

drawing and smiling, he joined a group at the other end of the room.

Frederic Elmore had boarded in the family of the Rev. Henry Clive, the father of Edith, while his pupil, for three years, and the regard he felt for his estimable tutor was fully returned by the latter, who Edith had been his pet and playmate. After an interval of ten years, he had recognized the child in the woman, the woman he entered Mrs. Wallingford's parlor, while she knew not the boyish, laughter-loving student of eighteen, in the matured man of twenty-eight, with his name and the sound of his voice brought back to her mind her happy childhood, her father and her mother. And he spoke of her parents, of the dear old parsonage, of the little village church half hidden by the elm trees, and all the well-remembered scenes of former years, till she forgot where she then was, as he drew these pictures of the past. He had recollected her as the loveliest child he had ever known, and after a long absence from his native country, endeavored to obtain from her uncle's family some clue to her present abode. But Mrs. Clive, her aunt, belonged to the class of match-making uncles, & having her own views on the rich and agreeable young bachelor, had no idea of throwing her niece in his way, and merely evaded a direct reply. "Mr. Clive, who was absent had the direction of Edith's location; she herself did not exactly remember it." Much disappointed, he had given up all hope of seeing her, and the meeting was, therefore, equally unexpected and pleasant to both.

She was silent and abstracted during the dance which followed; her mind was with the past, and Wallingford observed that Elmore watched her every movement with undisguised interest. "He cannot but love her, and she will love him, for he has all the advantage of early friendship and association with the past, and my dream of happiness is over," he thought as he led her to a seat, and Elmore was instantly at her side.

At length the evening, which had become intolerably long to Wallingford, came to an end; the last guest had departed, and as he made some casual remark to Edith, she started at the melancholy tone of his sweet voice.

"Are you ill?" she asked with unconscious anxiety.

"Only heart-sick," he replied with bitterness.

She raised her eyes to his, with a look of sorrow and surpris. He could not stand that look, and bidding her "good night," left the room.

"What is the matter with Edmund?" asked Constance of Edith, when Mrs. John Wallingford retired. "If you have been unkind to him, Edith, I shall never forgive you."

"I have not been unkind to him. How could I be so, when he is so kind and considerate to me?"

"Nonsense. You must know what I mean. He loves you, you know he does, and you must love him in return, for Edmund is dear to me as my own son." And Constance bent over her coaxingly, and kissed her cheek again and again.

Edith's face crimsoned, then turned deadly pale.

"My dear Mrs. Wallingford, you must not say so. The suggestion may make me miserable."

"I will say no more, Miss Clive. The occurrences of this evening have changed your feelings I see. I will press Edmund

Wallingford for no one's satisfaction. He is worthy of the hand of any woman."

And bid her her a cold "good night," Constance went to her own room, provoked beyond measure at Edith, for her attachment to her step-son made her unreasonable.

Poor Edith's pillow was wet with tears that night. She felt unaccountably by all, and yet would not have explained her real feelings for words. She had not dared to confess to herself how much she had learned to love Edmund Wallingford. He was proud—proud of his station, his name, his family, and well might he have been proud of his own talents, and the estimation in which he was already held in his profession; and Edith soon discovered this trait in his character. But his pride was different from the ordinary pride of ordinary minds.

Above all things else he loved to do homage to mental and moral excellence in whatever rank or degree of life he found it, and his heart soon discovered Edith Clive to be all he had imagined of female loveliness. Sometimes when his dark, earnest eyes were fixed upon her face, she had dared for a moment to hope that he loved her, but the thought was always put quickly away. "No, I will not indulge in a chimera which will destroy my peace," was his mental reply to the suggestion, and she would occupy herself more vigorously than ever, with the discharge of her various duties. Idleness is the food of hopeless love, but Edith gave her love no such sustenance, and her reward was perfect peace with herself and others.

But after this unromantic party, all seemed changed. Mr. Elmore became a constant visitor at Mrs. Wallingford's, and each successive visit charmed him more and more with Edith, and she always welcomed him with the warmth of an open, frank heart. She was not one of those young ladies who see a lover in every mere friend, and not suspecting the nature of his interest in herself, gave free expression to the pleasure she felt at seeing him. To her he was a remnant of the past, the friend as well as pupil of her father, the favorite of her mother, one who could sympathize in her love and regret for the departed, but nothing more. Had she not loved Wallingford, she probably would have loved Elmore, but her heart was preoccupied.

Mrs. John Wallingford watched this game of hearts with a keen eye. She alone read Edith's feelings aright, but she determined no one else should. Frederic Elmore might marry Edith Clive and welcome; he was no grandson of hers, Edmund Wallingford never should if she could prevent it, and accordingly, she took good care to point out to the latter every proof of Edith's supposed attachment to Elmore, and her desire to please him. Constance forgot her usual inability in her sorrow for the suffering of him who was to her as an own son, and grew cold and even repellent to Edith, while Wallingford, though still polite, maintained a formal reserve and distance, which contrasted with his former attention and even tenderness of manner, wounded her deeply. While to Elmore, who had once been a favorite college friend and classmate, he found it difficult to behave with decent civility. Poor Edith! Only the children remained the same to her.

"Miss Clive," said Mrs. John Wallingford, as Edith sat alone in the school-room, (the children being out with their mother,) "I will take an old lady's privilege of saying a few words to you, for your own sake."

Edith bowed and looked surprised at the sudden interjection in her conversation by Mrs. John Wallingford, and the old lady went on:

"You must have observed the strange manner in which Mr. Wallingford's manner to you, of late. He has discovered your feelings with regard to himself, and wisely adopted a course of conduct calculated to put an end to any ambitious hopes you may have formed. I know that my daughter-in-law has foolishly encouraged you in the idea that your sentiments were reciprocated; but she was mistaken, for Mr. Wallingford's whole mind on the subject is known to me, and now as to her, as you see she has changed her mode of proceedings. It remains for you to decide whether it is consistent with the delicacy of a modest young lady to remain here under such circumstances, as you cannot but see your presence is a restraint upon us all."

She ceased speaking, and fixed her eyes on Edith to mark the effect of what she had said. The poor girl made a violent effort to control herself, indignation had dried up the tears which, at first, had been ready to flow, but she sat quietly to the end of the speech, and then, thanking the old lady for her advice, begged to be left alone.

When alone she gave way to a burst of grief. What had she done? How had she exposed herself to Mrs. Wallingford? were questions she asked herself again and again. But it made no matter how: she was exposed; Mrs. John Wallingford was right, and she must seek another home. But where was she to go? Her uncle would be enraged beyond measure at her losing so desirable a situation, and Elmore, her only friend, had been called suddenly away on business the day before, and even had he been at hand, how could she satisfactorily explain her sudden departure from so pleasant a home? "O, my father, my mother!" she exclaimed, "would that the same grave had closed over your child!" But the feeling of despair was checked as her eye fell on her father's last gift, a pocket-bible. She took it up and read with a new interest the oft-perused sentence written by that benighted father, on the blank leaf, "for my child's use in after life." And then followed a selection of passages to which he wished her to refer in time of sorrow, and times of joy. She turned to the passages thus noted, and read till she became composed and even happy. "I have still youth and health, strength unimpaired," she thought, "and though I will love him, and pray for the blessing of Heaven upon him, all the days of my life, the fulfillment of my duties in some other home will bring me peace, and I will again be happy in making others so."

She was much absorbed in her own reflections that she knew not how the time passed, till she was startled by Constance rushing into the room in a state of alarm.

"Edith, where is your son Lucy?"

"I have not. I was not aware you had returned from your drive."

"We have been home two hours, but I was detained in the parlor by company, and Lucy, it seems, has been missing nearly all that time."

Edith entreated her to be calm, as she hastily threw on her bonnet, and calling to Isabel, (who was thoughtful and considerate beyond her age,) she directed her, in a whisper, to send some of the servants to the Mill River Rock, if she did not return in a few moments.

To be Continued.