

her to come with me into an adjoining room, and dry her hair, which Tom had so unmercifully drenched; and as we passed out, Mr. E. said in a low voice, and with much emphasis:

"My dear Lucy, let me pray you to make no useless delay; you well know we have need to make most urgent haste."

"But one moment, dear Henry," she murmured, with a faint smile.

He still detained her hand, seemingly afraid to trust her with me, and his looks were more cloudy than became a lover at such a moment. But he suffered her to pass out; I closed the door on him, and we sat down alone together. There was an awkward silence; neither knew exactly what to say, so I began to dry her hair and put fresh powder on it; and she laid her head on my bosom to hide her tears, and I could feel her heart beat almost audibly beneath the lacings of her boddice. Mr. E.'s impatient step was heard pacing the outer room; Lucy raised her head quickly, and said:

"Do not let us waste these moments, dear H., I would fain justify myself, for I well know that you blame me—that you think I have been rash and undutiful. But could you see how much I have suffered, did you know how long I have loved Henry, and how faithful he has been to me in spite of injustice and opposition; even at times when I have treated him coldly, and been persuaded to give him up, his love had never faltered. Our marriage was forbidden—he was driven from the house; but is it right for me to sacrifice his happiness to ill-founded prejudice?"

"Not so, dear Lucy; your parents can judge better than you do, and if Henry is worthy of you, they would not always oppose your wishes. Time would set all things right, and you are young enough to wait; but my heart misgives me that you have been wrought upon against your better judgment, or you would never have taken such a step as this. Oh! think of it, for it is not yet too late to retrace it."

"I cannot, H.," she answered firmly; "my word is given, and cannot be recalled. Besides," she added, with a little hesitation, "Henry has accepted a mission to New York, perhaps he may sail for England; and if we part now, God only knows whether we shall ever meet again."

"And far better that you should not," I answered, almost indignantly; "I speak no more of the home from which you are flying; but think you it is seemly to desert a cause which your nearest kindred have so near at heart, to fly with one who is false to his country, and who is even now leagued in the councils of its enemies! Oh! if filial love cannot sway you, do not thus degrade

yourself in the eyes of all whose esteem is worthy of regard."

"What have we to do with party strifes?" she answered, and the colour rose to her cheeks; but directly the slight spark of resentment fled, and was followed by a burst of passionate tears.

My anger was instantly disarmed, and my heart filled with pity.

"Forgive me if I have spoken harshly, dearest Lucy," I said, contritely, "and, believe me, I wish nothing more earnestly than your true happiness."

"I do believe it," she answered, with a forgiving smile; "but indeed I am very sad, and at times my heart misgives me. Oh! I could shed oceans of tears when I think of my dear parents; but I cannot forsake Henry—it is too late to think of it."

"It is never too late to retrieve a false step," I replied eagerly; "here is a safe shelter and warm hearts to give you welcome, and how gladly will your mother receive you to her arms again."

E., whose rapid step in the next room had never ceased, and in fact became almost a stamp, now tapped very cavalierly at the door, and without waiting for an answer, threw it open, and came up to Lucy, his face seeming mightily troubled and anxious. He took her hand, and without a word led her back to the library. But his eye rested fondly on her, and such a lovely smile lit up her face when she looked at him; it minded me of those sweet little flowers which they tell us blossom on the brink of a volcano. As for me, I was in no way noticed by him, and I cared little whether he had any remembrance of me; but my heart was full of grief for Lucy, and I scarce heeded that they again stood before my uncle, and in a few moments were pronounced the solemn words, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

There was no gratulation of the new married pair. Henry kissed his bride passionately, and hurried her departure; we exchanged brief farewells, there were tears on her cheek, but a sweet, confiding smile on her lips; and from the depths of my heart I prayed that her fate might be far brighter than my fears anticipated. I distrust that man greatly, and so do all her friends. There is something sinister in his face, though it is handsome, and if he does love her—and who could help it!—there are many who think he loves her fortune better, for he wooed her perseveringly till she is now eighteen, and has come into possession of a handsome estate, left by a maiden aunt. And what I could least of all forgive in him, he has deserted the good cause, and at the very moment when his brave countrymen are arming to defend their