

stance. Painful as the revelation of his birth proved to him, Oliver would not take back his former ignorance, were it to be coupled with a servant's tyranny. He has laid that ghost, once and forever, for the Leicestershire Mordaunts.

Joel Cray is married, and the possessor of a very neat little farm on the outskirts of Priestley, where his mother and her family live with him. His love for his cousin was true enough while it lasted; but, with the discovery that she had not been more wronged than her husband, some of his chivalry died out. Does that fact lower him in the opinion of my readers? He had a large and generous heart—why should its affections be all wasted on the dead, while the living lived to benefit by them?

It did not take long to secure Lord Norham's forgiveness for his son's delinquency, and he welcomed Irene with all the affection of a father, and the pride of a nobleman who rejoices in the prospect of seeing his ancient line carried on by a woman who would adorn any station in life.

The Honorable Tommy, much spoiled, passes his life with his grandfather at Berwick Castle; but Lord and Lady Muiraven spend much of their time in London, or in visiting their friends and re-

lations, making up in fact, for the long and weary widowhood during which they were divided.

Are they happy?

Ah! my friends, is anybody happy in this world? Don't try to peer too closely into Irene's second married life, lest you should be disappointed. You expect so much for your characters of fiction—so little (if you are reasonable) for yourselves. She loves her husband as devotedly as it is possible for one human being to love another—she would not have him in any particular different from what he is—she could not imagine the horror of having her life separated from his own. And yet—

And yet (if there have not already been) I have no doubt there often will be times when she will wonder how she could have made herself so utterly miserable without him. The fact is, no creature in the world is worth the misery of another creature's life. We pine for them, we rave after them, we strain every muscle—sometimes we commit every sin to attain them—and when the gold lies in our hand, it turns to ashes and dead leaves.

Ah! mortals, take love when it comes to you—thankfully—admiringly, if you will; but never sin to grasp it.

The only love which satisfies in the attainment is the love in whose presence sin must not be named.

THE END.