

which should be reserved for the person proposed by the Canon, and that they would give orders that preparations should be made for his reception.

In the course of the time intervening between the application of the Canon at the Admiralty and receiving the answer, he had had several conversations with his daughter respecting this affair; he urged her by all the means in his power to divert her thoughts from Lionel—spoke of his own views regarding her future welfare—conjured her, by the duty and obedience she had ever exercised toward him, not to depart from it, and at last succeeded in gaining from her a solemn promise, that, as she should never be forced to marry against her own consent, so she should never do so against that of her father.

"Dear father," said she, "I ever have obeyed you, and I solemnly promise I will do so in this, though it should be death to me."

Having received this solemn assurance from his daughter, the Canon sent again for Mr. Weston and told him of the promise he had received from Margaret, adding, that he knew her firmness of character too well to fear that she would break it; avowed his own fixed and unalterable determination never to consent to a marriage between Lionel and his daughter—shewed him the answer he had received from the Admiralty office, and requested him to urge Lionel to accept the appointment, which if he did, he would use all his influence to gain his promotion and ever advance his welfare in other respects, whenever an opportunity permitted him so to do. Mr. Weston replied that on his part, he would accept it on behalf of Lionel, and when he returned acquaint him with all that had passed, and doubted not that when he knew the Canon's determination regarding his daughter, and considered the advantages likely to arise from being engaged in an honourable service, with powerful friends ready and willing to promote his interest, added to the persuasions of himself, he would readily depart, if only for the sake of leaving a locality where trouble and sorrow would be ever arising should he remain.

Mr. Weston returned home determined that nothing should be wanting on his part to induce Lionel to accept the appointment now offered him; for independent of his desire to bring this unhappy affair to a termination it was what he long had desired; but although having considerable interest, he refrained from making application himself, fearing that his

interest would not prove sufficient to get Lionel an appointment.

That evening Lionel returned home. Having delivered despatches which he had brought from the place to which he had carried the former, and divested himself of all responsibility of the service in which he had been employed, he was preparing to go out, but was arrested in his progress, by his father, who desired him to follow him into his private office.

When they were entered and the door closed, his father commenced the conversation, by stating to him that, in his opinion, it was high time that he should engage in some profession by which to support himself and take a rank in society. He then acquainted him of the appointment awaiting his acceptance, told him by whose interest it had been obtained, and the promises which accompanied its offer. The instant the Canon's name was mentioned as the procurer of the appointment with the evident anxiety that he should accept it, a cold sweat came over all his frame, and he turned pale as death, for in an instant he perceived that the attachment between Miss De Vere and himself had been by some means discovered, and that this was for the purpose of sending him from her. His father, observing his agitation, spoke in an affectionate manner, and said, "My dear boy, I see by your looks, that you have forebodings of ill, and I think it my duty to let you know the worst at once, that you may with that good sense, and in accordance with that firmness of purpose which I know you possess in a high degree, meet your misfortune with courage and fortitude; and endeavour to gather all the good you can though the opportunities afforded to do so commence and spring from what at first will no doubt render you for a time wretched and miserable. In short all you fear has taken place—the attachment existing between you and Miss De Vere is discovered." He then related to Lionel all that had passed during his absence—told him of the determination of Canon De Vere, and also of the promise Margaret had made to her father. During this recital Lionel had sat motionless as a statue, his eyes fixed on his father, and the paleness of his countenance increasing 'till he had assumed the appearance of a corpse. When his father had ceased speaking, he remained motionless for a few minutes, when suddenly springing from his chair, he exclaimed, "Father—dear father, if you love me—if you have one spark of affection for me, strike—strike me dead at your feet!"—when sinking again