

come composed and resigned, particularly as that period is fixed upon to consummate his dearest hopes."

One bright and beautiful day, a party was formed to visit the ruins of the Abbey, in the vicinity of Woodland Manor. All the preparations for a cold, yet splendid banquet, had been made, while to enhance their pleasure, Lord De Melfort engaged a band to be in attendance. With a light and joyous heart Rosetta mounted her favourite palfrey, who from his eager movements, as he pawed the ground, seemed proud to bear his young and beautiful mistress once more.

"Poor Sultan," she said, patting his glossy neck, "we have been strangers to each other too long; many a happy hour have we passed together in days of yore."

"An' money a blithe ane ye will pass again, my bonny leddy," said old Donald Gray, adjusting her reins; but ye maun tak tent o' yoursel', for he is frolicsome enou', an' needs the curb like ither folks, I trow."

Rosetta slightly coloured at these words, and turning to Colonel Lennox, who accompanied her, she made some casual remark, when they rode off together, followed by Lord De Melfort and Blanche, in his curricule, and the rest of the party, some in carriages, and the rest mounted on horseback.

No spot could be better adapted for such an amusement than the one chosen; the ruins in themselves being full of interest, and possessing that repose so in keeping with their monastic character, while the surrounding country, rich and beautiful in the extreme, with a fine river meandering in its course, and bounded on one side by high hills covered with wild flowers, moss, and various plants, formed a whole not easily surpassed, and which was rendered still more attractive by the autumnal tints on the foliage. All seemed to feel the genial influence of the day, and none more so than Lord De Melfort, whose joyous laugh again greeted the delighted ears of Blanche. The party was small and select, composed of intimate friends, whose tastes and feelings well harmonized; and while the young people wandered through every dingle, and mounted some of the highest points, to gain a more extensive prospect, the elders remained sitting under the shadow of the trees, listening to the music, and watching the domestics as they arranged their rural repast.

At the appointed hour all met again, Blanche looking the personification of happiness, as she hung upon the Earl's arm, who had wreathed all the wild flowers they had gathered in their walk amongst the ribbons of her bonnet. Rosetta and Colonel Lennox were the last to arrive. What had been their conversation during their ramble, it was impossible to imagine; but while on her countenance were expressed strong agitation and distress, on his

appeared sorrow and vexation. She left him, and drew near her mother, throwing herself on the grass by her side, as she cast off her riding hat, and laid her head down upon her knee.

"You have fatigued yourself, I fear, my dear child," said Lady Neville, anxiously, and stroking back her long fair ringlets.

"Oh, no, dearest mamma!" said the sweet girl, looking up in her mother's face, while her eyes were filled with tears. "Believe that I am as well and as happy as I deserve to be."

Lady Neville sighed, but she made no other remark as she perceived the gaze of Colonel Lennox rivetted upon them both.

The season was too far advanced to render their lingering until the evening dews prudent; and although a few remonstrances were made by the young people, yet they were easily persuaded to yield their wishes to those of their parents. The carriages and horses were accordingly ordered at an early hour. During dinner, Colonel Lennox had placed himself opposite to Rosetta, maintaining an unusual silence, and now, instead of coming forward to assist her as before, he left her to the care of her uncle, while he proceeded to mount his own horse. She had only just vaulted into her saddle, and was in the act of kissing her hand to her mother, who appeared tenderly watching her, when suddenly two sportsmen emerged from behind the abbey, and before there was time to recognize in the one Captain Forester, he had fired at a covey of birds who were on the wing. The report of his gun so terrified her horse, that, giving a violent plunge, he immediately darted off at his fullest speed. It is needless to express the feelings of Lady Neville and of Blanche—indeed the emotion felt by the whole party in such a moment. Colonel Lennox instantly dashed after her, followed by Lord De Melfort's outriders. The utmost caution was required and used by Colonel Lennox, who was a perfect horseman. He knew that it would but accelerate her danger to proceed in the same direction, and he wheeled off to the left, his movements rapid as the lightning's flash. He perceived with dismay that the frightened animal was taking the direction of the river, and he dreaded each moment to see the unfortunate girl pitched to the ground. He had nearly reached her as her horse, with foaming and distended nostrils, gained the bank; but ere he succeeded in catching her reins, the creature alarmed yet more by the sight of the water, made a sudden bound, which threw Rosetta over his head into the stream. One shrill cry of horror burst from her lips. It was indeed a moment of eminent peril, before another passed, Colonel Lennox had dismounted and plunged in after her. Her long habit floating on the surface was eagerly grasped by him, and thus he bore her to the bank in safety. He supported her in his