

Edward Selby's travelling carriage drove up to the door. Annie knew that she was to go away, but it had not struck her until this moment, that it was forever—and she turned very pale, while a convulsive sob heaved her bosom, as she threw herself into the extended arms of her father.

"You promised that we should not be separated," she said, "but how can this be now?"

"I am to follow you in a fortnight, my beloved child, accompanied by Mrs. Mary," replied Mr. Bertram, "to take possession of a valuable living, presented me by your excellent husband."

"And this dear home?"

"Will be entered by the estimable Mr. Graham, into whose spiritual charge I can confide my flock in peace—and to whom the unexpected gift of this small benefice has proved an inestimable blessing, with his numerous family."

"And my school—and Martha—and all my poor people?"

"All have been cared for and thought of my Annie—so go in peace my child, and thank God for his rich blessings—not for worldly riches, save for the power they give to do more good to others—but for the possession of a husband who will help you on your pilgrimage in that narrow way which leads to eternal joys. And to whose protection a doating father gives his only child in full confidence."

Tenderly did we all embrace Annie. Mrs. Fludyer and her daughters promised to visit her the following year—and good old Mrs. Blessington, who in grey silk dress, and best cap, had driven over to add her blessing, and her wedding gift, affectingly added "should another spring behold her still a sojourner on earth, she would go to her and witness her happiness in her new home."

We accompanied her to the carriage, Mr. Bertram encouraging her as he led her out and Sir Edward almost lifting her into it as he sprung in after her; we beheld her rest her beautiful head on his shoulder, where nature found its own best relief. And saw him most affectionately wipe away the tears as they copiously rolled down her cheeks. In another hour Annie was far from the home of her childhood.

There is always a sadness which accompanies a wedding day, under even the brightest circumstances. The son or daughter who has hitherto cheered our home and been our constant endeared companion and the repository of all our feelings, leaves the abode of early days to form new ties, away from every old association, while the blank in that home is painfully felt till the reflection of their happiness steals with a holy calm over the parent's tender heart and the prayer is ejaculated which restores tranquility.

Dear Mr. Bertram was an example of this; he wandered over every room after Annie's departure, into her garden, over all her favourite haunts; he was evidently restless, he spoke little and his countenance

had become grave, it was the stillness of the place which went to his heart. Lord Randolph, who appeared possessed of a most kind heart, remained with him, and accompanied him in his walks, mentioning several little anecdotes of Sir Edward Selby, which were calculated to place his character in a still more favourable light, and to draw the father's attention from dwelling on his daughter's absence. His amiable endeavours were not unsuccessful, for when drinking the healths of Sir Edward and Lady Selby, in old fashioned style after dinner, it was in all the pride and happiness of a grateful heart, and many a tale and early reminiscence, were recorded by the good pastor to his young companion, which were listened to with the patience of a well bred and courteous man, whose urbanity sprung from a higher source than mere politeness.

There was new cause for gossip now in the village—the discovery of Captain Selby's rank and fortune was a delightful theme. "Mr. Bertram knew well what he was about when he encouraged Captain Selby to the parsonage. Your religious folks have always a vast deal of worldly prudence. A title with money was a great temptation to a girl without a penny."

"You see now what you have lost by your refusing to dance with him," said the portly mama to the fashionable young lady, "and all for the sake of the whiskers and moustache of that conceited Lord Randolph. I hate whiskers. Dear me, a Baronet with six thousand a year—I had no idea of it—such a chance does not occur in a country village once in ten years. We must proceed, my dear, on our tour to the coast."

"Alas for poor human nature."

At the close of fourteen days, Mr. Bertram had completed all the necessary arrangements required to be made previous to his leaving the parsonage, which Mr. Graham was anxious to enter immediately. It was with much pleasure I consented to accompany him into Wiltshire, as I wished to behold Annie in her new character.

On the morning fixed for our journey, we set out at an early hour, with the few faithful attendants who had formed the little household, and followed by the tears and good wishes of most of his parishioners, who had collected to witness the departure of their beloved pastor—he gave them his blessings, accompanied by many a substantial token of his remembrance. And as we drove out of the shrubbery, his last looks were directed to the blighted elm tree which had sheltered Annie in the storm. Any feelings of regret he might have experienced on leaving a spot where he had spent so many peaceful years, were all softened by the near prospect of beholding his child.

During our pleasant journey, he entered more at