

not allow this, and on he went, the fever of his mind increasing at every mile, and with it considerable bodily suffering, till at length, at the village of Pontarlier, he was compelled to halt, perfectly incapacitated from proceeding another step. Poor Antonio was in despair, for the place only afforded one miserable inn, where nothing could be obtained that was most required. But Sir Claude was now too ill to heed any thing. He laid himself down on the comfortless bed to which he was conducted, indifferent whether he ever rose from it again or not. His noble and prepossessing appearance, however, interested his hostess so much that she sent to acquaint the curé of the village that a strange gentleman had arrived at her house, who she feared would die, intreating that he would come to visit him. The curé, Monsieur St. Aubin, a most amiable and excellent man, instantly obeyed the summons, and found Sir Claude in a raging fever. He learnt from Antonio his name, and he insisted upon having him removed to his own home, a small but exquisitely neat abode, which, contrasted with the one they had left, appeared a little paradise. A cheerful, pretty room was hastily prepared for the invalid, where a bed of unrivalled cleanliness received his wearied limbs. "Emelie, the curé's daughter, attended upon him, and administered a draught, that after a while produced sleep, the first he had enjoyed for many successive days. Monsieur St. Aubin and Antonio sat with him throughout the night, during which he awoke several times, starting up, and calling for water to slake the distressing thirst that parched his throat. By the following day he seemed so exhausted that his faithful attendant began to have serious apprehensions for his life, particularly as the doctor who was summoned to his bedside appeared an ignorant man, in whom little confidence could be placed. Monsieur St. Aubin possessed some knowledge of pharmacy himself, and he exerted his utmost skill for the sake of his interesting guest, who for days and weeks languished in a highly dangerous state, at times perfectly delirious. Emelie was his gentle and attentive nurse by day, preparing with her own hands every thing he took. She was an only child, and her father's dearest treasure: mild, engaging, and simple, and withal so pleasing in appearance, that she was considered quite the belle in her native village. She owed all that she knew to her father, to whom she was devotedly attached, looking up to him as to one endowed with superhuman knowledge. She had never in her life travelled beyond her native village, consequently she considered it the most beautiful place in the world. She had lost her mother when a little child, and scarcely remembered her; yet she felt it to be a religious duty to carry flowers to strew over her grave on each anniversary of her death.

Monsieur St. Aubin was the preceptor of most of the children in Pontarlier, and great delight he took

in sowing the good seed in their young and tender hearts. At early dawn he might be seen surrounded by his pupils, all eager to receive his commendations—all equally anxious to avoid the mild rebuke, which was ever given more in sorrow than in anger, as he viewed them with a father's eye, and marked them

"Still pressing, longing to be right,
Yet fearing to be wrong;
In these the Pastor dares delight,
A lamb-like, Christ-like throng."

On Emelie he bestowed infinite pains, and, added to the two useful acquirements of reading and writing, she possessed a fair knowledge of arithmetic, and, to the astonishment of her less gifted companions, understood a little of geography. These, since the arrival of Sir Claude, she had laid aside, to give her whole attention to him, carrying her work into his room, where she would sit perfectly still, occasionally casting anxious glances upon him if he moved, or flying to his bedside if he spoke. Her solicitude for his recovery increasing in proportion to the interest she could not but feel for one so eminently superior to all she had ever beheld; and many were the tears she shed when she heard from the lips of her father that the noble stranger must die if his fever did not speedily yield before the remedies applied.

Antonio was equally devoted in his attendance on his unfortunate master. He bitterly lamented the dissensions that had torn him from his home; but he dared not act for him, or take any steps, unauthorized, to acquaint Lady Brereton with his danger. Happily from this anxiety and doubt he was relieved at the end of a few weeks, when an amendment began to take place in Sir Claude—the fever abating, and consciousness returning—yet so reduced was he in strength as to be unable to turn himself in his bed without assistance. This deplorable weakness lasted longer than it might have done, for the want of proper remedies; but a kindly and most merciful Providence, without whose help all human efforts to save are unavailable, blessed the humble means within reach, and in another fortnight he was able to sit up for a few hours in each day. He spoke very seldom; but in the little that he did say he expressed his deep sense of the kindness shown to an utter stranger by the worthy Monsieur St. Aubin, who felt richly repaid in seeing him out of danger. Now that he required less sedulous care, Emelie did not venture into his room so frequently, unless sent there by her father, when, with gentle steps and a faint blush on her cheek, she would steal towards him to ask if he wished for any thing. Too often she found him deeply immersed in thought—his elbow resting on the table, his head supported by his hand—unheeding her approach; and when at length her soft voice gained his attention, he would raise his face quickly, gaze on her for a few