

quillity of demeanor than he had shown since Julia's death.

When the chemist next saw him, he was surprised and delighted by this unexpected change. There were no more startling outbursts of remorse. Raymond was now quite cool, and apparently resigned; and not only freely entered into conversation with his friend, but even explained to him the position in which he stood toward his father, and requested him to call on the old gentleman, and say how anxiously his son desired to see him once more, and hear from his own lips that he no longer entertained an angry feeling toward him. The kind-hearted Markland readily undertook this commission; but on calling at the elder Raymond's house, he learned that he had not yet come back, but was expected every hour; whereupon he left a letter which he had brought with him, in anticipation of such an answer, in which he stated all that Henry had told him, and added, that he would take an early opportunity of seeing Mr. Raymond, in order to learn his decision respecting his son.

The day appointed for the funeral had now arrived. Markland looked forward to it with some anxiety; but he was gratified to perceive that he had no cause for uneasiness, for there was an excitement in Henry's manner and a lustre in his eye, that led the chemist—whose penetration was by no means remarkable—to believe that he was gradually and surely regaining a healthy and active frame of mind. Throughout the solemn ceremony he maintained an appearance of composure; but when the first clod of earth rung upon the coffin lid, a violent shudder came over him, which, however, he contrived to repress, for he saw Markland's mild eye fixed on him with a steady gaze.—When the last rites had been paid to the departed, and the grave covered in, the widower and his friend returned to the former's lodgings; and as Henry quietly insisted on being left alone, the chemist thought it would be a good opportunity to pay his promised visit to his father.

He found the elder Raymond, who had come home late the preceding night, in a state of great mental perturbation, with his son's letter, written many months before, lying open before him. A few brief words sufficed to explain every thing, when the old man, on whom age had produced—as it often does on stern natures—a mellowing effect, insisted on setting out, without a moment's delay, to his son's lodgings: and, as his own carriage was not in the way, he engaged a hackney coach to convey him to Islington. On their road, the chemist mentioned to the anxious father the circumstances under which he had left his son, which greatly added to his disquietude; for he was well aware of Henry's sensitive temperament, how little self-control he possessed, and how apt to be the slave of impulse. As they turned into Grey's Inn Lane, they were stopped for a few minutes by two heavy coal-waggons, which so annoyed the old gentleman that he would have jumped out, and hurried the rest of the way on foot, had he not been checked by his more composed companion. "God grant I find the boy well!" he kept frequently muttering to himself.

"No doubt of it, sir," replied Markland, "I left him tranquil; but so worn out by his recent sorrows, that he said he should go and lie down, for he had had no sleep for several nights."

"I never intended to drive him to extremities," continued the repentant parent; "no, I merely meant to read him a severe lesson. Long before I quitted England, I expected to have seen or heard from him, and his silence stung me to the quick. *How* slow the man drives!" he added; and putting his head out of the window, he called upon the coachman to hurry on at his utmost speed.

In a few minutes the lumbering vehicle drew up at the door of the lodging-house, which was opened by the landlady, who had recognised the chemist from the parlor window, and formed a pretty accurate guess as to who was his companion.