

my faith. Again, I implore, advise and  
 me, your poor and heart-broken

Louisa B."—

The only other paper was also a letter in  
 the same hand, as follows:—

"My Dear Elizabeth—Fate has done its  
 worst, and my heart is not broken, neither  
 am I distracted. I am bereft of my treasure  
 it was torn from me by its unnatural father  
 with threats and imprecations. I know no  
 more; for nature sank under his cruelty.—  
 When I recovered, my lord—now *my* lord no  
 longer—had left the castle. I would have  
 followed though I knew not whither; but I  
 was detained a prisoner in my room, and  
 denied the presence of every one, except  
 a range of menials he had appointed as my  
 keepers. I have succeeded in my attempt,  
 and am now with my uncle. I leave this  
 packet in which I have suffered so much, for  
 you, in search of my heart's treasure—  
 will I cease my wanderings until I have  
 found my child. Farewell! perhaps for ever!

Louisa B.—"

Helen and the now aged Grizzel shed tears  
 over the sufferings of Louisa, replaced the  
 papers, and wished that William might once  
 return, if it were for no more than to  
 inquire if he could say whether his relation  
 had found her child or not. The packet could  
 reveal nothing to him but what he already  
 knew.

The following summer was genial and  
 warm, and the crops luxuriant to profusion:  
 nature appeared anxious to make amends  
 for the barrenness of the preceding years.—  
 Louisa had disappeared, but poverty had  
 laid its cold hand upon many a family who  
 before had never known want. The more  
 munificent William Kerr and Helen distribu-  
 ted their aid with a liberal hand to all around  
 them—his farm had resumed its wonted  
 prosperous appearance—and Helen occasionally  
 visited the Eldrich Stone, as she went out of  
 summer evening to meet the worthy farmer  
 on his return from the hill. The harvest  
 had been gathered in, and a public thank-  
 giving made in all the churches for its abund-  
 ance, when, towards the end of the year, the  
 worthy old minister died, beloved and regret-  
 ted by all: his executor sent to William Kerr  
 a small piece of paper his wife had found  
 in the clothes of Helen, with a certificate of  
 the date and circumstances carefully written  
 at the time. So little had they thought

of it, as of any importance, that its existence  
 was almost forgotten. Helen put it into the  
 same box with the papers left in her charge  
 by Elizabeth, and thought no more of it.—  
 Happy, loving and beloved by her foster pa-  
 rents, she had no other wish on earth but to  
 see them happy by contributing to their  
 comfort. The new incumbent of the parish,  
 a pious young man, was assiduous in the per-  
 formance of his public duties—visiting all  
 his parishioners with a parent's care, speak-  
 ing consolation to the afflicted, and soothing  
 down any little animosities that arose among  
 them; but it was observed that he called  
 oftener at William Kerr's, and remained  
 longer there, than at any other of the houses  
 in the parish; and it was whispered by the  
 young maidens that Helen was, more than  
 the old man and his wife, the inducement for  
 these numerous and protracted visits.

The truth was, that he loved Helen, and  
 was not looked upon by her with indifference;  
 his many virtues had won her esteem, which  
 is near akin to love, and she received his at-  
 tentions with a secret pleasure, though no  
 declaration of love had yet been made by  
 him. In one of their walks, which had been  
 protracted more than usual, they were re-  
 turning homewards by the Eldrich Stone—  
 the evening was mild and serene for the sea-  
 son; Helen's arm was in his. She felt no  
 fatigue; but stopped from habit at the much  
 loved spot. A thought of Willie passed  
 through her mind—a faint wish to know  
 whether he were dead or alive rose in her  
 bosom—and her head dropped with a sigh as  
 she thought of his being numbered with the  
 dead. The anxious lover remarked the  
 change—and taking Helen by the hand, in-  
 quired with a tremulous voice the cause of  
 her melancholy. The ingenuous girl laid  
 open to him the cause, and a pang of jealousy  
 wrung his heart as he dropped her hand.—  
 "Helen," he would have said, "you love  
 another;" but such was the agitation of his  
 mind, that his tongue refused utterance to  
 his thoughts.

In silence they walked side by side to the  
 farmer's, as if the faculty of speech had been  
 taken from them. Contrary to his wont, the  
 minister did not enter the gate to the enclo-  
 sure, but, stopping short, wrung Helen's  
 hand as he bade her good night, and hurried  
 away before she could inquire the cause of  
 his agitation. She burst into tears, and look-