

"My dear foster mother!" exclaimed Anthony, springing to meet her. "Is this you?"

"Why, yes, to be sure it is, Mr. Anthony," said the poor woman, flinging her arms about his neck, and imprinting upon his cheek a kiss, which rang through the apartment. "Why lor—is this fine handsome young gentleman, the poor half starved little chap that used to come begging to Ruth, for a cup o' milk, and a bit o' bread. Well, you are a young man now, and able to shift for yourself, while I am a poor old woman, half killed with poverty and hard work. When you come in for your great fortune, Mr. Anthony, don't forget poor Ruth."

"Indeed I will not, my good mother. But as to being old, I think you make a strange mistake, when you call yourself old. You look as young as ever. And how are all my old playfellows?"

"Some are dead—some in service; and my eldest girl, Mr. Anthony, is married to a methody parson—only think, Sally has got a methody parson—he! he! he!"

"She was a good girl."

"Oh, about as good as the rest of us. And pray how do old Shock come on? Is the poor brute dead?"

"Of old age, Ruth. He got so fat and sleek in my poor uncle's house, that you never would have known the dog."

"He was an awful bag o' bones. In truth ye were a lean, poverty looking pair. I wonder the old squire wasn't ashamed to see you walk the earth; and they tell me, Mr. Anthony, that he is jist as bad as ever."

"Age seldom improves avarice."

"Why nothing gets the better for being older, but strong beer; and that sometimes gets a little sourish with keeping," said Ruth, with a sly glance into her companion's face.

"Oh! I remember, your husband was very fond of beer—particularly in harvest time. You must give him this," continued Anthony, slipping a couple of guineas into her hand, "to drink my health, and tomorrow, when I come over the hill, I shall expect him to halloo largess!"

"And that he will, with the best of pleasure," said the good dame, with a low curtsy, as she quitted the room, to carry to her husband the unexpected prize.

After chatting some little time with Frederick and his sister, Anthony retired to the room appropriated to his use. The quiet unobtrusive kindness of his relatives had done much to soothe and tranquillize his mind, and he almost wished, as he paced to and fro the narrow limits of his airy chamber, that he could forget that he had ever known and loved, the beautiful and fascinating Juliet Whitmore. "Why should mere beauty possess such an influence over the capricious, wandering heart of man?" he thought. "Yet, it is not beauty alone which chains my spirit

to her shrine. Her talents, her deep enthusiasm, captivate me more than her graceful form. The fire of genius, which flashes through those lovely eyes, has kindled a light in the dark depths of my closed up heart, which burns more intensely bright amidst the solitude and desolation of its sad thoughts. Oh, Juliet! Juliet! why did we ever meet? Or is God-frey destined to enact the same tragedy that ruined my uncle's peace, and consigned my mother to an early grave?"

As these thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, his eye fell upon his mother's picture. Radiant in all its girlish beauty, that angelic face that had wept tears of unmitigated anguish over his forlorn infancy, smiled down upon him; the rose that decked her dark locks, less vividly bright than the glowing cheek and lips of happy youth. The dark, clear eye, "half languor and half fire," betrayed just enough of human passion, to give a deeper interest to the possessor, and whilst Anthony continued to gaze upon the portrait, half blinded with tears, the beauty and talents of Juliet were forgotten.

"Oh, my mother!" he exclaimed, "better had it been for thee, to have died thus in the bloom of thy youth and innocence, than to have fallen the victim of an insidious——" villain! he would have added—but to that villain he owed his existence, and he paused, without giving utterance to the word, shocked at himself, for his heart having dared to frame, what his conscience forbade him to utter. What a host of melancholy thoughts crowded into his mind, whilst gazing upon that portrait. The grief and degradation of his early days. His dependent situation upon his uncle, the unkind taunts of his artful cousin—his blighted affections, and dreary prospects for the future. What had he to encourage hope, or to give him strength to combat with the ills which beset him on every side? Homeless, and friendless, he thought, like Clary, that death would be most welcome, and, sinking upon his knees, he prayed long and fervently for strength to bear patiently the sorrows which, from his infant years, he had been called upon to endure. Who ever sought counsel of God in vain? An answer of peace was given to his prayers. "Endure thou until the end, and I will give thee the crown of life." He rose from his knees, and felt that all was right, that his present trials were awarded him in mercy; that had all things gone on smoothly with him, like Godfrey, he might have yielded himself up to sinful pleasures, or followed in his father's footsteps, and bartered his eternal happiness for gold. "This world is not our rest," he said, "then, why should I wish to pitch my tent on this side of Jordan, and overlook all the blessings of the promised land. Let me rather rejoice in tribulations, if, through them, I may obtain the salvation of God, which will enable me to 'rejoice evermore.'"