

"I could believe I was twelve years old again, learning my lessons, as I used to do. O, dear old gouvernante, I wish it was true!"

She laid her cheek against the "dear old gouvernante's" lap. A kind hand was laid on her shining hair. Very kind, loving, yet regretful eyes were bent upon her.

"My dear, the past is for none of us; the present is for all; and it is enough. Take care of it."

Two or three days afterwards, Madame de Vigny and Miss Kendal called at Redwood. They were shown into the drawing-room. Miss Maturin was with Mr. Hesketh, who, the servant said, was not so well as he had been the day before. This was all; but Miss Kendal sighed, and appeared restless, as was her wont when she was seriously troubled. Blanche's light chatter, as she glanced observantly about the room, at the pictures, the statuettes, the books, and music, seemed discordantly out of season. Blanche herself looked almost cruelly brilliant, blooming, and gay, as she stood on tiptoe to examine more nearly a very pretty water colour sketch of Caroline, executed six or seven years back. She indulged in many little admiring exclamations in French and English, and finally turned to Miss Kendal.

"O! your Caroline must be vraiment belle comme un ange. I wish she would come."

"Moderate your expectations," said the elder lady, in her most laconic manner. "She is not at all like an angel, and still less un ange."

The door opened, but it gave entrance, not to the expected Caroline, but to Vaughan. Of him, so soon as the usual greetings were over. Miss Kendal precipitately inquired particulars regarding his uncle. His tone was far more satisfactory than the servant's had been. The invalid had not slept quite so well, but was otherwise as usual. The doctor was now with him.

"And Caroline?"

"Pretty well. She looks pale and tired sometimes; she is such an indefatigable nurse."

So far Vaughan had acquitted himself faultlessly. His air was easy and courteous: his voice had the precise inflection of seriousness, and no more, that was suitable to the tenor of the words. The shade of gravity still subdued his face as he turned to Madame de Vigny with some more indifferent remark. Evidently he was master of himself for the time. He had been taking into rigorous discipline those rebellious, vagrant feelings which had nearly betrayed him. With desperate bravery he even dared to encounter the same power which had vanquished him awhile before. Fearlessly, he seated himself near the syren, looked at her,

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