

and unable to collect his scattered faculties, or to remember where he was, or how he came there, or what had occurred, or who he himself really was—so deathlike had been his sleep.

He had no headache; his previous habits had been too regular, his blood was too pure, and the brandy was too good for that. He was simply bewildered, but utterly bewildered, as though he had waked up in another world.

He was conscious of a weight upon his heart, but could not remember the cause of it; and whether it was grief or remorse, or both, he could not tell. He feared it was both.

Gradually memory and misery returned to him; the dreadful day; the marriage; the feast; the party; the lawsuit; the two glasses of brandy, and their mortifying consequences! All the events of that day lay clearly before him now! that horrible day began in unutterable sorrow, and ended in humiliating sin!

Was it himself, Ishmael Worth, who had suffered this sorrow, yielded to this temptation, and fallen into this sin? To what had his inordinately earthly affections brought him? He was no longer 'the chevalier without fear and without reproach.' He had fallen, fallen, fallen!

He remembered that when he had sunk to sleep the sun was shining and smiling all over the beautiful garden, and that even in his half-drowsy state he had noticed its glory. The sun was now gone! It had set upon his humiliating weakness! The day had given up the record of his sin and passed away forever! The day would return no more to reproach him; but its record would meet him in the judgment day!

He remembered that once in his deep sleep he had half awakened and found what seemed a weeping angel bending over him, and that he had tried to rouse himself to speak; but in the effort he had only turned over and tumbled into a deeper oblivion than ever.

Who was that pitying angel visitant?

The answer came like a shock of electricity. It was Bee! Who else should it have been? It was Bee! She had sought him out when he was lost; she had found him in his weakness; she had dropped tears of love and sorrow over him.

At that thought new shame, new grief, new remorse swept in upon his soul.

He sprang upon his feet, and in

doing so dropped a little white drift upon the ground. He stooped and picked it up.

It was the fine white handkerchief that on first waking up he had plucked from his face. And he knew by its soft thin feeling and its delicate scent of violets, Bee's favourite perfume, that it was her handkerchief and she had spread it as a veil over his exposed and feverish face. That little wisp of cambric was radiant of Bee! of her presence, her purity, her tenderness.

It seemed a mere trifle; but it touched the deepest springs of his heart, and, holding it in both his hands, he bowed his humbled head upon it and wept.

When a man like Ishmael weeps it is in no gentle summer shower I assure you; but as the breaking up of great fountains, the rushing of mighty torrents, the coming of a flood.

He wept long and convulsively. A d d his deluge of tears relieved his overcharged heart and brain and did him good. He breathed more freely; he wiped his face with this dear handkerchief, and then, all dripping wet with tears as it was, he pressed it to his lips and placed it in his bosom, over his heart, and registered a solemn vow in Heaven that this first fault of his life should also, with God's help, be his last.

Then he walked forth into the starlit garden, murmuring to himself;

'By a woman came sin and death into the world, and by a woman came redemption and salvation. Oh, Claudia, my Eve! farewell! farewell! And Bee, my Mary, hail!'

The holy stars no longer looked down reproachfully upon him; the harmless little insect-cheriters no longer mocked him; love and forgiveness beamed down from the pure light of the first, and cheering hope sounded in the joyful songs of the last.

Ishmael walked up the gravel walk between the shrubbery and the house. Once, when his face was towards the house, he looked up at Bee's back window. It was open, and he saw a white, shadowy figure just within it.

Was it Bee?

His heart assured him that it was; and that anxiety for him had kept her there awake and watching.

As he drew near the house, quite uncertain as to how he should get in, he saw that the shadowy, white figure disappeared from the window; and when he came up to the back door, with the intention of rapping