

"Would that I were any one save a Manfredonia, it is a name which has entailed sorrow enough upon me and mine—and yet forgive me, oh my father," she continued, clasping her hands, and meekly bowing her head, "why should I refuse the cup, which thy hand offers."

Ursula pressed her affectionately to her heart, as she spoke—Amy then sat down, as she had been accustomed from her earliest childhood, to read her Bible ere she retired for the night—when soon a holy calm stole over her spirit, and on laying her head on its pillow, that blessed promise "fear not, for I am with thee," filled her mind with peace.

Several days now passed, during which Amy recovered from her alarm, having learnt from Gasper, through Ursula, that the boatmen were all tenants of the Earl, were considered perfectly faithful, and that they could not have the slightest knowledge of her story, or who she really was; she therefore felt satisfied that her own fancy had been alone to blame, and her cheerfulness returned. She never missed attending Mr. Martyn in his study, where she gained many an invaluable lesson, culled from that best and wisest book. The manner in which he won young minds to the solid pleasures of religion, could not fail to impress them with its blessed truths, and its rich mercies; his persuasive gentleness, and the Evangelical spirit which shone forth in every word, in every action, rendered him invaluable as a minister, and beloved as a friend.

"How often is the mistake made," he would say, "by many amiable, well meaning people, that our salvation depends on what we can do, rather than on what Christ has done for us—that if we fulfil our duty as far as our frail nature will permit, performing all the good we can, and committing as little evil as possible, that through the goodness of our Saviour, we shall be accepted—now this is altering the whole plan of our redemption, rendering the sacrifice our Lord made of himself an imperfect work, which it requires our poor aid to complete. No, no, my children," he would continue, drawing Amy and young Arthur towards him, "the law requires perfect, sinless obedience, and that if we fail in one, we fail in all. Where then are erring creatures like us to turn? To the rock of ages, to that Saviour who died that we might live eternally, and if we believe, and trust in him alone, such belief will produce what is termed a living faith, from which spring those actions which are pleasing in the sight of our Heavenly Father, and which are the result, as surely as a tree is known by its fruits."

It was delightful to Amy, to listen to such reasoning, which even had power to command the attention of the volatile Arthur, who, when Mr. Martyn dismissed them, she would lead to her boudoir, and endeavour to impress what they had heard

still more strongly on his memory, by giving him tasks to learn from those portions of Scripture upon which Mr. Martyn had descanted.

One morning while the family were sitting round the breakfast table, two letters were delivered to the Earl—the first he opened enclosed one for Amy, from Mrs. Somerville, which conveyed to her the pleasing intelligence that she was well, and gradually arranging the business which had called her to town. Amy handed it to Mr. Martyn, joy sparkling in her eyes, and then turned towards Lord Blondville—to her astonishment she beheld anger sternly depicted on his fine countenance. He crushed the letter he had been reading in his hand, exclaiming, "unkind, most unkind."

Arthur went up to him playfully saying, "what makes you look so cross, sir; give me your letter, who is it from?" but the Earl, rising from his chair, pushed him impatiently from him.

"Blondville," said Mr. Martyn gravely.

"I would speak to you two words in your study," returned the Earl as he left the room, followed by Mr. Martyn. Amy felt her heart beat quick, but she strove to soothe Arthur, who hastily brushed away the tears of indignation which had risen to his eyes.

"Something has vexed your brother," she said; "come with me dear Arthur; he did not intend to hurt you. Shall we stroll in the grounds till Mr. Martyn is ready for us?"

The boy was soon appeased, and a visit to his pony quickly restored his gaiety and good humour; in the mean time Lord Blondville had shown the letter which had so discomposed him to his friend. It was from his sister, the Lady Matilda and was couched in the following words: "It is impossible for me to return to you at this time, as my mother has invited some guests for a few weeks. We regret that we cannot enter into the misfortunes of your Italian Princess, or approve your knight errantry in seeking after distressed damsels in the woods. My mother thinks it strange that Mrs. Somerville, could so contentedly leave her charge with so youthful a monitor, though perhaps you will say the presence of Mr. Martyn, redeems her imprudence; yet, beware Harold, that yours descends not into the 'Castle of Indolence,' The Countess pines for her pet Arthur, and thinks of sending Vernon for him next week. Emily is much as usual, when she read your letter she said, 'poor child, I wish I could go to her, how like my noble brother to defend the weak, to pity the unfortunate,' but Emily is a strange being, and but a child herself in knowledge of the world." . . . .

Mr. Martyn smiled on returning the letter; he made few comments—all he said was this, "You must make allowances for the anxiety of a mother. The Countess has never seen Amy, and feeling deeply earnest in all that relates to your welfare, she has