

was still silent and deserted, though it was not late.

I had not been absent more than half an hour when I knocked again. My aunt opened the door, and saw me looking wilder than before. I followed her into the parlour, and told her to get ready to leave the city with me that night by the coach that passed through there at eleven o'clock, on its way to London. She was terrified. She looked at me earnestly, and then, bursting into tears entreated me to tell her what had happened. I assured her that there was no cause for her alarm; but she asked me what I had done with the hammer I had taken out with me? I refused to tell her, and her suspicions were increased.

"God only and yourself," said she, "know into what trouble your violence has led you this night!"

I assured her, again and again, that I had done no harm to any one, but her fears remained, and she packed up, tremblingly, a few things in a trunk, and fetched a porter to carry it to the coach, while I fastened all the doors and windows. Afterwards we went out together, and I locked the outer door and took the key away.

All night I sat outside the coach beside my aunt, without speaking. The wind had fallen; there was not a cloud to be seen, and the moon shone brightly in a hazel ring. My passion had gone down, though I did not repent of what I had done. I thought of Alice no longer angrily, but sorrowfully. I knew she did not feel as I felt—had not the habit of picturing in herself a nature different to her own, in order to appreciate what others suffer, and did not know how much her conduct pained me. So I forgave her in my heart; for I know how few there are who, studying themselves, find out their own defects, and strove to change and master their original nature. Thus I excused her, with a readiness that showed that my love for her was not yet dead. I did not deceive myself. I knew that I should grieve about her till I died. Yet the coach rolled on, and I did not wish to return.

We lived three years in London—a strange place to me, after the quiet old city where I had passed my early days so peacefully. Fortune smiled upon me there after a while; and for some things I had no reason to regret the change. But my heart was always

heavy. My sorrow for the loss of the hope I had clung to had become a lasting sense, that weighed upon me even when Alice was not in my thoughts. Never again did I take my tools in my hand with the same feeling that had moved me when I carved the angel in the little room at home. My ambition was not the same. I had too many precious memories in the past to make the future worthy of my hope. Many times, by fire-light and upon my bed, I thought of that stormy night when I left her, full of anger; thence, mounting to the days we spent together in the park, remembering everything she said and did. I delighted to go over these recollections, one by one. I took each single moment of that happy time and lingered over it, beating it out as the goldsmith beats the precious metal on the anvil, making every grain a sheet of gold.

I had brought away nothing to remind me of those times. I thought that time would weaken such impressions; and I wished that I had something that might serve to awaken memory to my latest day. But I had never had from Alice anything in the shape of a token or keepsake. There was nothing I could have brought, except the likeness I had made before I carved the statue, and which I had left locked up in the old house. From the moment when I remembered this, the wish to possess it grew stronger. Once I dreamed I had discovered it in my box; and the impression was so strong that I rose and searched there; but I did not find it. I was thinking of it incessantly. I could not rest for the desire of possessing it again. I thought of going back to the city and getting into the house at night, and returning with it to London; and at length I determined to go.

One night I left my aunt, telling her I was going into the country on business for three days, and took my place upon the coach. It was the day before the third anniversary of the night when I destroyed the carving. We travelled all night long, and I arrived at my destination in the afternoon of the next day. I descended from the coach before we came to the houses, and walked about till dusk. Then I went down into the city, and, stealing through back ways, came to the street where we lived. There was no one in the street but myself. I stopped before our door and looked up at the