

half finished grave, watch her sports and listen to her voice, as if he drew from thence all the joy and music of his life.

Lucy was her father's only companion; he had taught her all she knew, for her first lessons in wisdom had been learned from his lips, and her first ideas of duty had been imparted by his precepts. She loved him with a deep and earnest affection, yet there was a degree of awe mingled with her love which checked its spontaneous expression. She could not fathom the depths of his heart, she could not look into the recesses of his bosom and behold her image in all its living, breathing beauty, enshrined beside the unfaded forms of the departed. She could not associate his calm, cold manner with her ideas of ardent tenderness, and therefore, even while she loved him better than any earthly being, she did not pour forth into his ear the fulness of her affectionate nature. Nor was this timid reserve confined to the days of her early youth. The awe with which he had unconsciously inspired her childhood still existed when she verged towards womanhood, and she was conscious that there dwelt within her bosom emotions compared to which filial love was but as the whisper of the summer gale to the voice of the wild tempest.

The seclusion in which Lucy lived was little suited to her joyous character. In childhood she had found exercise for her active mind in her studies, the care of her pet birds, and the various amusements which her home afforded. The flowers which sprang up beneath her feet, the breeze which played in her long curls, the blue sky which smiled above her head, all were sources of enjoyment to her. But as she grew older, and her feelings became more developed, Lucy was sensible of other desires. The hum of the busy world beyond the walls of the silent burial-place came to her ears with a sweeter sound than the voice of the summer bird or the autumn wind. Rumors of life's gay enjoyments were brought to her seclusion by the few young friends who visited her: and the fascinating page of the novelist awakened her imagination to new delights, which could only be realized by the scenes of yet untried existence. She became restless and unhappy. Her cheek lost its bloom and her voice its ringing tones of mirth; yet, ignorant of the mystery of her own nature she knew not the meaning of the melancholy which was consuming her, until her father, alarmed at her altered looks, proposed that she should pass the Christmas week with some distant relatives in

the city, and then her joy discovered to her how much she had pined for some such change. Had she known how greatly her father suffered from this sacrifice of her society, perhaps she would have shrunk from purchasing her own gratification at such a price. But, deceived by his habitual gravity, she discovered not that her presence was essential to his comfort. With a joyous face she imprinted a kiss upon his cheek, and while her glad farewell struck a pang to the heart of the lonely parent, it awoke the idea, which he cared not to indulge, that the time must come when his darling Lucy would find her happiness in other scenes, and Love would deprive him of the treasure which Death had spared.

To one who had lived in such utter seclusion every thing in the gay world seemed enchanting. Lucy's friends were in the lower rank of life, active, honest, industrious, and with ideas of enjoyment which, though perhaps somewhat deficient in refinement, were very attractive to one who had never before tasted the pleasures of society. The theatre, the merry dance, the evening walk, the social party, are amusements shared by the thriving mechanic in his sphere as well as by the opulent merchant in a loftier station, and if the restraints of etiquette are less understood in the lower circles, the boundaries of virtue and delicacy are perhaps more clearly defined than in the commoner code of fashion. Lucy Mayberry's extreme beauty rendered her an object of attention to every one, for even those who lacked the cultivation of eye and mind, which enables us to estimate symmetry of feature, could appreciate the sunny cheerfulness which illumined her face. For the first time in her life she listened to the voice of adulation, for the first time she learned that she possessed the precious gift of beauty, and the seeds of vanity were sown in a not ungenial soil.

But there was a degree of refinement in Lucy's nature which elevated her above her companions, and her good taste frequently interposed when her sense of propriety was at fault. The coarse pleasantries of some of her half-educated admirers offended her, and the somewhat free manners of others disgusted her; yet till she could not summon courage to tear herself from the gayety which was so new and so delightful. The world was not all she had fancied it, yet it was a pleasanter place than the old burial-ground, and, day after day, she sent excuses to her father for prolonging her stay. Perhaps she would scarce have acknowledged to herself the secret motive