

the ground, when he found himself in the presence of his injured cousin.

Shocked at the situation in which he saw him, Anthony briefly stated the awkward circumstances in which he was placed, and claimed the promise made to him by Godfrey, on the preceding day, to relieve him from his present difficulty.

"I told you, man, that tonight the money should be repaid. The sun is not down yet. If I have luck, it shall be returned by twelve o'clock."

"Luck!" reiterated Anthony, gasping for breath. "Is it on such a precarious basis that my honor, and your word must rest? You talked yesterday of the sale of your reversionary property."

"I did, but the Jew was too cunning for me; he became the purchaser. But the money scarcely covered an old gambling debt, which he had promised never to demand of me again, and I am worse off than before."

"It is well," said Anthony bitterly. "You have saved your own life, by transferring the doom to me."

He walked rapidly from the house; and, after a thousand severe self-reproachings, in a fit of despair took the path that led to the Miser's dwelling. After a walk of an hour, he came in sight of the wretched hovel. It was now evening, and a faint light, shed from a solitary rush candle, gleamed through the broken panes of the low casement. He paused upon the threshold of this abode of want and misery; and, for the first time in his life, he thought it would have been well for him, if he had never left it. For some time, he continued knocking loudly at the door, without being able to gain admittance; at length, bolt after bolt was slowly withdrawn, and the Miser himself let him in. "It is well, Grenard, that you are home at last," he growled forth; "if you make a practice of staying out so late at night, we shall both be murdered." But when, on holding up the light, he discovered the mistake, and recognized the features of his son, he demanded in an angry tone, "What business he had with him?" Anthony passed him, and entered the house.

"Father, I will tell you that immediately, but I am tired and ill; I must sit down." Without regarding the old man's look of stern displeasure, he advanced to the table, and sat down upon the empty bench, which Grenard Pike usually occupied, and the father and son continued to stare upon each other without uttering a word. The awkwardness and difficulty of his situation pressed so painfully upon the young man, that, for a few seconds, he could not utter a word. A cold perspiration bedewed his limbs, and his knees trembled with agitation. Stern and erect the old man still holding the light, stood before him; and though he did not raise his eyes to meet the Miser's glance, he felt that the searching gaze from which he used to shrink in boyhood, was rivetted upon him. The Miser was

the first to break the awful silence, "Well, sir," he said, "if you are ready to explain the cause of this extraordinary visit, I am ready to listen to you. What do you want with me?"

"Your aid and advice," at length gasped forth the unhappy youth; "I have acted very foolishly, and in an hour of great difficulty and danger, I have flung myself upon your mercy, and, I trust in God, that you will not turn a deaf ear to my prayer." The Miser sat down in his high backed chair, and placed the light upon the table in such a manner as fully to reveal the pale, agitated features of his son; and had a stranger at that moment entered the cottage, he might, for the first time, have perceived a strong family likeness existing between them. The same high features, and pale lofty brow; the same compressed lip, and gloomy expression in the eye—the one produced by the habitual absence of all joyous feelings, the other by actual despair. Yes, in that hour they looked alike, and the Miser seemed to acknowledge the resemblance, for a softening expression stole over his rigid features, as he continued to gaze upon his son.

"You have acted foolishly," he said; "no uncommon thing at your age, and in danger and difficulty you seek me. Your circumstances must be desperate indeed, when they lead you to make a confidante of your father, considering how greatly I am indebted to your filial love. You have been in my neighbourhood nearly a month, and this is the first visit with which you have honored me."

"I should have been most happy to have paid my respects to you, sir," said Anthony, "could I have imagined that my visits would have been acceptable."

"It was not for you to think, young man, but to act, and the result would have proved to you how far you were in the right. But to dismiss all idle excuses, which but aggravate your fault, let me know the reason why I am honored by a visit from Mr. Anthony Hurdlestone?"

Anthony bit his lips. It was too late to retreat, and though he deeply repented having placed himself in such a humiliating situation, he faithfully related to the Miser, the cause of his distress. The old man listened to him with a sarcastic smile at times writhing his thin lip, and when Anthony implored him for the loan of four hundred pounds, until the return of Mr. Wildegrave, who he was certain would forgive his involuntary transgression, he burst out into a bitter laugh, and peremptorily refused to grant his request.

Anthony assailed him with a storm of eloquence, using every argument which the agony of the moment suggested, in order to soften his hard heart. He might as well have asked charity of the marble monuments of his ancestors. Stung to madness by the old man's obstinate refusal, he sprung from his seat; "Father!" he cried, "relent, I beseech you,