

Wallingford folded his arms on the window-ledge, and listened with his whole heart to the sound. The spell was broken by little Lucy, who had succeeded in getting off Edith's sun-bonnet, and twisting a rosebud in her hair, but during the operation, the whole array of her thick tresses became loosened from the comb that confined them and fell in disorder over her neck and shoulders. Edith laughed and shook her finger at the mischievous child, who sprung round her neck and drenched her with kisses.

"O look, Miss Clive, there is brother Edmund laughing at you," said Isabel, the eldest of her pupils, for Wallingford had unconsciously thrown the blind wide open. Edith glanced up at the window, and then, covered with blushes, made her way into the house with all possible speed.

At breakfast Wallingford looked for her in vain. "Does not Miss Clive breakfast with us?" he asked.

"She breakfasts and dines with the children in the school-room, and it would be more proper if she took her tea there also," replied Mrs. John Wallingford, drawing herself up, as she always did when angry. He offered no reply to the remark, but resolved that she should throw no impediment in the way of his intercourse with Edith.

"Come in," said the sweet voice of the latter, as he knocked at the school-room door previous to his departure to New York, which was within an hour's sail of the residence of Constance and her family, and thither his professional duties called him daily.

"Have you any commands for the city, Miss Clive?" he asked, as she looked up from the copy she was writing for his sister Helen.

"None, I thank you," she replied, blushing slightly as the scene in the garden came to her mind.

Wallingford was punctuality itself. He was never known to be in the house beyond a certain time, but now he lingered till the voice of Constance was heard calling, "my dear Edmund you will be too late for the boat;" and her smile brought the color into his cheek, as she hoped he had been improving his time in the school-room as well as his sisters had done since they had been under the care of Miss Clive, and he hastened away, more to escape her railery than to avoid losing his trip to the city.

He had only performed a simple act of courtesy from a gentleman to a lady, but acts of courtesy and words of kindness had been almost strangers to poor Edith since the death of her parents. For the last seven years she had been a dependent drudge in her uncle's family, and nothing but a most happy and buoyant temperament, aided by deep religious principle, had sustained her; but she had learned to gather life's flowers and tread lightly on its thorns. The simple question, "have you any commands for the city?" at first excited her unbounded surprise, and then came the thought, "how kind, and how like his sweet mother!" and the tone and look with which she thanked him arose in his mind, amid law-papers and clients, during the whole day.

And day after day passed by, and Edith Clive won the hearts of all the household with the exception of Mrs. John Wallingford. To Constance, who, as I have said, was somewhat indolent, she became perfectly indispensable.

"My dear Edith, (for she soon dropped the more formal appellation of Miss Clive,) will you see that the spare bed-room is in-

order. My friend, Mrs. Howard will be here to-morrow." Or, "Edith, dear, will you see everything arranged for our guests this-afternoon. A note from Edmund informs me that a perfect host of unexpected company will be here by to-morrow eveing. The south, west, and little corner rooms will be in requisition" and Edith, (who had been accustomed to perform the same services in her uncle's family, but without the smiling thanks that rewarded her here) would have all that related to the comfort of every one in perfect order. Fresh water and flowers in every room, while the bed-linen would be fragrant with the perfume of lavender and sweet-scented grass, which she scattered in that salutary, the linen-closet, over which she now reigned supreme. Then Betty, the cook, would say, "Miss Clive, would't you mix up some cake this afternoon? Your cake is so much lighter and delicater than mine,"—and Edith would good-humoredly relieve her of the trouble of cake-making, till Edith's cake became the only kind which could be eaten in the family. The landlady would come to her to learn how she planted, and so nicely, and even the gardener, who seldom brooked any interference in his sphere, would ask her to select the flowers which were to adorn the drawing-room.

The children perfectly worshipped her. How they improved! No one could explain, for the merry voices, and peals of happy laughter were heard at all times from the school-room, but improve they certainly did, in degree, that astonished every one. Isabel, at whom her Italian music-master had groaned in despair, soon learned to play remarkably well for a girl of eleven, under Edith's tuition. Helen, the second daughter of Constance, had been pronounced a complete duce by Miss Crofton; but now showed as much fondness for her studies, as she had formerly manifested aversion; "dear Miss Clive was always so kind and good, and took so much trouble to make her understand all she studied;" while little Lucy, who had hated the very sight of A, B, C, with her whole heart, was now deep in the mysteries of the art of reading. They were no longer the shy, nervous, reserved children who distressed their mother by their awkward ways, and were dull and uninteresting to strangers; but their spirits being allowed free play, and their energies enlivened and well-directed, the difference was felt by both their mother and her friends, and by the former in a way which bound her heart to Edith Clive. And Wallingford began each day to grow more and more impatient for the hour of his return home, and when Edith was visible he was always at her side; no walk or drive was endurable unless she made one of the party, and the little bunch of myrtle and geranium which fell from her bosom, was pressed to his lips, and hoarded like a miser's treasure. Yet dearly as he loved her, and much as he longed to tell her so, he feared to lose her friendship in the effort to gain her heart. And yet he was proud. He knew well his own advantage of wealth, station and person, and he knew well that more than one fair hand would willingly have belonged to him. But what were all these advantages compared in his own mind to Edith Clive?

PART II.

"My dear daughter," said Mrs. John Wallingford, "I do beseech you not to make Miss Clive and yourself both ridiculous, by pushing her forward on that occasion."

The occasion in question was to be given by Constance on Edmund's 26th birth-day, and Edith had just left the room to execute an order of Constance, when the remark was made.

"I shall let things take their own course," was the reply. "I shall neither push her forward nor keep her in the back-ground. I shall not do so unjudicious a thing as to call for admiration of one whose own loveliness will be sure to attract it, nor will I try to throw her in the shade."

"Your infatuation, and that of Edmund, is a matter which is perfectly unaccountable to me. I presume I shall be told, before long, that I must prepare to receive her as a granddaughter."

"Nothing more likely," answered Constance, as she followed Edith out of the room.

"I will see if I cannot prevent that," thought the old lady, as she fanned herself with no little vehemence.

We honor old age, when, as we have seen it, it looks quietly forward to that world to which it is so soon to belong, with a heart disinterested from the interests of earth. We honor old age which can still sympathize with two hopes and wishes of the young, though with pulses chilled by oblation and time, and thought. We can feel for, and gladly soothe the fretfulness of old age, when wearisome infirmities make life a pain; but we can neither love nor honor old age, when the evil passions of former years still sway the heart which should be filled with thoughts of heaven. Then, alas! the hoary head is only a crown of shame!

The eventful evening of the party arrived and Edith, in a simple dress of white muslin, with no other ornament than a wreath of geraniums in her hair, looked her loveliest, and Constance could not repress a glance of triumph at her mother-in-law, as Edith was beset by so many invitations for her hand in the dance. But the wrath of Mrs. John Wallingford was at its height, when Mr. Elmore, the most distinguished looking man in the room, asked for an introduction to Miss Clive, while a pang passed through the heart of Wallingford as, after a few words spoken by Elmore, he noticed the smiles of Edith gave place to a flushed cheek and tearful eyes, while Elmore spoke in an earnest animated tone.

"I think you must acknowledge that our young friend is somewhat versed in the art of flirting," observed Mrs. John Wallingford, as Edith raised her eyes to the face of Elmore, with an expression of feeling unusual to her when conversing with a stranger.

In a fit of jealous petulance Wallingford approached them.

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Miss Clive, but I believe you are engaged to me for the quadrille which is now forming," said he with an irritation in his voice and manner, which the subject did not seem to warrant.

"Miss Clive and myself are old friends," said Elmore, as he resigned her to him. "I had the happiness to have her excellent father for my tutor and friend, before I became your classmate at Harvard, and I well remember the mischievous little sprite who hid my books and pencils, and was sure to be forgiven; do what she would. But for friend will scarcely forgive me for making you so grave on the present occasion, my dear Miss Clive," he added, turning to Edith, "My reminiscences had been better deferred till a more fitting time." As