

arrival. Suddenly a slight rustle among the fallen leaves made her turn her head, and she saw, through a mist that seemed to gather over her eyes,—Ernest,—apparently safe and well! The reaction after the preceding strain was too much. She grew white and dizzy, wavered, and seemed as if she would have fallen had not Ernest rushed forward to support her. Neither of them could ever quite tell how it was; in the excitement of the meeting the tide of feeling overleapt all ordinary barriers of conventionality, and they met, clasped in a warm, glad embrace. The relief of the moment seemed to wipe out every other thought than that they were together again,—all distrust and estrangement over,—and in the full, irrepressible, mutual consciousness of a strong overpowering affection.

Ernest had hurried on by a short cut leading him into the grounds through the woods. He had come, in no small degree impelled by the strength of his own desire to see Lillas, but also with the good excuse of acting as the herald of the invalids, that everything might be ready for their reception. It was a good while before the course of events could be disentangled from the rushing torrent of question and answer. One thing Lillas did *not* hear from Ernest, but afterwards from her father; who gratefully told her that, but for Ernest, "it would have been all over with him." He had been separated from his comrades and hemmed in, in a rocky angle, by two or three Americans; and in a moment or two his ineffectual resistance