you!'"

Osbourne strove to shake off these thoughts and compose himself to rest; he listened to the deep breathing of his friend as he lay soundly sleeping by his side, and hoped that the slight excess of last night would not be followed on. At last he slept, but his rest was unquiet, and confused visions attended it; at last they took a more settled form.

He was walking with Leslie by his side along a strange path, whose termination he could not exactly see. It was smooth at first, but afterwards became rough, precipitous and dangerous. It seemed light at first—the sun's rays were shining upon it—but mist and clouds gradually enclosed it, and the end thereof was wrapped in total darkness. But still they wandered on. Before long Leslie suddenly resigned his arm, and walked before him with more rapid stride. Osbourne watched his friend in silence; an undefined feeling of fear pressed on his mind. Leslie still walked along, but the path was becoming more

gloomy, more dangerous, and his step was irregular, and his air disordered and wild. The uneasiness of Osbourne deepened into fear as he gazed, and a voice, whose warning tones seemed to come from the air, whispered, "It was you—it was you!" With impetuous speed Osbourne rushed after his friend, loudly calling him to return. All was in vain. Leslie heard, for he shook his head and waved his hand; but he halted not nor even looked back. His path now wound by the side of a mountain, and a fearful precipice yawned below. The blood of Osbourne chilled in his veins, and his course was stayed by horrid uncertainty; that bewildered step would never carry the wavering form in safety on; no, no, it could not: but half of the slippery path was passed when the footing of Leslie gave way, and with a wild cry of agony, stretching his arms out vainly for succour, the young man fell. In an instant, it seemed, Osbourne had gained the spot, and was bending down over the fearful abyss. Despite the gloom, he could distinctly see the form of his friend at the bottom; the stamp of death was on his brow, and as his eye caught Osbourne, his lips parted with an unearthly cry of reproach and agony, whose fatal words were echoed by cliff and cavern, "It was you—it was you!" With an exclamation of maddened anguish, Osbourne awoke, and raised himself from his pillow. Vivid was his recollection of the scene, but the voice of Leslie dispelled it, as he laid his hand on Osbourne's arm, and strove to soothe him. The youth breathed heavily. "Thank God, it was only a dream," cried he.

"Indeed it was," said Leslie, "what strange thoughts had filled your mind? Why, your hand trembles, the cold dew stands on your brow; lie down and forget it."

"No, no, not now; hear me dear Leslie; let me tell you all."

Briefly the youth detailed the fearful dream that had haunted his slumbers. His voice failed as he drew near the end, and tears rushed into his eyes as he grasped his friend's hand, adding faintly,

"May God forgive me, and you too, Leslie, for I have done very wrong."

Leslie himself was impressed by the words of Osbourne; it seemed a warning to him also, that vision dread; he was touched too by the deep affection that Osbourne had manifested for him; and joyfully consented to the desire his friend ex-