

pain; he heard her valiant brothers supplicated, as her disordered mind traversed the scenes of horror she had passed; and more dreadful to him than all, he heard the most endearing epithets lavished on the name of Francis d'Auvergne, while gratitude for her rescue from the bandit power, alone was coupled with his own. Those were to him days of the most bitter trial, and in trembling dread did he await the fearful result.

It was a lovely evening, several days after his arrival at the cottage. All nature was hushed in sweet tranquillity; no rushing wind swept by, but an almost imperceptible zephyre, fanned the lofty foliage of the neighboring forest; the wild bird sang his evening song, and nought beside broke the sweet repose of that lone mountain dell while the golden beams of day's departing orb, still lingered on the frowning summits of the neighboring hills, as if unwilling to bid farewell to earth, even for one short night but nature's quiet was in sad contrast to the storm which raged in the bosom of Gustavus de Lindendorf, as he sat beside the bed of Isabella McDonald. Throughout that long, long day, a deep sleep had bound her faculties, and a dreadful foreboding, nay an almost certainly gloomed over the mind of Gustavus, that that was the fearful sleep, which precedes the sleep of death, Oh! how he longed, yet feared to have that deep repose at length broken! he felt that this heart-rending suspense was more dreadful, than the worst reality. And yet he moved not, so fearful was he of breking that deep repose; but sat as if spell-bound by her bedside, and as the hours passed by, his very breath was almost suspended, and yet upon his every feature were written plain legible traces of the mental agony which raged within his soul; conscience was at work, and in that sad hour he resolved if her life were spared, to restore her to her home, Ah! vain determination! he knew not the deep passions of his own heart!

The last golden ray had fallen on the mountain summit, as the eyes of the lady Isabella slowly opened, and wandered over the humble chamber, as if in search of some familiar object, and then were fixed with a look of recognition on Gustavus de Lindendorf, Gustavus did not, could not speak or move; his every faculty seemed suspended, and wrapped up in the blissful consciousness, that the light of reason had again dawned on the mind of the lovely sufferer. At length she extended her hand, and in feeble accents pronounced his name. Gustavus grasped the offered hand, and pressed it convulsively to his lips, and as he clasped it firmly in both his own, he murmured:

"She lives! My God, I thank thee!"

Nature had triumphed over disease, and from that hour lady Isabella returned to health, while Gustavus with more than a brother's care watched over her. To her inquiries respecting his presence at the cottage, he evasively answered, "That still pursuing his hunting excursion on the mountains, his rambles brought him to the vicinity of the cottage; he could not refrain from seeking again the object of his young affection, when to his horror he found her alarmingly ill!"

Days passed; and Gustavus was a frequent visiter at the cottage of the mountain dell; his determination to restore the lady Isabella to her friends had passed away with the danger that threatened her life, and much as conscience urged him to resign his victim, inclination gained the mastery. 'Tis true he sometimes amused her by promises to inform her family of her place of residence, and thus more fully won upon her gratitude. It was but seldom now he breathed a word of love, but his whole manner bespoke the deep devotion of his soul, and although Francis d'Auvergne was still the idolized image which reigned in the heart of Isabella, yet was Gustavus cherished as a very dear friend, whose arm had rescued her from a fearful fate, whose humanity had placed her in safety, and comparative comfort, whose care had watched over her when the hand of disease was upon her, and whose kindness would eventually restore her to her home!"

(To be continued.)

O BABBLE NOT TO ME, GRAY EILD.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

On babble not to me, Gray Eild,
Of days and years mis-spent,
Unless thou can'st again restore
Youth's scenes of merriment.

Can'st thou recal to me the heart
That bounded sorrow-free,
Or wake to life the lovely one
Who stole that heart from me?

Can'st thou by magic art compel
The shrouded dead to rise,
And all the friends of early years
Again to glad my eyes?

Can'st thou renew Hope's flattering dream
That promised joys in store,
Or bid me taste again those few,
Alas! that are no more?

Then babble not to me, Gray Eild,
Of days and years mis-spent,
Unless thou can'st again restore
Youth's dreams of sweet content.