

lovely, until he should wake up the servants and gain admission, his purpose was frustrated, by the door being softly opened by Bee, who stood with a shaded taper behind it.

"Oh, Bee!"

"Oh, Ismael!"

Both spoke at once, and in a tone of irrepressible emotion.

"Come in, Ismael," she next said, kindly.

"I know, Bee?" he asked, sadly, as he

"Yes, Ismael! Forgive me for knowing, for it prevented others finding us! And your secret could not rest safer, or with a truer heart, than mine."

"I know it, dear Bee! dear sister, I know it. And Bee! Listen! That glass of brandy was only the third of any sort of spirituous liquor that I ever tasted in my life! And I solemnly swear in the presence of Heaven and before you that it shall be the very last! Never, no, never, even as a

medicin will I place the fatal poison to my lips again!"

"I believe you, Ismael! And I am very happy! Thank God!" she said, giving him her hand.

"Dear Bee! Holy night! I am scarcely worthy to touch it," he said, bowing humbly and reverently over that little white hand.

"These shall be mine joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance." Good-night, Ismael," said Bee, sweetly, as she put the taper in his hand and glided like a spirit from his presence.

She was seen sleeping beside her baby-sister.

And Ismael went up-stairs to bed. And the troubled night closed in peace.

The further career of "Ismael," together with the after fate of all the characters mentioned in this work, will be found in the sequel to and final conclusion of this volume, just published, under the name of "Self-Reliance; or, From the Depths."

THE END.

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**THE ATHENÆUM CLUB,**  
 NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE  
**READING ROOM.**