

a short time she entered Portsmouth harbour, having been absent three years and two days. As soon as he possibly could, Lionel asked for and obtained leave of absence. Immediately he hired a post chaise, and taking a small portmanteau, was soon on his road to, and near his home. Arrived in the city he determined not to go to his father's house for some days; as he well knew a strict injunction would be laid on and a watch kept, that he should not attempt to see Margaret, but which he was determined to do. Taking a lodging in a small public house in an obscure part of the city, he, by adroitly questioning the persons in whose house he lodged, learnt that the marriage of Miss De Vere was to take place in two days, that it was to have taken place the last week, but for some reason had been postponed to the time now mentioned. In the evening Lionel walked to the vicinity of the Canon's house, in hopes to see Margaret. As he was loitering about he heard the sharp bark of a dog; and the next instant a small spaniel belonging to Margaret, sprung and fawned upon him with all the tokens of joyful recognition. Looking around he saw, to his great joy, Margaret De Vere, just returning from a walk. He had before quitting the house, prepared a note, stating what he had heard respecting her marriage; informing her that he had but three days leave of absence, and begging her to afford him an opportunity of once more seeing her, that they might pass a few moments in each others company—bid each other farewell, and he would then tear himself from her for ever. Hastily securing this note to the collar of the dog, he severely pinched the animal's ear, which ran yelping to its mistress, who stooping to caress and examine the cause of its cries discovered the note. Having read it she looked hastily and anxiously around, and on seeing him made a sign for him to follow her, and walked quickly in the direction contrary to that she had before been walking. He, following, soon overtook her. To his great astonishment, she, instead of expressing surprise at seeing, said she had been expecting him for some days past. She then told him that about a fortnight since, a young lady, a friend of her's had received a letter from a young midshipman to whom she was engaged, in which he mentioned that he had met Lionel, and also informed her of the time when he would probably be home. This was the cause of the postponement. Anxious to see Lionel once more, when she would meet him as in past days, and expecting him, she insisted on

the marriage being delayed ten days longer, which was done. Now she had seen him once again, she felt more repugnance than before to become a bride. Fearing that her absence would be noticed, and that persons would be sent to look for her, she was about to bid him farewell for ever. But he urged and finally gained her consent to allow him to come that night at midnight—climb to her window which she was to leave open, and in the apartment where they had met in happier days to bid her an eternal farewell. This being agreed upon they parted, and he returned to his lodging to wait until the hour of midnight should arrive. At length the bell of the cathedral pealed the hour of twelve—that bell, the sound of which had so often called him to the holy pile in which he had performed a double worship. As he hastily caught up his cloak, he perceived on the table, among some things which he had taken out of his valisse, a small dirk, which he wore as part of his uniform when on board the ship. It was not that he feared or anticipated an attack from any one; but he, knowing not why, took it up and concealed it in his breast.

He reached the house of the Canon. A faint light gleamed from the window of Margaret's apartment, shewing that she waited his coming. He threw a small pebble against the casement, but no answer was returned. By the blind fastenings he easily reached the window which opened at his touch. He entered the apartment—all was deep silence, broken only by the soft breathings of Margaret De Vere, who, wearied with anxiety and watching, had sunk on her couch in slumber. Lionel gazed around on each well remembered object; a train of events rushed upon his recollection which caused his brain to burn and his heart to beat. Their first meeting—the happy hours they had passed—and then came the recollection of the last meeting—and then—“*I would not wish to live after thee; but could we depart from this together; oh! how welcome would be death!*” These words rang in his ears, and unconsciously he grasped his dirk. As he looked on her beautiful form reclining in sleep—the innocent expression of her countenance struck him as appearing like that of an angel. “Yes!” exclaimed he, “she is fitted for heaven; what has she to do with earth? What if I should set her spirit free! She would bless me—can I give a more convincing proof of my heart's worship than to save her from the polluting touch of mortal? No!”—He softly stole toward and bending over, pressed his lips to her