

"I have always admired her complexion," replied Emma, archly; "but do not I remember the time when you found fault with her for being so pale, — when we first began to talk of her? Have you quite forgotten?"

"Oh, no! — what an impudent dog I was! — how could I dare —"

But he laughed so heartily at the recollection that Emma could not help saying, —

"I do suspect that in the midst of your perplexities at that time you had very great amusement in tricking us all. I am sure you had. I am sure it was a consolation to you."

"Oh, no, no, no! — how can you suspect me of such a thing? I was the most miserable wretch."

"Not quite so miserable as to be insensible to mirth. I am sure it was a source of high entertainment to you to feel that you were taking us all in. Perhaps I am the readier to suspect, because, to tell you the truth, I think it might have been some amusement to myself in the same situation. I think there is a little likeness between us."

He bowed.

"If not in our dispositions," she presently added, with a look of true sensibility, "there is a likeness in our destiny, — the destiny which bids fair to connect us with two characters so much superior to our own."

"True, true," he answered warmly. "No, not true on your side, — you can have no superior, — but most true on mine. She is a complete angel. Look at her. Is not she an angel in every ges-