

on beholding Amy, while she, uttering a faint scream, clung to the Countess, who immediately said :

"Harold, I cannot admit you tonight, you perceive how I am engaged. Nay, enter not, I entreat, I desire, I command."

He lingered, with his eyes fixed on the interesting form of the lovely girl, whose pale cheek rested on the bosom of his mother—hers were closed, while her long black hair completely enveloped her—she was violently agitated.

"Amy is not very ill, I trust," he enquired, in that well known deep-toned voice, which thrilled on her heart.

"No, my son, she is better, much better, all will be well tomorrow ; good night, God bless you."

"God bless you," repeated the Earl, with emotion, as he retired, and again reclosed the door.

"And now, my child, I will say good night to you," said the Countess, rising, "for you look in need of sleep," and again she led Amy to the door of her own apartment, when pressing her lips tenderly on her forehead, she opened it for her, and returned immediately to her own.

Devoutly did Amy kneel in prayer when she found herself once more alone. What were the petitions she offered, none knew, save the merciful Being to whom they were addressed, but as she rose from her knees, a holy calm irradiated her countenance, which told more than volumes could express, that the truest peace of a Christian, consists in communion with God—that, like heaven's bright arch, amid the storm, prayer sustains hope, increases faith, removes fear, and when breathed through the influence of the Holy Spirit, brings light where there was no light to the darkened and distressed soul.

It was with a feeling of thankfulness that Mrs. Somerville, after watching by the side of her precious charge a considerable time, at last beheld her sink into a sweet and profound slumber.

Amy did not awake until a late hour on the following morning, when the remembrance of the one gone, seemed almost as a dream to her confused thoughts, and she started with a feeling of pain when the stern reality by degrees lost its visionary character; but she was perfectly composed. Ursula persuaded her to take breakfast in her own room, as the party had been assembled down stairs some time, and it would have required more courage than she possessed to join them. After this, she adjourned to Lady Emily's boudoir, who she found had not yet left her apartment. On casting her eyes around, they fell on Susan's basket of work, folded as she had last left it, in the pride of her young heart. Amy sighed and turned away ; she sat down on the couch and employed herself in looking over the contents of a small casket, which appeared of some value, from the interest she seemed to take in their examination. She was thus en-

gaged, and completely absorbed, when suddenly the Earl, accompanied by her old friend Lion, entered the room.

"I beg your pardon," he said, hurriedly, while his fine face instantly became flushed, "I thought Emily had been here."

Amy's look of astonishment and a few inaudible words, alone expressed that she heard him. The moment the dog perceived her, he rushed towards her, evincing the utmost joy on again seeing her, while the door in the same instant closed. Amy threw her arms round the faithful animal, and burying her beautiful face in his shaggy neck, burst into tears, as she exclaimed :

"Dear old Lion, companion of my only happy hours, you at least have not forgotten me."

"Amy," said a voice near her.

She started up, and discovered that the Earl had not left the room, as she supposed, but was standing by her side. She felt painfully confused, but instantly rose with dignity.

"Your sister has not yet come in from her room, Lord Blondeville, I will tell her you are here if you please."

"Not now, Amy," he replied, taking her hand as she would have passed him, "stay I beseech you—sit down again, and feel that you are in the presence of the same Harold, whose society in former days you did not shrink from thus," and he gently replaced her on the couch, while he remained standing before her. "Amy," he continued, after gazing a few minutes on the trembling girl, "you will forgive my fault, when you reflect on its cause ; can you conceive the pain and disappointment I felt on my arrival yesterday, after hastening my journey purposely on your account, to learn, when I enquired for you, that you were walking, and alone, with Sir Charles Courtenay ; the manner, too, in which it was mentioned to me—so carelessly, as if it were a natural and frequent occurrence—added yet another bitterness, particularly when I remembered that you never would accompany me in your walks at the castle, unless Mr. Martyn were with us. It was a hard trial to me to meet you as I did, and to perceive the unaccountable depression which was visible on your first entrance into the room last evening ; do not interrupt me," he continued, when Amy would have spoken, "I know it all now, for I returned to my mother's apartment after you left her, when she recounted the interview she had had with you, and most severely did I then reproach myself, for having so materially added to your distress. I trust such another day as yesterday we may never pass again ; Amy, do you echo that wish ?" and he took her hand and pressed it between both his.

Amy fixed her eloquent and tearful eyes upon him, as she replied :

"It was indeed a sorrowful day to me, but in you