

few words to you—and mark them well! Is it for a boy like you to prescribe rules for his father's conduct? Away from my presence! I will not be insulted in my own house, and assailed by these impertinent importunities. Reflect, young man, upon your present undutiful conduct, and if you ever provoke me by a repetition of it—I will strike your name out of my will, and leave my property to strangers more deserving of it. I hear that you have been studying for the church, under the idea that I will provide for you in that profession—I could do it—I would have done it, and made good a promise I once gave you to that effect; but this meeting has determined me to pursue another plan, and leave you to yourself."

"You are welcome so to do, Mr. Hurdlestone," said Anthony, proudly, turning to depart. "The education which I have received at your injured brother's expense, will place me above want—farewell, and may God judge betwixt us two."

With a heavy heart Anthony returned to S—. He saw a crowd collected round the jail, but forcing his way through them, he was met in the entrance by Godfrey. His cheek was pale, his lip quivered, as he addressed his cousin:

"You are come too late, Anthony. 'Tis all over. My poor father! —"

He turned away, for his heart at that time was not wholly dead to the feelings common to our nature. He could not conclude the sentence. Anthony only too quickly comprehended the meaning of his cousin's agitation. He rushed past him, and entered the room which had been appropriated to his uncle's use. And there he lay upon that mean bed, never again to rise up, or whistle to hawk or hound—the generous, reckless Algernon Hurdlestone. His face wore a placid smile,—his grey hair hung in solemn masses round the open brow, and he looked as if he had really bidden the cares and sorrows of time a long good night, and had fallen into a deep, tranquil sleep. A tall figure stood by the bed, gazing sadly upon the face of the deceased. Anthony saw him not. The arrow was in his heart. The sight of his dead uncle—his best—his dearest—his only friend, had blinded him to aught else upon earth. With a low cry of deep and heart-uttered grief, he flung himself upon the breast of the dead, and wept with all the passionate, uncontrolled anguish which a final separation from the beloved wrings from a devoted woman's heart.

"Poor boy, how dearly he loved him!" remarked some one near him, addressing the person who had first occupied the room when Anthony entered. It was Mr. Grant, the rector, who spoke.

"I hope this sudden bereavement will serve him as a warning to amend his own evil ways," returned his companion, who happened to be no other than Captain Whitmore, as he left the apartment.

Anthony raised his head, his dark eyes flashing

through his tears, as the unmerited reproach, even in a moment like that, stung him to the quick; but he who wished to play the part of a monitor was gone, and the unhappy youth again bowed his head and wept upon the bosom of the dead.

"Anthony, be comforted," said the kind clergyman, taking his young friend's hand. "Your poor uncle has been taken by a merciful God from the evil to come. You know his frank, generous nature; you know his extravagant habits—his self-indulgence. How could such a man struggle with the cares of life, or encounter the cold glances of those he was used to entertain? Think—think a moment, and restrain this passionate grief. Would it be wise, or kind, or Christian-like, to wish him back?"

"You are right, my dear sir; it is all for the best; I know it is. My loss is his gain; but 'tis such a loss—such a dreadful loss—I know not how to bear it with any fortitude."

"I will not attempt to console you with commonplace condolence, Anthony. Nature says, weep—weep freely—but do not regret his departure."

"How did he meet his fate? Dear, kind uncle, was he prepared?"

"Be satisfied. He died of a broken heart—but he died happily. His last words were peace—'God bless my poor Anthony. Tell him I forgive his father—that I die in peace with all the world.' And so he died—and so I believe that he has gone to rest. He had many faults—but they were more the result of unhappy circumstances than of any peculiar evil in his nature. He was kind, benevolent, and merciful. He trusted in the redeeming blood of Christ to wash away his sins, and I doubt not that he has obtained mercy."

There was a pause. Anthony implanted a long pious kiss upon the cold lofty brow of the dead, and murmured, "God bless him!" fervently.

"And now, my young friend, tell me candidly, in what way have you offended Captain Whitmore—a man both wealthy and powerful, who has proved himself such a disinterested friend to your poor uncle and cousin, and who might, if he pleased, be of infinite service to you? Explain to me, if you can, the meaning of his parting words?"

"Not here—not here!" exclaimed Anthony; "by the dead body of the father, how can I, a creature so long dependent upon his bounty, denounce his only son? Captain Whitmore labours under a strong delusion. He has believed a lie—and, poor and friendless as I now am, I am too proud to convince him of his error,"

"You are wrong, Anthony. No one should suffer an undeserved stigma to rest upon his character. But I will say no more upon the subject at present. What are you going to do with yourself? Where will you find a home tonight?"

"Here, by the dead—whilst he remains upon