

only information he received respecting her, was, that she resided in the neighbourhood, under the close inspection of the Worthington family.

For days did he devise all means and methods to discover her, but in vain. Yet he felt a consolation to know that he was near her—that, perhaps in his wanderings he passed the very home that contained his once loved treasure: and thus from day to day did he while away the weary hours, 'till the golden autumn had given place to winter, and a check was put upon his wanderings.

The winter had far advanced, and, as is usual in most towns and cities, a round of parties was kept up among the inhabitants who were friendly to one another. One evening, along with his kind relation, (although repugnant to his feelings,) he consented to be present at one of these. The apartments were decorated in the most costly style—the music was of the most voluptuous quality, beauty and fashion were mingled together, while, “soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again, and all went merry as a marriage bell.” The hours sped gaily on, and the dance was at its height. The bell of a neighbouring church told that the hour of midnight had arrived. But, what to them was the flight of time? light hearts and loving ones, were bound in the rosy garlands of pleasure,—so old “scythe and hour-glass” might keep journeying on, he could not mar their festivity.

The music ceased, and the dancers were retiring to their places, when a young female, fancifully attired, stood in the midst of them; her attenuated figure was trembling with the biting blast, through which, by the dampness of her clothing, it was evident she must have passed. Her pale and emaciated features wore the hue of death; her eyes, which were sunken in her head, yet flickered with a bright and unnatural lustre. Death-like silence pervaded the assembly—all eyes were fastened upon her; but to none was she apparently known. She looked around her with a wild and vacant stare, and in a low, sweet and melancholy voice, sighed—“Where is he?—I know he is here.” Walworth gasped for breath. It was Esther Wilson! That pale and trembling figure was the once beautiful creature, the idol of his affection. “Esther, dear Esther!” he exclaimed. A shrill shriek burst from the delirious creature, and the next moment she lay senseless upon the floor.

The company gathered around her, while Henry rushed towards her and raising her

from the ground, clasped her closely to his bosom. He could recollect no more 'till the next morning, when he awoke to sensibility in his own apartment, with his kind friends gathered around him. “Where is Esther?” was his first exclamation. They looked at each other in inexplicable silence. He repeated the question. Still were they silent. He asked again. His friend spoke not, but pointed to heaven. Walworth divined, alas! but too truly, that Esther was no more.

A kind of supernatural strength, now took possession of him. He seemed at once to have recovered all his energies, and in a cool and deliberate manner, gave directions that the corpse should be conveyed to N—, the place of her birth. Alone, he followed, and with a few friends, saw the last rites bestowed upon it. In that grave, where I beheld him kneeling, she sweetly slumbered, where nightly he came to breathe his orisons to God, that, although she had wronged him in life—in death they might be united.

The autumn following, I visited N—. The first inhabitant I inquired for, was Walworth. “He is dead, sir,” was the answer I received.

“And buried, I trust, with—”

“Esther Wilson, sir,” said my informant, anticipating my words. “It was his last request, and faithfully was it obeyed.” That very night I visited the grave-yard. The moon was casting its holy radiance on all around.—A new grave-stone caught my gaze. I approached it and found it to contain this inscription:

Here lie the Bodies of
Esther Wilson,
and
Henry Walworth.



THERE is no man, but God hath put many excellent things into his possession to be used, improved, and managed by him for the common good and interest; for men are made for society and mutual fellowship. We are not born for ourselves alone, *but every other man hath some right and interest in us*, and as no man can live happily in this world without the help and assistance of others, so neither is any man exempt or privileged from being in his place some way beneficial to others.—*Dr. Calamy's Sermons.*



Who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?—*Milton.*