

symptoms of devotion for one whom he knew unworthy of her love. For her sake he had striven to unravel the secret of Uzendal's history,—to induce him to speak of himself, and to disclose the circumstances which had led him, who was evidently bred in courtly circles, to take up his solitary abode among the rude dwellers of the Norwegian hills. But he met only cold and haughty answers, and was repulsed by an icy reserve, which wounded his sensitive and benevolent nature to the quick. To Eurota he then ventured to speak, with the gentlest and most cautious tenderness—and inadvertently, as it were, to give utterance to his fears that Uzendal was not all they could wish him to be. Eurota made no reply, but she cast herself upon her father's bosom, and wept with a violence that terrified him; he spoke to her soothingly, and bearing her to her couch, sat by her till she became calm. But when he stooped to kiss her tearful cheek, as he bade her good-night, he shuddered at the depth of her emotion, and at the dreadful certainty, that within her excitable and exquisitely sensitive mind, lay hidden the germs of her mother's fatal malady.

A week passed on, and, affected by her father's tender anxiety for her happiness, and warned by her own observation that she lavished her love upon one whose heart was furrowed by the lava streams of fierce and deadly passions, Eurota struggled to subdue her growing tenderness, and much as the effort cost her, she succeeded in obtaining an air of tranquillity, that brought peace and hope once more to the fond father's heart. But Uzendal was maddened by her altered manner, and when to his passionate entreaties, she replied only by her tears, he flew to the pastor, and with impetuous words poured forth the story of his love, and vehemently demanded the hand of Eurota. But deceived by the calmness which she had recently displayed, into a belief that she found it no difficult task to conquer her preference, the pastor mildly, yet firmly, refused it, and with his daughter's happiness in view, was rendered only the more fixed in his determination by the violence of Uzendal. "I would as soon give my gentle child to a madman," he thought, "as trust her to the uncertain love of one, whose unbridled passions might at any time destroy her reason and her life," and with this mental resolve he rose and moved towards the door, with the intention of retiring. But with a flushed face, and an air of haughty defiance, Uzendal intercepted his retreat.

"Am I to understand," he asked, "that I have received my final answer to this, my urgent suit?"

"You have," gently replied the pastor. "It is useless longer to discuss so painful a subject, for my decision must remain unaltered. I wish you every happiness, young man, and grieve sincerely that I am compelled to deny the boon you now crave—but be assured I do it from a conviction of duty, which a parent's heart would be culpable in disregarding."

"Of the prudence of your decision, the future must judge," returned Rodolph, with a flashing eye, and a lip pale and quivering with anger—"I am a desperate man, and if at Eurota's suggestion, you have heaped upon me this insult, both may live to repeat it. Marvel not at aught that may befall, for the pangs of slighted love are terrible instigators to revenge!"

And with these words, uttered in a tone and with looks at which the pastor actually trembled, the frantic lover rushed wildly from the house. A few moments the good man gazed after him in silent dismay, revolving the words which contained so dark and mysterious a threat, and which in after days, when he believed it accomplished, rung the dismal knell of his happiness and life. A low moan, and the sound as of some one falling in the next apartment startled him—he hastily entered it, and beheld Eurota lying senseless on the floor. There, shut up during the brief and stormy interview that had just terminated, she had been compelled to remain an unwilling listener to all that had passed.

The pastor raised her tenderly in his arms, and while he lamented the immediate effect produced, by grief and agitation, on her frame, he dreaded the more fatal and permanent consequences, which might result from them, to her sensitive and over-taxed mind. Long she remained unconscious, but when at last she revived, beneath the cares of her father and their faithful servant, she arose, pale and calm, and sad, and leaning on that paternal arm, which had so long been her support, went forth beneath the trees, and sat down silently in her accustomed seat. The name that was treasured in her heart escaped not her lips—she made no allusion to the past, and as day after day went by, she strove to occupy herself as she had been wont, and with an effort at cheerfulness, that melted her father's heart,—for he saw through the veil of filial affection and obedience,—that her own was breaking. A week passed on and still Uzendal returned not—nor were any tidings heard of him, and the effects of the fearful struggle that was rending the mind of the unhappy girl began to be visible to all. Her cheek grew paler, flowers no longer graced her bright hair, and her soft eyes were fixed in tearless silence upon the ground, or if raised for an instant, it was with a wild and startling glance, that made those who had known the mother, tremble for the reason of the child. And so it continued, till one morning about ten days after the departure of Uzendal, she was missing. Vain was all search, through that day and the next, not a trace of her could be discovered; but on the evening of the third, a peasant who had been over the mountains to the farm of Jelde, appeared before the distracted father, to state, that on the morning of the maiden's disappearance, he had seen the young stranger, who had been a sojourner at Farnes, bearing a female along the banks