

beauty. I would I had never possessed it, for then, perhaps, I might have been permitted to seek happiness where I am now forbidden to tread. Rich! There can be no riches where the soul is poor. Happy! I am miserable, for the things which I love, I am commanded to hate, and the things which I hate, I am commanded to love; and therefore there is a continual strife in my mind."

"And what if I should shew you that in the soul of every human being who aspires to true happiness, to immortal life, that strife must in some way or other go on?"

"Teach me then," I said, "for what end that strife was ordained, and if it may ever cease."

Then I told him the history of my life, which was rather the history of my thoughts and feelings, to which he listened with evident interest, and when I ceased, he said a few wise, clear words, which seemed to let a new light into my soul. He shewed me that in the pure spirit of self-sacrifice, in love "wide as ether," in obedience to the voice of God within us, and in the growing wisdom and virtue of our souls, consists the only true nobleness of life; to which all we see, and hear, and feel, and do, and suffer, conduce, if we do but learn our lessons of life rightly. He expatiated on the beauty of that divine nature, in which he so much delighted, and the truths which it taught, till my spirit seemed imbued with a kindred light, a radiance dimly reflected from that which shone so brightly in him.

From that time, I spent an hour every day, and sometimes more, with my unknown instructor, in the lovely mountain glen. He taught me the love of the stars and the flowers, the wisdom of philosophy, the beauty of poetry, and he taught me to love the sea-encircled Albion, her literature, her language and her people, for they were his own; and our only lecture-room was the lonely mountain hollow. There I learned to worship and adore not only the treasures of intellect and genius which he displayed before my wondering view, but him who was to me the personification of all wisdom and virtue. And he did not misunderstand me, for he saw that my heart was pure, and loved me the better for that child-like innocence, which led me to over-step the rules of worldly propriety for his sake. I soon ceased to believe that he was a supernatural being, though I still continued to reverence him as such, but when I asked him his name and abode, he gayly answered, that he dwelt in the forest and the mountain, and that his name must not yet be told. When he thus spoke and I gazed upon his deep eyes, it seemed to me that in them lay a secret

and nameless power of fascination, like that which dwells in all mysterious or fathomless depths, and of which Goethe has sung in his lay of the Fisherman, whom the Mermaid dragged down to the abyss of ocean. For me, at least, those eyes had an irresistible attraction, and I could have followed them through time and eternity. At last I learned his history. He was the son of honorable but poor parents, who had denied themselves almost the necessities of life that he might receive the highest education England could give. In almost boyhood he had obtained some literary eminence, but he had then left his native land and the honors which were opening to him, to wander for many years in various climes, that he might study the great volumes of creation and humanity before he aspired to a place among the Illustrious Dead. On the rich and lovely Rhine he paused for a while, where the beauty and magnificence of nature were so happily blended with the wild and chivalrous remnants of other days; there he met me. He had never before even hinted at his feelings for me, but now he told me that he loved me—that I was dearer to him than aught on earth, and by the side of the stream we mingled our vows. Oh! even now after the lapse of so many dark years, the bliss of that hour rises up before me!"

Madame Von Werfenstein paused for many moments; a pause which Max did not venture to break.

"He told me," she resumed, "that he would gain my parents' consent to our marriage—that he was able to support me in sufficient competence to satisfy them, and that for my sake he would more ardently than ever strive to gain a name which should make them well-pleased with my destiny; but I answered that poverty and obscurity with him would be to me paradise; and we were happy, but not for long. My mother had been absent six months when she sent for me to join her. Our parting was bitter, in spite of the bright hopes with which Falkland tried to cheer me. We never met again!"

"On my arrival at my aunt's I soon discovered the purpose for which I had been summoned. My father was there, and with him a young Saxon officer, he who was afterwards my husband, and I was desired to receive him as my lover. At last I took courage to confess all. Their anger was at first unbounded, but when they saw that their reproaches only gave me greater firmness in refusing him, they calmed themselves and left me to indulge in something like hope. Several days passed over before the subject was renewed; then my father told me that he had taken measures to