



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries
and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

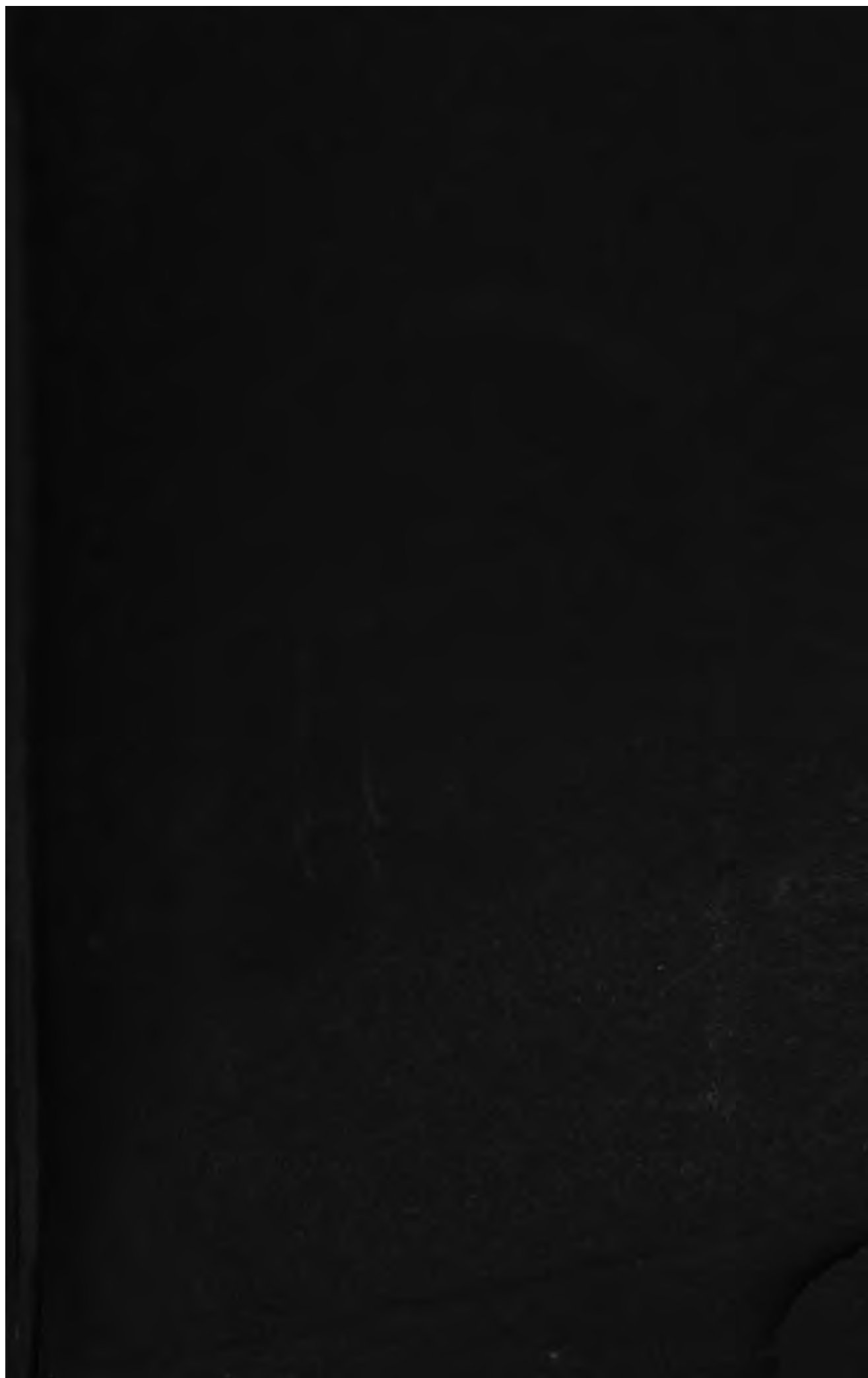
<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-
ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

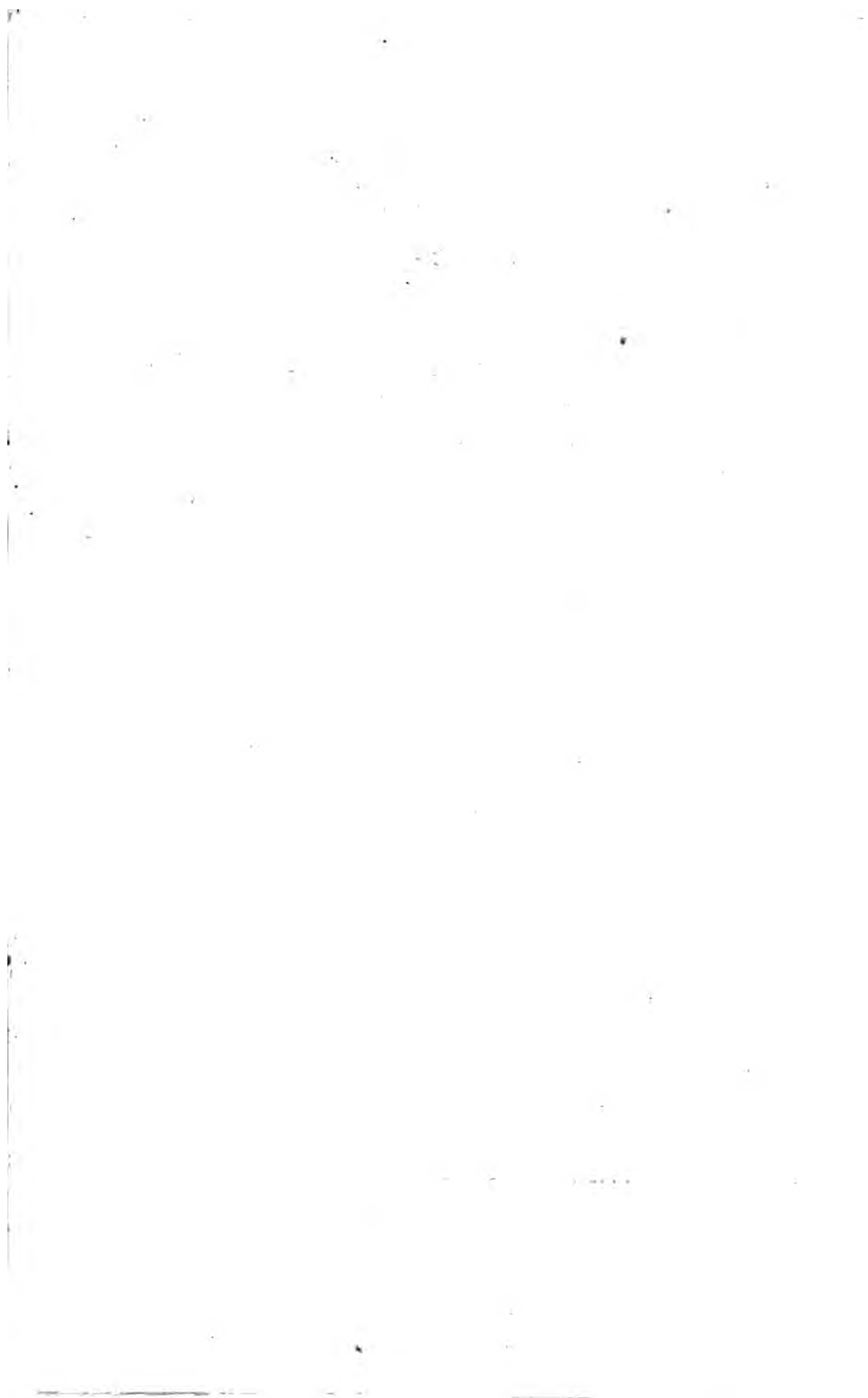






SYBIL'S SACRIFICE.

**PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY
EDINBURGH AND LONDON**





SYBIL'S SACRIFICE.

SYBIL'S SACRIFICE

AND OTHER

Choice Stories for the Young.

With Twelve Illustrations.

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM P. NIMMO.
1870.

2533.

f

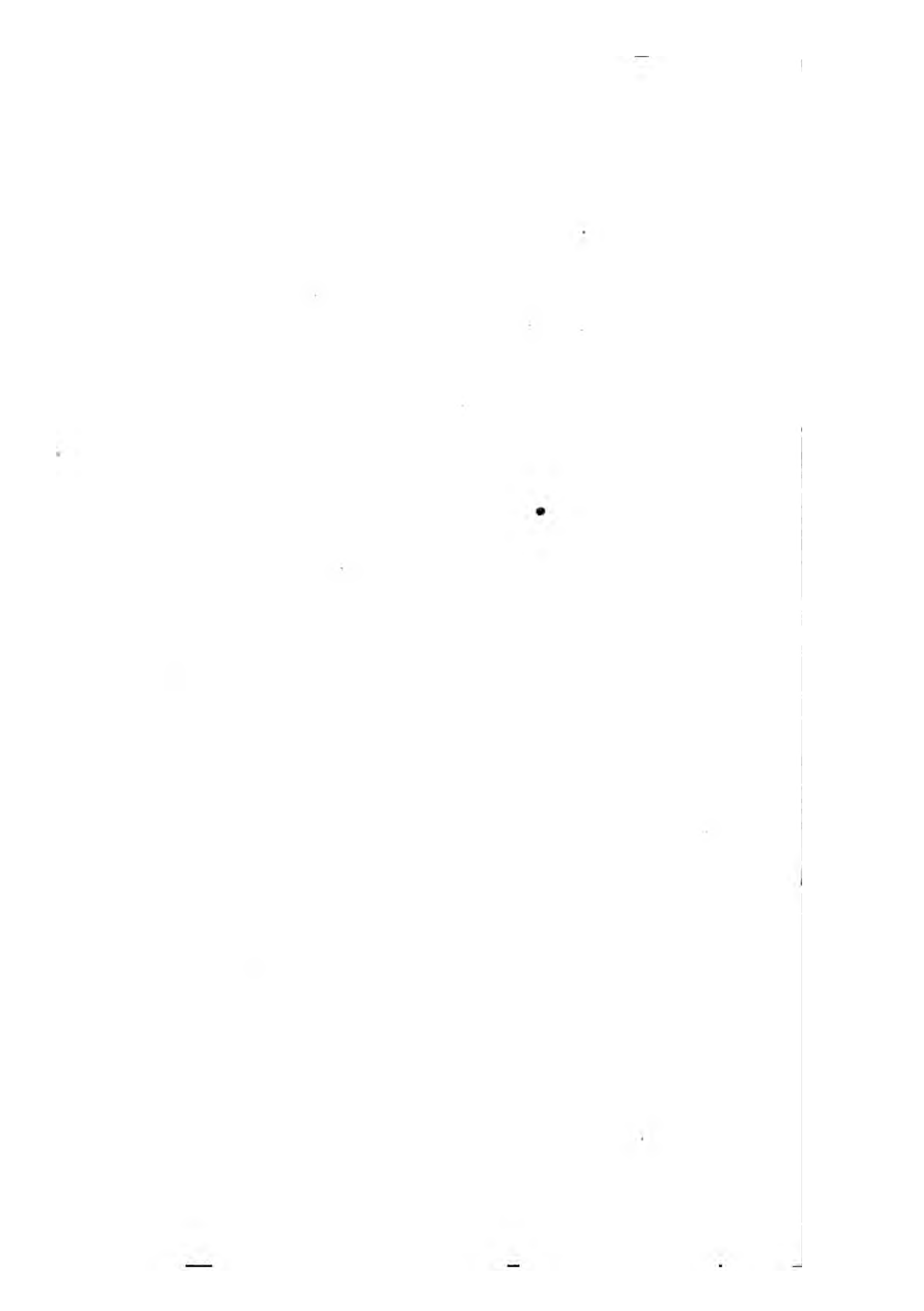
500



CONTENTS.



	PAGE
I. SYBIL'S SACRIFICE,	I
II. THE BRAVE DAUGHTER : A STORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON,	28
III. THE YOUNG DOCTOR OF MUNICH : A TRAVELLER'S STORY,	68
IV. THE ONLY SON,	93
V. CLOTHILDE : A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLU- TION,	100
VI. THE WANDERER,	110

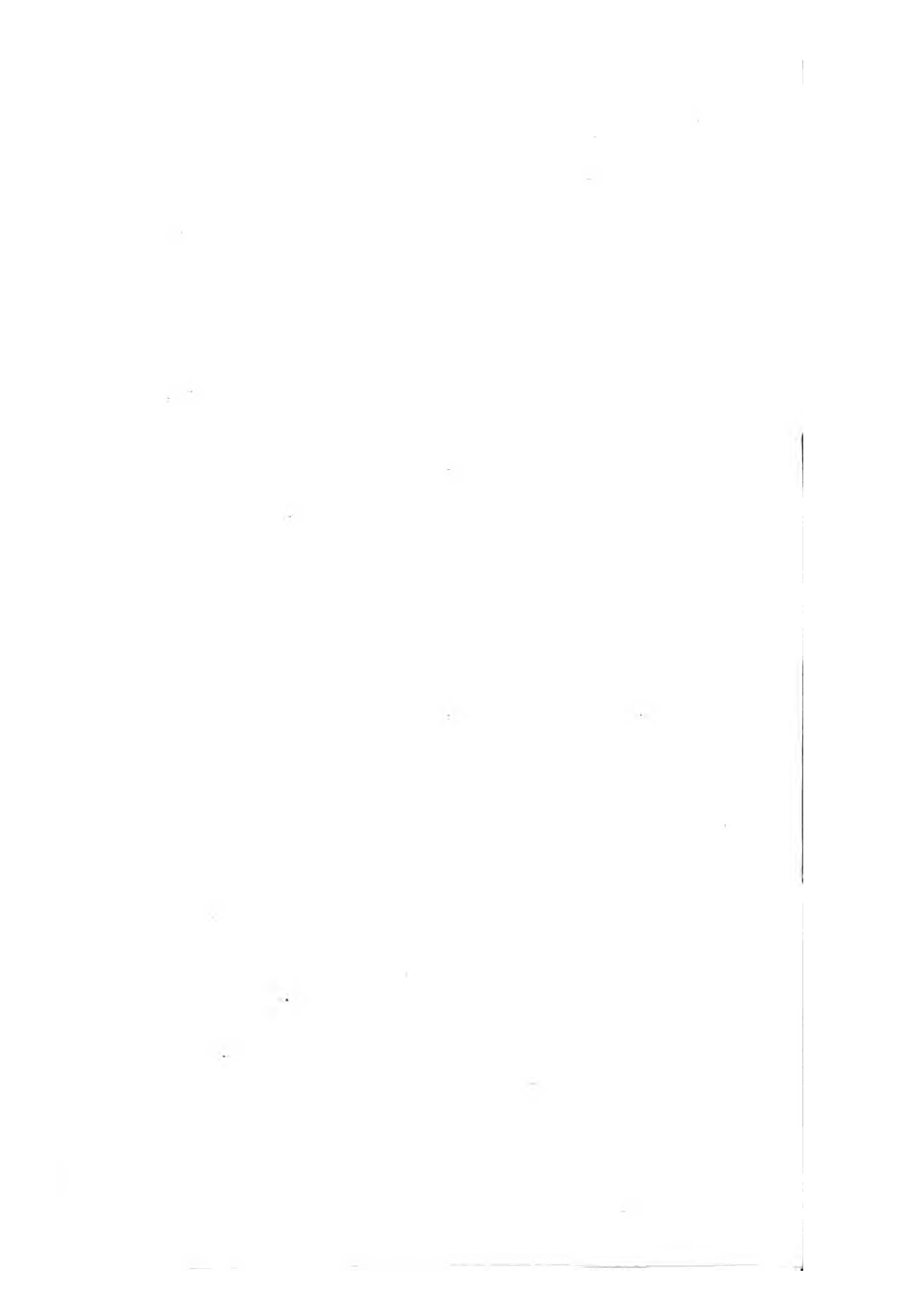


LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.



	PAGE
The Widow's Retirement and Resignation, . . .	8
Erskine prepares Sybil for a Sacrifice by the Grave of her Mother,	16
Lord Leven pleads his right to the hand of the Daughter,	24
Street Scene during the Plague of London, . . .	31
An Apparition, guilt-appalling,	60
A pious Votive-offering,	71
Karl and his patient Instructor,	85
Karl Swoons away : a Reaction,	90
A Victim to Filial Disobedience,	98
An Executioner of the Revolution,	102
The Wanderer descries a Home,	112
His Mother's Greeting,	118







I.

SYBIL'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER I.

AMONG the many men of talent and genius who adorn the English bar, Mr Erskine, a wealthy judge and magistrate in London, was at one time distinguished for his superior intellect and the strict sense of honour which ruled his every action. Deeply versed in the science of law, gifted with a keen penetration, equal only to his love of study, and indefatigable in the exercise of his duties, this gentleman was an honour to his profession and an oracle among his friends.

Esteemed and respected by the public, his home was made happy by his own virtues and those of his family. His circle was a small one, and consisted only of his wife, whom he loved with the tenderest affection, and one daughter, Sybil, who was seemingly destined to equal her mother in grace and kindness.

Mr Erskine would have preferred to live in retirement. The pleasures of the world had very little attraction for him. However, for the sake of his wife, he would occasionally indulge in those amusements which are happiness to some people, much as if they were necessary evils. He went into society, and resigned himself to the task of making himself agreeable ; but when it was all over, he would return joyfully to his own quiet, but truly happy home, which was only rendered dearer to him by the contrast with the outer world.

One evening he had promised to accompany Mrs Erskine to a ball, and he wished to keep his promise. But we shall see presently of what serious results this trifling circumstance was the cause.

Mr Erskine was at that time engaged with an important law-plea. It was concerning the inheritance of fifty thousand pounds, the possession of which was disputed by two relatives. The one was a rich foreign merchant, who had come to London for the purpose of having the matter settled, and who dazzled the city by his splendour and wealth, and flattered himself that he was making an impression on his judges by his grandeur. The other was a poor widow, so timid that she was hardly able to resist the opposition of

her rich kinsman, and so poor that the loss of this law-plea would leave her and her daughter in the deepest want and misery.

All Mr Erskine's sympathies would have gone for the widow, if a judge has any right to have "sympathies" at all. He had given the affair his utmost attention, and studied all the outs and ins of the case with the greatest care ; and the day after the ball he was to read his report of it in court.

In thinking of the important duty he had to fulfil, he was on the point of renouncing the ball. This idea haunted him for a long time ; it seemed that those precious hours which were to be frittered away in pleasure were claimed by duty ; that they would be more usefully employed in studying the affair upon which the fate of a family depended than by mingling in the giddy throng, whose mirth would bewilder his brain, while it could not reach his heart. But just as he was engaged with these reflections, Mrs Erskine entered his study, all ready dressed for the great event, and radiant with the anticipated pleasure she was about to partake of. He did not wish to dim her joy, and so, laying aside all his scruples, Mr Erskine prepared to accompany his wife.

The report, however, which was to be read next

day before the court, was scarcely commenced. He called an old clerk to his aid, who very often served him in the capacity of secretary, and who, by his honesty as well as by his intelligence, merited his full confidence. He installed him in his own study, placed all the deeds relating to the affair before him, explained them to him, showed him what books to consult, entrusted the beginning of the report to him, and begged him to finish it.

"I am going to look after my wife," said Mr Erskine ; "do you, my friend, look after my work. When I return to-night I shall find you here, and you will commit your work to me ; and to-morrow, like the peacock in the fable, I shall present myself in court dressed in your feathers."

The old clerk smiled at his patron's pleasantry, and set himself to his work with all vigour and earnestness.

Mr Erskine did not weary during the ball, for his wife was happy ; but the thought of this lawsuit crossed his mind two or three times, and troubled him a little. In the midst of this gay and brilliant throng, who crowded those splendid glittering rooms, blazing with light and beauty—in the midst of all this wealth, this sparkling of diamonds, rich flowers,

and the happy sounds of mirth and joy, he thought of the poor widow who, in her modest dwelling, waited anxiously for the dawning of the morrow, and, for one moment, this thought troubled him.

“I would, perhaps, have acted more wisely,” he said to himself, “if I had remained at home and finished the report myself; if my secretary forgets any of the circumstances; if he does not see the matter in the same light as I; if he grows weary or lets any of the papers stray, we are lost. I would like to leave early and help him to finish his work.”

He was about to put his desire into execution, but as he approached to ask his wife to retire from the scene, he saw her the centre of an admiring group, and he hesitated to shorten her happiness; he had not even the heart to express his wish; and so he remained and endeavoured to distract his thoughts. But the presence of the rich foreign merchant, who was one of the guests, was painful to him; and the thought of the poor widow, spending her night in anxious prayer, ever and anon returned to him.

But everything comes to an end in this world, and so did this ball, and Mr Erskine returned to his home at four o'clock in the morning.

The secretary was fast asleep in the study, but

beside him were the deeds seemingly in the most perfect order, and the report finished. Whatever desire Mr Erskine may have had to search into the matter before him, with this experienced man, was frustrated, for he could only get the shortest replies to his questions. As for himself, he hardly cared to rouse the tired and sleepy secretary, for he was harassed and weary with his own unaccustomed fatigue. The sounds of music still floated in his ears; his eyes were still dazzled by the brilliant lights, lustrous diamonds, rare flowers, and the rich plumes of the beautiful guests. The image of the foreign merchant in the midst of this gay scene haunted him, and appeared to follow him like an importunate phantom. It was with the greatest difficulty that he collected his ideas sufficiently to hastily read over the report, which he was about to give to the world as his own work.

However, he succeeded so far: by degrees his ideas were cleared, and calmness returned to his bewildered senses. The report appeared to him to be perfectly plain and reasonable; the logic was sound, and the conclusions unmistakable. The matter seemed clear as light; but it was the foreigner who would gain the day.



“ Poor woman ! ” sighed Mr Erskine, as he finished. It was now eight o'clock ; he snatched a hasty breakfast, sadly collected the deeds, took up his report of the case, and hurried away to the court.

The widow anxiously awaited the verdict which was to decide her fate. Mr Erskine discovered her pale eager face in the crowd of spectators, and sighed again ; but he had a duty to perform, and he could not avoid it. It was with a firm but regretful voice that he read aloud his report : by its conclusions, the poor widow lost the case.

The stranger merchant departed to his native land with this new accession to his wealth, and the widow retired into a humble garret, where she employed her time in working for her own living and that of her daughter.

In a very few months afterwards, Mr Erskine lost his wife.

CHAPTER II.

Six years went past, and Time, the great healer of all our wounds, and which brings balm to our troubled hearts, had somewhat softened the keen grief which this melancholy loss had caused. Mr Erskine loved

Sybil, his only daughter, more than ever, for she had now become, not only in her charming features, but also by her amiable character, the living image of her mother. Sybil was sought in marriage at this time by a wealthy young nobleman, Lord Percy Leven.

The illustrious name of his ancient family, and his large fortune, were his smallest recommendations to Mr Erskine's favour, who, as well as his daughter, knew how to appreciate his noble and amiable character.

This alliance was very soon to be concluded, and Mr Erskine considered himself the happiest of men.

One day, immersed in business, and occupied by a question of law, he wished to seek for some light on the subject in some volumes he had not opened for many years: he removed many ponderous tomes from his library shelves. Behind some books, which had been allowed to lie idle for a long time, he discovered a paper. This astonished him not a little, for one of Mr Erskine's ruling principles was, that order is not only a precious quality, but a virtue, and everything in his house was in its proper place.

He took up the paper and looked at it attentively. During this examination a mortal coldness spread through his veins; a cloud dimmed his sight, and he let the paper fall from his hands. He gathered

together all his strength, seized it again, and read it from beginning to end. And then he was certain of the misfortune that had befallen him.

This paper was an authentic and unmistakable evidence, from which it clearly resulted that the fortune adjudged to the stranger, some years before, in reality, and without a doubt, belonged to the widow.

But how had the paper got there? was the question. Doubtless, on the night of that unfortunate ball he had allowed it to escape his notice, when he entrusted the rest of the deeds to the care of his secretary; or, perhaps this man had lost it in making some search and consulting those very books. There was no other means of explaining the mystery, for the secretary had now been dead two years. And, besides, what good could any explanation do now?

Thus Mr Erskine's neglect had caused the ruin of a family!

If a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, he would have been less bewildered, less stunned than he was by this discovery. Conscience did not say to him, as it might perhaps have said to some gifted with a less stern sense of virtue and honour, that the fault was a common one. So pitiable an excuse was impossible, and never crossed Mr Erskine's mind. He well

knew that the decision come to by the court on this case had only been brought about by his report, for it was from his report that his colleagues had formed their verdict.

A very different idea struck him. He thought that, guilty of such extreme carelessness, he had almost acted as a prevaricator of the truth ; that such a piece of forgetfulness was equivalent to a subtraction, and that his negligence had, in this instance, all the appearance of crime. At this thought he shuddered. Although his fault had only been witnessed by God, who had power to read every thought of his heart, he experienced for one moment the confusion of an innocent man who, by his imprudence, has given wicked people the opportunity of supposing him guilty.

Then his thoughts returned to the unhappy victim of his neglect, deprived for six long years of a fortune which belonged to her, and condemned to endure all the anguish and hardship of want and misery.

With this, a sudden thought darted to his mind, and spread a ray of comfort and consolation on the dark clouds of grief which overshadowed him. "Can I not repair my fault yet?" he asked himself.

He seated himself at his desk. He calculated

minutely the value of the property, the inheritance of which had been disputed, the interest during six years, and the interest upon the interest.

“Altogether, I have deprived this poor widow of something very like a hundred thousand pounds. And now that I know the wrong I have done, I am a thief if I do not try my best to repair it.”

He then made another calculation: how much would his fine estate in Devonshire be worth? At how much would his richly-furnished London house be valued? To those sums he added twenty thousand pounds, which he had kept in reserve for Sybil's marriage portion, and he trembled with fear and hope as he completed his computation.

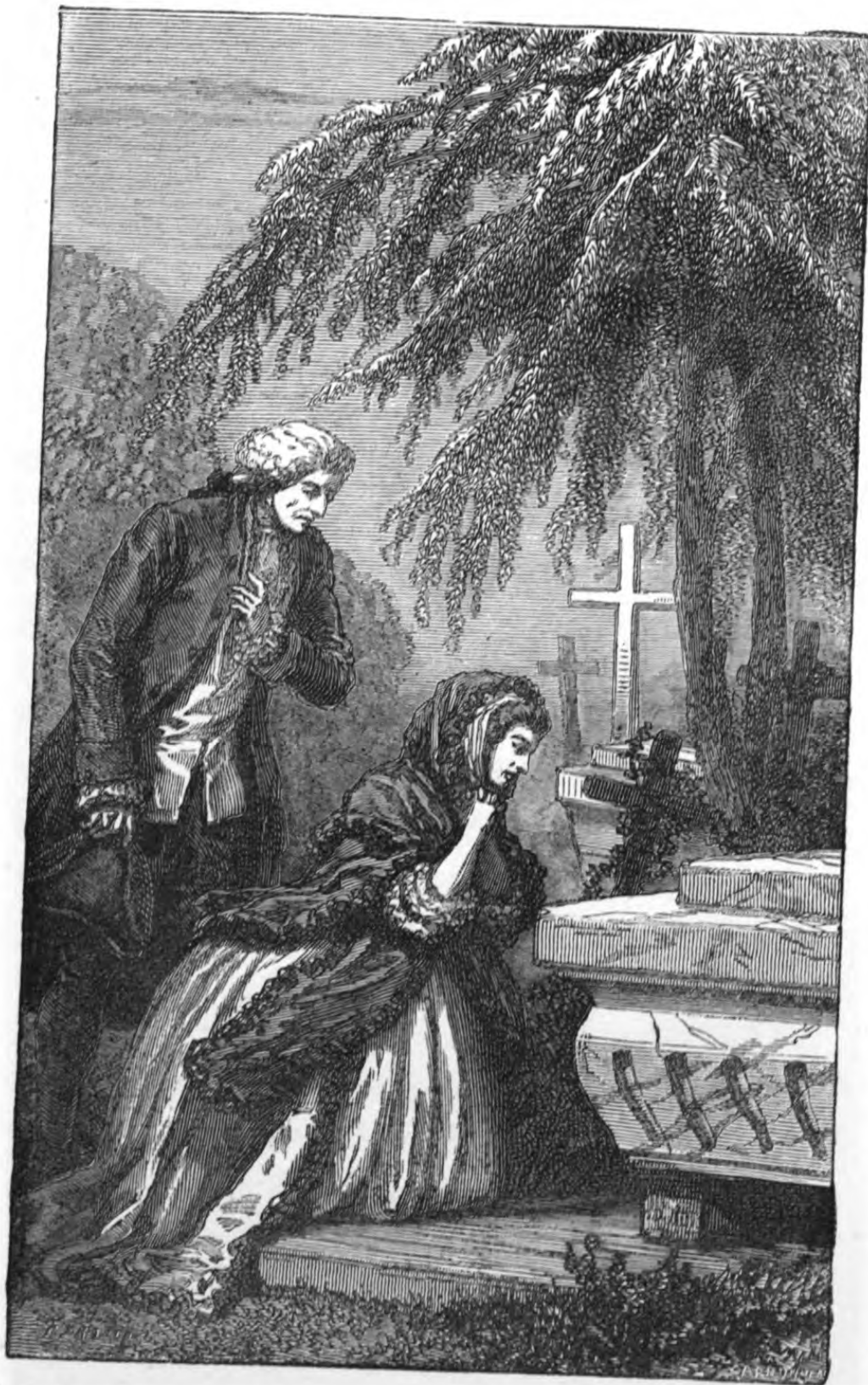
At last it was finished, and the sum total of his fortune was known—one hundred thousand pounds. He breathed calmly, and his oppressed heart was once more free.

“I shall preserve my honour by repairing the evil I have done. I can no longer dread reproach either from God or my conscience; for to-morrow the reparation will be completed. I shall restore to this unfortunate family, with the wealth which belongs to them, the joy and peace of which I have so long deprived them. I renounce

without regret a fortune which I could not retain without crime. I have never been proud of being rich, and I trust I will have no pride in being poor. I shall accomplish this duty which justice and honour impose upon me without any feeling of vanity ; and I will ask for no help from man—neither their assistance, which would humiliate me, nor their praises, which I do not deserve.”

It was, however, necessary to descend from the noble heights of his virtue to family considerations. It was then that Mr Erskine experienced a grievous struggle, for he fancied he was robbing his daughter by this step. His resolution, however, was not shaken, but he could not help regretting, for her sake, the loss of all his wealth, which seemed such a small sacrifice in his own eyes.

Had he reared her amidst wealth and luxury only to reduce her to poverty and want ? for very soon all that would remain to him would be his dead wife's fortune, which was a very modest one. And this marriage, which would have brought such happiness to the father and daughter, would now be impossible. What would Sybil say ? How would she be able to resign herself to such a change in her destiny, to such a grievous sacrifice ?



Tormented by those bitter thoughts, Mr Erskine did not leave his study all day ; he would not receive any one, and sat up all through the long midnight hours, pleading as his excuse that he was busy.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning, Mr Erskine called his daughter to his side.

“Come, my dear Sybil,” said he, with a solemn voice and sorrowful smile ; “come with me to your mother’s grave and pray for a moment.”

They went to the beautiful quiet cemetery on foot, and on their way they passed Lord Leven’s house. This young man had now become the greatest cause of anxiety to Mr Erskine, for he knew how much his daughter loved him, and he trembled for the future that was before her.

The father and daughter acquitted themselves of the pious duty they had come there to fulfil. Mr Erskine asked pardon for the wrong he had so unwittingly done, and entreated heaven to soften the blow which was about to fall upon his young and innocent daughter, that might perhaps blight her happy life for ever.

Then they returned to their home, and Mr Erskine led his daughter to his library, seated himself beside her, and spoke thus :

“Some person whom you know very well, my dear Sybil, is placed in a very delicate position, and, with a motive which I will afterwards explain to you, he wishes to have your advice. He is a magistrate, and by his fault he has ruined an honest family. For a long time he was quite ignorant of the fact—indeed he has only known it for some hours ; but his fault, as well as the unfortunate circumstances which have resulted from it, are still unknown to the world. He wishes to know what you think he should do, and he consults you through me : so, speak, my daughter.”

“I pity him with all my heart,” said Sybil, “for he must have suffered much for the sorrow he has so innocently been the cause of. But there is no need of hesitation ; he ought immediately to repair his fault—that is to say, he ought to restore to this family, without delay, all that he has deprived them of.”

“But the sum is an enormous one : it is equal to his whole fortune, and if he hands it over to strangers, he sacrifices his own children.”

“His children! If they have any sentiment of honour, would they accept from their father a fortune which does not belong to them? If they have so little heart as to manifest their regret, then I shall pity their poor father more than ever: he will have lost more than his fortune.”

“My dear Sybil, is this, then, your honest advice?” asked Mr Erskine. “You think his duty is to make immediate restitution?”

“Yes, dear papa, most undoubtedly I do.”

“Ah, well, my daughter, come to my heart, and comfort me; for this unhappy magistrate who has neglected his duty—this father who has ruined his daughter, is I!”

Then Sybil threw herself into her father's arms, and while she covered him with caresses, she said to him all the tenderest things her filial love could inspire. The fortune which was to be snatched away from her, the happiness which she had thought so near, did not occupy her for one instant. She had no other thought than that of helping her father in the accomplishment of his sacrifice, and of making it as light as possible to him.

In this moment, Mr Erskine enjoyed a proud pleasure, superior to all those which fortune could

give him, and he almost ceased to reproach himself with a fault which had brought him so much happiness. But, nevertheless, his sad reflections from time to time damped his joy.

“And this marriage is, alas! no longer possible,” said he to Sybil. “Without any fortune, without even the hope of one in the future, our delicacy of feeling would not permit us to think of it for a moment. It is indeed a great misfortune, for he is so truly noble and worthy.”

“Do not speak to me of marriage, dear father,” replied Sybil. “I do not know whether I am sorry yet or not; I hardly like to think of it at all. All that I know, my father, is that your daughter has now become necessary to make your old age happy: I will never leave you, and I shall be called Miss Erskine all my life. You have given me this name, and I do not wish to change it.”

And so this noble, generous girl devoted herself entirely to her father. She admired his virtue, though she never thought that it was equalled by her own.

The same evening they both agreed that their house, their pretty estate, and all their wealth, would be placed at the disposal of the poor widow. All the wealth and splendour which surrounded them

had already become distasteful to them, and they longed to enter upon their new and humble life.

Next day, Mr Erskine wended his way to the widow's home, explained to her the error that had been committed, and announced to her in what way he intended to repair it.

The prospect of prosperity did not dazzle this poor widow, whom adversity had not discouraged. She carefully examined the deed which Mr Erskine presented to her ; she assured herself that it was unmistakable, and that the sacrifice so nobly offered by the magistrate was a just one.

"Sir," said she, gently and calmly, as if she were only occupied by some very ordinary affair, "your conduct does not surprise me ; but what you wish to accomplish as an act of justice, I can only accept in the light of a benefit. You were quite free to keep your fortune, and I have the right to refuse it ; however, I accept this favour at your hands. Only be as generous with me, and, as I have shown myself agreeable to yield to your wishes, allow me to ask you to share it with me."

Mr Erskine had foreseen this offer, but he was too proud to accept it. There was a struggle for generosity between those two individuals, both so distin-

guished for their lofty character, in which Mr Erskine remained conqueror.

That same evening, he installed the widow and her daughter in his splendid house, and he and Sybil went and took possession of a very small home in the suburbs, but which the latter thought both pretty and convenient, and quite large enough for their wants. This devoted daughter anticipated all her father's wishes, and made herself happy because it was her duty to be so, and because she could not testify any regret with her new position without tacitly reproaching her father and causing him sorrow.

What more was necessary to those two noble hearts? The reward of their virtue was in themselves, and they needed no other.

CHAPTER IV.

HEAVEN, which often grants to virtue only the inward reward of peace and satisfaction, which remains a secret from the outer world, wished for this once to make an exception to the general rule. It wished to honour the world's prosperity by granting its riches to this family ; and this is how it happened.



Lord Leven heard of all that had come to pass, and was both surprised and angry.

“What have I done,” he asked himself, “that Mr Erskine should treat me with such coldness? Could he ever suspect me of feeling any change of sentiment towards his daughter because the only wealth she can now bring to me is the glory of such a noble action!”

Full of generous wrath, he hastened to Mr Erskine's house. He forced himself within the door, closed to all those from whom they might expect which was either useless reproaches or idle and imprudent praises.

“Sir,” said the young man to the father, “when you promised me Miss Erskine's hand, when she condescended to inform me that her choice was in accordance with yours, I believed that events, whatever they might be, would never have power to change a determination founded upon love and esteem. If you had been created a peer of the realm, would you have drawn back your word? No! Ah, well! no more can you do so now, under the pretext that you are no longer a rich man. Have I less right to your daughter's hand than this widow has to your fortune? Furthermore, sir,” he added, warmly, “you

are unjust towards me ; you give rise to suspicions in which you seem to share yourself. Will the public not already give me credit for having renounced your daughter's hand because you have renounced your fortune ? How can they know whether it was you who wished to break your word, or I who was about to violate mine ? And it is you, sir, who have been the cause of all this !—you, for whom I have always professed such a deep respect, such a true affection !”

Then, seeing that Mr Erskine appeared moved, he added, quickly—

“ Oh ! let me call you my father ! Give me back her whom I love so much, and whom I admire as much as I love ! Do not let my wealth be any hindrance : is it my fault that I am rich ? Lay aside this pride, which threatens to ruin me and perhaps her too ! Can she fear to owe too much to her future husband ? It is on my side that all the obligations will be. I sometimes felt as if I were her equal, but now I feel that she is far above me.”

The stern magistrate could no longer resist such noble entreaties. Sybil very soon became Lady Leven, and her devotion to her husband did not in the least diminish that which she had promised to her father.

Thus Mr Erskine found the sweetest reward of his noble conduct in the happiness of his daughter. But do not let us abuse this example. Let us remember that our love of virtue should always be disinterested ; and may this old maxim be the principle upon which we regulate our life—

“Let us do our duty, happen what may !”





II.

THE BRAVE DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

CHAPTER I.

EDITH FALKLAND was a good and amiable girl. She had the misfortune to lose her mother when she was very young, and soon after, she was sent away from her home, and from the father she loved so fondly.

But what was the cause of this separation? you will ask.

Mr Falkland's eldest son had married a wicked, selfish, ambitious woman, who, establishing herself in the house of her father-in-law, took the reigns of government into her own hands. After the death of her young husband, she still preserved her authority, and abused it so much, that she persuaded Edith's

father, over whom she had a great ascendancy, to send his daughter away from her home. And so Mr Falkland, yielding to the entreaties of his unamiable daughter-in-law, sent Edith to live with an old aunt at York, under the pretext of taking care of her in her old age, but really with the expectation that the young girl would one day inherit all her large fortune.

Edith was no sooner out of the house than her wicked sister-in-law set herself to work, and did all she could to alienate her from her father's heart ; and for the purpose of furthering her designs, she suppressed all the letters that passed between them. And so Mr Falkland naturally inferred from his daughter's unaccountable silence that she was cherishing resentful and bitter feelings against him ; and as for Edith, she could only believe that her father had become indifferent to her, and no longer loved her.

But yet she could not quite believe it : her pure and tender heart struggled against such a painful thought, and she tried hard to cast it from her, and believe in her father's love ; but it made the young girl very miserable to be so cruelly neglected by her only parent on earth.

Edith was soon roused from the melancholy she

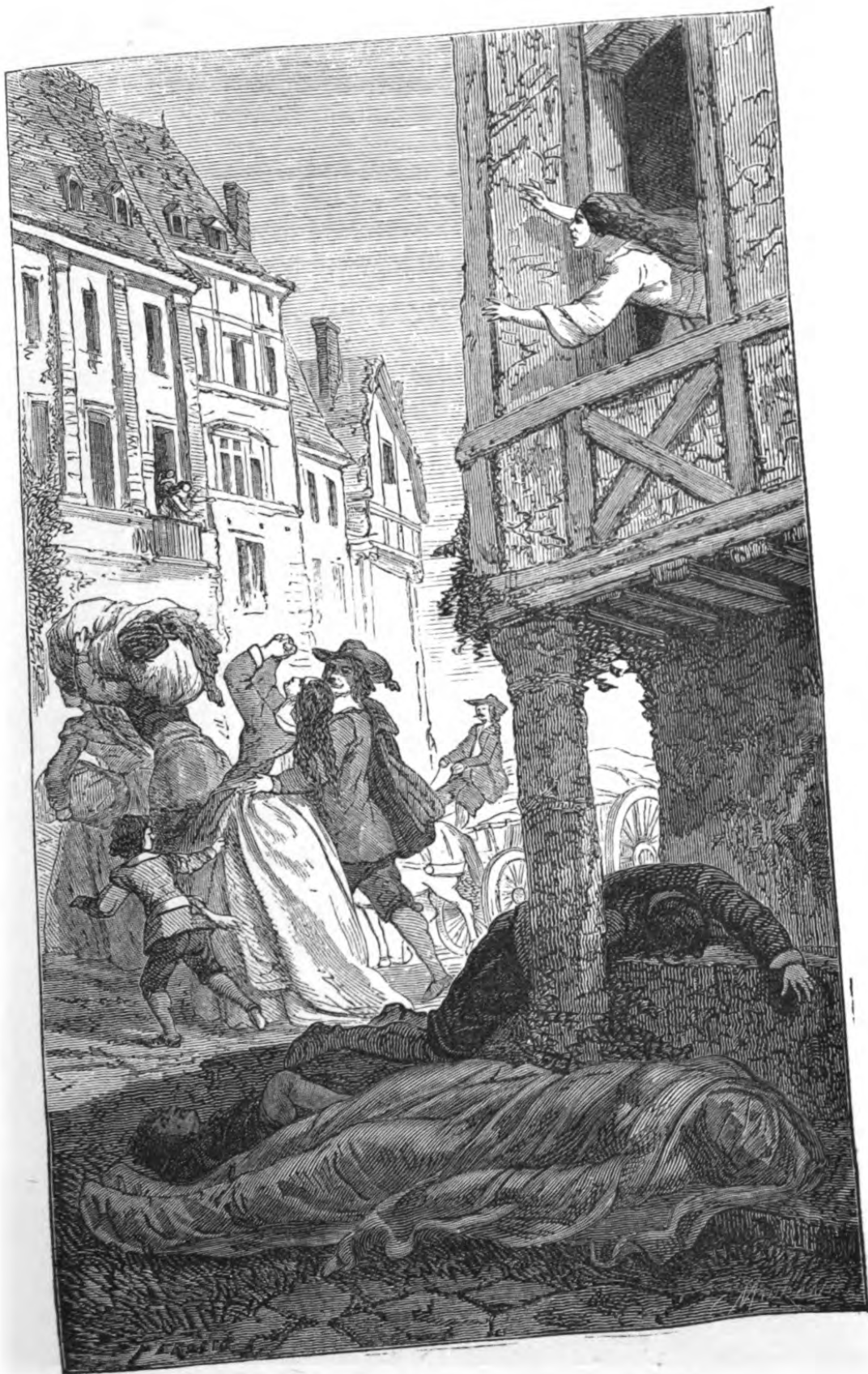
had fallen into, by the deafening report which spread itself through the whole of England: it was, that a terrible plague had broken out in London.

This report proved to be only too true. It was in the autumn of 1665 that this terrible plague burst forth in London, which desolated the southern part of this vast city, and in less than a month's time carried off a hundred thousand inhabitants.

At York, as throughout the whole of England, the fatal news was communicated with much caution and reserve. The authorities and the editors of the newspapers agreed to conceal the calamity as much as possible, or, at least, to soften matters and lighten their gravity.

But this horrible plague spread with such frightful rapidity, and the reports became so alarming, that it was soon quite impossible to prevent the news of it spreading, and in spite of all the precautions they had taken to conceal the truth from Edith, it very soon reached her.

The young girl was at first almost stunned with terror; but her love soon rose above all other feelings, and gave her a strength and courage beyond her years. Her resolution was immediately taken, and, without any deliberation or hesitation, she deter-





mined to do her duty, and hasten to her father, whatever the consequences might be.

Edith foresaw the objections her proposal might meet with from her aunt, but the brave girl felt her entreaties *must* prevail, and as there was no time to lose, she sought her at once.

“The plague is in London, dear aunt!” said the girl, her white face and trembling lips speaking all the dread and agony she was trying to conceal. “My father is there, and my place ought to be at his side. If he is exposed to contagion, I must try to keep him safe from it; and if he is ill, I shall nurse him. No other person in all the wide world has so much right to care for and to be near him as I, and to none can this duty be so sacred. I will set out this evening on my journey.”

“Edith, I forbid you doing such a mad action!” said the old lady, sternly.

“O aunt! what else can I do?” pleaded the girl. “If I wrote, I might never get an answer; and while I was waiting for one, who knows what might happen! You say my father has perhaps left London, and that he is in safety; but how can I be sure of this? I cannot bear this suspense, and, to put an end to this horrible uncertainty, I must go imme-

diately. Do not fear for me, aunt. I will not rashly put myself in the way of danger ; and if I hear on the way that my father has left London, I shall return immediately to you. If he is still there, I will do my duty ! ”

Her aunt seeing that argument was of no avail, and that Edith's resolution was not to be broken, could only yield to her strong will, for, in her heart, she admired the girl's devotion.

“ My dear child,” said she, “ you are rushing wilfully into a danger from which others flee ; and, alas ! who knows if I may ever see you again in this world ? ”

And the old lady's eyes were full of tears at the thought of the bright young girl going amidst scenes of sorrow and sickness from which she might never return.

“ Recollect, Edith, religion itself teaches us that we should not unnecessarily expose ourselves to danger,” continued the aunt. “ If you think it your duty to expose your life for the sake of your father, you must, at least, use all the precautions to preserve you from infection which prudence can dictate.”

Whilst the brave girl made a few hasty preparations for her journey, her aunt collected some bottles of medicine and other little articles that might be useful

to her. The old lady's tears flowed plentifully as she folded her niece to her heart, and promised to pray for her day and night. Then calling upon heaven to bless the girl's mission, and committing her to the protection of Him who doeth all things well, she let her niece depart.

Edith set out on her journey, accompanied by a servant and an old nurse, who were quite willing to follow their young mistress's footsteps so far, but they had solemnly declared that they would not penetrate into those quarters of the town where the plague raged. Edith did not expect this from them ; for though she had a right to expose her own life, she knew she had none to theirs.

As they approached London, they met crowds of fugitives all eagerly departing from the scene of death. Rich and poor, old and young, men, women, and children, were all hastening from the city, which seemed to yawn behind them like some great sepulchre. Each had carried away what was most precious to them, though there were many dear ones left behind in the arms of death, whom nothing could now arouse from their silent sleep ; and so they gazed with mingled terror and astonishment upon the little party advancing towards the city of destruction.

The faces of those fugitives were the images of despair; many were bathed in tears, and uttered inarticulate cries of distress as they pursued their hasty flight, while others cast anxious and sorrowful glances behind them, as if they were accusing themselves of having left behind them the beings whom they loved best on earth, or reproaching themselves with the selfishness of their flight. There were those also among that terror-stricken crowd whose pale cheeks, blue lips, and hollow eyes, told the sad tale that, all unconscious as they might be, they were bearing with them the terrible evil which they were so eager to avoid.

The spectacle was a melancholy one, but far from weakening Edith's courage, it only redoubled it. She remembered her aunt's advice and good counsel not to rush heedlessly into danger, or rashly expose herself to infection; and so, instead of immediately going into the heart of the city, she halted at a place where she might be likely to get sure and certain accounts of all that had taken place. Meanwhile she despatched one of the servants into the little town of Southwark, where the plague had not yet penetrated, to make inquiries about her father, and bring her back all the tidings she could get of this fearful pestilence.

After some hours' absence, the servant returned and informed Edith that it had not yet penetrated into the great suburb of Southwark, which was separated from the rest of London by the Thames. Edith, therefore, immediately repaired to this village, whither her two followers consented to accompany her.

The streets were filled with groups of people, who were relating to each other the frightful ravages committed by the plague, to which they added horrible details of crime and cruelty, committed, not only by a crowd of villains and thieves in their thirst for robbery and pillage, but, still worse, by the watchmen and nurses, greedy for the spoil of the unfortunate victims who had no longer power to defend themselves. Edith listened to the tales of horror, and shuddered as she heard them, but felt that her presence was more needful than ever.

The plague had for some days been devastating in a frightful manner the parish of St Giles-in-the-Field, in which quarter her father's house was situated. Had he left London? Was he attacked by the deadly disease? Were his family and servants near him? were questions Edith asked herself and all around her. But no one could tell.

She then resolved to satisfy herself. As soon as

night approached she left her servants in Southwark, and, by dint of a large bribe, succeeded in procuring a man with a coach and horse, who promised to conduct her to this fatal spot ; and having passed the river, she penetrated into the quarter invaded by the plague.

CHAPTER II.

EDITH saw nothing but the utmost desolation and terror on her way.

It was in the beginning of August, with not a breath of wind to cool the burning air, and not a drop of rain had fallen for more than two months. The heat was intense and overpowering : even the very horse which dragged the rickety old carriage in which Edith was seated seemed exhausted by its exertions. They stopped at a small hotel, some little distance from St Giles-in-the-Field, which was situated in an open space, having no communication with the neighbouring buildings, and therefore as healthy as one could expect at such a time. Edith remained there for a short time to rest the horse and make further inquiries after her father. Alas ! her fears were only too well confirmed ! Mr Falkland had

been attacked by the plague ; his worthless daughter-in-law had left him to his fate, and, profiting by his misfortune, had carried off a quantity of money, silver plate, jewels, and all that she could lay her hands on, under the pretence that, like others, their family was going to leave London. The servants had fled from the house at the first approach of the plague ; one faithful old servant alone remained near the unfortunate Mr Falkland.

Edith's grief was great when she heard those tidings, but she congratulated herself on having obeyed without hesitation the voice which had called her to her father's side, who had, alas ! been so cruelly betrayed and forsaken. She had thought of resting here for a short while, but now her only wish was to be near him, and she set about placing all her parcels in the carriage again.

"What are you doing, miss ?" inquired her host, who had been watching her in amazement. "Do you really believe that you will be allowed to enter your father's house ? You will not be permitted to do so. All communication is prohibited with those miserable creatures who have been seized with the plague ; no one is allowed to go out of the house, and no one is allowed to enter ; numerous watchmen are appointed

to see that those strict but necessary orders are put into execution."

Edith had never heard of those regulations before ; but, in spite of all the good advice her kind host gave her, she was only more and more anxious to accomplish her design ; and instead of her courage failing, it only grew stronger with every fresh disappointment. A few minutes more and she was hastening towards her desolate home, with the good man's prayers ringing in her ears.

When Edith arrived at St Giles-in-the-Fields, she could scarcely recognise the place she had left only two years before. All the houses were shut up, and most of the doors bore a red cross with this inscription : " Lord, have mercy upon us ! " telling all too plainly that the dire calamity had reached those dwellings. The streets were deserted, and the pavement was covered with long grass and rank weeds, which flourished and spread themselves everywhere, now that all was silent and there were no busy feet to check their growth. Now and then a pale face would look out of the darkened windows, and the trembling lips would feebly utter the words, " Pray for us ! "

Men bearing red wands in their hands, an indica-

tion that it was dangerous to approach them, slowly traversed the streets, uttering the horrible cry, which made every one shudder, "Bring out your dead!" Behind them came the dead-carts, on which they hastily heaped the unfortunate victims of the plague, and bore them rapidly away to bury them in their silent graves, without a prayer, or a blessing, or any religious ceremony whatever, which might have been some sad but small consolation to those who regretted their loss.

Edith shuddered with fear when she saw the first of those funeral cars approach, she hardly dared to confess even to herself the terrible idea that had come to her. "How do I know but what this car, already laden with so many victims, does not contain my dear father's body?" was the thought that had taken possession of her mind. The idea almost maddened her, and she entreated the driver to redouble his speed: to tell the truth, he obeyed very willingly, for he was eager to make his escape from the fatal place.

The clock of St Giles's had just struck nine when Edith arrived in the street in which her father's house was situated. The windows looked on to the street, but the house itself formed the corner of a narrow

lane. It was here that Edith asked her guide to set her down, in order to avoid attracting attention. As soon as she was on her feet she hastened to the door, and there she saw the terrible red cross: quite near at hand stood a watchman charged with preventing any one from going out or in an infected house. Edith was quite at a loss how she could persuade this man to infringe upon his orders, which he was obliged to execute under the severest penalties. However, she resolved to address him; he would at least be able to tell her if her father still lived, and she might possibly be able to inspire him with some pity for a daughter who had hastened to her sick, perhaps dying, father. She dared not offer him money; for she trembled lest he might be one of the thieves of whom she had heard, and that, if he saw she had money in her possession, he might kill her as well as her father.

Edith had brought a small lantern in the carriage with her, which she now held in her hand; for at that time London was not lighted with gas as it is now, and many of its streets were very dark and gloomy even in a summer evening. She was dressed in black from head to foot, with the exception of a white veil similar to that worn by nuns. She had

adopted this precaution in order that her father might not recognise her, for she feared that her sudden arrival might perhaps affect him too deeply. And so she hoped that he might imagine she was one of those Sisters of Charity who were at this time so distinguished for their gentle kindness and unselfish humanity.

The darkness, the unexpected apparition—above all, the paleness of the features standing out in such a ghastly contrast to the black clothes, and the lantern which she held in her hand, made the watchman start and tremble. He thought he was gazing upon some supernatural vision, and the strong man's heart for a moment failed him. And so Edith stood white and silent before the door of her home, face to face with this man, who looked at her with such an expression of startled fear. A single word from him would put an end to the horrible anxiety which tortured her. But she must first ask the question, and as she tried to do so, her voice died away on her lips.

“Are you wanting anything?” asked the watchman at last, whose fear was now dissipated, and who, by the brightness of the lantern, read on the girl's face all the anxiety to which she was a prey.

"Mr Falkland?" asked Edith, with a feeble voice, speaking the only word she had power to pronounce.

"Yes," answered the watchman, "this is his house here."

"Does he still live?"

"I cannot tell; but I think so; I hope so."

"God be praised!" cried Edith, with a sob.

The watchman seemed to be touched with compassion, and spoke very gently to the trembling girl.

"But you must not deceive yourself," added he, in a kind voice; "there is no great hope. The servant who remained beside him must be dead, for I have neither seen nor heard anything for some hours. The doctor who attended Mr Falkland did not think he could cure him, and he has now fallen a prey to the disease himself."

But notwithstanding all that was terrible in these tidings, Edith felt her courage rise, and her heart grow braver than ever.

"I entreat you to allow me to go into the house. I have come more than a hundred miles to be near him. I have come to nurse him, to save him—I am his daughter!"

“His daughter !” exclaimed the watchman. “Ah, young lady, I would allow you if I could ; but no, I cannot, I dare not. I am forbidden to do it, and it is impossible.”

“Take pity upon me,” implored Edith ; “do not refuse me, I entreat you. Open the door for me, and do not prevent a daughter from seeing her father, perhaps from saving him. I implore you, in the name of the God above, in whose hands are all things, and in the name of your mother, if, happier than I, you still possess one.”

“Ah yes,” said the watchman, with tears in his eyes, “I still have my dear mother, and if she was in danger, I would give my life for hers. No, I have not strength to refuse you any longer. Enter, then,” said he, looking round to see if there was no one to observe him, “and may the blessing of Heaven go along with you !”

The watchman opened the door, though not without some difficulty, for something lying behind seemed to impede its progress ; and Edith was dismayed and horrified, upon entering, to recognise the body of the faithful old servant, the only being who had proved true to her father in his great extremity, now lying stiff and cold on the hard stone floor of

the hall. Edith overcame her emotion as best she could ; and, whilst the watchman called upon the conductors of the dead-cart to take away the corpse, she hastened to her father's room. When she arrived at the door, she stopped one moment to listen, but not a sound was to be heard. So Edith turned the handle softly, and slipped into the silent chamber.

CHAPTER III.

THE room was dark and gloomy, and, to judge from the heaviness of the atmosphere, the windows had not been open for many days. Edith approached the bed with a beating heart, and listened anxiously for some moments. Then she heard the sick man breathe, and a faint murmur even escaped his lips. Life, then, was not extinct ! There was still some hope ! And she had only arrived in time. Edith did not stay to think ; she must act, and there was no time to lose. She returned to the door, from which the dead-cart had just departed, bearing away the body of their tried and honest servant, who had perished in fulfilling her duty,—not her duty as a servant, but the duty which we all owe to one another by the laws of love and kindness.

Edith showed the watchman the place where she had left the carriage, and begged him to bring her all the different parcels she had left in it, and first of all, to hand her the basket of medicines her aunt had so thoughtfully put together for her before leaving York. The watchman requested her not to show herself at the door while she waited, for fear of it being known that he had disobeyed his stern injunctions, which forbade him to allow a stranger to approach an infected dwelling. A few seconds more, and he brought Edith the box for which she was waiting so impatiently.

She returned to the sick-chamber with the help she had brought to the stricken man. It was a dreary look-out for the young girl, and she had only herself to rely upon. But she never wavered ; she had asked help from above, even from her Father in heaven, and her faith in Him remained bright and unclouded. Gathering together all her courage, she lighted a candle, and, approaching the bed, gently drew back the heavy curtains.

Till now, Edith had not seen her father's face, but when her eyes rested on the dear features, and she observed how wasted they were, and how sadly changed, she could not help uttering an exclamation

of horror. The cry seemed to touch a chord in the sick man's heart, and awake him from a kind of lethargic sleep. He turned his head uneasily, and moaned a few words, which Edith could not catch, and then the eyelids once more closed wearily, and all was still again.

Edith took hold of the hand which lay on the coverlet, and, feeling the skin was hot and dry, and the pulse beating irregularly, she resolved to give her patient a sudorific draught.

This task was by no means a difficult one, for the poor sick man offered no resistance, and immediately drank what she presented to his lips. Then she opened the window to admit the cool soft evening air. This soon made the close atmosphere of the sick room fresher and less unhealthy, and when she had arranged the pillows and smoothed the bed-clothes, Edith thought her unconscious patient seemed to rest more comfortably and contented.

Edith employed the whole of that night in watching the invalid, and putting the house into something like order. She arranged a large airy room for her father's reception, whenever he was able to leave his own, which she fondly hoped would not be very long. She put clean linen on the bed, and did

everything she could think of to have things ready and comfortable. She watched over her father attentively, and provided for all his wants. It was impossible for the sick, helpless man to eat ; a little wine and water was all that sustained his strength. And so the night passed, and the day following, and, as Edith tended her patient, each moment strengthened and brightened her hope.

The watchman had come in the morning and taken away the key of the house, promising to return again at nine o'clock at night.

The sick man had passed the day tranquilly enough. He had given no sign of returning consciousness, but he was quiet and peaceful, and had several gentle refreshing sleeps.

Towards eight o'clock in the evening, while Edith was sitting impatiently watching the flight of time, and wearying for the hour to approach when she would again see her kind friend the good watchman, Mr Falkland awoke.

"Martha!" he called, in a voice stronger than his daughter had hoped to hear at first. At this little word, Edith trembled with joy and hope, and quickly drawing down her long veil to hide her features, she advanced to the bed.

"I am here, sir," said she, speaking very low, lest the sound of her voice might betray her.

"Poor Martha!" said Mr Falkland; "I am so thankful to see you again, for I was so afraid you would go away like the rest, and leave me here all alone to die. But no, no! I remember now. Yes; I was afraid you were going to die, for you have been ill too, have you not?"

"Yes, sir, very ill; but I am better now, and I hope you will soon be well again too."

"I do not much care, Martha, whether I ever get well or not. What have I to live for? I have no one to love me now; no one, alas! No; they have all gone, and I am here alone! But, Martha, what do you think about it yourself? It seems to me I am a little better, and the air of this room feels so much fresher and purer since I went to sleep. I think I can remember of some one often giving me drinks when I was so thirsty and could not speak; was it you, Martha? It could not be my daughter-in-law; oh, no, no! it must have been you, Martha," said the sick man.

"Yes, sir," answered Edith, hardly able to control her emotion.

She would fain have thrown her arms round her

father's neck, and pressed her warm kisses of love and gratitude on his forehead, as she told him how she had come to watch over and care for him, and never leave him again ; but she durst not, for fear of agitating and exciting him beyond his strength. Edith knew full well that life and death trembled in the balance, and so she stifled her feelings and calmed her bursting heart as well as she could.

" Will you give me something to eat, Martha ? " asked Mr Falkland, presently.

Edith brought forward the food she had ready waiting for him, fed him, and then shook up the pillows for the night.

All this time the sick man had been watching her attentively.

" I cannot see you very well yet, Martha," said Mr Falkland again. " My sight is very weak, and I feel as if I were looking through a cloud."

" It will all come in good time, sir, doubtless ; and, in the meantime, we must praise and thank God for having preserved your life ! "

" Yes, Martha, you are right. If He spares me, thanks are due to Him alone. We all cling to life, even at the very last, and I think I would be glad enough to get well, though I have nothing to love

and comfort me in my old age. It is all my own fault, though, Martha ; yes, my own fault. But I have something to tell you, Martha ; if I die, you must—— But I will tell you that afterwards, for I am tired now.” And even as he spoke, he fell asleep.

A few moments afterwards, nine o'clock struck. Edith heard the house door open, and soon after a gentle knock announced the arrival of the excellent watchman.

“What tidings?” asked he ; and the good man received the answer joyfully.

“And how is your mother?” asked Edith, in her turn.

“Very well ; perfectly well as yet. When I go to see her, I take good care to change my clothes first, for fear of carrying the infection. I have told her of you ; she admires you ; she loves you and prays for you with her whole heart.”

As he finished those words, Mr Falkland moved again, and the watchman retired.

“Martha,” he called, “whose voice is that I heard speaking just now?”

“It was the watchman, sir ; a good, honest, faithful man. When you are well, you must reward him for his devotion.”

“Reward him, Martha? How will *I* ever reward him? There is one person, though, who will reward him, if she ever knows he has done anything for me; she will reward you likewise, Martha.”

“Who, sir?”

“Who? My daughter! Did you not know I had a daughter?” asked Mr Falkland; and heaving a deep sigh, he fell into a peaceful slumber.

He awoke again about three o’clock, and Edith understood from the sound of his voice that he had gained new strength.

“Martha,” said he again, “what was I speaking to you about when I fell asleep? Ah, yes, I remember; I was telling you that my daughter would reward you. Yes, I am certain she will; for though I have not received a single line from her since she left me, I am sure she still loves me, and will be very, very sorry when she hears she has no longer a father.”

As Edith listened to her father’s words she gave a convulsive sigh, which seemed to startle and surprise Mr Falkland.

“What is the matter with you, my good Martha?” asked he.

“ You spoke of your death, sir, just now. I cannot bear the idea.”

“ But you know, Martha, we must look forward to what may happen, and try to bear it patiently. I would like to live a little longer, perhaps, but if I do not, I am sure my daughter will reward you for all the kind care you have taken of me. I am so glad you have got over your illness so easily, and now you run no risk from being beside me, for one cannot take this terrible disease twice, they say. And now I congratulate myself on having sent my dear Edith away from me. I know her so well; she would not have wished to leave me here, and how anxious and fearful I would have been for her! But, thank God, she is hundreds of miles from here, and pretty safe. She will not know that her poor father is in danger, and I hope she will not hear of it till I am quite well again, or till—she has no father left on earth.”

“ Do you think she would come to you if she knew you were so ill? ”

“ Do I think it? Ah, Martha, you do not know my daughter, and how she used to love me, if you ask such a question.”

How sweet those words were to Edith's heart. All the long weary months she had believed herself

neglected and forsaken, were all forgotten in the joy of the present moment.

“ I have never received any letters from her,” continued Mr Falkland, “ not one word of love since she left me. But I am beginning to see through things a little better now, and I am convinced she has written to me two or three times, only her poor little letters have been kept from me by some one—we won’t say who.”

“ Oh, yes,” exclaimed Edith, too deeply moved to contain herself, “ she has written to you often, very often.”

“ How do you know that ? ” asked Mr Falkland, quickly.

“ I only think so, sir, after all you have told me.”

“ Yes, yes, she loved me very much,—I know that ; and how have I rewarded her love ? Ah, how blind I have been, unhappy father that I am ! ”

Edith was trembling all the while for the consequences of this excitement, and she now insisted that the invalid should be silent. The sick man yielded to her remonstrances, and presently he was sleeping as peacefully as a child.

CHAPTER IV.

SEEING her father resting so tranquilly, Edith, who was worn out with fatigue and overcome with emotion, laid herself down to snatch a few moments' repose. She had hardly closed her eyes since she left Yorkshire, and now stood in great need of rest.

The sick man's sleep was generally restless and broken, but this night was an exception, and he slept as he had not slept for long.

"Martha," said he to his nurse next morning, "I am going to entrust you with an important commission. In a cabinet, in the next room, you will find a small wooden box ornamented with steel; no one would dare to touch it when I fell ill, because they knew that two days previously I had shown it to my man of business, and that he took a note of the contents. Inside of it are diamonds and other family jewels, and also a considerable sum of money both in bank-notes and gold. All that belongs to my daughter. As soon as I have closed my eyes, you will place that box in Mr Williams' hands,—that is the lawyer's name,—and then you will go to York. You will see my dear Edith, and you will say to her from me that I was so happy she was not here at this time

of danger and death, but that I regretted having sent her away from her home. Tell her also that I was convinced she had not done wrong; that I have always loved her the same as ever; and that, in my last hour, I gathered together all the little strength I had left to bless her."

This was too much for Edith's full heart, and burying her face in the bed-clothes, she sobbed violently.

"My good Martha, do not weep," said Mr Falkland. "Edith will love you, I am sure, and she will look after your future; but we will put an end to this conversation, which is so painful to both of us."

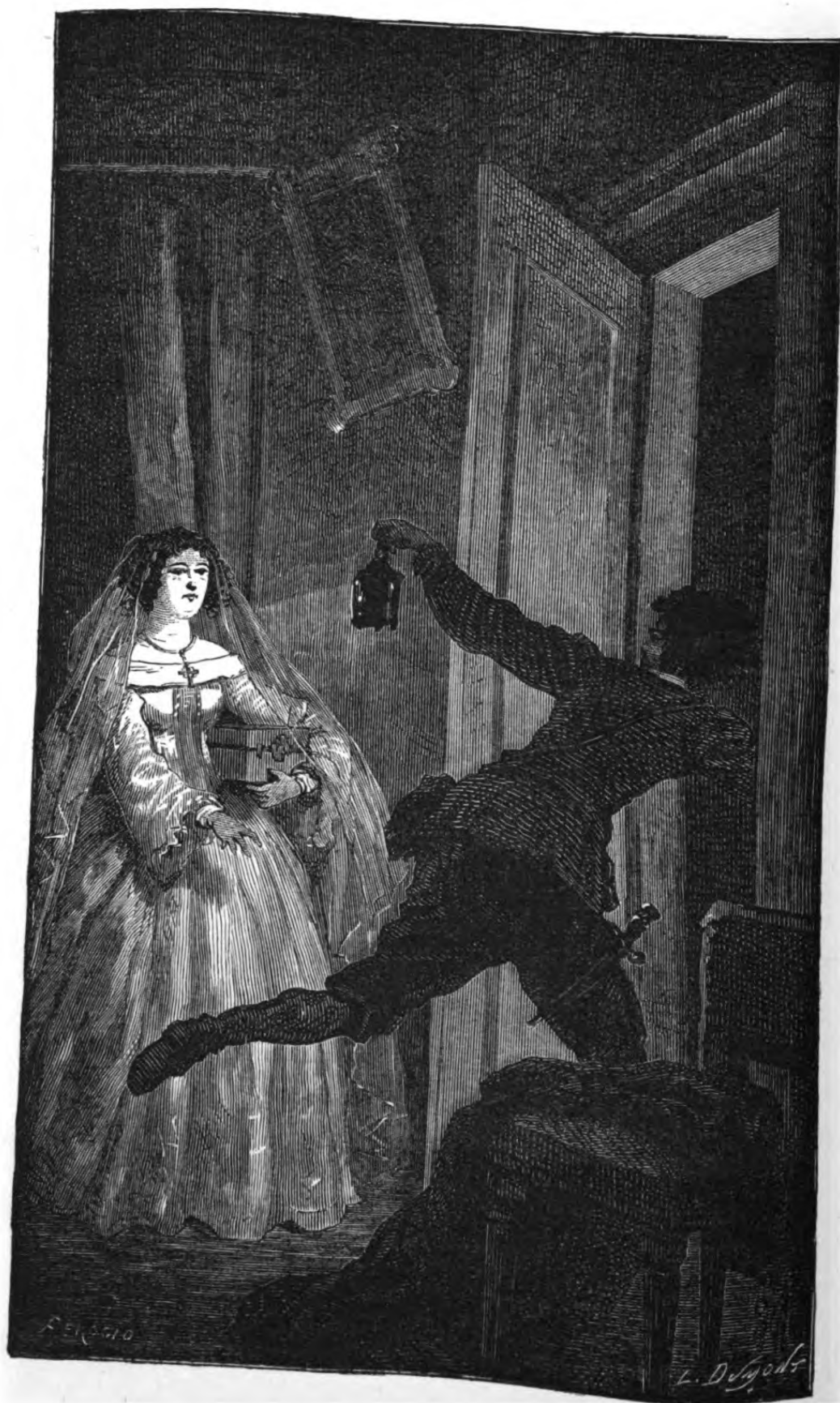
During the day Edith remarked with pleasure that her father's sight was gradually improving, a very evident proof of the return of strength. She saw it would soon be very difficult for her to conceal who she really was; he was too weak yet to bear any great emotion with safety, or she would not have hesitated to make herself known; but another motive also detained her. Her father would be anxious at seeing her thus exposed to the infection of this terrible malady, and this anxiety might perhaps retard his convalescence. And so she resolved on continuing to pass herself off for Martha as long as it was pos-

sible ; but, as we shall presently see, her secret was not to last very long.

Towards midnight, just as twelve o'clock had struck from the church of St Giles, Edith heard a noise at the back part of the house, which looked into the garden. Her father had just fallen asleep, and his regular breathing was the only sound that broke upon the stillness of the silent midnight hours. Edith listened attentively for a few minutes, her heart beating so loudly all the while that it seemed to deafen everything else. But at last there was no doubt that some one had entered the house from the small garden behind.

A terrible thought came to Edith's mind. Perhaps it was one of those thieves who went about robbing the dead and the dying ! She heard footsteps cross the hall and ascend the staircase. Motionless with fear, and almost breathless, she did not know what to do. One thought alone presented itself to her. She darted towards the cabinet, and seized the little box of which her father had spoken. She thought if she gave it up willingly, the robber would perhaps spare the sick man's life and her own.

At the same moment a furtive step crossed the landing, and the door was quietly and cautiously opened.



“Who is there?” asked the sick man, waking out of his sleep.

Edith advanced from the inner chamber, the door of which led into her father’s room. It was very narrow, and, like the rest of the chamber, covered with tapestry. The apartment was lighted only by the feeble rays of a lantern which the robber carried in his hand, and this now shone full in the young girl’s face.

This apparition seemed to strike him with a superstitious terror. On seeing Edith advance all at once upon him, with her long white veil floating behind her, and her pale features looking white and ghastly by the light of the lantern, it seemed to the guilty man as if the wall itself had opened and displayed to his view the guardian spirit that watched over the treasure he had come with the intention of stealing, and he hurried from the room, rapidly descended the staircase, and fled.

Thus saved in a most unexpected manner, Edith quickly returned the box to its place, though she still feared the robber’s return. She was about to open the window and call upon her old friend the watchman, when an exclamation from the sick man arrested her attention. The light of the lamp she was carrying

shone full in her face, for in her haste and fear she had forgotten to replace her veil, and so Mr Falkland had at last recognised her.

“O God! it is indeed she! It is my daughter! Ah! my dear Edith, come to me!” cried the sick man, holding out his arms.

She would have thrown herself on his breast, but all at once Mr Falkland repulsed her with a gesture of horror.

“No, no, no! Alas! my daughter, it would be a fatal embrace.”

At the same moment the street-door opened, and some one entered.

“God be praised,” said Edith, “it is the watchman! He will defend us if the thief returns.”

It was indeed the watchman; and when he learned the new danger to which Edith had just been exposed, and the miraculous manner in which she had escaped it, he congratulated her most heartily.

“Those wretches,” said he, “are generally armed with poniards, and if their unfortunate victims still breathe, they quickly put an end to their lives, for fear of afterwards being recognised and handed over to justice. But fear nothing from henceforth. This thief will certainly not dare to return; but to assure

you of your safety, and make you feel more secure, we will barricade the door that leads into the garden."

The watchman then called one of his companions, and together they rendered the fortress impenetrable.

"Besides all that," said Simson, "I will attach a little bell to the window here, and if any one disturbs you, you have only to ring it. I will not be far distant, and whenever I hear it I will hasten to your help."

Thus fully reassured, and seeing that the emotion caused by her presence had apparently not been attended by any evil consequences, Edith felt almost overwhelmed by the weight of blessings which had been so bountifully showered upon her.

Her father was soon able to be transported into the comfortable room she had made ready for him. This task the good watchman and his comrade took upon themselves, and it was a real pleasure to their kind hearts to help this devoted daughter, who had so bravely endangered her own life for the sake of her sick father.

Edith's joy was at its height when she saw the dear invalid fairly installed in the new bed, with its clean white curtains, breathing the pure fresh air, and showing all the symptoms of convalescence. She could

find no words to express her gratitude to God, to render Him thanks for all His goodness ; and it was only by silence and tears that she could testify all the thankfulness she felt.

And now the days went rapidly by—time seemed to fly past on wings, and to be always too short to this happy father and loving daughter, who had so much to tell and to ask each other.

Every evening the kind watchman paid them a visit, and supplied them with all necessary articles of food.

On the tenth day the invalid was pronounced to be completely cured. Edith's nursing had indeed been most effectual, and her father was again restored to comparative health and strength. Edith shuddered as she thought what might have become of him if she had not listened to the voice of duty, and hastened to his side. Sick, helpless, and alone, where would he have been ? It was joy enough to see her father well again, but it was a still greater joy to think that, under God, he owed his life to her. Those were Edith's thoughts as she went to rest that night, and she enjoyed a sweeter repose than she had tasted for long.

The next morning she awoke with feelings of

unmingled joy. She had now the double certainty of his safety and the assurance of his love.

This joy, however, was not without a care. The different shocks Mr Falkland had sustained had been too violent for his present state of weakness. He was seized with another illness—a long fever—which, though it did not inspire his nurse with any fears for his life, still delayed the progress of his recovery and increased his feebleness. Edith was anxious to remove her father as soon as possible from the infected air of London to some quiet country nook, where the pure air and warm sunshine would soon restore all his former energy.

The wished-for time came at last. By the watchman's intercession, Edith obtained a certificate from a doctor, appointed by Government, testifying to her father's complete convalescence, and giving him permission to leave London and go where he pleased.

Before leaving the city, where the plague still raged fearfully, Edith wished to pay a visit to the mother of the kind watchman who had befriended her. Her father accompanied her, and bestowed upon this honest woman and her excellent son a sufficient sum to enable them to live in comfort for the rest of their days.

Mr Falkland very soon regained his former vigour, thanks to his daughter's tender care ; and he lived many happy years afterwards.

The wicked daughter-in-law never again appeared before Mr Falkland, and if she had, he would not have consented to see her ; but, at Edith's request, he granted her a considerable income.

Some little time after, Mr Falkland had the happiness of giving his daughter a husband who seemed worthy of her. He was a man of rank and wealth, and, in addition to those gifts, he possessed a noble heart. This husband was justly proud of his wife's brave conduct, and, to perpetuate her memory, he had two portraits of her painted by the most celebrated artist of the day.

In one of those portraits Edith was represented, dressed in black, with her white veil floating round her, just as she had appeared before her father when, under poor Martha's name, she had nursed him with the tenderest care. The other represented her at the door of her father's house, lantern in hand, begging the watchman to allow her to enter. In the background of the picture the fatal dead-cart is seen approaching.

Those two pictures, which are of great beauty and

value, still decorate the walls of the stately castle which is yet in possession of Edith's descendants. One of our friends, while making a tour through England, having been struck with admiration by those two paintings, asked and obtained an explanation of them, and has transmitted to us the simple and touching little story which we have now given to our readers.





III.

THE YOUNG DOCTOR OF MUNICH.

A TRAVELLER'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

IN the pretty valley of Altenotting, on the confines of Bavaria, stands a little chapel, called the "Chapelle de la Dame Noire," which is revered throughout the whole of Germany, and pilgrims come from far and wide to visit it.

I had been travelling for some years in Germany, and amongst other celebrated places, I paid my respects to the Chapel of Altenotting. The building is of a round form, and surrounded by arcades. The outer walls are covered with pictures, which represent some of the evils which flesh is heir to—such as fire, shipwreck, battles, sickness, and death. I entered

the chapel. The interior was lighted by an infinite number of silver lamps, whose bright rays falling on the golden and jewelled ornaments and devices, formed a beautiful and brilliant contrast to the obscurity of the exterior arcade. Under a lamp, the red flame of which darted from two silver hearts twined together, knelt a number of devotees.

Above the altar stands the famous effigy of the virgin, carved in ebony, and sparkling with diamonds. Around her are the richest offerings, heaped together with the most lavish profusion—sceptres, crowns, golden cups, jewelled crosses, and beautiful vases of every shape and variety in silver and bronze. I was fairly dazzled by the splendour of the scene, and while I examined all those rich things, my attention was attracted by the sound of a voice a few steps from me, addressing a prayer to the virgin in accents of the most profound and reverent gratitude.

The voice belonged to an old gray-haired man, who from his dress appeared to be a Bavarian farmer.

He was returning thanks for deliverance from some great affliction—what, I could not exactly make out ; but his words excited my curiosity. I felt myself irresistibly attracted towards this old man. His silver locks crowning the wrinkled forehead, the

fire which still darted from his aged eyes, the sound of his trembling voice, and the sobs which escaped from his full heart, overflowing with happiness and gratitude, all served to interest me deeply. I followed him from the chapel. In his hand he held a painting, which he was about to add to the number which already adorned the chapel ; and, in presence of a numerous crowd, he placed it under the arcade. I advanced and asked to see this pious offering.

The old man was represented as undergoing some operation in the hands of an oculist, and was surrounded by all his family, who, from their kneeling attitude, seemed to be offering up their prayers for the success of the operation. The oculist was a very young man, whose features expressed a more lively and tender interest than is generally evinced by those men, whose feelings are often hardened by a constant familiarity with suffering. The picture was well executed and full of interest, and I gazed at it long and earnestly.

“ Who is this fortunate surgeon whose efforts have been so blessed by heaven ? ” I asked, at length.

“ He is not a surgeon, sir,” answered the old man, in a tone of mingled pride and love. “ No ; he is no oculist you see there ; it is my Karl, my son ! ”



“Your son?” I asked, with some surprise.

“Yes ; that young man who is trying to hide himself in the crowd. There he is, he who, by God’s help, has restored his father’s sight !”

“I am a stranger to you and your country,” said I to him, “but I can admire virtue wherever I go, and of whatever nation it may be. To every true-born Englishman, every noble and generous man is a brother. Let me have the pleasure of your acquaintance, young man, I beg of you, and tell me all that you have done.”

Karl appeared confused and troubled by this speech : he blushed, and wished to draw back among the crowd, but he felt himself detained by a gentle pressure of the hand. It was the venerable priest of Altenotting, who, attracted by our conversation, had joined us.

“I shall tell you, sir, the story, which will, in some measure, explain to you the father’s trouble and the modesty of the son. I am not over good at that sort of thing,” added the kind old priest, “but I hope Karl will finish the tale which I am going to commence.”

And the silent crowd listened eagerly to a tale, every circumstance of which was already known to

them, but which they all seemed both willing and happy to hear again. Their glances turned with interest, sometimes on the speaker, sometimes on the old man and his son, and often upon me, as if they were enjoying the emotion I must naturally be feeling ; for they were all doubly proud of a miraculous cure which rendered glory to their chapel, and of an action which reflected honour on the whole valley.

The following chapter is, as near as possible, the story related by the old priest.

CHAPTER II.

“THIS old man, Wilhelm Stroër, brought up from the earliest years of his childhood in the fear of God and the love of his parents, has reared and educated his own young family upon the same principles. He has transmitted to his children the virtues he inherited from his parents—a noble heritage, which is worth more than all the riches and splendours of rank. I can speak thus before him without any fear of puffing him up with pride and presumption, for they are feelings totally unknown to his pure heart. Wilhelm Stroër

and his son are models of excellence to all our humble valley. Is not this true, my friends?"

A unanimous shout of assent rang through the air, and the priest continued—

"God, whom we ought to thank and praise at all times, whether He grants or refuses our requests, has abundantly blessed Wilhelm's labours. His barns and cellars are overflowing with the gifts which Providence has showered upon him so lavishly, his flocks are continually increasing, and all the desires of his heart have been fulfilled. Perhaps he was too proud of his temporal prosperity and of the good conduct of his children; perhaps he had forgotten to attribute all his happiness to the Great Being who gave it to him, and from whose unerring hand come all our joys and sorrows. Whatever may have been the cause, God sent affliction to him; but it is not for erring mortals like us to judge the Almighty. By and bye a veil spread itself over his sight, which day by day grew darker, and enveloped him in an impenetrable gloom. Soon he could only discern the brightness of the sun as through a thick cloud, and the dear features of the loved ones around him were shrouded in a mist; and this darkness, which was always increasing, threatened to become an eternal night. How

often has he come, conducted by one of his sons, to prostrate himself in this chapel, and pray for help! It was from Heaven alone that he looked for aid; he obstinately refused all other assistance.

“ ‘Wilhelm, have recourse to medical skill,’ I said to him over and over again; ‘take the advice of some experienced surgeon. Yes, it is God alone who can cure you, but, in order to do so, He will employ the hand of man. Take care; it is tempting the Almighty to refuse the help of man.’

“ ‘Ah, well,’ he answered, ‘let His will be done! I do not believe in the skill of doctors, and the very idea of placing myself in their hands makes me shudder. If it is God’s will that I be blind, I will bless Him still, and kiss the rod which smites me.’

“You recollect, Wilhelm, that you spoke thus?” said the priest, breaking off to address himself to the good old man. “Your sentiments were honourable, my friend, but you were wrong nevertheless.”

“I remember it as well as if it had been yesterday,” answered Wilhelm; “but do you recollect what I said to you afterwards? ‘The doctor who will operate on Wilhelm Stroër has not yet taken his degree!’ And was I not right after all?”

Every one smiled as they looked at Karl, who

shared the general hilarity ; and the priest continued—

“While Wilhelm Stroër saw the cloud which darkened his sight thicken around him, and his steps becoming more and more uncertain every day, his family abandoned themselves to the deepest alarm and grief. Karl, above all, the youngest of his sons, thought by day and dreamt incessantly by night of the misfortune which threatened his father. Often he had begged and entreated of him to call in the help of art and science, but all of no avail. Often he had called upon Heaven to change his father’s resolution or arrest the progress of the disease, but his prayers remained unanswered.

“With the father’s misfortune the son’s melancholy increased every day.

“One early autumn evening Karl entered my garden, as I was standing gazing at the sun going down to his rest amidst a mass of purple and golden clouds. His eyes wandered sadly over the magnificent panorama which spread itself around us in all its beauty, and on the glowing heavens, all glorious and resplendent with the rays of the setting sun. The air had never seemed clearer, the light purer, nor the verdant tints of nature more admirably shaded.

“‘Ah, sir!’ said Karl to me, with a sigh, ‘how

beautiful nature is ! and yet I reproach myself with the pleasure I feel in contemplating it. I am almost ashamed of tasting a joy that my father, to whom I owe everything, cannot share in. Blind ! ah, what a calamity—what a grief for him ! He will never see us any more. It is for our sakes he will most regret the loss of his sight. Oh ! I would sacrifice my life if it would restore to my father this precious gift from Heaven.'

"The boy buried his head in his hands, and I could see the hot tears dropping one by one through the closed fingers.

" 'Keep up your heart,' said I ; 'sooner or later your father will be obliged to resign himself to the care of a doctor. If we succeed in overcoming his obstinacy, we will not have far to go for a doctor. Ten leagues from here, at Munich, the famous Schilling resides, whose marvellous cures have for long been the admiration of all Europe.'

" 'At Munich—Schilling !' exclaimed Karl, quickly. 'You think, then, sir, that there is a possibility of him curing my father. It is then quite true that the oculist's art has some power. Tell me—oh ! tell me quickly—all that you know about this wonderful doctor.'

“ I repeated to the boy all that had been told me of Doctor Schilling, and of the astonishing success that had attended his efforts, Karl listening to me all the while with the most profound attention.

“ ‘ Will the science of this skilful man die with him, do you think ? ’ he asked all at once. ‘ Perhaps he will not care to communicate the secrets of his profession to any one.’

“ ‘ You are wrong, my friend,’ I replied. ‘ Like all men of superior genius, Schilling’s kindness and humanity are as great as his other talents ; he loves his profession for the profession itself, and for the good it enables him to do to his fellow-creatures, and not for the wealth and glory he derives from it. He has a few disciples—small in number, it is true—but well-chosen.’

“ ‘ And would he admit the son of a farmer among the favoured few ? The very proposition of such a thing would doubtless seem presumptuous to him.’

“ ‘ You are wrong again, my boy. If you invite Schilling to come to your house, he will follow you as willingly into your humble farm as he would into the stateliest castle in the land.’

“ ‘ He come here ! that would be useless, I fear. My father would obstinately refuse to place himself

under his care. No, sir, no ; it is quite another idea I am thinking of. I must go to Munich. Doctor Schilling will teach me his art, and then I will return and cure my father—yes, cure him ! Oh ! he will not refuse to yield to me ; he will not repulse a hand that is dear to him,—a hand which you yourself will ask Heaven to bless. Come, sir—come to the chapel, and pray God to grant me success in my undertaking. Bless me this evening ; I shall set out to-morrow.’

“ I was utterly confounded. A young man, comparatively ignorant, and till now so timid and retiring, was he capable of carrying out such a brave resolution, I asked myself. I pointed out the many difficulties he would have to encounter. How was he to obtain permission to attend the learned doctor’s classes ? How would he be able to understand them with his imperfect education ? How would his hands, accustomed only to hard labour and rough work, acquire the lightness and expertness necessary for such nice experiments ? How would he be able to live in this capital and conform himself to the refined tastes and habits of his fellow-students ? How would he console and deceive his father, for Wilhelm must suspect nothing of the truth, or all would be impossible and useless ?

“But Karl listened to all those representations unmoved. God himself had inspired him with the faith which hopeth all things. I gave him my promise of secrecy, took upon myself the task of explaining his absence to his family, as best I might, and he departed.

“His father, greatly distressed at his absence, shook his head sadly when I tried to give a plausible excuse for Karl’s departure. Very soon he became quite blind ; and as he sat in his old arm-chair, he would bitterly lament the loss of his youngest son—his Benjamin, as he called him.

“‘O Karl, Karl, it is in a moment like this that you have left me,’ the old man would cry. ‘Now that I can no longer see you, I am to be deprived also of the consolation of hearing your voice ! Amid the darkness of night which surrounds me, it is now in vain that I seek for my youngest child to guide my steps. He has left me here alone !’

“Noble boy ! Thus, unmerited suspicions and cruel reproaches heaped upon him by the whole valley, and credited even by his father himself, were the only reward of his virtue : he had no other confidant than me, no other witness but God.

“But he must now give you some details of his

stay at Munich, and you will like better to receive them from his own lips."

Karl protested for some time, but at last yielding to my entreaties, he finished the story which the old pastor had commenced.

CHAPTER III.

"I PASSED fifteen months at Munich. I dared not ask my family to provide me with money for a journey the cause of which I could not explain, and so in order to live, I was obliged to employ part of my precious time, which was all too short for my difficult studies, in the performance of little services which would bring me some small remuneration. Notwithstanding all my privations, however, I managed to live, and my entreaties obtained me permission from Dr Schilling to enrol myself as one of his followers.

"It is hard enough work, sir, that of studying in the midst of want and misery, of enduring the agonies of hunger at the same time as the torments of thought, and of forcing one's self to undergo a hard day's work when they are worn-out and exhausted by the fatigues of the night. For many long weary months such has been my fate ; but I do not com-

plain of it. I hardly thought of it then ; the only thought which ruled all my actions, and took possession of my whole being, rendered me insensible to all others.

“What was hardest of all to me was, that the learned lessons of my master were hardly accessible to my feeble intellect. The more I tried to expand the resources of my mind to understand them, the less I seemed to succeed. Then I saw for the first time that what my good friend the pastor had told me was true, and that in order to make any progress in a science, it is necessary to learn it at an early age. My class-fellows immediately understood what Doctor Schilling said to us, precisely because they knew Latin and Greek. Accustomed from childhood almost to reason and draw conclusions, they would seize a meaning and draw an inference where I could only hear sounds which utterly perplexed and bewildered me.

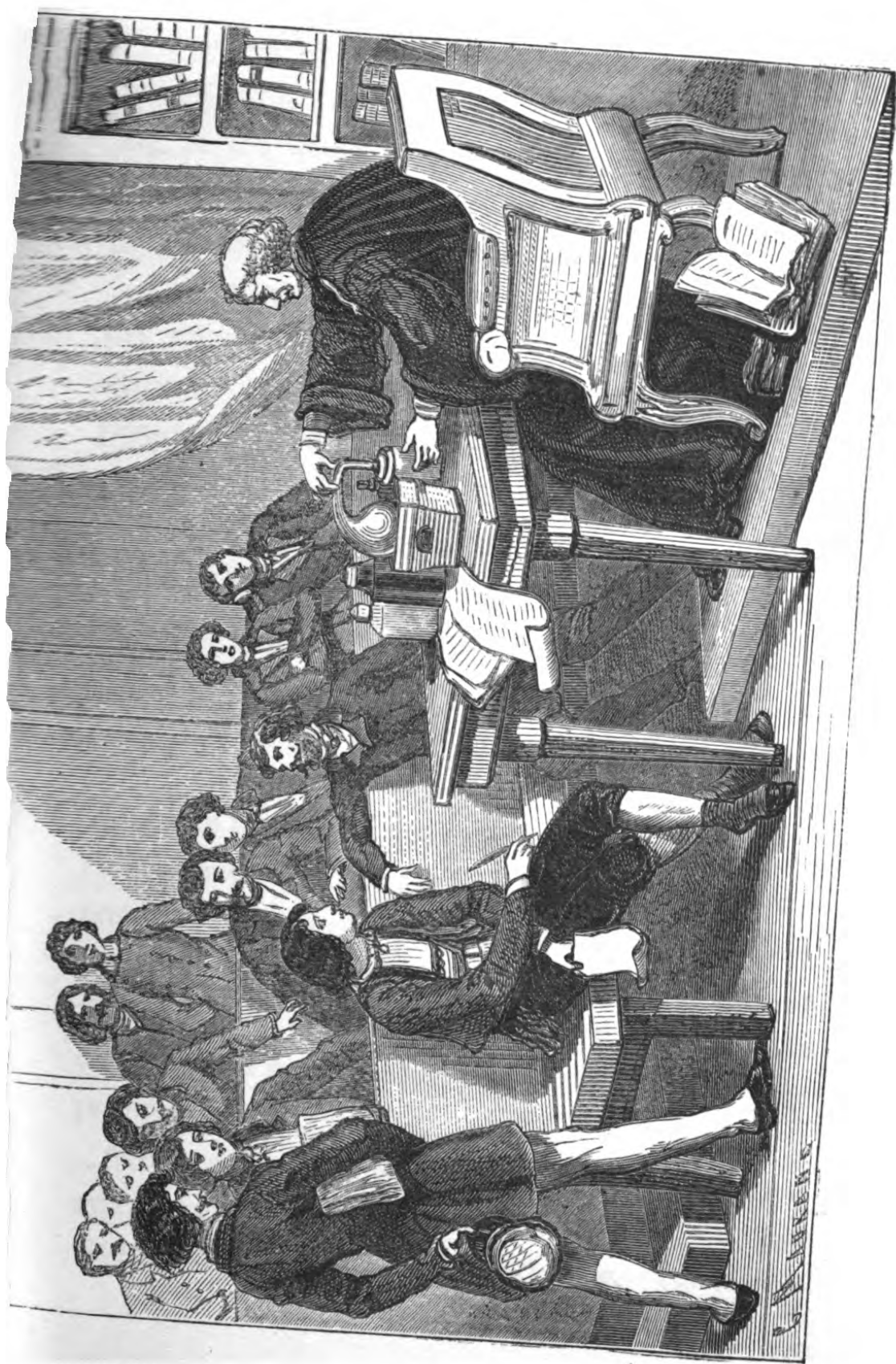
“But my kind master paid as much attention to me as to the rest of his pupils, and comprehending my difficulty, he had pity upon me. While speaking to my fellow-disciples, he thought much of me and my feeble powers, and, in the course of his lessons, he descended from the height of his theories to the

weakness of my intelligence. He read my embarrassment in my eyes, and would say:—‘Let us commence again: there is one among you who has not quite understood all that I have said.’ Meanwhile, almost melted to tears by so much kindness, and ashamed at seeing all their looks fixed upon me, I redoubled my attention, and the good doctor would repeat the same instruction in another and simpler language which I could understand. Oh, what a master! how talented and how kind!

“Unfortunately for me, his pupils, with whom I was in a small measure compelled to associate, were very far from resembling him. Hundreds of times their behaviour would have induced me to abandon my resolution, had not God himself sustained my courage.

“They were ashamed and irritated at seeing me among their number, and they openly conspired to force me to fly. Insults and threats,—nothing was spared; but when they saw that my resolution was invincible, they renounced their violence, and contented themselves with jeers and scoffs.

“I listened to all their railing jests upon the poor peasant who wished to transform himself into a doctor with something very like indifference. My



hands, which were brown and hardened by working in the fields, were beyond everything a fruitful source of amusement and merriment for those fine gentlemen in their delicate lavender kids.

“Sir, it was thus that they amused themselves at my expense : they thought it nothing but a capital opportunity of distinguishing their wit and brilliant powers of *repartee*; but to me it was mockery—bitter, cruel mockery,—it was bad taste, it was scorn !

“But what mattered all their scorn to me? They did not know for what reason this poor country boy aspired to the science of medicine, and I took good care not to let them suspect it either. One sweet hope consoled me for everything, and I bore all their malice and cruelty with patience.

“More than once, however, I must confess to you, this patience was sorely tried ; more than once I was tempted to throw aside my forbearance and meekness, and defy my enemies, or at least pay them back in their own coin, but I thought of my father, and I was calmed. All would be lost if I was sent back by the professor.

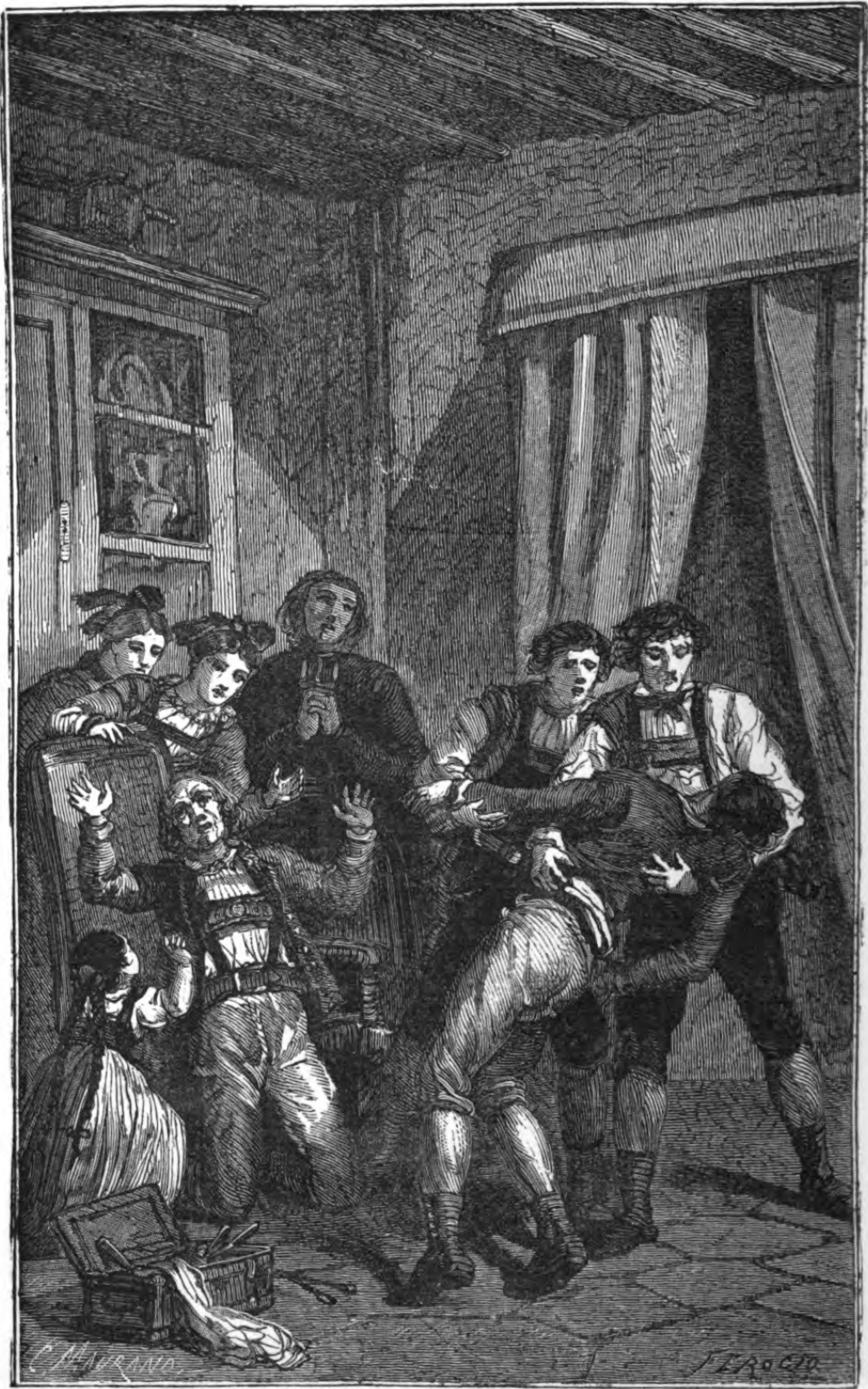
“At last the time arrived when I thought myself experienced enough, and I revealed my secret to my kind master, the good Doctor Schilling. He folded

me in his arms with all the tenderness of a father, and prophesied that I would be successful. My companions, to whom he had intimated the motive which brought me there, suddenly changed their demeanour towards me. At my departure they all accompanied me in a sort of triumphal procession, and as I said farewell to them, there was not one of them who did not receive in a friendly grasp of the hand a free and full pardon for all they had made me suffer.

“I arrived here. My good friend the pastor wished much to serve as intercessor for me, and explain my happy return to my father, and everything connected with my absence ; but I feared resistance on his part, and so I did not try it.

“‘Oh, my son, it is not then in vain that I have put my trust in God alone,’ said my father, when the first joyful greetings were over. ‘It is God himself who has sent you back to me in answer to my prayer. Is it not by a miracle that a poor peasant has been converted into an experienced doctor? Come, my Karl, I am ready, and put myself in your hands.’

“When my father spoke to me thus, I must confess to you, sir, I shuddered. To the confidence with which my success and the praises of my master had



inspired me, all at once succeeded a deep despair, a mortal fear. It appeared to me as if my art, that I had spent so many months in learning, was about to fail me, and that my hand was about to forget its cunning. At the very moment when the operation was going to commence, in the midst of the solemn silence which reigned around me, my sight became dim, my heart beat violently within my breast, and my hands, which in the hospital of Munich, and in presence of Doctor Schilling, had always been sure and certain, those hands now trembled like a woman's. Horror-struck, I meditated deeply ; my heart raised itself to God in fervent prayer. I hardly know what passed then, sir. I cannot tell what invisible hand directed mine in that awful moment of suspense ; but the next thing I heard was a cry ; I saw my father throw himself on his knees, my ears received those words, 'You have cured me !' and I fell fainting into the arms of my brothers.

"People have advised me to return to Munich to seek fame and fortune in Doctor Schilling's illustrious career. But, no ; science has already given me all I wished from her. She has no such comparable joy to offer me as I owe to her. I wish for no other glory than that of assisting my father in his labours,

of being instructed by his virtues, and, if I can, to imitate them."

Such was the story of the devoted son. I thanked him with tears in my eyes, and parted from him with difficulty, for I felt that I already loved him like a brother. The venerable pastor and the good old Wilhelm seemed to me friends whom I had known for years. And yet we parted perhaps never to meet again; but the memory of this young man's noble deed is ever with me, and I have related this simple tale of Wilhelm Stroër and his son, with the earnest hope and desire that it may be interesting to some young readers.





IV.

THE ONLY SON.

FRANK was the son of a widow who lived in the neighbourhood of a forge. The windows of her house looked on to the river, from which the dwelling was at some little distance.

At this place the river divided its waters, and while one portion formed a canal, the other flowed smoothly on, now and then forming itself into a beautiful cascade, or giving birth to a few streamlets.

At the entrance of this canal, its waters, contracted by a roadway, turned the large wheel of the forge.

The force of the water turned the wheel and set in motion an enormous piece of wood which penetrated into the building, and there raised and let fall a hammer, a mass of solid iron, two or three tons in weight, commonly called "a Martin."

The current of the river was very rapid at this place, and the nearer it approached the wheel the more it increased in violence.

Indeed, the water rushed under the wheel in such a mass, and with so much noise, that it made the clouds of foam and smoke fly far and near.

It was in the neighbourhood of this canal that Frank's mother lived. Frank had one great fault, that of disobedience.

He loved his mother dearly, and so long as he was beside her she had no cause to be dissatisfied with him ; but he did not fear her sufficiently, and as soon as he was out of her sight he forgot all her wise counsels and good advice.

During his play-hours at school he would join wild and rebellious children, with whom his mother had forbidden him to keep company.

To prevent him from doing so, this good mother had imposed upon herself a daily obligation ; every day she herself conducted him to the door of the school, and when his lessons were finished she came to meet him again.

One Saturday she wished very much to keep him in the house ; but Frank cried, and entreated, and promised to behave himself properly, if his mother

would only allow him to go out alone. And so the mother permitted him to go and amuse himself, but only on condition that he did not go near the canal, and, above all, that he would not touch a little boat which was attached to the bank.

Frank promised obedience, and for two Saturdays following he kept his word, and never went near the river, but amused himself with good companions.

On the third Saturday, however, when his mother was absent on some necessary piece of business, he thought he might easily go and amuse himself on the river-bank without her ever knowing.

Meanwhile the mother, after having finished her business, returned to the house. Her first glance was towards the river; for, knowing her son's tendency to the bad habit of disobedience, she was always troubled with a secret anxiety on his account during his absence: so she looked from the window, and she saw a child in a little boat trying to cross the river alone.

"O Heaven! is it possible that any one has permitted a child to amuse himself in such a dangerous manner?" she exclaimed.

But what were her feelings when in this child she recognised her Frank!—Frank to whom she had

given such strict orders not to go near the river!—her son who was now the only being left on earth for her to love !

It was indeed he ! He had unloosed the chain which bound the little nutshell of a boat to the bank ; then, ignorant of all danger, and imagining that he could easily guide the skiff, he let himself go with the current. He sang merrily all the while, never seeing the abyss which was about to engulf him, never hearing the noise of the wheel and the waters which were going to swallow him up.

At this horrible sight, the mother uttered a loud cry.

It was such an awful cry of terror and anguish, that, resounding above all the noise of the hammers, it reached the workmen's ears. They rushed from their tools ; but what could they do to help the disobedient child?—the current was every moment rapidly drawing him nearer and nearer the wheel.

He was still singing as he approached the fatal spot ; but when he heard his mother's cry, when he perceived all the terrified workmen, who could scarcely restrain the unhappy mother from plunging into the stream, then, and not till then, Frank understood all the danger which threatened him. He cast



a fearful glance towards the wheel ; and, throwing himself on his knees, he joined his hands and recommended his soul to God.

And thus Frank perished, a victim to his disobedience.





V.

CLOTHILDE :

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE little episode which is here related in the form of a story took place at Avignon, in France, in the year 1793 ; and, though a very short one, the divine strength and courage displayed by the noble and youthful Clothilde, is worth ten years of heroism.

An immense crowd had gathered together in this ancient city to assist in, or at least witness, the punishment of two unfortunate victims, who, like so many others, had been condemned to suffer death by the revolutionary tribunal. In the public square was the scaffold, on which stood the executioner, conducting himself with a levity horrible to witness.



This man was positively hideous. His barbarous delight and cruel hardened manner inspired still more disgust and horror than his fearful trade. He smiled complacently as he looked round upon the preparations for punishment. He seemed to say to the spectators, "I am going to throw the heads to you, and I shall have the greatest of pleasure in doing so."

Nothing more frightful, more unworthy, more execrable, had stained this period, when, under the burning sun of liberty, so much that was glorious, and, at the same time, so much that was awful, burst forth, all of a sudden, upon this distracted land.

No one knew where this man came from. The most sinister reports had been circulated as to his history. Those duties, which, till now, had only been performed by constraint, were conferred upon him as a favour, and at his own request. There had even been some hesitation about granting his demand at first, for the marks of vice, so plainly visible in his ferocious features, could only inspire terror and disgust; and it was considered doing this man an honour, appointing him to the post of executioner.

He was now on the scaffold playing with his instruments of death.

Meanwhile, the victims approached. They were accompanied on their passage to the scaffold by a double line of guards, and behind them were the people.

The air resounded on every side with the voices and cries of the crowd. There were oaths, jests, cries of rage, and horrible songs of revelry, repeated and echoed in bitter irony by thousands of cruel voices. This confused noise rolled through the air like a thunder-storm. It froze some hearts with terror, while it only redoubled the fire of political fever in others.

But, strange to relate, no sooner did the two victims make their appearance, than the fierce yells of the spectators died away, and, as they advanced, it ceased altogether. When they arrived at the fatal spot, one would have thought that this dense mass of people, so lately agitated by the most violent excitement, had been all at once struck dumb and motionless, so deep and solemn was the silence which succeeded the deafening confusion and strife of tongues. This awful stillness was more dreadful to bear than the tumult which preceded it.

The reason of this strange and sudden change was that the victims were so interesting and so beautiful. They were Clothilde and her mother.

The mother was still in the full bloom of her beauty, and this beauty borrowed a new and heavenly charm from her sorrow. For, entirely occupied with the thought of her daughter, and grieving over her untimely fate, she never dreamt of her own, and appeared totally ignorant that those terrible preparations were also meant for her.

This mother, so interesting to the compassionate eyes of humanity, was guilty in those of the political world. Every one pitied her as they gazed upon her, yet they understood the sentence of condemnation that had been passed upon her. But Clothilde, before what tribunal could she possibly be guilty? What sin had she committed against her country? She, who was only an object of blessing and love before God and her parents! She, so beautiful, so gentle, and so young!

Even the crowd could distinguish the noble feelings which marked the maternal character, but they also discovered something aristocratic and proud in her nature. It was easily seen that this enemy, whom the Republic had proscribed, belonged to the ranks of the feudal aristocracy, the friends of emigration.

In the daughter, the only visible trait was that of filial devotion; it shone forth on her features alone

and unmingled. And it was so beautiful at this fatal moment, that, at the sight of this gentle girl, the strongest and fiercest men shuddered with grief and admiration.

Clothilde, generally timid and retiring, at that awful time was granted sufficient courage to support and cheer her mother. She feared that her mother might inwardly reproach herself for having dragged her to her fate, and to deliver her from this bitterness, she appeared proud to die.

Thus, if the mother displayed weakness, it was for her daughter ; and if the daughter showed strength and bravery, it was for her mother.

Every heart was softened and melted with pity. So much youth, beauty, and virtue made those fierce "patriots" pause for an instant, and remember that they were men. The word "pardon" trembled on many of their lips ; but the sentence was irrevocable—the victims had already approached the scaffold.

The man, of whom we have already spoken, had also cast his eyes upon them ; the victims had met his glance, and at the first sight of him, the daughter, pale with fear, had pressed her mother to her heart. Trembling for Clothilde, the mother almost fainted, but her daughter supported and encouraged her.

Clothilde gazed at this man ; and in this glance those two opposite natures spoke to each other. The man shuddered ; this virtue which surrounded him with its glory dazzled and bewildered him. He admired it, and he felt proud of experiencing this noble sentiment, which all his life long had never before been revealed to him. And while he admired, he also pitied. For pity had seized the heart of every spectator, and, as if by electric communication, it had penetrated even into his. Those feelings, which were so new to him, threw him into a kind of stupor, and this man of terror remained motionless on the theatre of death.

He gazed on the young girl, who was so bravely trying to sustain her mother's courage, and who had eyes for no one but her. He heard the sobs and sighs of the crowd, and a murmur go through the whole place, which seemed to say, "Can nothing save her?"

Then a thought came to this man's heart, and he leaped from the scaffold. The people guessed his meaning, and applauded him. He approached Clothilde and tried to speak, but a feeling, till then unknown, froze his tongue to the roof of his mouth. At last, making a violent effort, and encouraged by the cheers of the crowd, he spoke. "Mademoiselle,"

said he, "the law permits a good patriot to save his future wife. Pardon my boldness ; but will you be my wife ? Say yes, and you are saved."

Clothilde glanced at her mother, pale and terror-stricken with the blow which was about to strike her daughter. She gathered new strength from this look. "Would you save my mother also?" she asked, turning her beautiful eyes upon the man.

Yes, she spoke those brave words with a firm voice, and she looked at this fierce man without any fear, and with an ineffable gentleness which went to his very heart.

The question was as much as to say, "I know you, I understand you, I see you such as you are. I see the stains of the blood you have shed on your hands, on your very features. But if you can save my mother, I will be your wife. I will put my hand in yours, and share the horrors of your infamous life. If you will save my mother, I shall accept you for my husband, and do my best not to die with grief. I will unite my life to yours ; I will swear to love you, and I will do so ; I will swear to obey you, and I will keep my oath. I will submit to this daily, hourly, life-long punishment. I will submit to it, I will bless it, if you will save my mother."

All this was expressed in the few sublime words she uttered ; for though they did not pass her lips, her eyes spoke volumes.

The fierce man of blood answered, in a voice timid and gentle as that of a child.

“ I can only save you,” were his words.

Freed, then, from the frightful strait into which this man’s thought had plunged her, and held her captive for a few moments, Clothilde forgot it ; she forgot the crowd, everything, but her mother. She saw no one but her, and thought only that they were about to join the angels in that heaven above, where all their sorrow and suffering would be at an end, and where all their tears would be wiped away.



VI.

THE WANDERER.

HARRY CLIFFORD had returned home for his holidays, and one fine morning, as soon as daylight had dawned, he determined to get up and take a long ramble in the country. He had asked permission from his parents the evening before, and had promised to be back at nine o'clock to breakfast. Unfortunately, however, he wandered.

At first, he was very far from being anxious about this, for, to a boy of fourteen years old, who was home from school, and enjoying all the delights of freedom, what could be pleasanter than wandering by chance through an unknown country? But this soon gave place to another feeling, when he saw that



it was utterly impossible for him to discover his whereabouts.

He was worn out with fatigue and hunger, and began to think how anxious his parents would be, if he did not return at the appointed hour. He directed his steps towards a wood, which seemed to him to lie in the direction of his home. He found a small track or pathway, which he followed, but he could gain no information as to where it led, for there was not a creature to be seen anywhere. This wood was very extensive, and when Harry at last emerged from its shade, he saw a smiling and fertile valley stretched at his feet. He knew, from the height of the sun, that it must be past noonday, so, in all haste, he directed himself towards this valley, making his way over hedges and streamlets, fields and meadows.

At last he observed a pretty farmhouse near at hand, which had a large porch for an entrance. It was a very old building, which had once been a baronial mansion. Its picturesque appearance, its turrets and chimneys, its porch covered with roses and honeysuckle, the orchard full of finely-coloured fruits, the spacious barns, and long lines of hay ricks, formed a truly charming picture of rural life. Near

the by-road which conducted to this farm flowed a streamlet, which, after a rapid and capricious course, emptied its waters into a small pond.

Harry, however, exhausted with thirst and heat, was wise enough not to drink this water, for his parents had often told him that it was imprudent to drink cold water when he was heated, and Harry, obedient and docile, always followed his parents' advice. He arrived, harassed and weary, before the old house, the sight of which had rejoiced his eyes and cheered him onwards. He hoped to find an agreeable shelter from the sun's fierce rays, in its beautiful porch covered with fragrant flowers.

The farmer's wife appeared in answer to Harry's knock, and she told him that he was nearly five miles from his father's house. She noticed that he was tired and weary, and her kind heart being touched by the sight, she invited him in to rest.

"No, if you please, I would rather not come in; but will you kindly give me a little breakfast?"

The good farmer's wife willingly agreed to this simple request, and placing a small table in the

porch, she covered it with a cloth white as snow. Then she produced fresh eggs, new milk, and beautiful scones and butter, all of which were very tempting to the hungry Harry. This smiling valley, charming farm, and rural repast delighted him, and he would have been the happiest boy in the world, if it had not been for the thought of his parents' anxiety for him. The weather was soft and warm, and the air was fragrant with the perfume of the thousand lovely flowers which was wafted on the breeze; the bees flew past in search of their sweet burden, and large flocks of blue and white pigeons flying from their dovecot every now and then, darkened the brightness of the heavens.

Meanwhile, Harry breakfasted very heartily, as he enjoyed this delightful sight of peace and plenty, and inhaled the fragrant air. After the farmer's wife had taken away the table, finding himself exhausted with fatigue, he stretched himself on a bench in the porch, and very soon fell into a sweet and peaceful sleep.

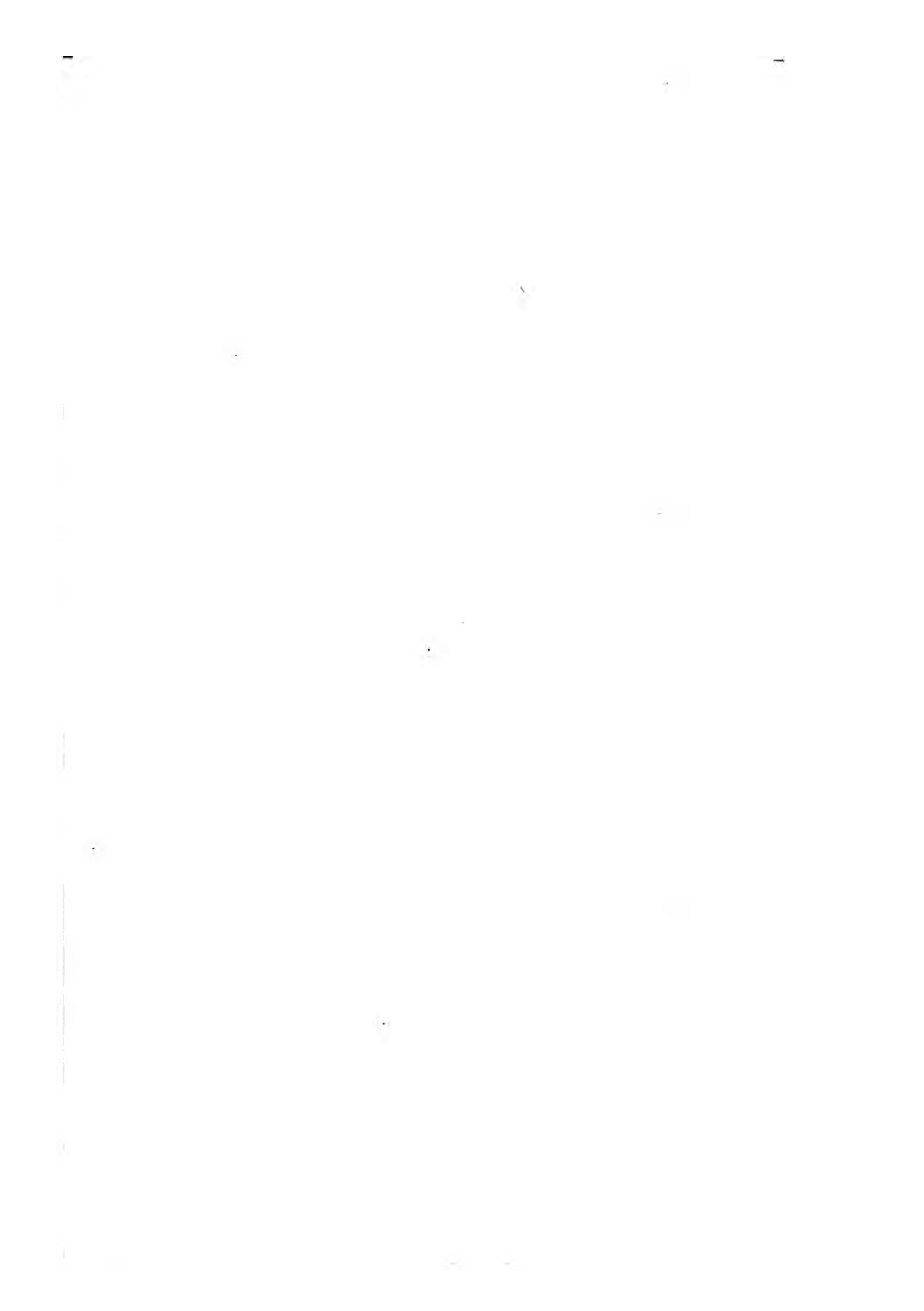
He did not awake for some hours, and then he felt greatly refreshed; but the sun had by this time very nearly disappeared behind the horizon. To Harry's great astonishment, with the very first

movement he made, a beautiful bouquet fell to his feet.

He was charmed with this pretty little act of attention, which he, at first, attributed to the farmer's wife ; but there was a refinement and delicacy in the offering, and the way in which it had been presented, which he could scarcely have expected from this good woman, kind and thoughtful as she was. The flowers of which the bouquet was composed were of the choicest and rarest description. There were geraniums, heliotropes, and a great variety of beautiful roses, and those flowers were prettily tied together with a piece of blue ribbon.

It all seemed very strange to Harry, as he thought over it, and more like an adventure in a novel than anything that had ever happened to him before. Those flowers evidently hailed from the greenhouse of a castle, and not from the humble garden of a farmhouse.

Harry gazed at the bouquet for some time with an expression of mingled curiosity and pleasure, then he went into the house and questioned the farmer's wife, but in vain. She admired the bouquet greatly, and praised its beauty so much, that that of itself was sufficient to assure Harry that the flowers did not come from her.





“Oh, I know!” he exclaimed at last; “it has been my mother! She must have come here, and has not wished to awake me, but to let me know of her arrival, she has placed those flowers on my breast. Oh, what a delightful surprise! Dear mother, where are you? She cannot have gone away!”

A silvery peal of laughter was the answer, and presently his mother appeared from behind a cluster of bushes.

“You have awoke at last, Harry,” she said, as she embraced her son, “and now you look rested and refreshed. And you guessed I was here! Yes, dear boy, we were very anxious when we heard from a man, who had passed this way, that he had recognised you here, that you had lost your way, and were exhausted with fatigue. And so I immediately came to look for you, but I did not like to disturb the sleep you needed so much. And now come with me into the court, the horses are already harnessed, and we shall soon be home. Come, my boy, and fear nothing, if you have broken your word, your father and I well know it was not your fault.”

And so, after having thanked and rewarded the

good friend who had treated him so kindly, Harry returned to his home, fully assured of his parents' love for, and faith in him, and more than happy in the confidence they bestowed upon him.

THE END.

CATALOGUE OF
POPULAR AND STANDARD BOOKS
PUBLISHED BY
WILLIAM P. NIMMO,
EDINBURGH,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Second and Cheaper Edition.

The 'Edina' Burns.

Crown 4to, beautifully printed on the finest toned paper, and elegantly bound in cloth extra, gilt edges, price Twelve Shillings and Sixpence; or in morocco extra, Twenty-five Shillings.

A HANDSOME DRAWING-ROOM EDITION OF
THE POEMS AND SONGS
OF
ROBERT BURNS.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE MOST
DISTINGUISHED SCOTTISH ARTISTS.



*Of all the handsome reprints of the works of "nature's own" bard, this "Edina" edition of the Poems and Songs of Burns is perhaps the handsomest yet produced. Beautifully printed, and profusely illustrated by some of the most distinguished of the Scotch academicians, it forms a shrine worthy of the genius of the "poet of the land of the mountain and the flood." It is, as might be expected, Scottish in every respect,—printer, publisher, and illustrators; and as also we think it should; for with whom could it be so much a labour of love to produce a first-rate edition as with one of Burns's own countrymen? and who should be better able to illustrate the "brown heath and shaggy wood" of Scotia's scenery than her own sons?—*The Examiner*.

NIMMO'S LIBRARY EDITION OF STANDARD WORKS,

In large Demy 8vo, with Steel Portrait and Vignette, handsomely bound, Roxburgh style, gilt tops, price 5s. each.

I.
SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS. With Biographical Sketch by MARY C. CLARKE; and a Copious Glossary.

II.
BURNS'S COMPLETE POETICAL AND PROSE WORKS. With Life and Variorum Notes.

III.
GOLDSMITH'S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

IV.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS. Illustrated by eminent Artists.

V.
JOSEPHUS: The Whole Works of FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS, the Jewish Historian. Translated by WHISTON.

VI.
THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. Illustrated with upwards of 100 original Engravings.

VII.
SWIFT'S WORKS. Carefully selected, with Life of the Author, and original and authentic Notes.

VIII.
DEFOE'S WORKS. Carefully selected from the most authentic sources; with Life of Author.

IX.
SMOLLETT'S WORKS. Carefully selected from the most authentic sources; with Life of Author.

X.
THE CANTERBURY TALES AND FAERIE QUEEN, with other Poems of CHAUCER and SPENSER. Edited for Popular Perusal, with current Illustrative and Explanatory Notes.

XI.
THE WORKS OF THE BRITISH DRAMATISTS. Carefully selected from the original editions, with copious Notes, Biographies, and a Historical Introduction, etc. etc. Edited by J. S. KELLIE, Editor of 'Defoe's Works,' etc.

—o—

** The above Works may also be had elegantly bound in half-calf extra, gilt back, price 8s. each.

NIMMO'S PRESENTATION SERIES OF STANDARD WORKS.

In small Crown 8vo, printed on toned paper, bound in cloth extra, gilt edges, bevelled boards, with Portrait engraved on Steel, price 3s. 6d. each.

I.

WISDOM, WIT, AND ALLEGORY.
Selected from 'The Spectator.'

II.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN:
A BIOGRAPHY.

III.

THE WORLD'S WAY:
LAYS OF LIFE AND LABOUR.

IV.

TRAVELS IN AFRICA.
THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF
MUNGO PARK.

With a Supplementary Chapter,
detailing the results of recent
Discovery in Africa.

V.

WALLACE,
THE HERO OF SCOTLAND:
A BIOGRAPHY.
By James Paterson.

VI.

EPOCH MEN,
AND THE RESULTS OF THEIR
LIVES.
By Samuel Neil.

VII.

THE MIRROR OF CHARACTER.
SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF
OVERBURY, EARLE, AND BUTLER.

VIII.

MEN OF HISTORY.
By Eminent Writers.

IX.

OLD WORLD WORTHIES;
OR, CLASSICAL BIOGRAPHY.
SELECTED FROM
PLUTARCH'S LIVES.

X.

THE MAN OF BUSINESS
Considered in Six Aspects.
A BOOK FOR YOUNG MEN.

XI.

WOMEN OF HISTORY.
By Eminent Writers.

XII.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE MIND.
By Isaac Watts.

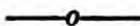
* * This elegant and useful Series of Books has been specially prepared for School and College Prizes: they are, however, equally suitable for General Presentation. In selecting the works for this Series, the aim of the publisher has been to produce books of a permanent value, interesting in manner and instructive in matter—books that youth will read eagerly and with profit, and which will be found equally attractive in after life.

Just ready.

ENTIRELY NEW BINDING,
IN CLOTH EXTRA, GOLD AND COLOURS.

ENTIRELY NEW BINDING,
IN MOROCCO EXTRA ILLUMINATED.

NIMMO'S POPULAR EDITION OF THE WORKS OF THE POETS.



In fcap. 8vo, printed on toned paper, elegantly bound in cloth extra, gold and colours, price 3s. 6d. each; or in morocco extra, illuminated, price 6s. 6d. each; or morocco extra, novel prismatic effect with silk centre, entirely new design, price 7s. 6d. each. Each Volume contains a Memoir, and is illustrated with a Portrait of the Author, engraved on Steel, and numerous full-page Illustrations on Wood, from designs by eminent Artists.

I.
Longfellow's Poetical Works.

II.
Scott's Poetical Works.

III.
Byron's Poetical Works.

IV.
Moore's Poetical Works.

V.
Wordsworth's Poetical Works.

VI.
Cowper's Poetical Works.

VII.
Milton's Poetical Works.

VIII.
Thomson's Poetical Works.

IX.
Beattie and Goldsmith's
Poetical Works.

X.
Pope's Poetical Works.

XI.
Burns's Poetical Works.

XII.
The Casquet of Gems.

XIII.
The Book of Humorous
Poetry.

XIV.
Ballads: Scottish and
English.

XV.
The Complete Works of
Shakespeare.
Two Volumes, price 3s. 6d. each.

NIMMO'S POPULAR EDITION OF THE WORKS
OF THE POETS—*continued.*

—o—

XVI.
The Arabian Nights'
Entertainments.
Two Volumes, price 3s. 6d. each.

XVII.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress
and Holy War.

XVIII.
Lives of the British
Poets.

XIX.
The Prose Works of
Robert Burns.

* * This Series of Books, from the very superior manner in which it is produced, is at once the cheapest and handsomest edition of the Poets in the market. The volumes form elegant and appropriate presents as School Prizes and Gift-Books, either in cloth or morocco.

'They are a marvel of cheapness, some of the volumes extending to as many as 700, and even 900, pages, printed on toned paper in a beautifully clear type. Add to this, that they are profusely illustrated with wood engravings, are elegantly and tastefully bound, and that they are published at 3s. 6d. each, and our recommendation of them is complete.'—*Scotsman.*

NIMMO'S FAVOURITE GIFT-BOOKS.

In small 8vo, Illustrated, printed on toned paper, richly bound in cloth and gold and gilt edges, with new and original Frontispiece, printed in colours by KRONHEIM, price 2s. 6d. each.

I.
The Vicar of Wakefield.
Poems and Essays.
BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

II.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

III.
The Life and Adventures
of Robinson Crusoe.

IV.
Æsop's Fables,
With Instructive Applications.
BY DR. CROXALL.

V.
The History of Sandford
and Merton.

VI.
Evenings at Home;
Or, The Juvenile Budget Opened.

* * The above are very elegant and remarkably cheap editions of these old favourite Works.

NIMMO'S HALF-CROWN REWARD BOOKS.

Extra Foolscap 8vo, cloth elegant, gilt edges, Illustrated,
price 2s. 6d. each.

I.
Memorable Wars of Scotland.

BY
PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, F.R.S.E.,
Author of 'History of Scotland,' etc.

II.
Seeing the World :
A Young Sailor's Own Story.
BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

III.
The Martyr Missionary :
Five Years in China.
BY REV. CHARLES P. BUSH, M.A.

IV.
My New Home :
A Woman's Diary.

V.
Home Heroines :
Tales for Girls.
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

VI.
Lessons from Women's Lives.
BY SARAH J. HALE.

VII.
The Roseville Family :
An Historical Tale of the
Eighteenth Century.
BY MRS. A. S. ORR.

VIII.
Leah :
A Tale of Ancient Palestine.
BY MRS. A. S. ORR.

IX.
Champions of the Reformation.
The Stories of their Lives.

NIMMO'S TWO SHILLING REWARD BOOKS.

Foolscap 8vo, Illustrated, elegantly bound in cloth extra, bevelled
boards, gilt back and side, gilt edges, price 2s. each.

I.
The Far North.

II.
The Young Men of the Bible.

III.
The Blade and the Ear.

IV.
Monarchs of Ocean.

V.
Life's Crosses, and How to
Meet them.

VI.
A Father's Legacy to his
Daughters ; etc.

VII.
Great Men of European History.

VIII.
Mountain Patriots :

IX.
Labours of Love :
A Tale for the Young.

X.
Mossdale :
A Tale for the Young.

NIMMO'S EIGHTEENPENNY REWARD BOOKS.

Demy 18mo, Illustrated, cloth extra, gilt edges, price 1s. 6d. each.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>I.
The Vicar of Wakefield.
Poems and Essays.
BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.</p> <p>II.
Æsop's Fables,
With Instructive Applications.
BY DR. CROXALL.</p> <p>III.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.</p> <p>IV.
The Young Man-of-War's
Man.
A Boy's Voyage round the World.</p> <p>V.
The Treasury of Anecdote :
Moral and Religious.</p> | <p>VI.
The Boy's Own Workshop.
BY JACOB ABBOTT.</p> <p>VII.
The Life and Adventures of
Robinson Crusoe.</p> <p>VIII.
The History of Sandford
and Merton.</p> <p>IX.
Evenings at Home ;
Or, The Juvenile Budget Opened.</p> <p>X.
Unexpected Pleasures.
By MRS. GEORGE CUPPLES, Author
of 'The Little Captain,' etc.</p> |
|--|--|

* * The above Series of elegant and useful books is specially prepared for the entertainment and instruction of young persons.

NIMMO'S SUNDAY SCHOOL REWARD BOOKS.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, Illustrated, price 1s. 6d. each.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>I.
Bible Blessings.
BY REV. RICHARD NEWTON.</p> <p>II.
One Hour a Week :
Fifty-two Bible Lessons for the
Young.</p> <p>III.
The Best Things.
BY REV. RICHARD NEWTON.</p> <p>IV.
Grace Harvey and her
Cousins.</p> | <p>V.
Lessons from Rose Hill.</p> <p>VI.
Great and Good Women.</p> <p>VII.
At Home and Abroad.</p> <p>VIII.
The Kind Governess.</p> <p>IX.
Christmas at the Beacon :
A Tale for the Young.</p> |
|--|---|

NIMMO'S ONE SHILLING JUVENILE BOOKS.

Foolscap 8vo, Coloured Frontispiece, handsomely bound in cloth, Illuminated, price 1s. each.

I.
Four Little People and their
Friends.

II.
Elizabeth;
Or, The Exiles of Siberia.

III.
Paul and Virginia.

IV.
Little Threads.

V.
Benjamin Franklin.

VI.
Barton Todd.

VII.
The Perils of Greatness.

VIII.
Little Crowns, and How to
Win Them.

IX.
Great Riches.

X.
The Right Way, and
the Contrast.

XI.
The Daisy's First Winter.

XII.
The Man of the Mountain.

NIMMO'S SIXPENNY JUVENILE BOOKS.

Demy 18mo, Illustrated, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt side, gilt edges, price 6d. each.

I.
Pearls for Little People.

II.
Great Lessons for
Little People.

III.
Reason in Rhyme.

IV.
Æsop's Little Fable Book.

V.
Grapes from the Great Vine.

VI.
The Pot of Gold.

VII.
Story Pictures from the Bible.

VIII.
The Tables of Stone.

IX.
Ways of Doing Good.

X.
Stories about our Dogs.

XI.
The Red-Winged Goose.

XII.
The Hermit of the Hills.

NIMMO'S FOURPENNY JUVENILE BOOKS.

The above Series of Books is also done up in elegant Enamelled Paper Covers, beautifully printed in Colours, price 4d. each.

*** The distinctive features of the New Series of Sixpenny and One Shilling Juvenile Books are: The Subjects of each Volume have been selected with a due regard to Instruction and Entertainment; they are well printed on fine paper, in a superior manner; the Shilling Series is Illustrated with Frontispieces printed in Colours; the Sixpenny Series has beautiful Engravings; and they are elegantly bound.





