

bodings seemed to have passed away; upon her face was written a perfect peace. Rachel had occasion to come to Isabel for an instant, and she took advantage of it to whisper to her young mistress, "Surely it will raise her up again. We shall see her walk among us once more; and though Isabel shook her head mournfully, still her heart echoed the same language. "To have her well again, surely, then, I could bear all," said Isabel to herself.

It was a glorious sunset that evening, and the sky was lit up with a deep red glow, and bright colors played on the floor of the old hall, when Isabel and Mary descended thither to receive Lord Beauville, who was at that moment dismounting in the court-yard. The two cousins formed a fair picture. Isabel's luxuriant black hair was gathered from her brow, and half hidden by her coil of muslin and lace, but the small ruffle did not hide altogether her white throat. Mary's face beamed with light and cheerfulness, while on Isabel's face was written care and sadness, which did not, however, diminish her beauty.

The Earl entered the hall. He was a finely-formed and handsome man, generally considered stern looking; but when, at this moment, he smiled, every feature so entirely relaxed that one could but suppose the former expression more well-assumed and familiar than natural. Lord Beauville was leaning on the arm of his young kinsman, who was apparently about twenty years of age; he wore, as did also the Earl, a riding-cloak, and a low Spanish hat shaded his face. He did not follow Lord Beauville's example of uncovering as they drew near the ladies. Isabel's quick eye denoted this, and she was as quickly offended at the sight, but Lord Beauville was now saluting her, and she had also to present to him Mistress Thoresby, whom the Earl was delighted to see, he said; he remembered her as a child; and while these compliments were passing, the eyes of the young stranger were fixed on Isabel, with so intense a gaze, as to embarrass her, and increase the offence she had taken. With the lofty air she could so well assume, she said:

"My Lord, you will doubtless be glad to rest after your day's riding. Supper is preparing, and my cousin and myself will do ourselves the honor of supping with your lordship."

"Thanks, fair lady," said Beauville, raising her hand to his lips; "but first, I have a boon to crave, that we retire into a more private room for a short space, for I have matters to confer upon with you at once."

Isabel, of course, could not refuse, and led the way into the first room leading from the hall. Great was her astonishment, when she saw the Earl still followed by the stranger. She grew crimson with indignation.

"Let me present my young kinsman to you, fair Isabel," said Lord Beauville.

Isabel bent haughtily; the young man lifted his hat from his brow at last,—why did he gaze at her in that strange, agitated manner? why the look of intelligence on the Earl's face? the light broke in upon her.

"Is it possible? Oh do not deceive me!" she cried; but in that instant Walter de Lisle clasped her in his arms, and Isabel wept upon her brother's breast.

CHAPTER III.

"And when the moon came chill and sad,

And dim with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed; she had
Another morn than ours."—Hood.

"Bring him to me, Isabel; my boy, my own," murmured Alice de Lisle, roused from her calm rest to hear the news her daughter brought her.

Isabel called Walter from the anteroom; and in an instant he was kneeling by his mother's couch, and laying his head on her bosom. While she twined her arms around him, Isabel and Rachel left the room; mother and son were alone. For some minutes neither could speak.

"My Walter, my own boy! do I really behold you once more in my arms! It is eight long years since I parted from you, and I have scarce heard from you since. You have not forgotten me, Walter—"

"Forgotten you, mother!" he answered; "you have been in my heart by day and by night. Oh, how I have longed to see your face again; and truly, though I chafed at the manner of my coming hither when I learnt 'twas to see you again, my anger vanished."

"How was it accomplished, Walter?" said his mother.

"It was my fault first, mother," said Walter, coloring; "for I was out of the college grounds, and in returning I lost my way, when a stranger accosted me and spoke in English, expressed great sympathy with the college, and asked many questions about it."

"And you answered them?"

"Oh, no, mother; we are strictly forbidden to do so, and I was not going to be disobedient twice in one day; but the stranger, stopping at a house in the outskirts of the town, asked me to wait for him, and then he would accompany me back to the college. While I stood waiting, two men came behind me and threw a cloak over my head and face, and bound my hands and feet, and bore me into the house. At night I was bound and gagged, put on horseback, and not till we were far out of Rheims would they release me, and then not till I had given my parole not to attempt to escape. From that moment I was treated with the utmost kindness and respect; we made all speed to the coast, and had a favorable voyage. On reaching London, I was taken to Lord Beauville's house; and he frankly acknowledged the plot was his, but formed in kindness to both you and myself; and next day we commenced our journey hither. As I journeyed through France, mother, I had plenty of time to reflect on my conduct, and to see there was good reason for the strict rules against going into the town that Father Mordaunt has laid on the students, and bitterly to regret the consequences of my conduct; but then, when I thought of seeing you, I fear I was not as sorry as I ought to have been."

"It was very wrong of Lord Beauville," said Alice; "and yet I feel powerless to blame him, when he has brought me this exquisite delight of clasping you once more in my arms. Let me look at you, Walter; art thou like thy father?"

Walter raised his head, and Alice gazed on a face of which any mother might justly have been proud. She brushed back the clustering hair from the broad fair brow; she looked into the depths of the dark eyes; sparkling with fire and vigor; she marked the finely-formed features, the radiant smile that lit up his face, as, bending down again after the survey, Walter kissed again his mother's pale cheek.

"I am selfish in keeping you here, my son," said Lady de Lisle; "you are tired and hungry; the household are at supper in the hall, you should join them."

"Oh! no, mother, send me not away; to stay here is food and rest to me," said he, as he drew her closer to him.

So they passed their time, while their conversation went on in low and earnest whispers.

"And you were happy at the college?" said the baroness.

"Oh, yes, dearest mother; very happy. The Fathers are, as you will believe, all goodness, and my companions all very dear to me. There are in the college sons of almost every noble Catholic house in England; and it is strange, dear mother, that the sense of exile, and the persecutions endured by our kindred in England, fail to sadden us. A gayer set you would see nowhere."

"I can well believe it," answered Alice; "for even here, in the midst of persecutions, fines, and imprisonments, that surround us on all sides, our spirits rise wondrously. It is because these sorrows make us despise time, and see the emptiness of worthless glory and renown, that can change so speedily with a monarch's breath. Are there any of the Travers' family at Rheims, Walter? Amy Travers is a dear friend of mine."

(To be continued.)

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