

quickly rejoined; "ah me, so we are to leave this charming castle next week, to be shut up in an old chateau in the country; what a fatality attends me; ever since I have lived with the Lady Amanda, my lot has been to inhabit some gloomy abode; I do hope now, however, that brighter scenes may open on our view; if your handsome young lord, for instance, were to wed my beautiful lady, how charmingly would our romance conclude."

"And the pretty Annetta give her hand to the tender Gasper," continued he, in the softest tone.

"Tender, indeed; a piece of tough old brown leather, puckered and wrinkled," and the saucy girl, with a malicious laugh, broke from him and ran away, ere there was time for his anger to explode.

"Heed her not, Gasper," said Mrs. Bennet to the discomfited lover; "I am well versed in those matters; a woman often disguises her real sentiments under the cloak of abuse."

"Disguises a fury!" cried the enraged Gasper, "dried and puckered! why she has squeezed me up into a nut-shell. I shall not expand to the man I was for a month to come; let her wait till I ask her again—that is all. A French flirt—I will think no more of her."

It might naturally be supposed that Amy, surrounded as she was by all who were dear to her, would now feel perfectly happy; but a sadness had overcast her beautiful face latterly, which seemed inexplicable, and which even the playful society of Arthur would at times only partially overcome. She had expressed a strong wish to see the Duke de Manfredonia once, before his departure, for she remembered that he was her father, and so sacred a link could not be lightly severed by one possessing her sentiments; but when she was gently informed of his refusal, and of the promise he had made to the dying Father Anselm, she shed tears of bitter disappointment and regret.

Mr. Martyn strove to remove the painful impression, this circumstance made on her mind, and most affectionately reminded her of the many valued friends she retained. She threw herself on his bosom as she replied, "If you could only remove one thought which oppresses me, and seems to overwhelm me with remorse, I should feel, oh how thankful."

"Remorse! what can my dear child have to do with so corroding a care?"

"I will tell you—dark thoughts have lately haunted me, and have obtruded the fear, that I have sinned in not showing more deference to the will of my only parent, in having cast off my obedience, and in flying from him; which has been the cause of death to a fellow creature,—and such a death too," and she wept as her memory dwelt on the painful scene so recently witnessed.

"My beloved Amy, you are suffering under a

temptation of the evil one," replied Mr. Martyn unhesitatingly; "such thoughts could have only been suggested by the prince of darkness; dismiss them from your mind, and remember the words of your dear Redeemer, 'every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or father, or mother, &c. for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.' And this is from Him, whose high sense of the duty we owe to our parents, is so great that the fifth commandment is the only one to which a promise is attached."

A short silence followed, when a ray of light, suddenly dispelling the mist which had overshadowed her, she clasped her hands, joyfully exclaiming: "I see it now; oh, how could I for one moment doubt." And from that hour, Amy became another being.

Mr. Marty did not forget the unhappy woman, whose contrition for the part she had taken in deceiving Amy showed, that although her mind was fallow, and overrun by weeds, it was not altogether depraved. He visited her frequently, nor was he discouraged by the discovery of her extreme ignorance—he prayed with her, and for her, and the death of her innocent baby at this time, added to the desertion of Ralph Hewit, so bowed her in anguish to the earth, that the blessed words of comfort imparted to her by this exemplary minister, acted as a cordial on her fainting spirit; and ere many months were passed, this wild despised flower of the wilderness was transplanted to the vineyard of the Lord rejoicing.

The evening previous to the day fixed upon by Lady Blondville for her departure, had arrived. It was one of exquisite beauty; Amy watched the setting sun, brilliantly reflected on the smooth lake from the balcony of the drawing room. Lord Blondville and Arthur were her companions—she gazed on the prospect for some time in silence then turning to the Earl, she said:

"That sun, as it faces upon our sight, seems like the departure of a friend—we hope, we believe we may behold it again, but who can say we *shall*. I often wish I could return to childhood—change of scene—every new spot has a charm for them—they have no regrets—the word *farewell* is forgotten as soon as spoken, but to me it is full of melancholy."

"May I understand from those words that you feel some little sorrow at the thoughts of leaving us tomorrow?" asked Lord Blondville, placing his hand gently on hers, as it rested on the balustrade.

"Oh, yes, indeed, you may; if even you and dear Mr. Martyn were to accompany us, I could not leave this enchanting spot without a sigh—but you are going away for some time, are you not?"

"Yes, Amy, so the fates have decreed, and perhaps happily, for the castle will be lonely enough after your departure."

"But he will come to us at Christmas," said