

beaux, and her respectful, and even reverential manner, a grace, we are sorry to say, not universal among our young ladies, to her elders. In proportion as Mr Percival's heart overflowed with approbation and love for his daughter, he was relentless and dejected. The ring had revealed her unchanged affection for Henry Stuart, and he began to perceive that there was a moral impossibility in her withdrawing that affection in compliance with his will. He felt, too, that his absolute will was no reason why she should; Harry Stuart deserved her, and he was obliged in his heart to acknowledge himself the only obstacle to their happiness—happiness so rational, so well merited!

They were most uncomfortable reflections to a father, essentially good hearted, though sometimes the slave (and victim as well as slave) of a violent temper. It was no wonder that he exclaimed, in reply to a passing remark: 'that this was a charming anniversary, so many new friendships begun, so many old ones revived.

'Pshaw, sir, that is mere talk, you may as well attempt to mend broken glass with patent cement, as broken friendships with a New-year's visit!'

'O, Percival, my friend,' interposed a contemporary, 'you are wrong—I have known at least a half a dozen terrible breaches healed on New Year's day. Depend on't these enmities from which we can look forward and backward—these milestones in life which mark our progress, are of essential service in our moral training. One does not like, when he surveys his journey to its end, to hear on with him the burden of an old enmity.'

'It is a heavy burden,' murmured Mr Percival, in under tone. Lizzy caught the words and sighed as she made their just application.

'Mr Percival,' said a servant, 'there's a gentleman wishes to speak to you in the library.'

'Show him into the drawing room.'

'He says his business is private, sir.'

'This is no day for business of any sort,' grumbled Mr Percival as he left the room, in no very auspicious humor for his visitor.

The morning verged to the dinner hour. Miss Percival's last lagging visitor had come and gone, but not among them had appeared, as she had hoped from his intimation, the kind landlord who had so graciously granted

her the boon she asked, and whose manner had excited her curiosity. 'There was something in his face,' she thought, 'that impressed me like a familiar friend, and yet I am sure I never saw him before—heigho' this new yearning after all is tedious when we see every body but the one we wish most to see—I wonder if papa will let me continue to wear this ring—if he should—the meditation, like many a one more or less interesting, was broken off by the ringing of the dinner bell. Her father did not answer to its call. The children forsok their toys and became clamorous. The bell was re-rung. Still they come not, Lizzy sent a servant to enquire how much longer the dinner must wait. The servant returned, with a face smiling all over and full of merriment, but what it meant Lizzy could not divine, and before he could deliver his answer, the library door was thrown open, and within, standing beside her father, she saw the landlord, her morning friend, and behind them stood Harry Stuart. All their eyes were directed towards her, and never did eyes, old or young, look more kindly.

'Come here my dear child,' said her father. Lizzy obeyed—'keep your ring Lizzy, and give Henry Stuart your hand: as far as my leave goes, it is his for life.'

'What can this mean,' thought Lizzy, confounded and not restored to her senses, by her lover seizing her hand and pressing it to his lips in the presence of a stranger. Her father interfered and replied to the embarrassment and amazement expressed in her countenance.

'This gentleman is Harry Stuart's father, Lizzy! we were once friends, and are again, thank God. I have been a fool and he has been—foolish. Now look up boldly, my girl and give him a kiss, and I will explain the whys and the wherefores afterwards.'

The story afterwards most frankly told was very like the stories of most quarrels among honest men. It had originated in mutual mistakes, and been aggravated and protracted by suspicion and pride, till the morning of the New Year, when conscience was awakened by the thrilling voice of that anniversary, and all the good feelings stirred by the charities of the season, and when Lizzy, like a dove of peace, was guided by Providence to the presence of Harry Stuart's father and fairly made a perch