

3 7/10 6/1-



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
C 852e
v. 1

EARLY STRUGGLES;

BY

MRS. A. CRAWFORD;

AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE BEDCHAMBER,"
"THE STORY OF A NUN," "THE DOUBLE
MARRIAGE," ETC.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
T. CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,
30, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.
1857.

823

C 852 e

v. 1

EARLY STRUGGLES.

CHAPTER I.

“ Hung o’er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.”

THOMSON.

It was on a dark, foggy day in the month of November 18— that the wife of a poor lieutenant in the army took her way through one of the long, narrow, dirty streets in the ancient town of_____.

VOL. I.

B

MAY 18 1954 SEARCH

17 Aug 53 11 m. p. 130

Gen. Rev. Ray

She had a baby on one arm, for her husband was too ill to take care of it during her absence, and the other hand held a small parcel neatly tied up, containing a gentleman's vest which she had just finished embroidering for the large warehouse of Messieurs Simpkins & Co. This shop, though presenting on the outside a poor appearance in a dingy street, spread in its interior into large and handsome ware-rooms, filled with every variety of expensive drapery. It was one of those old-fashioned establishments without any display, which the superior attractions of plate-glass windows, and a superb front, in a more fashionable part of the town vainly try to displace.

Ellen Hume, (such was the lady's name) had returned the work, received with thankfulness from her employer, who was pleased with the execution of the design, the small sum paid to needlewomen

for their most elaborate embroidery— had listened with attention to his minute directions for another piece somewhat similar, but differing in pattern, and had turned, on her way home, into another street, satisfied with her success, and thinking what little delicacy she might purchase to tempt her sick husband's appetite, when a heavy storm of rain set in.

A slight mist was falling when she left Mr. Simpkin's warehouse, but in her eagerness to get home she had taken no note of it, but had continued to hurry on through the still more narrow and interminable looking street she had just entered which run on the way towards the outskirts of the town, where was her present dwelling.

The increasing rain, however, from which she was but badly protected by a slight cloak, made her stop and turn aside under the projecting cave of a small

dwelling-house, while she attempted to draw her mantle more closely over her sleeping child.

Two or three heavy drops of rain, despite all her care, falling on the baby's face woke it up and it began to cry.

Much distressed, Ellen looked around for a friendly shop of the meanest description, to take refuge in, but not one met her eye.

In this street there were none but humble, private houses, such as might suit a decent class of mechanics. She ascended a few steps that led to the door of one of those houses, and stood beneath the framework, hushing her baby, and casting now and then a despairing look at the rain.

Thinking it best to hasten home, notwithstanding the increasing blackness of the sky, than to stand thus, she was in the act of descending the steps, when the door behind her opened, and a benevolent

looking old lady, in a close mob cap, and dark gown, arrested her progress, and gently drawing her into the passage, and from thence into the small parlour, requested she would accept of shelter until the rain was over.

As the baby still continued screaming, and Ellen could not, with all her caresses, soothe its cries, she gladly accepted the offer of the good stranger, who, drawing an arm chair close to the fire for her, took off her wet cloak and hung it to dry.

Ellen sat down in the chair. The baby's tears ceased. It was a pretty little thing now it was quiet, and soon, attracted by the old lady's kind face, it began to smile brightly on her, and to put out its little hands.

Ellen's eye glanced from the old lady in her white coif and black stuff dress, to the large bible with silver clasps, which lay open upon the table, and she felt a sort

of secret trust in the kindness and respectability of her new acquaintance.

From thence her eye wandered to the corner cupboard, with its glass door, displaying sundry pieces of old china in the shape of bowls, mugs, tea-cups, and vases of various sizes and shapes, evidently a favourite hoard, and arranged in the nicest order.

Then there were the few book shelves, painted green, suspended against the wall, and the little work-table standing beneath them, with the open basket on it containing small knitted squares of white cotton, and corners for a counterpane, and the knitting needles hanging from a piece of deep white fringe, apparently just laid down on the edge of the basket.

Everything bespoke comfort, neatness, and occupation.

The mistress of this little apartment looked at Ellen, and thought "what a

pretty delicate creature she is!—out on such a day with a helpless baby.”

Then she glanced at the small parcel which Ellen had laid on the table, and she saw on the back of it, “Two silk waist-coats to be embroidered for Simpkins & Co.”

The tale was told. She understood it. It was a tale of penury.

“Let me take off your clogs, my dear, and put your feet to the fire—you are all splashed from the puddles,” and before Ellen could prevent her, as she was cumbered with the child, the clogs were off, and she was entreated to place her feet upon the fender.

“It is a very bad day for you to be out of doors, and to bring the baby with you, my dear,” continued the old lady, compassionately.

“I had some needlework to take to Messrs. Simpkins’ warehouse,” replied

Ellen, unhesitatingly, “and my husband is too ill to mind baby, so I brought her with me.”

“A sick husband too,” mentally ejaculated the old lady.

“What is the matter with your husband?” inquired she. “I hope he is not seriously ill. You look very young and delicate yourself—a sick husband and a baby to take care of—it is too much for you.”

“I am stronger than I look,” replied Ellen, “and I thank God that I am able to get on as well as I do—but my poor husband is very ill—he grows weaker and weaker,”—and Ellen dashed a tear from her eyes as she spoke.

“What do the doctors say his complaint is?” said the good dame.

“I do not think they know,” replied Ellen with a heavy sigh, “he had a bad fever at Jamaica, and then, when he was

scarcely recovered from it, took a violent chill. He got leave home, and after having his leave renewed more than once, was still too ill to join his regiment, and was obliged to go on half-pay,"

"Ah, he is an officer I see," said the old lady.

"Yes, a lieutenant," replied Ellen.

"Has he good medical advice? what is prescribed for him?"

"The surgeon of the regiment who attended him in Jamaica," returned Ellen, "was a kind, clever man, and since we came home he has had the advice of two or three others. They all agreed in saying nothing could do him good but change of air, so we came here about three months ago, it being considered a healthy situation, and more reasonable than many towns of its size."

"Did they give him any strengthening medicine, or order him any particular diet?"

“No, they desired him to lay aside medicine, and take every thing that is nourishing. But he has no appetite. I do not think he gains any strength. It is very like a decline. All his family were consumptive.”

Here a sob almost choaked Ellen.

“Ah,” said her compassionate listener, “I had a great deal to do with invalids—My husband, poor dear man, was ill a long time before he died. You must try and coax his appetite with little niceties, and above all things make him take a little wine—he is not forbidden wine, is he?”

“No, not forbidden,” replied Ellen, “but he does not like wine,” and she colored.

“Ah, I guessed too true, poverty! poverty,” thought the old lady.

“But it is clearing,” said Ellen, anxiously, looking out of the window, “and my husband will expect me.”

“Wait ten minutes longer—see, the rain drops still fall heavily—the sky is lighter, however, and the rain may cease by that time. You are hardly dry yet, sit down again, let me give you a glass of wine—it will do you good.”

Ellen strenuously declined, but a locker beside the chimney place was open in an instant, and a glass of wine and a biscuit put before her.

There was nothing particularly polished or refined about the old lady. Although kind looking she was homely; but there was that native politeness which springing from the heart, is irresistible, and Ellen could not be so discourteous as to refuse her hospitality.

“Baby must have a biscuit, too,” the old lady said, gazing complacently on mother and child.

She put one into the infant’s little hands, who, clutching it firmly, smiled up in her face.

“Pretty one, pretty one!” she said, caressingly, as she patted its soft cheek, and kissed its forehead—then anxiously looking at the clouds, she added, “I hope you have not far to go, my dear, I think it will be fine presently, but it is uncertain weather.”

“To Prospect Row, a little way outside the town,” Ellen replied, “No. 32, Prospect Row.”

“A long walk for you, and baby to carry!” the old lady said.

The rain was now nearly over.

“Wilfrid will be quite unhappy about me,” Ellen observed, rising from her chair.

“Ah, I must not detain you any longer then,” returned her kind hostess, “and see, there is a wintry gleam of sunshine.”

Then taking the cloak from the other side of the fire, where she had hung it to dry on the back of a chair, she assisted Ellen in putting it on.

“I hope you are not without some friends here, my dear,” she said rather hesitatingly.

“I have only one friend here besides my husband,” Ellen meekly said, and she raised her eyes towards heaven.

CHAPTER II.

“ Her breath, like to the whispering wind,
Was calm as thought, sweet as her mind.”

LOVELACE.

ELLEN entered a shabby looking, narrow, tall house—being the last one of a row close to the road side on the outskirts of the town—and ascending three pair of stairs, found her husband lying on the sofa in their very small and only sitting room.

A still smaller bed room, opening with folding doors from this room, and

looking into a confined yard, made up the entire of their lodging.

The young man—very much emaciated, with a pale, resigned countenance—had been reading, apparently some book of devotion; but he put it aside on hearing the door open, and a slight hectic crossed his cheek on seeing his wife.

“My beloved Ellen! I fear you have got wet,” he exclaimed, “and our little darling too! Ah! what do I not owe you for all your exertions;—up this morning at five o’clock, sweet one! to finish your needle-work, and I see you have brought some more by that parcel in your hand.”

“Yes,” said Ellen, cheerfully, “I have got some more waistcoats to embroider. They were very much pleased at the shop with the execution of the one I took back, and I think will

give me as much work as I can possibly manage. But how do you feel?—a little stronger to-day, I hope? I am sure you are—you look better.”

“Do I, dear? Seeing you, always makes me better. But where have you been during the heavy rain? You must have gone back to the warehouse, I suppose, as I reckoned it must have caught you before you were half way on your return home, and you look quite dry.”

“How nicely you calculated the time, Wilfrid!” returned Ellen, laying baby upon a cushion on the floor, which, put down not far from its father’s side, was its usual place of rest when awake. “Yes, I was on my way home when the storm overtook me, and dear baby did not like the heavy rain drops at all. I could not shelter my precious little darling from them entirely. But you

shall hear when I take off my cloak and bonnet and baby's things.

It was soon done, and Ellen, kneeling on a footstool beside him, began to relate her adventure.

He was much interested. In their monotonous life every thing was an incident, and her narrative was only interrupted by the hollow cough, which, becoming more frequent every day, gave him increased pain. Every time he coughed it pierced Ellen's heart. But she hid the uneasiness it gave her, and continued to speak cheerfully.

Soon she went down to the kitchen to look after the cooking of some little delicacy she had brought in, and which the indifferent servant of the lodging could not manage, without her assistance.

But although the sick man smiled sweetly on his wife when she came

in with it herself, and tried to eat in order to please her, Ellen felt much disappointment that such a very little sufficed.

“There, darling — take it away — it is cooked to perfection, and you see I have eaten a great deal of it.”

Ellen could not suppress a sigh.— She looked wistfully at him as her fingers loitered on the edge of the tray before putting it aside.

He understood her; and kissing the hand that seemed as if it did not like to remove his plate, said—

“Not any more to-day, dearest,— to-morrow, perhaps

He would have said more but the hollow cough stopped him.

Ellen put aside the tray. She would not let him see her tears, and bringing baby over to amuse him, sat down again near him with the child in her lap.

“What have you been reading, dear?” said she, taking up the book that lay half open beside him, “Ah! I see it is Doctor Adam Clark’s Sermons, — I thought you would like them.”

“Yes, Ellen,—they are beautiful discourses. They at once satisfy the judgment, elevate the mind, and touch the heart. But reading wearies my eyes, —they are so weak!”

“You must not read any more just now,” said Ellen, “I will finish this sermon for you where your marker is, you know there is nothing I like better than reading aloud for you. But first I will put baby into her cot,—see! her eyes are closing.

The crib, shaded with white muslin curtains and partly lined with pink—the prettiest piece of furniture in the room—was standing in the corner furthest removed from the light.

Into this baby was put and it soon sank into a profound slumber, which was not even interrupted by the father's cough, or by the loud noise of vehicles continually passing on the road.

Thus wore away the day. Ellen's early tea, of which her husband did not even try to partake, was quickly despatched after she had finished reading.

It became dark—a single candle faintly illumined the room—the poor lieutenant dosed upon the sofa; Ellen had already traced out the pattern on one of the waistcoats, and baby, looking bright and animated after her sleep, sat in a high arm chair at the table, watching mamma's fingers, and putting out her little hands for the strips of paper which fell from beneath Ellen's industrious scissors, when a ring was heard at the hall door.

Presently the untidy servant girl entered with a small basket in her hand

Ellen looked surprised—she had not ordered any thing.

“It must be a mistake—the basket is intended for somebody else,” she said.

“No, ma’am, the basket is for you—it is directed ‘Mrs. Hume, No. 32, Prospect Row;’ I can’t read it myself, but Missis did,” replied the girl.

Yes, there was the direction, Ellen saw.

She untied the basket. It was packed close with hay. There was a note just inside on the top.

“Is the boy waiting for an answer?”

“No ma’am, he went away directly.”

“Very well—you may go. I see it is for me. Shut the door close after you.”

Ellen opened the note, ran her eye hastily over it,—looked flurried, yet pleased—read it again more deliberately—put it down and began eagerly to unpack the basket.

“What is this, my dear?” said the sick man, disturbed by the servant’s entrance, and now completely roused.

“Only think, dear, how kind—how very kind,” Ellen said. “This is from the old lady, who gave me shelter to-day. Three bottles of the best old port—she would not take the liberty of sending it, but I cannot get any like it here, she says—bought at an auction of the wines in Lord N—’s cellar—I must make you drink two glasses every day. But I will read her note for you.”

And Ellen read.

It was simply and kindly written. Hume liked the tone of it: in fact it was a little event altogether.

The cupboard contained wine-glasses and a cork-screw not much used since their arrival, it must be confessed—and Ellen opened a bottle at once, and coaxed her husband to try it.

Hume took a glass of the wine. It was first-rate—must have been in Lord N—'s cellars a long time—fine, old, crusted port; still it had not lost its colour. And he held it up between him and the light as he sipped it.

“Dear Ellen, wont you taste it? Take a little yourself, love.”

No, Ellen would not—just a sip out of his glass.

“But here is another parcel I declare,” said she as she turned to the table, “a roll of biscuits—and a slip of paper—what is written on it?” and she read aloud ‘I have just thought of some biscuits that are made so light and crisp! fit for invalids—pray accept a few.’

Ellen reached Hume a biscuit.

“The very best biscuit I ever eat,” he said “Ellen you must go and thank the old lady to-morrow.”

“Certainly,” Ellen replied with a smile.

“Like one of those bright smiles she used to wear before my ill health and poverty damped the elastic spirit of my Ellen,” the husband thought as he fondly looked at her.

That night as Ellen kissed her baby and put it in its crib, notwithstanding that Wilfrid’s cough still smote heavily on her heart, she did not feel quite so forlorn and cast down as usual.

CHAPTER III.

“ O child ! O new-born denizen
Of life’s great city ! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestial benison !
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future’s undiscovered land.”

LONGFELLOW.

THE morrow came. It was fine for a November day, and Ellen was thinking that in about half an hour she would be able to put on her cloak and bonnet and go and thank the old lady, when a soft double knock was heard at the street door.

Presently the slipshod attendant announced Mrs. Benson, and the kind old lady entered the room.

Poor Hume, who, notwithstanding the wine, did not feel the least stronger, and had eaten no breakfast, was still in bed. Ellen had a cup of coffee and two mouthfuls of toast on a small waiter in her hand just going to try and make him take it before she went out, when Mrs. Benson made her appearance. Baby, looking very happy supported by mamma's other arm, was clinging with a little hand round her neck.

“It is so good of you to come and see me,” Ellen said. “As soon as my husband had his coffee, I was going to thank you for your kind present. You may perceive baby has got her bonnet and mantle on—she too was going to pay you a visit.”

“Dear little soul, give her to me,”

returned the old lady. "You are just about to take your husband his coffee—do not let me prevent you. I will wait until you come back, and amuse myself with baby if you will let me have her. How is your husband to-day? I hope you made him take the wine. It is quite a cordial—I keep it for the sick."

"How good of you! My husband thought it first-rate. I think he was a little stronger after it. But, as usual, he coughed all night, and to-day he is so weak and languid!"

"Ah! and you did not get much sleep either, I see by your eyes," said Mrs. Benson kindly.

"Not much," replied Ellen, "but I do not mind that. But you will excuse me for a few moments—will you not?"

"Certainly; do not let me detain you," and the old lady took the child in her arms, who went to her willingly,

put its pretty lips up to be kissed, and played with her grey hairs.

Ellen disappeared through the folding doors.

Mrs. Benson ran her eye over the room. Every thing bespoke a narrow income.

The lodging itself was poverty-stricken and must have been had very cheap. The colours were worn out of the chintz curtains—washed until they had scarcely any pattern—the scanty furniture looked rickety, and the old couch lumbered. Ellen's tidiness and constant sweeping with the hearth-brush could not make the rug before the fire-place appear clean; the window sashes were without paint, and smoke had stained the ceiling.

Then there was the hat in the corner with scarcely a bit of nap on it, and a coat lay on the chair near it, which Ellen had been trying to repair without the aid of a tailor.

Mrs. Benson sighed as she took note of all this, and then held up the child to look at a water-colour drawing of a large tabby cat which hung against the wall.

The little one laughed and clapped its hands and seemed to try to speak. Ellen came into the room.

“This is a dear child,” said Mrs. Benson; “what sweet blue eyes she has!—very like eyes I once knew. She has not got your dark ones, Mrs. Hume—I suppose Mr. Hume has blue eyes.”

“No, baby has not got papa’s eyes either. They are like my mother’s eyes—at least they exactly resemble the miniature I have of her, for she died when I was very young—too young to remember her.”

“And your father—is he alive?” inquired Mrs. Benson.

“No; he was a navy officer, and was drowned at sea.”

There was a painful expression in Ellen’s countenance as she spoke.—Those questions put her in mind of her loneliness—nothing but her husband and baby left.

Mrs. Benson perceived it and turned the conversation. “Dear little thing,” said she caressingly to the child, “how intelligent she looks! How old is she?”

“Eleven months old; she is very strong and can just stand alone—I think she will run about in a short time.”

“And talk too,” said Mrs. Benson, “she looks as if she understood every word that was said—pretty creature! what is her name?”

“Baby will soon be able to tell her own name,” returned the mother, brightening up. “Yes, darling, you will—you will soon be able to lisp

Emily Thornton Hume. That is baby's name, is it not, my sweet little Emily?"

"Emily Thornton Hume!" exclaimed Mrs. Benson, in great surprise, "is this baby's name? and can it be—yes, it must be. Pardon me, Mrs. Hume,—was your mother's name Emily Thornton?"

"Yes," said Ellen, looking surprised in her turn at the agitation Mrs. Benson's face displayed, "she was the only daughter of Mr. Thornton of Woodhouse in the County of"—

"Oh! my dear lady," exclaimed Mrs. Benson, with a burst of tears, "is it indeed possible that you are the daughter of my sweet young mistress that once was—my sweet Miss Emily Thornton?—Ah! and is she indeed dead. Many and many were the fruitless inquiries I made after her. Since leaving New York on my husband's death, I

set up my abode in this city, but no trace of the family could I find—Woodhouse had long passed into other hands. And now I see before my old eyes the daughter and granddaughter of my earliest, my first, my best friend—the friend to whose kindness I owe everything—education and my present comfortable position. Ah! if I spent my life in your service, I could not repay the goodness that drew me,—a starving, motherless, untaught little girl,—from the depths of poverty.”

“You knew my mother, then?” said Ellen. “You are not a stranger to my family?”

“A stranger! my dear madam; oh, no, not a stranger. I lived seventeen years in your grandfather’s house and only left it to be married to Mr. Benson. Happy, happy chance!—but no, not chance,—the kindest of providences—

that brought you and your babe, yesterday, to take shelter beneath my humble roof." And as Mrs. Benson spoke she fixed her eyes streaming with tears upon Ellen, while the latter, with a sensation of joy in her heart long unknown, inwardly thanked God for raising her up this new friend.

"But as you are not going abroad now and, Mr. Hume is not yet risen," continued Mrs. Benson—

"I think he must be asleep," said Ellen, interrupting her, "he does not even stir."

"I will give you a short sketch of my history, if it will gratify you."

"Do, pray," said Ellen, eagerly, "but first I will just peep at my husband."

And so saying she stole gently into his room through the folding doors.

"He sleeps quite sound—I thought he slept, as I did not hear him cough-

ing. Sit down here, dear Mrs. Benson; I will sit near you, and we will lay baby on her cushion—the little darling would only interrupt us.”

Baby lay quietly on her cushion,—no sound was heard from the invalid’s room, and Mrs. Benson thus begun.

CHAPTER IV.

“The short and simple annals of the poor.”

GRAY.

“My early life was passed in a miserable cabin and I drank the bitter cup of poverty from my birth.

“My father, who was a day-labourer, spent nearly all his wages at the ale house, and my mother, never very strong, had to work hard indeed to earn that bread for herself and three sickly children which he so cruelly denied her. It was only among the farmers she went

out—sometimes as charwoman, sometimes a day at the washing tub, or in the fields—so we fared very scantily.

“She had been brought up decently herself, her parents having rented a small farm—but being left an orphan very early had been apprenticed to a farmer, where she had learnt all sorts of outdoor as well as in-door work, and would no doubt have done well, had she not imprudently, while still very young, married a farm servant of unsteady, idle habits.

“She soon found, to her cost, what an unfortunate match she had made. Hard work she had had, but she was well fed and well lodged—now she discovered that she must work still harder, or that her portion in life, as well as that of the unfortunate children she brought into the world, must be starvation or next to it.

“Her constitution was not a strong one, and in a few years symptoms of pulmonary consumption made their appearance, yet I never recollect her idle except when confined to her bed by absolute disease. When there was no other work to be procured she fetched water and went of errands—in short, turned her hand to anything.

“Thus my poor mother struggled on, subject to the brutal treatment of a drunken husband, and having often but one meal in the day to give to her unhappy, pinched, little offspring.

“I have read somewhere that the poor have no youth. I dare say among the *very* poor it may be the case, for I do not think I was ever young. From the moment I could speak I was the depository of my mother's tears and struggles. My two little sisters, both younger than I was, died when they were about three or four

years old, and I alone was left to comfort her when she was in sorrow, and nurse her through much sickness.

“Although but a child, when my mother was out I had to cook my father’s dinner, listen to his bad tempers when he came home, and sit in the corner sewing, without uttering a word while he staid. I had no companion, nor did I wish for any but my mother.

“Owing to my father’s indifferent character, and drunken habits, he never got regular work in one place long, so that we were constantly located where we did not know a soul. This fretted my poor mother exceedingly, as it rendered the difficulty of her getting employment the greater.

“Very pale and emaciated she was, when the sickness came upon her of which she died.

“We had then been residing about six months in the village near Woodhouse.

“Although I was only eight years old, I watched her day and night, never going out but when I ventured to one or two of the neighbouring farm houses to beg a little assistance for her. One day I had been quite unsuccessful, and was returning home very melancholy, when I saw at the end of some park paling a charming little girl, younger than myself, feeding a pet fawn.—I shall never forget her in her straw hat and white frock, with her lovely blue eyes and angelic smile. That was your mother, dear madam—my sainted mistress—baby is the image of her—but I tire you perhaps.”

“Oh no, no indeed,” said Ellen, “pray go on.”

“My way lay close to her, as I always took a short cut through a field to the farm houses where I was used to go.

“‘What is the matter with you, little girl?’ said she, in her soft, sweet, infantine

voice, (for my tears were falling in showers as I walked along) 'you look very sad, have you fallen and hurt yourself? come here and tell me.

" 'Thank you, miss,' said I, dropping a curtsey, 'I ail nothing, but my poor mother is very ill, and I have not any thing to give her to eat.'

" 'Poor little girl! nothing in the house to eat—no bread?

" 'Nothing,' I said, 'perhaps when father returns in the evening he may give me a little money to buy some—perhaps not.'

" 'I have given all the bread I had to the fawn,' she replied, looking at me, wistfully, 'but here's my luncheon,' taking a piece of cake out of a small basket that stood on the grass near her. 'Look! it is very nice, mamma gave me leave to eat it here, while I fed the fawn—you shall have it,' and she held it toward me

in her tiny, soft hand. 'May be cake is not good for sick people,' she resumed, seeing I hesitated to take all her cake, 'you shall eat the cake yourself, little girl, and I will run to the cook for something for your mother.'

"'O, thank you miss,' I said, 'the cake is very nice, it will be a treat to mother, but I cannot take it all.'

"'Yes, yes, you must,' the dear creature said, 'I will get you something else too.'

"'It is a great way to the grand place you live in, Miss, and I dare not delay—my poor mother bade me return quickly.'

"'The short path runs over two fields,' said the child, taking my hand, 'I would not be long—but you are afraid to stay—come to-morrow here at this time and I will have something for you.'

"I thanked her, and hastened away home—mother had wearied herself look-

ing for me, but she kissed me and eat a little piece of the cake.

“For a week I came each day at the appointed hour, and the little angel had always some delicacy fit for a sick person in her basket. My poor mother, however, scarcely touched anything, and, notwithstanding the care I took of her, and the few and far-between visits of the parish doctor, she died, leaving me miserable and forlorn.

“I was soon an orphan in the fullest sense of the word, for my father very shortly after fell into the mill-pond in a drunken fit and was drowned.

“There would have been no resource now for me but the poor-house if a neighbour had not taken me in, young as I was, to mind a baby.

“I was fain to do my best to satisfy my employer, but the baby was very cross, I could hardly ever please it, and

the mother was sure to beat me whenever it roared.

“I had quite lost sight of the charming little girl who had befriended me. The last time I saw her—a day or two before my poor mother died, she told me that her parents were going somewhere on a visit for a month, and that she was to accompany them. Indeed I should have been ashamed to see her now, for I was both dirty and ragged. Somehow or other in spite of all my dear mother’s illness I used to manage to be clean, but now it was impossible.

“I had not been by the park paling for a long time, when one day I was sent with a basket of potatoes to some distance, and my way lay in that direction. I longed, yet feared, to see my little benefactress, and looked eagerly, yet shy and frightened towards the spot where I had met her before. I felt almost glad she

was not there when I glanced at my tattered apron and passed on quickly. But presently I heard her sweet voice cry,

“‘Kezia, Kezia!—Ah, where have you been this long time? I have looked for you every day. How is your mother?’

This question overset me, and I began to weep bitterly.

“‘My poor mother is dead and buried’ I said, ‘and my father is dead, and I am alone.’

“The little girl looked so pale and frightened, she could hardly speak. Then she took my hand, and the tears ran down her pretty face.

“‘Do not cry, you are not alone, Kezia, God watches over you.’

“And that was my mother!” Ellen exclaimed. “True christian in childhood as in womanhood—always the same.

“True madam,” Mrs. Benson replied, “always the same—but to resume.

“‘You look very thin and pale,’ said she, ‘and your clothes are very old; where do you live?’

“Just at this moment one of the servants came running up.

“Miss Emily, your mamma says it is time for you to come in to your lessons. I told mistress I was coming this way to look in the hedges after the pea-fowls’ eggs, and I was desired to put you in mind.’

“‘Presently Hannah,’ returned the child. ‘Look, this is the poor little girl whose mother was so ill—she is dead and her father too.’

“‘God help her,’ said Hannah, looking compassionately at me.

“‘Hannah,’ said the dear child, confidentially, ‘would she do to mind the poultry?’

‘That she would, Miss,’ said Hannah, ‘if your mamma would like to try her. We want one sadly.’

“‘Oh, how I should like it,’ the little girl said, ‘and her blue eyes lit up so heavenly, I think I see her now.’

“Hannah asked me a few questions which I answered to her satisfaction; and then, saying, since it would please Miss Emily, she would try what she could do about it, they went away.

“I saw my little protectress eagerly chattering to Hannah and looking up in her face as they crossed the path, but I did not dare linger to look after them—with a beating heart I took up my basket and hastened away.

“The next day Hannah came to the cabin where was my temporary home. She said that Missus had given her leave to try me for a month, and that Miss Emily had sent half-a-sovereign—a christmas-box from her papa—to buy me a stuff gown, an apron, and a pair of shoes. Thus I entered into the family at Woodhouse.

“I was a wild, scared looking child at that time, and Hannah, who was very good natured, took a great deal of pains with me, and did all she could to cheer me up and give me courage. To live in so grand a house seemed indeed very formidable to me.

“Spiritless, depressed and small for my age, which was something about nine, I had none of the brightness of childhood about me. My features were pinched with penury, and Hannah often told me afterwards, the frightened, furtive glance of my eye gave me the appearance of a startled hare. In the kitchen I shrank from every human being. Not even the kind words of Hannah could re-assure me, while, submissive and silent I did the bidding of every body.

“In the open air however, surrounded by the poultry, searching for their eggs

and leading the young ducks in and out of the water, I gained, in a few weeks, a portion of the healthful look and vivacity of motion which belongs to children.

“ I saw Miss Emily frequently. She was a year younger than myself, and likewise small for her age. She often came into the meadow where lay the ducks' pond to play about, and gather wild flowers. She had always a kind word and look for me—often a little present—now it was a left-off straw bonnet, then a coloured morning frock. Hannah told me I might take them, as her mamma had no objection to it, and she put them to rights for me. I did not see much of the rest of the family. Mrs. Thornton, I thought, a very stately looking lady. The servants said she was a kind mistress. I found it afterwards to be so, though she was always a rigid disciplinarian. But,

as her health was bad, and she did not often walk through the grounds, I did not often come in her way in the beginning.

“Miss Emily, except in her play hours, was always with her mother, who instructed her entirely. There was but one other child, a son about fourteen years old. His name was Arthur, and he was at school. He came home for the holidays six weeks after I had taken service at Woodhouse, and was a very unruly boy.

“When he found me installed as poultry girl, (the kitchen maid had looked after the poultry hitherto, and had had many disagreements with the cook, as they used frequently to stray) he said I would make a capital errand girl too, and became from his imperious temper, and rude manners, quite a bug-bear to me.

CHAPTER V.

“How rude soe'er the exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all the kind, impartial Heaven,
The sparks of truth and happiness has given.”

GRAY.

“ONE morning in particular, wanting to dispatch an invitation to a schoolfellow who resided at the distance of a couple of miles, he proceeded note in hand, in search of me. It was not, however, until he had been twice round the meadow in which lay the duck's pond, that he discovered me, quite screened from sight under a hawthorn bush.

“Here I was quietly seated knitting a stocking for Hannah, who took care always to furnish me with some piece of needle-work, enjoining me at the same time to keep a watchful eye on the hawks which hovered continually over the young ducks and chickens. Miss Emily at a little distance in the same field, was making a nosegay of wild flowers, which she intended to carry to her mother.

“‘Halloo there, Kezia, you confounded little torment,’ exclaimed he, at the top of his voice, as soon as he perceived me, ‘I have been round the field twice, and in the poultry yard looking for you, why the deuce did you not come when I called you? You must have heard me, that you must. Look here, I say, come hither, I want to send you of a message.’

“I rose in much trepidation at this rude speech, and letting fall my ball of worsted in my haste stooped to pick it up.

D 2

“‘You stupid little girl,’ said the ungracious boy, ‘never mind your ball of worsted but attend to me.’

“I stood upright before him, leaving the ball untouched at my feet, and remained in silent expectation of what was to come next.

“‘Here you goose, gallop off with this note to Clanronald, and bring me an answer. Look, if you run all the way, and I dare say your little legs can run fast enough, you can be back in less than an hour. Mind you ask for an answer.’

“I took the note and looked wistfully at it. I had not caught the name of the place, and even if I had I should not have recognized it, as it was a new one just given by the present possessor, the old one being Millbank.

“‘Well, scamper off,’ said he, ‘and do not be long, there, I will give you one hour to go and return,’ and he took out his watch.

“‘To where, Sir?’ I inquired submissively.

“‘Have you not got the note? stupid creature! can you not read the direction?’ said the imperious boy.

“‘I cannot read, Sir, I returned, trembling.

His sister had come up by this time.

“‘Not read! you little dunce,’ said the boy, angrily.

“‘Do not cry, Kezia,’ whispered my sweet Miss Emily, kindly, ‘I will explain it to you. It is not her fault that she cannot read, Arthur,’ turning to her brother, ‘I suppose she has never been taught.’

“‘No, I was never taught,’ I said, sobbing, ‘my mother taught me my prayers, but not to read.’

“‘Well, I did not mean to make her cry,’ said my tormentor, ‘but you must allow, Emily, that she is a stupid little thing, standing there like a post, look here

you little whimperer, you are to take this note to Mr. Barton's house, he lives at Clanronald.'

"Oh, I know it now, Sir,' replied I, reassured by having Miss Emily at my side. 'It is the new Squire's place—we used to call it Millbank.'

"'Right, right,' said he, 'away, away,' and he stamped with his foot and raised his stick threateningly.

"But Miss Emily held me fast, and bade me pick up the ball of worsted which lay at my feet.

"'Poor little thing,' she exclaimed, compassionately, 'you ought not to speak so harshly to her Arthur, and indeed I don't think it is quite right to send her so far off without Hannah's leave. Who is to watch the ducklings? If the hawk carries away any of them she will be blamed.'

"'You, to be sure,' said the boisterous

youth with a laugh, 'you can take up her knitting and amuse yourself with it, and scare away the hawks just as well as she can. Away, Kezia, I say, away, be gone.'

"I did not dare linger, but darted off in the required direction.

"Although I was very shy, and I believe, stupid, the servants were all kind to me, I suppose on account of the favour my young mistress shewed me, and at night, just as I was going to bed, the lady's maid called me aside to relate a conversation she had heard that evening.

"'Mamma,' said Emily, as she sat on a low stool at her mother's feet, after having read the evening psalms and lessons for her, 'I wish you would allow me to teach Keziah Elms how to read.'

"'Poor child,' returned the mother, 'does she not know how to read?'

"'No, dear mamma,' replied Emily, 'I found on questioning her that her mother

could not spare her to go to school, and that she had not time to teach her herself.'

“ ‘My little Emily,’ returned her mother, affectionately, patting her on the cheek, ‘I fear you are not competent to instruct her; you do not read badly yourself it is true, but you would have to teach her her letters first, and then spelling—I do not think you would know how to go about it. Besides I should not choose you to have Keziah Elms as a playfellow.’

“ ‘No, dear mamma, not to play with, certainly, you told me not, and I have never done so; but just to teach her every evening. I remember very well in what manner you taught me my letters, and to spell.’

“ ‘Well, my dear,’ said Mrs. Thornton, ‘if that be the case, and as you are so anxious about it, every day that you are a good child, and say your own lessons

well—for you know you are sometimes inclined to be idle—we will have Keziah up here for an hour in the evening, and you shall teach her.

“My poor mother had often lamented my ignorance, and my joy was great at what I heard; yet there was something awful in it.

“On the following morning as soon as my sweet Miss Emily could get out she ran directly to tell me.

“I believe I did not exhibit the pleasure she expected. I was frightened, the more I thought of it, at the idea of appearing every evening in the presence of the Squire’s lady, whom I considered a very august personage.

“The little girl intuitively guessed my fears, and assured me that her dear mamma was so good I need not be the least afraid of her.

““Will Master Arthur be there? I inquired nervously.

“‘Oh! no,’ she replied ‘Arthur only pays one visit to mamma every day. He will be at dinner just at that hour with papa and the gentlemen who generally accompany him home.’

“The Squire, a County Magistrate, was always employed either in business or field sports. He was scarcely ever at home except at breakfast and a late dinner, and had but little time to spare for an invalid wife, never very well suited to his boisterous habits.

“I was satisfied. Not to see Master Arthur or the Squire, whose manners to his inferiors were as imperious as those of his son, and to be near Miss Emily, would be positive happiness.

“Thus I was introduced into Mrs. Thornton’s boudoir, and I soon found that this lady, confined almost entirely by delicate health to the sofa, and with but little to vary her monotonous life,

experienced no small pleasure in listening to how and in what manner my little mistress instructed me.

“Every thing in the way of book learning was so new to me that I was not at all a promising pupil ; but the temper of my young mistress was very gentle, and her patience great, and my anxiety to please her soon stood me in the stead of any natural cleverness ; with a little prompting from her mother she managed to bring me on so well, that at the end of a year I could read and spell tolerably—had got my catechism by heart, and was beginning to have some knowledge of Scripture.

“Hannah, in the mean time, had taught me to wash, to knit, and to spin ; and at helping the kitchen-maid in all sorts of kitchen work, I had become very expert.

“Thus my education continued to pro-

gress for a few years. I no longer felt myself the unhappy, friendless little orphan. The consciousness of usefulness gave me a feeling of independence. My heart was full of inexpressible gratitude towards my benefactors—above all, madam, towards your dear mother, whom I always looked upon in particular as my good angel and preserver.

“At eighteen I was qualified to fill the place of general servant to a small family, as Hannah had taken care I should not be ignorant of the culinary department, and Mrs. Thornton, in order to complete my knowledge as a servant, had made me perform the duties of a housemaid for the last year.

“My intellect, withered and shrivelled up by an infancy and childhood of extreme poverty, had gradually unfolded itself under a more genial atmosphere, and I had by degrees exhibited, if not an

aptitude for book-learning—although in that my progress was respectable—a wonderful quickness (so they said) in making myself mistress of every kind of household work I was put to, with a retentive memory as to the instructions given me on that head, and such a love of order and neatness, that, notwithstanding the squalid misery in which I was early brought up, Mrs. Thornton often gave me an approving smile, and said she was sure I had the ‘bump of order.’ But these are trifling details, dear madam, they must weary you.”

“‘Oh, no, not at all,’ said Ellen, ‘how can they? It is so delightful to me to hear you talk of my dear mother and grandmother!’”

Mrs. Benson sighed. She was silent for a few minutes. Thoughts of former days came thick upon her. She remembered the display of wealth—more than

ought to have been, for the Squire was always extravagant—at Woodhouse, and this contrast, this present poverty, wounded her deeply.

Mrs. Benson had from nature more valuable gifts than even those the education she was so thankful for had bestowed upon her, she possessed a grateful and affectionate heart; a mind touched with the tenderest sympathy for all in distress, and to see the daughter of her young mistress thus; but she stifled the painful comparison, and continued.

“I have but little now to tell you, dear madam, and it principally relates to myself, as the misfortunes which fell upon the house of my mistress occurred long after I left her. My life glided on peacefully. I learned to revere and admire Mrs. Thornton. I adored Miss Emily.

“By turns I filled every situation held by females in the household until at

length I remained stationary as house-keeper and lady's maid. To wait upon Miss Emily had always been my great ambition. Now I was permitted to do so. Easy task! I found in her the kindest of friends, the most indulgent of mistresses, and thus I continued until I was six and twenty.

“At this period a ship-carpenter whom I had long known—a first-rate workman, and a steady character, made me an offer of marriage. He was on the point of going to settle at New York, where he had some connections in a thriving way, and the separation which this would bring about from a family with whom I had been so happy, was the only draw-back to my satisfaction—the only reason that made me hesitate.

“However, upon talking the matter over with my kind benefactresses, the match was so advantageous for me in

every respect, that my objections were over-ruled.

“ I was married. The wedding breakfast was at Woodhouse, and many tears were shed at a parting which was likely to be permanent in this world, as there seemed but little chance of our meeting again. A servant brought up in a family as I had been, often becomes more attached to some of its members than those drawn towards them by ties of blood.

“ A correspondence by letter was kept up for a few years. But many misfortunes fell upon the family at Woodhouse. Its inmates were scattered. Letters came seldom ; at length they ceased, and years passed without my hearing any tidings of friends for whom I felt the warmest interest.

“ Meantime Mr. Benson was a rising man, and became a ship-builder. I mixed in a respectable class of society, easy in

circumstances and happy in mind, nothing occurred to me worth noting until the long illness of my beloved husband. It was occasioned by a neglected cold, slight at first we thought it, but it was the will of God that it should be fatal.”

Here the widow paused. A shade of grief passed over her placid face, while Ellen wept outright as she thought of her own husband.

Mrs. Benson continued.

“I bitterly deplored the loss of Mr. Benson, and now felt very lonely. I had formed no particular friendships at New York, although passing through life with kindly feelings for many. My husband’s connections there had dropt off one by one—some had died—others gone to settle farther inland. I was possessed of a small independence, sufficient for a person of my moderate views in any country where I might like to live, and I determined to return to my native land.

“To this resolution I was no doubt led by that natural sentiment inborn in us, which draws us towards the land of our birth, for I had no relations to seek—no friends to welcome me thither. Long habit made me prefer a town, and accident fixed me here after I had been unsuccessful in all my inquiries concerning the family I had once lived with. How fortunate! how providential! that it was in this town I fixed myself, for here I have met with you.”

Ellen could scarcely murmur her thanks for the recital. She took up her baby and clasped it to her heart—she felt she was no longer so forlorn, yet she could not express herself in words. Her tears would have burst forth afresh. The picture which Mrs. Benson drew of her mother in childhood and girlhood, both affected and pleased her—and she might freely speak to her of this mother—she might

ask a thousand questions about her. With her grandmother she was never used to speak upon those points—they moved the old lady too strongly. Mrs. Thornton herself never alluded to days gone by, her mind, burthened with the loss of husband, children, and position, wished to dwell only in the present, or the future, and Ellen knew little of her parents, who had passed from earth so quickly, or of any little incidents which had occurred in her family.

CHAPTER VI.

“ Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.”

DR. JOHNSON.

NOTWITHSTANDING all Ellen's good nursing, and Mrs. Benson's kind attentions in bringing every sort of little delicacy within her reach that might tempt the capricious appetite of the invalid, who could not touch to-day what he had liked yesterday, Wilfrid Hume was evidently getting worse and worse.

Mrs. Benson saw this much plainer

than Ellen did. She fondly flattered herself that as the spring advanced, her husband's health would improve, and imputed his evident decay of strength to the wind, the weather, any thing but the right cause—the sure progress of disease.

Wilfred tried to smile, and to appear as if he believed her prognostics—he did not dare tell his sweet Ellen what he was certain of himself.

He knew that he should never see the leaves fall which were now budding fresh upon the way-side trees opposite their window, and peering out in every nook where a shrub could by any ingenuity be made to grow. These scanty tokens of the verdure, spring was profusely pouring forth in the fields and lanes of the neighbourhood, though cheering now to look at, in summer only made this vain attempt at country shew most dismal from the clouds of dust that lay upon every dried-up leaf

and spray. But just at this time, as he sat at the window it was an occupation to watch them, and to go over in his mind the walks that he used to take among the hedge-rows.

He did not like to chill his Ellen's sweet smiles and hopes, and listened with placidity to her plans for the future, as he sat thus—she with her needle, at his side.

Her acquaintance with Mrs. Benson had given a new impulse to her mind. Before this, the utter forlornness of their situation weighed at times upon her spirits, but now a constant cheerfulness lighted up her face.

There was no danger that her husband should want any comforts, if sickness should palsy her own hand, and her embroidery went on the quicker for the idea.

Baby too began to run about and to prattle incessantly, thus becoming an increased source of interest to her papa, of-

ten assisting to revive his spirits in his most languid moments—and Ellen looked with redoubled pleasure at her darling little help.

Yet with all this, Wilfrid felt that he was soon to leave the world.

It was hard, very hard, to contemplate a separation from Ellen and his child. Were it not for this, although still young, he would have been satisfied to go. Even as it was he tried to make up his mind, and by fixing his thoughts firmly upon a future state, to think of death but as a journey, at the end of which, after a short period, his Ellen and his baby would join him.

He had made good use of the time Providence had given him since he was first taken ill. Many members of his family had been removed young, but as, until he had the fever at Jamaica he had always been considered to have a good

constitution, an early death had not presented itself to his mind.

No sooner however had the fatal symptoms taken root, and he was obliged to go on half-pay, than he began to consider his situation, and to put his house in order.

Ellen, gentle and devout, was rejoiced to find what serious thoughts employed her husband, although she was sanguine as to his recovery.

Family calamities and deaths had sobered down the exuberant spirits of her youth, while religion, with an eye always turned towards heaven, had given her a moral courage to meet every difficulty in life with unshaken fortitude. It was this dependence upon Providence—this constant recollection put into practice, that, even under the most painful and disheartening circumstances, existence in this world is but a short-lived dream—which made her overcome her natural timidity, and deter-

mined her to seek for employment in the warehouse of Mr. Simpkins.

In this she succeeded beyond her most sanguine hopes. Hume encouraged her in it. Had he been able he would have sought for employment for himself. He knew that even the very effort to do something is of use to the mind—and while Ellen's endeavours eked out their very scanty means, her health and spirits were not injured by the exertion.

And now to leave this dear creature! But it was the will of God.

“I need not tell her yet,” thought he, “I may linger a little longer—I must tell her at last—and soon she must have some preparation, but not yet.”

Although his hands began to look so transparent that you could fancy you saw the light through them, Ellen, as she sat beside him at her needle, was sure he was better from the placid expression of his

countenance. She did not see it was resignation when hope is past. Mrs. Benson did, and always returned home with her heart more heavy from the sight.

He now could scarcely bear to be separated from Ellen for a moment. Although he insisted upon her going into the open air every day, and taking baby to walk with her, his face would flush with joy when she came into the room again. Mrs. Benson was often alone with him at those times, for, finding her visits acceptable, she let no day pass without calling in.

The good woman's friendship for the family was a true balm to poor Hume's heart. Her assurances that she would look upon Ellen and the baby in the light of adopted children, and leave them every farthing she possessed, removed the greatest cause he had to dread the approach of death.

And now, as if to lengthen out the time

they had to spend together in this world by recurring to the past, he often recalled former scenes to Ellen.

“Do you remember the first day I saw you, Ellen, when you led your blind grandmother to the seat beneath the beech tree on the village green?”

“Ah! yes,” said Ellen “you had just entered the village with your detachment.”

“How beautiful I thought you, Ellen,” said he, gazing at her fondly, “you looked so bashful, so anxious to fly as we marched by, yet obliged to remain.”

“Flatterer,” returned Ellen, “but I did want to get away—grandmamma would go into the air, and sit beneath the beech tree, though I urged her to stay until the soldiers passed by, but no, she would go, she ‘liked to hear the band,’ she said.”

“Dear, kind old lady,” ejaculated

Hume, " I often think of the day when she put your hand into mine and said she would die happy, as her Ellen had got a protector—Ah! Ellen, a poor protector I have been to you," and he thought in his mind, poor as he was, how soon she must lose him. "Nothing but poverty, love—it was selfish of me to bring you into it."

"Our prospects were brighter then, dear Wilfred," said Ellen, "you hoped to get your company soon, and then you naturally thought that your uncle, the only relative you had alive, would not forget you in his will. Things have turned out differently from what you expected—you must not talk thus—I would not be otherwise than I am—your fond wife."

"A very angel, Ellen."

"Nonsense," and she smiled so sweetly. "And, what though we may be poor, think how happy we shall be when you get strong. Riches do not make happiness

—all we want now to make us truly blest in this world is your health, and, please God, when the summer comes you will be quite yourself again, and able to go into the lanes with us. There are very pretty lanes not far from this they tell me.”

This was a good opportunity for Wilfrid to speak his thoughts, but he could not, and he caressed his child, who stood beside the sofa where he lay, admiring the doll which Mrs. Benson had given her that morning, in order to hide the painful feelings that contracted his brow and dimmed his eye.

CHAPTER VII.

“ Here the needle plies its busy task.”

COWPER.

The days flew on quickly—perhaps slowly for the invalid, but too, too quickly for Ellen.

Occupied as she was with her child, her needle, and increased attendance on her husband, the hours were not long enough for all she had to do, although her day encroached a great deal upon the night.

As poor Hume became worse, night-watchings were often added, and it was

wonderful how the delicate frame endured so much ; but the spirit within was strong and still she hoped.

A medical man was called in by Mrs. Benson's advice, although contrary to Hume's wishes. He shook his head, would not absolutely say the patient was past recovery, but he *looked* it, Mrs. Benson saw. And as the invalid's strength declined, and he spent most of the day in bed, the good woman insisted on being constantly with Ellen, and helping her to take care of baby.

It was towards the middle of summer, that summer which Ellen had so fondly looked to as a source of renovation to her husband, that Mrs. Benson, anxious to divert the mind of Ellen, as well as wishing to hear particulars relative to a family so revered, took advantage of an observation Ellen made to bring about a conversation deeply interesting to her.

They were both sitting at the window at the time. The sun had just set. Though so early, poor Hume had retired to bed.

Over a high wall that ran opposite the house, against which were ranged the dusty row of trees, a glimpse might be caught of a distant hill, with some houses scattered on the side of it.

There was nothing particularly striking or cheering in the view, but a red glow lingered in the heavens above, which threw a gleam on it, and fancy pictured that in the country beyond there might be a meandering stream, and hedges covered with wild flowers.

Something of this idea it must have been, for other association could no where be found, that made Ellen exclaim,

“How beautiful now are the lanes and hedge-rows about Llanluyd, where Wilfrid and I used so often to walk in the first months of our married life! Ah! I can

fancy I see the wild roses clustering amidst the brambles, and hear the rush of the deep stream.”

“And what place is Llanluyd, dear?” inquired Mrs. Benson.

“It is the name of the village where I lived with grandmamma,” Ellen said with a sigh, for Hume in the pride of health and life came before her eyes, so different from what he was now! Though at the same instant in spite of all, hope fondly whispered those days may come again.

“Do you remember Woodhouse at all, dear?” inquired Mrs. Benson. “I suppose, as you lost your father and mother so early you lived there with your grandmother.”

“No,” Ellen replied, “grandmamma never lived at Woodhouse since I was a child, always at Llanluyd. She had such a pretty cottage there—very small but so pretty.”

“Then your grandfather, Squire Thornton, must have died when you were very young?”

“Yes, before I was born,” Ellen said. “He broke his neck, I have heard, when out hunting, having been thrown from his horse in attempting to leap over a five-bar gate at the close of the day when the animal was jaded.”

“His affairs must have been in a bad state, I am afraid,” Mrs. Benson observed, “to oblige your grandmother to leave Woodhouse.”

“Yes, it was found every thing was mortgaged—he had lived too fast—grandmother had nothing left but a very small annuity for her life, given out of the wreck of the property by the creditors, so she went to live at Llanluyd for economy. She was always delicate and ailing, my dear, dear grandmamma.” And Ellen’s eyes filled with tears. “But still she lived

on and did not die until after I went to Jamaica. She had been blind though for several years."

"My dear old mistress," ejaculated Mrs. Benson. "She used to read and knit by turns all day, as she lay upon the sofa, when I knew her."

"Grandmamma could employ herself in knitting when she was quite blind," returned Ellen, "her eyes were not strong, but she could make use of them when first I went to live with her, and for some years after, and she educated me entirely herself."

"And very competent to do so she was," said Mrs. Benson. "I do not think your sweet mother ever had a governess."

"Never, I have heard grandmamma say," Ellen replied.

"But what a sad change for Mrs. Thornton—from a handsome park with carriages and several servants, into a little cottage!" observed Mrs. Benson.

“Yes, it must have been a great change,” returned Ellen “but grandmamma was very cheerful and happy, we had only one care,” and her lips quivered a little.

“Ah! your poor grandmother’s blindness.”

“Not exactly that, she was so resigned—she did not think of it.”

There was a pause.

“And you had no brother, no sister, dear,” Mrs. Benson resumed.

Ellen gave a slight start at the interrogatory.

“Yes, I had one brother, Ralph—He was some years older than I was, but,”—

“And he died too?” Mrs. Benson said. “What ravages death has made in a single family!”

“No, he did not die,” said Ellen, quickly, “at least we never heard he did; but we never had news of him, that is,

after he left us—only a chance account once. Ah! I wonder is he in the world still—but I fear not—I do not know how it was, grandmamma and he never agreed—I think she expected too much from him. He was rather wild too, but so fond of me, and I of him,” she added after a short pause, wiping away a tear.

Mrs. Benson saw she had touched a delicate chord, and looked distressed.

In fact, this was the great grief in Ellen’s young life. This brother, so beloved, had gone into the great wilderness of the world to make his way as he could, with the character of being headstrong and unsteady, and had never been heard of since.

Whether he had turned his steps to the frozen north, or to the burning plains of India, nobody could tell. Somebody had seen him, or thought they saw him, on board a vessel at Portsmouth. That was

all they ever knew. Ellen had unintentionally offended him almost at the moment they parted, by taking her grandmother's side, when referred to concerning some point he disputed, and this recollection, although it might not have been the reason of his silence, had always rankled in her mind whenever it recurred to her.

She had so loved Ralph.

Mrs. Benson would not speak any more of the brother. Most likely he was a wild youth like his uncle Arthur she thought. This last she knew was dead. He had passed a very 'scape-grace sort of life while she was in the family, but his career was brief, as he died soon after she went to New York.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ All are not taken ! there are left behind,
Living beloveds—tender looks to bring,
And make the day-light still a blessed thing,
And tender voices to make soft the wind.”

MIDNIGHT HARMONIES.

POOR Hume sank before the fall of the leaf. He went off very suddenly at the last, without pain.

He was up and laid upon the sofa, and Ellen and his child were near him—It was only a few days before that her eyes were fully open to his situation.

A hard and bitter trial it was for Ellen

when she awoke from the long swoon that followed his last moments—oh! how bitter! But she did not question the wisdom that ordained it. Even in her greatest agony she called to mind that God is love, and cannot be unkind to his children—that He is wisdom, and cannot do anything that is not wise—that in mercy are we often taken—and that earth often opens her bosom to receive us, and hide us from protracted pain.

Calmly her husband breathed his last, and for this Ellen was thankful. And as she gazed on the cold clay now lying so placidly, with that look of beauty which immediately succeeds death, and recalled the last words he uttered—“Oh! happy, so happy! if it were not for leaving you, Ellen, but you will come to me, and—” we shall never more be parted, he would have said, but the words died upon his lips—she felt she ought not to wish him back again.

Ought not! Ah! how hard.

And yet what was his death?

The disembodiment of a soul washed from the pollutions of clay, and plumed for heaven—going to its home, a father's home, to be for ever happy.

But then, the separation! Never more on earth. Never to hear that dear voice, to catch those accents, always music to her ear.

Sad one, fix thy thoughts on another world—look back, what has thy life hitherto been but a dream? when thou comest to the end what will it still seem to thee? A dream. Think, that every day, every hour, every moment as it flies, brings thee nearer to the lost one, and rejoice in the hope of the future.

* * * * *

Mrs. Benson took Ellen and baby to her own home immediately after the funeral, and lavished on them all the cares and attentions of a fond mother.

Although Ellen's spirit, fortified by her religious feelings, bore up wonderfully under the sad trial, her bodily strength decayed so rapidly as to fill the mind of Mrs. Benson with terror. It was the violent re-action caused by exertions beyond her strength, made for several months previous to her husband's death, that was the cause of it.

The medical man, Mr. Parry, whom Mrs. Benson called in—the same who had seen her husband—looked both grave and distressed as his eye glanced from the forlorn widow to the helpless babe, who, not old enough to comprehend her loss, had a vague fear that mamma might leave her as her dear papa had done, and clung to her, holding her gown tight in her closed little hands, and scanning every one with a frightened air.

Ellen could scarcely move or speak, so prostrated was she by weakness.

“My dear madam,” said Mr. Parry, taking Mrs. Benson aside, “this good lady will die if she has not immediate change of air, the atmosphere of the town will never do for her; the quiet of the country and a healthful locality can alone restore the tone of her system.”

“I will go anywhere with her, Sir,” Mrs. Benson said, much distressed, “anywhere that you can point out, she is hardly fit to choose herself, now.”

“Wales, I think,” returned he, “the Welsh hills.”

“Ah!” said Mrs. Benson, “I have heard her speak of the village of Llanluyd, would that do?”

“Exactly,” returned he, “has she ever been there herself?”

“It was in that village she was married,” Mrs. Benson replied.

“It may answer by and by,” he returned after a moment’s thought, “but

not now, her loss is too recent. I know the spot well and the country around. It is all beautiful, but just at present I do not think it would be advisable."

"I have been in Wales myself," said Mrs. Benson, "and would therefore be obliged if you would fix on some particular place for us. I agree with you Llanluyd would not do."

"Stay," he returned, "there would be no objection to the neighbourhood. I know of a farm house a few miles distant from the village, where, if they would receive you, you would find yourselves very comfortable. I could write and find out particulars as to the accommodation, and if it would be agreeable. We must have her approbation however. This evening I will call in and talk it over."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, how very kind! I am indeed frightened about dear Mrs. Hume. She and the baby are as dear

as children of my own to me. I would do anything for them."

"Kind Mrs. Benson," the surgeon said, "you knew them formerly then?"

"The mother and grandmother of Mrs. Hume, Sir. I lived in the family, and I look upon them as relatives. But Mrs. Hume is so depressed, Sir, I fear we shall have much difficulty in getting her to move when it comes to the point. I hinted at it the other day, and she wept—She could not leave her husband's grave, she said."

"I must try what I can do," returned Mr. Parry. "Suppose I drop in to tea. I can leave word at home where I shall be found if wanted."

"That will do exactly," said Mrs. Benson, "then you can talk it over with her."

In the evening the surgeon came, accidentally as it were, to ask some question of Mrs. Benson respecting a neighbour, and remained to tea.

He looked at the child as he sipped his tea, and praised it —called her over to him and patted her cheek.

“This confined air does not suit her,” observed he, “a rosy red ought to be here instead of that delicate white.”

The little creature reddened up as he caressed her, and laughed in his face—children like, to be noticed.

“How different she looks now,” said he, “but it is gone again—that bright bloom.”

The mother, lying on the sofa close to the tea table, caught at his words, and gazing anxiously at the child, drew her towards her.

“My little darling does look pale!”

In reality the child had become so quiet and hushed since her papa's death, that her little feet appeared to glide noiselessly about, and her voice was always in a whisper. The mother's illness had depressed the joyousness of childhood.

“Then you think my child wants change of air, Mr. Parry?” Ellen said, rousing herself.

“A run in the country among the meadows would do her so much good!” returned he. “You would not know her after she had been a week there; she would become rosy as a milk-maid, and plump like a young partridge.”

“She is not ill however, thank God!” Ellen observed, “although she has lost her beautiful colour; but she certainly is not so lively as she used to be: I fear the darling frets too!”

“Let her see the sheep and cows and race after the poultry, and then you will not have to complain of her want of liveliness.”

“How can I manage that?” inquired Ellen, all alive to his suggestions.

And on the instant, she would go into the country and take her precious darling

with her, she said. But where? and by herself? and she looked at Mrs. Benson.

“No, not by yourself, dear,” Mrs. Benson returned, replying to the look. “I will accompany you, and we will house-keep together for a time. A nice lodging in a farm-house, what do you say to that, dear?”

“It will do you a great deal of good likewise,” said Mr. Parry, “but a farm-house in this neighbourhood won’t do; you must change the air entirely.”

Ellen smiled faintly as she nodded her thanks to Mrs. Benson, and then looked inquiringly at Mr. Parry, who continued.

“I can recommend a farm-house—that is if they will take lodgers—in a very healthy spot and beautifully situated: it is near Llanluyd.”

“Llanluyd!” she exclaimed, “Impossible! I cannot go there,” and the tears rose in her eyes.

“The farm-house I mean is not in the village of Llanluyd. It is quite three miles from it; you need not even pass through the village to reach it.”

“Ah! that might answer us then,” she said, after a little pause. “The air is bracing, it would suit Emily.”

“Exactly,” he returned, “just the air to make a child strong.”

“Are you acquainted with the people who inhabit the house?” Mrs. Hume asked.

“I know the family well,” he replied. “They are connections of mine. My father, though moving in what might be called a different sphere of life, was prouder of his cousin David Apjohn than of any other relative that he had. He was used to say that David belonged to a class the most respectable, the most unsophisticated, and the most truly happy of any of the different grades of society; the

honest yeoman who cultivated the ground with his own hand, and who, if he was wanting for the service of his country, might be found in his plain working dress with his hand, like Cincinnatus, on the plough."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Benson, who saw that Ellen appeared interested, "you must write to them at once, sir. I hope they may find room for us; and as you know them, and have seen them, pray describe the family to us. One likes to hear something beforehand of people one may be thrown amongst."

"Certainly; if it will amuse Mrs. Hume and you, I will give you a little sketch of them. It will not weary you, madam?" he said, addressing Mrs. Hume.

"Oh, no," she replied, with more animation than she had yet shewn, "quite the contrary. Pray tell us, and first about the old farmer."

Glad to interest her, Mr. Parry begun.

CHAPTER IX.

“ The cheerfu’ supper done, wi’ serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o’er wi’ patriarchal grace,
The big ha’ bible ance his father’s pride.”

BARNS.

“ OLD David Apjohn, I think I see him now, with his grizzled hair—grizzled when first I saw him, snow-white when last—the portly, upright form, the clear blue eye, calm countenance, and slightly compressed lip, which spoke at once of inward peace, sound judgment, and unflinching honesty. David Apjohn was a truly religious man, without parade or narrow

mindedness. His was that religion which softens and expands the heart, and which being based on christian humility, sees a fellow-sufferer in the most worthless, and drops the tear of pity over what he cannot mend.

“ Silent and reserved, his character was read in his actions, not his words, and while his judgment taught him to reprove the vagrant beggar, and the poor wretch who looked as if he never had a home, charity whispered a thousand excuses, and impelled the alms that contradicted the harsh word.

“ He felt if he did not say with the poet that the supplicant might be one who

‘lost to ev’ry hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife ;
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless, object of despair.’

“ The dawn of day saw the good farmer gather his labourers around him, and

read prayers for them before they went to their daily work.

“Prayer and a chapter in the bible closed the evening, after they had, round a long oaken table, with the master of the house at the head of it, partaken of a cheerful supper.

“Frequently in the chimney corner the houseless stranger and the wandering harper might be found seated, roughly invited in perhaps from an inclement night, by old David, while dame Apjohn pressed on them the home-made cake, and the foaming tankard of cwrw brewed by her own hands.

“Then there was the stranger’s tale. He had been a soldier in far away wars, it might or might not have been true, his story of prison in foreign lands, of shipwreck and starvation, of privations that made the hair stand on end, and taught the rough hind to whisper a thanksgiving

to God who had set his fortunes to till the soil—who could say what his youth had been? but he was cold and hungry when the farmer found him without, white-haired and bent, and aged, and he cared not to scan the truth too closely as he smoked his pipe and listened with the rest.

“Then, when there was a pause, the equally old, but less care-worn harper, drew forth, with a finger as true, though not so strong as it once had been, those ancient Welsh ditties, which have in them a plaintive solemnity bordering much upon church music.

“Sometimes Mr. Griffith Thomas, the curate of the parish, made one beside the fire-side, and frequently the village school-master, Mr. John Davis. These two gave a higher tone to the conversation whenever they met, and generally had it all to themselves. Now they discussed some

scriptural allusion to the manners and customs of the Jews—another time they tried to analyze the Welsh language, descanting upon its beauty, its copiousness, the rich combination of its verbs, and its extreme softness.

“Both agreed in this their admiration of their native tongue, but the curate was the most energetic.

“He preferred it vastly to the Greek, as being as lofty, and more harmonious, quoting the celebrated lines on thunder,

“Tân a dwr yn ymwriaw,
Yw'r taranau dreigiau draw.

“But the schoolmaster shook his head, and would not give up his beloved Greek, even in favor of his native dialect.

“Meantime the farmer would enjoy his pipe, the old dame busy herself at her knitting, and Llew and Davy, hanging about the knees of the harper, would whisper supplications for a carol from

Cynwyl Cymru, or the Welshman's candle—a book of verse then popular all over Wales—or some legend of the corpse candle preceding a funeral procession, a superstition which the good curate had vainly tried to combat among the more uneducated peasantry in his parish.

“Thus passed the hour after supper, until nine o'clock arrived. Then, if the curate was there, he gave them prayers and a short lecture on the various duties of the poor; while at other times the farmer, taking care that his domestics were all collected, read a short emphatic supplication, concluding with a chapter from the large family bible which had been handed down from father to son for generations, and then dismissed them to a sweet repose, until the lark should rouse them on the morrow.

“Green and flourishing as was the old age of farmer Apjohn, he had not how-

ever passed through life without experiencing its cares and crosses; his only child, a son, despite the entreaties of father and mother, had taken to a seafaring life, despising the even tenor of the condition of a husbandman, which had been the occupation of his father, grandfather and great grandfather; who, holding a lease at a moderate rent for more than a century of this productive and beautifully situated farm, had been successively christened, married and buried in the church of the neighbouring village.

“There, in one corner upon the surrounding tombstones you might read the names of many Apjohns.

“They were a long-lived race too, and as you marked how sweetly the flowers bloomed about their graves, how the old yew tree spread its branches over them, how trimly the box-edgings were kept, how duly the rosemary was strewed over

them upon Sunday, your thoughts would linger and dwell upon the peaceful rest each one seemed to have beside the other in that cheerful church-yard.

“One name alone was wanting of the first-born of each Apjohn. Owen perished at sea.

“Old David Apjohn had always hoped that Owen would have been reclaimed from his love of wandering, and have settled down to the farm occupation; and many a time his good dame was used to say to her young daughter-in-law who remained at the farm, as they arranged together the dress kitchen (parlour it would be now-a-days) fresh sanded the floor, opened the corner cupboards filled with sundry cups and saucers, mugs and bowls of beautiful old china, and reverentially dusted the cover of the family bible with its silver clasps, and often-admired engravings—work which had never been

done by any hand but that of the mistress or her daughter since the Apjohns had become the inhabitants of the farm house.

“ ‘ Ah ! Molly, if Owen was here, how happy we should be. How can he leave you, his beloved wife and his twin boys, to say nothing of his old father and mother, and continue to rove about the seas instead of looking after the farm, as all his forefathers did. I had hoped that marriage would steady him, and teach him to love home, but he seems just as fond of a seafaring life as ever. It was an unfortunate indulgence our allowing him to spend those few weeks when he was quite a little urchin, with our relative at St. Cynllo’s — although he was so young, he took such a violent inclination to go to sea, that his mind has been set upon it ever since. Last time he was at home he promised me that he would try and turn his hand to

the farming after this trip—God grant he may, but I can scarcely dare hope it, for I see all his thoughts are of the sea still. I cannot comprehend his love for it. The life of a mate is but a hard one—tossing upon the sea amidst storms and darkness, and keeping watch at night while we sit so comfortably over our fire side, or sleep securely in our beds.’

“Then Molly—a pretty, gentle young woman, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, though yearning to have her husband at home, would, like a good wife, endeavour to excuse his choice of a seafaring life, and hiding her own secret disappointment, for he had often promised her to give it up, would not allow him to be blamed by any one but herself.

“Owen would remain at home this time she was sure—but trip succeeded trip, and still Owen staid not.

“The last time her mother-in-law thus

vented her regrets, Molly could not help wiping her eyes in the corner of her apron.

“She had that morning heard of several shipwrecks, as the week had been very stormy, and her heart misgave her that some evil might have happened to Owen.

“Her prognostics were but too true—the Merchant Vessel which he was on board of was wrecked the preceding night off Cardigan Bay, and he was among those who were lost.

“Farmer Apjohn and his wife took the loss of their only son sadly to heart, but poor Molly never lifted up her head after she heard of it, and was soon laid in the corner of the churchyard where the Apjohns rested.

“‘How young,’ exclaims the careless passer by, as he reads the name of the young widow, and her age—just nineteen—upon the head-stone.”

Such was the sketch of the farmer and

his household which Mr. Parry gave his listeners.

A Welshman by birth, and attached to every locality where any of his boyish days had been spent, he lingered with a pardonable prolixity as he sipped cup after cup of Mrs. Benson's well-compounded tea, over the simple details of this farm-establishment, whither he was anxious to remove Mrs. Hume.

He judged, and rightly, that an association with people and scenes entirely new to her, might rouse those energies, which, notwithstanding all her pious resignation, since her calamity, were bowed down to the dust.

"How patriarchal a life those good people must lead," said Mrs. Benson; while Ellen wiped away the tears which the relation of the death of the young wife brought to her eyes.

"And is the farmer childless now?" inquired Ellen with a faltering voice.

“There are two grandsons, Owen’s twin boys—fine children they are, about nine or ten years of age. Last year I had a severe attack of illness, and my partner had double work to do, but he did not mind it, and insisted on my taking a fortnight’s holidays after it, to get up my strength. I ran down to Llanluyd to spend the time with my old friend Mr. Griffith Thomas, the curate. I became quite strong before the first week was over; the second one I fancied myself again in my young days, and borrowed John Davis’s flies and fishing rod to try my hand. The mornings were too bright to fish, but in the evening the trout rose in myriads. I visited old Apjohn, as you may suppose, and spent one entire day with them. He and his good dame were very proud of little Davy and Llew—-I cannot tell you what a fancy I took to these boys. I used to see them returning

from the village school hand in hand with their books and satchels, so like that it was impossible to know one from the other, at the same hour in the evening that I was accustomed to take my fishing rod and flies for a half hour to the end of the bridge."

"Poor children," said Ellen, "how fortunate to have a grandfather and grandmother to take care of them." And she bent down and kissed little Emily.

She had her own forebodings.

CHAPTER X.

“ There ev’ry bush with nature’s music rings,
There ev’ry breeze bears health upon its wings.”

DR. JOHNSON.

MR. PARRY wrote on the following day to Farmer Apjohn, and received a letter in the affirmative from his good dame.

They had not had lodgers since Molly’s death, (Owen’s widow) but as he wished it, they would receive his friends, and make them as comfortable as was in their power. She hoped they liked country business, as there was a great deal doing just now, getting in the harvest. For herself, she had been brewing beer, making

preserves, and a variety of other things, all of which she recapitulated.

Mr. Parry smiled over the good woman's letter, and thought of the time when—a schoolboy—he desired no greater recreation in the holidays than to be allowed to spend a day there, and he rummaged out of his desk after he laid down the epistle, an antiquated pocket book, in which was a rough sketch of the bridge at the entrance of the valley, and the picturesque cottage of old David Apjohn in the distance.

“No time for sketching now,” ejaculated he. “Nothing but work—work—always on foot, from morning until night.”

Mrs. Hume could not leave the place where her husband died without visiting his grave, and, although Mrs. Benson dreaded the shock for her, it proved more of a consolation than otherwise. The hour that she spent in prayer there, calmed her spirits.

Now that her anxieties were aroused for her child, Ellen exerted herself to the utmost, and in the hopes of benefiting her, was as eager to go into the country as Mr. Parry and Mrs. Benson were to get her there. Not that there was really anything the matter with Emily that air and exercise would not remove, but Mr. Parry made use of the pale looks and depressed spirits of the child, to rouse the energies of the mother.

It was a beautiful day in autumn when the travellers approached the valley where lay the dwelling of farmer Apjohn. Notwithstanding that Ellen had resided so many years in the neighbourhood with her grandmother, she had never been exactly in this spot, which was very retired.

It was a dip as it were between the low hills, which, on a first view, though displaying rich fields of tillage and pasture running up their sides, looked rather de-

nuded of trees, except the few that skirted the fences, but nevertheless sunk here and there into the most exquisite little valleys with streams tumbling through them, crossed by romantic bridges, and dotted here and there with the cottages of a hardy race of yeomen, who, cultivating the ground themselves, enjoyed a life of peace and plenty in this secluded district.

This portion of South Wales is perhaps the most primitive part of Great Britain.

Fashion, disdaining to visit so retired a spot, has permitted the Welsh maiden to retain her jacket and petticoat of linsey-woolsey, and her simple black hat.

There

“ the rural lass,
Whom once her virgin modesty and grace,
Her artless manners and her neat attire,
So dignified, that she was hardly less,
Than the fair Shepherdess of old romance,”

might still be seen.

Ellen recognized the face of the country. She had never before travelled the hilly road which led into the valley, but still it was so near her old home, Llanluyd, that it made her heart palpitate.

Behind that hill in the distance, she thought, Llanluyd must lie, and, yes, now she remembered, although she had never been in the valley where was situated the homestead of farmer Apjohn, she had sometimes walked to the top of that steep cliff where stands the old castle, and looked down upon it. Yes, up the valley, over the hill, and by the castle, was the path through the fields to Llanluyd.

Ellen gazed upon the scene with pleasure—a melancholy pleasure it is true, which brought tears into her eyes, but it induced her to point out to Mrs. Benson those different objects as they neared their place of destination.

Mrs. Apjohn received them with that

native politeness which, springing from the heart is worth all the polish of society.

Ellen, accustomed to the quaint attire of the Welsh peasants, saw nothing particular to remark in it, but Mrs. Benson examined it with curiosity. There was something simple and original in dame Apjohn's air, her dress, her manners, and speech, as well as in that of her husband, which immediately attracted the newcomers—satisfied too as they were from Mr. Parry's account, of the genuine worth of these good people.

Welsh being the tongue of the peasantry around them, most of whom could scarcely understand a word of English, the language of the Apjohns, as they welcomed Mrs. Hume and her companion, was devoid of that provincial dialect which marks the different counties in England, yet full of a phraseology and Saxon idiom which conjured up in the hearers'

visions of times gone by, when the distinctions in society were not so nicely marked as at the present day—when master and dependent, from the highest to the lowest sat at the same board, and seemed bound together by a patriarchal tie.

The farmer, grave and dignified, realized the picture Mr. Parry had drawn of him, and looked like the father of the labourers, who at this hour came crowding in from their farm work.

The twin grandchildren likewise with their satchels, just returned from school, made their appearance, and Mrs. Apjohn with a pardonable pride, called them over to introduce them to the strangers.

CHAPTER XI.

“ By what astrology of fear or hope
Dare I to cast thy horoscope !
Like the new moon thy life appears ;
A little strip of silver light,
And widening outward into night
The shadowy disk of future years ! ”

LONGFELLOW.

ELLEN was pleased with every thing. Her apartments were airy and cheerful. Her little girl, struck with delight at the novelty of what she saw, prattled incessantly. A run in the hay-field, a peep at the poultry-yard, a ride on the top of

the waggon (where the good farmer placed her himself), soon restored the bright bloom to her cheeks and the gay laugh of childhood to her lips. Mrs. Benson hoped the mother would have benefited by the change as much as the child, but to her great disappointment, Ellen, after the first few weeks became more and more languid.

Gentle, patient, resigned, and not suffering any pain, she nevertheless faded away day by day. Neither was it from want of exertion, or from not taking proper precautions about her health, that her malady increased.

Whatever her attachment to her husband—had there been no other bond—might have led her to wish, the mother's love bound her to earth, and she would have preferred remaining to watch over her darling.

The startling truth soon burst upon Mrs. Benson. She saw with a sad heart

what she had all along determined not to think could be: Ellen had caught the fatal disease from her husband. No other spring was to bloom in this world for her.

We pass quickly over the succeeding circumstances. Her increasing illness—Mrs. Benson's regrets and watchings—the sympathy and attention of the family where she was placed—the journey Mr. Parry, kind man! took on purpose to see her—the pain with which he saw her premature decay—all these and the closing scene we pass over.

She had always intended to visit Llanluyd, but had never put her intentions into practice, partly from ill health, partly from recollections too vivid to be overcome.

Now she rests softly, calmly in the grave beside her grandmother, having made it her last request to be buried near her.

Emily, child as she was, pined and sorrowed long for her mother. Many a half hour the little creature stood at Mrs. Benson's side, or wept upon her bosom, listening to her words of comfort, her holy teachings; of, how happy her dear papa and mamma were, and how, if Emily was always good and gentle, and studied to please God, she would meet them again, and be happy with them for ever in heaven. First and best lesson to be engraven on the heart of a child!

Mrs. Benson felt very lonely after the death of Ellen, and turned entirely to little Emily to fill up the void in her time and thoughts.

She had always determined to go back to her own dwelling in the spring, at which time she had, in the beginning, hoped that Ellen's health would be fully re-established. The result of their visit to the country was far different, and her

plans were changed. Emily grew so fast and looked so healthy and happy in the farm-house, that she would not take her from it. Besides, the society of the farmer and his wife suited her. The good people were glad to keep her with them, and Mrs. Apjohn took charge of Emily while she returned for a while to give up her house, dispose of her furniture, and pack up and bring away what things she did not wish to part with.

Thus Mrs. Benson remained with the Apjohns four years, enjoying a peaceful life, taking an interest in country occupations, and watching over Emily, who had no provision left her but the small pension to which she was entitled as the child of an officer.

Ellen's dying bed had been cheered by the promise of Mrs. Benson to take care of Emily, educate her in the best manner she could, and leave her whatever she had on her decease.

“It will not be a great deal,” Mrs. Benson said, “as part of my small income is derived from a life interest I have in some houses in New York, but still the little dear child will not be quite pennyless when I die.”

Ellen had raised her eyes and hands to heaven in silent thankfulness, and expressed in her looks to Mrs. Benson what her failing lips could not utter. And thus was the kindness which Ellen’s mother had shewn in former days to Mrs. Benson repaid ten-fold, and the words of the preacher verified. “Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.”

Emily was a happy child. She made friends with every living thing about the farm—nursed the lambkins, found out the pea-hens’ eggs, fondled the great watch dog, who, fierce to every one save the farmer, and no favorite with the servants,

allowed the little girl to put her arms round his huge shaggy neck, pat his face, and rub him with her pinafore.

She picked up Welsh songs from the dairy-maids, and carolled them like a blackbird, as she sat in the fields watching the young calves chace each other in sport, and pulling the blue bells and meadow-sweets to make a nosegay for grand-mamma, as Mrs. Benson taught her to call her.

Mrs. Benson liked her to live in the air while a child, in hopes of warding off any tendency to the fatal disease she might inherit from her parents. But nothing of this kind displayed itself in the brilliant bloom, high spirits, and uninterrupted health of Emily. If the snow-white tint of the skin was embrowned, it was more than made up by the lustre of the laughing eye, and the rounded proportions of the infant form, and the thick mass of soft

glossy hair, reaching in curls to the waist, which Mrs. Benson would never let a scissors near, or any hand but her own arrange.

Thus at six years old Emily was a model of health and beauty.

And now Mrs. Benson, who had hitherto instructed the child herself, teaching her the catechism, bible questions, and how to read, felt that her own knowledge would not permit her to go any further, and that Emily must have some other teacher.

The good woman had been pondering this painfully in her mind for the last six months. Her own acquirements were very limited. It would never do for the granddaughter of her beloved young mistress, as she always in her thoughts designated Ellen's mother, to have no better teaching than what she could bestow upon her. Of the elements of a good education, history,

geography, chronology, &c., she knew nothing, except what she had accidentally gleaned in the intercourse of life. She had never been a reader, except of the bible and a few religious books. All her attainments, notwithstanding the pains her young mistress had taken to teach her more, extended no farther than reading, writing a tolerable hand, and cyphering sufficient for the common purposes of housekeeping. She was ignorant even of ornamental needlework, her acquisitions there being bounded by a knowledge of plain work and knitting in all its details.

Conscious of all these deficiencies, she felt it was now time to think how she could educate Emily. A governess was out of the question, as she was too poor to pay one, and having heard there was a school very well spoken of at Llanluyd, after due consideration she came to the resolution of leaving the farm-house—

taking a very small cottage which was now vacant in the village, and sending Emily as a day scholar to Miss Winny Toms's school.

CHAPTER XII.

“ Hail, rural life!

Address himself who will to the pursuit
Of honors, or emolument, or fame;
I shall not add myself to such a chase,
Thwart his attempt, or envy his success.

COWPER.

It was with much regret that Mrs. Benson and the Apjohns separated. Tears glistened in the good people's eyes as they bade farewell. Whenever they went into the village they would be sure to call to see her, they said; at all events they would meet at church. The farmer assured her, that she should have some of

his finest potatoes, and the best apples in his orchard for her winter store, and the good dame, in earnest of the future, loaded her with presents of poultry, cream and eggs. Mrs. Benson would fain have resisted such profusion, but she could not refuse what was given in the warmth of the heart.

She regretted going, for, with the exception of the grief poor Mrs. Hume's death had cost her, her time had stolen away gently and imperceptibly since she had entered the dwelling.

Latterly she had made one of the family—eaten at the same board, sat at the same fire, listened to the conversations carried on there as neighbours dropped in of an evening, or, drawing her chair into the corner, near Mrs. Apjohn, while they both plied the spinning wheel, or knitting needles, discussed with her, knotty points of domestic economy, how to concoct the

best pickle for hams, how most delicately to spice the elder wine, or how to give its sparkling brilliancy to the gooseberry champagne.

The twin boys too, interested her, thrown as they entirely were upon the care of the grandfather and grandmother.

The steady, and perhaps severe discipline of the former, tempered the indulgence of the grandmother. The boys were growing up fine healthy striplings, adepts in every kind of agricultural labour, with sufficient schooling from the schoolmaster of the neighbouring village to raise in their minds that anxiety for knowledge, which made them seize upon every spare moment, and devote it to mental improvement.

Even in the hour after supper, which appeared to be given up in a measure to relaxation, as they stood beside the old harper and heard over and over again the

favorite ballad; the plaintive melody; or if he were not there, listened to the disquisitions of the curate and the schoolmaster, their minds were at work with perhaps a greater degree of absorption and energy than when they conned the daily task in their Epitomes and books of instruction.

If, as I think it will always be found, the greatest degree of happiness exists where bodily and mental exercise leave no vacuity in life, where religion, in a mild and persuasive garb, is made a constant guide and companion, and where the benevolent faculties, both with respect to the human and brute creation, are brought daily into play—then it will be allowed that the household of farmer Apjohn had as fair a share of happiness as falls to the lot of mortality.

When death, or sickness, or other accidents attending on life, crept into their

family they were met with the resignation of the christian, who sees the hand of a Father in every dispensation, and with the patience and fortitude of the pilgrim, who heeds not the roughness of the road which leads him to the wished-for goal.

The village of Llanluyd was a retired spot. It was situated in a wide valley, which, spread out at the foot of lofty hills, presented a delightful aspect, and offered a healthy temperature, being fanned by the fresh breezes which blew over the hills. The country around, varied and beautiful, was inhabited principally by an agricultural population—yeomen not aspiring beyond the rank of farmers—there being, with the exception of one, no gentleman's residence for several miles in the vicinity, and of that one, the owners had not been near it for years.

Thus the village of Llanluyd formed a little society in itself, a good deal shut

out from the rest of the world, and simple customs and old fashions lingered long in it, after they had been banished by increased wealth and perhaps over-refinement from other parts of the kingdom.

Neither were the lands around in the hands of the original possessors of them, which perhaps tended to the isolation of the place. The nobleman in whose family they had been for the last century, though master of a fine demesne, having a modern mansion on it, built by his grandfather, contiguous to the village, was absent from a residence too retired for his tastes, and lived sometimes in London, sometimes on the continent. The ancient manor house known for ages by the name of "The Hall," still belonging to a decayed branch of the Vaughans—the old proprietors—stood at the entrance of the village, presenting its pointed gables, tall chimneys, and heavy architecture to the eye of the chance stranger.

Although kept in tolerable repair, and looking from the thickness of its walls as if it could resist a siege, it had a fallen air amidst its strength, that suited well with the fortunes of the ancient family to whom it belonged. As far as the eye could reach, the country round about had, one hundred years ago belonged to the Vaughans. But much less time suffices to bring the most ancient families down to the dust, and only two people now remained at the Hall, who bore the name—a brother and sister.

Miss Penelope Vaughan, a maiden lady no longer young, was a constant resident there. When her father and mother died she was in the bloom of youth, and not without attractions; but the care of an infant brother, the charge of his education, and the affection she felt for him, had so filled her thoughts and heart, as to leave no room for other cares, and this holy and

beautiful love had been well repaid by the brother. From his earliest childhood she had been every thing to him—she had filled the place of father, mother, sister, friend.

It was her skilful management, her penurious self-denial I may say, which had enabled her to give him a good education, and fit him for any profession which he might have an opportunity of entering.

A few individuals whose narrow incomes, or perhaps a love of retirement, had conducted hither, made up the remainder of the society at Llanluyd. These were for the most part congregated together in some cottages ranged along a space of ground called the green, which spread out its soft enamelled turf at one end of the village.

Pretty habitations they were, railed in, in front; with small gardens behind, running down to a stream, which, winding

its course softly beneath overhanging trees, formed their boundary.

It was the smallest of those cottages, just as you entered upon the green, that Mrs. Benson took, and having, with the assistance of Mrs. Apjohn, furnished it simply, and at little expence, she removed thither with her adopted darling.

The treasure of old china, and curious odds and ends, which had never been opened while at the farm house, was now unpacked, and gladdened the eyes of Mrs. Benson with reminiscences of former days, so that, when it was all arranged, her neat garden put in order, with flower beds at the entrance, a hedge of laurel running down the centre, dividing the cauliflowers and cabbages from the roses and carnations, and the old-fashioned arbour just on the stream's brink trimmed up, she felt that degree of comfort, notwithstanding her regrets at parting from the Apjohns,

which one always feels in a house of their own. And in the evening, with Emily on a low stool at her feet, the cat purring on the hearth rug, which she had knitted herself while at the farm, and her basket containing the new squares for a counterpane, lately commenced, near her, the good woman had nothing further to wish for.

Emily had wept much at leaving the farm house and her various pets. Nothing consoled her but the promise of Mrs. Apjohn to come and see her, and the present of a kitten which was to be her own peculiar property, and which she had been in the habit of nursing since it was born. A few days however reconciled her to play in the garden, and weed the flower beds, and at the end of a week Mrs. Benson introduced her to her new instructress.

The school kept by Miss Winny Toms was in a small room up a flight of narrow

stairs in the house of her mother, Mrs. Toms, who had a sort of *omnium gatherum* shop, on the right hand of the street just as you entered Llanluyd.

Here all the country people called to make their purchases on their way home, after disposing of their eggs, poultry, butter, and other wares which they hawked from door to door—the pennyworth of tea, a little of the soothing syrup for a sick child (which appeared, among other medicines, in the long-necked bottle in the window) a roll of tobacco, a small cannister of snuff, ribbon for a new cap, or a piece of check for an apron—all of which, and many more sundries, too numerous to mention, were to be found in the dark, little shop of Mrs. Toms of Llanluyd.

Notwithstanding the very humble appearance of her shop however, the widow Toms carried on a good business in her

way, and could supply her customers with every sort of common wearable, besides eatables, drinkables, and medicines.

Of her two daughters, the eldest was a dress-maker in a neighbouring village, and was doing well, while Miss Winny, who had been out as nursery-governess, in a rich tradesman's family residing at Swansea, with whom Mrs. Toms dealt for her stock—had been established for some years as the mistress of the only young ladies' school at Llanluyd. She professed to give them a good English education, and accomplish them in all sorts of needle work. A master attended to teach writing and arithmetic, and a dancing master, who travelled the country, gave instruction in dancing one week in every three months, performing in a double capacity, as he was fiddler likewise.

Emily was six years old when she became a pupil of Miss Winny Toms.

The school was held in a dull room over the shop, and the scholars were arranged round it on forms.

As Emily was the only little lady in the school, Miss Winny kept her apart from the other children, and she was always placed on a bench near the school-mistress. The poor little thing looked frightened for several days, when she found herself among so many strange faces, and scarcely dared to raise her eyes from her book.

Miss Winny Toms's school consisted of the children of the tradespeople, none of the better class of residents having any young ones requiring instruction.

There was the Baker's little girl, and the children of the Butcher, two or three tall daughters of some of the richer peasantry, sent thither to learn English, and some belonging to various petty shopkeepers, for although Mrs. Toms's was the best

shop in the village, it was not the only one.

In short, Miss Winny Toms's school was considered a very good one for Llanluyd, and she had all the most respectable of the village children at it, the others going to the second-rate one kept by the wife of Mr. Green, a shoemaker, who filled both the offices of clerk and sexton at church.

Miss Winny—a thin, stiff figure, with her elbows pinned in to her sides, was a well-intentioned conscientious person, and not at all a bad hand at teaching A, B, C, spelling, and reading. She was likewise clever at sampler work—could initiate into the mysteries of single and double cross-stitch, and was famous for giving instruction in mingling the shades of wool on an urn-rug, so as to form a red cat, with preposterously long whiskers to it.

Altogether she had a fair reputation as a

clever schoolmistress, and Mrs. Benson thought nothing could suit Emily better than to send her to Miss Winny Toms as a day scholar.

CHAPTER XIII.

“ A countenance in which did meet,
Sweet records, promises as sweet.”

WORDSWORTH.

EMILY had now been a year at school, and good Mrs. Benson was quite charmed with her proficiency.

She did not read amiss, only rather too fast—her specimens of needlework were perfect, and the geography, grammar, and history which Miss Winny Toms made her learn—books of which Mrs. Benson had always been in complete ignorance,

having never penetrated further than dusting the covers as they lay on the table in Mrs. Thornton's boudoir—filled the kind-hearted woman with delight. Her darling without doubt would be well educated.

She did not know how ignorant poor Miss Toms was herself of those sciences she pretended to teach, or what mistakes she constantly made in pronouncing the hard names—hard to her—which were to be found in them.

But with all this Mrs. Benson was, luckily for her peace of mind, unacquainted, and, even if she had heard the lessons gone over, in very few instances could she have discovered Miss Winny Toms's strange misnomers.

Poor little Emily!—It was very dull at first, sitting all day on the bench, and if she turned her eyes towards the window, seeing nothing but the narrow street.

Her lessons did not trouble her much—she learned them fast enough, and had generally a high place in the class; often above girls twice her height and age. Thanks to Mrs. Benson, nobody could repeat her catechism, or answer questions from the bible more accurately; and on Saturday, which Miss Winny called repetition day, she recapitulated what she had learned in the week with a better memory than any one else.

Thus her lessons gave her no trouble; but she did not at all like the bunch of holly which Miss Toms, with due regard to external appearance, often stuck in the belt of her little pupil in order to make her hold up her head.

It pained her likewise to be brought forward as a pattern child to the other scholars, with, 'look at Miss Hume, how she attends to her lessons,' or, 'see what pains Miss Hume takes with her writing,'

and she was always glad to get back to grandmamma Benson, as she called her, to play with the cat, and pull up the weeds in the garden.

The truth was, Miss Winny Toms was proud of the child, and thought she did honor to her school—Could she manage to have an examination just before the holidays, it would do her so much credit. Miss Hume, she was sure, would answer so well! she had grounded her in history, geography, and mythology, and in reference to the last, had made her learn some beautiful lines out of Mrs. *Tig's Pische*. If Mr. Hubert Vaughan, who was so great a scholar—everyone said so—would only take the trouble to examine the children some Saturday, it would be of such service to her—double her pupils it might be—perhaps be the means of getting her some from a distance. She had mentioned it to his sister, Miss Penelope more than

once, and she, goodnatureedly, had said she would tell him next time he came to the Hall.

Thus mused Miss Winny Toms as she took tea with her mother in the small parlour behind the shop, while Mrs. Toms with slate and pencil added up her gains of the day, now raising the cup to her lips, then adding another figure to her calculation.

There was a knock at the street door. The servant girl opened it, and presently appeared with a note.

“Some groceries wanted I suppose,” said Mrs. Toms, holding out her hand.

“Its for Miss Winny, ma’am,” said the maid.

“A new pupil perhaps!—Let’s see Winny,” exclaimed Mrs. Toms, putting on her spectacles.

“No, not a pupil, mother,” replied Winny, “but it may be the means of

bringing me many pupils. It is from Miss Penelope Vaughan. Her brother came home yesterday, and has promised to examine at my school on Saturday."

"That's an honor indeed," said Mrs. Toms, complacently, drawing herself up, and smoothing down her apron, "the Vaughans are high blood, although they are not rich now, good Welsh blood, but those are always the civilest and the best, Winny, and when Miss Penelope comes into my shop, its always 'How do you do, Mrs. Toms,' or 'How does the school prosper?' or, 'when did you hear from your daughter the dress-maker? I hope she has a flourishing business.' It is not like as some folk bolt in with 'I want a quarter of a pound of tea,' or 'a pennyworth of mustard,' not a civil word, although they have been dealing with me ever so long—and now to think of Mr. Hubert Vaughan, that John Davis himself says is so clever,

examining your little school girls! Well Winny this is an honor," and good Mrs. Toms in her exultation pushed away the slate and pencil until after the tea-things were removed.

Saturday came—the girls were well-tutored, made their best curtseys, and ranged themselves in a row, as Hubert Vaughan entered the room.

He was a tall, pale young man of about twenty years of age with regular features, and good eyes if they could be seen: but he was short-sighted and wore spectacles. He had that carelless air in dress and gait, which an early and close attention to books often gives, with a slight bend forward in his figure, and something abrupt in his manner.

Still, there was an aristocratic look about him, and a curious observer would have remarked, "If Vaughan was drilled, and mixed a little in society, what a very

handsome man he would be!" But Vaughan never thought of being drilled, and he hated society—that is, the gay world and strangers.

He was very good-natured, and quite ready to gratify Miss Toms by examining her pupils. He glanced at some of the tall, rosy-faced girls who kept colouring up to their eyes, expecting that he was to begin with them, and were not a little surprised when a fair, blue-eyed child of about seven years old, who, sitting on a low bench beside Miss Toms had been concealed by her reading desk, was called up for examination.

There was something so charming in the child that his attention was rivetted on her immediately.

The full, innocent eyes turned on him with a look of wonder, for Miss Toms had prepared them all to see a young man of great erudition and cleverness; the grace-

ful form rounded in all the beautiful proportions of childhood, the hair hanging in natural ringlets to the waist, and the tiny hands with rosy-tipped fingers, slightly crossed as she stood before him, filled him with admiration.

“This is my young pupil, Miss Emily Hume,” said Miss Winny Toms, as Emily’s large blue eyes fell beneath his gaze, only to make her look prettier, by displaying the long fringed eyelashes several shades darker than her hair, and causing the clear red to crimson her neck and temples.

“Don’t be frightened, my dear,” said Vaughan, taking hold of the little one’s hand, and drawing her over to him as he seated himself on a chair.

“What am I to examine her in?” continued he, looking at her mistress. “Spelling and reading I suppose.”

“Oh! no sir, we will keep the reading and spelling until the last; Miss Emily

will answer—that is, I wish her to be examined in history and poetry.”

“Oh, indeed! history—English history I conclude, and Watts’s hymns.”

“Yes, sir, English history,” and Miss Winny drew up her head, “but not Watts’s hymns. I keep them for Sunday. The youthful mind is so plastic, sir, at her age; and Miss Emily’s memory is so retentive, that I have made her learn passages from our best poets.”

“Indeed!” returned he, “but I suppose I had better begin with the history.”

“As you please, sir,” replied Miss Winny, a little mortified at an expression—she would not have known how to define it if called upon—in his manner.

“What history have you read, Emily?” inquired he in a gentler tone, and bending down to the child as he spoke.

Emily raised the large blue eyes. His voice and look pleased her. She felt reassured, and said pretty distinctly,

“Mrs. Trimmer’s epitom,”

“Eh, my dear—what do you say?”

“The epitom, sir,”

“The what—my dear?”

“The epitom,” and the little fingers began to move nervously, and the cheek flushed a deeper dye with agitation.

Vaughan looked inquiringly at Miss Winny Toms, who was rummaging on the desk for a book.

“Here it is, Sir—the Epitom of English History.”

“Oh! the Epitome,” said he, “I see.”

“You may ask her any questions in it, Sir, dates and all, you will find what a good memory she has, and after that she will repeat for you the e-pi-so-de of Hector and Andromac—you remember it dear?”

“Yes,” said the child in a whisper.

“E-pi-so-de of Hector and Andromac! Oh Jupiter!” thought the scholar.

But he bore it all wonderfully—even Mrs. Tig's Pische, which came afterwards. No smile curled the well-set mouth, only the least little motion in the muscles of the brow—but Miss Winny saw it not.

The little girl, notwithstanding her timidity, answered very well, and with the exception of some terrible blunders in the proper names, pronounced however, just as she had been taught, shewed that she was really an apt pupil.

Then came on the examination in classes. Emily was at the head in catechism and scripture questions.

Some of the girls excelled her in writing, and indeed did great credit to Mr. Green, the writing master; others in needle-work, of which however, though Vaughan looked gravely at it, he assured Miss Winny he was no judge.

Altogether Miss Winny Toms was highly gratified, and the examination proved very satisfactory to her.

CHAPTER XIV.

“—Voice more beautiful than poet's books,
Or murmuring sound of water as it flows.”

LONGFELLOW.

“OH Pen, Pen, my dear Penelope,” said Vaughan, throwing himself on the sofa in fits of laughter, when he entered the oaken wainscotted room at the Hall known by the name of the drawing-room, where sat his sister Penelope. “Such a scene as I have had at poor Miss Winny Toms’! Not bad reading either—rather a gallop to be sure—and very passable spelling;

excellent writing—does Green a great deal of credit, and all the birds and beasts in Noah's ark worked in worsted—but of this I am no judge: but such pronunciation! Such blunders from poor Miss Winny! Oh I must laugh.” And the grave youth—for he was grave—laughed until Miss Penelope laid down her work and exclaimed “What is the matter, dear Hubert? Do tell me; I never saw you laugh so before in my life.”

“No, never—never,” said he, “I never shall laugh so much again. Poor, dear Miss Winny Toms! But a truce to this folly—My dear Penelope, I have something to say to you—there is the sweetest little child at this school I ever saw—a little angel. She will be quite spoiled—such an education! Oh ye poets and poetesses! Mrs. Tig's Pische! No, she must not be left there. A great granddaughter too of old Mrs. Thornton, they tell me,

who died here some eight or ten years ago. I do not remember her, but perhaps you do."

"Yes, an old blind lady," returned Penelope "to be sure I do—I recollect her perfectly, and how her pretty grandchild Ellen, married lieutenant Hume of the—regiment. And is this their daughter?—and what is become of them?"

"Both dead, Penelope—Mrs. Benson, who lives in that very small cottage at the entrance of the Green was formerly a servant in the Thornton family. She married respectably and went to New York. Being left a widow, in tolerable circumstances, she accidentally fell in with the grandchild of her old mistress, and when this dear little girl was left an orphan, adopted her as her own child. Indeed so devoted was she to the family in whose service she had been for a number of years, that, to nurse and take care of poor

Mrs. Hume, then in a decline, was the only thing that brought her to this part of the country. A most excellent woman she must be, Penelope, must she not?"

"Truly a most noble minded one—but where did you learn all this, Hubert?"

"In good Mrs. Toms's shop, where I loitered for a few minutes."

"I knew a Mrs. Benson lived in the cottage you speak of," Penelope added, after a short pause, "and I heard that she was a most respectable person. My informant told me likewise that she had a dear little grandchild with her. To think of this little orphan being a great granddaughter of Mr. Thornton of Woodhouse! I remember hearing my poor father say that when he was in the county of—— on a visit with a friend, he often hunted in company with squire Thornton. His blind widow, I know, lived here in very narrow circumstances, and almost entirely

to herself. But the Thorntons were certainly once very wealthy people."

"Very likely my dear sister—changes upon changes take place in this world."

"Yes, changes indeed," replied Miss Penelope. "'Tails be heads now, and heads be tails,'" said the butcher's wife to me the other day in a great rage at Lord Kidwilly's steward putting a higher price on the field he let her husband for his cattle than she approved of—but this does not apply to worthy Mrs. Benson."

"No, she deserves to be a thousand times better off in the world than she is," returned Vaughan, "her conduct is above praise—but I wish she had kept this dear little Emily at home and taught her herself."

"Perhaps she could not teach her," Penelope said, "for with all her goodness she must be uneducated."

"Perhaps not—I forgot that. My heart

aches for the child. I should like to instruct her entirely myself."

"Would you really, Hubert? If we were rich enough we could send her to a good school. I dare say Mrs. Benson would permit us to share in her good work—but we are too poor to think of such a thing. I wonder Mrs. Benson does not procure better instruction for her than Miss Winny Toms's school can afford."

"She could not do it, Pen, even if she was aware of the imperfections in Miss Winny's mode of teaching. All her income—comfortable enough for herself—depends upon a few houses she has in New York, so Mrs. Toms told me—she seemed to know all her history—the good woman has no concealments."

"I should like to have her here for a few hours every day and teach her myself," said Miss Penelope, after a long pause. "It would be an amusement—I

was very fond of teaching you when you were a child, and a docile little girl I am sure I could manage very well."

"Would you really like it?" exclaimed Hubert, joyfully.

"I think I should," said Penelope, in her calm manner.

"Dear sister, it would be a good work, and then there are so many reasons that make me wish you to have a nice companion with you sometimes—something to interest you."

"What are those reasons, Hubert?" said the sister with a smile.

"I have been thinking how to break a plan to you—a proposal I had the day before I came down here, and to which I must give a reply shortly."

"What is it?" said Penelope, changing colour.

"Mr. ——— is going to send his son abroad with a travelling tutor, and wants

me to undertake the office. I know dear Pen, you will think me a great deal too young for it, but it is an opportunity I may never have again of improving myself in languages, and as I have to work my way up in life, and pretty hard work it will be—I think you must see the advantage of it.”

“Yes, you must work up,” said Penelope with a sigh.

“But then I shall be absent three years, that being the period assigned by Mr. —— for his son’s travels, and you in the mean time—how lonely you will be. My present purpose is, on my return, to take pupils, which I think, with my literary labours, will insure me a moderate competency. You sigh, dear Penelope, but the church, the bar, and all the other learned professions are shut out, either from the expense attending them, or from want of interest.”

“True—very true,” Penelope said in a low voice.

“I have already got regularly enlisted as a writer in a magazine, which pays well. My tour abroad will enable me to collect materials for future papers, so that altogether my prospect seems a fair one. You do not fear for my steadiness.”

“No, dear Hubert, no. The future you have sketched out for yourself is I believe, the most feasible, but yet”—Penelope paused.

“Dear sister, you used to think I should one day sit on the Wool-sack, or be Archbishop of Canterbury, but, with your straightforward, clear views, and good sense, you must see that providence intends no such dignity for me. You know I have a passion for literary pursuits, and here in this dear old house I am sure I shall find inspiration. What do you say to my getting £500 one day or other for a book?”

“I am sure you will deserve it Hubert, if industry, application, and study, can insure it, but remember what multitudes of writers there are, and what natural talent a person must have to write well—to succeed among so many competitors.”

“True,” replied Hubert, “but I always think what a man determines to do, he can do, and that there is a mine, a golden one often, in many minds, if the owner will have but the resolution to dig and search for it. I am determined to spare no pains in trying what I can dig out of mine. I shall begin my book-making by writing a tour. It shall be a sort of diary in letters to you, dear Pen ; this will lessen the pain of absence to you, and when I return, I will work it up.”

“Work it up,” said Penelope now laughing, “you have already caught the phraseology of an author.”

CHAPTER XV.

“ Beautiful river! full many a day,
In that green happy valley we’ve sauntered away,
Watching the flight of the light cloudy shadows,
Listing the low of the kine in the meadows,
The chirp of the grasshopper, hum of the bee,
And sweet loving song of the bird on the tree.”

PENELOPE Vaughan spent a wakeful night, pondering upon her dear brother and his future prospects.

Some five and twenty years older than he was, she saw not life in that *colour-de-rose* which he did.

She was constitutionally of a calm tem-

perament, perhaps with rather a tendency to depression—there was nothing bright about her look, though her manner was always kind, and she was one whom you might fancy could never have been young, for her tastes, habits, occupations, seemed to have been born with her.

This might have proceeded from the great weight of care which was early pressed upon her mind, when left an orphan with a baby brother entirely thrown upon her. The disadvantages of a very small income to cope with, and no one but herself to form his mind and direct his education, she turned all her thoughts upon him as her one object in life.

It was to teach him in his early childhood and youth that she studied herself—to be able to send him to a good school that she practised the most parsimonious frugality in her expenditure—his happiness was always dearer to her than her

own—her life was, as it were, bound up in his. If she secretly grieved that their narrow means prevented any learned profession from being open to him, she however did not build castles for his advancement. She had brought him up from childhood with the teaching that he must owe everything to himself, and when she placed the mitre and the woolsack before his eyes, it was to shew him what study had effected for others.

The idea of a literary life—to write for bread—she had never encouraged; but she did think, that, as he had already succeeded in obtaining some remuneration from a minor periodical, when he returned from his projected tour, he might, provided he had pupils likewise, write to some advantage.

The notion of the tour had startled her at first, but now, as she looked upon it in

various points of view, she saw the advantage of it

Already a finished scholar, this would expand his mind, rectify any prejudices that so secluded a life as he had led might have encumbered him with, gratify the thirst for knowledge which he had shewn from his childhood, and give him the opportunity of perfecting himself in the modern languages, for which he had always had a passion.

Thus she reflected, affection quickening her clear understanding, and if she gave a sigh sometimes at the thought, how different his position was to that of his progenitors, who owned the soil around them, reason stifled the sigh as it whispered, there is nothing stable upon earth, and the penury of succeeding generations is but the natural consequence of the profusion of those before them.

To outward appearance there was a

great similarity in the manners and temper of the brother and sister, but, internally there were some striking points of difference.

Her whole life was that of reality. Her calm sense allowed imagination no power over her mind. Everything must be demonstrable to her understanding.

Hubert on the contrary, with the same gravity of demeanour, had imagination always at work. Life for him was full of poetry, for her it was every day prose.

When young herself, Penelope never entered into the amusements of young people, and perhaps it was her want of sympathy in his amusements that made Hubert's pursuits from a boy, graver than those of others.

He caught the color of his life from his sister in all things externally, but quick feelings and enthusiastic impulses not suspected, formed the foundation of his cha-

racter. It was this sensibility, touched by her beauty, that made him so animated on the score of little Emily. It was Penelope's kind heart and love of being useful that made her respond to it, and recollect on the morrow what he had said on the subject.

She smiled at his encomiums on the loveliness of the child—considered the probability of her being obliged to be a governess hereafter—called to mind the figures of blind Mrs. Thornton and her granddaughter, and came to the conclusion that Ellen's child must not be left to this vulgar training. As to Emily's being pretty, that was of no consequence in her opinion—were she a little fright it would be just the same to her.

Hubert referred two or three times on the following day to the position of Emily Hume, and the education she was likely to receive.

Miss Penelope did not say much, but she thought the matter over. She did not even know Mrs. Benson by sight—how bring about an acquaintance?

Very soon however she met with Mrs. Benson and Emily when least expected.

“Where are you going to fish this afternoon, Hubert?” she said to him one morning. “I see you are putting your fishing tackle in order.”

“To the stream, dear sister, that runs through the valley not far from the Apjohns’ farm—you know where they live. You bought apples from them last year. Do you remember?”

“Yes, I bought them at the door. The man who sold them said they were from farmer Apjohn’s orchard. They were the best for keeping I ever had. So well hand picked. I think I should like to walk out there and bespeak some for winter store. The man who sold them said if I wanted

any quantity I must bespeak them. I can walk this afternoon with you—while you fish I will go to the farm-house and speak to Mrs. Apjohn.”

“Dear Penelope, I shall be delighted to have your company.”

They had an early dinner, and went in the afternoon towards the intended spot.

It was a warm, soft day—a slight breeze and but little sun—just such a day as fishermen like.

Miss Vaughan took some tatting in her work-bag and a book. She said, when she had done her errand at Mrs. Apjohn’s, she would join him and sit in the shade near him.

They parted after they entered the valley, and she took the green lane that led to Farmer Apjohn’s. When she knocked at the door of the house the female servant who opened it, said her

mistress was in the garden shewing her bees to a visitor who was come with her grandchild to spend the day, which was a holiday at the farm.

If the lady would step in she would run and call mistress.

Miss Vaughan said no to this, she would like to walk into the garden and see the bees too.

The servant maid shewed her the way.

Miss Vaughan had seen the farmer's wife once or twice in the village of Llanluyd, and knew her by sight, but the plainly-dressed, kind looking elderly woman with her was a stranger.

The grandchild however caught her eye—certainly the prettiest child she had ever seen. The ringlets down to the waist and the large blue eyes, made her immediately think of Hubert's description of Emily Hume.

After the first salutation was over, and

she had mentioned the occasion of her visit, Miss Vaughan noticed the child, who, engaged in watching the bees, had no eyes or ears for anything else.

“Your granddaughter is a beautiful little girl” she said to Mrs. Apjohn’s companion.

“She is a dear good child, but she is not my granddaughter” returned Mrs. Benson, “although I am as fond of her as if she were so over and over again.”

“Yes, she is a sweet child” joined in Mrs. Apjohn, “and Mrs. Benson watches over her like a mother. We were just talking about her when you entered the garden, madam,—Mrs. Benson is rather put out about the dear one at present.”

“How is that?” said Miss Vaughan.

Mrs. Benson glanced at the child. She was at a short distance taken up with

the bees, and not attending the least to them.

“It is about Miss Winny Toms’s school—I am afraid it is not quite the school for Emily, madam;” returned Mrs. Benson. “Instead of teaching the child sensible things—there are a great many studies for ladies, studies that must be commenced in youth; but to teach my child fabulous stories, such things would never do her any good, madam.”

“Oh! fabulous histories—the story of Dicky, Pecksy and Flapsy—that will not do her any harm, believe me,” Miss Penelope said.

“No, madam—that is not it” said the two good dames in a breath.

The story of the little birds, Dicky, Pecksy and Flapsy is a pretty tale, and I taught my little grandsons to read out of it,” said Mrs. Apjohn, “But the heathen gods, madam—”

“And the goddesses” ma’am, “interrupted Mrs. Benson,” putting such gentile notions into my sweet child’s head, as Pluto is the king of hell, and that Neptune rules the sea—I have spoken to Miss Winny about it, but she treats my objections as vulgar ideas.

“Keep her at home and teach her yourself, Mrs. Benson, said Mrs. Apjohn. “I instructed the twins until they were old enough to go to John Davis.”

“Bless you!” exclaimed Mrs. Benson, “So I would if I had the ability, but I have little or no book-learning myself, and it will be a sad thing if Emily cannot be taught better than Miss Winny and I can teach her—at all events I told Miss Winny to-day, that I did not think I should send my pet to her after the holidays, unless she promised to change her course of education.”

“And what said she?” inquired Mrs. Apjohn.

“Miss Winny only tossed her head, and said, if my child went to her school she must learn whatever she choose to teach her; and Mrs. Toms told me afterwards that I had hurt her daughter much by doubting her judgment, and that she was astonished I should, as I did, after the progress Emily had shewn when examined by Mr. Vaughan;” and as Mrs. Benson uttered these words, both she and Mrs. Apjohn looked inquiringly at Miss Penelope.

The latter smiled in answer to the look, and too truthful and candid to conceal entirely what her brother thought, replied that Mr. Vaughan had been struck with Emily's quickness, and much touched by her being thrown, an unprotected orphan, upon the care of Mrs. Benson, whose kindness he said, in thus adopting her was beyond all praise.

The good woman said she deserved no praise. Emily was as dear to her as if she were her own child.

“But he likewise lamented,” continued Miss Penelope “that this charming little girl had not a more competent instructor. I do not mean to depreciate Miss Winny Toms’s school, but he would rather have heard her repeat Watts’s Hymns than—”

“Ah! there it is,” said Mrs. Benson, with a sigh, “if I leave her there all sorts of nonsense will be crammed into my darling’s head. I have been sadly mistaken in the school.”

“I would not allow her to remain, Mrs. Benson,” observed Mrs. Apjohn, “I would keep her at home, and try if I could not get some young person—some one might be found I’m sure, to come for three or four hours in the day and teach the dear child.”

“One might manage this in a town

easily," returned Mrs. Benson, "and indeed I have thought of it within the last two or three days, but I can hear of no one—what would you advise, madam?" and Mrs. Benson looked earnestly at Miss Penelope Vaughan.

Mrs. Apjohn too looked inquiringly.

Miss Penelope had a high character in the neighbourhood for sense, kindness, and good judgment, and Mrs. Benson, although Miss Penelope was not acquainted with her, knew her by sight and reputation as well as did Mrs. Apjohn. Besides valuing her for her amiable qualities, both dames felt in common with others that natural veneration for an old family, however fallen from their former prosperity, which, notwithstanding the levelling notions of the present day, still lingers in most bosoms.

Just at this instant Emily came up with a bouquet, which, while they were speak-

ing, Mrs. Apjohn had sent her to pick for Miss Vaughan, and presenting it with all the charming grace of childhood, raised the large, beseeching, blue eyes to Miss Penelope as she asked her to accept it.

She took it with a smile, and kissed the little girl, who coloured with pleasure, and then flew away to watch the bees.

“I am very fond of teaching children myself, said Miss Penelope, in answer to Mrs. Benson’s question, which the child’s approach had prevented her replying to on the instant, “and if you will allow Emily to come to me every day for a few hours I should really find great pleasure in instructing her. If any thing should occur to prevent my persevering in it, or if some better plan of instruction present itself to you, Emily need not continue, but at present, if you do not disapprove of it, I shall take it as a favor if you will let her come to the Hall every day.”

Mrs. Benson was quite overcome with joy at the idea. The thought that Emily would be entirely banished from the rank of life to which by birth she belonged, had often hung heavy upon her heart, but this offer of Miss Vaughan seemed at once to open a new prospect to her.

Mrs. Apjohn too looked perfectly delighted at it.

Miss Penelope having arranged about the apples, and bade the good people farewell, after kissing little Emily again, and telling her that she must pay a visit at the Hall to-morrow, and bring her books with her, departed to join her brother, who had pursued his fishing in the mean time with good success.

Hubert was much pleased with his sister's communication, which she imparted to him as she sat on the bank near him, employed at her tatting.

It took him so much by surprise that

he laid down his rod, and placed himself at her feet.

There he remained for some time, now musing to himself, now remarking to Penelope on the changes of fortune which had thrown this lovely child entirely upon the protection of one strange to her blood and name.

CHAPTER XVI.

“ I would that I the dusky veil could sever,
Which shades the future from my longing sight,
That I might watch thy onward way through life.”

NICOLL.

ANOTHER circumstance which Mrs. Benson had not mentioned, rendered her the more anxious to remove Emily from Miss Winny's school, and made her doubly grateful for Miss Penelope Vaughan's kind offer.

Some of the children, particularly two or three of the bigger ones, had, impelled very likely by jealousy, on perceiving the

preference Miss Winny gave to Emily, taunted the poor little thing with being dependent on Mrs. Benson, and having no parents or relatives to take care of her.

“You have no father or mother, or sister, or even an uncle or aunt, and no grandmamma at all,” said the baker’s daughter one day to her.

“Grandmamma Benson is my grandmamma,” said the child, looking frightened, and bursting into tears.

“No, she is not,” said Polly Cottle, “I heard mother say that Mrs. Toms told her although our schoolmistress makes so much of you, she would not, for you are no better than a little beggar, and that Mrs. Benson was your great grandmother’s house maid.”

Poor little child! she looked very pale, when, after school hours, on her return home, she threw her arms round Mrs. Benson’s neck, and telling her what Polly

Cottle said, asked her was she not her own dear grandmamma.

Mrs. Benson was much distressed at Emily's tears and question.

"I have adopted you as my grandchild," returned she, kissing her, "and you are as dear to me as one, therefore you are always to consider me as your own dear grandmamma."

The little girl was satisfied, and covered the wrinkled cheeks with kisses, but Mrs. Benson was pained, and feared a recurrence of scenes and questions that would become more painful to the child as she grew older. These were accidents, she saw, which Miss Winny could have no control over.

Perhaps she was wrong herself in wishing to keep Emily so much apart from the other children, and Miss Winny, in extolling the child so much to them. Emily's diligence and amiable qualities certainly

deserved praise, but it had awakened a spirit in the school which would make her unhappy. As to her own desire to have the little girl kept apart from the other children, she felt she could not get over it, and in this Miss Winny had seconded her very well. If rain, or any other cause prevented Emily from being sent for at the exact moment the school was over she would give her a volume of Hannah More's tracts to amuse her, and prevent her thinking of play with the other pupils. This, as Emily was wonderfully fond of stories, always kept her quietly seated on her bench. The narrative of "Tawny Rachel" and "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," had more charms for her than the games of blindman's buff and friar's land, in which the children were allowed to indulge, if they remained after school hours. And this sometimes happened, as perhaps the donkey cart which had

brought one or two little lasses from the country into school, had not yet sold off all the vegetables it contained—or there were still some pounds of butter in Sissy Crowther's basket, who did not like to go back without disposing of it all, and therefore delayed calling for the child that had been sent to walk in with her.

Still Mrs. Benson knew, that a few moments' conversation at any time with an ill-natured girl upon her situation in life, would be sufficient to make a child, sensitive as Emily was, unhappy for the rest of the day.

“No father, no mother, no uncle, no aunt, no grandmother—history too true of the grandchild of my sweet young mistress,” ejaculated Mrs. Benson with a deep sigh, as she raised her hands and eyes to heaven. “God must be father, mother, brother, sister, uncle, and aunt, dear one, to thee when I am gone.”

Mrs. Benson however could not make up her mind to withdraw Emily from Miss Winny's school. How else was she to be educated? But when the subject of the heathenish studies as she called them came before her, she no longer hesitated, and went to consult Mrs. Apjohn on the subject.

Thus the offer of Miss Penelope to have Emily with her for some hours every day, solved more than one difficulty, and relieved the good woman from the perplexity in which she found herself.

Mrs. Benson had made no secret of her origin, or of the tie that bound her to Mrs. Hume and her baby, when they first arrived at Farmer Apjohn's house; nevertheless the circumstance would not have been so generally known in the village, if an old travelling pedlar woman who had been in the habit for years of supplying the houses, principally the servants, far

and near, with innumerable trifles, cheap shawls, &c., had not accidentally learned part of Mrs. Benson's early history, and reported it in her office of newsmonger, as well as pedlar.

On the morrow Mrs. Benson sent Emily to the Hall according to Miss Penelope's wish.

She brought her satchel of books with her, which Vaughan and his sister both looked over. The unfortunate one on heathen mythology, which had principally led to Miss Winny losing Emily as a pupil, was put aside entirely for the present, as were some others not suited to so young a child.

Hubert said he would help his sister to teach her as long as he remained at Llanluyd, and they were both satisfied they would find her a docile and intelligent scholar.

Accustomed to be always fondled and

caressed, the manners of the little girl were innocent and attractive.

“May I say my lessons always to you ma’am?” said she, pleased with Penelope’s commendation on this, the first day that she had visited at the Hall.

“Yes Emily, every day, if you are a good child and attend to them.”

“I shall so like it,” returned she, her colour heightening with pleasure.

“Will you indeed, Emily?”

“Oh yes, so much,” then she added rather timidly, “you call me Emily, what am I to call you?”

“Aunt Penelope,” said Miss Vaughan, smiling at the child’s question. “I will be your aunt Penelope as long as you are good.”

“I will be always good,” said Emily, joyfully.

“And I am to be your uncle Hubert,” said Vaughan in answer to the questioning look the little one now threw at him.

“Uncle—nonsense, Hubert—you must not teach her to call you uncle,” exclaimed Miss Penelope, “no, not uncle—call him cousin Hubert, Emily—he is to be your cousin.”

Emily looked a little puzzled, and opened the large blue eyes full at him.

“Cousin Hubert,” she said in a low voice, “will you teach me to write? this is my copy book.”

“Yes, shew it to me—what pot-hooks and hangers you do make, my dear! Yes certainly, I will teach you to write while I am here.”

“And you wo’nt give me a pandy?” murmured Emily, looking at him beseechingly.

“A pandy, what is a pandy?” said Hubert, laughing.

“A slap on the hand with a flat rule,” returned the little girl confidently.

“Did you ever get one?” inquired he.

“No, but Polly Cottle did from Mr. Green several times.”

“Polly Cottle,” he exclaimed in an under voice to his sister, “what associates for such a pretty creature. Poor little pet, we must have her with us as much as we can.”

“She will not come much in the way of those children if she does not return to Miss Winny’s school,” observed Miss Penelope, “you may depend upon it that Mrs. Benson does not allow her to make companions of them.”

“With whom do you play when you are at home, I mean at Mrs. Benson’s, Emily,” inquired Vaughan.

“Only with grandmamma and the cat,” said Emily, “I sit at grandmamma’s feet in the evening, and read for her.”

“Do you not ever play with Polly Cottle?”

“Oh no, never,” returned the child, “I

only see her at school. I used to have the sheep and lambs for playfellows at farmer Apjohn's when we lived there, but that is a long time ago, a year grandmamma says, and I only see them sometimes now. I had a lamb that knew me quite well, and used to come when I called it."

"And does the lamb know you still, when you go to visit Mrs. Apjohn?" inquired Hubert with a smile.

"Ah, it was sold months ago," and she fetched such a sigh.

"Would you like a canary bird for a pet?"

"A canary bird that would sing? Oh, yes," she said joyfully.

"Well, you shall have one, but you must not let the cat eat it."

Miss Penelope took Emily away to shew her the house, where she told her she might ramble about, and look at the pictures, between her lessons, on a wet day,

and then to the garden, which, though old-fashioned, with holly hedges running at each side of the grass walks, had a pleasant air, and was full of singing birds. Many fantastic forms, such as St. George and the Dragon, and Adam and Eve, had been, in days gone by, cut out of the ever-green trees, and made the pride of the gardeners from generation to generation; but those were now nearly obliterated, and allowed to grow wild, as a day's work occasionally was all that Miss Penelope's thrifty management permitted.

But the little girl was delighted with it.

“Oh! so much larger than grand-mamma Benson's garden, and so many birds!”

Miss Penelope had no sooner left the room with her young companion than Vaughan threw himself into an arm-chair, and taking up a periodical just arrived, began to turn over the leaves of it.

“What a pretty thought!” he exclaimed, as he read

“When Mary yet an infant smiled,
Her winning ways my heart beguiled,
And midst her sporting, kissing hours
Around it tied a wreath of flowers.
Then in what year I cannot date,
So unperceived she played the fate,
This flow’ry wreath—a witch ’tis plain—
She turned into a golden chain.”

“Let me see who they are written by,” and Vaughan turned to look for the name. “Ah! they are some of poor old J—’s lines. I thought I remembered them.”

Miss Winny Toms was much mortified at the loss of her pupil. Nevertheless it was a consolation to her that she was not sent to any other school, and she always flattered herself that it was the pains she had taken with the little girl, and the skill she had shewn in drawing forth her talents, that induced Miss Vaughan to have her so much at the Hall, and find

such pleasure in instructing her. And this idea of her own she managed to circulate so well in the village, that instead of Emily's removal being detrimental to her school, it rather served to enhance the opinion entertained at Llanluyd of her abilities.

Vaughan and his sister both heard it—but they only smiled. They did not wish to lessen poor Miss Winny's importance.

As to Mrs. Benson's objections to her choice of books, Miss Winny put it down to the excessive ignorance of the good woman, and, certain of overruling it, was satisfied, that, vacation over, the child would be returned to her again had not the Vaughans taken a fancy to her.

CHAPTER XVII.

“The old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.”

LONGFELLOW.

“Where are the bright young eyes, that here have
beamed?”

NICOLL.

THE distance was so short from Mrs. Benson's cottage to the Hall, that Emily took her way thither by herself on the following morning.

The gate which shut in the gravelled court before the house was ajar, and

entering it unperceived she ascended the steps that led to the hall door. It was likewise open, and the little girl found herself in the hall the next minute. Here she paused irresolute if she should go on, or remain standing until she saw somebody. She determined on the latter. There she stood, but nobody appeared. Young as she was, her eyes took in every object around. All was different from grandmamma's cottage, or the Apjohns' farm house. Yesterday, flurried with her first visit, she had no observation. To-day she remarked everything—the height of the hall—the discolored figures in stucco on the ceiling—the heavy, carved, oaken chairs that looked as if they were rooted to each spot they stood on, and the large pictures in black frames which hung against the walls. These last were examined after each other one by one.

There was a lady with a rose in her

hand and a necklace twisted round her neck, and a silk dress covered with bows and knots of ribbon. Then there was another sitting in an arm-chair—an unhappy looking lady (Emily thought)—with such an ugly little child by her! Some had such long earrings of white glistening beads, and so many rows of the same looped in the hair and fastened round the arms!—they must certainly be the pearls she had read of in the fairy tales. And there was a gentleman with a mass of curls falling on his shoulders, and a sword at his side, and such deep ruffles at his wrists, and a lace cravat! And then there was another—a dark, stern figure—with shining plates on his shoulders, as if he was bound in steel.—He must be a crusader going to the wars—those wars that were mentioned in her last lesson.

Thus she stood glancing now and then

towards the three closed doors, not knowing what to do.

At last she advanced to the one on the left and, gently opening it, peeped in. There was nobody there. It was—no it was not, the room she had been in first yesterday. This was the dining room: Aunt Penelope had told her so. She did not like it—it looked very dark.

She shut the door and moved to the one on the other side.—She opened it. This is the room—the drawing room—but there is nobody in it; it looks very quiet too, the windows are small and the sun does not shine into it.

She shut this door likewise. Then there was the third door. This led to the staircase—perhaps she might see somebody there. She opened it softly. There was the dark, oaken staircase before her, but not a sound was to be heard except the great clock going click, click.

“ Half way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass—
‘ Forever—never!
Never—forever!’ ”

That passage to the left, aunt Penelope told her, led to the kitchen: perhaps she could find the servants and ask where she was to find aunt Penelope.

She stepped lightly on tiptoe along the passage, then down a staircase, and found a square flagged hall at the bottom. She half opened several doors, but could nowhere see an inhabitant. Here must be the kitchen, from the fire-place and furniture, but there was nobody in it. Half frightened at not being able to find any one, the child ascended a flight of stairs near her.

She thought it was the one she came

down, but saw her mistake after ascending it some way. However she went on. She stopped a minute, now at one landing, now at another, to gaze out of the windows. They looked towards the river—the same river which ran at the bottom of grandmamma's garden ; and that looked like the same wall running along the bank, but now she could see over it and she beheld all the sheep that were at the other side—pretty sheep!—she was so fond of sheep! And those great trees! she dared say they were full of squirrels.

Thus she lingered. At last she went on. She did not venture to open any more doors, but she got to the top of the house, and then she found that she could descend by a different staircase at the other side—the great oak staircase on which was the clock.

Quickening her pace she reached the bottom—she was again in the hall.

Her bonnet made her feel warm, so she took it off, laid it on a chair and sat down, quite still, on another.

At last she thought she heard some slight stir in the drawing room. The child, who was beginning to feel uncomfortable at the silence, got up immediately and opened the door.

The room was empty as before, but she now saw that there was another door at the end of it. She approached it, gave it a little push; it opened at her touch, and peeping into a long, narrow room without carpet, she beheld, to her great delight, Vaughan sitting at a table engaged in writing.

Her step was so light that he did not hear her until she stood beside him and said "Cousin Hubert!"

"My dear little girl!" he exclaimed, kissing her. "I did not hear you come into the room."

“I have been all over the house, and could not find any one,” said she. “I am so glad to find you!”

“Why you look half frightened,” observed Vaughan.

“Oh no—yes, a little,” returned the child. “It is such a silent house!”

“A silent house!” said he. “Ah! that is exactly the word—it is a silent house. Did you bring your books?”

“Yes, they are in the hall,” Emily replied.

“Let me see—what did Penelope say? That she was going into the village to visit a sick woman, and that you are to write here until she comes back. Bring me your book, and I will set you a copy.”

Emily obeyed. The copy was set. He placed a chair for her at the table—gave her the ink—mended her pens, and, seeing that she held her hand in the right position, returned to his desk and taking

up his spectacles, which he had laid down when she entered, resumed his work.

He did not raise his head again for half an hour. When he did, he perceived that Emily had finished the copy, and was sitting very quietly, looking about her and entirely taken up with her own observations.

The study—such was the name this room was known by—rather narrow for its length, had low bookcases all along one side of it. In former days these had been well filled, but now their contents were rather scanty, although there were still some few valuable works—Hubert ever since he was a child, had the hope that one day he might be able to make up the deficiency. Over the book shelves hung a row of engravings, mostly heads of eminent men interspersed with mythological subjects, and here and there an old engraving taken from some of the landscape paintings of the Italian school.

The room had a window at each end. These would have hardly given sufficient light, as it was some thirty feet long, if the one at the farthest extremity had not been altered into a glass door, from which you descended into a small terraced plot of ground overhung with large laburnum trees. A flight of steps ran down the centre of the green slope and led into the garden, which, enclosed by high walls, stretched down to the river.

“Well, Emily—have you finished your copy?”

The child started as Vaughan’s voice broke the stillness.

“Yes,” she said, and she reached it to him.

“Pretty well—but I think you may do better. That line looks very straight, but the letters in this are all awry, and badly cut. Write it over again, my dear.”

The little girl put out her hand for it.

“You wont mind writing it over again, —will you, Emily?” he said in a persuasive tone.

“O no,” replied she; “I like to write in this nice room.”

“This nice room!” said Vaughan smiling, and casting a glance at the three or four old chairs and shabby writing table, that formed its furniture. “You do not call this a nice room?”

“O yes—the prettiest room in the house,” returned Emily. “The sun shines in at the glass door, and I see the laburnum trees stirring in the wind. I like to look at those grim faces too, opposite to me—they are the heads of the Saracens that the Crusaders killed—are they not?”

“The heads of the Saracens that the Crusaders killed!” exclaimed Vaughan, laughing. “What put such a thought in your wise little head, my dear?”

“Most of them are so ugly? I thought

they were Saracens," replied Emily, looking very much confused.

"They are the heads of celebrated men—some of them the Greek and Latin poets—others the Roman Emperors. But what do you know of Saracens?"

"I read of them in the History of England. It is full of pretty stories, all true."

"Indeed! What do you mean by stories, my dear? Tell me the names of them."

"There is King Alfred baking cakes for the neat herd's wife, and the beautiful Elfrida, and all about King Richard going to fight the Saracens."

"The germ of a poetess or a young romance writer," murmured Vaughan to himself.

"I should like to read the histories of Greece and Rome too," said the child.

"Little prattler! So you shall by and

by ; but now set to work and write your copy."

A long pause.

"Very good," said Vaughan, as Emily, who had left her seat unperceived, and stood beside him with the copy in her hand, tired of waiting, now touched him lightly on the arm, and placed it before him. "Very good, indeed. I see you take pains. You will be able to help me when I am in a hurry with my writing, by and by.

"Shall I !" said she joyfully.

Miss Penelope opened the door.

"Emily, if you have finished your copy, you can bring your books to me."

"You may go," said Vaughan, with a nod, in answer to the little girl's look, and Emily disappeared.

"What a pretty child!—a study for a painter—so graceful!" said he, as he looked after her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“ Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many numbered.”

LONGFELLOW.

VAUGHAN spared no pains, during the short time he remained at home, in instructing Emily.

He took a wonderful pleasure in studying the character and capacity of the little creature—leading her ideas now into one train, now into another, anatomizing, as it were the budding thoughts;—diving into the first progress of the reasoning

powers—examining how one conclusion brought on another ; and gratifying, whenever he could, that thirst of the mind for knowledge, that laudable curiosity which a wise Providence has implanted in children as the stepping-stone towards improving the faculties.

Sometimes he dazzled her with wonders—Nature's wonders—and then, smiling at her astonishment, he endeavoured to explain them to her. Now he shewed her the gauzy wing of a tiny fly in his microscope—another time made her look through the telescope at the stars above her.

He was equally diligent in teaching her the more simple elements of knowledge, and, as she had a good ear and tried to please him, she soon acquired a pure pronunciation, and distinctness in reading, which she wanted before.

“It is all good practice,” he thought,

“against I return from my tour and have pupils to instruct; but I never again shall have such a charming one as this. How she will enliven Penelope’s solitude when I am gone!”

Every evening Emily had something new and wonderful to tell her good grand-mamma, as she sat on the stool at her feet—now prattling away—now caressing her favorite cat, which generally lay purring in her lap.

Although strange, most of her relations were not beyond Mrs. Benson’s comprehension, and as every wonder was commented on by Vaughan, when he displayed them to his pupil, as so many manifestations of the power and wisdom of God in creation, the good woman was satisfied that all was as it should be.

But Vaughan is gone at last, and Emily is left to Miss Penelope’s sole instruction.

It had been arranged in the beginning that she was to spend all her mornings at the Hall, and then return to grand-mamma Benson. Miss Penelope however became so attached to the child, and found her such an engaging companion, particularly after Vaughan's departure, that these mornings encroached very much upon the day, and soon it was not until towards evening that Mrs. Benson was rejoiced by the sight of her adopted child.

She was however too happy at what she considered Emily's good fortune in finding such friends, to wish to have her more with herself.

Although advanced far in life, Mrs. Benson was still able to enjoy her flower knot, and employ herself in the garden—when tired of that, in fine weather, seated in the arbour at the bottom of the walk, near the river's brink, she amused herself with knitting.

There her contemplations were always of a pleasing description.

Often in thought would she run over her life from the beginning to the end—think of the time when she was an ignorant destitute orphan—reflect upon the goodness of God in raising her up friends in her distress—then of the many happy years she had spent with a kind husband, (her eyes always overflowed at this remembrance) live over again the days that she had passed with her dear sainted Mrs. Hume, as she always called her, at the Apjohns' farm house, and raise her hands to heaven in thankfulness that she had a home, and a heart filled with parental love in which to shelter the little Emily. It was of God's goodness, God's grace—the praise be to Him that she had the home and the heart to give it.

The humble, trusting mind does not require an acute intellect—the power of

genius, to make it happy. It is the docile spirit, always thankful, always referring everything to God, that feels the largest portion of contentedness on this Earth; and Mrs. Benson, unlearned and simple as she was, had a greater share of it than many a Queen upon her throne.

Sometimes, but not very often, Mrs. Apjohn would come in on Sunday to see her, and frequently on a holiday or fine Sunday, after prayers, the market cart was sent in for her to spend the afternoon at the farm.

Emily generally accompanied her, and enjoyed, with the keen zest of childhood, the variety of country sights to be seen, all of which she would describe on the following day with much vivacity to Miss Penelope.

The three years that Hubert Vaughan stayed abroad seemed very long to his sister, though a correspondence containing

an account of his travels, most minute and interesting in its details, helped to bring him in idea near her.

Meantime the education of Emily was a constant source of interest and employment.

The little girl improved daily in solid and useful knowledge.

With Penelope it was not likely that her fancy would be allowed much play, or any love of imaginative literature encouraged, and this, which though it might repress, could not obliterate any powers that lay concealed, contributed early to form a mind eager after learning, and not deterred by apparent difficulties.

Her entire companionship with grown people began to give a greater seriousness to her air. The step that, when first she came to the Hall flew between her lessons from one end of the house to the other—now up the great oak staircase that led to

the principal apartments above, then, springing with the rapidity of lightning, in childish merriment and glee, down the flight that descended at the opposite side, was become more subdued.

In the garden, when tired of play, she often walked up and down the walks, weaving fantastic visions and innocent day-dreams; making conversations with the birds and flowers; other children would have done the same with their dolls, but Miss Penelope did not approve of dolls for a girl after she had passed the years of infancy.

Emily therefore, debarred from childish sports and children's books, with no associates of her own age, took refuge in a course of reading beyond her years, and found in the *Ramblers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*, which she abstracted from the study with Miss Penelope's permission,

full amusement for a wet day, or to make companions of in the garden.

Miss Vaughan read very little herself, except serious books.

“Addison will not hurt Emily,” she thought. “I have perused his ‘Evidences,’ and Johnson is always a moral writer.”

Notwithstanding Miss Penelope’s desire however to keep fiction from Emily, in those volumes which she allowed her to read, among grave dissertations, sundry papers and passages which she could not understand, were scattered short narratives, poetical descriptions, and even criticisms that filled her with delight.

What more interesting to the opening mind than Addison’s papers on Milton, and on the ballad of Chevy Chase, and the Oriental Allegories. Emily never forgot during her whole life the vision of Mirza, and Theodore the hermit.

In debarring her from children’s books,

and fairy tales, Miss Penelope had unintentionally introduced her into the higher walks of fiction.

Culled from these, every evening, she had some new tale to impart to grand-mamma Benson, and could repeat several of the narratives word for word, with all their simple pathos, and elegance of expression in which Addison's works abound.

She had wept over the story of Theodosius and Constantia—dreamed of Helim the Persian, the great physician, and the Black Palace with its hundred folding doors of ebony—knew the history of all the Ironsides—and had read over and over again the account of the labours of the Ant, before she was ten years old.

Emily listened with avidity to the passages Penelope used to read aloud for her from Vaughan's letters.

Her name was always mentioned in them.

There was his love to her, or an inquiry as to what progress she made—what book was she reading?—did she attend to the instructions he had given her in writing, and hold her hand in a proper position? Sometimes there was a little note enclosed for her, and then she had to answer it. What anxiety to write it well! But it was the very worst thing she did—her little fingers ran too quick.

“I must give you a great many lessons,” he wrote her, “when I come home.”

But the tour is over—Vaughan is soon to be at the Hall.

How Emily's heart bounded the evening she ran in breathless to tell grand-mamma—he was coming—he would soon be here—to-morrow! Then there was so much talk about the writing! She wished so much she could write well! “Cousin Hubert said I was to help him by and by,

dear grandmamma, in his writing.—How I should like to help him !”

“Yes, dear, and kind Miss Vaughan too ?” Mrs. Benson said, smiling.

“Oh yes, grandmamma—but I did help aunt Penelope yesterday : I picked all the currants for her.”

“Good child.”

Notwithstanding the delight of Miss Penelope at the near prospect of seeing her dear brother, her heart had throbbed painfully at the thought of how narrow she must make every thing in her house-keeping—as he was now coming to remain at home—until he could get pupils. The thought was not for herself, but for him.

Neither did she like to confess that a small sum which had been left at her own disposal had been spent entirely in his education, and that the incomings they had now were much less than when they began life.

But in his last letter he had set her mind at rest on the subject for the present, by saying, that during his tour he had saved a sum sufficient to put them quite at ease for a few months,—before the expiration of which time he hoped to have two or three pupils to prepare for college.

CHAPTER XIX.

“She wept with pity and delight.”

COLERIDGE.

VAUGHAN had brought his sister a handsome edition of Hannah More's works as a present. Mrs. More was her favorite author. She had several of her works separately, but had never possessed an entire set until now.

The “Search after Happiness,” a little dramatic poem originally published by itself, had been given to her when a girl,

but she had lost it—lent it she thought, and it had not been returned. Again she read it with pleasure, and not thinking it beyond Emily's comprehension, whose love of poetry she had rather suppressed than encouraged, proposed to give it to her to read.

Vaughan nodded assent as Miss Penelope mentioned her intention to him—he was already at his desk writing away.

“But then,” said Penelope, as she took up the volume containing it, “there are plays bound up with it—three plays.”

“Oh! never mind the plays,” replied Vaughan, still writing. “Emily will never think of reading the plays, and if she does, she will not understand them.”

“You do not think she will?” said Miss Penelope.

“Such a child!” returned he, “certainly not.”

This was immediately after breakfast. Vaughan, who had something in hand he wished to complete, was in his study earlier than usual that day, and Penelope, who had come in for the book in question, stood resting one hand on the back of his chair.

Presently the door from the hall was heard to open and a light step—the step of a child—entered the drawing-room.

“That is Emily,” said Penelope. “She has escaped the rain—the clouds are darkening—I must go to her. Then you think I may lend her this book? Even if it should rain, I must go into the village to see a poor patient, after I have taught her her lessons.”

“Certainly—certainly,” returned Vaughan, his pen still running rapidly over the paper.

Miss Penelope left the study, and seating herself in the drawing-room, began

diligently to teach Emily, and hear her read.

“May I have ‘The Search after Happiness’ that you spoke of yesterday, aunt Penelope? You told me it was a great favorite of yours long ago. May I take the volume of Mrs. Hannah More’s works it is in? said the little girl, after she had finished her lessons. “It rains, and I cannot go into the garden.”

“Yes, my dear—here it is,” replied Miss Penelope.

Emily took the book, and flew to the spot she had long selected for herself.

Half way up the great oak staircase, just above the clock was a deep set, window with a seat in it.

The view from it was beautiful. It looked over the garden into the grounds of Bonham Park. Green slopes and masses of wood were to be seen—there were sheep—she hoped they would never

take the sheep out of that field, and through the trees she had glimpses of those high grounds where the deer were kept, and those sweet blue hills in the distance!

It was into this recess she always took her books and playthings—little figures she cut of paper, and purses she strung with beads.

Here too, she could see the flowers in the garden; hear the birds sing in the laburnum trees which waved over the green slope that led to it; watch the hands of the great clock; if it rained, admire the drops pattering against the window; if the sun shone, mark how the beams fell on the dial in the green court beneath. And here now she brought the volume of Hannah More's works, and begun the first page of the "Search after Happiness." Was it all about happiness, she thought. It was such a thick book!

She looked in the list of contents.

Percy! what a pretty name!—what was Percy about, she wondered—and she turned to its pages—she read a few lines—it was so pretty!—soon she was lost, wrapt in the interest of it—she devoured rather than read it.

The clock struck. At this hour she was always in the garden when it was fine, and the rain had ceased but she did not heed it.

The sunbeams shone brightly down upon the window panes, fell upon her book—she did not see them. Still she read.

Another hour passed away—the clock struck again—unminded still though it was, the time fixed on for her to go and write in the study.

Miss Penelope, meantime had walked into the village, and thinking her little charge would go play in the garden

as soon as the rain had cleared off, and then, docile and attentive as she always was—hasten to Vaughan in his study and write.

No such thing—Emily moved not from her seat in the window.

Vaughan had marked the hour, and wondered what was become of Emily. He knew his sister would be vexed if the little girl had not her copy written against she returned. He left the study—passed through the drawing room into the hall in search of her—opened the door that led to the principal staircase in order to make sure of the hour, and as he looked at the clock, there, in the embrasure of the window just beyond it, he espied Emily—eyes, ears, all her senses wrapt up in a book.

He ascended the staircase—she did not move. He stood beside her—the little head was not raised.

“Emily!” he said as he touched her hand.

She started up with a bewildered air. She shook back her dark brown curls—her eyes were full of tears.

“Oh! it is so beautiful,” said she “cousin Hubert, did you ever read it?” and she held up the book to him. He knew the binding.

“What, my dear, Hannah More’s ‘Search after Happiness?’”

“No, not that,” said she, “look! so beautiful!”

He looked at the open page—it was ‘Percy.’

“What will Penelope say,” thought he.

“Then you have not read the ‘Search after Happiness’ yet?”

“Not yet—I shall read it to-morrow—I read the prettiest first.”

Vaughan smiled at her *naivete*.

“Have you quite finished ‘Percy?’ I want you to come and write.”

“I have quite done,” said she, “I read the last line when you startled me, but it is not time to write yet, is it?” and she looked at the clock.

“What!—no, it cannot be—yes it is,” and she clapped her hands together with a gesture of astonishment. “Dear cousin, I must go directly, aunt Penelope will think I am so idle.”

“Well, come at once, you must make up for lost time, and I must get back to my work too.”

Emily followed his hasty strides to the study, and took her seat.

He observed that she could hardly hold her pen, she was so excited.

“There,” said he, “sit quiet for a few minutes before you begin—but no—run down into the court and gather me a bunch of laburnums, and observe

exactly what o'clock it is by the sundial."

Emily, after being absent a few minutes, brought in the flowers.

Hubert gazed inquiringly at her as she approached.

"You see I am writing a new copy for you," said he—"another message—go and ask Honor if she fed the Canary-bird this morning. I shall have your copy ready for you by the time you come back."

Emily obeyed—when she returned the copy was placed in readiness for her to begin. She sat down again and commenced writing. Her hand was now steady, and she wrote well.

Miss Penelope was vexed when her brother laughingly told her what an impression the tragedy of 'Percy' had made on Emily, and put aside the 'Search after Happiness,' lest she should peruse the other tragedies the volume contained.

She hoped she would soon forget it, and made her read a great deal of serious reading aloud, in order to efface it. But the remembrance could not be so readily obliterated from the little girl's mind, and 'Percy and Douglas' found a place for a long time in her thoughts and dreams.

In after years *Zaire* haunted her in a similar manner. There are few among us who cannot recal some book, which, like her, we have devoured in our young days—some one that has opened a new world into which we had never before penetrated. Be it goblin tale, or pages from the dream-land of poetry, *Mysteries of Udolpho*, play of Shakespeare, or our early loved *Robinson Crusoe*—read perhaps of a winter's evening, over the winter's fire, amidst gay laughs and voices of childhood; read perhaps on a summer's day in the shade, reclining beneath the old oak whose branches crossed the stream by which

once we so loved to linger, read it may be, sitting on the side of a haycock with the noise of the merry haymakers, and the lowing of cattle in the distance.

An exquisite and never forgotten treat it was then.

CHAPTER XX.

“What then is taste, but these internal powers,
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse?”

ARENSIDE.

“Different minds
Incline to different objects.”

Do.

VAUGHAN had arrived at home high in spirits, full of hopes, and certain of getting pupils.

He was likewise sanguine of success as an author. He had continued his contributions steadily while abroad, to a periodical which had taken his papers for the

last year preceding his departure from England, and though the remuneration was small, yet it seemed an earnest of the future. But now to his great disappointment he found that an article he had sent, without a doubt of its being accepted, was returned.

He wrote to inquire the cause—the magazine had fallen into another hand—a new staff had been formed, and Vaughan was excluded.

He wrote again and urged his claim as being a contributor of some date, but it was of no use.

Rather mortified he determined to write out his journal and offer it to a publisher who was in the habit of bringing out numerous works of this description.

The answer he received to his proposition was not very encouraging; however he proceeded to arrange his materials, and having completed a few chapters, he submitted them for consideration.

They were rejected—it was hackneyed ground.

“Hackneyed ground,” he exclaimed, “and I see day after day tours making their appearance, some in one direction, some in another, similar to what I have taken: none embracing all the spots I have visited, or containing such varied information as I have managed to accumulate. It must be the name that sells—*eh bien, nous verrons*,” and he put the journal aside for the present.

Meantime the months rolled on, and other disappointments awaited him.

A sudden death took off one pupil the very week before that which was fixed on for his arrival at the Hall.

Another whom he had made quite sure of, changed his mind and went into the army, and thus at the end of six months Vaughan found himself with diminished pockets, farther than ever from getting

pupils, and doing very little in the literary line.

He was almost beginning to despair, when a fellow student wrote to him to say that he had become the editor of a new periodical, and would be glad if he would furnish him with an article monthly.

Vaughan set to work very hard. The articles were well received, and he looked forward to becoming a contributor to some other magazines.

But there is nothing more difficult than the first step—to get in a paper; and he failed in all his endeavours.

One magazine was full, another kept his paper for two months and then returned it, and a third neither replied to his letter or returned his article. Poor Vaughan's hopes of making literature a stepping stone to independence declined very fast.

Thus two years passed away.

Meantime he had been assisting very assiduously in the education of Emily. He gratified her passion for history and heroic details by making her read with him, the histories of Greece and Rome in a more enlarged form than the abridgments he had left her to peruse during his absence from England.

Miss Penelope had rather checked than encouraged her love of reading for a few months previous to his return, and had given her tasks of needlework to perform instead of permitting her to spend all her spare time at books.

He did not quite agree with Penelope on this point, and she now yielded to his representations. She had been led to this restriction by a proceeding of Emily's which had really frightened her.

We have said before that the little girl had no playmates. Time however never seemed to hang heavy on her hands, and

her active mind always found amusement for itself.

If in the house, and she happened not to have a book near her, she would pace the old mansion from top to bottom, examining the pictures, the ancient carving, sometimes looking out of the back windows, at the beautiful grounds of Bonham Park.

One day as she stood thus gazing at the sheep on the green slope, with glimpses of the deer in the distance, a charming vision of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, of whom she had been reading in some papers scattered through the 'Guardian,' rose before her.

She thought with the poet,

"This place may seem for shepherds' leisure made,
So lovingly these elms unite their shade.

Th' ambitious woodbine, how it climbs to breathe
Its balmy sweets around on all beneath :

The ground with grass of cheerful green bespread,
Through which the springing flow'r uprears its head."

Her imaginings filled with poetical ideas, shaped themselves into verse, and when she returned to her lessons she wrote them down on the slate which Miss Penelope had given her to work her sums on.

“Aunt Penelope,” said she, after a while, running up to her and shewing her the slate, “I have composed some poetry.”

“Some what, my dear?” said Penelope looking at her with consternation.

“Some poetry, aunt, it is on the view over the river into the Park. It would be such a nice spot for Shepherds and Shepherdesses, so I have put them into it.”

Now Miss Penelope had a horror of any thing approaching to versifying, particularly in a little girl, and looking very grave, after reading what was written on the slate, she said,

“Emily, I am sorry to see you waste your time in such a useless manner. Cle-

ver men, and sometimes women, write poetry, but it is an idle occupation—I should be sorry you took to it, and at any rate children can only write nonsense verses. I would a great deal rather you tried to sketch the view with your pencil than endeavour to describe it in bad poetry.”

Emily was abashed. She saw that aunt Penelope was vexed, and for a long time she did not attempt to make another verse.

Eager after some new pursuit however, she fancied she should like to learn French.

Now Miss Penelope knew nothing of French, and she was only half pleased when she saw Emily one day with an odd volume of Fenelon, containing the ‘Dialogues of the Dead,’ and his ‘Fairy Tales,’ endeavouring to make out one of the latter with the help of a dictionary and grammar.

She did not however interrupt her, but mentioned it to Vaughan.

Hubert heard her with a gesture of satisfaction. He went in search of Emily, and found her in the old spot—the recess of the window half way up the staircase, near the clock, with a dictionary nearly as large as herself before her, and holding in her hand a thick, square little volume, with that substantial, dark binding which we so seldom see now-a-days, looking as if it never could wear out, on which she was intent.

“Emily,” said he.

Emily started.

“What are you reading?”

“Fenelon’s Tales,” she replied.

“Which one?”

“The Old Queen and Peronnelle.”

“Is that the first tale you have read?”

“No, I read the story of the Ape first.”

“Translate it for me.”

Emily obeyed; it was short and she translated it very accurately.

“Well done, my dear, I shall have much pleasure in teaching you French.”

“How good,” said she, joyfully.

“We will begin to-morrow. I like the book you have chosen. Remember to bring it into my study when you are done with Penelope, and I will give you your first lesson. But where did you get it?”

“On the top shelf in the study, under the pamphlets,” she replied. “It was covered with dust.”

“Let me see. I did not know we had a volume of Fenelon’s works.”

He took it and looked curiously at the title page: “Eleanor Vaughan 1723,” was written in an upright female hand.

“Ah! it belonged to my great grandmother.” And as he said this he could not help thinking what a different place the Hall is now to what it was then.

Emily skipped and danced along the garden. Her spirit was all joy. She was

really going to learn French—not only to read it but to speak it,—and from Vaughan!

The recital of this, with the story of the Ape and part of the tale of Peronnelle served to amuse Mrs. Benson all that evening.

Every proof of the kindness and attention of the Vaughans was a new source of comfort to the good woman, for as years rolled on, and made her feel the infirmities almost always inseparable from age, she saw how doubtful it was that she should survive long enough to behold Emily arrive at woman's estate. And where could she look for friends and protectors for Emily but to them?

Since the return of Vaughan, Emily had become, at times, as animated and lively as ever.

Life with grandmamma Benson and aunt Penelope was happiness certainly—

calm, sober, serene. But life, when Hubert Vaughan was at home, was joyous and exhilarating. And yet he was sober as ever himself, except when he relaxed to play with her. Then he became the schoolboy.

After the number of hours he allotted to writing were over, it was a recreation to him to take a long walk with her (Penelope was not fond of long walks) sometimes even to run a race with her in the garden.

He looked upon her as a dear little sister, second only in his heart to Penelope. Penelope—his more than mother, the dear and admired companion of his life from childhood, was his first object, as he had always been hers, but still he had love to spare for his adopted little sister.

Penelope did not want Emily to get regular lessons in French yet, she wished to postpone them. She did not see the use

of French for such a very young girl. She had already begun to teach her music, and she thought that would suffice for the present.

“Music will take up a great deal of Emily’s time,” she said. “In two or three years French may be added as a study—at present I would let her amuse herself with it if she liked without giving her lessons.”

“My dear Penelope, I must begin now if she is ever to learn it. Where shall I be in two or three years? not here most likely.”

Penelope was silent. It was the first intimation she had that he had some plan in his head which he had not yet imparted to her, and she felt rather uneasy. The fact was that the disappointments about pupils, and the very indifferent success which Vaughan met with in the literary line, notwithstanding that he possessed

both industry and talent, induced him to listen to a proposal which had been made him two or three times. This was to become the correspondent in Paris of a London paper. The salary was handsome, and as nothing more remunerative seemed likely to offer, he was beginning to consider it seriously, but had not yet broached it to Penelope, as, in the event of his accepting it, his presence would not be required in Paris for three months, the present correspondent not being about to relinquish the office until then.

CHAPTER XXI.

“ The simple life, the frugal fare,
The kind parental counsels given,
The tender love, the pious care,
That early winged their hopes to heaven.”

MRS. GRANT.

THE twin brothers Apjohn grew up to man's estate, with well-disciplined minds, and healthful frames; specimens of the hardy yeoman, the sinew and wealth of a state; and the old people passed away full of years, calmly as if they did but sleep, to add another stone to the Apjohns in the corner of the church-yard. Their decease

created a great void in the farm-house. First the old man went. Then Llewellyn took his seat in the chimney corner, and his place at the head of the table, and strove to imitate the discipline he was used to keep up. He read the prayers morning and evening, and the accustomed chapter in the bible—regulated the farm, and endeavoured to cheer the old dame.

She however survived her husband but a few months, and then the farm, by old Apjohn's will, was to be equally divided between the two brothers.

This, with such complete affection as reigned between them was easily arranged, and every thing looked thrivingly for the young farmers, who devoted themselves assiduously to all the duties and labours of their position.

Hitherto with a moderate rent to pay, good land and fair prices, all had gone on well, although, in some respects, the tide

of affairs in the country had begun to change. The free trade which had been looked to as a great boon to the people, had not produced the desired effects.

To the agricultural portion of the community its consequences were depressing, while it was very doubtful if it would benefit the manufacturers.

Many of the farmers were obliged to make great alterations in their establishments.

The prudent ones tried to do with fewer labourers, and to work harder themselves. The brothers re-doubled their efforts, their profits were much less, prices were low, and they saw that many experienced farmers around them were evidently frightened for the consequences.

“Things will find their level by and by,” Llewelyn said, and worked still harder.

“There is no fear for us, David,” he

would say to his brother, "we have but to persevere. If the prices are low for corn, the prices of manufactured goods must decrease likewise—if we get less for wheat, we shall pay less for clothes—the agricultural and manufacturing interests cannot be separated, they depend upon each other. Let us persevere, and pray to God to bless our endeavours. Dame Jenkins, our dairyman's wife, is a capital manager, and strictly honest. I say we must work on and not grumble."

But David did grumble.

Although strongly attached to each other, and very like in personal appearance, there was a great difference of disposition in the twin brothers.

Llewelyn took much after his grandfather; there was the same quiet reserve in his manner; the same deep sense of religion, and dependance upon providence in his heart.

It was not either that David was an irreligious character, far from it, but he was more thoughtless, more careless, more easily led than his brother, and besides, partook, without being aware of it himself, something of the roving disposition of his father. While farmer Apjohn lived, this temper of mind had but very little, if at all, developed itself; but now that the kind old man, for whom he had such a veneration, was gone, and that he was completely his own master, those dormant inclinations gradually unfolded themselves, and he began to make frequent excursions to the village of St. Cynllo, which lay at the distance of a few miles, and sometimes late of an evening looked in upon a party of malcontents who nightly assembled there, at the village smoking club.

This village picturesque, as it burst upon the eye, its white cottages dotting the high ground that rose upon the south-

ern bank of the Tivy, not far from the mouth of that river, had lost a great deal of the primitive manners to be found in the more inland villages, probably from its proximity to the shipping, and to the sea-port town of Cardigan.

The inhabitants were not of very good repute, and it was thronged with sailors from the merchant vessels that traded to the port of Cardigan. It was with much regret therefore that Llewelyn saw his brother so often direct his steps thither.

Their own peaceful hamlet with its pretty church, and trim church-yard, was only half a mile from their farm, but to this, although there lived the curate and schoolmaster, whom they had known in their boyish days, and whose houses were always open to them, David now never went.

The discontented farmer, the idle artisan, and the reckless sailor, to be found

at St. Cynllo promised him more variety, and he listened to their speeches and forebodings with an increasing interest.

Politics were loudly discussed at this village club, and torrents of abuse poured upon the different grades of society above them; and as there were not wanting among those assembled, men of good natural parts—orators in their way, clever at misrepresenting circumstances and putting a wrong construction upon actions and words, David found, whilst listening to their arguments, a sort of excitement quite new to him, and which made his quiet home at the farm appear tasteless and insipid.

Thus he went oftener and oftener, while nights spent in this manner rendered him unfit for morning toil, and his portion of the farm work began to be sadly neglected.

Llewelyn hoped that his brother would become weary of a set of men, as soon as

the novelty of their opinions ceased to strike him, from whom in conduct and morality he as yet differed widely; but a new subject of discussion began to be started amongst them, which still detained the steps Llewelyn vainly tried to draw towards home—a new wonder, a new speculation, which David greedily drank in.

This absorbing subject was the quantity of gold just then discovered in California. The publications were beginning to speak of it with increasing interest, and some sailors from a vessel newly arrived in the bay of Cardigan, brought marvellous accounts of fortunes suddenly made.

Llewelyn listened to the tales his brother repeated with calm attention.

He was not dazzled by the golden visions David endeavoured to bring before him. He weighed the advantages and disadvantages with an even eye. He pointed out the risks that must be run,

the sacrifices that must be made, the hardships that must be endured, for this chance of gold—when found, the difficulty of keeping it in a lawless country—if not found, the frightful want that must ensue.

Neither was he depressed by the ruin which the low state of prices on the one side, and the consequent difficulty of getting money to buy even a cheap loaf on the other, made such numbers of the people anticipate.

He still repeated, things will find their level by and by. Let us only be industrious and thankful for our many undeserved blessings; and let us remember that a kind providence is always watching over us.

Then, with respect to their own position, he remarked that, though perhaps not so well off as they had been, in consequence of the change in the times, still they had sufficient for every thing neces-

sary to comfort—the industrious farmer would be sure never to want; but if he abandoned the labour of the soil to go to assemblies of malcontents, sit up late at night, and rise late in the morning, the natural consequence of straitened means, and inability to pay rent, must of necessity follow.

David listened, but he was not convinced.

His plan was to induce his brother to join him in disposing of their interest in the farm, and for both to go to California.

Llewelyn looked upon the discovery of this gold as he looked upon every event in the world—a work of an over-ruling Providence for some good purpose.

It was perhaps a means provided to draw a needy, superabundant population to a country where extensive tracts of land were uninhabited, and where, if gold failed, they might labour in other ways.

“It may be, my dear David,” he said, “a desirable adventure for some, and take away many idlers; but for you, an agriculturist, placed in an equable climate, with all your home ties—the church of your fathers—your early associates around you, with the prospect of an humble but certain independence, and the hope of living as your forefathers did, of forming endearing connections to make your present quiet hearth still more blest—to leave all this for an uncertainty seems to me a species of madness. No, my gold shall come from the rich soil of my native land, and there I will earn it by the sweat of my brow.”

Thus reasoned Llewelyn; but although tenderly attached to his brother, David was not to be moved by his arguments or entreaties.

He could not see matters in the same light that Llewelyn did; neither was his

mind fitted, as it used to be, to take pleasure in the avocations they were accustomed to pursue together.

His visits to the village club at St. Cynllo, if they had not undermined as yet his principles of morality and corrupted his heart, had certainly deadened his perception of the beautiful and good;—and if he still attended as duly as ever at his own village church, he gave not there the attention of former times. He was no longer the Bible student who found some new beauty, some new source for anticipation, some new glory as it were developed to him each succeeding Sunday;—for as new discoveries are continually opening in every science on the ardent disciple, so in that study, essential above all others to a being made for eternity, are new sources of joyful anticipation and exquisite happiness bursting upon him, who seeks to learn.

CHAPTER XXII.

“ His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impaired, and he became
The slave of low desires :
A man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires.”

WORDSWORTH.

BUT it was not only with respect to religion that this deterioration of character was creeping over David.

His taste for intellectual pursuits, and his power of extracting enjoyment from the simple objects of nature, and admiring

the Creator in his works, was fast decreasing.

The valley, in which the farm house stood, the stream that ran beside it, the fields in which he had laboured since a boy, had lost their charms, and become tedious and insipid in his eyes: he cared no longer for

“The rural walk

O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink.”

The hour after supper, once given to social converse or innocent mirth, was now spent, when at home, in a sort of dreamy musings over political grievances, future evils, and the gold diggings—a cure for all. In short David was on the high road of becoming a discontented idler, for in his opinion every thing in the world went wrong. Even the worthy, benevolent landlord under whom the farm was held, came in for his share of censure, although he had, in consequence of the

times, cheerfully made abatements in the rent of all his farms.

A little time longer, and David Apjohn was no more to be seen guiding the plough, or directing the labourers around him in their occupations—no more walking with his brother to the village church on Sundays, or even going, despite that brother's wishes, to the club at St. Cynllo.

He was gone—gone to the diggings—having, with the unwilling consent of Llewelyn, disposed of his interest in the portion of the farm allotted to him, to a neighbouring farmer of the name of Jones, for a small sum of money.

Llewelyn saw with deep regret the departure of his playmate, his companion, his beloved brother and friend. Neither had they separated quite in amity on the part of David.

Farmer Jones, who was a monied man, and liked the farm, would have willingly

purchased the interest of the two brothers in it; but this, while David exerted all his eloquence to persuade Llewelyn to do, the latter firmly declined.

He lamented their parting—he had prayed, he said, that it might be otherwise. He owned that he might find some difficulty in paying his rent for the present, but he was satisfied it would not be always so, and come what may, he was determined to keep his fireside and the homestead in which his revered father had lived.

The farm had originally been let in two divisions, so that with the consent of the landlord, the lease of that part which ran up the hill at the extremity of the valley was made over to farmer Jones. This perhaps was the most productive, although not the most beautiful portion of it—but to make up for it, the farm house was situated on the division remaining in Llewelyn's hands.

David was gone, and Llewellyn found a sad blank in his dwelling.

At first he could hardly realize his departure. At times he would even turn round to address him—then start, sigh and think he had not done half enough to detain his brother. He recollected a thousand arguments he might have used, a thousand things he might have said—he was sure he did not show David half the brotherly love he felt for him—he had chided him too much—he had not sought sufficiently to win him from his associates by gentle speech.

Perhaps after all he might repent and return, and for many days Llewelyn lingered of nights later than usual in the kitchen in hopes he might hear his brother's well-known knock.

But David did not return: he had sailed for California.

Llewelyn continued to feel keenly the

departure of his twin brother; truly it was a trial to him, and a bitter one.

It was not long too before he realized the old proverb that "misfortunes seldom come single," for the distemper got among his cattle—the blight attacked his corn and potatoes.

Still he did not despond. "Times would mend," he said; "fair weather must come at last;" and "the eye of God was over all his children."

Amidst all this the departure of David sat heaviest upon his heart.

One very hard year he weathered out, and by the utmost frugality managed to pay his rent. The next was a better one—still an improvement in the next.

Llewelyn now began to think he might look for an helpmate; he had had it in his mind ever since his brother left him, and was only deterred from his purpose by the state of his affairs.

Now however farm prospects were brightening, and it appeared to him to be a matter of prudence as well as choice.

The dairyman's wife, who had house-kept for him so well, was dead; he had not been able to get a competent person to supply her place, and every thing in the farm house was losing the neat appearance it used to have.

There was one young girl in the neighbourhood whom he had always had a secret liking for. This was Fanny Jones, niece to the rich farmer of that name.

It was not because she was rich that Llewelyn liked Fanny Jones—no—Fanny was a penniless girl, a poor orphan, entirely dependent upon her uncle's bounty.

Nor was it for her beauty, for though gentle and pretty looking, there were far prettier girls to be seen in the neighbouring village, and in the country around; and it could not be for her accomplish-

ments, for plain reading and writing with an expertness at all kinds of needlework, exemplified in a sampler containing the Lord's Prayer, and the figures of Adam and Eve in the garden of Paradise, were the extent of her polite acquirements.

But it was for her sweet temper, her industrious habits, her active benevolence.

Whenever a poor sick woman was in the vicinity of her uncle's dwelling, there was Fanny Jones to be seen in her neat jacket and petticoat, with her little white mob cap tied under her chin, reading out of a Welsh bible to the poor sufferer.

Then, no stockings were better knit, no beer better brewed, no kitchen kept in more beautiful order than was Fanny Jones's; and the wonder was, how that slight, little Fanny Jones with her delicate hands, tiny ankles, and figure looking so neat and tidy, could find time for every thing; and that she did do it all herself

everybody knew, for farmer Jones, although so rich, was so fond of scraping every penny together for a daughter and grandchildren, settled at Carmarthen, that he would allow no help, and looked to Fanny to do all the house work.

Fanny was astonished when her uncle told her one morning, with a very pleasant air, that farmer Apjohn had just asked him to give her to him as a wife.

She had known Llewelyn Apjohn since they were children, and had often played at blind man's buff, and friar's land with him on the village green, after school hours, but that was a long time since, and of late years they had but seldom met—he was taken up with his farming, she with her uncle's housekeeping.

It was harvest time when Llewelyn Apjohn and Fanny Jones were married in the quiet village church, by the curate, who had christened them both—friends

and neighbours admiring the pretty bride, and the good looking yeoman.

How beautifully on the evening of that day did the harvest moon shine on the last wains of corn that were carried home, while the measured chaunt of the reapers resounded along the valley, accompanied by the notes of the harper from the top of a neighbouring stile. How merrily was the harvest-home supper kept at the farmer's house! How many toasts were drank to the health of the young bride and bridegroom.

Neither was Fanny Jones the portionless bride that Llewelyn expected.

The good farmer her uncle, a man of few words, although having the name of being a close man, had always intended to portion Fanny as if she were his child, and on the morning of the wedding Llewelyn found himself in possession of the lease of that part of the farm

which his brother David had sold to Farmer Jones.

It was not however without a tear of regret that he looked at this lease.

He had not had a line from David since he sailed for California, and he had many misgivings as to what his fate might be. Regret for this dearly beloved brother was the only alloy to his happiness on his marriage day. Now however he had one to whom he could talk about him; he need not hide his feelings from her, one who would sympathize in his regrets, and listen to his hopes and fears, a gentle spirit always near him.

Llewelyn was now in the position that his revered grandfather had held for so many years, and it was his pride to imitate him as closely as possible in every thing.

Several neglects and abuses had of necessity crept into his household, particu-

larly since the death of dame Jenkins. He did not understand in-door matters as well as that trustworthy dame. The care, authority, and influence of woman was certainly wanting in the farm house.

But now every article put on a different appearance. The glass doors of the corner cupboard were cleaned, and displayed to advantage the newly arranged pyramids of china. The pretty ware, bright saucepans, polished warming pan, and curiously carved clock, all shewed their best face.

Never was the beer so well brewed, or the poultry so well fattened since the dear old grandmother's time as they were now, since they were under the hand and superintendence of the new mistress.

Llewelyn secretly thanked God that he had resisted his brother's entreaties to go to California, and in the same breath put up a prayer for that brother if he were

still among the living, but this he thought was very doubtful.

It was clearly ascertained that very few of those who went out to California had made their fortunes there.

Numbers had lost their lives from want, sickness, and hardship. The law of oppression and violence had been the only law recognized, and theft, murder, and rapine, prevailed throughout the land.

Such were the accounts Llewelyn had heard. Three years were elapsed and there was no letter, no trace in any way of David.

“Fanny, he is certainly dead,” said he with a deep sigh, as she sat beside him at the supper table.

That day he had listened to, and relieved a shipwrecked man who had been in those parts. He had come home poorer than he went out, and had neither heard nor seen any thing of David Apjohn.

Nevertheless, in the evening prayer Llewelyn uttered a touching petition for all friends far away, who might be in trouble or sorrow, which shewed that a ray of hope still lingered in his bosom.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“ Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!
Gazing with a timid glance
On the brooklet’s swift advance
On the river’s broad expanse!
Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.”

LONGFELLOW.

PENELOPE made no objection to Vaughan’s plan when he disclosed it to her, although she secretly wept over the necessity of his embracing it.

The thought struck her of accompanying him and living abroad. But then what would become of the old Hall? It was unlikely it would let, it wanted so much repairing. And even if they could sell it neither of them would like to dispose of it, or the scanty remains of property which still belonged to them. The situation, he was about to accept, might not suit him, or there might be too much drudgery in it, or in short a thousand things might arise to bring him back to Wales, and there would be no home to go to, no spot they could call their own.

Thus Penelope stifled the thought almost as soon as it sprang up. No, she must remain, and have a home for Vaughan, should he not find the situation answer his expectations, or should he obtain something in England. And in the perpetual chances and changes of life, who could tell what might occur.

Emily wept too at this separation. She did not attempt to conceal her regret when she bade Hubert farewell.

Would he write to her? Would he think of her sometimes when he was away? His dear little sister, he said, and he kissed away her tears; yes, he would write to her, and think of her, and she must write to him, long letters, and he would direct her studies, and tell her what she was to read while he was away.

Vaughan had been absent for three years, and likely as he thought to continue much longer, when an unexpected offer brought him back to England, and fixed him at once at the old Hall.

This was none other than the editorship of the periodical which his friend had been conducting, and to which he himself had been a contributor from the commencement.

An accession of fortune induced the

present editor to give it up, and through his interest with, and representations to, the proprietors, it was offered to Vaughan.

This being much more to his taste than the office he filled at Paris, he joyfully accepted it, and prepared to return to England.

Penelope and her young companion heard of his determination with rapture.

To the latter it was a new source of pleasure opened to her just when she needed it. A dear and close tie had been partly severed during the last six months.

Miss Vaughan had not been very well. Perhaps the separation from her brother, which seemed to have no end, weighed upon her spirits, or perhaps her health was not so good as it had been; be this as it may, whatever caused her indisposition, the society of Emily, for whom she felt an increasing regard, became more necessary to her than ever, and she pressed

that she should reside entirely with her at the Hall.

Emily was opposed to this. She could not think of allowing her dear grand-mamma to live always alone in the cottage. How lonesome her evenings would be.

Mrs. Benson however, thinking only of her darling's advantage, over-ruled her objections. She would give up the cottage and take apartments in Llewelyn Apjohn's house. Both he and Fanny frequently came to see her, and had often expressed what happiness it would give them if she would settle to reside with them as she had done before. She had known Fanny since her childhood, and was satisfied every thing would be made as comfortable for her as it was in the lifetime of the old people. It was only a walk after all, from Llanluyd, and Emily could come and see her.

This separation, short as the distance

was, nevertheless gave Emily great pain. Attached as she had become to Miss Vaughan, her affection for her bore no comparison with what she felt for one whom she had always looked upon in the light of a parent, one whose simple teaching, humble spirit, and unsophisticated religious principles had early led her in the right way; one who had sympathized in her childish joys and griefs, watched over her opening charms with a mother's love, and who had willingly denied herself the pleasure of her society for most part of each day, since the Vaughans had taken such interest in the young orphan.

There was no longer any one at hand to fly to in the evening, throw herself into her arms and tell her all that had passed during the day—no one to comfort her if Miss Vaughan had chidden her for negligence, and urge her to greater exertion—

no one to listen to her stories of what she had read and learned.

The appearance of Vaughan at the Hall gave a new impulse to Emily's thoughts and pursuits.

He was the same in her eyes—a shade graver perhaps—as before; but she was different in his. No longer a child, he could not now pet her and caress her as he used.

She did not however strike him as being as pretty as she was when he left England. She had grown a great deal. She was too slight. Her bashfulness likewise, for she was become more bashful, gave her an air of awkwardness unlike the free grace of childhood. No, she was not so pretty, certainly not near so pretty as formerly.

This was the first impression as to outward appearance, but in the progress of mind, development of character, energy

and industry, he found she had been making rapid strides.

She was no longer a child in intellect, and he took more pleasure than ever in instructing her. Penelope on this head made no opposition, but gave her up entirely into his hands, and he contrived, notwithstanding the vast deal of writing, reading and correcting cramp manuscripts he had to compass, to dedicate a portion of his time to her every day.

While he wrote she pursued her studies beside him, and when those were over, was often of service in deciphering manuscripts, and reading them aloud.

During the absence of Vaughan, Emily had perused a great deal of miscellaneous literature. He had given her a list of those among the books in his study best worth her attention when he was going abroad, and, in his letters, had continued to direct her choice and taste.

Her poetic fancy had been so repressed by Miss Penelope, that for a long time, whenever she was tempted to make a verse she felt as if she was doing something wrong, and although she reasoned herself into a belief of its innocence, she always felt her cheeks glow at the thought of a discovery. Thus, although she wrote verses sometimes, it was not very often.

CHAPTER XXIV.

“ Some beauties yet no precepts can declare;
For there 's a happiness as well as care :
Music resembles Poetry ; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.”

POPE.

Now that Vaughan was at the Hall, and that Emily saw him, day after day, busy in correcting and improving both prose and poetry, she felt as if he would not reprove her for making verses. Nevertheless nothing occurred for some time to awaken the poetic fancy, until she heard

him one day regret the destruction of some fine trees which had been cut down in Bonham Park.

Scarcely ever visited by the proprietors, the domain was managed by a steward, and the old custom, which had prevailed beyond the memory of any one in the village, of permitting the inhabitants of it to wander at will through the park, still kept its ground.

It had, in ancient days, been beautifully laid out by the Vaughan family, and though now neglected and over-run, was full of walks and paths winding through thick plantations of venerable trees—through low copse-wood, deep dell, and over sunny hill-side.

Then there were many spots marked out by tradition, and ancient usage.

There was the well, far famed for the crystal purity of its waters, from which and from no other, many of the good

dames of the village sent their handmaidens to draw water. St. Winifred, or some other Saint, had, no doubt blessed it in the olden time. In another spot the earliest violets grew, and the children used to flock and gather them before a bud was to be seen in other places. Then there was the nut grove, famed for its large hazel nuts, and thick oak covert in one part of the grounds through which the river ran, and whose boughs intertwining their branches overhead, formed a thick arched shade, beneath which the young girls used to bathe in the early dawn of summer.

Some magnificent oaks had been cut down whose destruction it had really pained Vaughan to see. Emily, indignant at the spoliation, and touched by his regrets, composed the same evening a page or two of verses, rather pretty and fanciful lamenting their fall.

The day after as she sat in the study with her drawing materials before her, Vaughan, who as usual was fixed to his desk, perceived, as he paced the room up and down between whiles, that instead of drawing, Emily had taken a sheet of paper and was writing.

He bent over her and saw what she was at.

“May I read what you have just written out, Emily?”

“Yes, certainly,” she said, colouring up, and she pushed it towards him.

He read the lines over attentively—they were not bad for so young a girl. But although passionately fond of good poetry, he had a dislike to mediocrity, and dreaded lest Emily should become a poetical scribbler, and perhaps fancy herself a genius.

“My dear Emily, why do you not put your thoughts in prose?”

“I cannot write prose, cousin Hubert, my prose is all so bad.”

“Ah! then you have been trying to do so?”

“Sometimes, not very often, but I never succeeded. Even my letters to you, cousin, I always had to write them twice over, and then I was generally ashamed to send them.”

“Why so? I read them with great pleasure.”

“You are very good to say so, but —”

“But what?—you could have written them faster in rhyme I dare say.”

“Yes, much faster.”

“You have an ear for versification, but that will not make you a poet, and though your rhymes would make good smooth verse, this would not be good poetry. Now these verses are pretty, but they are not original. I do not mean that you have copied them my dear,” he added gently,

seeing poor Emily color up to the eyes at the accusation. "but what I mean to say is, that the spirit of them is not original—you have been reading Moore, and Byron, and Walter Scott lately, out of the selection I gave you, have you not?"

"Yes," she confessed she had. "over and over again, they were so beautiful."

"Well, now we will analyze your poetry. This is a very pretty verse (reading it) but the idea is to be found in Byron, and this likewise (continuing to read), but I can trace it to Walter Scott,—now listen," and he repeated the lines to which he referred, from each poet.

"You are right," replied Emily, rather mortified. "I did not perceive it myself before, but I see it now—I see my verses are good for nothing on the score of originality."

"Nevertheless," Vaughan returned, "they are pretty, well turned, and the

versification is remarkably sweet. But without originality poetry has no soul. My sweet little Emily," looking caressingly at her, "must write prose, not poetry—tolerable prose—and when you are well practised, with your mind, taste, and ear, you will write good prose, which is much more valuable than tolerable poetry."

"I have tried sometimes," said Emily with a sigh, "to note down passing incidents as they occurred, but my prose is stiff and formal, it is not like Addison's."

"Addison is your model, is he? Well, he is a very good one, my dear; and the very circumstance of your not being satisfied with your prose is the very reason why you will succeed—you like your verse better.

"Yes" said Emily ingenuously.

"Take my advice—give up poetry and turn all your attention to prose—and

to begin, I will give you a theme and you are to compose on it. Let me see, what shall it be? Stay, I think if you write down some short story you have heard; do you remember what Miss Norris related about the way in which her cousin met with the lady he was married to?"

"Yes, I recollect it very well—it struck me as being strange and romantic."

"Suppose you write it down. It occurred several years ago, and the parties are both dead. You can put in some description of the country, invent a conversation if you like—and when it is finished bring it to me. I will correct it and show you the faults. Do not be disheartened if I make you write it over and over again."

Emily promised, and in a week she brought him three or four sheets of paper fairly written.

He read them carefully over.

“Your style is too abrupt,” said he, “but it is better than prolixity. You can easily improve this. Your choice of expression is good. You want a great deal of instruction in punctuation. Your conversation is the worst: it is too labored and not natural—stiltified, I may call it. The best way to write a conversation is to fancy what you would say yourself, and what the reply would be. You must be correct as to grammar, but do not attempt fine periods, and attend to the characters. A philosopher will not express himself in the same manner as a lively girl, or an uneducated person make use of the same terms as a scholar. Do not imitate any style, but form one for yourself.”

Emily hung upon his words. She thought he was very lenient to her bad prose. There was not a sentence in it but what she fancied might have been better turned.

Every day Vaughan made her compose a little. He generally gave her a theme—something to write and enlarge upon—or he told her a short tale and made her commit it to paper from memory.

He discovered that she was in the habit of writing extracts from what she read—anything that struck her—in a large common-place book, made on a plan of Lock's, the model of which she had found in the Cyclopædia. This he approved of; but on looking over it one day, and finding that there was a great deal of poetry in it, he bade her write more prose.

Emily soon learned to express herself gracefully in prose, and to like writing it. The poetic fancy, which she had, although not in Vaughan's mind—and he judged rightly—sufficient to create a poetess, embellished her prose, as a concealed stream makes the grass, through which it winds its way, of a brighter green.

When she fearlessly threw herself upon her imagination she wrote best. She wanted self-dependance, and, — setting aside every model—to study the purity of the English language, and the expressing herself with ease.

“Try to fix your thoughts upon your subject, and to view it in every possible light; then when your mind is full throw your ideas on paper as fast as you can—correct afterwards.” This was Vaughan’s advice to her.

Several of her papers appeared in the Periodical which he edited. But he did not publish all. He selected the best and revised them with great care.

Miss Penelope was not so unhappy now as she had been in the beginning about Emily’s writing. To write poetry or a novel was the great bugbear; and as Emily had given up poetry and had no thought of a novel, she was satisfied.

CHAPTER XXV.

“ — A little time
Would bring him back in manhood's prime,
And free for life these hills to climb,
With all his wants supplied.”

WORDSWORTH.

SEVERAL changes had taken place in the village of Llanluyd during Hubert Vaughan's absence in Paris.

Some of the old people had died off, and new ones had come to reside there. Among these latter was Mr. Parry, the surgeon who had first induced poor Mrs.

Hume and Mrs. Benson to take up their abode at the Apjohn's farm.

By the death of an uncle Mr. Parry had come into the possession of a property, which made him independent of his profession. It came just at the time that the onerous duties of a general practitioner were making inroads on a constitution not naturally very strong. Extensive practice being now no longer of any moment to him, he determined on a life more suited to his health and inclinations than the one he had for years been leading in a crowded city, and fixed his abode at Llanluyd, thus adding a very agreeable member to its little community.

He was of great use to the village in many respects, and among other improvements was the means of establishing a useful knowledge society.

He began by hiring an appropriate room at his own expense, and formed a

small library by the gift of five hundred volumes of well selected books. They were most of them second-hand, having been bought at a large sale, and perhaps some rather too scientific, but all calculated to gratify the increasing thirst for knowledge which begins to pervade every rank of life.

Lectures were to be delivered on various subjects at stated periods, and he commenced them himself by a very interesting one upon chemistry. A few people volunteered their assistance, among others Hubert Vaughan, and the schoolmaster, Mr. John Davis was pressed into the service.

Now Mr. John Davis was something of a character. No one knew his origin, or any particulars about him, except he was a Welshman, and had taught all the little boys around for a length of time. Indeed Miss Winny Toms thought, from the simi-

larity of their pursuits, that there ought likewise to be a similarity of sentiments between them, and had lived for many years in the hope of bringing him over to her way of thinking. But her thoughts and wishes were to no purpose. Mr. John Davis was as deaf to her insinuations on this point as he was to the invitations so often proffered by Mrs. Toms to partake of a friendly cup of tea.

He had even the cruelty to smile disdainfully when Miss Winny more than once requested him to examine her pupils in the various branches of polite learning that she endeavoured to instruct them in. He was used to answer gruffly, that girls wanted nothing but to learn how to read, write, and sew, and that it was nonsense for her to try to teach them any thing else.

John Davis was a tall, impassible looking man, awkward in his gait, and silent

and reserved in his habits. He lived in the narrowest street, and in one of the oldest houses of the village of Llanluyd. Nobody knew if he ever had a relative as he claimed kindred with no one. He held companionship with few; these were principally Mr. Thomas, the curate of a small church in the valley about three miles from Llanluyd, and whose congregation consisted entirely of the surrounding peasantry, and the family of the Apjohns, at whose house there had always been, and was still, a plate and knife and fork laid for him in case he should drop in to supper.

Among the farmers and peasantry he was much looked up to, as all his scholars unless they were too dull to learn, came from his hands accomplished arithmeticians, and good land surveyors, with algebra and geometry, if they chose to give their minds to science, sufficient to puzzle a professor.

He was competent to make either English or Welsh the medium of instruction, and was known to have a profound veneration for the latter—his mother-tongue—considering it only second to the dead languages. In these he was well read, and could teach them if required, but Latin and Greek were not thought of among the pupils congregated at his school.

He lived alone. His house was put in order and his frugal meal prepared by an old woman who came in for an hour or two every day. The garden, which ran up a slope at the back of the house, and into which the school room had been built out, formed his recreation in leisure hours. He worked in it himself, and in fine weather smoked a pipe, and carried his beloved books to the bench he had placed under an old apple tree at the top of it. Here he looked over the village, had a

view of the country, and indulged in study or reflection after his day's employment was over; and here in the evening, if Mr. Thomas walked in from the neighbouring hamlet, he was sure to find him, ferret him out, and make him accompany him to Llewelyn Apjohn's farm to sit by the fire, or under the porch if it was summer, talk of old Apjohn the grandfather—resume the discussion on the superior beauty of the Welsh language compared with other tongues—repeat the well remembered, and often quoted passages—John Davis still standing up for the Greek, Mr. Thomas for the Welsh.

Mr. John Davis always had a suspicion which however he kept to himself, that the curate's knowledge of Greek was not very first-rate, while in Welsh nobody could surpass him, and perhaps in this he was right.

John Davis was a shy man, and resisted

Mr. Parry's solicitations, backed by those of his friend the curate, that he should give a lecture in turn, for a long time.

However, as he had been among the warmest advocates of Mr. Parry's plan, and had admitted those societies to be most useful agents in the spread of knowledge, he found it impossible to make good a refusal. It ended by his promising to undertake the next lecture, and to name in a few days what the subject would be.

He was not quite pleased with himself for having promised, but he had promised and he must perform.

As he sat alone in his "parlour twilight" that evening, watching now "the sooty films," that play upon the bars, now the

"— Faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadows to the ceiling, these by fits
Dancing uncouthly to the quiv'ring flame,"

he revolved various subjects in his mind.

At length his thoughts, without any volition, seemed to fix themselves upon one—the gold diggings. Retrospections of the past, and anticipations of the future with regard to them, came thronging thick upon him.

What gave rise to them was possibly a conversation the curate and he had had with Llewellyn Apjohn the preceding evening relative to the probable fate of poor David Apjohn. Added to this, many steady tradesmen had thrown up their work lately and emigrated to Australia, leaving their families to get on in the best way they could manage to do until they were enabled to send for them to this Eldorado, or return loaded with the wealth which they flattered themselves they should obtain there.

“The minds of this class of people are

filling with golden visions," soliloquized John Davis as he poked the fire into a brighter blaze, "and it is to be feared that the crowds of emigrants who leave our shores, instead of turning their thoughts steadily to agricultural pursuits, will be all drawn towards those diggings, where, if some few make fortunes, others—and those the greater number, will be disappointed in their expectations. I have a great mind to make this the foundation of my coming lecture. What better can I speak on? Many will say, no doubt, that I consider the revolutions in society, and the struggle to ascend upwards, with a jaundiced eye, and fancy like several people no longer young, that the world was better, fairer, and happier, some fifty or a hundred years ago, but it is not so. I admire the spread of knowledge, I look with wonder upon the discoveries in science; I see the hand of God working in all things,

and I hope for the time—though I shall not live to see it, when

‘—— ——— In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love.’

Yes, the gold diggings, I will lecture on the gold diggings.”

A conversation with Mr. Thomas strengthened John Davis in this purpose.

Every observation that the curate had made in his parish, confirmed his opinion that innocence and simplicity were more likely to be accompaniments of a pastoral state of society than of any other mode of life, and in this, Davis, who after his scholastic duties, had always looked to his garden and a country walk for recreation, fully coincided.

“We are but in the commencing days of the gold mania,” said the curate as they sat one evening at Llewellyn

Apjohn's fire side, "you and I, (nodding at the schoolmaster) are too old to look to seeing much of the events it may produce, still many of our acquaintances and neighbours have already had some experience in it."

Then they talked of several who had just emigrated, one in particular, a good hedge carpenter who had had constant occupation for some time upon Apjohn's farm, in making gates, repairing carts, and keeping in order the various farming machines and implements necessary for husbandry. He, enticed by hopes of riches never before dreamed of, had left his wife to make it out as well as she could until she heard from him, by charing and washing for the support of herself and six little children. The poor woman had fallen sick, and the neighbours had divided the children amongst them, in order to keep them from the poor house, hoping that

she would get better and be able to resume her labours, while Apjohn's wife provided attendance and nourishment for her, and visited her every day. Her illness seemed to have been brought on partly by distress at her husband's departure.

This single instance had occurred in the parish of which Mr. Thomas was curate, and Mr. John Davis mentioned several other painful departures in the village of Llanluyd, remarking upon the hardships to be gone through, and the demoralization to be encountered.

While they thus conversed, Llewellyn Apjohn sighed deeply, but he did not speak. He had much of his grandfather's taciturnity, and resembled him in this, as well as in many other points.

Great curiosity was experienced in the neighbourhood to hear what one living so long amongst them, and having never

been near the scene alluded to, could have to say on the subject, and, the evening of the lecture on the gold diggings, the farmers, and even some of the peasantry who understood English, flocked in from the neighbourhood of Llanluyd and the adjoining hamlets to hear Mr. John Davis.

The curate never took his eyes off the speaker, being most anxious that the lecture should tend to what he wished—the discouragement of emigration in search of gold.

The latter part of the discourse we select as a specimen of Mr. John Davis's style.

The curate applauded him for it afterwards, and told him he was sure he had taken some of the ideas from his sermons, although he did not entirely coincide with all he had said. And it is not improbable but that he might have caught the strain in part from his friend, as they were used

frequently to have serious conversations together.

That John Davis was a man of a serious turn of mind may be gathered from part of a conversation which he and the curate had as they walked homeward from Llewellyn Apjohn's house the evening before the lecture.

"I tell you my dear friend," said John Davis, stopping short in the moonlight, putting both hands on his stick, and leaning with all his strength on it as if to make his argument more forcible, "I tell you, the most amiable, natural dispositions, good temper, universal benevolence, affection for friends and relatives, every thing that can make man delightful in the family circle, will never save him from shipwreck in the great ocean of life, if sound religious principle be not at the bottom."

"True, true," said the curate, "I make it the subject of many a sermon."

“The very softness and pliability of the character, which made such a one adored by his early companions, will be his ruin when he comes in contact with harder natures than his own—with unflinching determination, and sordid selfishness—with the practical deceiver, and the cold calculator upon another’s foibles. This has been young David’s ruin—he was always too easily led. I who educated him must know his character.”

“I fear you are right,” said the curate.
“I do not say that he may not rise again,” continued the schoolmaster—“I trust in God he may, but depend upon it he will have hard trials to go through before he finds the right path.”

“And what though his trials may be heavy,” ejaculated the curate, “they are the chastisements of a Father to bring him to reason, and necessary for his eternal safety ; but shall we ever hear of him ?

Do you think there is any chance of his return?"

"God only knows," said Davis.

But we promised a sketch of part of the lecture—here it is.

CHAPTER XXVI.

“When my sad heart surveys the pain
Which weary pilgrims here sustain,
As o'er the waste of life they roam :
Oppressed without, betrayed within,
Victims of violence and sin,
Shall I not cry, ‘Thy kingdom come!’”

CUNNINGHAM.

“THAT we are approaching to some great change—that some revolution is about to take place upon this our earth, must be apparent to every thinking mind.

“Whether it be that we are on the eve of the millenium.—that personal reign of

Christ upon earth, to which so many devout Christians fondly cling, and which, though not so clearly set forth in our Holy Bible as to be a matter of faith, is still so beautiful a hope and speculation, that we may be pardoned for indulging in it; or whether that period approaches,

‘The day of wrath! that dreadful day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,’

who can tell? Time alone can unravel the mystery.

“But that some great alteration is at hand to which we are rapidly hastening—to which, day after day as it dawns and expires, brings us nearer and nearer—a glance at the present constitution of society, and the increasing difficulties attending the struggle for existence—at the rapid progress which mind has been making—at the extraordinary revolutions in kingdoms, and at the astonishing disco-

veries which have been lately taking place will clearly demonstrate.

“What appearance this earth will exhibit at the beginning of the next century is still hidden in the womb of time.

“Yet with all those discoveries, this growth of intellect, those mysteries dawning upon us of powers not yet fully developed, is the world as happy as it was in the old patriarchal days? And may it not be—as in the circumgyration of ages, old fashions revive, and things long buried in oblivion—lost and hidden from the view—writers and books, arts and sciences, cities and palaces, sculptures and paintings, are resuscitated as it were, and dug up from their tombs. May it not be that we verge upon changes which delving into the past, may, in like manner, renew again the first ages of the world, when Man, with the lengthened life, pastoral labors, and untainted by the thirst for gold, though

fallen from that high estate of happy innocence, in which he was placed by his Maker, still found so much favor in his sight, that angels were permitted to visit and minister to him?

“May it not be that the state of existence, the unnatural tension, the severe mental labor, the perpetual warfare with nature, which society in the aggregate, and individuals in particular, are writhing under in this our day, when poverty is crime, and wealth the

‘Visible god
That solder’st close impossibilities,’

—when every class of people are aiming to reach the class above them, and false appearances and false pretences rob the pillow of sleep, and the heart of peace—may it not be that all this so injurious to the happiness of Man, will be swallowed up and absorbed in the mighty tempest that seems to hang over us?

“In the natural world the fearful tornado, the thunder storm that tears up the gnarled oak, and sweeps cities with the besom of destruction, carries the principle of purification with it, and removes the unhealthy vapours, and noxious miasma that generate disease, and why should it not be so in the moral world ?

“If we must needs tremble at the thought of the jarring elements Man has to encounter in such strife, and shudder at what may be the fate of a world so dear to us, despite its cares and sorrows, still we may with firm faith ‘look for new heavens and a new earth in which dwelleth righteousness.’

“Even now, on the banks of some of the magnificent North American rivers, far away from what we call the civilized world, is not the emigrant happier in his life of freedom than when he was pent up in the purlieus of a manufacturing town ?

“The pale faces of his children are grown ruddy with health.

“No fear of poverty, with fish from the rivers, deer from the hills, and grain, roots, and fruits from the earth. His family feast on

‘The buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.’

“His hardy sons are able to assist him in all his labors, they are truly his wealth, ‘an heritage and gift that cometh from the Lord.’

“Neither is love wanting to brighten their young days—other settlers with their families are in the neighbouring valleys, and no dread of want prevents them from entering into an early marriage in a country where

‘Lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber, With a few blows of the axe, are hewn and framed into houses.’

full amusement for a wet day, or to make companions of in the garden.

Miss Vaughan read very little herself, except serious books.

“Addison will not hurt Emily,” she thought. “I have perused his ‘Evidences,’ and Johnson is always a moral writer.”

Notwithstanding Miss Penelope’s desire however to keep fiction from Emily, in those volumes which she allowed her to read, among grave dissertations, sundry papers and passages which she could not understand, were scattered short narratives, poetical descriptions, and even criticisms that filled her with delight.

What more interesting to the opening mind than Addison’s papers on Milton, and on the ballad of Chevy Chase, and the Oriental Allegories. Emily never forgot during her whole life the vision of Mirza, and Theodore the hermit.

In debarring her from children’s books,

and fairy tales, Miss Penelope had unintentionally introduced her into the higher walks of fiction.

Culled from these, every evening, she had some new tale to impart to grand-mamma Benson, and could repeat several of the narratives word for word, with all their simple pathos, and elegance of expression in which Addison's works abound.

She had wept over the story of Theodosius and Constantia—dreamed of Helim the Persian, the great physician, and the Black Palace with its hundred folding doors of ebony—knew the history of all the Ironsides—and had read over and over again the account of the labours of the Ant, before she was ten years old.

Emily listened with avidity to the passages Penelope used to read aloud for her from Vaughan's letters.

Her name was always mentioned in them.

maketh him to lie down in green pastures and leadeth him beside the still waters.'

“How beautiful were those old patriarchal times, entitled by the heathen ‘the golden age;’ not golden in the sense we take it now, but golden from their pre-eminent happiness!

“None then ever said ‘Earth yield me roots,’ in vain.

“No mother then looked despairingly upon her starving babe.

“No unhappy mechanic failed to find the work that would enable him to support the sinking partner of his sad life.

“There was not then that battling contest—that struggle of man with man for the bare necessities of existence—that fever of the mind—that despair of the heart—that wrestling against the fangs of poverty—that sickness of hope deferred—that inability to heave off the huge incu-

bus of ills, which accident, position, unforeseen circumstances, and sometimes a too refined education help to heap upon the poor wretch.

“Then, every man found in the bosom of mother earth, sufficient for his wants. If he earned his bread with the sweat of his brow, it was healthful toil in the open air. He worked not in the narrow, unhealthy dens of a crowded city—he toiled not as in a tomb, amidst the noxious vapours of a mine—not upon the stormy sea, or wading in fields of strife and blood, was his pittance earned.

“There was not then that thirst for gain, teaching man to over-reach, trample on, and destroy his fellow man.

“O miserable thirst of gold, when didst thou enter into the world?

“How have countries been ravaged for thee,—seas crossed, nations exterminated, cities demolished, hearts broken for thee!

—and now (strangest of strange revolutions!)—that greatest good, to gain which has been the employ of millions—for which the cheek has grown pale and the eye dim—which the alchemist has sought in his crucible, and the sage tried to grasp as he wasted the midnight oil, and wrote the pages that were to bring thee to his feet—for which youth hath sold herself to age, and loveliness hath mated with what was most hideous—this which

‘ Will knit and break religions ; bless the accursed ;
Make the hoar leprosy adored, place thieves
And give them title, knee, and approbation
With senators on the bench :’

This hath at once unveiled itself, and shewn its dwelling place. That which was peerless will soon be of no price ; for gold—that gold for which the world hath so longed—will be dragged to light in such

profusion, that, as it has been precious so will it become base, and Man, the slave of gold, trampling and despising that which he hath so adored and cringed to, shall, it may be, after a struggle to the death, return to his pristine occupations. Then may we not hope, as in the natural, so in the moral world, peace shall spring up from the uprooting of the present state of society—again shall the fields and valleys laugh and sing—poverty shall make wings to herself and fly away, and the earth, heaving from her bosom the weight of misery with which she hath been loaded, shall find food for her children as in the days of her first birth, and all wail and lamentation shall be hushed, against the second coming of our Lord, whether that coming be to reign in person upon earth, or as final judge to dissolve the heavens and the earth with fervent heat.

“Christian ! the times are momentous,

thou who art prepared to die, art prepared for *all*—art prepared to meet the Lord Christ as King or Judge.

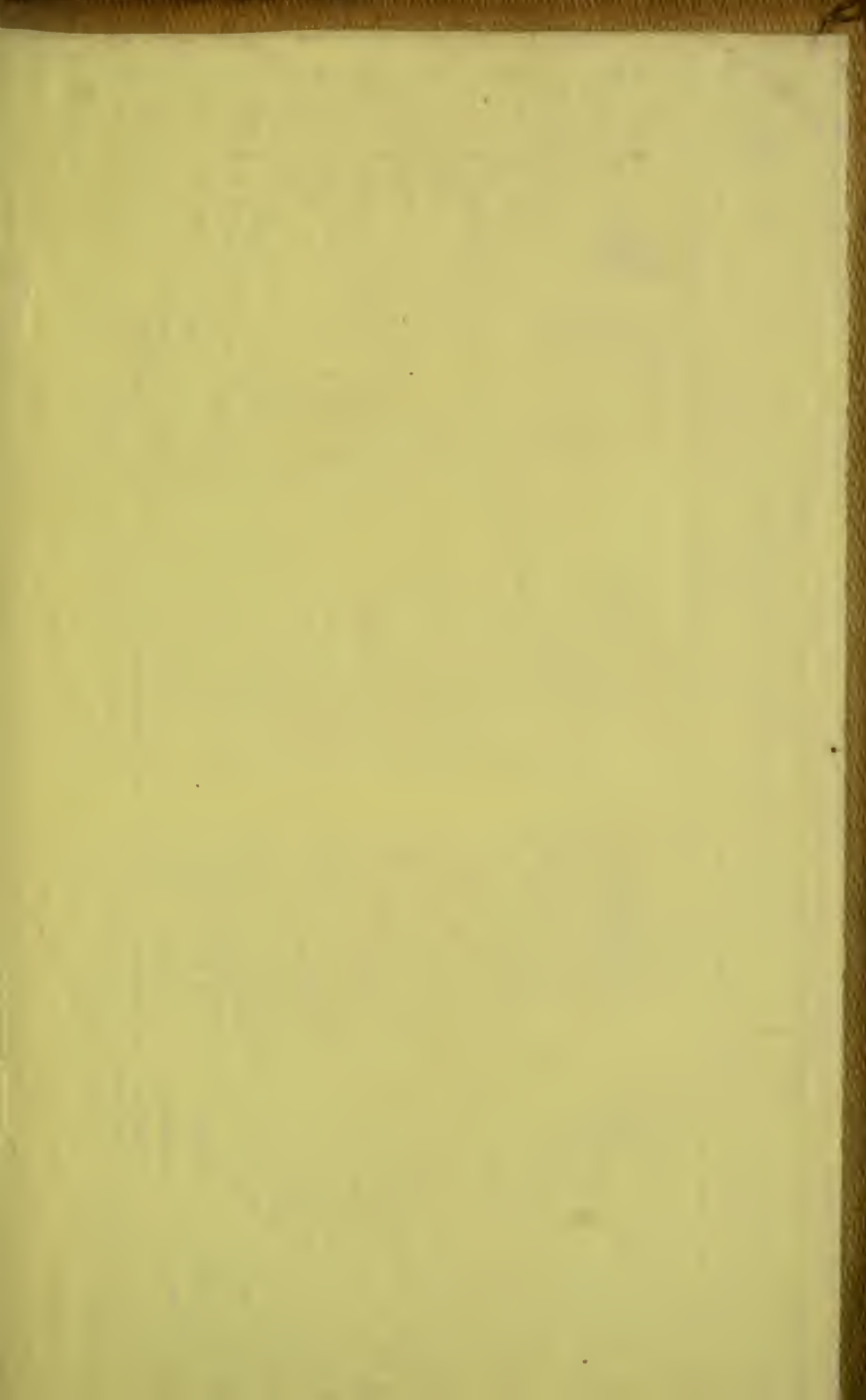
“Thou who art not prepared to die, remember the parable of the ten virgins, and trim thy lamp; how knowest thou that the bridegroom may not even now be at hand?”

“And thou, fellow-pilgrim, who struggled on through life—it may be through sickness, sorrow, or poverty—be not down-hearted, this is not thy home.”

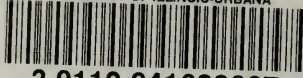
END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.







UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 041699007