

masked ball to be held in the evening. Pistols and a dagger were thrust into the belt round his waist—while a small cap of singular form, was placed amidst his jet black hair, and suited admirably his wild beauty.

"I have frightened, you Adelaide," he said, on perceiving her cheek turn pale; "did you not expect me?"

"Not so late," she replied hurriedly and confused; "and certainly not in such fearful guise—is Marguerite with you?"

"Oh, yes, do not alarm yourself; come hither old dame and show your handsome face," he continued to Marguerite, who instantly stepped forward. There, that will do, now avant and await me in the next room. I thought you had fled from your prison Adelaide, when I found you not there. Tell me how have you fared since last night, my sweet sister; did I appear to you in your dreams?"

"You have been much in my thoughts, I own, Albert," replied Adelaide, still trembling; "but indeed I do not like these stolen meetings; they have in my sight an appearance of impropriety which I cannot reconcile——"

"Pshaw, what, with your own brother," returned Albert, taking her hand; "have you forgotten the time, when, as children, we traversed the woods together, and if you complained of fatigue I carried you in my arms—lose not your child-like confidence dear?"

"If I could only think of you as such I should be happy; but since you have opened my eyes to the truth, I cannot. Oh, did you not hear footsteps along the coridor? Leave me, dear Albert, I beseech you—the very dread I feel at your being discovered, tells me that it is wrong."

"It is not wrong," said Albert, impatiently, and with a raised voice; "and I will maintain it in spite of all who shall dare tell me so. I have the Baron's sanction for coming hither. Now are you satisfied? We conversed together concerning you this day, when I told him I had discovered my mother's deceit and unkindness towards you—and that I knew its meaning—that she feared the influence your beauty would have over me—nay blush not, sweet one, you know its truth. My father did not appear displeased; he even said that if I would only become steady, the day might come when he would give his consent to our union. What say you, Adelaide, is it likely to arrive, think you?" and he laughed.

Adelaide was too much agitated to reply to him—thoughts came crowding on her mind, and as she looked in his face, and met the full gaze of his dark kindling eye, while he held both her hands in his, the remembrance of what he was, and the light manner in which he treated all those things which most she loved and venerated, made her sigh, as she softly replied:

"I think not, Albert."

"You think not—perhaps you wish not?"

"I said not that, my brother, but I fear." Here she paused.

"What is it you fear, tell me Adelaide?"

"That our sentiments and feelings being so opposite, we should not suit each other. I am too grave for you Albert," and the sweet smile which followed these words made him clasp her tenderly to his bosom.

"You might reform me, and change me from what I am; none on earth but yourself could possess the power. Would not this make you happy?" he enquired.

"Oh, beyond all words, my dear, dear brother," said Adelaide; "but this neither I, or any mortal could effect, unless God deigned to bless our efforts."

"You think me very wicked, then?"

"I think you only what I know all to be by nature. Fallen from the high state in which man was first created, and alienated from God, and from all holiness—unrestrained by his Divine grace, you follow the bent of every wild wish, forgetful of a judgment to come."

"This is a sad picture, Adelaide."

"It is, my brother, but it is not the less true; and will be followed by an eternity of woe, if you repent not. Our life has been given us for no other end than to prepare us for a higher being, but if we waste it amidst the haunts of revelry, of vice, of folly, how can we be fitted to appear before God, or to enjoy those pure joys which surround his throne?"

"You are a very pretty preacher truly," returned Albert, smiling at the eagerness with which she addressed him; "but I assure you such sage reflections as yours would be scoffed at as madness by those who of late have been my companions; they could not even understand them."

"Alas, I know it well, dearest Albert, and they will proceed in their thoughtless career, (unless restrained by the powerful arm of God) until health is lost, and a premature old age, destroying their best energies, creeps upon them, and they sink into an early grave. This must be the closing scene on earth of all such reckless courses—where it opens again upon them in another world it is awful to reflect. Ah, laugh not, my brother, but prepare for that day which must come upon you, and you know not how soon."

"Enough, enough, my sweet mistress, I will hear you on this another time—what have you here," continued Albert, taking up the goblet; "wine, which you have scarcely tasted; after such eloquence you surely need refreshment. Suffer me to be your cup bearer, and, as in duty bound to taste it first myself," and kneeling on one knee, he put the cup to his own lips and then offered it to hers. She would have declined, but half playfully, half in earnest, he held it so firmly there that she was con-