

"Eleven years ago, I placed in the care of a certain Mrs. Moffitt of No.—, J—— Street, Limehouse, a child. I stole this child, Eugène! Jane Moffitt received from me the sum of five hundred pounds. She was to adopt this infant as her own in return. The child's name is Ida Vernon."

"Since this took place I have neither seen or heard from either. If you love me, Murat, I beg of you to seek out this little girl, and, if still living, be to her a brother when I am no more. Let her ever be to you and the world, Ida Vernon. I leave her twenty-five thousand pounds. Educate her, and in the course of time, introduce her into society. Will you do this much for me, Eugène?"

"I will Sir Charles, faithfully."

"Enough! I trust you. You are the only earthly friend left me in this dark and mysterious hour. Give me some water; my lips are parched."

"All my letters and private papers I have destroyed. I leave no vestige of my past history behind me. I leave you all my M. S. S.: never publish them, Murat. The world would call you a fool for your pains. Keep them, and read them, for my sake. Continue to live in this house: it is yours, and take care of "Cardwell"—I leave it to you as a remembrance of me. This is all I need tell you."

About midnight he awoke. Doctor Fuller had but just left him, promising to call at an early hour. He bid me raise his pillow, and after a momentary pause, he smiled faintly, saying: "It is not morning yet Eugène!" Then, with a stern energy he exclaimed, "The sternest sum—total of all worldly misfortunes Eugène, is Death; nothing more *can* lie in the cup of human woe. Yet many men in all ages, have triumphed over Death, and led it captive, converting its physical victory into a moral victory for themselves, into a seal and immortal consecra-

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\* Carlyle.

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