

hold of the door. Harry chose a situation on the door step. Here, they were quite sheltered from the sun, and quite hidden from the view of the villagers. Harry had no excuse for silence; and so, in a quiet way, but with a burning cheek and eloquent eye, he told the tale of his love.

"May heard him with many heart-throbbings, and a few ill-concealed tears." "O, Harry, I feared this," she said.—"Sweet as it is to know that you love me, it is bitter indeed to feel that we can never be happy in this affection."

"But what shall hinder us, dear May?"

"My father, Harry, I can never leave him."

"Of course not; but he shall have a home with us."

"You must not think of the thing, dear Harry. You have already a mother to support, and I can never consent to bring upon you such a burden as poor father would be. Were he merely old and decrepid, I might not look upon the case as so hopeless; I might almost *then* consent that he should become a burden to you; but as it is, O, Harry, you know his unfortunate weakness, you know how unfit he is to sit at any fireside, or be a partaker of any domestic society except such as nature has made sacredly his own. A daughter can pardon, can bear his infirmity; but, O, Harry, *your* Home would be desecrated by such an inmate."

Poor May! How bitterly she wept, as this painful and humiliating reflection was breathed into her lover's ears; but he, like a generous and devoted friend, soothed and encouraged her, and though he found that to combat her resolution was idle, he still declared that she only had, and ever should have, undivided empire over his heart.

Now all this time there was a little by-scene going on, which we must not conceal from our readers, especially since it has reference to the issue of our tale.—Job Woodell, when he had parted from his daughter, struck across the clover-fields towards the Admiral; but instead of entering, as was his time-out-of-mind custom, he turned aside, and springing down the rocks, sat for some time gazing thoughtfully upon the great expanse of ocean that spread before him. On his left, frowning over the cliffs, rose the roof of the old Admiral, enticing him to his folly; but the sweet, pleading, tearful face of his loved May would steal into his heart, and paralyze the power of his tempter, in a manner that surprised the poor victim himself.

"I told May I would soon return," said he, but if I go *there*, Ned Watkins and a whole gang of loafers will beset me and drive all thoughts of home out of my head. So I will keep out of their sight, and for once fulfil my promise."

Job reached his house just after Harry and May had entered it; and hearing their voices as he came up toward the porch where they were sitting, he stopped in front of a window that opened at the side of the porch, and gazing through it, could not only distinctly hear the language, but could also see the faces of the young lovers. The mention of his own name kept his feet riveted to the spot. Their conversation has already been detailed, and its effects upon Job, in his present mood, may well be surmised. At first, the hot blood rushed in torrents to his brain and face, and the deep disgust he felt for his own folly was pictured in every lineament and expression of his countenance. But when he saw May in tears, when he heard her sweet tremulous voice pronouncing the doom of Harry's fondest hopes, and all for *his* sake, who had so cruelly wronged her, he wrung his hands in agony, and unable to suppress his feelings, hurried cautiously through the back entrance of the house, and shut himself up in his chamber.

A sad day was it to May Woodell after Harry retired. Her garden had lost its interest. Even the favourite pansies only made her weep when she looked on them. She prepared a dinner for her father, however, and strove, by an increased devotion to his wants, to forget her sorrowful thoughts. But the day wore on, and Job did not appear.

The dinner was removed untasted. "Poor father!" said May; "I told him I had scarce money to buy us a dinner; I fear he has denied himself out of consideration for me." And she *tried* to believe this the true solution to his delay, though experience had taught her that his neglect of meals was usually occasioned by a more than ordinary debauch. How different would have been her feelings had she known that her erring parent was this moment in his own chamber, overwhelmed with anguish and remorse! How quickly would she have forgotten every thought of self, and hastened to pour into his ear assurances of her forgiveness and love! Ah, it was better for him, May, that thy tender mercies were awhile withheld.

"I do think father will return to tea," thought May; and she hastened to prepare a dish for him which she knew he very much liked, and which she had made some personal sacrifice to procure. Those only who have but one object to care for, *one* being to smile on their toils, *one* friend to whom their existence seems a peculiar blessing, can alone understand how every thought and feeling becomes a servitor at one shrine.

Job, meanwhile, hearing her light step about the house, arose from the bed whereon he had thrown himself, bathed his face in the basin of cool water that May's hand kept constantly supplied in his chamber, brushed his hair, and putting on his hat, stole cautiously down into the yard, and betook himself to May's bed of pansies and carnations. Here she at length espied, and ran out to meet him.—Her first glance relieved and gladdened her heart. She held out her hand to greet him. "How long you have been away, papa! and how glad I am to see you home to tea!" she said, looking into his face with a smile that told him how happy and grateful she felt to meet him in a rational mood once more.

As they sat together at that tea table, chatting, in a social and affectionate way, of the thousand little interests dear to a father and child, even though one alas, is but such in name. May felt not a solitary trace of her morning's sorrow. If she thought of Harry, it was with love and gratitude, but scarcely with pain and regret, for though the same cause remained to prevent their union, how could she think of anything unpleasant or melancholy, while her dear father sat by, sober, and full of kind words and gentle attentions.

A week passed on, and Job daily assisted May in arranging and planting her garden, never once going near the Admiral, nor lifting a glass of spirit to his lips, May was in raptures. Only one thing disturbed her felicity; Harry was not by to partake of it. "It is foolish in him to stay away so long," thought she; "for though we must not be lovers, we might certainly be friends." Perhaps the change would not have been so easy, May!

One morning, after breakfast, Job rose from the table, and put on his *old* hat, (May had just braided him a new one,) saying as he did so, "I am going up to the Admiral this morning. Ned Watkins and some of my friends there, will begin to wonder at my long absence. Only think, May, it is a whole week since I have been there!"

May's smile changed to a look of undisguisable distress at this unwelcome announcement. "O, father!" she exclaimed, in a tone of touching entreaty, "do not go any more to that wretched place. I have been so happy this past week, I cannot spare you away, you will not go, dear father?"

Job smoothed her bright hair, and looking good humouredly into her troubled face replied, "If I go, your friend Harry will come to see you again; but so long as I stay, you are not like to enjoy much of his society. I will not be in your way, my child; and without stopping to listen to her earnest remonstrances, he imprinted a tender kiss upon her cheek, and hurried away to the Admiral.

He found the usual bar-room club assembled. Immediately upon his entrance they began their assaults upon