

"I was thinking of your father," said Lady Hester, in a low, tremulous voice.

Her son was silent. He loved her almost to adoration, and nothing tended more to increase that love than her devotion to his father's memory. Her constant grief for one who had been so long laid in the grave expressed, as he thought, an unworldly elevation of sentiment, which charmed equally his imagination and his feelings.

Mrs. Lee had also noticed Lady Hester weeping and when she knew the cause, her own eyes were bedewed likewise. In her heart there lay the images of *two* dear lost ones. Her father and her brother she still regretted with many secret pangs of a bitterness none but heaven could appreciate.

The Pastor caught the pensive infection, and one after another the children he had laid in the dust, and the friends who had departed, were remembered. He talked of them, narrated many passages of his life in which they had been concerned fifty or sixty years ago," with a minute accuracy that would have surprised his listeners had they not been well accustomed to it. Then, as night deepened, and the moon began to enter her meridian, he recurred again to the idols of his memory—Lucy and Clinton. This was a theme that never tired, and although Mr. Lee hinted that it was high time to return to the house, no movement was made. While the Pastor was fondly engrossed with his favourite subject, he suddenly broke off, and then declared that he had seen his grandson Clinton exactly as when alive, moving along by the margin of the water with a gliding motion. The friends arose in some consternation, and Lucy shrank into the arms of her husband with a pale countenance.

"There!—there!" exclaimed the Pastor energetically, pointing with his finger.

"Where, Pastor Wilson?" cried Lady Hester, wildly, breaking from Mrs. Lee and her son, and rushing forward in the direction indicated.

"Mr. Lee, for God's sake follow her!" cried the Marquis, who was detained by his shrinking bride.

Mr. Lee did so with haste.

The Pastor fell on his knees in the moonlight, and clasped his hands, apparently lost to what was passing around.