

The stately old lady rose as she concluded, and drawing her shawl round her, with a slight sign to Mary not to follow, she walked slowly back to the house.

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.


"Jesus, I cast my soul on Thee,  
Mighty and merciful to save ;  
Thou wilt to death go down with me,  
And gently lay me in the grave."

—CHARLES WESLEY.

"There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;  
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep  
LOW IN THE GROUND.

"The storm that wrecks the winter sky,  
No more disturbs their deep repose,  
Than summer evening's latest sigh  
THAT SHUTS THE ROSE."

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

 STILL, small room, through which the early dawn is peeping, a narrow bed on which Owen Llewellyn has laid down to rise no more. Two are with him, the doctor and his nephew ; his fingers have closed upon Harry's in a weak clasp, and he is speaking feebly and with an effort.

"My dear Harry, you are a comfort to me on my death bed ; I am heartily glad that you are Lavy's husband ; I know, my dear boy, that you married her from a sense of honour rather than love ; because she was your poor, unprotected kinswoman, despised by many of her relatives, and only sheltered from the world by the feeble, failing arm of her old uncle ; but it was a noble thing to do, and I felt in time that your virtue would be rewarded. You are like the Llewellyn's of old, you are worthy of the name, for you live for duty. Now you have ample wealth, and you and Lavy have no care but to make each other happy, and as the years pass your wife will become more dear to you, for she is kind and generous and has