

effort to restore her, long proved ineffectual, but at length a convulsive motion of the limbs revived their hopes, and she was borne to her chamber, by the distracted husband, who now would have given much to recal the hasty words, which had wrought such evil to her he loved so truly.

The days which had passed since the departure of Malcolm and Francis, had been days of much anxiety to the Lady Josepha. Fully convinced in her own heart, that her brother was indeed the instigator of the Lady Isabella's abduction, and yet concealing this even from her husband who had so generously defended him from the charge, she had mourned in bitterness of heart, more bitter because concealed, over the guilt of her brother, who with all his errors was her brother still, and loved by her with all a sister's fond affection. Anxiety for his safety had added its weight to her sorrow, for she knew that two resolute and determined men, with the best feelings of their hearts outraged, had gone out against him, and she well knew that in the neighbourhood of Lindendorf he might easily fall into their power. This fear for him had led her to commit an act which she knew would incur the enmity of the whole house of Glenelvin against herself if known; she even doubted if the devoted love of Lord Robert would shield her from his wrath, but yet she had risked all for a brother's sake, and had privately apprised him of the discovery of his guilt and the intention of his foes, although Robert, assured of the innocence of his friend had expressly desired her to say nothing of the charge against him in her communications with her friends. This, his first, and only command, she had disobeyed, and from that hour a sickening dread that he might learn the whole came over her. The natural timidity of a gentle, and far from firm mind, had by her intercourse with her brother, long years before been converted into fear of all who might control her actions, and thus from the time that she had disobeyed the injunction of her lord, she had learned to regard him with dread, nor could all his deep affection, win back her confidence.

Until this evening, to promote her happiness had been the only aim of her husband's life. Her slightest wish to him was sacred, and when pale and trembling, she had ventured to plead her brother's cause, she thought not of the harsh repulse she was doomed to meet. It overpowered a mind so poorly formed as hers to bear the ills of life, and almost exhausted by the anxieties of the preceding months, her faculties recovered not their powers. Little did Lord Robert know how fragile was the flower he had cherished with such

tender care! little thought he that the first chill blast would destroy its bloom and lay the drooping blossom in the dust! But so it was;—and many days of anxious watching passed over the inmates of Glenelvin castle, ere the beautiful lady of its prospective lord, awoke to consciousness, and when she did, it was but to confess to him her offence, to implore his forgiveness, to learn how bitterly he regretted his rashness, to hear his renunciation of the brother for whom she had suffered, retracted, and to die,—yes, in the arms of him, to whom but one short year before, she had plighted her vows, her head pillowed on the bosom, whose every pulsation was her own, she yielded up her breath, and far from the home of her childhood, far from the parents who had watched over her with the fondest care, but still amid a weeping train, the Lady Josepha was laid in her early grave.

From that day no smile ever rested on the face of Lord Robert McDonald. The light of life had now for him no charm. The voice of affection soothed not the sorrows of a breaking heart, he only wished for death, to rejoin the loved one gone before, in her home of bliss; nor was he long left to mourn her doom, for he went rapidly to the rest for which he sighed, and ere the coming of another joyous Spring, the house of Glenelvin numbered but two of its once six goodly sons' Sincerely was he mourned, and by none more so than Malcolm, although the right of succession to Glenelvin's earldom, devolved upon him by his brother's death. But he was now the possessor of a treasure which might cheer the darkest hour of sorrow, for during the preceding autumn he had accompanied Francis d'Auvergne back to Avignon; and there from the hand of its ducal lord, he received the lady of his heart, the lovely Antoinette d'Auvergne. At the earnest solicitation of the countess who could not yet yield to other hands her long lost child, the union of Francis and Isabella was deferred until the latter had remained with her parents one year from the time of her restoration; and to Francis, whose mind was agitated by the fear that his old enemy Gustavus de Lindendorf, might find means once more to get her in his power, the time passed but slowly away. But yet at length the tedious period expired, and the dearest wish of his heart was gratified, for amid a small but lordly band in Glenelvin's chapel, was he united to her, for whose sake he had braved danger in many forms, even when he had no hope that his sufferings might be rewarded. But even at the altar a shade passed over him, for before his mind arose the memory of the beautiful Theora; but like a guardian angel, hovering near, her image only