

excellent Mr. Grosvenor one whose age rendered him a more fitting counsellor, she felt exonerated from the performance of this promise at present.

"He must have heard long since of my loss," she thought; "if he is anxious about me, will he not make some enquiries? No, I will not—cannot obtrude myself upon his notice."

There was a native dignity united to the humility so beautifully conspicuous in the character of Emmeline, that made her shrink at times from her present state of dependence. She felt that, unconnected as she was with Mr. Grosvenor, she had no right to remain a burden on him, especially as he was by no means a rich man. Once she ventured to speak to him on the subject, expressing her wish to earn a subsistence for herself, by taking either the situation of governess or companion: but he would not hear of it.

"No, my child," he replied, "you are much too young and too lovely to be launched into an evil world, in a position so full of trial. Would I be fulfilling my word to your dying aunt were I to permit it? No. So if you are not tired of an old man, and his garrulous sister Bessey, you will remain to cheer our lonely hearth, and spare us the pain of seeing a vacant chair."

"Tired!" exclaimed Emmeline, tears starting to her eyes, "Oh, gladly would I remain with such dear friends forever, if my conscience would permit it; but to encumber you with Ruth, who you see will not leave me, as well as with myself, I cannot think it just or right."

"But if I think it just and right, what business have you to say nay?" returned Mr. Grosvenor, smiling; "besides, I could not spare Ruth any more than I could yourself, since I have learned her value: so do not plague me any more, child, but go and help Bessey to make the apple tart, and see that she puts plenty of cloves and sugar into it."

Emmeline smiled, and affectionately pressed the good man's hand, then flew off to obey the playful mandate, thinking the while how far better it was to remain in the valley of humiliation with God's own people, than to dwell in high places, where his image was excluded and his precepts disregarded.

The spring was just beginning to peep forth and spread her pale green mantle over the face of the earth. The snow drops and crocuses raised their sweet heads above the ground; the soft showers fell glittering in the rays of the sun, while the joyous notes of the birds, and the plough-boy's merry whistle, all proclaimed that nature had awoken from her long sleep, to offer the homage of praise to Him her Creator and Preserver. It was a season peculiarly dear to the young Emmeline, from the associations it had in her mind with her childhood's happy home. Every bud, every flower, brought with it memories the most saddening, yet the most

dear. She would not have parted with them for worlds, and pleasantly she found it to talk to Miss Grosvenor of bygone hours, for well could that amiable lady enter into every feeling of the young and ingenuous girl, whose frequent mention of Lord Avon's name, accompanied as it ever was by a deep blush, revealed a tale that sometimes made her smile, at others sorrowful; for she plainly saw that his influence over her happiness was greater than she herself suspected.

"Sweet young creature, and what but cold disappointment must await her?" would the sympathising maiden say with a sigh; "as well might the dove seek its mate in the eagle's nest as for Emmeline to hope to become the bride of proud Lord Windermere's son. Ah, love, love! when did thy course run in smooth waters? Never but when we place it on the true object, and in purity and holiness lay our hearts at the foot of the cross."

It was on one of the brightest mornings the season had yet put forth, that our would-be fashionable Mrs. Larkins sat at the window of her magnificent drawing-room, engaged in embroidering a bunch of rose buds, when suddenly her attention was arrested by an exclamation from Maria.

"Oh! look, look, mamma, whose can that handsome carriage be? I never saw the crest or liveries before."

Mrs. Larkins raised her head. It was a plain travelling carriage, and four splendid horses.

"Dear me, some distinguished arrival. See, my love, which way it turns," said mamma.

"I protest it is Lord Avon, and there is a lady with him," again cried Maria, as the carriage stopped, while a servant descended to make some inquiry, when it immediately dashed on again.

"Is it possible? Can he then be married? I have not seen it announced in the papers."

"The lady was not in the least like Lady Barbara Guise," retorted Maria, "but a very fair, pleasing looking person; who can she be, and where can they be going, for there is no one at Traverscourt now."

While they were conjecturing, Lucy entered, flushed with her walk.

"How long you have been absent," observed Mrs. Larkins, "and how bloused you look, as if you had been walking miles in the wind. I hope you took Harry with you, it is so vulgar to go alone?"

"Oh, yes, gold headed cane and all," replied her daughter, with a crimsoned cheek; "I was detained in Price's shop, where I met Miss Milman."

"Of course you did not speak to her?"

"Yes, I was obliged to do so, as Miss Grosvenor was with her; but you need not look so cross about it, for I saw a carriage and four standing at the gates of the parsonage just now, and on enquiring