

The proposal to receive Lord Avon for a time, proved very acceptable to Mr. Milman, who needed some stimulus to rouse him from the painful depression under which he was labouring. He had seen the young man but once, when he had been rather impressed in his favour. The Earl he knew to be a proud, haughty aristocrat, tyrannical in his family, and overbearing to his inferiors in rank and station, except when he could make them useful to himself. Lord Avon was his only son, his eldest child being a daughter, and married to Sir John Lumley, who was many years older than herself. Mr. Milman had never met the Lady Frances; but he had always heard that she bore a most amiable character. Their mother, the Countess of Windermere, had died in giving birth to the present heir—some said from a broken heart, owing to the harsh and cruel treatment of her lord, who was feared and hated by all depending upon him. Mr. Milman lost no time in replying to the letter, grateful that he was chosen as the instrument, (he hoped) of good to one destined to fill a high and influential position in society; and at the close of another week, Lord Avon arrived at Rosedale, accompanied by his servant, Austin, and a Newfoundland dog, named Blouse.

He was a fine, noble looking youth, possessing for his age, a most commanding appearance, with manners at once easy, graceful and polished. Yet it soon became evident that he had not come a willing visitor, to the quiet and retired abode of the good minister, who received him with the utmost cordiality, exerting and rallying his spirits with a painful effort, that he might not disgust him with a melancholy, in which it would be impossible for him to sympathise. The enlightened conversation of Mr. Milman could not fail to interest and attract a rational young man, such as Lord Avon appeared to be. But, ardent and full of life and spirits, how could it be expected that he should find himself suddenly transported from all his young companions and most favourite pursuits, to a retired village, and not suffer his chagrin and impatience to be at times apparent? Mr. Milman thought it perfectly natural, making every allowance for him, and wisely abstaining from the slightest display of authority, or dictation, aware that these would have been at once resented. Had Emmeline been but a few years older, beautiful as she was, Lord Avon might have beguiled many an hour, he fancied, in her society, but winning, engaging, and endearing, though she appeared in the sight of her father, a child of ten years old possessed no interest in his, and he scarcely ever designed to speak to her, while she, naturally retiring and modest, never obtruded herself on the stranger, more than politeness demanded. With his dog, however, she soon became excellent friends, and many a scamper they enjoyed together over the fields, her gay laugh vibrating painfully on the sensitive heart of Mr. Milman, as he gazed on her mourn-

ing attire, and remembered all that she had lost—all that he so keenly deplored. "Yet why wish to restrain her mirth, poor child," he would mentally say; "too soon will time bring sorrows in its train, that she may not so easily surmount as this. Happy, happy age, when tears glitter in the sunshine of smiles, and grief is forgotten in the buoyancy of youth." But there were hours when Emmeline could feel very sad, in the sombre twilight evenings, as she strolled in the nut walk, her mother's favourite resort, and thought on that beloved being forever gone, and all her kindness and affection. Bitterly would she then weep, unseen by all; nor could she recover her cheerfulness till the light of another day chased away her melancholy retrospections. All the time that Mr. Milman could devote to her, he gave her; once he had an idea of engaging a governess to in some measure compensate for the deprivation of her mother's invaluable instructions; but she pleaded so hard to continue his pupil alone, promising to be doubly attentive to her studies, that he yielded his intention to her wish. The love of Emmeline for her father, was without limit,—indeed on whoever she reposed her young affections it was with a depth and power which this excellent parent wisely strove to control; warning her that inordinate attachment to any earthly object was sinful in the sight of that God who claimed the first place in her heart. Ever anxious to afford others happiness, rather than to herself, most engaging it was to witness the little sacrifices which this sweet child would make to give pleasure to a young friend, or to bestow all her hoard of money for the relief of some distressed object. But, trained as she had been from infancy, in religious paths, her slightest act was performed upon a holy principle, and for the sake of her Redeemer. To be praised for any thing she did always distressed her, calling forth the reply, "It was not in me to do this good; if I had been left to myself, I should have neglected it—God put it into my heart, therefore praise him." Richly was her young mind stored, with the Scriptures, which possessed for her an interest the most intense, and her mother's Bible, marked in every page by her own dear hand, became after her death, her greatest treasure.

One morning she carried this precious book into the study of her father, to beg he would expound a text which she did not quite comprehend; but instead of finding Mr. Milman, as she expected, Lord Avon was there in search of a volume he wished to read. Emmeline blushed, and apologising for her intrusion, would have retreated.

"Come in little one," said Lord Avon, "what is it you want?"

"I wish very much to have this text explained to me," replied Emmeline timidly; "perhaps as papa is not here, you would have the goodness to do so."