

Paris, at the time of his departure, which was all the information he could acquire. All he could do then was to go on with his tour just as it was laid out for him, and leave the rest with that ambiguous lady known as Fate. Thus Guy was leaning on a myth for his happiness, and on a myth for his guidance. Only for the first, Hope, there would be little of peace and pleasure surrounding us. She is capricious, and changeable and tyrannical; but though she leaves us one hour she returns the next; he *must* trust her for the second. Fate,—what is she after all, but Providence, and, though a myth in her first character, is truly to be relied on under her right name. Leaving a result with Fate, which should have been entrusted to Providence, Guy went onward. It is needless for us to follow him through his travels, as that is not our object. It is with the lost Connell that our story rests: so we will only say that month after month rolled on, and he had unconsciously missed its owner, just as Evangeline had missed her lost lover; he might have overtaken her many times had he only known it; but, *not* knowing, they had diverged again and again.

The second year of Guy's travels had commenced, and he had ceased to care about swamps and bogs—he had pursued his *ignis-fatu-us* through so many. So, as he was roaming aimlessly through Italy, he came unexpectedly upon a party of Americans, a broken vehicle, and a wayside inn, and the young lady whom he had met once in Broadway was among the first.

I might bring a host of weighty words, if I could only tell which was the most effective, into requisition, in order to describe our hero's feelings at this moment: but as I cannot do justice to the one or the other, I think I will allow every timbrophilist, who has taken the trouble to follow them so far, just to imagine them for himself. There is something in the very uncertainty and latitude of such a course that may cause a little flutter among the imaginary powers, but will, doubtless prove immensely agreeable as a result to so original a description. I can't say, then, whether he was spell-bound, his feet fettered to the ground, or what could have been the cause; but I know he stood gazing at the young lady, in a very ungentlemanly, and far from romantic manner, and seemingly quite unconscious that other eyes had forgotten propriety in regarding him. The young girl, herself, had no sooner turned her laughing eyes towards Mr. Frost, than a look of recognition passed over her face, which was immediately followed by a curious glance at his companion. A deep flush passed over her fair cheeks, and rushed up among the rich waves of her dark hair, as she met his eyes fixed upon her; it recalled Guy to his position, and he passed on into the inn.

"Do you know him?" asked a gentleman who stood beside her.

"The old gentleman is Mr. Frost, who is travelling with his pupil, young Mr. Sinclair from New York," was the reply.

"The young man is Sinclair, then, of course," said another; "is he a son of Guy Sinclair, the millionaire?"

"I expect so," said Hattie, evasively.

"He is very handsome, no matter whose son he is," remarked the lady.

This was quite true; for a year had worked a marvellous change in the young student's appearance. Instead of the slight, sickly-looking youth that Hattie expected to see, a tall, well-developed young man, with all the ease and assurance of a traveller, met her astonished eyes. That he was handsome, no one could deny; and for the first time in her life, Hattie felt a thrill of sympathy in answer to what she read in another's eyes.

Where had she met Guy Sinclair, she asked herself in vain; for that he had recognized her was evident.

"Hattie," said Auntie Peppers, coming out of the inn, and breaking the thread of Miss Percy's interrogatories, "who do you think has arrived?"

Hattie looked up inquiringly.

"Why it is young Guy Sinclair, and he is grown so tall, and stout, and manly looking that I scarcely knew him."

Hattie was amazed, but her usual vivacity soon returned, and she answered gravely, "I never would have believed Auntie Peppers, that you knew so many young gentlemen. Why the young man who has just passed in, and whom you style Guy Sinclair, looks stylish and aristocratic and polished enough for an Italian brigand at the very least."

"Now don't Hattie," said the old lady deprecatingly; "I can't help being glad to see him, for he used to be such a pale, sickly-looking quiet little fellow, when he was in the country and boarded with Mrs. Bunnell, at the old hall; I always thought that if he had played with other children, and gone to the public school, he would grow healthy and lively, like the rest of the boys, but Mrs. Bunnell quite snubbed me up when I mentioned it to her; and I was quite right you see, for now that he has got out into the world, what a man he has grown to be. He was real glad to see me, too, though it's years and years since we met, and Hattie, dear, what do you think he asked me?—why, what your name was—"

"Oh, Auntie, I hope you didn't"—exclaimed Hattie in alarm, but Auntie Peppers interrupted her wish, "to be sure not; of course not, my dear; I called you Miss King; just as we all do; though I never could see any sense in one going out of their right name. Oh, here comes the young gentleman himself. Mr. Sinclair, let me introduce you to the young lady you were just enquiring about,—Miss King."

Guy flushed crimson as he expressed his pleasure in meeting Miss King; but Hattie laughed and said very stoutly indeed, though she knew it would only add to his confusion, "I hope you will not take the trouble to inquire about a