

possible, lest she should not reach her dying lover in time to tell him of the willingness of the Saviour to receive, and pardon the returning sinner.

That he was truly penitent, she took for granted, and she doubted not, but that however violent, from his mortal wound, his bodily suffering might be, it was nothing to the mental torture he endured from the first gnawings he had ever felt of the worm that dieth not, and from the fire that is not quenched; she could not picture him to herself, in any other light, than that of remorse and despair in his mortal agony.

"O! my God!" she cried in the bitterness of her heart, while the welling tear attested the sincerity of her prayer, "Have mercy on his soul!"

Thus, away they went together—the unsuspecting victim of a vile conspiracy, not only willing, but eager to plunge into the pit prepared for her, and the wretched tool, for he was nothing more, of his employer's villany.

On they sped in eager haste, through bush and brake, o'er hill and dale, till they reached the boat the messenger had left to wait for his return.

Four stalwart men soon rowed them down to the foot of the rising ground, on which old Matty's cottage stood. Here they landed, when poor Bella was put ashore, with some coarse and ribald jest, which lost its point, because it fell unheeded on her ear, her mind being occupied with far other thoughts.

Her faithless guide was landed too, for, short as the distance was, which she had to go, she could not, even in broad day-light, have found her way alone, there being no road, nothing indeed but a sheep-path, in tortuous windings, through among the furze bushes, with other similar paths, branching off or crossing it in all directions. But now, in the night, and it was very dark, she was afraid, and apparently with reason too, that they, even with the best of guides, might miss their way, and she shuddered to think of the probable consequences of such a contingency. The eternal salvation of an immortal soul, might depend upon it, so, at least, she thought.

"When, and where was he wounded?" she anxiously inquired of her guide, as they neared old Matty's hut.

"Some where about t' heart," was the ready rejoinder, which the fellow meant for wit, and laughed so loud as to be heard within the cottage, when old Matty opened the door, and rebuked the graceless and unfeeling wretch, as she called him, for thus disturbing the last moments of a dying man.

"And is he dying?" Bella eagerly asked, and, without waiting for an answer, rushed past her to

the bed side of the sufferer; and her guide, after a whispered word or two from the old woman, and an exclamation of grief and horror from himself, followed her example, and there he stood, the rough and reckless man, gazing on his dying friend, and weeping like a very child, and sobbing as if his heart would break, with old Matty's officious, but fruitless attempts to console and pacify him.

"Its varra wrang an a girt sin against God" the old hypocrite remarked to him, "thus to be fretting about the dispensations of His providence, It's His will" she continued, "and it's your duty, as a Christian man, to submit to it with resignation."

"What's His will? ye imp of the devil," rudely and passionately exclaimed the man: "and was it *His* will or *yours*," he continued, "that I, James Gorman, as honest a man, as the world goes, as could well be found, whose only act of sin, until this very day, if sin it can be called, has been confined to the landing on this very coast of a keg or two of brandy, which had never seen a Custom-House.—That I, James Gorman, I say, went to fetch away this poor girl from her quiet home, with a black lie in my mouth, to entice her to her ruin."

"It's a judgment, Miss, a regular judgment, I see it all now," he added, addressing himself to Bella, whose attention he had attracted by this mysterious allusion to her coming there, "and this was the way on't," he was going on to say, when old Matty stopped him, but after some whispering, he said aloud; "No, no! I will tell her all," and then turning from the old woman to Bella, he commenced again to do so.

"And this was the way on't; as I was saying you were to be got aboard the lugger, d'ye see, by hook or by crook, and taken across the Channel to be married, but only with your own free and full consent, mind ye, I bargained for this before I would consent to go for ye, but how to get you to come with me was the question, when I was told to say, that my poor friend Bill here, had been shot, which of course was all a lie, and of this old hag's making too, and now they've got ye here, and——"

"He has not been shot!" joyfully exclaimed the half frightened girl in her self devotion to her lover, as she anticipated the conclusion she supposed the man was about to arrive at.

"Now, while I have been away to fetch ye on this false pretence," he continued without heeding the interruption further than by emphasizing a single word, "he *has* been shot—and that's the judgment,—aye look at him," he added as he saw her turn again towards the bed to take a