

perhaps unnecessarily taken the alarm, and you must write to soothe and reassure her."

"Indeed, Martyn, I will not do so," returned the Earl; "when I read that cold heartless letter, and look at the innocent helpless being they refuse to assist us in protecting, I feel too angry; how differently dear Emily judges."

"Lady Emily has been taught in the school of adversity," said Mr. Martyn; "her own feeble health has led her to compassionate others. And to sympathise in their sorrows, while it has given her time to seek a deeper knowledge of those things which tend to soften, and improve our hearts; she is truly a Christian, but I repeat my request, that you again write to Lady Blondville; your letter could have contained so brief an account of Amy's story, that I can easily imagine it would not satisfy her strict notions of propriety."

"I must wait a day that my ire may cool," said the Earl, smiling, as he retired. On the way to his own library he met Amy, with her young companion. Arthur had quite forgotten his wrongs, and ran affectionately towards his brother, who caught him in his arms, and kissed him; on Amy's looking timidly in his face as she approached he pressed her hand, saying:

"The storm has passed, and behold now the sun in all its beauty. What have you here," he continued raising her hand which held a rose, "is this for me?"

"I gathered it for Mr. Martyn," she replied; "we always take him one."

"It must be mine to-day—tell him I have robbed him," returned Lord Blondville gaily, as he carried off the prize, and hurried into his room.

"He is a saucy fellow," said Arthur; "shall we go and take it from him?"

"No, no, dear Arthur," replied Amy, whose beautiful cheek had become instantly suffused, "we must not detain Mr. Martyn, as he is now disengaged."

This day proved peculiarly sultry, and oppressive, so much so that even the spirits of young Arthur were subdued; he seemed listless and fatigued; and, in the evening, as Amy sat on a couch near the open window, the child came and laid himself down by her side, resting his head on her knee.

Lord Blondville and Mr. Martyn were strolling in the balcony. It was so unusual for Arthur to be long silent that Amy remarked it. "Are you tired dear boy," she asked, bending over him.

Arthur laid her hand on his temple, saying, "I feel so burning hot, I should like a draught of cold water."

His face was indeed flushed, and on a closer examination, Amy perceived that his eye looked heavy—she called the attention of Lord Blondville to his brother, who hastily entering, gazed at the boy for some moments most anxiously, and then exclaimed:

"By heavens, Martyn, Arthur is ill! he appears quite feverish."

Mr. Martyn felt his pulse, and attentively looked at him.

"He is not well certainly, he replied, but do not alarm yourself, the weather accounts for it very naturally—he had better, however, go to bed, and see Mrs. Bennet."

Arthur suffered himself to be carried away by the Earl but, he called on Amy to follow, who lingered at the door, she immediately sprang after him accompanied by Mr. Martyn.

Mrs. Bennet quickly attended the summons, full of bustling anxiety. She very sensibly suggested the propriety of a warm bath, and Arthur was left under her charge until it was completed, when he was placed in bed, while Amy returned to sit by him.

"I feel better now," said the child, as she drew near to him; "I shall soon be well again."

"I trust you may, my dear Arthur," replied Amy, affectionately kissing him; "but try to compose yourself to sleep. I will pray for you to-night. God bless you!"

Tenderly was he watched over until morning's dawn by the Earl, who would not be prevailed on to leave him even to the care of Mrs. Bennet. When Amy met him and Mr. Martyn at an early hour, she was concerned to see them both look very grave.

"How is dear Arthur?" was her first inquiry.

"He has passed a restless night, and is far from well, I grieve to say," replied Lord Blondville; "and, from what our physician tells us, you must not go near him."

Amy looked fearfully and inquiringly at Mr. Martyn. "It is even so, my child," said he mournfully; "his complaint is, we fear, contagious and we cannot suffer you to run any risk."

"But you are both attending him," returned Amy, much distressed; "then why may not I—oh! I cannot, cannot, stay from Arthur when he is suffering."

"My dear child, it is our duty to attend him," replied Mr. Martyn; "but confided to us as you have been, we dare not allow you to do so. Besides," he continued, more cheerfully, "a few days, with the blessing of a gracious God, will, we may hope, see our dear patient much recovered."

Amy was obliged to submit, but it was with an aching heart; and, on returning to her own apartments, she threw herself into a chair, exclaiming: "Ursula, my luckless fortunes have followed me into this abode, where all was happiness when I came, now, how full of care and anxiety."

"You are wrong to reason thus, my dear Lady Amy," replied Ursula. "Clouds will overshadow the palace as well as the humblest peasant's hut,