

tinued, in a lighter tone, "let me lead you forward, for I want our friends to see you in all your smiles."

"Stay yet one moment," said the Earl, drawing a small packet from his bosom, which he hastily unfolded, and displayed a magnificent gold bracelet, richly worked, and the clasp brilliantly studded with diamonds. "Amy," he added, placing it on her arm, "this is to remind you of your promise, and of him to whom this dear hand henceforth belongs, when you retire to your room at night, open the clasp by this little spring."

"Oh, I needed not this to remind me, Harold," replied Amy, the colour mantling on her cheek, as her eyes met his affectionate and admiring gaze, "but, as your gift, it will indeed be prized; how exquisitely beautiful," and she continued lost in admiration, while examining it with all the delight of a young girl; until, recollecting herself, she looked up, and beheld the benignant smile with which both the Earl and Mr. Martyn were watching her:

"Forgive me for detaining you," she said; "I was forgetting," and, accepting an arm of each, the happy Amy entered the saloon.

No strangers were present today, except Lord Rosemount and Colonel d'Arcey, who were on a visit for a few days. Lord Blondewille led Amy towards the Countess, by whom was standing the beloved Arthur; the moment his favourite drew near, the child seized her hand, when his eyes became attracted by the bracelet; he held it up, exclaiming:

"Dear Amy, I never saw this before—who gave it to you?—how it sparkles."

The Earl gently strove to disengage her from him, but his attention, riveted by this new object, would not be diverted, and, in examining the clasp, he touched the spring, when it flew open, and displayed a miniature of Lord Blondewille, set round with brilliants:

"Why, here is Harold, I declare," cried the delighted and astonished boy—"how like it is—only look, Colonel d'Arcey."

Amy was indeed taken by surprise, and turned, confused and half distressed, towards the Earl, on whose face the colour had mounted in a tide of crimson.

"And why not, Harold, my child?" said Lady Blondewille, at once relieving the embarrassment she saw; "see, here is its companion, which your brother has had made at my request, and which I hope Amy will wear for my sake," and she presented a similar bracelet, studded with rubies, and containing an excellent likeness of Arthur, to the now agitated girl, who, bending down, unable to utter one word, was pressed to her maternal bosom with fond affection.

"Oh, how delightful!" cried Arthur, dancing joyously round her, "you have now got us both, dearest Amy—tell me, which of us do you like the

best?" and he held her hands together to compare them.

"It would be difficult to like any thing more than you, my darling," said Amy, hiding her burning face on his shoulder, as she stooped to caress him. At the same time, Lady Blondewille, turning to Colonel d'Arcey, who had viewed this scene with interest, whispered:

"You will not be surprised at the love we all feel for that dear girl, when I tell you, that, at the peril of her own life, she was the means, (through a gracious Providence,) of saving my precious Arthur."

"That circumstance must indeed prove an additional cause," replied Colonel d'Arcey, in the same low tone; "but, without so powerful an incentive, I never beheld a creature I could so readily have taken with me through life's journey."

"And would you know what makes her to differ from the many you are in the habit of meeting in the gay world," returned Lady Blondewille—"my answer is, religion—that magic word casts a halo round her fair young form, which stamps her a child of God."

"I am really quite affected by all this," said Miss Courtenay, who was sitting near, with Lady Matilda—"I wish I had my vinegarrette."

But she met no corresponding light reply from Lady Matilda, as the penetrating, dark eye of the Earl, at that moment, was resting upon her.

The voice of Amy was again heard this night, in all its melody; nor was the harp of Miss Courtenay silent, since there were still those present who she wished to please; and, although Lord Rosemount, insignificant in appearance and insipid in conversation, could ill replace the handsome Earl, yet, a coronet, united to a large fortune, were tempting foundations upon which to erect airy castles.

"My own dear father, said Amy, who, at a late hour, had retired apart from the cheerful group, with Mr. Martyn, "tell me how I may regulate this vast tide of happiness, which has today rushed on me—for I was unprepared to meet it, and I dread lest it should carry me away from those higher, holier duties which are so essential to my peace."

"My child," replied Mr. Martyn, "the first preservative against a danger is to be aware that one exists—and as your eyes are not closed against this knowledge, and you know where to seek for strength, you cannot be overpowered; the same Almighty Father who has brought you through so many afflictive trials, will not desert you in the more dangerous one of prosperity."

"Thank you, dear guardian," returned Amy, taking his hand, "how I delight to listen to you; and when I think I shall always now be near you, without the dread I used to feel of being torn from you, can I be too grateful?"

Warmly was Amy clasped in the embrace of Mrs.