

So it seems our fair Effie has a lover—and Herbert Stanley, too. Proud, wealthy handsome, and perfectly conscious of it, too, (as what gentleman is not,) he moved in the most aristocratic circles. But the bright, pure loveliness of Effie Carlton, was so unlike what he had been accustomed to, that he thought it would not be so very bad if she did work for a living, as people would soon forget that, when she became Mrs. Herbert Stanley.

And how is it with our gentle Effie? Is she perfectly heart-whole? Interested she certainly was. Left at an early age with no one to sit in the inner temple of her heart, no wonder that the gallant attentions and tender devotion of Herbert Stanley, made her for a time forget what had heretofore been her only life purpose. She had even thought that, together, perhaps they might be more successful than she, a weak, feeble girl, had been. Ah! Effie your knowledge of the world will be more extended soon.

"Ah! good evening, Miss Carlton; do I find you unengaged?" said Herbert Stanley, as she arose to receive him.

"Perfectly so," was Effie's blushing reply, as she noticed an unusual warmth in his manner.

The evening passed rapidly, too rapidly for Effie Carlton, for in those few brief hours her own hand had dashed from her lips the cup of joy, which was more to her than she had thought. He had asked her to be his wife—but upon these conditions, that she was to give up all search for her father, and not to recognize him as her father if he should come, in short, to discard and disown him forever.

Effie, pale as death, could not believe her senses, until the offer was repeated. Then, crushing down the great sobs that were choking her, simply told him never to try to see her again, that her resolution was unalterable; and passing him rushed up to her own little room and bowing down reverently, with tears and sobs, asked strength to sustain her in this new affliction. And it came.

Even while she knelt, a messenger came, saying, that a man was taken suddenly ill at one of the public hotels. He arrived the evening before, and booked his name as Henry Carlton. He complained of being unwell, and retired immediately, but aroused them very soon with a request for a physician.

"He is very sick, Miss," added the boy, "and if you would like to go and see him,

I will call a carriage."

Effie forgot that there was such a person in the world as Herbert Stanley, and hastily preparing herself, was soon ready to accompany the boy.

Judge if you can, of the tide of the feeling that swept over her soul, at the first glance of that face, so indelible on the heart. It required more self-command than even Effie had, to bear the sudden realization of years of prayerful expectations. She fainted, and when, a few moments after, she became conscious, and saw a handsome, gentlemanly looking man bending over her she began to doubt her senses.

"Oh! was it all a dream? I thought he had come. Oh! my father."

"Father—who calls me father?" broke in the delirious man. "I was a father once, but I was unworthy the holy name, and now I am alone, yes, all alone. I killed them by my cruel neglect, my wife, my child!"

Effie sprang up, and not until Dr. Colson assured her that it would do her father more harm than good, would she be persuaded to refrain from throwing her arms around him, and telling him that he was not alone, that she, his darling, his Effie would never leave him again. Oh! it is very hard after these long years of watching to be denied this privilege.

Effie felt, now that her father was restored to her, that she never knew the deep love she bore him. Such a perfect feeling of happiness came over her, such a sense of gratitude to God, for at last granting her prayer. And then came the agonizing thought, "suppose he should die and never know me? Never know how I have watched and waited, how I have watched and prayed—how I have loved him; and more yet, how she loved him even unto death."

And the excited girl, usually so self-possessed, so calm, so hopeful, seemed almost crazed with the thought. She begged piteously to stay by him, that at length the physician told her that if she would be very calm, and not to speak to him, she might sit by him and bathe his head. It was a brain fever of the most hopeless kind. Oh! it was pitiful to hear his ravings. He would accuse himself of murdering his wife and child, then he would fancy them by him, and would beg their forgiveness so piteously, calling them by all the pet names he