

"Quite well—the latter will soon be here to answer for herself."

"And you, Alice?" he continued, drawing her gently aside.

"Enjoy excellent health."

"Then your looks contradict your assertion—how thin you are—how pale—my sweet sister, this should not be—I read in that thoughtful brow more than I like to interpret."

"Ah, my dear friend," said Alice, in a trembling voice; "the world has laid close siege to my heart, and can you wonder that my mortal frame should have suffered a little in the contest—all will be well with me now, you are here to advise and counsel me."

"I too have been severely tried," said Stephen, gently pressing her hand. "But this world is not our rest. Take courage, young soldier of the cross, the victory will still be ours, through Him who died to obtain it for us. The path of his faithful followers is not often strewn with roses. At another time, and in another place, we must have some serious conversation together. In the mean while, it will give you pleasure to learn that I have been recalled from my mission in South Africa, to take possession of a fine estate bequeathed to me by my maternal uncle—a person who, from his previous habits, I never expected would leave aught of his great wealth to his fanatical nephew. It pleased God to touch his heart at the eleventh hour. He died a Christian, and left me his heir, verifying the words of our blessed Lord: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' The riches I seek, Alice, are not of this world, and money is only valuable in my eyes as affording me the readiest means of benefitting my fellow creatures. I shall now be able to rescue my poor Jane and her mother from their present situation, and to carry into effect several schemes I have formed for the education of the Caffre children. But, Alice, you have not introduced me to your cousin, Mr. Fleming."

Arthur started as the young missionary extended his hand. It was evident to all that they had met before. "This is a pleasure," said Fleming, with strong emotion, "which I did not expect—which I have long hoped for in vain. You, perhaps, have forgotten where, and how we met?"

"You are known to me, Mr. Fleming, through the medium of our mutual friends, but I have not the slightest recollection of ever having seen you before," returned the missionary.

"It may be so," said Fleming; "but that face once seen could not easily be forgotten. Did you ever visit Frankfort?"

"Yes—twice—once in 1822—again in—'26.

"Then I am not mistaken," said Arthur, warmly grasping the stranger's hand. "It was you who, in the summer of '26, saved the life of a lady, when a

boat was upset in the river, owing to the awkward management of the drunken steersman, who ran her foul of a Dutch schooner."

"Can it be the son of the amiable lady whom I providentially rescued from a watery grave, that I now see before me? I was so deeply interested in the lady, that I took no particular notice of the youth, who hung over his insensible parent in such an agony of grief. The shades of manhood have darkened your brow since that eventful evening."

"I was too much absorbed by her perilous situation, to express all the gratitude I felt towards her generous preserver," said Arthur; "and when my beloved mother recovered from her swoon, he was no longer to be found. I made many fruitless enquiries respecting him among the boatmen on the river. But he was a stranger, they said—his name and residence unknown. The transient glimpse, however, I caught of his face, was never forgotten. Often have I sought for its benign expression among the crowded streets of Paris and Vienna, but was only to find the picture realized in an obscure cottage in England. Mr. Norton," he continued, while his voice trembled with emotion; "the tongue possesses no language which can express the gratitude I feel for the service which you rendered in that hour to me. When I reflect upon all I owed to your prompt and courageous assistance, my heart is bankrupt in thanks. But she whom you rescued from death is no more. My mother, my dear mother, died at Carlsbad, a few weeks after the accident took place. She never overcame the shock—but the last hours of her precious life were spent with me—and she died in my arms—and this blessed privilege I owe to you."

He turned away and walked a few paces from the cottage. The painful pause that succeeded was broken by Lucy Ogilvie.

"I see how it is, good people, you are all so much occupied with each other, that poor Sophia will be tired of waiting for our appearance at the Abbey; and Mrs. Hazlewood's excellent cup of tea will be spoiled."

"It will be all the better for drawing a little longer," said Jane, tying on her bonnet—"we will not disappoint the old lady, who is the most hospitable woman I know, and my very good friend—we will, therefore, add two to the party and accompany you thither. Alice and Stephen, I know, have much to say to each other after such a long absence. Mr. Fleming will take care of us."

Poor Arthur! how this last sentence confirmed all his fears. Alice must love such a noble creature. Her denial could only have been induced to conceal her real feelings, and though he could hardly reconcile such conduct with her usual candor and simplicity, he felt convinced that his suspicions were true. As he gave his arm to the two young ladies, he cast a hasty glance behind. Alice and the young mis-