

derful flashing of satisfaction on his face. He caught her hand, and kissed it, opened the door for her to pass out, and waved his hand to her, as she went up the stairs.

He went back into the dining-room; he stood, with folded arms, looking, not *seeing*, out at the window, with his brow knit, his mouth compressed, in very evident complication of thought. Only for a minute or two, however. Then he was off, walking rapidly along the broad hillside path, under the forlorn boughs of the almost wintry beeches, with the low sullen wind wailing round, and the stern clouds in huge masses looming weightily overhead--on to Beacon's Cottage.

The wind, which was deep-mouthed and heavy, as with a subdued malignity, in the valley, was fiercely astir upon the hill. It swung the pine trees, it shook the crackling oak branches. It came about Vaughan like an enemy who would fain repel him from the gate of that breezy paradise.

MORITURUS.

I.

It is a little thing to die,
To lose one's breath some morn,
And lay this earthly casket by,
Of all its splendour shorn.

II.

And one with tender hands shall close
With care the vacant eyes,
And one shall plant a simple rose
Where sad remembrance lies.

III.

And one shall raise a marble stone
With letters fair to see—
"Death slew not this true heart alone,
His arrows murdered me."

J. FREDERIC.