

won her young spirit back to earth, to mar its purity with the stains of human passion? There was not a feeling in his heart at that moment so sad as this. How deeply he regretted that he had ever brought sorrow into the bosom of that peaceful home. But was she not a Wildegrave? and was not misery theirs, by lawful inheritance? and then he thought of his mother—thought of his own desolate childhood—of his poor uncle; and, overcome by these sad reflections, as the glad sun broke over the hills, bringing life and joy to awakening nature, he fell into a deep, dreamless sleep, from which he did not awake until the broad shadows of evening were deepening into night.

When old Ruth dusted out the parlor, she was surprised to find him asleep upon the sofa; but he looked so ill and pale that she flung Mr. Frederick's large cloak over him, and went up to tell Miss Clary.

All day Clary had sat beside him, holding, almost unconsciously, his burning hand in hers. Often she bathed his temples with sal volatile and water, but so deep were his slumbers, so blessed was that perfect cessation from mental misery, that he still continued to sleep until the sun disappeared behind the oak hills, and then, with a deep sigh, he once more awoke to a painful consciousness of his situation.

Clary dropped the hand she held, and started from the sofa over which she had been leaning, the vivid blush burning upon her pale cheek, as she sprang away to order up tea. Anthony rose, marvelling at his long sleep, and went to his own chamber, to make his toilet. When he returned to the parlor he found Clary waiting for him.

"My kind little cousin," he said, timidly taking her hand; "you have been ill; are you better?"

"I am quite well, dear Anthony, and should be quite happy if I saw you looking so. But you are ill, and unhappy, I read both in your dim eye and dejected looks. Come, sit down and take a cup of tea. You must be hungry. Here is a nice fowl, delicately cooked. Do let me see you take something."

"I cannot eat," said Anthony, pushing the plate from him, at the same time eagerly swallowing the refreshing draught which Clary presented. "I am ill, Clary, but mine is a disease of the mind. I am indeed far from happy. I wish I could tell you all the deep sorrow that lies so death-like at my heart."

"And why do you make it worse by concealment?" said Clary, rising and coming round to the side of the table on which he was leaning. "You need not fear to trust me, Anthony. There is no one on earth whom I love so well, except dear Frederick. Will not you let your little cousin share your grief?"

"My sweet child," said Anthony, winding his arm about her slender waist, and burying his head

upon her shoulders. "You could render me no assistance, and the knowledge of my sorrow would only make you miserable."

"I know you love Juliet better than me," said Clary, trembling violently; "I do not wish to supplant her—no, no, dear Anthony. I love you too well to stand between you and the cherished one of your soul. If it is aught about her, tell me freely; I will not be jealous of you. She is more worthy of your love than I am. Good God! you are weeping. What have I said to cause these tears? Anthony! dear Anthony! Speak to me. You distract me. Oh, tell me that I have not offended you!"

Anthony's lips moved, but no words issued from them. His eyes were firmly closed, his brow pale as marble, and large tears slid in quick succession from beneath the long jetty fringes which lay like a shadow upon his aspen cheeks. And other tears were mingling with those drops of heart-felt agony—tears of the tenderest sympathy, the most devoted love, as, leaning that fair face upon the cold brow of the unhappy youth, Clary unconsciously kissed away these waters of the heart, and pressed that head convulsively against her gentle bosom. She felt the arm that held, tighten round her, as she stood there in the embrace of the beloved, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of breaking the sad spell that had linked them together. At length Anthony unclosed his eyes, and looked long and earnestly up into his young companion's face. "Oh, Clary!" he sighed, "how shall I repay this love! My poor stricken lamb, would to God we had never met!"

"Ah! do not say that, Anthony! I never knew what it was to be happy until I knew you," murmured Clary.

"Do you love life better than you did, Clary?"

"I love you," sighed the girl, hiding her fair face amongst his ebony curls; "and the new life with which you have inspired me is very dear to me."

"Oh! that I could bid you cherish it for my sake, dear, artless girl. But we must part. In a few hours, Clary, the faulty being whom you have rashly dared to love may be no longer a denizen of this earth."

"Good heavens! what do you mean?" said the girl, starting from his encircling arms, and gazing wildly upon him. "Whilst I have been idling in my bed, something dreadful has happened. I read it in your averted eyes, and on your sad, sad brow. Dear Anthony, I beseech you, tell me what it is!"

"Clary, I cannot. I wish to tell you, but the circumstances are so degrading, I cannot frame words to give them utterance. I feel that you would despise me—that all good men would upbraid me, as a weak, unprincipled fool. Yet, I call God to witness, that at the moment I committed the rash act, I thought not that it was a crime."

"It is impossible, Anthony, that you could do anything which should cause this bitter grief. I