

Repose, how sweet to that worn frame and weary spirit,—
how welcome

“That first dark day of nothingness—
The last of danger and distress,”

is to many, whose earthly pilgrimage has been a tissue of
scarcely interrupted miseries. How eagerly does the soul long
for the time when it shall

“Flee away and be at rest.”

Mary's appearance was that of sweet sleep, and were it not
for a something awful yet indescribable—

“Some moments, aye, one fleeting hour,
One still might doubt the tyrant's power.”

Weedon was not originally an unfeeling, or even an ill-tempered man. At one time he had warmly loved her, who was now (as the still small voice of conscience whispered,) mainly through his instrumentality, stretched on her bier. The indulgence of one grovelling passion had for years blunted his better feelings, and during its paroxysms (lately of almost constant recurrence,) he had been a cruel tyrant to her. The floodgates of his heart were opened, and torrents of long un-wanted tears burst forth. What would he now have given for one half hour to express contrition and entreat pardon; but she was gone—gone for ever, and as he felt that it was so, he writhed in agony—the time which he spent alone with the dead wrought in him, for the present at least, a thorough change of character; but few minutes had elapsed, when he remembered how *she* had loved Annesley, and how *he* had wronged him. He bent his lips to that cold marble forehead, and mentally devoted the remainder of his life to the service of him she had loved, and called her son. As these thoughts passed through his mind, a waister fell from the lamp, which shed a brightened light on poor Mary's face, and her husband, for the first time, noticed the serene smile which dwelt on her lips. He felt a momentary gush of blood tinkle through his veins—did she know and approve his intention? Again he kissed those cold lips, and remembering that in Bushe he should have an useful assistant in the career he proposed to pursue—he went to the door and beckoned the student to enter.

“You have come here, sir,” he said, with more calmness than was to be expected, “to hear of Mr. Annesley. She loved him, and I loved them both, as long as I cared for anything. Lord Altham's gold, and my love of drink have for years made a brute of me—there is the consequence, as far as my poor wife is concerned. As to Mr. Annesley, I may still serve him, and I will, to the utmost of my power. In one thing I have resisted temptation—my lady thinks I do not recollect her—I alone *did* until she made herself known. I was but a boy when she first came to this accursed place, yet I well