

wrought them; the rocky precipices they had scaled while the mountain winds blew freshly on their brows, and they looked down on the valley beneath with as much pride as Hannibal when he gazed upon the fertile plains of Italy from the conquered Alps. Then a dark shadow came over his day-dream, and he recalled the sudden and melancholy change which had appeared in Wilhelm. He remembered how pale and thin he had grown, and how day by day he became weaker, though he still would smile and assume his old gaiety, when he marked the careful and agitated glance of his brother. It was long before Max could believe that his beloved companion, his playfellow, his second self must die; but so gently, so happily did Wilhelm pass from the earth, that none who witnessed the heavenly peace that illuminated his young death-bed could help imbibing some of that beautiful Faith and Hope which filled the dying child with joy. His last thought was for his brother; his last words, as he clasped the hand of Max feebly in his own, "There is no parting in Heaven!" From that hour Max became grave and melancholy; he passed his days in the wildest mountain glens around his home or in the lonely church-yard where his brother was buried. The servant who had often believed there was something mysterious and unearthly about their lady, now whispered that the same supernatural power which held her in thralldom had wound its chains around her children; some of these whispers reached Max, and in his present sad and gloomy mood had a powerful effect on his imagination; he believed himself predestined to evil and he dwelt on this thought till his mind had almost sunk into hopelessness despondency.

Roused from her apathy by the death of Wilhelm, Madame Von Werfenstein devoted all her energies to win her remaining son back to health and happiness, but the boy's heart had so long learned to fold itself at her approach that it now refused to open when she sought its confidence. But her efforts were not altogether fruitless. Having observed in him extraordinary talents for drawing, and being herself skilled in the art, she sedulously labored to unfold and encourage his opening genius. This it was which had infused new life into the drooping boy; a new hope and aim were born into his soul and fame a noble lofty fame, the shadow and the type of immortality, became the goal to which he aspired. Now all these remembrances passed through the young painter's mind, thoughts of Helen mingling with and gradually overpowering them all, till some one gently touched his arm.

It was his mother with an expression of anxious uneasiness in her features, which he had scarcely ever before seen agitate them. For a moment she regarded him in silence, and then she said—

"You love that English girl well, Max."

"It is true," answered Max "but do not you, mother, who have so long concealed your own sufferings grieve for mine. I have at least enough of your spirit within my heart to bear them without complaining."

"And let them devour your heart in secret.— Yet if you seek to win her hand while the faintest doubt of her love for you exists in your mind you do but seek your own wretchedness, could you tell the misery which a life-long union with one whose heart is not wholly yours must bring, you would deem the bitterest pangs of slighted love light in comparison."

Her words seemed to come from her heart, and sunk chillingly on that of Max. He turned away his head in silence.

"Listen to me," persisted his mother. "You say that you know I have suffered; you know that from me your father found neither sympathy nor love—that to my very children my nature has often seemed stone—I will tell you now what changed my soul, once ardent and aspiring as your own to marble, my heart once as warm and tender, to dust; what rendered your father good and noble as he was a joyless man, and even blighted the glad morning of my children's days."

CHAPTER XXV.

She fashions him she loved of angels' kind;
Such as in holy story were employed
To the first fathers from the eternal mind,
And in short vision only are enjoyed.
Her soul into her breast retires;
With love's vain diligence of heart she dreams
Herself into possession of desires
And trusts unanchor'd hopes in fleeting streams
DAYNANT.

PLACING herself where her face could not be seen Madame Von Werfenstein began.—"You know that I was born on the banks of the glorious Rhine, and almost the first objects my infant eyes drank in were its vine-clad heights, its castellated ruins, its 'exulting and abounding waters.' What wonder that there sprung up within my soul a deep though secret well of romance and ideality which no one around me suspected, and of which, for long, I did not myself dream. My parents were selfish, worldly minded people; not wantonly unkind, yet always exacting implicit obedience whenever they thought proper to issue a command, without once considering the sacrifice they required or the pangs they inflicted. Perceiving in me an early love of knowledge, an inquiring