

you have exposed yourself. But He will preserve you for all our sakes."

"When dear Arther wakes," replied Amy, gently disengaging herself from him, "will you send me word how he is?"

"I promise—until then, fare you well."

What were the reflections of Amy when she found herself once more alone? Her first impulse was to cast herself on her knees, and, in humbleness of spirit, pour forth her thanksgiving for what she had that day been the means of procuring for the adored child of a widowed mother, and to implore the Divine blessing for a happy issue. She continued in prayer until the entrance of Ursula, who, it may readily be believed, had passed a day of feverish anxiety. Amy had no fears about infection; she knew she was in hands mighty to save, and that nothing could befall her but what was ordered for her good by a merciful Physician. Ursula trembled to see her looking so very pale. She assisted her to change her dress for a loose robe; and as the evening was serene and fine, she drew her chair close to the open window, to inhale the air, which was reviving and refreshing to her spirit.

"Oh, my child, my child!" said the affectionate Ursula, "I would not have Mrs. Somerville know the peril in which you have this day placed your precious life. Alas! if we were bereaved of you, we should then have lost all we cared for on earth."

"But only for a time, my own Ursula," replied Amy; "let your lessons of fortitude, which have so often comforted me, be yours now, and cast your care upon God, who careth for us. In such a cause I count my own life as nothing; even my dear mamma would give me to the Lord without a murmur. Would not such grief be light, compared to the utter misery of falling into the hands of Father Anselm—worse, worse than a thousand deaths?"

Amy continued enjoying the night breeze until she heard the hour of eleven chime by the chapel clock; she then requested Ursula to go and inquire if Arthur still slept, as she began to feel restless and uneasy.

During her absence, footsteps approached the door; she rose to unclose it, in trembling emotion—longing, yet dreading to hear the answer she desired. Mr. Martyn stood before her.

"Beloved child," he said, entering, and folding her in his embrace, "beloved even in your disobedience, I am sent to announce that our dear Arthur is awake, and that the hours of rest which (under heaven) he owes to you, have removed all fearful symptoms. His physician has just pronounced him out of danger."

Amy uttered a cry of joy as she sank on her knees. Mr. Martyn raised her, and, giving her his blessing, he instantly retired, saying, "hasten to bed, my Amy, for you look sadly worn. May our

meeting be one of happiness tomorrow,—good night."

Amy was scarcely dressed on the following morning, when the Countess entered her room, full of anxiety lest she might already have shown indications of the fever. The family physician accompanied her, who, to her infinite relief, assured her that she was in perfect health.

"Then I may now be allowed the privilege of helping you to nurse dear Arthur," said the amiable girl, anxiously. "Oh, do not refuse me," for the Countess shook her head.

"I know not how far I may venture to promise," she replied, affectionately; "you certainly cannot encounter greater danger than you have already done, by your devoted forgetfulness of self; but I scarcely think Harold or Mr. Martyn will permit you to venture so much again; they are both suffering much uneasiness on your account."

"Then let me go to them, and convince them I am well," and Amy accompanied the Countess to the breakfast room. She was struck, on her entrance, by the appearance of the Earl, who looked extremely wan and pale.

"It is you, who are ill," she exclaimed in a voice of emotion, as he approached her. He made no answer, but drew her towards the window, and gazing for some time earnestly in her beautiful face, now suffused with blushes, he murmured, "Thank God, my prayer has then been heard," and turned away.

Mr. Martyn informed her afterwards, that the Earl had never gone to bed the whole night, but had passed it in his library in a state of great agitation. Gratefully did Amy receive a reluctant permission from them both to visit Arthur, who she found considerably better, and even cheerful. He greeted her in his own engaging manner, and Lady Blondville was much affected on perceiving the attachment which appeared to exist between these lovely children. In the course of the day, which Amy chiefly spent in the chamber of the invalid, the Countess drew from her the principal parts of her story, and naturally felt remorse at the coldness, and even dislike she had evinced when first she heard of her, from her son.

"My poor, poor unprotected child," said she, embracing her, "may it be our care to shield you from the fate you dread. When Mrs. Somerville returns, you must visit me at the Falcon's Nest; change of air will be very necessary to my darling Arthur, when he has strength to travel, and from all I see I am sure he will not part with you."

This was a charming proposal, which Amy received with grateful thanks.

"I deserve them not, Amy," returned the Countess, becoming each moment more interested in the beautiful girl; "in my inordinate love for Arthur, my heart has been closed to many right feelings, and