

who spoke, Morton staggered from the spot where once he had been honoured, and whose sanctity he had now so foully disgraced. Bitter were the feelings of those who loved him at that hour of shame. Mary, with her spirit bowed to the earth, sought her home, not to reproach, for reproach or prayer to him were alike useless. His mother was aged, and his conduct fell like the icebolt on her heart; in a short time she slept within the grave by the side of those she had forgotten in her pride and love for that guilty one.

Degraded from his holy office, he now obtained a small school in the city, and sadly did Mary part with her once happy home in Glenallan. She was one of a large and loving family, and fondly they besought her to remain with them, but she followed the path where her duty, and alas! for woman's heart, her love also led her. Rapid now was Morton's decline, and as his means grew less the fascination of vice increased, his brutal thirst was gratified, while his wife and children suffered all the pangs of poverty. Money at last failed, and he forged a bill to a large amount—not to procure bread for his starving family—but for the maddening draught which destroyed him.

Transportation was the award of his crime, but even then, Mary still clung to him. Her father, enraged at Morton's conduct, had ceased to correspond with her; he however, relented, and a home was again offered her, and all that parental love could do to heal her sorrows; but she wavered not, and with her beautiful children she left her native land and accompanied her convict husband across the stormy deep. Their story was soon known, and for Mary's sake some consideration was shown them. Morton's employer possessed immense tracts of land, as is common in Australia, for the breeding of sheep, and on one of these Morton was now placed with his family, in all the enjoyment of liberty, save the name.

'Twas a strange and lonely place, yet beautiful in its solitude, bearing yet as it seemed, the first fresh fragrance of the world. Their dwelling stood on the margin of a glassy lake, bright and still as a silver mirror, and although at night strange stars were imaged in its depths, and birds, such as they had never before seen, floated in silence o'er its waters, yet Mary learned to love it, for she thought and hoped Morton's errors would be reclaimed, and the brightening hopes of the blighted heart cried to be realized. How fondly did she hail his return to reason, for his past conduct

seemed to have been the result of madness. How freely did she forgive him all the deep sorrow he had caused her, and although an exile in that distant land, her heart rejoiced in thankfulness as she witnessed his repentance. Once more she was happy. The first season passed, the short winter was gone, and the second summer of the year was glowing in all its rich luxuriance; around the broad plains were clad in living green, and the lofty trees were encircled with their gorgeous drapery. The graceful kangaroo held its gambols among the long grass, gliding o'er the flowers in all its freedom, so unaccustomed to man, that it heeded not the eyes which looked upon it. As yet no human being had approached their dwelling. At stated intervals Morton met his master and received his orders; by aught else their seclusion was unbroken, when one bright day Mary sat by her children's couch, the burning heat had overcome them, and they lay feverish and exhausted. Sweet, yet saddened thoughts were floating o'er her mind as she watched their slumbers. She thought of her own mother and her happy childhood; 'twas Christmas day, that time of sweet re-union of all the households of the christian world. Fraught with hallowed recollections was the day to her, yet how different was its aspect now, far, far o'er "memory's sea," her fancy bore her to Glenallan. Again the fresh breeze blew on her cheek and the feathery snow-flake fell upon her brow. A dark shadow fell upon the floor, and Mary started from her reverie; three ill looking men entered the house and enquired for her husband. She trembled as she pointed to where he was engaged, and a chilly feeling gathered over her as she saw him leave her sight in their company. The sunset with all its glorious hues, had faded from the sky, and night, which in that clime, follows fast upon day, arose with its radiant stars and gleaming moon. Long, Mary gazed o'er the shadowy plains for her husband's return; the fearful sounds which came o'er the lake, filled her heart with terror, the strong heat had dried up every spring, and the wild beasts were driven from their secret haunts to search for water. The lake was diminished to half its former size, and they drew round its banks close to the cottage door. Midnight passed and on the breeze which heralded the dawn of day, came a distant sound; it drew nearer—Oh! not half so fearful were the screams of the fierce animals to her, as was that voice—'Twas a wild chaunt of drunkenness—the bitterness of death was passed in that moment.