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HENRIETTA TEMPLE

He sleeps, said the physician; all present danger is past. It is too great joy, murmured Katherine; and Father Glastonbury advanced and caught in his arms her insensible form.

From the moment of this happy slumber Ferdinand continued to improve. Each day the bulletin was more favorable, and his progress, though slow, was declared certain, and even relapse was no longer apprehended. But his physician would not allow him to see any one of his family. It was at night, and during his slumbers, that Lady Armine stole into his room to gaze upon her beloved child; and, if he moved in the slightest degree, faithful to her promise and the injunction of the physician, she instantly glided behind his curtain, or a large Indian screen which she had placed there purposely. Often, indeed, did she remain in this fond lurking-place, silent and trembling, when her child was even awake, listening to every breath, and envying the nurse that might gaze on him undisturbed; nor would she allow any sustenance that he was ordered to be prepared by any but her own fair, fond hands; and she brought it herself to his door. For Ferdinand himself, though his replies to the physician sufficiently attested the healthy calmness of his mind, he indeed otherwise never spoke, but lay on his bed without repining, and seemingly plunged in mild and pensive abstraction. At length, one morning he enquired for Father Glastonbury, who, with the sanction of the physician, immediately attended him.

When he met the eye of that faithful friend, he tried to extend his hand. It was so wan that Father Glastonbury trembled while he touched it.

I have given you much trouble, he said, in a faint voice.

I think only of the happiness of your recovery, said Father Glastonbury.

Yes, I am recovered, murmured Ferdinand; it was not my wish.

Oh, be grateful to God for this great mercy, my Ferdinand.

You have heard nothing? enquired Ferdinand.

Father Glastonbury shook his head.

Fear not to speak; I can struggle no more. I am resigned. I am very much changed.

You will be happy, dear Ferdinand, said Father Glastonbury, to whom this mood gave hopes.

Never, he said, in a more energetic tone; never.

There are so many that love you, said Father Glastonbury, leading his thoughts to his family.

Love! exclaimed Ferdinand, with a sigh, and in a tone almost reproachful.

Your dear mother, said Father Glastonbury.

Yes! my dear mother, replied Ferdinand, musingly. Then in a quicker tone. Does she know of my illness? Did you write to them?

She knows of it.

She will be coming, then. I dread her coming. I can bear to see no one. You, dear Father Glastonbury, you; it is a consolation to see you, because you have seen, and here his voice faltered, you have seen—her.

My Ferdinand, think only of your health; and happiness, believe me, will yet be yours.

If you could only find out where she is, continued Ferdinand, and go to her! Yes! my dear Father Glastonbury, good, dear, Father Glastonbury, go to her, he added in an imploring tone; she would believe you; everyone believes you. I cannot go; I am powerless; and if I went, alas! she would not believe.

It is my wish to do everything you desire, said Father Glastonbury, I should be content to be ever laboring for your happiness. But I can do nothing unless you are calm.

I am calm; I will be calm; I will act entirely as you wish; only I beseech you see her.

On that head let us at present say no more, replied Glastonbury, who feared that excitement might lead to relapse: yet anxious to soothe him, he added, Trust in my humble services ever, and in the bounty of a merciful Providence.

I have had frightful dreams, said Ferdinand. I thought I was in the farm-house; everything was so clear, so vivid. Night after night she seemed to me sitting on this bed. I touched her; her hand was in mine; it was so burning hot! Once, oh! once, once I thought she had forgiven me!

Hush! hush! hush!

No more; we will speak of her no more. When comes my mother?

You may see her to-morrow, or the day after.

Al! Father Glastonbury, she is here.

She is!

Is she alone?

Your father is with her.

My mother and my father. It is well. Then, after a minute's pause, he added with some earnestness, Do not deceive me, Father Glastonbury; see what deceit has brought me to. Are you sure that they are quite alone?

There are none here but your dearest friends; none whose presence should give you the slightest care.

There is one, said Ferdinand.

Dear Ferdinand, let me now leave you, or sit by your side in silence. To-morrow you will see your mother.

To-morrow! Ah! to-morrow. Once to me to-morrow was brighter even than to-day! He turned his back and spoke no more. Father Glastonbury glided out of the room.

It was absolutely necessary that Lady Armine's interview with her son should be confined merely to observations about his health. Any allusion to the past might not only produce a relapse of his fever, but occasion explanations, at all times most painful, but at the present full of difficulty and danger. It was therefore with feelings of no common anxiety that Father Glastonbury prepared the mother for this first visit to her son, and impressed upon her the absolute necessity of not making any allusion at present to Miss Grandison, and especially to her presence in the house. He even made for this purpose a sort of half-confidant of the physician, who, in truth, had heard enough during the fever to excite his suspicions; but this is a class of men essentially discreet, and it is well, for few are the family secrets ultimately concealed from them.

The interview occurred without any disagreeable results. The next day, Ferdinand saw his father for a few minutes. In a short time, Lady Armine was established as nurse to her son; Sir Ratcliffe, easy in mind, amused himself with his sports; and Father

Glastonbury devoted himself to Miss Grandison. The intimacy, indeed, between the tutor of Ferdinand and his intended bride became daily more complete, and Father Glastonbury was almost her inseparable companion. She found him a very interesting companion. He was the most agreeable guide amid all the haunts of Armine, and its neighborhood, and drove her delightfully in Lady Armine's pony phaeton. He could, share, too, all her pursuits, and open to her many new ones. Though time had stolen something of its force from the voice of Adrian Glastonbury, it still was wondrous sweet; his musical accomplishments were complete; and he could guide the pencil or prepare the herbal, and indite fair stanzas in his fine Italian hand writing in a lady's album. All his collections too, were at Miss Grandison's service. She handed with rising curiosity his medals, copied his choice drawings, and even began to study heraldry. His interesting conversation, his mild and benignant manners, his captivating simplicity, and the elegant purity of his mind, secured her confidence and won her heart. She loved him as a father, and he soon exercised over her an influence almost irresistible.

Every morning as soon as he awoke, every evening before he composed himself again for the night's repose, Ferdinand sent for Father Glastonbury, and always saw him alone. At first he requested his mother to leave the room, but Lady Armine, who attributed these regular visits to a spiritual cause, scarcely needed the expression of this desire. His first questions to Father Glastonbury were ever the same. Had he heard anything? Were there any letters? He thought there might be a letter, was he sure? Had he set to Bath; to London, for his letters? When he was answered in the negative, he usually dwelt no more upon the subject. One morning he said to Father Glastonbury, I know Katherine is in the house.

Miss Grandison is here, replied Father Glastonbury.

Why don't they mention her? Is all known?

Nothing is known, said Father Glastonbury.

Why don't they mention her, then? Are you sure all is not known?

At my suggestion, her name has not been mentioned. I was unaware how you might receive the intelligence; but the true cause of my suggestion is still a secret.

I must see her, said Ferdinand, I must speak to her.

You can see her when you please, replied Father Glastonbury; but I would not speak upon the great subject at present.

But she is existing all this time under a delusion. Every day makes my conduct to her more infamous.

Miss Grandison is a wise and most admirable young lady, said Father Glastonbury. I like her from the bottom of my heart; I would recommend no conduct that could injure her, assuredly none that could disgrace you.

Dear Father Glastonbury, what shall I do?

Be silent; the time will come when you may speak. At present, however anxious she may be to see you, there are plausible reasons for your not meeting. Be patient, my Ferdinand.

Good Father Glastonbury, good, dear Father Glastonbury, I am too quick and fretful. Pardon me, dear friend, you know not what I feel. Thank God, you do not; but my heart is broken.

When Father Glastonbury returned to the library, he found Sir Ratcliffe playing with his dogs, and Miss Grandison copying a drawing.

How is Ferdinand? enquired the father.

He mends daily, replied Father Glastonbury. I only may day were at hand instead of Christmas, he would soon be himself again; but I dread the winter.

And yet the sun shines? said Miss Grandison.

Father Glastonbury went to the window and looked at the sky. I think, my dear lady, we might almost venture upon our promised excursion to the Abbey to-day. Such a day as this may not quickly be repeated. We might take our sketch-book.

It would be delightful, said Miss Grandison; but before I go, I must pick some flowers for Ferdinand. So saying, she sprang from her seat, and ran out into the garden.

Katherine is a sweet creature, said Sir Ratcliffe to Father Glastonbury. Ah! my dear Father Glastonbury, you know not what happiness I experience in the thought that she will soon be my daughter.

Father Glastonbury could not refrain from sighing. He took up the pencil and touched her drawing.

Do you know, dear Father Glastonbury, resumed Sir Ratcliffe, I had little hope in our late visitation. I cannot say I had prepared myself for the worst, but I anticipated it. We have had so much unhappiness in our family, that I could not persuade myself that the cup was not going to be dashed from our lips.

God is merciful, said Father Glastonbury.

You are his minister, dear Father Glastonbury, and a worthy one. I know not what we should have done without you in this awful trial; but, indeed, what could I have done throughout life without you?

Let us hope that everything is for the best, said Father Glastonbury.

And his mother, his poor mother, what would have become of her? She never could have survived his loss. As for myself, I would have quitted England for ever, and gone into a monastery.

Let us only remember that he lives, said Father Glastonbury.

And that we shall soon all be happy, said Sir Ratcliffe, in a more animated tone. The future is, indeed, full of solace. But we must take care of him; he is too rapid in his movements. He has my father's blood in him, that is clear. I never could well make out why he left Bath, so suddenly, and rushed down in so strange a manner to this place.

Youth is impetuous, said Father Glastonbury.

It was lucky you were here, Father Glastonbury.

I thank God that I was, said Father Glastonbury, earnestly; then checking himself, he added, that I have been of any use.

You are always of use. What should we do without you? I should long ago have sunk. Ah! Father Glastonbury, God in his mercy sent you to us.

See here, said Katherine, entering, her fair cheek glowing with animation, only dainties, but they will look pretty, and enliven his room. Oh! that I might write him a little word, and tell him I am here! Do not you think I might Father Glastonbury?

He will know that you are here to-day, said Father Glastonbury. To-morrow—

Ah! you always postpone it, said Miss Grandison, in a tone half playful, half reproachful; and yet it is selfish to murmur. It is for his good that I bear this bereavement, and that thought should console me me Heigho!

Sir Ratcliffe stepped forward and kissed his niece. Father Glastonbury was busied in the drawing; he turned away his face.

Sir Ratcliffe took up his gun. God bless you, dear Kate, he said; a pleasant drive

and a choice sketch. We shall meet at dinner.

A dinner, dear uncle; and better sport than yesterday.

Ha! ha! said Sir Ratcliffe. But Armine is not like Grandison. If I were in the old preserves, you should have no cause to jeer at my sportsmanship.

Miss Grandison's good wishes were prophetic; Sir Ratcliffe found excellent sport, and returned home very late, and in capital spirits. It was the dinner-hour, and yet Katherine and Father Glastonbury had not returned. He was rather surprised. The shades of evening were fast descending, and the distant lawn of Armine were already invisible; the low moan of the rising wind might be just distinguished; and the coming night promised to be raw and cloudy, perhaps tempestuous. Sir Ratcliffe stood before the sparkling fire in the dining-room, otherwise in darkness, but the flame threw a bright yet glancing light upon the synders, so that the figures seemed really to move in the shifting shades, the eye of the infuriate boar almost to emit sparks of rage, and there wanted but the shouts of the huntmen and the panting of the dogs to complete the tumult of the chase.

Just as Sir Ratcliffe was anticipating some mischance to his absent friends, and was about to steal upon tip-toe to Lady Armine, who was with Ferdinand, to consult her, the practised ear of a man who lived much in the air caught the distant sound of wheels, and he went out to welcome them.

Why, you are late, said Sir Ratcliffe, as the phaeton approached the house. All right, I hope?

He stepped forward to assist Miss Grandison. The darkness of the evening prevented him from observing her swollen eyes and agitated countenance. She sprang out of the carriage in silence, and immediately ran up into her room. As for Father Glastonbury, he only observed it was very cold, and entered the house with Sir Ratcliffe.

This fire is hearty, said Father Glastonbury, warming himself before it; you have had good sport, I hope? We are not to wait for Miss Grandison, Sir Ratcliffe. She will come down this evening; she is not very well.

Not very well; ah! the cold I fear. You have been imprudent in staying so late. I must run and tell Lady Armine.

Oblige me, I pray, by not doing so, said Father Glastonbury; Miss Grandison most particularly requested that she should not be disturbed.

It was with some difficulty that Father Glastonbury could contrive that Miss Grandison's wishes should be complied with; but at length he succeeded in getting Sir Ratcliffe to sit down to dinner, and affecting a cheerfulness which was far from his spirit, the hour of ten at length arrived, and Father Glastonbury, before retiring to his tower, paid his evening visit to Ferdinand.

If ever there were a man who deserved a serene and happy life it was Adrian Glastonbury. He had pursued a long career without injuring or offending a human being; his character and conduct were alike spotless; he was void of guile; he had never told a falsehood, never been entangled in the slightest deceit: he was very easy in his circumstances; he had no relations to prey upon his purse or his feelings; and, though alone in the world, was blessed with such a sweet and benignant temper, gifted with so many resources, and adorned with so many accomplishments, that he appeared to be always employed, amused, and contented. And yet, by a strange contrivance of events, it appeared that this excellent person was now placed in a situation which is generally the consequence of impetuous passions not very scrupulous in obtaining their ends. That breast, which heretofore would have shrunk from being analysed only from the refined modesty of its nature, had now become the depository of terrible secrets; the day could scarcely pass over without finding him in a position which rendered equivocation on his part almost a necessity, while all the anxieties inseparable from pecuniary embarrassments were forced upon his attention, and his feelings were racked from sympathy with individuals who were bound to him by no other tie, but to whose welfare he felt himself engaged to sacrifice all his pursuits, and devote all his time and labor. And yet he did not murmur, although he had scarcely hope to animate him. In whatever light he viewed coming events, they appeared ominous only of evil. All that he aimed at now was to soothe and support, and it was his unshaken confidence in Providence that alone forbade him to despair.

When he repaired to the Place in the morning he found everything in confusion. Miss Grandison was very unwell; and Lady Armine, frightened by the recent danger from which they had escaped, very alarmed. She could no longer conceal from Ferdinand that his Katherine was here, and perhaps Lady Armine was somewhat surprised at the calmness with which her son received the intelligence. But Miss Grandison was not only very unwell but very obstinate. She would not leave her room, but insisted that no medical advice should be called in. Lady Armine protested, supplicated, abjured; Miss Grandison appealed to Father Glastonbury; and Father Glastonbury, who was somewhat of a physician, was called in, and was obliged to assure Lady Armine that Miss Grandison was only suffering from a cold and only required repose. A warm friendship subsisted between Lady Armine and her niece. She had always been Katherine's favorite aunt, and during the past year there had been urgent reasons why Lady Armine should have cherished this predisposition in her favor. Lady Armine was a fascinating person, and all her powers had been employed to obtain an influence over the heiress. They had been quite successful. Miss Grandison looked forward almost with as much pleasure to being Lady Armine's daughter as her son's bride. The intended mother-in-law was in turn as warm-hearted as her niece was engaging; and eventually Lady Armine loved Katherine for herself alone.

In a few days, however, Miss Grandison announced that she was quite recovered, and Lady Armine again devoted her unbroken attention to her son, who was now about to rise for the first time from his bed. But although Miss Grandison was no longer an invalid, it is quite certain that if the attention of the other members of the family had not been so entirely engrossed, that a very great change in her behaviour could not have escaped their notice. Her flowers and drawings seemed to have lost their relish; her gaiety to have deserted her. She passed a great portion of the morning in her room; and although it was announced to her that Ferdinand was aware of her being an inmate of the Place, and that in a day or two they might meet, she scarcely evinced, at this prospect of resuming his society, so much gratification as might have been expected; and though she daily took care that his chamber should still be provided with flowers, it might have been remarked that the note she had been so anxious to send him was never written. But how much, under the commonest course of circumstances, happens in all domestic circles that is never observed or

never remarkable till the observation is too late!

At length the day arrived when Lady Armine invited her niece to visit her son. Miss Grandison expressed her readiness to accompany her aunt, but took an opportunity of requesting Glastonbury to join them; and all three proceeded to the chamber of the invalid.

The white curtain of the room was drawn; but though the light was softened, the apartment was by no means obscure. Ferdinand was sitting in an easy chair, supported by pillows. A black handkerchief was just twisted round his forehead, for his head had been shaved, except a few curls on the side and front, which looked stark and lustreless. He was thin and pale, and his eyes and cheeks were so wan and hollow, that it was hardly credible that in so short a space of time a man could become such a wreck. When he saw Katherine he involuntarily dropped his eyes, but extended his hand to her with some effort of earnestness. She was almost as pale as he, but she took his hand. It was so light and cold, it felt so much like death, that the tears stole down her cheek.

You hardly know me, Katherine, said Ferdinand, feebly. This is good of you to visit a sick man.

Miss Grandison could not reply, and Lady Armine made an observation to break the awkward pause.

And how do you like Armine? said Ferdinand. I wish that I could be your guide. But Father Glastonbury is so kind!

A hundred times Miss Grandison tried to reply, to speak, to make the commonest observation, but it was in vain. She grew paler every moment; her lips moved, but they sent forth no sound.

Kate is not well, said Lady Armine. She has been very unwell. This visit, she added in a whisper to Ferdinand, is a little too much for her.

Ferdinand sighed.

Mother, he at length said, you must ask Katherine to come and sit here with you; if indeed she will not feel the imprisonment.

Miss Grandison turned in her chair, and hid her face with her handkerchief.

My sweet child, said Lady Armine, rising and kissing her, this is too much for you. You really must restrain yourself. Ferdinand will soon be himself again; he will indeed.

Miss Grandison sobbed aloud. Father Glastonbury was much distressed, but Ferdinand avoided catching his eye; and yet, at last, Ferdinand said with an effort and in a very kind voice, Dear Kate, come and sit by me.

Miss Grandison went into hysterics; Ferdinand sprang from his chair and seized her hand; Lady Armine tried to restrain her son; Father Glastonbury held the agitated Katherine.

For God's sake, Ferdinand, be calm, exclaimed Lady Armine. This is most unfortunate. Dear, dear Katherine, but she has such a heart! All the women have in our family, and none of the men, 'tis so odd. Father Glastonbury, water if you please, that glass of water; sal volatile; where is the sal volatile? My own, own Katherine, pray, restrain yourself! Ferdinand is here; remember Ferdinand is here, and he will soon be well; soon quite well. Believe me, he is already quite another thing. There, drink that, darling, drink that. You are better now?

I am so foolish, said Miss Grandison, in a mournful voice. I never can pardon myself for this. Let me go.

Father Glastonbury bore her out of the room; Lady Armine turned to her son. He was lying back in his chair, his hands covering his eyes. The mother stole gently to him, and wiped tenderly his brow, on which hung the light drops of perspiration, occasioned by his recent exertion.

We have done too much, my own dear Ferdinand. Yet who could have expected that dear girl would have been so affected? Father Glastonbury was indeed right in preventing you so long from meeting. And yet it is a blessing to see that she has so fond a heart. You are fortunate, my Ferdinand; you will indeed be happy with her.

Ferdinand groaned.

I shall never be happy, he murmured.

Never happy, my Ferdinand! Oh! you must not be so low-spirited. Think how much better you are; think, my Ferdinand, what a change there is for the better. You will soon be well, dearest, and then, my love, you know you cannot help being!

Mother, said Ferdinand, you are deceived; you are all deceived; I, I—

No! Ferdinand, indeed we are not. I am confident, and I praise God for it, that you are getting better every day. But you have done too much, that is the truth. I will leave you now, love, and send the nurse, for my presence excites you. Try to sleep, love. And Lady Armine rang the bell, and quitted the room.

Lady Armine now proposed that the family should meet in Ferdinand's room after dinner; but Father Glastonbury, whose opinion on most subjects generally prevailed, scarcely approved of this suggestion. It was therefore but once acted upon during the week that followed the scene described in our last chapter, and on that evening Miss Grandison had so severe a headache, that it was quite impossible for her to join the circle. At length, however, Ferdinand made his appearance below, and established himself in the library; it now, therefore, became absolutely necessary that Miss Grandison should steel her nerves to the altered state of her betrothal, which had at first apparently so much affected her sensibility, and, by the united influence of habit and Father Glastonbury, it is astonishing what progress she made. She even at last could so command her feelings, that she apparently greatly contributed to his amusement. She joined in the family concerts, once even read to him. Every morning, too, she brought him a flower, and often offered him her arm. And yet Ferdinand could not resist observing a great difference in her behavior towards him since he had last quitted her at Bath. Far from conducting herself, as he had nervously apprehended, as if her claim to be his companion were irresistible, her carriage, on the contrary, was irascible, the most retiring disposition; she annoyed him with no expression of fondness, and listened to the kind words which he occasionally urged himself to bestow upon her with a sentiment of grave regard and a pained silence, which almost filled him with astonishment.

One morning, the weather being clear and fine, Ferdinand insisted that his mother, who had as yet scarcely quitted his side, should drive out with Sir Ratcliffe; and, as he would take no refusal, Lady Armine agreed to comply. Ferdinand rose from his seat and took the arm of Miss Grandison, who seemed on the point of retiring; for Father Glastonbury remained, and therefore Ferdinand was not without a companion.

I will see you go off, said Ferdinand.

Adieu! said Lady Armine. Take care of him, dear Kate, and the phaeton was soon out of sight.

It is more like May than January, said Ferdinand to his cousin. I fancy I should like to walk a little.

Shall I send for Father Glastonbury? said Katherine.

Not if my arm be not too heavy for you, said Ferdinand. So they walked slowly on, perhaps some fifty yards, until they arrived at a garden-seat, very near the rose-tree whose fragrance Henrietta Temple so much admired. It had no flowers now, but seemed as desolate as their unhappy loves.

A moment's rest, said Ferdinand, and sighed. Dear Kate, I wish to speak to you.

Miss Grandison turned pale.

I have something on my mind, Katherine, of which I would endeavor to relieve myself. Miss Grandison, did not reply, she trembled. It concerns you, Katherine.

Still she was silent, and expressed no astonishment at this strange address.

If I were anything now but an object of pity, a miserable and broken-hearted man, continued Ferdinand, I might delegate to this communication; I might delegate to this communication, if it then another to me, painful as it must, and here his circumstances, be to you. But, and here his voice faltered, but I am far beyond the power of mortification now. The world and the world's ways touch me no more. There is a duty to fulfill; I will fulfill it. I have a duty against you, my sweet, and gentle cousin; grievously, bitterly, infamously offended.

No, no, no! murmured Miss Grandison.

Katherine, I am unworthy of you; I have deceived you. It is neither for your honor nor your happiness that these ties which our friends anticipate should occur between us. But, Katherine, you are avenged.

Oh! I want no vengeance! murmured Miss Grandison, her face pale as marble, her eyes convulsively closed. Cease, cease, Ferdinand; this conversation is madness; you will be ill again.

No, Katherine, I am calm. Fear not for me. There is much to tell; it must be told, if only that you should not believe that I was a systematic villain, or that my feelings were engaged to another when I breathed to you those words.

Oh! anything but that; speak of anything but that!

Ferdinand took her hand.

Katherine, listen to me. I honor you, my gentle cousin, I esteem you, I admire; I could die content if I could but see you happy. With your charms and virtues, I thought that we might be happy. My intentions were as sincere as my belief in our future felicity. Oh! no, dear Katherine, I could not trifle with so pure and gentle a bosom.

Have I accused you, Ferdinand?

But you will, when you know all.

Do know all, said Miss Grandison, in a hollow voice.

Her hand fell from the weak and trembling grasp of her cousin.

You know all! he at length exclaimed.

And can you, knowing all, live under the same roof with me? Can you see me? Can you listen to me? Is not my voice torture to you? Do you not hate and despise me?

It is not my nature to hate anything; least of all could I hate you.

And could you, knowing all still minister to my wants and watch my sad necessities? This gentle arm of yours; could you knowing all, let me lean upon it this morning?

Ferdinand, I have acted as duty, religion, and it may be, some other considerations prompted me. My feelings have not been so much considered that they need now be analysed.

Reproach me, Katherine, I deserve your reproaches.

Mine may not be the only reproaches that you have deserved, Ferdinand; but permit me to remark, from me you have received none. I pity you, I sincerely pity you.

Father Glastonbury has told you? said Ferdinand.

That communication is among the other good offices we owe him, replied Miss Grandison.

He told you? said Ferdinand, enquiringly.

All that it was necessary I should know for your honor, or as some might think, for my own happiness; no more, I would listen to no more. I had no idle curiosity to gratify. It is enough that your heart is another's; I seek not, I wish not, to know that person's name.

I cannot mention it, said Ferdinand; but there is no secret from you. Father Glastonbury may, should tell all.

And the wretched she is not the least miserable, said Miss Grandison.

Katherine! said Ferdinand, after a moment's pause, tell me that you do not hate me; tell me that you pardon me; tell me that you think me more mad than wicked!

Ferdinand, said Miss Grandison, I think we are both unfortunate.

I am without hope, said Ferdinand; but you, Katherine, your life must still be bright and fair.

I can never be happy, Ferdinand, if you are not. I am alone in the world. Your family are my only relations; I cling to them. Your mother is my mother; I love her with the passion of a child. I looked upon our union only as the seal of that domestic feeling that had long bound us all. My happiness now entirely depends upon your family; theirs I feel is staked upon you. It is not the conviction of total desolation that must occur if our estrangement were suddenly made known to them, and you, who are so impetuous, decide upon any rash course, in consequence, that has induced me to sustain the painful part that I now uphold. This is the reason that I would not reproach you, Ferdinand, that I would not quarrel with you, that I would not desert them in this hour of their affliction.

Katherine, beloved Katherine! exclaimed the distracted Ferdinand, why did we ever part?

No! Ferdinand, let us not deceive ourselves. For me, that separation, however fruitful at the present moment in mortification and unhappiness, must not be considered altogether an event of unmingled misfortune. In my opinion, Ferdinand, it is better to be despised for a moment than to be neglected for a life.