

in, throwing from you the love of one, whose affection and tenderness never failed. But my brother, Mary will forgive you, although you have so deeply wounded her gentle heart, and now let me unite your hands, even as I hope your hearts will soon be. She joined their passive hands in hers, and bowed her head upon them. The room was still, and the deep grief of those who stood around her dying bed, had for a moment been diverted by a scene so strange and inexplicable. To her parents, Helen's words were the first intimation they had received, that Charles was other than the faithful devoted being that he had once been. The sensible impression of sorrow might be traced in the noble features of Charles Maitland's face, but no expression of remorse touched its manly features—and when his dying sister spoke of his *guilt*, his lip quivered with proud defiance—but she noticed it not.

They raised her head, but her angelic spirit was before the Throne of her God. Personal feelings were disregarded for the time, and Charles and Mary sympathised in each other's sad emotions. Mr. and Mrs. Maitland were not strangers to the piety, which had shed around their daughter's dying bed, the bright lustre of a Christian's hope, and in this hour which tried their souls, they experienced its efficacy. Yet they mourned as ever do fond parents the loss of a child near and dear to their hearts, and Charles endeavoured to raise their thoughts to that Heavenly world where he doubted not the spirit of his sister mingled with saints and angels, in praising Him who had redeemed her. And while Mary listened to the soul cheering consolations which he presented, she felt that he was the same devout christian that he once was, but she read in the sorrowful expression—the deep seated grief which rested upon his features, that he was not the light-hearted, joyous being from whom she had parted. Occasionally his melting eye rested upon her, with a tenderness which thrilled to her inmost soul. But with it an expression of deep reproach was mingled: She felt that she deserved it not and she turned her face from his ardent