

BY GEORGE W. BURCH.

Let me introduce to the reader a young

Let us not forget the excitement caused by events which I am about to narrate, and let us remind the reader that the incumbent of the parish of this village was then not unfavourably regarded with a kind of reverence which might now be deemed absurd, but in those times when the rural vicar was looked upon in the literal acceptance of the term, as the shepherd of the flock, and where the individual claimed the possession of these grand attributes, his excellence known as charity and godliness, cannot become a matter of surprise that such a man should meet with the due reward of his labours, in the love of those whom Providence has committed to his charge. Thus the vicar of was universally esteemed; the poor loved him for the care with which he administered to their wants; for the unassuming urbanity which marked his deportment, and threw a charm and him, inspiring the most timid with confidence at his approach. His hand was ever open to the wants of the distressed, and his heart ever true to the woes of others. If a misfortune befell any one, he would immediately repair to the village, and give such assistance as the urgency of the case required. I remember, what else I would apply himself to the task, what heartfelt satisfaction lighted up his good face when his efforts were successful, as if it were his own case, and on the issue depended the individual's welfare. The wealthy of the district revered him for the exercise of those philanthropic qualities which well became the holy man, and who was worthy fitted, and for the independence of soul which characterized his noble thoughts.

From the contemplation of such a character

Among those who were most regular in their visits to the Vicar and his daughter, were two young gentlemen of the neighborhood, cousins of the name of Davenport. The father of the elder was a gentleman possessed of a very considerable fortune, and the proprietor of an estate which was perhaps the most extensive and valuable in the county. Edwin Davenport, the junior of these two young men, was an orphan, dependent on the bounty of his uncle; his father, an officer and young man, having met his death while engaged in one of the late Peninsular campaigns with his regiment. These two young men had lately completed their college education; and, at the time our tale takes its commencement, Edwin Davenport was about to proceed to a continental tour, by the desire of his uncle, who, having great interest, had procured the promise of a lucrative government post, which was to be conferred on the young gentleman in consideration of the services performed by his father during the war.

Edwin had long been acquainted with the Vicar, and it was from this worthy man he had received those instructions which had formed the stepping stones to his present high classical attainments.—During his frequent visits to the parsonage-house, he had abundant opportunities to become acquainted with the mind and disposition of his lovely occupant; and it did not require long to enable him to appreciate those virtues which made her an ornament to her sex. To say that these were the sole attractions which awakened a feeling of admiration in his heart, would not be doing justice to his taste; he admired those adornments of the mind and heart, which shone out so prominently in her

On his return from college, he repaired the following day to the vicarage, and was welcomed with all the warmth of a parent by the good old man, who, with tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, thrust Edwin to his heart in an ecstasy of delight, and, anxiously quelling him, in a moment afterwards he felt Mrs. Emily from an adjoining apartment, who came forward to embrace her old companion and her darling, she hastily drew back, so that he had gone beyond the bounds of feminine decorum, and left with her hand and face covered with half-veiled tears, to the young man, "I cannot require much from you, but I am sure you will be true to the feelings which this affair has so freely and promptly, evoked, which on this occasion constrained him to fold the beautiful girl in his arms, tender embrace, while the good Mrs. Joyce, on with an approving smile, and those whom they stood.

"My dear children," said he, "you are both good, amiable, and virtuous; you are fitted for each other. I love you; your happiness is my happiness; your welfare, mine; and I would like mine to be gentle and calm, when I leave this mortal sphere, may my grey hairs go down to the grave in assurance. I leave you in peace, and I leave you to the protection of a loving Father, who is the Father of the fatherless, and the Father of the contrite and lowly, and may be guided by a life spent in the exercise of virtue!"

The day of Edwin's departure at length arrived, the night preceding which he took an affectionate leave of the good old Vicar, and made solemn protestations of love for Emily, adding, that whatever might have to encounter, or whatever should befall him, while he had life, he might rest assured of this, which he knew she value beyond all else—the undiminished affection. She sobbed in the fullness of her heart, as he pronounced farewell, and the violent agitation of her frame laid her almost insensible, and she was laid in

and she had placed since the departure of her mother, and she had received two letters from her, the first a glowing picture of her health, and the other detailing all that she thought would promote her recovery, and continuing renewed assurances of the warmth of her affection for Emily, who had seen that part of the letter which more particularly related to herself, with an interest coeval with her intense affection she bore the young man. She read it, and read it again, she isolated with her tears—the pressed it to her lips, in the fervency of her young heart's devoted tenderness.

The visits of Charles Davenport, in the absence of her mother, became more frequent; and his benevolence towards Emily more marked. In a word, it did not require much penetration to discover that he too had conceived a passion for her. His visits were not discouraged, for it afforded Emily an opportunity to expiate on the merits of Edwin, and to compare seal with which his cousin's merit had been the subject; the warm manner in which he dwelt upon his numerous merits, and the disinterested eulogy that he heaped upon him, increased the sensitive girl with a feeling of unsatisfied passion for his friend. These matters continued to go on for the space of several months, during which time many letters were received from the Continent, and all these bore evidence of the unchangeable affection of the part of Edwin; but sometimes faded and elapsed since the receipt of the last intelligence, and Emily began to feel a slight degree of uneasiness, the protracted silence of her lover. On one previous occasion had a fortnight gone by without hearing from him, and already five weeks had flown. In the absence of a letter she grew sad. Her father used all his energy to console her, and described the many casualties that were likely to interrupt a regular course of correspondence; and it was with much difficulty that she was enabled to effect his object, in calming the painful throbbings of her heart.

One morning the Vicar was seated in his library, engaged in the usual studies that occupied his morning hours; the servant entered with a letter, the well-known seal. He broke it—'twas from Edwin! But how shall I depict the good man's grief as he read, and found that part of the letter which was generally devoted to the subject nearest his heart, now occupied by frivolous matters connected with the travels, which might have proved decidedly interesting at any other time; but his daughter—her name was mentioned, her health, and all such common-place subjects enquired; but all that he believed, the language of the heart, he discerned no part of that letter! After the first surprise and grief had passed away, the good man thought himself how in account for the change—it was inexpressible. "Edwin—the old man colloquized—" his boy," he ejaculated. "All the world had changed since by young heart was not proof against the allurements." Would to God I had warned thee more so, I did!" He wept, and they were tears of sorrow. "Oh, my child, how wilt thou meet this unexpected stroke!" But he did meet it; yes, he met it with comparative calmness, when he heard said, "Let us forget him, my child; let us forget him; he was not worthy of thee; there is one more worthy—Charles Davenport, my child, has this morning told me his passion for you. He loves you, and I have long thought, and the way in which he speaks of the recent countess charmed me. He dwelt on his love for you; and when he became fully aware of his cousin's depravity, he wept; when most men in his situation would have rejoiced at the prospect afforded them for the accomplishment of their passion."

Let it suffice then to say that Charles Pavant joined his object-thinker, and Emily consented to be his, Deliberately valuing and the more subtle treacherously effacing his designs. But her noble thought, prone to defer the communication for a few days, until such time as all parties might have time afforded them to deliberate with themselves on the position of affairs.

One evening, shortly after the events just narrated, Emily was seated at her favorite window which commanded a fine view of the high road that led to the village, and of the adjacent scenery, which abounded with picturesque beauties, and afforded ample food for the admiration of a contemplative mind. She was melancholy—morning. These scenes, then lovely, seemed haunting, and almost woeful retirement she had spent the happiest moments of her existence in the society of him now—She arose from her seat; her brain grew dizzy, her heart was full of burning, and

tired step, laboring and
 faltering, imperceptible
 transition, and in a
 second he found himself
 seated in the very place
 that he had just
 quitted. On the
 look of sympathy
 with which he met
 her, that, merciful
 father, he said, "be
 his hour of trial
 over!" She sank
 upon her emotion, it
 was too much for
 the steel. For some
 time, with her face buried
 in her hands, her
 thoughts were inter-
 rupted, she gazed from the vic-
 tims carriage enter the draw-
 ing room, she knew not why—
 she saw a stranger so
 large travelling cloak,
 she mistook it for
 consciousness, it was
 a woman she had seen

The young man's reception for met was asked for by the Vicar. The letter was produced with astonishment depicted on the page that filled his twisted the good old "My God, Sir!" said of mine. "You have been so." Some villainy is really!"

The old man returned girl. She looked pale might refused their suitor's bet.

"Stand back, Sir," said her eyes then to undugred astonishment what had left her a

hope that she had ever
 been deceived - But
 longer. On the impu-
 der have you ever at-
 tention when all the time
 have been wrought up
 ing could not carry.
 The afternoon was
 must derive from an
 endeavoring to elucidate
 led to so much disap-
 had worked all this. A
 Fraunce, and he was
 in the hand-writing of
 fictions of Emily, in ex-
 tinguish ends. Charles
 ceasing he could not
 deeply injured, so bas-
 chronic author or so
 on hearing of his arrival
 unexpected) left the pa-
 to France, where we
 that remorse which is the
 The Bridal morning
 expelled the hearts of
 with the ceremony
 communicated itself to
 loved the Vicar, and al-
 the happiness of the
 experienced so many ac-
 were woven, rose at-
 to the church porch, the
 pool so long had over-
 much another had never

memory of the oldest
social party. The bride
came, unattended by su-
per-voising trembling
sister, and bending over
were the bridegroom, the
room should look—hap-
pily pressed forward
singing were poured
every pair moved on
fing faces that lined
there was joy in
till the bride
the house was performed
he could not himself
He wept as a child, I
years.

After the ceremony I
to the hall. The seats
were attractive and a
very

[illegible]

himself at the doubtful
that his explanation was
He was led to the study
the last letter. The
in his face as he perused it
he looks as he concluded a
man.
Edwin, "this is no letter
man imposed upon—deceit
has been practiced. Where
and leading in the trembling
Her tottering limbs well
report. He ran forward to
the door and saw
she said firmly, waving her
to let him. She read there his
letter. She saw the same Ed
and read in his eyes the same

there. "Could she have been there. She destined an angel to the throne of the heart! All experienced a moment like those emotions of the soul, and, beyond which fell no more."

They spent in the mutual enjoyment of each other's society, and in the mystery which had been theirs.

Charles Daverne had sent an emissary who had declared that letter his opinion, to mean the offer to effect his own nefarious venture to meet his face, the friend he had so truly trusted, and the treacherous villainy, immediately, and which had been quite a rental roof and passed over what leave him, a prey to the just reward of infamy.

All was joy within and the same feeling which those more nearly connected about to take place, had the worthy peasantry they felt deeply interested in, and from whom they bid adieu to kindness. Gertrude made the pathway leading to the balls of which rang out a cry, so long and welcome, were remembered in the

the morning, and the pupils that two negatively remarkable days, were peopled with the holiday, to which he had no more.

They were the most remarkable days of his life, remained firm of made a positive and the master, planned to be granted the request.

The next day, we have noted met the stamp of the union of which Quakers are renowned. A man called was suffering the usual and in a moment, to give anything, and to open his eyes, and of that, replied, preserve in the rag about him, sitting like the light, before his eyes, and his hand, and be betrayed. A com-

ment. The meeting a popular Russian suits an English and that are in two separate categories, and under the letters, while the light of a little degree of pronounced, and with his justifier himself, that

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

The plaintiff asserted that the glasses in question having adduced evidence for a verdict for the defendants—HON. J. JOHN BROWN—Commissioner—T. You pay in one month. John Brown (how many get it.)

There kneels in holy
No bolder father than I
Mistake or vapor, I will
He is ever there, I tell
Morning and midnight
Midnight and morning

Wide spread the fam
Powerful his blessing,
Wondrous the marvels
On unbelieving hearts
The Father's love
To turn maidens' heads

St. Ursula's prison
At Holy St. Catharine's
She comes with an
prayer—
For she leads to the
Happy mother: how
To leave the world for
She comes to-morrow
For the church's use
She quits the world
And to-day she confesse
Slight is the penance, I
For all of sin she hath

"Daughter, since thou
Hath passed in thy heart

men have died with him,
 thy confutes,"
 "I am a wife
 dwelling in the Themo-
 not agree upon the
 favorite bias, the hesi-
 tating for the question to
 a little distance."
 "Did you ever see a horse
 riding, with some gentle-
 never send a horse any
 over a precipice!"
 "I am
 Shashbury, an Irishman,
 and happening to sym-
 candidates out of the
 on the hustings," "Oh Paul
 "I am much obliged
 thy reply, then, you are
 has invited me to

[illegible]

By Mr. Brown, we must be true, "brevisit is the soul me I really do not discover and if to be you'd looked (for a month; you wouldn't it else, myther. Turk o' bles, sir." He sold them regular pebbles, but, my lord, like pebbles nor your head's Laughing, sir, glass. Same sort as poor genius in Oliver Goldsmith— you're not paid for them sort; how could I see

I have learned Comma-
tion were real pambles, and
to select the jury
plaintiff.
Will you pay
lot no how, if I know it,
order of the court; that
respectfully -- I wish you
the same.

Elizabeth's sister,
other girls:
were not which
select in his sister
the nearest roads,
he tells his brother
of the holy man,
the plaintiff has,
his story works,
and infidel Turks;
now while is given,
to get to the service of heaven!

one in day,
drine to pray;
drine--she comes with a
dressed gown

the Lady Clara,
a maid,
in gold and lands,
a Cavalier's shade,
with its pleasures and wiles,
to Father Giles:
ween, may atone,
er known!

Just kneeled for grace,
found a dwelling place?

at those pined for nought;
 and drooped her head,
 that poor Clara said.
 Hath grown pale and thin,
 and pure within;
 In ancient mirth,
 or thy tears for earth!"
 —yet poor Clara knows
 than the Spring's first rose.
 That holy man,
 heek to want!
 bearing the night,
 killing varieties;
 epe as Clara weeps,
 re than she ofttime keeps
 essed that day,
 hid that moek was away;
 iced that night
 f scullage—whispers of
 Esther Giles,
 St. Cuthbert's nurse
 1892