

his finely-cut mouth also, I fancied, was capable of speaking the liveliest nonsense or the keenest satire. "You may come up to Elmyr Hall on to-morrow week," he said, in a tone which struck me as being more official and dignified than the present case demanded. He noticed a sort of smile flit across Mr. Heathcote's face, and he added in a kinder voice: "that is if you please." When he was gone Mr. Heathcote told me that he was sure I would like my new position, as I would be treated always as a lady, whilst my only care would be the charge of Miss Laura, who was a dear little girl, and she was to be given entirely into my care. I called upon Aunt Langsley that evening, and the dear old lady wept herself to sleep after I had gone.

Laura Elmyr was, indeed, a dear child. I had been at the Hall but a short time when she became much attached to me, and as she was a general favorite, the young Squire, who was now spending his long vacation from college, was much with us. At first, I must acknowledge, I rather admired him, but as we became better acquainted, I found him such an unbearable quiz that I began to dread the long winter evenings, and commenced to look upon his white intellectual forehead, wondering if there were really anything better than foolishness inside it. Then at times, he would relax his nonsense, and talk with me in such a frank manner, that I almost doubted I was not his equal. Sometimes he would stop short in some fine sentence, and looking me full in the face, ask my opinion on some abstruse thing in Metaphysics, and once, when I remonstrated against such usage, he laughed goodnaturedly and said, "Then you don't know anything about such grinds? that's monstrous strange. You're deucedly clever in most things, music especially, and I somehow fancied you were well up in———confound it, you must excuse me for boring you with such stuff. I think if a fellow stays at college much longer, he will just forget how to address anyone respectfully, much less to associate with a *lady*." He placed a peculiar stress upon the last word, and I was beginning to be more at ease with him than I had been before, when, as usual, he applied his eye-glass to one side of his nose, and leaning back on his chair, began staring at me. I grew accustomed to this in time, and as month followed month, his intrusions, even upon our study hours, were almost excusable. "Why don't you talk with me more freely," he said one evening, as he lounged upon a camp stool, upon the South gallery, during the next summer. "I rather like your style, but somehow you never chat with a fellow, nor flatter him, nor pull his whiskers, like most of the other young ladies do. I understand your silence. You think you are not quite up to the scratch in respect to family, *et cetera*, but let me tell you, personal worth is more valued in Canada than it is at home, and I have seen qualities in your character which are sufficient to place you in a higher position than that you now occupy."

Grand parties were occasionally given at the Hall during the lifetime of Squire Walter.

"Who is that young lady at the piano, who sings so sweetly, with such black hair and eyes?" asked Miss Clayton, who was leaning upon Squire Walter's arm, on one of these occasions.