

that a glass of water was all that she required. After tasting it, she professed herself quite well, and was just going to rejoin the dancers when Harry passed with Miss St. Clair. As soon as he perceived Emily, he introduced her to his companion, and, after the usual civilities had been interchanged, told Emily in a low voice to inform his mother that he wished very much to make the acquaintance of Mrs. St. Clair and her daughter. Emily bowed her acquiescence, for she could not speak—like one in a dream she moved mechanically through the figures of the cotillion, and then left the room, after requesting her partner to inform Mrs. Wyndham that, being overcome by the heat of the crowded saloon, she would wait up stairs till the party broke up. Alas for Emily! Her own heart had just been laid bare to her, and its inmost secret disclosed to herself. The pang of jealousy that had thrilled through every fibre of her frame, told her that the love she felt for the son of her adopted parents was far other than she had deemed it, and with this knowledge came conviction that she was lost to her for ever. What would Emily now have given for the seclusion of her own chamber, where she could have wrestled alone with her misery—but the kind-hearted gentians who came around her, and bathed her forehead, and fanned her burning temples, forced her still to exercise strong self-control, and to feign that to be weakness of body which was suffering of far greater intensity. Mrs. Wyndham soon joined her, and alarmed at her appearance, sent to tell Harry they must go home immediately. But, though Emily longed for home as the stricken deer for the covert, she insisted on remaining.

"Harry was enjoying the party," she said, "an unusual thing for him. Has he not often gone with us, dear aunt, when he would far rather have stayed at home; why should I interrupt his pleasure now? I will do very well here. Go down to supper, and when it is over I shall be better able to bear the ride home than I am at present."

"Just like my own sweet Emily," said Mrs. Wyndham, "always thinking of others rather than herself. If you promise to summon me the moment you are ready I will do as you wish," and Emily was allowed to remain until supper was over.

During their long drive home, Harry said but little, and when his mother spoke of Miss St. Clair, he only observed "she was very lovely," and abruptly changed the subject.—He was all tenderness to Emily, lamented her

indisposition, and regretted he had not been earlier apprised of it, with such sincerity, that she felt somewhat comforted, and hoped that she might have over-estimated the effect of Miss St. Clair's charms. When alone, Emily held a sad conference with her own heart.—How came it that she but now was conscious of an attachment that must have gained a giant strength to have caused such suffering? Why had she not watched and guarded her affections, and not suffered them to be yielded up while she dreamed not of her danger? Alas! she knew not why—she only knew that she was wretched, and the more steadfastly she looked upon the future, the more unhappy she became. Even supposing this admiration to be a transient one, might not another soon succeed it, and would not the same agony be again endured? But we must leave Emily tossing upon her restless couch, and follow our hero, who is viewing the doubtful future under a far different aspect. The idol of his imagination has now appeared to him, and can he but win her for his own he asks no higher blessing. Both by looks and words she had distinguished him above his companions; so far, at least, he has no reason to be discouraged, and he is dwelling in blissful anticipation upon the realization of his life-long dreams. His fancy pictures this fair creature moving day after day in his beloved household circle, dispensing happiness to all, and, like another Eve, beautifying his earthly paradise. Sleep at length steals over him, that he may embody in still lovelier forms the visions of his waking hours.

From this day Harry seems a changed man. Hitherto indifferent to society, he is now foremost in every place of amusement. Emily is still indisposed, and neither Colonel nor Mrs. Wyndham will leave her, but Harry is ever on the wing, either riding or walking with Julia St. Clair or at the frequent entertainments she graces with her presence. Each day's intercourse increases his admiration both for her and her high-bred parents, who, on their part, receive his advances with undisguised satisfaction. At first he fancies a rival in every one that approaches her, but the softer cadence of her voice when addressing him, the brighter smile with which he is welcomed, and the ready ear she lends to his slightest word, soon assure him that he has nothing to fear, and he gives himself up to the delightful conviction that he is beloved by the object of his adoration.

Of course an affair of this kind, carried on so much in public, soon became the theme of every tongue, and Colonel and Mrs. Wynd-