

a penny in her pocket. She begged her way back to Dublin, and had been there only a few days when I chanced to meet with her. 'Now,' says she, 'Mrs. Kenrick, would you wish to preserve my life after hearing such a tale? Is it not better let me die?' Well, sure enough, I couldn't tell what to say; but, at any rate, what she had told me didn't prevent me from doin' everything for her as usual. But she wasn't long a trouble to me, for one night, about a week ago, I heard her callin' out for me. Well, I went to her in a hurry, and found her quite pale and deathly-lookin', and her voice was weak as an infant's. 'I'm dying, Mrs. Kenrick,' says she, 'but before I lave this world, there's one request I have to make, an' I hope you'll grant it.' 'What is it?' says I; 'for, if it's in my power, God sees, I'm ready an' willin' to do it.' 'Well,' says she, 'there's a letter here under my pillow, seal'd an' all, an' when I'm gone, you must go with it where it's addressed to; it won't do to send it by post, for I've a particular reason,' says she. Well, myself found it hard to undertake to do it, for she told me I'd have to go as good as fifty miles, and I had nobody to lave with the childhre; but she said she couldn't rest in the other world unless I'd promise, and at last, I bethought of a cousin o'mine, that was then out of place, (one Biddy Callaghan), an' that she'd stay with the childhre, and so I consented. 'Well now,' says she, 'as you're so good, an' as I have no means of payin' you for your trouble, jist take this, and when you go to Miss Newburk, give it into her own hands, and tell her to keep that, not for my sake, but for that of them that it once belonged to, and I think,' says she, 'Mrs. Kenrick, that she'll give you what'll bear your expenses.' Well, these were nearly the last words she spoke, for she died about an hour after. I wanted to bring her either a priest or a minister, but, o'hone! she wouldn't have either; she said her sins were too great to be pardoned,—an' so she died! Oh! ma'am, dear! such a death! May the Lord, in his mercy, save every Christian from dyin' as she did!"

And as the worthy woman thus spoke, her tearful eyes attested the sincerity of her sorrow.

Eleanor looked at Mary; she was pale, and though she evidently sought to disguise her feelings, still did every feature express the deep emotions of her soul.

"Do let me see what *she* gave you, good Mrs. Kenrick," she at length said. After much searching through various small parcels and diminutive tin boxes, the precious deposit was at last produced, and handed to Mary. What was there in that plain gold locket that could change the hue of

Mary's pale face into bright crimson? At the first glance, it was only a simple locket, with little pretension to either beauty or value; but, on looking more closely, one might perceive that it enclosed a small curl of jet black hair. One moment's gaze sufficed to suffuse Mary's eyes with tears, and suddenly turning to where Eleanor stood, she said, in a low tone:

"Have the kindness, Eleanor! to give the woman ten pounds, and take her away as soon as may be!"

Eleanor at once obeyed, and with many a grateful acknowledgment, and fervent prayer for the welfare of both ladies, the good woman took her departure from Ballyhaise Castle.

When Eleanor re-entered the parlor, she found Mary by the window, looking almost as composed as usual. The locket had disappeared, and though Eleanor noted the circumstance, she was far too delicate to make any allusion to it.

"What an interruption to my narrative, Eleanor!" observed Mary, as Eleanor resumed her seat near her,—“when I commenced to relate a history in which Margaret Morton bore so prominent a part, little dreamed I that death had already cancelled her errors. Though I propose continuing my recital, I will, with your leave, make it as brief as possible,—I love not to enlarge on the faults and failings of those on whom the tomb has closed—nay, though to her who is now no more, I may ascribe almost all the sorrow I have ever known; yet I could now almost forget the wrong she did me, and remember only how much I once loved her. Poor Margaret! “she added, musingly, “poor, misguided creature! I did, indeed, love you as a sister!” After some minutes given to reflection, she again spoke. “It would seem to me, Eleanor! that those two letters which you have read, throw sufficient light upon the years of my intimacy with Margaret Morton?” Eleanor bowed assent. “I shall then take up the thread of my narrative at the time when Margaret's departure (then so mysterious) led me to accuse my brother of having treated her unkindly—having been the *confidante* of her passion for him—a passion which I verily believed reciprocal—blinded, moreover, by the unhappy girl's art, to the fact of her coquetting with Campbell, I could only suppose that Arthur had formed some new attachment, and that he, well knowing how anxious we all were for his marriage with Margaret, and fearing my father's displeasure, had thrown himself on her generosity, which had induced her to withdraw herself from our inquiries. Under the influence of my newly-awakened indignation, I taxed Arthur with the fact, and hesitated not to charge him with