

Mrs. Horton was petrified. Confused recollections rushed upon her mind—and, in the care-worn, sunken countenance before her, she discovered some traces of the once fascinating high minded Maria Everett. An explanation ensued.

"From the first moment that I saw you," said the self-land-mimed woman, "I was impressed with the idea that you were Ellen Prentiss;—subsequent interviews, with the information I gleaned from others, confirmed my suspicions. For some time I dreaded a recognition of my own person; but your kindness has won my heart, and I have longed to make a full disclosure of my guilt and my sorrows."

She then related the particulars already recorded, and concluded with saying—"And now I can only expect that you will abandon me to the desolation I deserve, and cease to cherish the viper that has stung you to the heart."

"Not if I hope for forgiveness from above," was the meek reply; "your history, instead of inclining me to desert you, has excited a stronger desire that you may be restored to happiness, and a proof of confidence in me creates a sense of obligation. But my feelings have been too strongly excited to allow of prolonging this conversation. I will see you again soon."

And, indeed, in Mrs. Horton we have found the lost orphan, Ellen. On leaving Mr Bond's family she took lodgings in a distant part of the city, and by her capability in sewing and the nicer departments of female industry, was able to procure a maintenance without returning to the humbler grade from which she had been removed. Having learnt the evanescent nature of all earthly pleasures, and the instability of earthly friends, she sought and obtained enduring happiness and an abiding friend in intercourse with the Father above. Her character thus became, in the highest sense, ennobled and refined.

At a summer residence in the country, where she had gone with a family who invited her to accompany them, as much from kindness to her as to be accommodated with her services, she was thrown into the society of Mr. Horton. A person of less discrimination than he possessed, would not have been long discovering that she was eminently fitted to

after their marriage he removed to B——, where the tempest-tossed, desolate orphan found a happy home, and ample opportunity for executing the dictates of a benevolent heart. The facts with which she had now become acquainted relative to Mrs. Trask, awakened no feeling of resentment; and, in her efforts to convince her of this, and to remove that consuming melancholy of which she was the subject, Mr. Horton cordially coincided. Their kindness not only inspired her with the most unbounded gratitude and respect, but gradually overcame her reserve, till she felt somewhat like ease in their presence. She felt that they were friends. Her haughty, unyielding spirit was subdued; the assumed name was discarded—and as much of her history as propriety dictated was made known to those who sought her acquaintance.

As the means with which she had been furnished for defraying her expenses were nearly exhausted, she felt the necessity of some exertion to support herself, and began to acquire a knowledge of useful employments. About this time, the gentleman, on whose bounty she had been living, having occasion to pass near B—— on a journey, left his direct course that he might make inquiries respecting her situation and, if advisable, continue his assistance. Having called at her lodgings, he introduced himself as an acquaintance of Mrs. —, the person who had been the almoner of his beneficence. A brief conversation led him to conclude that her retirement had not been unprofitable; and the warm terms in which she spoke of the clergyman and his wife induced him to call upon them, judging that he could obtain full satisfaction as to the propriety of a further appropriation for her benefit, and, at the same time, commission them to communicate what he should bestow. The object of his visit at the personage procured him a cordial reception, while he seemed as much gratified by an interview with its inmates, as previous encomiums had prepared him to expect. Indeed, the apparent interest with which he observed Mrs. Horton could not have been heightened by long acquaintance and the emotions occasioned by the childish glee of a little girl two or three years of age, who was gliding about the room, showed that he was or had been a father. On hearing the child addressed by the name of Ellen, he start-