

heartfelt cordiality by Mrs. Willis and the family. Frederick was at home, having obtained a holiday, that he might be there when she arrived. Mrs. W. ushered her into their little parlour, which, though humble, was extremely neat, and tastefully decorated with flowers gathered by the girls for the occasion; but Julia saw neither furniture nor flowers; she saw nothing but Charles reclining in an easy chair, looking pale and ill. He arose to welcome her, and she answered something, she scarcely knew what, about not expecting to see him, and such like phrases.

"Why, didn't papa tell you that Charles had come home?" said Emma.

"No, I did not," said Mr. Willis; "I wished to surprise her."

"There, Emma," said Mrs. Willis, "take Julia's things, I shall want Caroline to assist me in the kitchen, as I can imagine a little refreshment would not be unwelcome after riding all day. You see," she added, turning to Julia, with a smile, "that I have to be my own cook, and Caroline is my housemaid, so you must excuse our necessary absence a short time."

She left the room, and Julia recovered her self-possession sufficiently to enquire of Charles respecting his health.

"Oh! it is nothing but a slight cold which makes me feel rather uncomfortable, but I shall be better of it in a few days, I presume; but you are looking paler than when you left—I think teaching does not agree with you."

"I assure you I am perfectly well, only somewhat fatigued; but what a pretty situation this is; it appears much more pleasant than it did before I went away."

"I am glad you think so," said Frederick. "We were afraid it would seem dull and lonely to you after living with such gay people, but I hope you haven't left your heart there, though we heard some such report, I believe."

"If you did, I assure you it was perfectly unfounded. My absence has wrought no change, except to teach me the value of friends, and that 'Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.'"

Caroline now entered to say the tea was ready, and they were soon seated around the well-spread table. Nearly a year had elapsed since they had been together, and they were at no loss for conversation; it was not until the clock chimed the hour of midnight that they retired to their apartments.

The next day Mr. Willis consulted an eminent lawyer as to the best means of substantiating Julia's claim to her grandfather's property, who advised him to go to England and appear per-

sonally in her behalf, as by so doing it might prevent much trouble that would otherwise arise.

Arrangements were immediately made for the prosecution of his journey. Charles did not require much persuasion to induce him to remain at home until his father's return. His health was still delicate, rest and quiet were necessary for its re-establishment, and there was yet a stronger inducement for him to remain; he felt that his future happiness would be wrecked, did not the fair orphan deign to "smile propitious on his suit." Though as yet he had made no formal avowal of his sentiments, he felt very uncertain as to the result, should he venture to do so, and he feared lest she should think him actuated by mercenary motives; but remembering the old adage, "that faint heart never won fair lady," he determined to make the trial, as she could but refuse him, and suspense was worse than certainty, even though it destroyed all his blissful anticipations. There had been times when he fancied she reciprocated his affection, and then again she would appear so reserved that he was entirely at a loss to understand her. The knowledge he had lately obtained of her being an heiress, had not the least effect on his love for her. He loved her for herself alone, with a pure, devoted attachment, which neither time nor distance could destroy, unlike most of the sex, whose love generally is ———, but we will not give place to the thoughts that just now came to mind, lest some of the "lords of creation" might take offence; yet it is not often that love is so unalloyed with some baser metal, though there are doubtless some few exceptions, as in this case.

On a bright and lovely evening in September, about a month after Julia's return, she might have been seen wending her way to a beautiful and picturesque grove in the rear of the house. She appeared in deep communion with her own thoughts, while ever and anon she would wipe away the tears just ready to fall; she entered the arbour which had become her favourite retreat, and seating herself, drew a book from her reticule, and was soon apparently absorbed in its contents. Approaching footsteps aroused her, and on raising her eyes she perceived Charles standing a few feet from her, seemingly undecided whether to advance or retreat.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as she arose and closed the book, "I did not mean to disturb you; indeed I was not aware of your being here; but if you consider my presence as an intrusion, I will leave you to your solitude again."

"Oh! no, believe me I do not consider it so—far