to receive the debt originally due to his father, which, with the interest upon it, he, with her approval settled upon little Sydney.

The old house where Madelaine's lonely childhood had been nurtured, and the glorious prime and summer of her mother's life had faded into an early autumn, was sold,—they had few pleasant associations connected with that desolate abode, and they saw it without regret pass into the hands of strangers. A new house was provided for them in a pleasant and airy street, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Calthorpe's, but till it could undergo some slight repairs, and be perfectly fitted for their reception, these kind friends insisted upon their coming as guests to them.

Madelaine hesitated, but no excuse would be received, and Mrs. Dorival, to whom the prospect of any change seemed agreeable, urged their accepting the invitation, with such childish eagerness, that her daughter at last consented, and in a few days, attended by old Phebe, they were domiciled in the cheerful and elegant home of Mrs. Calthorpe. And what a contrast did it offer to the dark and joyless one which they had left! Mrs. Dorival had been too long deprived of luxuries and comforts, not fully to appreciate those that now surrounded her, and she did so with a lively zest that seemed almost like the reawakened buoyancy of youth.

Phebe looked around her in amazement—the enchantments of the Arabian nights could not more have dazzled and astonished her unsophisticated senses, than did the beauty and profusion which she now for the first time beheld, and of which she had never, beneath the shelter of her old master's roof, formed even the faintest conception. But as the gloss of novelty wore off, and strange things began to grow familiar, her chief point of attraction was the nursery, where in humouring the childish fancies of Sydney and his baby sister, or telling to the spell-bound boy, strange old legends, which her misty imagination had nurtured for many a long and cheerless year, the hours sped gaily and gladly on, as for her they had never sped before.

Nor was Madelaine insensible to the happy change which Providence had wrought in their situation,—but the same gentle grace and sweetness marked her character and deportment amid the polished enjoyments and indulgences of her new abode, as had done in that humble home, around which her patient fortitude and piety had cast a halo of brightness, and in the midst of whose many trials her virtues had been nurtured into such principles of action, as fitted her equally to adorn the adverse or prosperous scenes of life.

She declined for the present to appear in society, though she received many solicitations, and flattering marks of attention, from those to whom her history, for it had become generally known, made her an object of interest. She shrunk from the gaze of the idle and the curious, who longed to see how the humble flower-girl bore her sudden change of fortune; and as her mother, whose shattered health compelled her to choose retirement, still constantly required from her the attentions to which she had so long been accustomed, Madelaine gladly availed herself of this plea, to enjoy the privacy of her delightful home, seldom even joining the drawing-room circle when its usual number was increased by the presence of guests. Mrs. Calthorpe at first opposed this whim, as she called it, but shortly she ceased to urge her on this point, against her inclinations, for, as Madelaine's character more fully unfolded its loveliness to her, she saw that she never acted from any unworthy motive, and that her present inclination for retirement was prompted neither by pride nor false shame, but by a natural desire to adapt her mind to the new circumstances in which it was to act, as well as to avoid the unpleasant eclat, which, from all Mrs. Calthorpe had told her respecting the fashionable excitement concerning her little history, must attend her appearance now—hoping, when the "nine days' wonder" was past, she might gradually glide into the society which she should find best adapted to her tastes and feelings.

As for Beaufort, he rather rejoiced that she persisted in shunning the notice of the many who were eager to behold her. Perhaps had he been one of that number he would have felt differently—but in the familiar circle of home, he was privileged constantly to see her,—in all her moods, and they were always lovely—whether with never tiring love and patience she sought to promote her mother's comfort and enjoyment,—or, herself a child in grace and sweetness, frolicked with the children, who had learned to love her dearly, or intent to store her mind from those sources of intellectual knowledge and improvement, which had hitherto been as sealed fountains to her, she studied earnestly, and received instruction meekly and gratefully—at all times, and under all circumstances, there was a beautiful consistency about her, a purity, a tenderness, a single heartedness, that was felt by all around her, and made her the idol of the household.

Beaufort had free access to the little room where she usually passed her morning's with her mother and Mrs. Calthorpe, and there, while she employed her leisure with her pencil or her embroidery, he would read aloud from some author, chosen not for his own amusement, but for her instruction, and rendered interesting to her by his correct and elegant reading, and luminous, even in its dryest and abstrusest details, by his judicious and lucid commentaries. These morning readings often recalled to Madelaine, her first visit at Mrs. Dunmore's, and all the circumstances attending it, for there it was that the haughty glances of Miss Maywood, and the constrained condescension of her sister, had made her