

her mother was constantly upon her, checking the flow of quiet mirth and restraining the free impulses of her pure nature, until she absolutely dreaded to enter a gay circle. Her tastes were all perfectly feminine, and to the cultivation of these she devoted a great proportion of her time, taking little thought for the future, so long as the present brought contentment. She was neither a genius nor a beauty, but the loveliness of her gentle nature, her quiet good sense, and her nobleness of heart, were depicted in her sweet face, and if I were called to sketch the face of an angelic being, I should scarcely fail to trace the lineaments of Margaret.

"At the time I first became acquainted with the family, Margaret was about eighteen, and the charm of her society reconciled me in some degree to the very unprepossessing manners of her parents. There is something so impertinent in purse-proud superiority—something so annoying in the affectation of condescending politeness in such people, that those who are poorer but not less proud, are apt to lose sight of christian charity in their judgment of them. For my own part, I must confess, that I was rather vexed than pleased with Mr. Danville's ostentatious display of his old wines and costly plate when I occasionally dined with him; and I would rather have plodded on foot through the most miry lane in the parish, than have accepted the use of his elegant carriage, with its gold-embroidered hammer-cloth and liveried footmen. I suppose I was wrong, but his very civilities seemed almost like insults, from the manner in which they were proffered, and, but for the interest I felt in the gentle daughter, I am afraid my parochial visits to them would have been few and far between. You need not smile at an old man's confession. I was not in love with Margaret Danville, for long ere then, I had wooed and wedded one who is the comfort of my age as she was the joy of my youth. No, I loved Margaret as I might have loved a younger sister, and I watched over her with deeper interest because her position was so little suited to her character.

"Mrs. Danville had a nephew, the son of a deceased sister, who had early shown such evidences of talent that his poverty-stricken parents had strained every nerve to bestow on him the advantages of a liberal education.—They lived to witness the completion of his academical studies, and then died, leaving him to struggle with the world in that most helpless of all conditions—a poor scholar. But Carrington Wilson was too energetic a man to sit down in hopeless inaction. The opportunity of

visiting Europe, as tutor to a young heir, was offered to him and immediately accepted. During his absence he applied himself to the study of medicine, for which the schools at Paris afforded great facility. His pupil, who fortunately for him, was equally studious, though his taste led him to a different class of pursuits, gave him all the aid in his power; and, when at the expiration of six years, the young men returned to their native country, the one was a skilful amateur painter, the other an accomplished physician. But the artist returned to the possession of an ample fortune, while the physician was doomed to all the wasting anxieties of an early professional career. He had talent and learning, but he was young and unpatronized, and his only prospect was a weary waste of expectancy. Mrs. Danville had never noticed her nephew during his early years, except by those decent observances by which people manage to quiet poor relations: a New Year's gift to the mother, and a Christmas box to the boy, were supposed to make amends for the want of sisterly affection and kindly interest. But when the young Doctor returned from abroad as the companion of a rich friend, when she learned that they had possessed the entrance to some of the best society on the continent, she thought she saw an opening which led to the fulfilment of her schemes. She resolved to cultivate an intimacy with her nephew, and by inducing him to become the companion of their projected tour in Europe, obtain admission into the circles where she hoped Margaret might shine. Whatever feelings of contempt Carrington Wilson might have had towards the designing and self-interested woman, he determined to avail himself of every honourable method of advancement, and he therefore accepted her invitations from motives as selfish as were her's who offered these courtesies.

"But his acquaintance with Margaret soon led to better feelings. Her pure and unsophisticated character, her timid gentleness, concealing as it did, the warmest and deepest affections, and her delicate beauty of person, soon awakened his earnest interest in his young cousin. Mrs. Danville encouraged their intimacy from perfectly sordid motives, without being in the least degree sensible of its danger. Indeed the idea that her penniless nephew should dare to raise his thoughts to the heiress of the rich Mr. Danville never entered her brain. She would have been as likely to suspect her footman of such presumption. But Carrington was perfectly familiar with the spoken languages of Europe, while Margaret