

compassed into that one night of weary watching. "He will never come, I shall never, never see him again. I feel now, as I felt when my sisters were taken from me, that I should see them no more on earth. But I cannot weep for him, as I wept for them; I knew that they were happy—that they had gone to rest, and I felt as if an angel's hand dried my tears. But I weep for him, as one without hope; as one, whom a terrible destiny has torn from me. I love him, but my love is a crime, for he loves another. Ah! woe is me, why did we meet thus to part?"

She looked up at the cold clear moon—up to the glorious stars of night,—and her thoughts, so lately chained to earth, soared upwards to the Father of her spirit, and once more she bowed in silent adoration to her Saviour and her God. "Forgive me, holy Father," she murmured. "I have strayed from thy fold—and my steps have stumbled upon the rough places of the earth—I have reared up an idol in thy sacred temple, and worshipped the creature more than the Creator. The love of the world is an unholy thing. It cannot satisfy the cravings of an immortal spirit—it cannot fill up the emptiness of the human heart. Return to thy rest, oh, my soul! I dedicate thee, and all thy affections to thy God."

She bowed her head upon her hands and wept, but such tears purify the source from whence they flow, and Clary felt a solemn calm steal over her agitated spirit, as, kneeling beneath the wide canopy of heaven, she prayed long and earnestly for strength to subdue her passion for Anthony; and to become obedient, in word, thought, and deed, to the will of heaven. And she prayed for him, with an earnestness and zeal which love alone can give—prayed that he might be shielded from all temptation—from the wickedness and vanity of the world—from the deceitfulness of his own heart.

She was still in the act of devotion, when the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps, caused her suddenly to start from her knees. A man ran past at full speed; then another, and another. Then a group of women, without hats and shawls, running and calling to one another. What could all this mean, at that still hour of night, in that lonely place? Clary felt her heart beat tumultuously. She rushed to the gate. She called aloud to one of the retreating groups to stop, and inform her what was the matter—why they were abroad at that late hour, and whither they were going? None slackened their speed, or stayed one moment to heed her inquiries. At length an old man, tired, and out of breath, came panting along; one whom Clary knew, and, springing into the road, she intercepted his path.

"Tell me, Ralph Hilton, what is the meaning of all this? Where are you going?"

"Up to the Hall, Miss Clary. Dear, dear, have you not heard the news? The old man has been

murdered by his son. Alack! alack! 'tis a desperate piece of business. The Coroner is up at the Hall, sitting upon the body; and I want to see the murdered man, like the rest of 'un."

"Who is it of whom you speak? Who has been murdered?" asked the terrified girl.

"Why, old Squire Hurdlestone. He has been shot dead by his own son; that young chap that was staying here so long. They have got him safe though—and by this time he must be in jail. Oh! I hope they will hang 'un; but hanging is too good. He should be burnt alive."

And here the old man hobbled on, eager to get a sight of the frightful spectacle, and to hear all the news from the fountain head.

The first streaks of the red dawn were glowing in the east; but still Clary stood in the same attitude, with her hand resting upon the half open gate, her eyes fixed upon vacancy—her lips apart—a breathing image of despair. The stage coach from—drove briskly up. A gentleman sprang from the top of the vehicle. A portmanteau was flung down to him, by the guard. "All right?" and the horses were again at full gallop."

"Clary! my dear Clary; who would have thought of your being up so early to meet me?"

That voice seemed to recal the wandering spirit of the pale girl, back to its earthly tabernacle. With a long, wild cry, she flung herself into her brother's arms.

"Hide me in your heart, Frederick—hide me from myself—I am sick and weary of the world."

Unable to comprehend the meaning of her words, Frederick carried his now insensible sister into the house, and, calling to Ruth, who was busy kindling the fires, he bade her call Mr. Anthony.

The woman shook her head. "He's gone, Sir. He left us suddenly last night, and miss Clary has done nothing but cry ever since."

"I fear it is as I suspected," said Frederick. "He must have robbed me. Yet, if he has deceived me, I never will trust to physiognomy again." He opened the desk and found the two hundred pounds in notes, and turning to the table to examine them, he recognized his cousin's hand writing, in the direction of the letter, which Anthony had written previous to his departure.

With what feelings of compassion and interest, he perused this affecting memorial. Several times the tears sprang to his eyes, and he reproached himself for having suspected poor Anthony of appropriating the money to his own use. He knew what agony of mind Anthony must have endured, before he petitioned his relentless father for the loan of the money, and he lamented the want of confidence which had withheld him from communicating his real situation to his friend. Fearing that he might be led to commit some desperate act, he did not wait to change his dress, or partake of