

vations, indicative of the indignation excited in the breast of the eldest boys by this last crowning act of tyranny.

"It was, indeed, a severe trial to me; I had looked for troubles, and the breaking up of my quiet enjoyment of home for a short time, but I had fondly cheated myself into the belief that I should be more than recompensed by the consciousness of having done my duty, and more than my duty. I fancied Emily's children must love me—I forgot that I was in their eyes only a stranger and a task-master.

"In the proud flashing dark eye of Edward Harper, I read only defiance and dislike. Yet, that eye would melt with tenderness, and fill with tears, when they rested upon the sweet face of little Blanche, as she lay, softly nestled on the breast of my cousin. Strange as it may seem, it is not less strange than true, that while my wards shunned me—and withdrew from every attempt made by me to conciliate their affections, they one and all attached themselves to my cousin, and old Mrs. Spicer, our antiquated housekeeper, to whom they confided all their sorrows and troubles, real or imaginary.

"Three or four months had passed in this manner, little to my comfort or satisfaction, as you may suppose. I had, after mature deliberation resolved on sending Charles and Henry, as weekly boarders, to my friend the curate of Hadleigh, and after breakfast one day, I made known my intentions. The boys looked at each other, then at Edward, but the latter bit his lip, cast down his full dark eyes, and made no remark.

"*'This arrangement, my children,'* I observed, *'will, I trust, be to your advantage in every way. You will find a kind, clever, judicious master, and if you conduct yourselves well, an affectionate and sincere friend.'*

"*'And may I ask why I am to be excluded from enjoying the same privilege, and wherefore am I to be parted from my brothers, sir!'*" asked my eldest ward.

"*'Because, Edward, I have other views for you, which I will take an early opportunity of explaining—'*

"*'You rob me of my servants, and now separate me from my brothers,'* he replied, starting up; and, casting a glance of passionate rage upon me, dashed out of the room, through the open window, and I watched him pacing the lawn, with rapid and impetuous steps. I was hurt and grieved, and soon retired to my own little study, which opened upon the breakfast room; I will not be ashamed to avow my feelings at that moment were sad and even bitter. What had I not suffered for their mother's sake, and is it come to

this? *'Oh, Emily! Emily! is it thus my love to you and yours is to be rewarded?'*" I sunk on my knees—I buried my face between my hands, and wept, and prayed for strength to support me and keep me firm to my vow of being a friend and father to the fatherless. At that moment, my ear caught the passionate tones of Edward's voice in the breakfast room; he was speaking to some one in the room. I detest the character of a listener. I felt the crisis was approaching. I presented myself in the door-way, as he exclaimed:

"*'He is a hard-hearted, detestable tyrant, and I hate him.'*"

"The stream of light from the open door caused the youth to look up; pale, agitated, almost, I might say, agonized, I stood before him—I could only gasp out;

"*'Oh, Edward! how have I deserved this? You have cut me to the very heart.'*"

"I sobbed like a child, and I sunk into a chair. Edward's heart was touched at my distress—he gazed upon me, with an anxious, troubled eye. I marked the change—but I could not give utterance to a word. I held out my arms to him; the noble boy impulsively rushed forward, and cast himself upon my breast. Years cannot efface the feelings of that moment; we spoke not, but wept upon each other's necks. *'The stony rock was smitten, and the waters gushed forth freely.'*

"I cannot dwell upon what followed; it is enough to say, I now treated Edward as a friend, as a dear son. He became acquainted with the peculiar circumstances which had brought us together—and young as he was, he seemed to understand my motives, to enter at once into my feelings—love, gratitude, esteem, filled his heart. Never was friendship more enthusiastic—love more devoted. That day which had begun so darkly, was in the end, the brightest of my life; every thing was changed within our dwelling; light hearts, happy faces now beamed about me—I almost regretted the absence of Hassan and Sadek, and the blue macaw, and the ape, that they too might have shared in our household happiness. As it was, we had only the Hindoo girl, Blanche's nurse; but she was a gentle creature and had shared in the maternal care of cousin Martha, who considered her as her peculiar protégée, and had moreover, had her, baptized by her own name of Martha—which the little damsel herself called Muttu.

"But I see Miss Harriette is beginning to grow weary of my long story."

Harriette was yawning at the moment, and rubbing her eyes, as if half asleep.

"Indeed, my dear Baron! I have been greatly