

grasped the hand of her child in convulsive agitation, and bent her head to the earth in shame;—the sentence was passed, but the bolt of death seemed already to have stricken her heart—no breath escaped her lips, and her glaring eyes were fixed on the cherub face that smiled sweetly on her own. The voice of the judge had not yet died on the court, when the door opened, and the lieutenant himself stood before them. It was Paul who the men saw fall, and the murderess was his mother, who in her frenzy mistook him for another. Hannah was standing near her and raised her arm to prevent the blow; the action unloosed the bandage on her wounded arm, and the blood flowed from the wound—she remained horror-stricken near the dead body till she was taken prisoner. Ruth fled far into the island; the lieutenant followed his men in one of the boats, and had but that instant come on shore.

Hannah's condemnation as a murderess was withdrawn, but as an accomplice of the pirates, she was sentenced to six months imprisonment. Allan Clifford strangled himself in his cell, thus adding suicide to the black list of his crimes, and the last offices of the law were executed on his lifeless body. The four gibbets stand on a lofty rock, and their whitening bones cracking in the blast—remain a melancholy memorial of the mastery obtained by the evil passions over the better feelings of nature. The days of Hannah's imprisonment passed on, and she was declared free. Alas! her bruised spirit would soon have freed itself from the trammels of earth—her cup of sorrow had flowed to the brim, but there yet remained a drop of honey to sweeten its bitterness. She walked from the prison, leading her child by the hand; her weakness was so great she could not proceed, and she leant against a wall for support. "What aileth thee, friend?" said a gentle voice close beside her. It was long since words of kindness had reached Hannah's ears, and she raised her eyes at the sound. It was a Quaker lady, whom Hannah had often seen pass her cell in the prison. She had paused and spoken to the child on her way, and who now grasped her hand. "Come with me, friend," said the Quakeress, "I have heard thy story—verily thou hast suffered much," and the kind, benevolent lady led the discharged prisoner by the arm to her own splendid mansion. Mrs. Langly was a widow, and spent her immense fortune in the service of her Divine Master, seeking out the miserable and consoling the broken-hearted. In her visit to the prison, she was much attracted by the loveli-

ness of Hannah's child; she had heard her story from the overseer, but she knew not half her sufferings, she only knew she was unfortunate, and she resolved to receive her into her house on her discharge. Hannah's heart revived at this unexpected and unforeseen termination of her woes.

Mrs. Langly became warmly attached to her and her child, but the hand of death was heavy upon her, and her pale cheek and brilliant eye declared the work of the *destroyer*. The sunlight of peace which had so long refused to shine on her life, gleamed brightly on her declining days. Mrs. L. promised to be a mother to her child, and her fondest wishes could not have selected a fitter guardian for her last earthly treasure. Hannah's spirit, like fine gold tried in the furnace, had been purified by the arrows of affliction, and the hope of faith threw its halo around her. Perhaps had her fate been happier, her death-bed might have been less calm. For a few months she yet lingered on the verge of time—she felt no pain; the general decay of her system led her gently to the grave.

"Hannah," said Mrs. Langly to her one day, "I have sent to the city for my nephew—the tongues of men hail him as the most eminent of his profession, and if it pleaseth Heaven to grant thee health, he through God's means, will restore thee!" Hannah smiled at this new proof of her friend's kindness.

It was a fine evening in the commencement of the glorious American fall, the fragrance of the latest summer flowers yet lingered on the bland breezes, when Mrs. Langly's nephew arrived; he sent his carriage round by the avenue, while he walked across the lawn to a small Grecian Temple where a light shone within, and he knew his aunt often spent her evenings. As he approached, a low strain of melody reached his ear, and that sweet song of Moore's, beginning with the words, "Has sorrow thy young days shaded," was sung with such a thrilling combination of sense and sound that it chained him to the spot; the song ceased, and presently a silvery laugh, whose unforgettable music thrilled through his heart like the wild melody of a dream, aroused each slumbering feeling of his soul, and he stood opposite the unclosed door of the temple. The argand lamp shed its mild lustre on the scene within; it was the face of Hannah Gray that met his eyes, but oh! how different to what that voice and laugh had called to his memory—her once rich and luxuriant ringlets were thickly mixed with white—not the reverend