

both by Mary's manner and Emma's positive assurances, had the perseverance to keep hoping far beyond his first intentions. When, however, the week had passed, he grew ashamed of his folly, and looked upon the whole affair with matchless indifference. Emma declared that she would, for three weeks, keep watch, and would not wholly give up until the full month would have gone. Mary would never cease looking until she saw that face again. How could she? She recognized him—and he recognized her—of all this she felt perfectly certain. Such, at all events, was her belief.

But the month went by, and still no harper came. And two months went by, and still he came not. And when three months went by, what then? Reader, dear reader, that minstrel did not come! Where was he? Where?

That was to some a long, long, wearisome time. We, fair friend, you and I, have come through it right merrily. We have, of late, been so accustomed to skipping over events, and leaping down the ladder of time; we have in consequence of this become so marvellously agile, that a jump of three months is nothing to us. Well, but what have we got for our pains? We have not got the harper, that's clear; but we have got one whom we are rejoiced to see. Who is it? Yes, we have got him—he has come at last. Behold him, our old friend, considerably changed, to be sure, not as he was, but silvered o'er with the frosts of time—Dr. M'Dougald, another and the same! Yes, Dr. M'Dougald, the long expected, the tardy to the last, has actually arrived. He has. And what high delight is there now in Henry Mangan's home! Welcomes and warm embraces are the order of the hour—welcomes and warm embraces, manifold and long! Henry is delighted—Emma is enraptured—and Mary, the watcher, suddenly gay, half forgets the face of her harper.