bounded with joy that Rebecca was there: yet, as he walked, he shuddered at the impression which he feared the first sight of her would make. He feared, what he imagined (till he had seen this change in her sister) he should never heed. He feared Rebecca would look no longer young. He was not yet so far master over all his sensual propensities, as, when the trial came, to think he could behold her look like her sister, and not give some evidence of his disappointment.

His fears were vain. On entering the gate of their little garden, Rebecca rushed from the house to meet them, just the same Rebecca as ever.

It was her mind, which, beaming on her face, and actuating her every motion, had ever constituted all her charms: it was her mind, which had gained her Henry's affection. That mind had undergone no change; and she was the self-same woman he had left her.

He was entranced with joy.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE fare which the Henrys partook at the cottage of the female Rymers, was such as the sister had described—mean, and even scanty; but this did not in the least diminish the happiness they received in meeting, for the first time since their arrival in England, human beings who were glad to see them.

At a stinted repast of milk and vegetables, by the glimmering light of a little brush-wood on the hearth, they yet could feel themselves comparatively blest, while they listened to the recital of afflictions which had befallen persons around that had devis It Rebe

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