

frequently have not heard of your arrival here. I will send a messenger over for them, if you wish."

"Yes—yes," said Christie, eagerly; "send now—right away."

Mr. Brantwell left the room, and speedily returned to say that a man had gone, and Mrs. Tom and her nephew might be expected in a few hours.

And then the good clergyman came and sat down beside the dying girl; and taking her hand in his, began talking in a low, earnest tone, while Willard, with his head bowed on his hand, sat by the window, absorbed by many conflicting thoughts.

And thus an hour passed; and then Captain Campbell and his sister returned, pale and excited, as if by some strange tidings.

"Mr. Courtney?" said the minister, inquiringly.

"Is dead!" answered Captain Campbell, with a slight shudder.

"Is it possible? How very sudden!" said Mr. Brantwell, in surprise. "What was the matter?"

"He ruptured an artery this morning," replied the young man, beginning to pace the room with rapid strides; "and that, with the shock caused by the unexpected appearance of Christie, caused his death."

"Christie's appearance! How could that shock him?" said the minister, still more surprised.

"He thought her dead—thought himself her murderer, and fancied she had risen from the grave to accuse him," said Captain Campbell, excitedly.

"Thought himself her murderer!" said the minister, still repeating the young man's words like an echo. "How was that?"

Both Christie and Willard fixed their eyes eagerly on the excited face of the young captain.

"Well, it was he who stabbed her that night on the bench. He has confessed it all!" said Captain Campbell.

"He stabbed her!" exclaimed Willard, springing to his feet, while Christie uttered a faint cry; "and why, in the name of heaven, should he try to murder her? What had she ever done to him?"

"Nothing. He did not mean to injure Christie. He mistook her for his wife!"