

But where is Julia?" she continued. "I would have her with me."

"She is here," said Mrs. Willis, as Julia, accompanied by Dr. Hammond, entered the room. The doctor saw at a glance that all his art would be useless—that even now she was laboring under the pangs of the destroyer.

"Oh, mamma, how strange you look!" said Julia, bursting into an agony of tears, and clasping her mother round the neck. "What does ail you?"

"It is death," replied her mother, in a low, solemn tone; "and, my child, remember, when I am gone, to regard and obey Mrs. Willis as a mother."

Her breath continued to grow shorter and shorter until life became extinct. Her last breath was spent in commending her soul into the hands of her Redeemer. Julia seemed perfectly stupefied as she looked upon the cold, pale face of her mother; she sat seemingly unconscious of her situation until aroused by the voice of Mrs. Willis, as she said kindly, taking her by the hand,

"Come, my dear, we will go home."

"Home!" said Julia, starting up, "I have no home. Oh, why did you not take me with you, mamma, and not leave me all alone!"

"You are not alone, my love," said Mrs. Willis—"you shall be as my own child. Come, Julia!"

After a good deal of persuasion she succeeded in drawing her away from the sorrowful scene. Mr. and Mrs. Willis did indeed prove themselves friends. They attended to the funeral arrangements and to the disposal of the few effects which Mrs. Prescott left, not from any worldly motive, but from a principle of duty.

Julia Atwood, the mother of our young friend, was of English birth and parentage; her father was of an ancient aristocratic family, stern and unyielding in his principles—haughty and overbearing in his household; yet he almost idolized his daughter Julia, and every wish of her heart was gratified as soon as expressed.

Mrs. Atwood was a mild, inoffensive person, amiable in mind and manners, whose peculiar province was home, occupied in instilling into the youthful mind of her daughter those principles of virtue and rectitude which had been her own "guiding star." She had been the mother of six children, but one after another had been taken away, and Julia alone remained to cheer the desolate heart of her parents. She had every advantage which wealth could purchase, and aided by superior natural endowments, she was at the age of eighteen all that the fondest heart could

desire. Beautiful in person, as well as gifted in mental attainments, it was not surprising that many hearts were offered at her shrine, but from all she turned coldly away: her parents loved her too well to wish to exert any undue influence over her, though she had offers which even her haughty father would have felt proud to sanction, and it was only on the return of Edward Prescott from the Continent that she was made to feel the "magic power of love." Edward had been her playmate in childhood, and a sharer in all her youthful joys and sorrows. His family were equal in rank and wealth to that of the Atwoods, Edward's prospects for future eminence were bright and cloudless, and for once "the course of true love seemed to run smooth." But, alas! in an evil hour the elder Prescott yielded to temptation, and embarked the bulk of his property in a speculation which he fondly imagined would have added to his wealth; but it failed, (as speculations so often do,) and he was left in comparative beggary. He saved sufficient, however, to insure to his family the necessities of life, but that was all, and thus Edward's bright prospects were suddenly nipped in the bud. He knew Julia too well to think that he would be less dear to her on account of his poverty, but he also knew, or at least feared, that her father would never give his consent to his daughter's union to one penniless as he now was. However, he was not long left in suspense, for Mr. Atwood wrote him a coldly formal letter saying, that circumstances had occurred which would forever debar the projected union, and strictly prohibiting any further intercourse between the young people. The old gentleman had not calculated on the strength of his daughter's affection, or the strength of her will either; for though mild and amiable in her general deportment, she had more of her father's firmness and decision of purpose than he had imagined, and which only wanted occasion to bring into action. Though young Prescott was forbidden the house, they met in private, and after suing for the father's consent (or the hope of it at some future time) in vain, they determined to act without it. An elopement was the consequence, followed by letters intreating her parents' forgiveness. The old man raved like a madman to find himself foiled, and by his own daughter. He answered her letter saying, he had cast her off forever, and calling the curse of God to rest upon her as an undutiful child. He sent her a five pound note, with the comforting assurance that it was the last she need ever expect from him. Mrs. Atwood also wrote to her daughter according to her forgiveness and blessing, and said