

One long and last embrace—one gush of free and heartfelt tears—one deep, impassioned kiss, pressed upon the quivering lips of the beloved,—and Anthony Hurdlestone was once more alone in the condemned cell, with silence and darkness, mute emblems of death, brooding around him.

He had held all this time Clary's letter unconsciously strained in his hand; and as his thoughts flowed back to her, he longed intensely to read it. The visit of the good priest, who brought with him a light, afforded him the opportunity he desired. A strange awe came over him as he unfolded the paper. The hand that had traced it was no longer on earth. The spirit that had dictated it was removed to another sphere. Yet he fancied, as he read the paper, that the soft blue eyes of Clary looked into his soul,—that her bright golden locks fanned his fevered cheek,—that she was actually before him, and several times he started and looked up into the face of the Chaplain, before he could dispel the vision.

"Anthony—dear Anthony, (she said,)—this will meet you at a time when sorrow for my death will be lost in joy, that we shall so soon meet in Heaven. Fear not, Anthony! That hour is far distant. You will not die! Many years are in store for you. God is just. You are innocent. Trust in Him—trust firmly, nothing wavering, and he will save you. I have wept for you—prayed for you; my soul has been poured forth in tears, but never for one moment have I abused our holy friendship by imagining you guilty.

"Weep not for me, Anthony! I am happy. You could not love me, and God has taken me from the evil to come. Death has no sting. I can welcome him as a friend!

Why should I dread thee, Death,
Stern friend, in solemn guise?
One pause of this frail breath,
And then the skies!

"When restored to peace, to happiness, and to Juliet, think kindly of me. Remember how I loved you—how I delighted in all that delights and enchants you. But not in crowded halls would I have you recal my image. My heart was alone amidst the dust and rubbish of the gay world. But in spring, when the earth is bright with flowers,—when the sun looks down in love upon creation,—when the full streams are flowing onward with a voice of joy,—when the song of birds makes glad the forest bowers,—when every blade of grass is dressed in beauty, and every leaf and flower utters forth a voice, and the unsophisticated, untried heart of youth breathes forth its ardent aspirations to the throne of God,—then, Anthony, think of me. My spirit will hover round your paths; my voice will murmur on the winds, and the recollection of what I was—of all my faith and love—will be dear to your heart.

"When these eyes, long dimmed with weeping,
In the silent dust are sleeping;
When above my lowly bed,
The breeze shall wave the thistle head,
Thou wilt think of me, love!

"When the Queen of beams and showers
Comes to dress the earth with flowers;
When the days are long and bright,
And the moon shines all the night,
Thou wilt think of me, love!

"When the tender corn is springing,
And the merry thrush is singing;
When the swallows come and go,
On light wings flitting to and fro,
Thou wilt think of me, love!

"When 'neath April's rainbow skies,
Violets ope their azure eyes;
When mossy bank, and verdant mound,
Sweet knots of primroses have crowned,
Thou wilt think of me, love!

"When the meadows glitter white,
Like a sheet of silver light;
When bluebells gay and cowslips bloom,
Sweet scented briar, and golden broom,
Thou wilt think of me, love!

"Each bud shall be to thee a token,
Of a fond heart reft and broken;
And the month of joy and gladness,
Shall fill thy soul with holy sadness,
And thou wilt sigh for me, love!

"When thou ro'ast the woodland bowers,
Thou shalt cull spring's sweetest flowers,
And shalt strew, with silent weeping,
The lonely bed where I am sleeping,
And sadly mourn for me, love!"

And thus ended poor Clary's letter. Anthony folded it up carefully, and laid it next his heart. The hope which she had endeavoured to inspire deserted him at that moment. He was resigned to his fate. He even wished to die. Her simple letter had done more to reconcile him to his doom than the pious lectures of the good priest, and his own deep reflections upon the subject. The madness of all human pursuits—the vanity and frivolity of life,—awoke in his breast sensations of pity and disgust. The blindness of the most enlightened—the folly of those, most renowned for wisdom—the hollowness of its friendship—the selfishness of its love. Was it such a mighty struggle to part with these? Had not wise and good men tried him? Yet had they not found him guilty, while the real criminals would soon be loaded with wealth and