

The shades of evening are spreading fast, still Mary sits by the window. Eagerly does she scan the features of every one that passes by, and disappointed, gather new hope from him that next comes on. 'Tis twilight—still the watcher sits by the window. He comes not—no—no—every one but him. She gazes alternately upon the picture, and upon the street. Not yet he comes—not yet. 'Tis dark, and eve's solitary star is all that looks bright; still Mary sits by the window. No harper comes. What a heavy sense steals over her now—the dread sensation of anxiety, and unrest, wherein one thinks full surely that

“The air grows denser, perfumed by *an unseen* censer,
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkle on the tufted floor.”

“Oh! it was not he. If it were, would he tarry so long? Where was he last night—the night before—the night before? It was not—yet it was.

“That fond one will receive me,
And from the griefs I bear,
Will see how weary is my wing,
How much I need her care!”

“Who but himself could speak thus? Still, perhaps it is all a delusion. But no; he alone could say,

“‘I’m weary of my wandering,
I will no longer roam;
My country I no more shall see,
But here’s my own heart’s home.’”

Thus strove Mary’s thoughts as still she kept watch at the window. She looked again at the picture, but could not discern what was there. The semblance and the reality were equally gone. Poor Mary!

While she was thus communing with her fancies, and