

And then she bowed her head upon the wreck of him she had so loved, and wept aloud; and whose eyes had not moistened? I saw Mr. Manners could not bear this long, and pressed him to be re-seated. He obeyed, as a child, taking his wife's hand in both his own; then raising it to his lips, he suffered it at last to rest quietly in one, while with the other he put back the braided hair from her brow, and gazed intently into her face; then speaking, brokenly and low, half to himself and half to her his recovered one, he said, "And is it possible, so changed? Sorrow, and wrong, and time, oh! well, they can do this, indeed, I know that. Julia, I knew thy voice; its small, silvery tinkle—that was home again! But thou art deeply changed; there," putting his hand into his bosom, and he drew forth a miniature, "it was thus," and his eye rested upon it for a moment, "we parted, and thus hast thou been ever before me, or still and cold, as I soon shall be. Nay, do not weep, it makes me very sad; now I, too, would live."

"Oh, Richard!" she responded, "talk not thus. He who hath permitted the past, who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb, will have mercy."

"True, Julia," said he calmly, while he drew her towards him, as if he feared she might yet escape once more; "true, he will have mercy; he hath had mercy. For this hour I prayed; for this I wrestled; I could not die without it. Now my life's purpose is accomplished, and we must part. Let me see my children together."

I brought them to him: both gazed eagerly upon the long absent. He put their hands together, then placed them in those of their mother; his own were lifted upwards, and his parted lips murmured a wordless prayer. He was now sinking fast. At last he bowed his head upon his hands, and after breathing for a few minutes with much difficulty, the discharge of blood was renewed. I proposed again he should lie down. "No," he said, "it is better thus. My children, stand beside me. My sight is growing dim; and, Julia, let me rest on you—that is well. My boy can tell you all I have forgotten. How cold." I was by his side; I made a sign to Mrs. M.; there was a pause. Again he rallied for a moment, and said, interruptedly, "No, no, I will not go—why do you press me?" and then, "I tell you Creighton, it is false!" He then repeated, "I am very cold," and then "Julia." These words were his last. A faint shudder passed over him, his limbs relaxed—his pilgrimage was done.

There he lay, the late possessor of thousands, the current of whose entire life had been changed by one error. Well, indeed, I thought, as I led Mrs. M. from the scene of death, well, indeed, before we seek our pillow at night, or the walks of the busy world by day, may we ask, in spirit and in hope, that He "*lead us not into temptation.*"

T. H.