

of the landscape, she did not think about it, yet its soft loveliness had an influence on her feelings. She felt that the world was a paradise, and she the happiest of its inhabitants.

And how felt Charles Willersley as he slowly wandered home on that eventful evening! As a child who has unwittingly put in motion some stupendous piece of machinery, while he lacks the power again to stay its action. There was fear amidst the exultation that *would* arise in his heart at the assurance he felt that Agnes loved him; and this he could not for an instant doubt, for that one glance of mind on mind had written the truth in fiery characters on his soul. The angel of his worship had descended from her own sphere to his, and he was awed, and almost terrified at the responsibility that seemed to have fallen on him. How could he honorably pursue his advantage? How could he venture openly to woo the high born maiden who his heart told him was already won? Should he seek to engage her in a clandestine attachment? That was even worse. Who would believe that his love was disinterested, that no thought of worldly aggrandisement had mingled with his aspirations? Yet, above all, so much having been revealed, how could he again meet her as a mere common acquaintance? Surely it would be an act of injustice to her, who had fondly given him her first affections to keep her in a state of doubt and suspense, if such she still entertained, as to his real feelings towards her. In spite of the sincere devotion of his heart to Agnes, and the glow of satisfaction which any man would naturally feel in such circumstances as his, Charles Willersley was honestly puzzled what to do with his good fortune. To worship at a distance, to love silently and hopelessly, seemed a few hours ago the only fact he could expect, and now that an unguarded moment had diminished the distance between their hearts, it appeared as if the difficulties of their position were increased tenfold. Very different were the uneasy dreams that disturbed the repose of the rector's son, to the sweet visions that flitted round the pillow of Agnes Vernon.

For two days my heroine was as happy as hope that has known no shadow, and con-

fidence that never has been shaken, can make a young imaginative girl. The fact that *she was loved*, was the predominant idea of her mind, and she looked forward with delight to her next interview with Charles, for she doubted not that his lips would assure her in words of what she already knew so well. The Willersleys were to dine at the Hall on the third day from that of Agnes' visit to them, and she counted the hours and minutes until she should again be with him who was henceforth to be all her world. The longed-for day came, and brought bitter disappointment. Charles did not accompany his party, he pleaded indisposition and sent an excuse. Agnes wept sadly in her own chamber, and sent him as kind a message as she dared by Rosa, for she doubted not his grief at missing an interview with her would be equal to her own. She little thought that his absence on that day was only the beginning of a system of self-banishment from her society, which, on deliberation, he had resolved upon as the wisest and most honorable course that was left for him.—At the very time that she was secretly lamenting his absence, Charles was galloping across the country towards the residence of his godfather, Colonel St. Aubyn.

The Colonel was a fine soldierly looking man, of seven or eight-and-forty. He had lately returned from abroad on account of the death of his brother, who had left him a estate, called Woodfield Park, in addition to his already immense possessions. He was residing there for a short time, previously to again quitting England for a foreign land. He was exceedingly fond of Charles Willersley, and often expressed a wish that he should embrace the military profession instead of the more peaceful one for which his father intended him.

When Charles reached Woodfield Park he met with a warm and hearty reception, and Colonel St. Aubyn's delight at seeing him was much enhanced, when he found that his young friend had changed his intentions respecting his future life, and now came to inquire if the Colonel would still use his influence to procure him a commission.

"Bravo, bravo, my dear boy," cried the