

against the door-post, sobbed audibly. In a few minutes he recovered himself a little and could speak.

"Oh! we are blackguards, Meldrum, blackguards both," he said, sadly and bitterly.

"You should know yourself best, Harry," replied the other gentleman, with a calm smile and slight shrug of the shoulder, "and you may call me hard names if it's a relief to you; but if you mean that you are sorry for marrying Miss Lavy, all I can say is that I share your regret. If I had known of her fortune a little earlier you should not have had that to reproach yourself with."

"You don't know what blackguards we are, Meldrum, and I do, that is all the difference between us. I would change places with my uncle, how gladly, to be as good a man, as free from sin as he; I would, by George."

"So would, not I," said the doctor. "He was a noble old man, certainly,—a little visionary and unreal in his ideas, though,—but he is dead, and I'm alive; there I have the advantage of him. I can see the sunrise, I can see the dandelions in the grass, I can feel the air—which is a little chilly—and hear the birds. I am hungry and shall enjoy my breakfast, weary and shall sleep sweetly; and all these things are over with him forever. You are over-tired and nervous, Harry, that gives you a wrong view of things; your bed is the best place for you."

"Ah! doctor, so you judge in your arrogance," said the low voice of his sister-in-law, at his elbow. "I heard the last part of your speech. But 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to imagine the glories prepared for them that love Him.' Mr. Llewellyn did love God and try to do His will. What glorious sight may now meet the eyes of the faithful servant; what music he may hear, such as mortal bird never made, though that in the tree carols his morning hymn very sweetly. You are tired and hungry, but he will never be weary again, he will hunger and thirst no more, he will eat the food of God's angels. You feel the air chill, but who can tell what warm delicious breezes fan his cheek? He is at home, as he never was on earth."

"I see there are two sides to every question," said Mr. Meldrum, with a kindly smile,—he liked Mary as he would a kitten or bird, or other pretty, inferior creature, and if she had married him would