

"On leaving the bank," Writ continued, "I drove at once to your brother's lodgings, he had left, I was informed, the day before for Paris. I then wrote you, to meet me at the Harrow yesterday evening, but withheld the evil news I had to communicate. The reason I failed in my appointment was, that while on my way to Tindal's, I stopped at the "Bricklayers' Arms," and there overheard the ostler say that "it was Master Harry Truewitt who had given him the crown," and that the said Harry was a "real fine gentleman;" on inquiry, I learnt that an hour previously your brother had passed on his way to London. I rode over to Tindal's, left a message for you, and then returned to London; but of course, did not see him, as it appears he spent the evening with you."

"No; not with me," I said, "I was at the Harrow last night; this morning I saw him, for I went home before coming here."

"And did he appear natural? that is, from his manner, would you —"

"From his manner, I should say he was perfectly innocent."

"With the evidence I've got, I could convict him. The consummate villain, to spend the evening with a brother he has robbed."

"Writ! remember he is my brother. Though I can ill afford to lose the money, the money is nothing in comparison to the loss of a brother."

"I was wrong in speaking so harshly," apologized Writ. "We may still recover the money, if you go after him; it will be the best and quietest way."

"I'll go. He cannot think seriously of the matter," said I musingly. I then told Writ what he said, about missing anything.

"He's guilty. The sooner you go the better, I advise you to leave to-morrow."

"I cannot go before Saturday; I shall meet him soon enough, the unfortunate fellow. What could have induced him?"

"Let us for the present dismiss the unpleasant subject, dwelling on it can do no good. Come and dine with me."

"I must refuse you. I don't feel hungry. Besides I promised to see Mary Tindal, and will go there now. My cab is at the door," and I got up."

"I know Dr. Bernard well, and if you dine with me, I'll go with you this evening. Mary is no better."

"You know Mary!"

"Is there anything surprising in my knowing Mary?"

"No, not exactly. But I thought if you had known her you'd have told me."

"Told you! you surely don't expect me to tell you everything I know."

"Well, hardly. But such a fact as this I should have thought you would have mentioned."

"Mentioned! I had no occasion; it was not my business; it concerned neither of us."

"Pardon me—you're right. However, Tindal wishes me to see his daughter, and I have much curiosity, especially after hearing his tale."

"It is not often he speaks of her to any one. We'll dine together, and spend the evening with Bernard. I've no engagements for to-night."

(To be continued)

As I walked by myself,
I talked with myself,
And thus myself said to me."

1.

Spirit, mind, my better part,
Would I knew thee what thou art;
Miracle and mystery,
How I long to fathom thee.

2.

Soaring now from earth sublime,
O'er the ills of life and time;
Trampled now beneath the mire
Of some earthly, low desire.

3.

Shackled to a thing of clay,
Wrestling with it day by day,
Only in the dreams of night
Urging thy unfettered flight.

4.

Crushed within the prison walls
Of the body which enthralls;
Though of unknown power possess'd,
Suffering to be oppress'd.

5.

When repose the body keeps,
Then the soul which never sleeps,
Seems awhile to wander free
In thy light, Eternity.

6.

Sometimes o'er the past it plays—
Sometimes with the future strays
In that present on whose sea
Time is not, and may not be.

7.

Typifying its last flight
When the angel speaks—" 'tis night,"
And the spirit free shall soar,
Where, oh! where, for evermore!