

pardon my follies, and mine ears catch the sound of her forgiveness. You, sir, are now all in all in this matter. Look on me and say if we are to meet—is it not time?" He then took my hand, and pressed it between his own. I retired, and waking his son from an uneasy sleep, threw my wearied body on a settee, there to await the morning.

But my rest was not to be of any length. I was awakened by Mr. M.'s son, who requested my immediate attendance on his father. I followed hastily. As I surmised, the mental and physical exertion had been too much for his shattered frame. Anxiety had brought on a feverish restlessness, and this induced frequent fits of coughing. During one of these he had brought up much blood, which still continued to flow rapidly, requiring constant expectoration. I proposed some remedies. "I will take them, sir," said he, "to oblige you, but, believe me, they will be of no use. I am dying; go, go for them; let me see her; I shall then have lived long enough." Ministering what I deemed appropriate, and leaving directions to the mournful group, of which my aroused housekeeper now formed one, I departed, the broken "God bless you," of the dying man stimulating my eager footsteps. It is impossible, in adequate language, to convey the grief, horror, and astonishment of Mrs. Manners, when my message was communicated. There was in her "We will go," as I awaited her reply, that in its depth of grief mocked tears. Half an hour had sufficed for my rapid explanation; in another half hour I was closing the door of my own house behind me.

Now it was I trembled. I felt the weight of Mrs. Manners growing each moment heavier; her heart throbbed with such violence as to shake her frail frame; she gasped convulsively, "water." Before I could reply, or obtain it, the quick ear of the expectant husband and father caught the sound; he rose upright in the pillowed chair, in which, since my absence, he had caused himself to be placed, and in piercing tones, though they were of joy, exclaimed, "They are come!" I saw there could be no delay. "Rouse, rouse yourself, Mrs. Manners," I entreated, "he must not see you thus." "Nor shall he," she replied; "a moment, and it will be over." I had now the water; she drank hastily; then pressing my arm tightly, said slowly and distinctly, "Lead me to him." I obeyed—they were before each other!

"Julia! Julia!" he almost shrieked, as her figure darkened the door-way, rising at the same moment, as if weakness and death had been for a time spurned aside by the fiery yearnings of the heart. "Julia, my loved, my lost, my wife, come, come to me, that I may hear thee bless me before I die."

"Oh! Richard, and do I find thee thus! Forgive thee, my husband, my beloved? Yes, if there is aught to forgive, and may God forgive those who wrought us so many years of evil."