

shining through the scarlet window hangings far away into the garden beyond, as Allan neared the Hall. The door was answered by the parlour maid, who, after showing the visitor into the drawing-room, retired to the kitchen, giving Simon a significant wink as she passed. Simon understood this optical movement and smiled. Things went on much as usual, until your grandfather's return, when Simon resolved to acquaint his master of Beckford's visits in his absence, which he accordingly did the following morning. Theodolph Heathburn's face grew more rigid and stern than ever; his eye of justice was fast darting; him; the dark lines on his brow became more visible, and he was determined—determined—determined—to commit something horrible to wreck his vengeance on the heads of those who had trifled with his honor and his good name. He reasoned and expostulated with his wife, but she scornful; laughed at his allusions; this provoked him worse; he thought of the stone turret with its iron door and thick walls;—he thought of punishment—perfect punishment—starvation. Their boy, now about six years of age, had been removed to a boarding school at Raburn, where he remained for several years.

Your grandfather, drove to madness by his wife's insolence and indifference, threatened her with confinement in the turret; she laughed at the idea, and tossing her head, dared him to such a deed. He resolved to act;—he became a demi-man; his eyes shot wildly from their sockets; the ridges on his brow swelled ominously—and one dark, quiet night, he had her carried by force from her chamber—her cries stifled by pillows—to the dark, round dungeon. He ordered Simon to take her her apparel, but no food. The bane of life he meant to deny her;—he meant to pinch her cruelly; while he pressed the key—the fatal key that held her in bondage—to his breast with a demonical grin. He meant to terrify her by holding up before her waning eyes, her own skeleton. Hitherto it was understood that Simon was in the confidence of his master, but when the former was sent to the turret with clothes for the prisoner, the latter whispered in his ear—offered him a hundred guineas if he would secure her freedom; Simon hastily hurried out to allay suspicion, and delivered the key to your grandfather at the Hall. Simon, who had a torrid desire for money, pondered thoughtfully over the hundred guineas; the subterraneous passage flashed across his mind; and at the dead hour of night he raised the broken flag, and noiselessly groped his way to the turret. That night he conceived a plan for her

escape. The following night, Simon, stealthily followed by her, traversed the dark tunnel, and she was once more free. Theodolph Heathburn opened the iron door of the turret as usual the morning after her escape; he was astonished, chagrined, scoldingly mad, for his wrath was not yet spent. She had baffled him, though he knew not by what means. He was more determined, than ever; he searched the Hall, explored the mouldering chambers that were tenantless and useless; traversed the hedges and ditches, but in vain; one place only, he had missed—strangely, unconsciously missed—it was the barn. Partly in reverie, partly conscious, he wandered to it—on his near approach he heard a low murmuring sound; creeping quietly to the door he boldly burst it open, and the object of his search was there, lying on a mat on the floor, but suddenly started to her feet as the heavy door opened and her husband entered; evidently she had been weeping, for her eyes were still red and swollen. Instead of him rushing at her, as she expected, he stood, and calmly looked at her; there seemed to be the smile of a lunatic on his face; he stepped forward, and shook her by the hand; she could not look in his face, but hung her head as if in penitence. He spoke, promised to return and comfort her, then withdrew, a confirmed maniac. He re-entered, wearing a demon's visage—looked at her, Oh! what a look! she screamed, but naught, save the echo, answered—with a mad man's strength he rushed at her throat, and she was no more—he had smothered her.

Ten days afterwards a close cab, with iron bars instead of windows, bore Theodolph to the Preston Asylum for lunatics, where he shortly died. His wife was buried behind the barn, where the tall fir-trees now grow. The Beckford's lease ran out, and they migrated to Wales, where their connections lived. Two brothers, named Fenley, neighbors, kindly took charge of the boy at the boarding school, and duly installed him in Gratton Hall. That boy is your father. Now you know, Winfred, why the Squire forbids you to ask of this in the Hall. You also know why the barn is said to be haunted, and why the fir-trees are allowed to stand. The stone turret has long since been taken away, and the dark cavern beneath filled up. I am the oldest man in this neighborhood, and this is the only true account of what was once a reality, but now nothing more than an historical legend. Keep it, Winfred, in your breast and may you profit by the evil deeds of your ancestors.

As the old man finished his story, he drew a long breath, for the recital of it

had well nigh exhausted him. The boys whistling past the garden hedge, with the luncheons, on their way to the field, also disturbed them.

Winfred Heathburn is now an old man, a father, and a grandfather. Daddy Gibbs is buried in Raburn churchyard; and naught but the haunted barn remains to keep the matter fresh in the memories of the people.

COMMON MAXIMS IMPROVED.

WARR men but as wise for eternity as they are for time, and did they spiritually improve their natural principles for their souls as they do naturally for their bodies and estates, what precious Christians might men be! For instance, these are common maxims:

1. To believe good news well founded.—Why, then, is not the gospel believed, which is the best news, and best grounded news in the world!
2. To love what is lovely, and that most which is most lovely.—Why, then, is not Christ the beloved of men's souls, seeing he is altogether lovely!
3. To fear that which will hurt them.—Why, then, are not men afraid of sin, seeing nothing is so hurtful to them as sin!
4. Not to trust a known deceiver.—Why, then, do men trust Satan, the old serpent, the deceiver of the world—the world, and its deceitful riches—their own hearts, which are deceitful above all things!
5. To lay up for old age.—Why, then, do not men lay up for eternity treasures of faith and good works, against the day of death and judgment!
6. He that will give most shall have most.—Why, then, do not men give their love and service to God! Doth not he bid most!

7. Take warning by other's harms.—Why do not men take heed of sinning, from the sufferings and torments which others undergo for sinning!

Ah! if men did but walk by their own rules, and improve by their own principles, what a help would it be to godliness! But, alas! God may complain of us, as of his people of old: "My people do not consider."—*Canaan's Flowings.*

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