

EDITH YORKE.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

If the President of the United States, at that time, General Taylor, had sent Daniel Webster as his ambassador, to invite Mrs. Rowan to be one of the White House for him, she could not have been more astonished...

pause, Miss Bird went on. "And she is like older, the older she grows, the sower she grows." "Oh! then, I will go," Mrs. Rowan said at once. "I didn't know she was so old."

All you only came here to let me and cold my own body have staid away, the old woman cried, beginning to tremble. "The other said nothing, only sat and looked steadily at her. With Alice Mills she was a virtue, not a weakness. She beheld with pain and terror this woman whose whole life had been one of utter selfishness...

follow is presaging in sending her such a present. If he does not know better, he should be taught. Even Mrs. Yorke was disposed to be strict. But when they had all spoken, it was found that Edith had a voice. They were in the sitting room with Major Cleveland, who had just arrived, and Mrs. Yorke was in the centre of the group...

on her bosom! They had not thought how much he had dared to mean by that. "If they let her take the cross, they will let her take me," he had said. If the gift had been refused, he would never have seen Edith again. "It is most beautiful," she said, catching his glance. "I got Father Basil to bless it, and I wear it all the time."

like the steamer, the great struggling creature, with a will at heart. But circumstances are strong, even very old circumstances, and our ancestors have a word to say, not as to our final destination, but as to the road by which we shall reach it. Coarser natures get their bent after the manner commemorated by the Mohammedan legend: some Eblis of an ancestor sprang through his looting when the angels had kneaded it, and the tent is long in filling out, but their souls are strong like the wind...

CHAPTER X.

A DEPARTING CHAPTER.

After all no person's story can be truly told without beginning at the creation of the world. Not that we would invoke Darwinian aid, or inquire into the family peculiarities of the sponge. O! philosophy's poor spouse! Nor would we intimate that the soul is as passive to circumstances as a rudderless ship to wind and wave, but assert rather that it is...