

philosophising inquirer into the outward customs of foreigners, know of the inward feelings of the heart and home?"

And yet, thought Caroline, as a smile of triumph passed over her countenance, never did I feel so convinced of his knowledge of both as at this moment. And it was with a resolved step she left the library, and with a lightened heart she wrote a polite refusal to Lord Frederick.

It is now time to say a little about Charles Moray. He was the orphan son of an intimate friend of Sir John St. Clair, whose ward he was, and to whose guardianship he had been committed when still a child. Sir John instantly took him to his own home, and ever since had acted the part of a parent towards him. He was possessed of a small, but what is generally termed an independent fortune, and was now on a visit of a few months to his guardian, previous to his taking up his residence on his own estate in Scotland. He was aware of Lord Frederick's attachment to Caroline, and had been endeavouring, ever since his return from the continent, to school himself into seeing her become the wife of another with some degree of patience; but now that he had heard her declare her indifference to him, he once more allowed himself to love her; and week after week stole away leaving no trace behind except the record of their increased affection. Still, when Caroline did pause to think—when, for a few moments she awakened from the dream which had taken possession of her, she was not happy. Her conscience told her she had preferred her own gratification to that of her indulgent parents; that she was encouraging passion at the expense of principle; and there was a certain indistinct anticipation of retribution which would often steal upon her in the silence of the night, and send the blood mantling to her forehead, though there was no human eye there to witness it. And Charles, too, had his hours of reflection and self accusation. It is strange how natural sophistry seems to the mind of man; and how often, by its false reasoning, we try to reconcile our conscience to what we know to be wrong! But the still small voice will not always be silenced; and though Charles said to himself, and said truly, he had never tried to win Caroline's affections, and had never told her that he loved her, still he knew that he *had* won that confiding heart, and that latterly he had taken no pains to conceal how completely that love was returned.

About this time a distant cousin of the St. Clairs came to pay them a visit. She was young, beautiful, and accomplished; but though her manner seemed artless, and her heart warm, she

was in fact cold, worldly, selfish, and vain. Caroline had not known Nora Vivian long enough to find out her true character, and welcomed her to Clair Park with unaffected pleasure. Had she known—could she have anticipated the viper she was taking to her bosom, how different would have been her greeting! Miss Vivian had had much intercourse with the world, and profited thereby; and she had not been long in the house with Charles and Caroline before she discovered the attachment which subsisted between them, and determined, "*pour passer le temps*," as she expressed it in a letter to a chosen spirit, to interrupt the course of their "innocent affection." This was the one object of her actions by day, and thoughts by night; and for some time she could scarcely conceal how much her vanity was mortified by the slow progress she made in her heartless scheme. Caroline was so confident in her own affection, so confiding in Charles', that no hint Nora could give, distinct or implied, ever gave her a moment's uneasiness; and then, though always polite, Charles' manner toward her was so cold, so distant, that she felt her very pride concerned in winning him from Caroline.

"One smile from that piece of indifference," she said to herself one day, as she sat musing how she was to proceed, "would be worth more in my eyes than the adulation of a multitude—but how to obtain it? I see, I must alter my plans; and as I cannot rouse her suspicions, I must try and work upon his vanity. I will attract to myself by imperceptible degrees, and in a manner which no polite person can refuse, all those little attentions which now are so exclusively her own—she will *feel* this and resent it. The vanity of woman has passed into a proverb, but my experience proves that of man to be greater; therefore, while Charles Moray's pride is hurt by Caroline's reproachful manner, I will minister to his vanity by a thousand numberless attentions, which, in that hour of mortified affection, will be to him like sunrise to the benighted traveller."

We will not stop to follow Miss Vivian through the crooked path she thus marked out for herself: suffice it to say, she had drawn her conclusions from but too intimate a knowledge of the human heart, and the truth and accuracy of her calculations were but too well proved by the result.

By an appearance of great helplessness and dependence upon Mr. Moray's assistance and support, which she knew would gratify his pride, and which she knew well how to assume, Nora soon managed to usurp almost the whole of his attention. If they rode, she was nervous, and