

go steadily on—sometimes, heedlessly on,—at others, accomplishing what they would give half a life-time to undo! Yes; one may well imagine that the functions of the heart are purely physical, though people call it the seat of the affections. Oh, that it could warn us, just as conscience does when there is a verging from right to wrong!

Guy uttered Miss Percy's name in a careless half indignant accent, and his heart did not tell him that it was the name of all others that he wished to learn—that the mission to which he alluded was a matter involving his joy or sorrow.

The suddenness of the question surprised Mr. Frost out of his intended interrogations concerning young Guy's employment, and he answered him evasively.

"Did I not? Well I don't know that you asked me about it."

"I did not, certainly," replied Guy, "but as I am the contemplated Isaac, it is only just that I should glean what I can concerning my future companion; therefore you will be kind enough to tell me, sir, what kind of a person the lady is."

"Really Mr. Guy" said the tutor with something like a tone of pity, running through his usually dry, precise manner, "I am one of the worst people in the world to answer such a question, and I never could see what induced Mr. Sinclair to select me from among so many, any one of whom would have answered better. We will waive the subject, as I am very anxious to understand the nature of the volume before you."

Guy closed his album resolutely: he saw at once that his tutor wished to conceal what had taken place in his interview with Miss Percy.

"No, sir," he answered in a determined but respectful manner, not now; at any other time I shall be happy to explain it—a very unique, and interesting subject it is too; though I understand it very imperfectly, yet I shall be glad of a little help from you, also, as you must necessarily possess information that will be able to mould what is now, to me, chaos into the form or order that belongs to it. You said 'Miss Percy' when you delivered my father's message, didn't you, sir?"

"Oh, yes; certainly—to be sure" replied Mr. Frost with unnecessary and very suspicious alacrity, the young woman was kind enough to invite me into her private room—her *boudoir* I think she called it.—and indeed her language was mostly in French, which you know I don't understand. I can just tell that it *is* French, and that is all."

"In that case" insinuated Guy with a quiet humor that he could not quite repress, "we shall have to take lessons in that language when we arrive in Paris. It will never do for me not to be able to answer her when she is gracious enough to speak to me, and you sir, will have to arrange the settlements &c., with her as a matter of course."

"Oh! dear me, no, Mr. Guy," exclaimed the

professor with considerable warmth. "I'll have nothing to do with the matter. I'll be careful not to learn a word of French, if it is to lead to such a result." "But" queried Guy more thoroughly curious. "what possible objection can you have, she treated you well, did she not?"

"Oh, very well: yes, very well indeed; but she is a little hard of hearing, I think quite deaf, in fact; and really, I'm not strong enough to talk to her."

"Deaf!" repeated Guy in amazement. "Why she is young is she not?"

"I could not say, I'm sure" was the reply, in a very nervous and excited manner, "I'm no judge of that class of society, as I explained before. Nothing would induce me to visit that lady again."

"Is she pretty?" asked Guy in despair of learning anything about his fiancée indirectly.

"Pretty!" exclaimed the tutor hurriedly, "how could I possibly know, when she has so much hair and wears it in such a loose, singular fashion! I don't remember ever in all my life to have seen hair worn in that style, though it *may* be the fashion now, for aught I know to the contrary."

"Well, sir," persisted Guy, "I suppose you saw her eyes—are they fine ones?"

"Fine ones!" echoed the tutor, "Mr. Guy why *will* you persist in asking about her, I tell you I didn't see her eyes—she had on glasses."

"Spectacles!" exclaimed the young man, aghast.

"Well, no," answered Mr. Frost, soothingly—"not exactly spectacles either—they were larger, and were green—perhaps her eyes were weak."

Guy only groaned in reply.

"There, my dear boy" said the old gentleman really affected by his pupil's evident distress "I didn't want to tell you—you know I didn't. But I wouldn't think anything more about it if I were you—you've got two years before you and a multitude of events is sure to happen in that time. Very likely she'll marry somebody else before you get home. She's just the sort of young woman to do such a thing, you may take my word for it. But," he continued in a persuasive tone, "now that I *am* on the subject, let me advise you, if she *does* remain single, and (except that I know the young men of the present age to be extremely venturesome and rash, I should be sure she would), and if you *do* have to marry her, let me earnestly caution you, my dear boy, to be very circumspect in your conduct towards her, for I imagine she has imbibed the strongest of those strong women's doctrines. I *only* imagine so, of course; she did not attempt to use any of those dangerous weapons lying about her just as another young lady might be supposed to have a bit of fancy work, or a love-story, or some girlish trinket, you know."

When Guy lifted his face from the table