

## "ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

(From the Friendly Visitor.)

They came to my mind again when a few months afterwards Lizzie Marten showed me the brooch divested of all its beauty, the pearl broken, and the gilding tarnished. And they came also to my mind some years later; for I had yet another lesson to learn on the subject before I was sufficiently impressed with the truth that

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Several years passed away after the incident happened to me that I have related. During this time my mother's health, never very strong, grew weaker, and she became quite unequal to the anxiety of keeping so large a house, for the rent was high, and it required a constant succession of lodgers to enable her to pay it. At length she resolved to give it up. Her brother the sailor, who had given me the half-sovereign, had left the sea, and proposed she should go and live with him in a quaint, odd little cottage he had fitted up in sailor-like fashion. It was thought advisable that I should go to service. I understood housework and I was a good needle-woman; so my mother thought I was qualified for a situation either as housemaid or under-lady's-maid. She wrote to a lady who had lodged with us several summers, and requested her to assist in procuring a suitable situation in a quiet family in the country. The result was the offer of being received as young-ladies'-maid in the house of the Rev. Mr. Leslie, the rector of Burton-on-the-Moors in Gloucestershire. Nothing could have been more desirable for a young girl of nineteen who had hitherto never left home. My duties would not be very arduous. There were three young ladies on whom I was to attend, and to assist in making their clothes. A light part of the housework would also fall to my share. I should receive good wages, and be well cared for in every respect. My mother gratefully accepted the situation on my behalf, and in about a month's time I quitted my home for the pleasant village of Burton-on-the-Moors,

The rectory-house was a large old-fashioned one, full of odd nooks and corners. All the rooms had steps up or down to them. They were panelled with



oak instead of being papered like modern houses, and the staircases were of the same dark wood. Yet it was not at all a dull or gloomy house. It faced the south, and the windows were large, and generally filled with flowers from the greenhouse which had been recently added to the west side of the building. The garden was rich in fine old trees, and the large smoothly-mown lawn was a perfect blaze of geraniums, on the September day on which I first arrived at Burton Rectory.

My lines had indeed, I thought, fallen in a pleasant place, and my subsequent experience soon showed me that it was a desirable one in every respect. My master and mistress were thoughtful and careful as to their servants' welfare. My young ladies were always considerate and pleasant in their manners to me, always glad to give me the relaxation of a walk or even a drive, if the pony-carriage was going to the neighboring market-town and there was a vacant place. Though they never forgot that I was a

servant, and thus prevented my doing so myself, they could not have shown me greater kindness had I been their sister.

The village was somewhat isolated, and the only other gentleman's house near was that of Sir Henry Melville, the Squire of the place, and the owner of all the extensive shooting moors which lay around his property. Burton Court was a fine old place; it looked to me almost like a palace the first time I saw it, with its fine avenues, and gardens, and terraces. Still more did the inside appear so to me when one of my fellow-servants got the housekeeper to take me over the rooms, which were just being set in order for Sir Henry's arrival with a number of guests for the shooting season. I had never before had an idea of such grandeur as rich satin curtains and sofas and chairs covered to match. I had thought our own little parlor perfection in bygone days, when the much-covered easy chair (of which I made mention in a previous page) made its appearance, though its cover-

ing was only of dark green American cloth. But here I counted in one room no less than four sofas and about a dozen easy chairs, all clothed in light blue satin damask; long mirrors against the walls multiplied them, till I grew quite bewildered, and scarcely knew which was substance and which shadow! The housekeeper looked amused at my evident astonishment at all I saw, and was still more so at my remarking that I wondered Sir Henry liked ever to be away from such a place even for a day! "He is away a great many days," said she, laughing; "indeed nothing but the shooting brings him here at all. He has another place in Warwickshire he likes better than this, and he lives in London more than anywhere else."

Sir Henry arrived at Burton Court in about a week from this time, bringing with him a good many visitors. Lady Melville was a gentle, fragile-looking person, not in very good health; she was a great contrast to her tall, robust-looking husband, with his loud voice and brisk ways. She was seldom seen except at church, but Sir Henry and his

visitors were constantly walking or riding about, and they brought a crowd of servants; in short, our little quiet village was turned quite into a place of bustle for some time. Then they all went away, the great entrance iron gates were locked up, the covers were put upon the satin sofas and chairs, and Mrs. Stacey the housekeeper settled herself for a comfortable though somewhat lonely winter in her own apartments at the back of the house.

No one would suppose that this visit of Sir Henry Melville to Burton Court could in the slightest degree have affected me, a humble young servant at the rectory, whose duties lay quite apart from all the gay people and doings at the great house. But strange as it may sound, it had a considerable influence over my feelings and tastes. It is often not till circumstances occur to bring them forth, that young people show the weakness or strength of their own characters. Till I saw the grandeur of Burton Court and the number of its domestics, including the smartly-