

drawn together, gave an expression of severity to the eyes beneath ; and then—how worn was the face, how weary !

When that other sun had dawned so many months ago, how passionately tender had been the smile he turned upon her. Had she dreamt it all—ail the horror and the tragedy—was she dreaming now ? could she but shake off this terrible oppression and wake to find Simon smiling at her, and to know that this was her wedding morning ! Oh, no, no, it was too real : the happy past had been a dream, and she was waking now. That which was done could never be undone.

They reached London at six o'clock, and there, though much against her will, Simon insisted on Rachel's resting for some hours. She did not sleep, however, but lay wide-eyed and miserable, gazing at the whitewashed ceiling of her chamber, and hailing with inexpressible relief the summons to continue their journey. Simon was waiting for her in the hall below, his eyes as hollow as her own, his face as haggard ; he, too, had watched. They resumed their places in unbroken silence, and so journeyed on again, halting sometimes to change horses and to partake of some refreshment, but delaying as little as they could.

Twilight came, and then night ; and at length Rachel, worn out by fatigue and emotion, fell asleep in her corner. She was still asleep when they changed horses for the last time. Her exhaustion was so great, and her slumber, like that of all "who sleep for sorrow," so profound, that she was unconscious even of the noise and movement consequent on this proceeding, and to her husband's relief the renewed motion of the chaise did not rouse her. To his relief, I say, for a certain resolve had gradually shaped itself in his mind. He would relieve her of his presence even while she slept,