

he was thriving, he feared to ask the consent of Mr. Caruthers or Farnham (as we shall henceforth call him, deeming him very opulent) to address Mary, whom he had long loved. But to return to our tale :

On the following morning Hanway took his departure, and after he was gone, Farnham communicated his past history to his wife and daughter. They, thankful that his heart was relieved from a burden that had so long oppressed it, gavelittle heed to Hanway's threats of vengeance, although they doubted not he would to the best of his power execute them. Farnham did not fear that he would accuse him of the attempt to murder, as so long a time had elapsed since then, and as there were no witnesses present at the time of his assault. In his perplexity, Farnham determined to send for Arthur Gilmour, who in a short time made his appearance, as the distance from the cottage to the village was but two miles.

Having confided to him the history of his past life, as well as of recent events, Farnham observed, with foreboding heart, that Gilmour attached great importance to the threats of Hanway. At length, after remaining deeply absorbed in thought for some time, he abruptly enquired :

"Have you any great debts, Mr. Farnham?"

"I have two notes in Montreal, against me, of greater amount than my property is worth," he answered.

The young lawyer's countenance fell at this, but he immediately replied :

"If that is all, I can liquidate your debts; but I much fear the machinations of this villain. As he has gone to Montreal, there is no doubt but that he will get possession of these notes, and as your house must in that case be sold, I think you had better instantly, with your family, remove to my house, and while you know that your family is safe, a great care will be removed from your mind. If he gets possession of your notes, we will then contest the right he had to acquire them in such a manner and for such a purpose."

Farnham gratefully accepted Gilmour's offer, and the next day they removed to his house.

A week elapsed, and at the end of that time Hanway again appeared in the village, and as was expected, arrested Farnham, and conveyed him to Montreal, where his trial was to take place. His family remained with Mrs. Gilmour, cheered by their confident hopes of being able to acquit Mr. Farnham. At length the day of trial came, and it was decided against Mr. Farnham, but Arthur advanced, and placed in the hands of the judge the amount of the notes. Hanway unwillingly received it, and giving a look expressive of undying hate and baffled rage, was about to

leave the room, when suddenly a strange police officer arrested him. On being asked the cause of this, he replied :

"Oh! this is a chap who committed a great robbery in London, lately; I tracked him to France, and from thence here."

In the next departing ship Hanway was conveyed to England, where he was tried, convicted and sentenced to transportation for life. But soon after his arrival at Botany Bay, he escaped and became one of the most ferocious of the fierce and infamous Bush-rangers. At length, in one of his daring excursions against the settlers, he was shot.

Farnham returned once more to the village, but to remain only for a short time; since as he was not guilty of the crime of murder he could return to England and claim his handsome estate. He was accompanied by Arthur Gilmour and his mother. He found no difficulty in regaining his estate, and shortly after, Arthur and Mary were united. Farnham lived to a good old age, and before he died he saw his two sons distinguished in the professions they had chosen—the army and navy; and Arthur and his wife, surrounded with every blessing that could be wished. Their children, a son and daughter, consoled him in some degree, in his old age, for his two sons that were absent.

August, 1845.

WHAT IS LOVE!

'Tis a child of Fancy's getting,
Brought up between hope and fear,
Fed with smiles, grown by unflin'g
Strong, and so kept by desire:
'Tis a perpetual vestal fire,
Never dying,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth aspire,
Upwards flying.

It is a soft magnetic stone,
Attracting hearts by sympathy;
Blinding up close two souls in one
Both discoursing secretly;
'Tis the true Gordian knot that ties,
Yet never unbinds,
Fixing thus two lover's eyes
As well as minds.

'Tis the sphere's heavenly harmony
Where two skilful hands do strike;
And every sound expressively
Marries sweetly with the choir;
'Tis the world's everlasting chain,
That all things ties,
And bids them, like the fixed wax,
Unmould to bide.