

present on a visit.' What think you of that, sister Emmy?"

Amy involuntarily started, while Lady Emily instantly replied:

"Why, I think that the paragraph has been inserted by Harriet herself, she is so fond of notoriety."

"What an uncharitable idea," said Lady Matilda, indignantly, "I could scarcely have conceived you capable of forming it."

"I am sorry it appears in that light," returned her sister, meekly, "but Harriet Courtenay is so unlike the one I would imagine as the chosen of Harold, that I was surprised into it."

"Your brother mentioned he was going to the Rook's Nest, in his last letter," observed the Countess, "but merely *en route*, for he intended to be at home the first week in this month, and you know Sir Charles and Harriet are coming here on the 20th."

"Dear Harriet, how I love her," said Lady Matilda, rising, "I do not know any thing that would afford me more happiness, than her becoming my sister."

"You have only to acquire the name of Lady Matilda Courtenay, and your wish will be accomplished," returned her sister, laughing, "in no other way will you see it, depend."

Lady Matilda nodded gaily as she left the room, but made no answer.

"Do you really think it untrue," said Amy, after she had been sitting for some time silent in Lady Emily's boudoir, where she had, as usual, retired with her.

"Think what untrue, dear?" replied Lady Emily, laying down the book she had been reading, and gazing in her face; but the moment she perceived the colour rush to the cheek of the sensitive girl, and the slight confusion in her manner, she became aware of what was passing in her mind, and putting her arm affectionately round her, she replied:

"Yes, dear Amy, perfectly untrue, I know it of a certainty."

Amy smiled, as she fondly returned the caress, and brushed away a tear, when no more passed on the subject.

Amongst the little girls who attended Lady Emily's school, was one who particularly interested her, named Susan Grey; she was the child of very ignorant and bad parents, who it had taken some trouble to persuade that there was any use in her being taught to read, they had always done very well without it, and why could not she; but by the temptation of a few little presents to the dame, Susan was at length permitted to take advantage of Lady Emily's kindness. She was not remarkably clever, but mild and docile, and there was a subdued manner and bowed spirit, which told a tale of harsh treatment at home, although she never complained. Mr. Martyn, in his visit at the Falcon's Nest, had

taken much pains with her, and the efforts of this truly pious minister, had been peculiarly blessed by his Divine Master, for Susan early showed a fondness for her bible, and a deep interest in its study; every Saturday she visited Lady Emily in her boudoir, when she would either read aloud to her, repeat hymns, or occupy herself with needle-work.

One day she was sitting with her work resting on her knee, when occasionally she would steal a look at Lady Emily, who was talking to Amy, and then with a gentle sigh, bend her eyes again on her employment. Something seemed passing in her mind, which she had not the courage to express; at length she attracted the notice of Amy, who was very fond of her.

"I am sure Susan, there is something you wish to ask Lady Emily, is there not?" she said, taking the little girl's hand.

"Yes, there is," whispered the child, while her cheek crimsoned, and her voice faltered.

"What is it Susan?" enquired Lady Emily, in her own soft voice, and smiling kindly.

Susan struggled within herself, and then, after much hesitation replied:

"It is a great favour ma'am."

"A favour, poor child," returned Lady Emily, "any that you would ask, is granted ere expressed, tell me what you wish."

Thus encouraged, Susan looked up eagerly, her eyes sparkling with animation, as she said:

"Last evening mother let me read her a whole chapter from the bible, and when I had finished, she told me she liked it; I then said, 'oh mother, if you would only go to church, you would often hear such beautiful words.' 'How can I go to church child,' she replied, 'when I have no gown fit to appear in.'"

Here Susan paused, and again looked down.

"Ah, I see it now, dear Susan, you wish your mother to have a new gown to go to church in," returned Lady Emily, "your pious desire shall be gratified, she shall have one, and you shall make it for her if you like."

"Oh, dear lady," cried Susan, clasping her hands joyfully, "how good, how kind," and she kissed the hand extended towards her, while a tear of gratitude fell upon it. The next day, a neat and appropriate one was accordingly selected by Lady Emily's maid, and arranged for Susan to commence on the following Saturday. Lady Emily watched the delight which the child seemed to take in this task, with interest; she wished her to be assisted in order that it might the sooner be completed, but Susan expressed a desire to do it all herself, and that nothing might be said about it to her mother, until she carried it home to surprise her.

And now the day had arrived that Sir Charles Courtenay and his sister were expected at the Falcon's Nest. Amy could not not help feeling anxious to see