

these things trouble me so much, for I know it is wrong to care so much about them, but I can't help it. I have not told you this to excite your pity; but that you may know that others have their daily trials as well as yourself. Do not think, dear child, that I do not compassionate your sad lot; only try to remember the comforts which you do enjoy, notwithstanding the ills you are called upon to endure. Think how much worse your fate might have been, if your grandparents had refused to provide for you; and be sure if you have patience, and do what is right, in due time you will have your reward."

Louisa was now weeping violently. "Ah, you don't, you can't know, what it is to live as I do. And I felt so sure that—you—could help me; but you can't, I know now, for grandmamma wouldn't listen to 'a governess.' She is so bitter against anyone that teaches, because of papa. But I can't, and won't, stand this miserable life much longer—I will not!" she continued passionately, as with compressed lips and clenched hands she started to her feet, while the angry flashing eyes and determined countenance told of strong will and firm resolution. "If I was a boy," she said, "I would run away and go to sea; but I am only a girl, and there is so little that a girl can do. But I will find some way to escape before long, if things continue like this—that I will!" and she stamped her foot impatiently upon the ground. Isabel could scarcely believe that the passionate girl before her was indeed the same child who had sat at her side so meekly not a moment before. She no longer paid any attention to Louisa's complaints. Her thoughts were far away with the only one in whom she had ever seen this sudden transition from persuasive gentleness to stormy anger; for the proud, passionate girl brought him vividly to her mind, though the wide ocean rolled between them. She saw again the proud curling lip, and the dark expressive eyes, which one moment would beam on her in love, and the next flash with angry light and stern displeasure; the haughty mien and proud defiance, blended with a strange fascinating gentleness, that had won her heart. The time was present to her imagination, when with passionate entreaty he had urged upon her the necessity for a secret marriage, and in fondest accents implored her not to refuse, as he was positive that her father would never consent to their union; and his fearful burst of passion when she most entirely, though tearfully, refused to accede to his request. Even now she trembled as she recalled