

man, who had eagerly entered into all the fashionable follies of the day, and disappointed the wishes of his father, by preferring the profession of arms to the church. Nephew and heir to Sir Philip Ogilvie, our gay young soldier thought he could spend his time more agreeably than by writing and preaching sermons. With an empty head and handsome person, he made great conquests among the other sex, who were equally gifted in this respect with himself; and he considered that he conferred a personal favour on any pretty young woman he honoured with his notice. What a pity there are so many little great men of this description in the world. The fashionable world is made up of such. Happy are those who are placed by Providence beyond its magic circle. Evil communications corrupt good manners; and a society from which the name of God is generally carefully banished, is no school in which to form the mind and morals. One glance at the stranger gave Alice a pretty just estimate of his character; and she shrank from his bold, familiar stare, with feelings of indignation and aversion.

"So, Lucy, this is your pretty little governess?"

"Miss Linhope, let me have the pleasure of introducing you to my brother, Captain Ogilvie," said Lucy.

Alice coloured and bowed.

The captain appeared amused at her confusion.

A pretty place this village of B——," he said, flinging himself into an arm chair. "I must continue to rusticate in it for the next three months. I am glad to find that there are some pretty women in it, however, which will make the time pass away more agreeably. Miss Linhope, were you ever in London?"

"Never."

"I thought not. One winter in town would have chased away all those pretty blushes. Country girls keep the art to themselves. I wish, Miss Linhope, you would favour me with the recipe for making them. It would add greatly to the beauty of our dashing belles."

"Philip, you distress Miss Linhope with your nonsense," said Lucy. "Dear Alice, you must not mind him; he never thinks before he speaks, and his speeches are not guided by the wisdom of Solomon."

"Thank you for the compliment," said the captain. "I must go to your school, and learn my A, B, C, of Miss Linhope, before I can arrive at the dignity of being thought a man of sense."

"I fear you would prove an incorrigible dunce," said Alice, unable to repress a smile.

"Ah!" said the captain, "I should employ my time better in looking at my charming instructress than in the primer."

"You have learned an art which in our school we never teach," said Alice.

"And pray what may that be?"

"The art of quizzing."

"Are you able to discern that? You are not quite so much a novice as I thought you."

"I hope I shall never want sense enough to discriminate between truth and falsehood," said Alice, gravely.

"Pon honour! you are a clever girl, Miss Linhope. I must positively go to your school and take a few lessons from your book. Will you promise not to expel me?"

"Certainly not," said Alice, "for you would never gain admittance."

"Ah, I see how it is. You godly ladies are so intent upon converting these young heathen that you have no compassion on a brother Christian."

"I wish, Philip, that you were more deserving the title," said Miss Ogilvie. "Many persons call themselves Christians without knowing the meaning of the name they bear."

"Now pray be merciful: do not catechise me too closely, Lucy. I am a sad pagan; but as I grow older, wisdom will increase in proportion to my gray hairs."

"And if Rowland's macassar oil possesses the wonderful properties of preserving our looks from this annoying change," said Miss Ogilvie, "you will remain a trifle all your life?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said the captain; I love trifling, especially with the ladies."

"And the poor ladies," said Alice, "do you think that it is equally pleasing to them?"

"Of course," said the captain, "or they would not repay my attentions with smiles and blushes."

He looked provokingly up in Alice's face, whose pale cheek was again tinged with a lively red, and she answered him with unusual warmth:

"A blush may be caused by other feelings than those of pleasure; and we cannot always repress a smile when the follies of others provoke us to mirth."

The captain placed his hand on his breast, and leant forward with an affected air of deep interest, as if he was sensibly touched by her reproof, and finding himself unable to frame a reply, he dexterously shifted the subject, by inquiring, "if he should accompany them to the church?"

"No; we must dispense with your company, Philip, this evening," said his sister. "Your visit is one of idle curiosity; and the appearance of a military man will divert the children's attention from their studies."

"Do not imagine," said the captain, "that I dare venture beyond the porch. If I committed such an act of indiscretion, this little vixen would be reading me a lecture from the pulpit."

"Oh, Philip! Philip! when will you leave off jesting upon serious subjects?"

"When clergymen leave off visiting race courses, playing on the fiddle, and betting on cards," said