

ready bathed in blood. Now aided by her light they could with greater ease distinguish friend from foe, and deadlier grew the strife. But as Rodolpho was rushing forward followed by several of the bravest of his men, he fell, deeply wounded, to the ground, and in a few moments the robber chief was numbered with the dead. For a moment his followers paused, and in that moment the victory was decided, for when resistance ceased, more than half the robber band had shared their leaders fate; some few had fled, the rest, nearly all of whom were wounded, were captives. Among the latter was Gustavus de Lindendorf dangerously wounded, and exhausted by the loss of blood, he was found when the strife was over, beneath a heap of slain, and in this state was he borne, from the mountain wild, to the nearest town. A messenger was sent to apprise the baron of his fate, and soon the wretched father was beside his guilty son. At his earnest request Gustavus was conveyed to Lindendorf, and many weeks of anxious watching beside his bed of suffering passed, ere the sorrowing parents dared to hope that he might live. Live! for what! to die a felon's death! and many times they breathed a sigh of fond regret, that death had not removed him from his shameful doom.

Several months had passed;—his recovery was so far advanced that on the morrow, he was to be removed to prison. The mother sat beside him in silent woe, for it was the last day she might spend with the son, she had ever loved so fondly. The father entered;—a deeper shade of anguish still, sat on his careworn face, and taking the hand of the baroness tenderly within his own, he murmured in a scarcely audible tone. "Another grief awaits you dearest! I have just been with a messenger sent from Scotland, and, our Josepha is no more!" For a moment the mother struggled with her emotion, then clasping her hands together, she exclaimed. "Thank God! she died unconscious of the agony which wrings the hearts of her wretched parents; of the woe that has fallen on the house of Lindendorf!" A cloud gathered on the brow of Gustavus; but suppressing the feelings of anger which the words of his mother had aroused, he turned to the baron, who was vainly striving to suppress the emotions of his soul, and said. "But what further my lord! as yet you have not informed us of when, or how my sister died, nor how fare our friends at Glenelvin!"

The hopeless father, glad to turn for a moment from the new grief which wrung his heart, replied; "Well I believe they are doing as well as you could wish, and notwithstanding the death of Lord

Robert's bride, I doubt not they are happy, for the lost daughter is at length restored, and that may sooth them, in the midst of grief!" Gustavus sprang to his feet exclaiming. "The Lady Isabella restored to her home! impossible! tell me how was this?"

"The man merely said that she was found by her brother, and Francis d'Auvergne, the Gallic friend who came with you from Palestine!"

A death-like paleness overspread the face of Gustavus, and in hollow unearthly voice he asked "say, did he tell you this?"

"Most surely did he, and moreover added, that in gratitude for his zeal in seeking her, and the many dangers, and the sufferings he had endured, Glenelvin's earl had promised to repay him with his daughter's hand!"

With a cry of anguish Gustavus de Lindendorf fell to the floor;—his parents sprang to him, and as they raised him, a stream of warm, fresh, blood burst from his mouth and nostrils. He fixed his eyes with horrible intensity on the face of his mother, and pressed his hand convulsively to his heart for one short moment. His head fell heavily on the bosom of his father, his hand dropped listlessly by his side, and the arms of the baron of Lindendorf supported all that remained of his son.

A few weeks after, the weeping tenantry of the house of Lindendorf assembled in the chapel of the castle, to consign to its last home the body of their well loved lord. His deep sorrow had speedily done its work; he died heart broken, and in him terminated the long line of the house of Lindendorf.

ROSE MCCARTHY'S SORROW.

Rose has gone so patiently, so uncomplainingly about her work, that no one has suspected how grievous the burden at her heart has been these three months past. If her face has been unusually subdued, if the smile has visited it rarely, there are, unhappily, many circumstances to which that might be attributed without one's going out of the way to account for it. There are first, improvident relations who have managed to get out of their proper sphere in this great mart of toiling brain and straining muscle—that is no enlivening matter to think upon; then there are expectants in that poor distressed country, whom she hears indirectly and directly, too, are at the lowest ebb of misery "by reason of the poverty that is in it, and the fever," and these expectants are her near kindred, constrained to spend the golden prime in