

sitting by her bedside during the remainder of the night. Brightly did the sun shine into the windows of Amy's apartment on the morning following—the first object she beheld on awaking, was Arthur, sitting as still as possible near her, with a selection of beautiful flowers in his hand, which he told her were sent by Harold; he scattered them over her, saying: "My own dear, dear Amy, they told me you were ill last night, and that wicked men had taken you away—was it indeed so? Ah! who bruised your arm?" and he stooped to kiss it, as she held out her hand to receive his caress, and displayed the marks of the boatman's violent grasp on her beautiful wrist.

"Then it was no dream," returned Amy, half raising herself, and drawing aside the rich curtains; "Ursula, tell me, did I indeed behold him, and hear those dreadful words, those fearful groans?" and she shuddered.

"Think not of them now, my child," replied Ursula, "the eye of a gracious God was upon you, and none had power to harm—see what a lovely day, all nature is smiling, listen to the merry notes of the lark, soaring aloft to the heavens—behold the fragrant flowers sparkling with the early dew upon their leaves—think of all the kind hearts by whom you are cherished; these are sights, and sounds, and reflections soothing and tranquillizing to the wounded spirit. Rise, my child, and let us adore our Creator, whose mercy is over all his works, who fills our hearts with gladness, and changes the sorrow which overshadowed us at night, into joy unspeakable in the morning."

How affectionately Amy was greeted by the whole family, on her again appearing amongst them, need not be said—very pale she was, and the excited state of her nerves was apparent by her sudden starts and looks of alarm each time the door opened, but by judicious, mild treatment, and extreme kindness, by degrees these distressing symptoms subsided, though it took many days to efface the fearful impressions she had received.

During these, Mr. Denison, her uncle, had held a long interview with Mr. Martyn, in which he developed the man of the world. The Duke de Manfredonia's determination strictly to adhere to the dying injunctions of Father Anselm, he said it was impossible to shake, but that he had no controul over the fortune of the late Duchess, which would revert to her daughter, the Lady Amanda, and for which he and Mr. Martyn would become the trustees, provided he had no objection. The idea having once crossed the mind of the speculative Mr. Denison, that there was greater eclat in being uncle to the young Countess of Blondville, (an event he conceived not improbable,) than to Sister Amanda the Nun, acted as a spell to remove the frost-work from his cold heart, and his bland and winning manners quite won the regard of the amiable Mr. Mar-

ty, who beholding in him the brother of Agnes, and the pupil of his early days, forgot all his neglect and long estrangement, and they parted with mutual expressions of good feeling, and a promise that he would accept the invitation made by the Earl, and return at no distant period on a visit at Blondville Castle.

How much was there to tell Mrs. Somerville on her arrival, and with what real unfeigned delight did Amy welcome this beloved friend, whose return had been counted upon as the achme of happiness. Most deeply did she feel the kindness and protection which had been shown to her adopted child; and while listening to the details of all that had transpired, her alternations from grief to wonder and joy were most powerfully displayed—a few days only sufficed to call forth every warm feeling of her affectionate heart towards each individual by whom she was surrounded. Young Arthur she perfectly loved, and it was with infinite pleasure she accepted the invitation of Lady Blondville to return with her to the Falcon's Nest, the following week. Annetta, the lively French girl, was rejoiced in being restored to her young lady, and in rapture with the beauty and cheerfulness of the castle. On seeing Gasper, she exclaimed, "ha, Mr. fortune-teller, you are here I find—what a fine prophet you have proved yourself; you promised me a husband five years ago, and lo he has not yet come."

"This day behold the prophecy fulfilled," replied Gasper, bowing to the ground, "and in me your willing slave."

"You indeed, you withered old whiskerando," cried Annetta, laughing, "if all my bright dreams were to end in such a reality, I would rather never wake at all."

"Take my advice, Annetta," said the worthy Mrs. Bennet, "and do not refuse a good offer—the face which may look unseemly and old at your age, will appear in a far more favourable light at forty."

"Upon my word, ladies, you descant very freely on my physiognomy," returned Gasper, twisting his moustachios into form, and turning to look at himself in a glass—"old, withered, unseemly, indeed! you have not lost your tongue mademoiselle Annetta, since last we met?"

"No indeed, I hope not," said the lively girl, "the severest penance Father Anselm, may Heaven absolve him, (crossing herself,) ever inflicted on me was, that I should not utter a word for one whole day—oh what a long day it was; and when I made amends for it on the following, he threatened to have my tongue cut out, and to place me in the nunnery for penitents—why I would even marry you, Gasper, to escape such a fate as that."

"No doubt you would, mademoiselle Annetta," replied Gasper, continuing to view himself with great complacency.

"But only to prove you a true prophet," she