

hastily and rebelliously wedded. More than ever need did there seem to be for hiding his head in exile.

"Keep up your heart, Frederick, my darling," said his mother, as she sobbed her farewell on his breast, the morning of departure. "We know not what blessings the future may hold in store for you. Years bring about wonderful changes: the darkest day may be succeeded by a bright morrow. You never were guilty wilfully but of that one undutiful act, and surely your punishment has been heavy; *how* heavy Heaven sees: and it is always merciful. We may have you again with us some time, free and happy."

"And at peace," sighed poor Frederick Lyvett, in his inmost heart.

And the unhappy woman herself? Did the reprieve which she had so feverishly pressed for bring to her the relief she had sought? Was the life of labor, to which her sentence was commuted, a more tolerable fate, seen in the vista of the future stretching out before her, with its dreadful remembrance, its wearing monotony, its hopeless despair? We cannot know.

She refused to see her father and mother. Before her final departure from Newgate, permission for an interview with her was accorded to them at their earnest prayer: but she sullenly declined it.

"Oh, May," groaned the mother, in the bitterness of her anguish, as she sat on the edge of the bed in their one solitary room, "I'm afraid it was a frightful mistake."

"What was a mistake?" asked May.

"Her bringings up. If we'd not made her into a lady and educated her according, she'd not have despised us, and all this might never have happened. We stuck her up into a wrong sphere, don't you see, May; and the poor thing seemed to have no right standing of her own. She was neither one thing nor another; she couldn't be one of us, and she couldn't be one of them above us; and so she had no natural sphere in the world to make herself contented in. It was a fatal mistake."