

is very necessary, owing to the death of one of my trustees, but which I could not have done, without seeing Amy in a place of safety. On my return, I trust to have formed some new plan, which will relieve you of your charge."

"But do you not fear to encounter the Duke?"

"I have no fears but for Amy—Annetta will accompany me, and we shall keep ourselves so quiet, that it would be singular, if in that large city, we should happen to meet. In the meantime, I should like much to see Mr. Martyn."

"That you shall do today," said the Earl, "perhaps you would prefer his coming to receive Lady Amanda, to my doing so."

"I fully appreciate the delicacy of your Lordship's proposal," replied Mrs. Somerville; "it would indeed prove an additional comfort to me, to give the child of Agnes into his own hands, and I am sure you enter into my feelings."

"Perfectly so, they are quite natural."

Lady Amanda was now summoned, and informed by Mrs. Somerville of the Earl's proposal, and that Mr. Martyn was to be her guardian. The moment she understood that Mrs. Somerville was not to accompany her, she burst into tears, and threw herself on her bosom, avowing that she would not leave her.

"But, my child, your safety and my peace demand it," said Mrs. Somerville; "were I to go with you, we should be discovered without a doubt—but by dividing, the danger is comparatively removed, added to which I shall be ruined," she continued smiling, "if I do not attend to the advice of my agent." A very few weeks will restore us to each other."

"But you may be ill, or you may encounter them," said the poor girl shuddering.

"My Amy, you must strive against imaginary fears. Let us put our trust in that God, who has never yet forsaken us," returned Mrs. Somerville with solemnity, "nor can we be too grateful for the protection offered to you, which I feel to be quite an interposition of Providence."

Amy now turned her eyes on Lord Blondville, who immediately approaching her, and taking her hand, said:

"You know I found you trespassing on my grounds, therefore I have a right to take both you and Ursula prisoners; but I think we may afford you some resources which will mitigate the severity of your confinement, and you shall not find in me so harsh a jailor as Father Anselm."

"Oh, name him not," cried Amy, covering her eyes with both hands; "yes, I will go with you; when will Mr. Martyn come?"

The Earl smiled at the eagerness she had displayed, though he felt for the fears which could thus overcome her grief at leaving Mrs. Somerville. It was then arranged that towards the approach of

evening Mr. Martyn should call for her; soon after which the Earl took his leave, carrying away with him the prayers and blessings of this interesting family, with whom he had become so soon, and so strangely acquainted.

As the day gradually declined, and it grew dusk, Mrs. Somerville and her young charge became agitated, and sat listening, waiting, and watching—Amy with her head resting on the bosom of one who had been to her as a devoted mother. At length carriage wheels were heard rapidly approaching—they both actually trembled. Ursula, the vigilant Ursula, had been at the gate for some time, and the moment she beheld the Earl's coronet, she unlocked it to admit the welcome visitor. A gentleman attired in black alighted at the door, and was ushered by her into the house. His age seemed about forty-five. A sprinkling of grey was mixed with what had once been jet black hair, and was worn so short as to display the full form of his high and intellectual forehead—there was a grave sadness in his pale interesting countenance, which suited well with his deep toned voice, as he enquired for Mrs. Somerville. On being shown into the room where she was, he approached her holding out both hands, which she warmly pressed in hers; his eyes then turned on the youthful figure of Amy, who was timidly looking in his face, as he gently drew her towards him. Long and earnestly did he gaze upon her beautiful features, and as he stroked with his hand her clustering ringlets, he said with much affection.

"So you are to be my dear child at last. His ways are indeed inscrutable, and past finding out. How singular to have been so near, and never to have met, never to have heard of you till today."

"Not so, when you consider how we are obliged to seclude ourselves," replied Mrs. Somerville; "but, my dear friend, will you promise to watch over Amy," she continued laying her hand impressively on his arm, "to be a father to her, never to lose sight of her, until I return to claim her from you?"

"I do promise most solemnly. Have no fears, Amy shall be to me as a daughter."

"To none other than yourself would I have intrusted so precious a charge, even for a few weeks," returned Mrs. Somerville, "Lord Blondville seems all generosity, all honour, but he is young, and to me a stranger."

"He is a noble minded being," said Mr. Martyn, "and when a few more years will have passed, his mind will have still more opened to higher and better things. Few would have borne prosperity as he has done; no shadow has ever darkened his path and yet his whole feelings are alive to the sufferings and wants of others; his mother, the Countess of Blondville, and his sisters, the Ladies Clarendon, pay him an annual visit—they form, when together, a charming family group. Unfortunately for Lady