

"My uncle," said the pale, quivering lips, "he will want me, Vaughan, presently."

"But you had far better recruit your own strength first."

"Ah! no; don't ask me, dear Vaughan. I must go—I cannot bear to be away."

She moved restlessly from her reclining position.

"You must not go to him now, at least—Mr. Clayton is still with him now," said Vaughan, hastily.

"I forgot," she murmured, with a slight shudder of painful recollection. "That is why, then, he was so anxious for him to come. O, Vaughan—Vaughan! I cannot understand—I cannot believe——"

"I must insist on your lying down and keeping quiet. Nay, Carry, for my sake, you must," he urged, his manner passing at once from authority the most cold, to tenderness the most persuasive. "I will come and tell you when they have gone; then you shall do as you like, but don't stir now."

She closed her eyes obediently, only whispering he was to be sure and tell her.

"Of course I will. I'll go and keep watch now." He pressed her hand, and was presently gone from the room.

She lay, patient and contented with his promise; but no sleep could come to those aching eyes, no repose could be tasted by that over-wrought spirit. Her first sorrow stared her in the face; she had need to study its aspect, to make acquaintance with it as she best could. Darkly it loomed before her—icily its breath came upon her heart. Death was a dreadful visitant. She remembered dimly her only experience of it. Her own childish shrieks of agony, as they tore her from the bed whereon lay what had been her mother, rang in her ears. Her own words she had often remembered since—"I shall never see her any more! I shall never see her any more!" They set themselves to a sort of chant, to which she could not choose but listen, albeit it was terrible to her. It seemed the very utterance of despairing bereavement—and so it was. It is true that the mechanical phrase of appeal for divine help rose more than once to her lips, but the cry of her heart went not so high. The living faith was not lodged in heaven, and in this hour of darkness and of trial it went hardly with her. The instinctive consolation to which she turned was in Vaughan—Vaughan's love, Vaughan's care. Yet somehow she was cruelly conscious that even that fell short—it failed to give even a temporary peace. She felt infinitely desolate—we can all tell after what sort. Night had come to her world, and the false earthly light failed to illumine the darkness. In its shadow she vainly strug-