the tender lily, whose stem is rudely touched, she drooped her lovely head, and her meek spirit passed away to that home, "where the wretched cease to mourn, and the weary are at rest!"

Supporting her head on his breast, Reginald remained for some minutes patiently on his knee. He thought the shock of his sudden appearance had overpowered her, and that she had faint-Fearful, lest the slightest motion would be too great for her gentle frame, he continued motionless, anxiously expecting her return to animation. Minute after minute, dragged its slow length along, at last, he bent his ear gently over her, to hear if she breathed, his cheek accidentally touched her's, 'twas icy cold, a horrid suspicion darted through his brain, he placed his hand quickly over her heart, 'twas as a stone, pulseless, he gazed on her face, her lips were livid, her chin had fallen, and her sightless eyes, through their half closed lids, glared upon him, glossy, and lustreless. Scizing her in his arms, he sprung towards the bell rope, and in one wild peal, announced the dreadful event. Then gently laying her on the sofa, he seated himself on the one side, still as if half dubious of the certainty of what he had witnessed.

Our melancholy task is nearly at a close. Already the second night was overshadowing all around. The coffin, in which the dead was to be deposited, had arrived, and to-morrow was to see her consigned to the last earthly abode. Reginald De Courçi spent all his hours in the room with the corpse, a stranger alike to nourishment and repose. He evinced a horrid callousness, to the various mournful preparations which were going on in the house, and sternly discouraged all conversation, for words could but ill relieve the withering blight, the hopes of years had experienced. They said, 'twas pride, but little did they know that there is a grief which abhoreth communion, which nestles as it were in the breast, and like the bird of the wilderness, draws its sustenance from its own hearts blood, and