

Estelle was introduced into society, and her beauty made her the belle of the season.—Lovers surrounded her, some disinterested ones, but by far the greater number looked upon her wealth,—for she was the acknowledged heiress of Mr. Bravod,—as her chief attraction. There was one, Estelle seemed to prefer, but he kept aloof from the beautiful heiress. Evelyn St. Clair was poor, and was doomed to seek his fortune in the *East*. I thought that he loved Estelle, but he left for India, and she did not seem to regret his absence.

Despite of all my hopes and wishes, a change, a sad change came o'er the spirit of Estelle's dream. Her loved benefactor was very suddenly deprived of life, and in addition to her deep sorrow for his death, it was soon found that she had other cause of grief. A will made previous to her adoption, bequeathing his immense property to a distant relative, was the only one he left, and consequently, not the slightest provision was made for her future comfort. This relative immediately came to present his claim on the estate, and with more than common selfishness, made no offer to mitigate the anguish of her forlorn condition, and her sensitive spirit shrunk from the idea of dependance on such a monster.

She must, herself, seek some means of support, and this would bring her in contact with the spirits of the cold world, and I trembled for the result. It was in vain that my father offered the sensitive girl a home with us, she did not wish to be dependant on any person—her own exertions should procure her a livelihood. I looked at her slight drooping figure, and shuddered as she spoke.

One day, after offering every inducement to come and be to me the same as a sister, and telling her how much it would add to my happiness, she said—"Do not urge me, dear Clara, for my determination is fixed, I will be a governess. Your friend, Mrs. Mortimer, wishes a governess for Emily, perhaps if you write her, she will consent to receive me."

Finding all my arguments useless, I wrote the more readily, however, as I knew my friend would be able to appreciate Estelle's talents, and would guard the poor stricken one, with the loving care, I would myself. I soon had an answer from my friend, but what was my disappointment to find she was already provided with a governess. She, however, said, she had spoken to Mrs. Tracey, a mutual friend, who would be happy to receive my lovely protegee. In a few days Estelle had a letter from Mrs. Tracey, offering her a very

liberal salary, and promising to do all in her power to contribute to her happiness.

My father accompanied Estelle to Mrs. Tracey's; at her departure she promised to write me often. In a few days my father returned, he seemed very much pleased with Mrs. Tracey and family, said Estelle was also—. The next day, I had a letter from my sweet friend, it was written with her usual good spirits; she expressed herself delighted with her pupils, three lovely little girls. I contented myself with this letter, and several succeeding ones, but alas! I observed a change in the tone of her letters—she no longer communicated to me the hopes of happiness that seemed ever gushing up in her young heart. It seemed as if a melancholy despondency had taken possession of her. I was alarmed at this, and wrote her, begging her to come home to me; to this letter I received no reply from Estelle, but I had a long letter from Mrs. Tracey, she entreated me "to come and visit them, that Estelle did not seem in good spirits, and looked very ill; she added, that she had no doubt, that a visit from me, would prove more beneficial than the most skilful physician." I was very much alarmed, and with my father's concurrence, accepted Mrs. Tracey's invitation immediately. Estelle was delighted to see me, and I could not but think that Mrs. Tracey's affection had needlessly alarmed her. Estelle was looking lonely, her eyes were more than usually brilliant, and the rose-tinge of her cheek was deeper. Both Mr. and Mrs. Tracey seemed to idolize her. But alas! before many days I had to change my opinion with regard to Estelle's health, the brilliancy of her eyes was occasioned by disease, and the glowing color of her cheek was the deceitful charm of fever. We consulted a physician, he said "a warm climate would perhaps restore her." When I urged the change to Estelle, she threw her arms around my neck, and begged to be allowed to die in the land where her adopted father had died; I told her, she would not do but she held up her small white hand, through it I could see the light, and I wept, for I then knew nought could be done for her. Days passed on, alternately increasing and diminishing my hopes. In her, consumption took its most attractive form. Her skin, always clear and white as an infant's, became, if possible, more beautiful; the soft, blue veins shewed a transparency. Her laughing blue eye became more brilliant, their brightness was only veiled by the long brown lashes which slept so longingly on her cheek. Her sunny hair still