

"I repeated it to you as a friend of the family. I should not dream of saying such a thing to any body else."

"May I beg you will let me hear no more of it either!"

"This is all a man gets for having fulfilled a painful task, but, nevertheless, I cannot repent having told *you*. Now I am afraid I must wish you good-bye, for I have an engagement at home."

Herewith the baronet put spurs to his horse and rode off at a full gallop, but as soon as he was out of sight he brought his horse to a walk, and fell into a long train of thought. "I think I have put spoke number one into that wheel," he ejaculated, as he entered the gates of his own park. "I wonder what his next move will be. What a rage the fellow was in! Well, I don't envy him his feelings! His poor parishioner!"

IN THE AUTUMN.

Above the withered year I tread
Midst mem'ries of the past,
And visions of the saintly dead
Throng round me dim and fast.

The sere leaves in their rustling seem
Footfalls light as the air,
Or the stir of robes in a dream
Of angels fleet and fair.

Faintly the rippling brooklets play
Again the low, sweet tune,
She sang me the dreamiest day
Ever died in the June.

Her breath is in the fragrant wind,
Her presence in the glade,
And traces of her feet I find
In sunshine and in shade.

Sometimes, in my thought, I listen
To her voice faint and far,
Where her shining garments glisten
In the evening star.

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