

first man who lifted her over, was to be her husband. Monica, who, waking, would have sat at naught such an injunction, promptly obeyed the Gipsy's commands; and, taking her seat upon the stile, gazed with intense interest down the dark path on either side, which led to the spot. After a few minutes, she heard the well-known voice of Walter Fenwick, humming a French air, which they had often sang together, as he advanced. Waking, she would have shrunk from him; but now, she climbed the stile, and held out her hands towards him. Just as he sprang forward, and clasped her in his arms, he was dashed back, and thrown with violence to the ground; and the arm of Richard Brandon was passed around her, and lifted her from the stile.

She awoke with a cry of joyful surprise; and in a few minutes was again asleep. Now, she made one in a long funeral procession, as it wound through the gothic arched door, into the old church. Tears were upon her cheek, and anguish within her heart, but she knew not for whom, nor why, she grieved. Then came over her senses, confused sights and sounds of horror. Yells and curses filled the air; and she appeared, she knew not why, the cause of this wild uproar. Bright flames soared before her eyes, a black terror overwhelmed her, and with gasping breath, and heart-bursting shrieks, she awoke, and found Alena leaning over her.

"My dear lady, what disturbs you so?" said the faithful girl.

"Oh, Alena! I dreamed a horrible dream! It shakes me still: I cannot get over it!"

"What was it, dear mistress?"

"It is all gone now. But it was so terrible! I felt that I was dying! dying some frightful death, when you awoke me. Bless me! it is broad day; the sun is quite high. How ridiculous that I should feel so shaken by a dream."

"To dream of death, my lady, signifies a wedding," said Alena. "May it come speedily. You would make a lovely bride," and she commenced arranging Monica's light brown locks at the mirror. "My master is going to hunt to-day; he has already breakfasted in the blue parlor with Mistress Barbara, and is off to inspect the hounds, with Squire Fenwick."

"Is he here?" said Monica, with a slight frown.

"Poor gentleman! he has grown so thin and pale, and looks so sad, my heart grieves for him," continued Alena. "He is a right handsome, gallant cavalier, and his mother is such a kind woman, and Sir Luke is so fond of him, it is a pity that your ladyship cannot affect him."

"You would not have me marry Walter Fen-

wick out of compassion, Alena, when I cannot love him?"

"Methinks, Mistress Barbara would be right glad of your chance," said Alena, ranning on. "I am right sure she thinks very much of him."

"She has my consent," said Monica. "Ah! dear Alena,—how I wish we could bring it about."

"It is useless talking of Mistress Barbara to Master Fenwick, when you are by, my lady. He would turn up his nose at her."

"She is a pretty woman—young and well born—accomplished in all that is required to make her a useful mistress of a house," said Monica.

"True, my lady. But as you said just now, if he cannot love her!"

"You are right, Alena. The real elixir of life is wanting; and, without that, there can be no real happiness in a wedded life."

And, forgetting her recent fright and the terrible dream, Monica sprang lightly down the stairs, to join her cousin in the blue parlor. As she entered the room, Barbara, with a deep blush upon her cheek, passed out, giving her the time of the day; and Monica found herself alone with Fenwick.

"The lady Monica!" he began, advancing towards her.

"Master Fenwick here!" quoth Monica, turning away.

"There was a time," recommenced the disconcerted lover, "when Monica Conway, if she could not love Walter Fenwick, treated him with courtesy. How has he deserved this cruel change?"

"I do not wish or mean to treat you unkindly," said Monica; "but you persecute me with addresses which are distasteful to me; and that alone has made your presence irksome to me. If you wish me to remain your friend, Walter," she continued, "you must only address me as such."

She gave him her hand, with an air of such sweet frankness, that Fenwick dropped upon his knees, as he pressed it passionately to his lips, and tears were in his eyes.

"Ah, Monica!" he said, "it is in your power to make me happy or miserable—a worthy and respectable member of society, or a wretched outcast. Speak, I conjure you, on your lips hangs my future destiny."

Before Monica could withdraw her hand, or answer his vehement appeal, a servant abruptly entered, and whispered something to Master Fenwick, casting, unconsciously, a significant glance upon Monica. Fenwick sprang to his