

bloody, and he points to me with his pale and clay-cold hand ! I will not plead—the game is ended !”

“The judge has asked you if you are guilty !”

“I am !” said Edmund, bowing his head. “I throw myself upon the mercy of the court.”

“It will not be granted,” answered the stranger ; the “judge has pronounced the sentence of death ; you are led to the jail ; the clergyman awaits you ; you spurn him from you ; you cry aloud, ‘I will cheat them all ! I will play the last stroke of the game, and defeat them even in my death !’—you place a phial of prussic acid to your mouth ; you drink it all ; you get deadly sick and weak ; your eyes reel in your head ; confused noises roll through your ears ; and now you fall to the floor in the convulsions of death !”

As he concluded, the sweat poured from the wretched man’s brow ; he became pale as ashes ; his knees trembled ; he gasped for breath, and as the last words were pronounced, he fell to the ground in the agonies of death, and in a few minutes, breathed his last,—slain by the exertion of infinite and overpowering WILL !

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“You promise to come,” said Wentworth to his companions, as they left the cell, about half an hour after this occurrence, during which time they had been discussing the mysterious powers of the SCIENCE OF THE SOUL.

“I will,” said the attorney-general, “if only to hear how you were resuscitated after the coroner had held an inquest over you.”

“Oh, I may thank St. George for that,” said Wentworth ; “but I will explain all.”

“And as I am intimately acquainted with Miss Ashton, the lady you intend this night to make your wife,—having at-