

effect, I made it my task to seek her out; it was a duty I had long pledged myself to, by her father's sick-bed, and over her mother's grave, and sincerely do I rejoice that, though late, it has been fulfilled."

"Sir, the God of the oppressed has wrought with you, and will reward you, but of that, anon—that mother was—"

"The portrait you have seen informs you—Lady Ardcapell—at one time, Lady Laura Farleton—your daughter, I believe?"

The old man gave me a look, that long clung to my remembrance, then dropped upon his knees, and after offering up a brief prayer of thanksgiving to the Almighty, clasped his restored, and now reviving grand-child, in the long deferred embrace of paternal love.

My task was done.

Leaving the two relatives to the hallowed interchange of their feelings, I quitted the room under the over-powering pressure of my own, and repairing to the vicarage, relieved