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Mrs. W. May Lowell.



# REMINISCENCES OF AUSTRALIA.

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THE

# DIGGINGS & THE BUSH.

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BY

MRS. W. MAY HOWELL.

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## PREFACE.

THE following tales were composed at one of the "Diggings" of New South Wales. A residence of four years justifies the writer in stating that the description of the country and social life is perfectly true. At this season of the year hundreds of English families have one "vacant chair" which they would gladly, oh! how gladly, see occupied by some now lonely wanderer; and the hearts of many disappointed diggers, even at this moment, yearn for their native land. This consideration induces the belief that these simple stories will receive a welcome at many a fireside, and for a brief hour bring true hearts once more together; should they do so, they will not have been written in vain.

*January 1st, 1867.*

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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TO VIND  
ABORIGINAL

# A TALE OF THE DIGGINGS :

OR,

KINDNESS IS POWER.

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## CHAPTER I.

“I've seen, and sure I ought to know.”

THE CHAMELEON.

“My word, Tom, come up quick,” exclaimed a dirt-begrimed digger, who was looking over a hole resembling a well, “This must be a new chum.”

In an instant his mate was by his side. The “chum” referred to proved to be a young girl, pretty, short of stature, and inclined to *embonpoint*. She started as she perceived the two men, then quickened her pace, till she observed a party of Chinamen approaching. The road was lonely—quite in “the bush.” The Celestials advanced rapidly, jabbering, gesticulating, laughing, and grimacing. Their little bead-like eyes were at once bent boldly on the face of the young stranger, who felt much embarrassed. This feeling soon changed to alarm, when one of the men left his companions, and, with a mocking air, advanced to-

wards her. As he drew nearer her terror increased, for calling out something in Chinese, and stretching forth his arm, the Chinaman was about to seize her, when suddenly a volley of imprecations was heard, and John Chinaman measured his length on the ground, groaning and blubbering like a child, suffering from sundry kicks, each accompanied by a most emphatic oath.

The young girl stood rooted to the spot, watching alternately her rescuer, the object of his wrath, and the endeavours of the digger's mate to overtake the other Chinamen, who ran as if for their lives. At length she exclaimed "Oh, pray don't kick the poor creature any more: surely you have punished him enough." "Not half enough," was the curt reply; then looking at her, "My word, how white you are!" and as if the sight of her pale face, from which his fearful oaths more than her fright had banished the roseate tint, had renewed his passion, he turned savagely towards his prostrate foe, half disposed to "finish him." At this moment the mate returned. Like his companion he was in a digger's dress, and covered with dirt; still between the two men there was as marked a difference as if one had worn the dress of a peasant, and the other that of a prince. As the new comer advanced he removed his hat, and bent slightly to the young stranger, saying in a kind but rough manner—"Those blackguards frightened you; you're wrong to walk about the diggings alone, your mother should not let you do so, should she, Keene? A girl might be very much annoyed here." "She might so," was the digger's reply; and here the blue eyes of the fair girl turned from one face to the other in mute astonishment at remarks so novel and familiar, from those whom she regarded as mere labouring men. The last speaker now seated himself under a tree, took out a short pipe, and began to smoke, ever and anon

glancing at the prostrate Chinaman, as if he were not quite certain that justice had been done. He was a thick-set, bullet-headed, black-bearded, dark-eyed man; in short what the diggers emphatically call "a workman," or "first-rate" hand. The younger man possessed dark hazel eyes, features remarkably well defined, and an athletic figure, which might have challenged the critical eye of a sculptor. He stood as if expecting the young girl to speak, perceiving which she shook off a feeling of timidity, and thanked them in graceful terms for their timely assistance.

She then would have resumed her walk alone, but her protectors appeared to have determined otherwise, for the younger man coolly placed himself by her side, saying, "We'll see you safe home. Here, Keene." The mate arose after growling at the Chinaman, "Lie still, you brute," and placed himself on the other side, pipe and all; then without further ceremony they started off at a sharp pace. The young stranger vainly strove to keep up with them; they stopped as soon as they perceived this, and laughing said, "We're going too fast for you; we're not much used to walk with young women; the girls all ride here. Let's try again." They then walked more slowly, till Keene looking back perceived the Chinaman stealing away, and rushing after him a regular chase ensued; for now John Chinaman had the chance, he seemed to determine to escape. This desertion of her first protector slightly annoyed the fair one; not so her companion, the roughness of whose manner abated considerably, and with a very near approach to gentlemanly politeness, he asked her if they were far from her home; and observing that she appeared faint, offered to fetch some water from a neighbouring creek. This she declined, and as they resumed their way told him her name was Rosalie Howard; that

her father, her sister and herself had only arrived on the diggings the previous week; that they resided in a hut a short distance further on; that wishing much to see the surrounding country she had ventured out alone, as her sister did not care so much for scenery as she did.

“And what do you think of what you have seen?” her companion inquired. “I have only been able to climb some of the smaller hills,” she replied, “but the view I obtained was very beautiful. There is one valley which reminded me of a lovely spot in South Wales, at home. My object to-day was to listen to the magpies, cockatoos, and parrots chattering in the trees, and I thought this part of bush was free from diggers and Chinamen.”

“Oh the diggers would not annoy you,” said her new friend (except by peering over their holes, thought Rosalie), “It’s those brutes of Chinamen; but they’d better not begin to insult white women, or they’ll find it rather dangerous. I never heard of such a thing happening here before, or on any other diggings; but that fellow was drunk.” “Was he?” “Could you not see it? he *was so*?”—

“Happily,” replied Rosalie, “I am unacquainted with the signs of intoxication, unless they are very apparent, and the ignorance of a young girl in such a matter surely need not cause so much astonishment.” She paused, for to her surprise her stalwart guide blushed with shame at her rebuke. “It is best certainly,” she continued, “to know our actual danger, and it was kind of you to be anxious about it; but I had heard that Chinamen never drank.” Her companion replied, “They used not,” but added sadly, “It is often the case now.” He then startled her by exclaiming bitterly, “Drink! why, we all drink! what else have we to care for? It excites us, and drowns the memory of the past. This and books are our only resources, it’s dig, dig, dig, from Monday morning till



Saturday night, and then we spend all we get at a public house." He sighed deeply as he ended.

The girl stopped; a look of wonder and anxiety was on her sweet face, and fixing her large blue eyes upon him, she said earnestly, "And do you spend your life thus? I cannot, I do not think you can."

"Why not?" enquired her companion quickly, the colour again mounting to his brow. "Because you are formed for better things, and disgrace your manly feeling, your birth, and common sense by such low courses." Then suddenly remembering they were strangers she paused, and blushing almost to tears, added tremulously, "But you must think me a strange bold girl to talk to you thus. I forgot we were strangers, I am sorry for you." As she said this, the young man came nearer to her, and replied "young lady it is true we are strangers: would to God we were not, for there are some people whom we seem to have met in a previous state of existence, and know at once. Thus it seems with me in regard to you. I neither think you strange nor bold, but I do think you good; and I firmly believe a few innocent young women like yourself, living with their parents on the diggings, would do more good than all the parsons or missionaries in the World. But what makes you think" he continued, glancing at his dress as he spoke, "that I am better born than I appear?" "Your not asking awkward questions," she answered demurely, a mocking smile playing round her lips. The digger laughed. "I know I am very rough," he said, "I have been in the company of men only lately. It was not always so," he added with a sigh.

"What is your name?" asked Rosalie. "My name is Walter Grey; my mate's Keene. I have been on the diggings some years." "Did you come from England?"

said she, "I did so," was the reply, "and I wish I were there now; at least I did wish—that is, they wished." Then finding himself becoming confused, he added rapidly, "My father, and mother, and brothers and sisters write to me to come home, but I don't think—no, I don't think I could stand it now." "Stand what?" inquired the listener in surprise. "I don't think I could breathe there now, he replied; it's always—you must do this, or you must not do that, because its not usual in England, and it would fairly drive me mad. I'm sure I'm better here."

As they approached a small dwelling he asked, "Is that your hut?" "It is," she replied archly. The digger smiled; then resuming his rough manner, he called out, "Anybody at home?" which instantly brought to the door a fine looking old man and a handsome young woman—the former exclaiming, "My dear child, where have you been?" adding anxiously, when he perceived the stranger, "No accident I hope?" Walter Grey, who was gazing earnestly at the handsome young brunette, now advanced and explained briefly what had happened, ending with "You must not let her walk out alone any more: it won't do." The father held out his hand; the digger shook it warmly, and the old man said "I thank you heartily for this. Won't you come in? My hut is in future open to you as to an old friend." The digger, much gratified, was about to enter the dwelling, but at that moment his eyes met those of the beautiful girl we have before mentioned, and he read in them an expression of such extreme haughtiness that he paused. Then answering her look by one so intensely scornful that her eyes fell before it, he turned away, when to his surprise the younger sister, Rosalie, said, "Yes, come here sometimes if you feel inclined." She added, archly "Papa, will not lecture you much, and I think you will be able to breathe.

Come and try." Walter Grey answered frankly, "I should like to come very much," then with a brusque "Good morning," he was gone.

Scarcely was he lost to their sight when the elder sister exclaimed, "Surely, dear papa you did not seriously invite that man to come here?" "Seriously, my dear, I did," was the reply. "He is not a gentleman," said the girl. "How do you know that my child?" answered the parent. "By his dirty disgusting dress," said the maiden, "Dress does not make a gentleman," was the mild rejoinder, "But manners and appearance do, papa, and he has neither." "His manners are kind, though rough," replied he. "He is a fine-looking young man, and his brusqueness will wear off—that is if you do not pique him still to assume it. Mind, it is dangerous to play with edged tools, and I warn you, Eveline, that you have met your match; but what my Eva," he continued, drawing her tenderly towards him, "must that young digger have thought of my lady daughter? Were her manners lady-like?" The proud girl coloured deeply, and appeared ready to weep, but she checked her tears and answered coldly, "He must have simply thought that I knew my position, and intended him to know his." The old man smiled, but it was sadly, as he inquired, "And what may that position be; I know of none to warrant such folly. You are simply the daughter of a very poor and ruined man, who has come to these diggings to practise medicine among every class of gold seekers. Because you think you are of higher birth and better educated than they, you assume a pride which ill becomes you, and which will render you ridiculed—not respected."

Eveline here burst into tears, and hastily left the room. Rosalie rose to follow, but her father motioned her to resume her seat, saying, "Leave your sister to herself for awhile, I want to hear more of your afternoon's adven-

ture." Rosalie related all that had passed. The father sighed deeply when she ended, saying "Yes, that is I fear the way in which too many spend their lives. It is as that young man said, dig, dig, dig, from Monday morning till Saturday night, and then they spend all their earnings at the public house." "Do you think all act thus?" asked Rosalie, earnestly. "No doubt there are exceptions," was the reply; "but when such is the case, great moral courage must have been exercised." Then assuming a cheerful air, "I am now going to see Mrs. Macpherson's little girl, and another patient some distance on, and probably shall not return till the laughing jackasses are singing their vesper hymn. It is a point of politeness, too, at every digger's hut, to ask you to eat and drink, so I shall not come home half-starved." The fond father kissed his child and departed.

Rosalie immediately sought her sister, whom she found seated upon a box in their little bed room. She was quite calm, but traces of tears were still visible on her cheeks, "Rosalie, dear," said she, "tell me all about your fright." The sister complied, and provoked the following angry comment—"Papa must be mad to ask a man to come here, who admits himself that he is leading a low life." "Perhaps papa thinks," said Rosalie, "that he may be induced to lead a better one. We think that perhaps he was brought up at home, like ourselves," — "Or may be a prince in disguise," said Eveline, scornfully. "Really papa and you have such Utopian notions." Not wishing to prolong the subject, Rosalie exclaimed, "What a splendid sunset, Eva only look." The elder sister approached the window and beheld the sun, in a full blaze of beauty, sinking to the horizon. Around it were clouds rivalling the rainbow for varied colour. The sky itself caused Eveline to exclaim "Why, that orange colour must be what the colonists cal

the 'Australian tint.' How beautiful! I hope papa will not be too much occupied indoors, and so miss this sunset." "When did the new servant tell papa she would come?" inquired Eveline. Rosalie laughing replied, "She would let us know as soon as she had made up her mind." They then went into the kitchen to see about tea.

"What insolence," said Eveline, "Of course papa will not allow her to come after that." "Papa says," replied Rosalie, "that it is difficult to obtain a servant here at all. It was what they call colonial bounce. She means to come, but thinks as this is a free country she must show herself independent." "Free indeed!" said Eveline. "Oh how I wish," said Rosalie, "that one of our nice respectable servants from home would now walk in. How pretty Ann and Mary used to look in their nice little caps, so different from the Sydney girls, for they wear none. I do wish this wood would not be so obstinate. I'm so hot." "Let me try," said Eveline, kneeling down before an immense fire place, the hobs of which were two large stones. The fire being on the ground was trying to a fine girl like Eveline, besides it leapt up six times in two minutes; then, in spite of her efforts, died away. Ultimately by the consumption of several newspapers and a profusion of dry leaves they succeeded.

Having had tea, they sat down to read and work. The book selected was David Copperfield, and the droll answers of Mr. Dick made them laugh heartily. To their surprise their merriment was echoed by a perfect chorus of laughter. "The laughing jackasses," cried Rosalie, "just as if they enjoyed the book; papa will be here soon." This droll association of ideas caused more mirth, the birds joining in renewed it, and the girls fairly laughed till they cried.

The shades of evening came gradually on, but the twilight being of much shorter duration than it is in England, it grew dark much earlier. "I'm afraid that child must be very ill, or papa would not be so long," said Rosalie, "I hope none of those horrid Chinamen have attacked him." Eveline smiled. "That Chinaman has attacked your nerves," she said. "Why papa would not fear a dozen of them." "Had we not better unloose Lion?" said Rosalie, "Papa said no, doubtless for some good reason," was the reply. "Don't fear, we are safe enough; let us read some more of our book."

Rosalie complied, and became much interested in the story. This, together with the occasional rattle of Lion's chain, soon caused her to forget her fears, till suddenly a noise was heard just over the hut, which filled them with alarm. The building was composed of bark, but the roof was made of calico, stretched across a pole in the same manner as a tent, with a second lining underneath. The noise mentioned was heard distinctly, and the eyes of the sisters were quickly rivetted to the upper part of the tenement, as if they feared some dreadful creature would penetrate the slight covering, and rush down upon them. The noise was a half choking, half snarling sound. Lion now commenced barking. "This is horrible," said Rosalie, in a whisper; "it must be in the tree that overhangs the hut. Perhaps its a wild cat. Oh! what shall we do?" "Loose Lion, of course," said Eva, calmly, though her cheeks were pale, "I'll go." "No, no," cried the younger sister, "pray don't; perhaps the cat will spring down upon you." Eveline paused, and then said decidedly, "I must; it may attack papa;" and both left the hut.

It was a lovely moonlight night. There was a sudden rustle amongst the leaves, but no more snarling. "Hush!" said Eveline, "look there," pointing

to a tree opposite the hut. Rosalie did so, and at the foot saw two creatures somewhat resembling rabbits, except that their fur was grey and their tails long and bushy, and they looked up to the sisters in such a gentle manner that their fears were at once allayed. "But there is still that horrid snarling creature on the top of the hut," said Rosalie, "these mild looking animals could never have made that hideous noise." Eva now unloosed Lion, who came bounding forward. The visitors in fur jackets quickly ran up the tree. Lion, a large black retriever, now commenced a series of barks, which were instantly replied to by a number of dogs in the distance. Lion immediately sent a defiant challenge back, which was answered by other dogs from quite a different quarter. These were native dogs—they might almost be called wolves, whose startling warwhoop the sisters heard for the first time. At last Lion could bear these insults no longer, and he started off as if to give battle. "Oh this is why papa wished him to be kept chained," cried Rosalie, "he may be now miles away, and we are alone." "Don't be too sure of that little trembler, nor hasty in your judgment. Lion's ears are quicker than yours, and he came to welcome me home.' The girls turned quickly and to their great joy perceived their father, accompanied by their faithful protector Lion. Inquiries were made respecting the sick child, whose serious illness had detained the Doctor, but not to his injury, for he said he had had plenty to eat. The girls then told him of the snarling sounds, and described their friends up the tree. The old man smiled as he replied, "You have indeed been taking lessons in Bush life, but you must not be frightened at any strange noises. You will hear many; your friends up the tree, and the horrid snarlers are the same animals—opossums.

"Oh," said Rosalie, "we feared the latter were wild cats.

What is a wild cat like, papa?" "It is a cat, my dear, with a small head and a spotted skin, which is very handsome; doubtless they would be vicious if attacked, but the sight of human beings scares them; in fact it is so with all creatures in the Bush, snakes not excepted." The barking of the native dogs was then related, the Doctor remarking, "No wonder it did strike you as something terrible; it is like the warwhoop of the Indian, and causes a thrill of repugnance. It must be heard to be understood, for it cannot be described. And now we will have one look at the Southern Cross. See! there it is—composed of four brilliant stars. And now to supper, and then thank God for His preservation throughout the day, and praise His holy name for the grandeur of his works, which we are thus kindly permitted to see."

They entered the hut and soon after retired to rest.



## CHAPTER II.

The next morning passed quickly in the performance of household duties. In the afternoon the Doctor left to attend some patients, and the girls promised to meet him on his way home. Accordingly, about 4 o'clock they set out, and were greatly amused with the cockatoos, parrots, and magpies who chattered to and at each other, sung comic songs—questioning, answering, scolding and screaming. Their next discovery was that they had lost their way, and further progress was impeded by a number of large holes. "This is a most absurd position," cried Eveline, "and not a soul near to direct us." "Hush," said Rosalie, as to their astonishment a man's head appeared above one of the holes. Eveline at once asked the head to tell them how to pass by the holes. In an instant the digger, who was a German, was by her side, cap in hand. "Holes," said he, "too much dirty for ladies; will come back leetle way with me; put them on clean road."

They were soon in a position to resume their walk. The foreigner bowed politely, and returned to his work. "See," cried Rosalie, "there is a man cutting down a tree, an immense tree." Eva colouring deeply replied, "It is that man who brought you home yesterday—come on." "He won't notice us," said Rosalie. "I should like to see him get it down, it seems almost impossible." Curiosity prevailed, and Eveline stopped. "See," continued Rosalie, "the tree is falling. Oh! I hope he won't be hurt." Here she screamed, for the tree fell with a fearful crash. Hearing the scream the woodman paused and looked round, but in vain,

for the girls had hidden behind some bushes. "Admire," laughed Eveline, "his perplexed look; he wonders if we or cockatoos made the noise." "Stay a moment," said Rosalie, "he cannot see us. Look, he lifts one of those heavy branches on his shoulder; how strong he must be." "Come on," persisted Eveline, "or we may perhaps meet a Chinaman." In an instant her sister was by her side, saying, "I shall be glad when that girl comes, then Lion can walk out with us: he would have killed that Chinaman yesterday. I'm glad he was not with me." "Of course," said Eveline wickedly, "for you would have lost that romantic walk, with that elegant young man."

Here observing her sister looking rather grave she said no more, and they continued their walk for some time in silence. At length, as if following a train of thought, Eveline said abruptly. "I dare say it is an independent life, trusting to yourself, putting forth all your energy, no leaning on others, no one to control, or dictate to you, going where you like, doing what you like, no relation laying down the law, and chalking out your path in life. If I were a man I'd come abroad at once." "And *be a dirty digger?*" asked Rosalie, provokingly. At this unexpected retort Eveline frowned and coloured deeply; then turning to her sister—"Do you not think it must be an independent life?" "I don't know," said Rosalie. "Of course," continued the elder sister, "I don't mean by independence, going to a public house, as the man we have just passed will doubtless do this evening, but building your own hut, felling your own trees, and carrying them to your own home," and her eyes brightened as she spoke. "Truly, if 'a young man's glory is in his strength,' a young woman's glory is in seeing it; and it is a mistaken notion, to fancy the fair sex admire either fops or fools." Here their father met them. "Too late, too late," said he, "the dew is

rising." "Dew, papa, I thought the book about Australia told us there were no dews here." "The book told us many things which have proved untrue," said he. They then hastened home.

And now dear reader, I have introduced you to an amiable family, we will leave them for a while and take a look at the Diggings. We walk through the Bush for about a mile, then arrive at a creek, with trees partially cleared on either side; we then note tents of all sizes. These we pass, and arrive at the centre of the Diggings. There we shall find that belonging to Water Grey and his mate Keene; further on are one or two stores and a public-house. These we leave, our business being with our first-formed friends, who are stretched upon bunks (or wooden sofas) covered with red blankets, both reading. A large wood fire blazes in front of the tent. On the table are the remnants of supper, left purposely in case Keene may be attacked by a "hungry fit," and wish to "pick a bit," that is to eat a pound or so of salted beef; candles stuck in blocks of wood, old shirts and clothes, in course of washing or mending, complete the picture. Pitching the volumn to the other side of the tent, Grey exclaimed—"The man who wrote this book was a fool." Receiving no reply to this observation, he continued, "I say Keene, what do you think of some snapjacks (pan-cakes) now, by way of a change?" "I think they'd be deuced good," was the reply. "Well then get up and make some, whilst I go and see how Tom Conolly is."—"No, no," said Keene, "you stay and talk while I cook." Grey consented, saying "All right, and as I said before, the fellow who wrote that book was a fool." "Why?" said Keene, smiling, for he saw that Grey was determined to give his opinion. "Because he has no more idea of spinning a yarn about a woman's 'windings' than you have Tom. "Why, I could

have done it better myself." Keene laughed and asked, "Which of the women in the book are you talking of, the dark gal or the fair'un?" "The dark one of course," said Grey; "who'd think about a fair girl when a dark one like *that* was described?" "I would," said Keene. I hate your darkies, with their tigerish eyes; give me a nice, good-sized, fat, laughing gal, with a large, round, fair good tempered face; that's my sort."

"Plenty for your money," said a voice at the door, and a fair good looking young man of slight figure entered. "Now what I'd like would be just to get a girl for my wife, such as I saw this very day, with these very eyes, for by Jove she *was* a nugget." "Was she dark or fair, Ned?" Walter Grey inquired eagerly. "Fair, fair, my honored friend," was the mock heroic reply. "Fair as the early morn, and lovely as the driven snow. Keene, hand me a bit of that snapjack, they look stunning. I say Grey, have you seen the crushing mahine." "Hang the crushing machine!" was the answer, "did you see her?" "Who?" said the new comer, in surprise. Grey took him by the arm, and led him from the tent; his earnestness startled young Hurst, for Grey's cheek was flushed, and his eyes were dark and glowing as he said, "Did you see that young girl's sister?" "No," said Hurst, "have you?" "Yes, and I never saw any one so beautiful, but the woman's as proud as the devil." "Humph," said Hurst, "Two of a trade." Grey continued, "I must call there; the father has asked me and Keene. He floored the Chinaman, so the old man wants him to come too, but he's not quite—he's not exactly—I wish you'd come with us, and then you'd see your 'nugget,' you know." "Ah, to be sure I should; I'm of the party," cried Hurst, "and for the bewitching event, I'll go and wash a shirt; saying which he started off and soon gained his own tent. "Saturn, Apollo, Venus

and Juno invite me to a banquet. And I (here he sank his voice to a deep sepulchral tone) must wash my shirt, or else it won't get dry." He then began to wash his shirt, enlivening the operation by an occasional waltz round the tub, to the great amusement of two or three loungers, one of whom at length called him a fool, on which he threw the half washed garment on the ground, exclaiming, "No, oh! no, but I'm desperately in love." He then rushed from the tent to a neighbouring inn, where he remained till three o'clock in the morning, singing comic songs and acting; he then returned home, made up a fire, and finished his shirt.

The reader is now introduced to a store. A bold looking woman was leaning over the counter with her arms folded, gossiping with two or three rough looking men, who were seated on casks, and smoking. The conversation, if such it could be called, ran thus:— "Have you seen the new Docthur, Mike?" says one of the men. "Not I," replies Mike, "may the day be long or I want his help anyhow." "That's thure for you," joins in the woman, "but he's a noice man that same Docthur, pleasant spoken, and seen better days, I'll go bail." "Did you bottom that hole?" a rough voice bursts in. "Yes," another replies. "Well, and did you get anything?" says the first speaker? "No, it was a shicer." "Well, there's nothing but shicers and duffers now, and a fellow can scarcely pick up enough to buy a plum duff."

This attempt at wit caused some laughter, which ceased when the door was opened, and Eveline and Rosalie entered, followed by three or four Chinamen, who certainly did not stare more than the others. The behaviour of the woman of the store towards the two young girls was very different; to Rosalie she was civil, obliging, nay anxious to please, but to Eveline her manner

was irritating, and her replies flippantly implied that her custom was not wanted. The following conversation which ensued after they left the store, will form the best commentary.

Mrs. Bevan, the store keeper, observed, "Them two gals are no more like sisters, than I'm like that man," pointing to a Chinaman. "But my word," said a digger, that dark gal's a reg'lar stunner, but she wants a deal of breaking in." "That she do, and I hope, she'll get it," said the woman; "a proud crayture that she is; a good hammering now and then would do her good." "No, no, missus," said the man, "she don't wan't no hammering: she's a lady. "She aint," said the woman. "Yes, she is, by birth," replied the man, "and hammering aint' allowed, they 'udn't stand it, and it 'udn't do; I don't say she's a lady in manners, but t'other is." "That she is," said the woman, "and twenty times prettier than that proud, dark gauky thing. I don't believe they're sisters at all."

Then the men quitted the store, leaving the woman to enjoy her unbelief.

## CHAPTER III.

The same evening Dr. Howard and his daughters were engaged in their usual occupations, when the former, laying down his book, said, "Eva, I do not think you need fear being troubled with the company of Rosalie's gallant defenders; they seem as unwilling to make your acquaintance as you their's." "And a good thing too," replied Eveline, "now just suppose they did come, what on earth could we say to them? We are not supposed to know anything about digging, or spades, or holes, cradles or crushing machines. They could of course talk of nothing else; I should be quite at a loss." "Suppose," said Rosalie, "you tried bullock driving as a subject." "Excellent," said Eveline, pretending to flourish a stock-whip in one hand, while with the other she pulled in an imaginary restive animal, singing in a loud voice, as she did so:—

"Oh trot, trot, trot good bullocks,  
Trot, trot, trot, trot, away."

Peals of laughter greeted this parody of the celebrated "Trab, Trab," when the door suddenly opened, and Walter Grey, Keene, and Hurst stood before them. Instantly, stock-whip, restive horse and bullocks vanished, and very grave and very handsome sat Miss Howard, absorbed in the mysteries of crochet. Her father rose to welcome the visitors, all of whom were in diggers' dresses, but scrupulously clean. Grey and Hurst at home would have ranked as middle class men, Keene as one of the peasantry.

The first two remained standing till requested to take their seats, but Keene had already anticipated the offer, and was feeling for his pipe, when a kick on the shins from Hurst, (a preconcerted signal) reminded him that he was transgressing the boundary of good manners. The Doctor turning to Grey, said, "I had almost begun to fear that you had forgotten your promise to bring your mate for me to thank him for his kindness in defending my child." "No thanks required," said Keene, cutting him short. Rose could scarcely repress her laughter, but to the horror of Hurst, who, like many young men the life and soul of male society, was excessively shy in the presence of the fair sex, Keene continued, "It was not so much, you know, that I thought the young gal in much danger, but I can't abide those dam——." Here a tremendous kick from Hurst caused him to start, but determined not to lose his speech, he added—"those blessed Chinamen, which I can't abide."

Walter Grey seemed to enjoy all this, and feeling quite at home, he was disposed to make himself agreeable, so placing himself beside Rosalie, he said, "Have you quite left off trembling, Miss Rose? The other day you shook like an aspen leaf." "Oh yes, quite," she replied, "thanks to you, and Mr. Keene." "Who's *he*, ma'am?" broke in Keene, "my name's TOM!" A kick from Hurst followed the remark, and Grey explained, "We diggers call each other by our christian names, so that sometimes we forget that we have surnames at all." All laughed, except Eveline. Rosalie continued, "I was frightened; I am naturally a coward. For instance I am a timid rider, but you should see Eveline on horseback, she has no fear, and looks beautiful." "I can easily imagine *that*," said Grey involuntarily. Eveline looked up for a moment; their eyes met, but her's were hastily withdrawn. "You



are so courageous dear, are you not?" continued Rosalie, peeping under the downcast eyes of her sister. The look, so haughty to others, fell kindly upon that young face, and Grey felt more fascinated than ever. Hurst even ventured to address a few words to the proud beauty. "It's a good thing for a lady to be able to ride here," he said. "Indeed!" was the cold reply. "Yes," he continued, nervously, but becoming familiar, as people often do when they are ill at ease at first, "You must just slip on your habit, you know, and sun bonnet, and start off early, and then you'll be able to see *all* the Diggings." "Really!" Eveline replied, with a slight toss of the head, "I should certainly think it worth my while to rise early, to look at holes resembling wells, dirty Chinamen, ("And diggers," said Walter Grey quietly.) The cheeks of the proud girl flushed, but her eyes were averted, as she continued bitterly, "Yes, I should look well, in this dull place, ("Which Miss Howard enlivens by her presence," said Grey in parenthesis). She bit her lip, but continued mockingly, "Yes, in this very dull place fancy me riding" — ("on a bullock," whispered Rosalie). Pride came to the ground, and Eveline covering her face with her hands burst into a hearty fit of laughter; but here Keene, who as Hurst said, put other people's pipes out because he could not enjoy his own, spoiled all by saying, "Ah *that's* more nat'ral, than those ugly looks. Laugh on gal; I likes to see it!" Down came Hurst's foot with such force that Keene ground his teeth in agony, then turning fiercely on his impetuous monitor, he would have knocked him down, but as with a fearful oath, he sprung forward, Dr. Howard and Grey interposed. "Keene," cried Grey, "no fighting here! Hurst hold your tongue, or else both of you walk outside, for these ladies shall not be annoyed."

As he spoke his eyes grew darker than usual, his

colour was high, and there could be no doubt of his meaning what he said. Dr. Howard now looked at Rosalie and nodded, and the next minute she had placed some pipes, tobacco, and two black bottles on the table. Then the Doctor turned to Keene, observing with a smile, "There's nothing so good for an injured limb, as a little genuine rum and a pipe of good tobacco. Help yourself, you're the first man in the Diggings, I've given advice to gratis." "My word, Doctor," said Keene, if *this* is your way of giving advice, you'll often have *me* for a patient."

Eveline now put by her crochet, and was about to leave the room, observing which her father said, "Eveline, come here." She advanced with a queen-like step. "Sit down by me." She hesitated. "Have I then," said he, in a low voice, "*two disobedient children?*" The proud girl instantly obeyed, and Walter Grey, who overheard the old man's reproach, fancied he saw tears in her eyes. A volume of Shakspeare was lying on the table; Grey opened it, observing which Doctor Howard said, "I need not ask you if you admire that great poet, but I should like to know which are your favourite characters," and, turning to Hurst,—"*yours.*" "Oh," said Hurst, greatly relieved, for he feared he was in disgrace, "Grey likes, all the gloomy fellows, such as Richard the Third, and Macbeth—I like the jolly ones." "Then," said the Doctor, "suppose after we have had a glass of grog, you read some of your favourite passages to the ladies, while I smoke my pipe." "Not me," said Keene, "if you please: I can't read much without spelling the words, you'd find me tiresome." Here Rosalie whispered to her sister, "Fancy Shakspeare being spelt." "You'll be part of the audience Keene," said Grey, who now commenced reading Richard's second soliloquy on Conscience, which begins with "*Would it were done.*" His voice was full and distinct,

and he read with correct taste and true feeling. Eveline, who had at first assumed an air of indifference, became gradually more and more interested; at length, dropping her work, she leaned forward and seemed thoroughly to enjoy the reading, and Walter Grey had just arrived at the words:—

“ Why, let them say it,  
They can't but say I had the Crown,  
And was not fool as well as villain,”

when Keene, who had been taking a nap, started up with—  
“ Here's a pretty go, we've forgot all about the pig!”  
“ Confound you and the pig too,” cried Hurst and Grey.  
“ But,” remonstrated Keene, “ the raffle's to come off to night.” “ Well, go yourself,” said Grey, and Keene left. Then voices were heard outside the hut.” “ I say Hurst, we're just going to begin ” said one. “ If you don't move off, Conolly,” roared Hurst, “ I'll just come out and punch your head.” “ Oh, I forgot, pray forgive me, ladies,” and to the great amusement of Rosalie, he threw himself on his knees before her, exclaiming, in theatrical style—

“ Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
Of these my crimes supposed to give me leave,  
By circumstances but to acquit myself.”

Seeing that he had not given offence, he jumped up and danced a dance, of his own invention, called “ Hurst's Corollary,” which made Rosalie laugh till the tears ran down her cheeks. Hurst was so delighted at this, that he volunteered to do the “ Frog's Hornpipe,” and he was just about to begin, when, chancing to look at Eveline, he encountered a glance of such withering contempt that he became literally transfixed, rooted to the spot, looking like an immense petrified frog, and thus he gazed at her, with his hands upon his knees, the very personification of comic woe.

"Come, let's go," said Grey, "or you'll send Miss Rosalie into hysterics." They then prepared to leave; each in his turn said, "good evening, Miss Howard," and bowed; they shook hands with the doctor, and younger sister, who followed them to the door, when suddenly trampling of feet was heard, and a crowd of diggers came up, singing lustily, "Poor dog Tray." They were headed by Keene, who had won the pig, which he was now leading by a string, and on seeing Rosalie he instantly bawled out, "Here's a noble animal, Miss, I've brought it for you, pray accept it as a little keepsake, a token of respect like, now *do*." Rosalie embarrassed, nay frightened, faltered out, "I could not think of depriving you"—"Then I won't have her neither," said Keene bluntly. "I'll let her bolt;" but fearing to hurt his feelings, Doctor Howard said quickly, "Yes, she *will* accept it, Keene, and thanks you kindly." The diggers then gave one cheer for the "Doctor," and two for "his daughter," and, accompanied by Grey and Hurst, passed on, their march still enlivened by their favourite "Poor dog Tray."

"Rosalie," said the Doctor, "you are now a woman of property, for you possess a pig—rather a troublesome present though; we must put our guest into the tool house." This being done, they entered the hut. "Eva," said Rosalie "did you hear about the pig?" "Of course I did," her sister replied angrily, "and if we're to be subject to such insults, I should prefer going away; I do not see why we should be so constantly annoyed. Those people had no right to come, and we were wrong to receive them." "Children," interrupted the old man sternly, "sit down, and listen to me—listen well, for what I say now I say once for all, and you know I can keep my word." Eva bowed her head sadly. "What the insults are to which you refer, I do not know; the only in-

sulting conduct," looking towards Eva, "was on *your* part, and you cannot be surprised if it was resented. You say why should we receive such visitors? We are taught to 'use hospitality,' and on our road through life to 'bear each other's burdens.' I for one will endeavour to obey God's will. I see around me many men, married and single, earnest, intelligent, and powerful either for good or evil; some without education or culture, displaying the noblest qualities; others well educated, tenderly cared for once, sinking from constant disappointment into a state of sullen apathy. But *all* wanting a friendly hand to save them. As these men are, so will their children be. My life of travel and experience fits me to improve them, and with God's help, so I *will*. You could greatly assist me, for a woman's persuasion often goes more directly to the heart than a man's appeal to reason. I have no fear that you will be insulted; I choose my guests with more discretion. They would soon learn to respect you, and then learn to respect themselves; for the power of kindness ever strikes *home to the heart*. As for leaving me, whoever quits this roof from such a cause, never returns to it again. Eveline, I say *remember the past!* Now God bless you both. Good night!"

The sisters now retired to rest. "Eveline," whispered Rosalie, "How do you like Water Grey?" "I hate him!" cried Eveline, bursting into tears. Rosalie prudently abstained from further questions: she lay thinking over the strange events of the day, and listening with the deepest sympathy to the half stifled sobs of Eveline; at length they ceased, and the sisters slept.

## CHAPTER IV.

A few days after the events narrated in the last chapter, two more visitors arrived, without invitation or announcement. It was in this way. The Doctor was from home, and the sisters had just dined, when Rosalie, chancing to look towards the fire place, exclaimed, "Eveline, there's a snake!" and hurried to the other end of the room. "Nonsense," said Eveline, "you have never seen a snake." "But I tell you it is one," cried Rosalie, "see there!" pointing to one nearly five feet long, which, with head erect and body arched, paused in its progress across the hearth. Eveline shuddered, its appearance was so indescribably loathsome. "What shall we do?" she said anxiously. "Stand back, Rose, the front door is open, perhaps it will glide out, if not, oh! what shall we do." "Kill it," said a voice at the door, and to the astonishment of the sisters, a girl of about sixteen walked in, and closed the door gently behind her. Eveline was about to speak, when the new comer uttered a peremptory "Hush!" in the lowest possible whisper adding to Rosalie, "Fetch a broom," and turning to Eveline, "you stand still and stare at it well." The latter hastened to comply, but the snake was gone. Rosalie brought the broom. "Oh, dear, she cried in a doleful tone," its gone behind the book case; all the books must come out, and its so heavy." "Hush!" said the new arrival, "there it is, trying to wriggle itself under the door, give me the broom;" and in a moment the young colonist was aiming blow after blow at the reptile's head, but it was too quick

for her, and succeeded in getting under the door. "It's gone!" cried Rosalie, with delight. "Gone!" cried the Australian in a rage, "but I'll have him yet," and flinging open the door she gained upon the creature, and aimed a blow at its head; then suddenly she sprung back, trembling in every limb, saying, "Good God! it threw itself backwards at me. I'm afraid of it." Eveline without a moment's hesitation, walked to her side, Rosalie followed; what help they could give they did not know, but it encouraged the girl, who struck one more blow with all her strength, and the snake lay dead at their feet. Its appearance was revolting from its flesh colour, and fearful from its size. Still they could not help admiring the beautiful markings of its body, and the following words came forcibly to the minds of both—"I will put enmity between her seed and thy seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Their meditations were however soon interrupted by their new friend, saying coolly, "Never saw 'em do that afore; suppose it got 'cranky' at my hammering it; well now I'll go inside." "Stop!" cried Eveline. "We are much obliged to you for killing the snake, and think you very brave, but pray who are you?" "Why the new gal, to be sure," was the reply, "didn't the man tell you I was making up my mind?" An angry flush mounted to the cheeks of Eveline on hearing her father called "the man" and she was about to administer a sharp rebuke, when Rosalie interposed, saying to the girl, "I'm very glad you have come." "'Cause I can kill snakes," retorted the colonist, laughing. "The man didn't say you lived here; I thought you was on the digging. Father keep a 'shanty' there, but he's off on the spree just now." "Keeps a what?" said Rosalie, "and what is he about?" The girl burst into a loud laugh, "Why you must be a 'shingle short' to ask that! How old am I, and what's

my name, d'ye say? Why I'm thirteen, and my name's Jenny Coles—there!" Then turning to Lion, who was barking angrily, "Hold your tongue, do, or I'll soon take you 'out of winding', Mister Noisy." She was then about to throw a stone at him, when Rosalie said firmly but quickly, "Throw away that stone Jenny, or I'll turn Lion loose, and he'll tear you to pieces; he is very savage to strangers." The girl threw away the stone, saying, "Well is he now; that's right, I'm glad he's 'plucky.'"

At this moment the Doctor returned. Rosalie took him by the arm, and introduced him to the dead snake. "Jenny killed it," she said, "but it turned back at her." "Ah!" said the Doctor, "it was angry." "She said it was 'cranky,'" said Rosalie. "'Cranky' means vicious," was the reply. "But papa, I do not believe that is the snake I saw at first, which I am sure went behind the book case." Here the voice of Jenny Coles was heard exclaiming, "*Two snakes!* well if that aint a stunner?" "That girl," said Eveline, "says such strange words; she told Rosalie that she must be 'a shingle short,' what did she mean?" "That she was not quite sane" replied the Doctor, smiling. "Houses here are roofed with shingles, (pieces of wood placed like tiles) one wanting, of course renders the roof defective." "How impertinent," said Eveline, "and how vulgar to talk of taking things out of winding, and hammering; and what is the meaning, papa, of 'shanty?'" "A low public house," my dear, "and now I think you have learnt enough of the colonial vocabulary for one morning."

Thus time passed on. Walter Grey and Hurst were occasional visitors, and seemed to enjoy the society of the Doctor and his youngest daughter very much. Eveline still assumed her distant manner, though it was easy to perceive that when the conversation turned upon the fine arts or literature, the task was difficult. Walter Grey in-



variably addressed his remarks to the Doctor or Rosalie. Hurst would have divided his attentions more equally, but the dark beauty gave him no encouragement.

One evening Grey, followed by Hurst, entered the hut. "There is some talk," said the former, "of new diggings being likely to be discovered." "Another Snowy," said the Doctor, laughing. "No, no," said Grey, colouring, "but the 'Snowy' will be right again when the winter is over." "Yes, yes," said the old man quietly, "but I was just thinking that you brought the paper to me, and were going off there a month ago, but where are these diggings?" "At a place called Lambing Flat; gold—fine gold, has been found there; and Keene who was a shepherd there once, says it will be a large gold field, and Hurst and I must try the place, as our claim here is just worked out." Both the girls looked up quickly, as this was said. "How do you get there?" inquired the Doctor. "Oh, walk of course," said Grey, "the distance is about one hundred and eighty miles." "How long do you think your claim will take to work out?" "About two months." "Then," said the Doctor, "you will have time to learn if the report be correct, and May will bring us into the middle of winter here." The subject was abruptly terminated by Jenny Coles, who rushed wildly in and said, "I say Miss Rosalie, you was right, another snake has just crawled out from under my bed." In an instant the whole party were on their feet. "Where is it?" asked Grey. "Oh its dead," said Jenny, "a black fellow killed it; its in the kitchen." It was the same description of snake as that previously killed.

At this moment a black man, an aboriginee, walked in. He was dressed in a curiously cut blue coat and white trousers. He commenced a series of courtesies, and introduced himself thus:—"Jemmie Illawarra, King Polly, Queen, outside." "Get out," cried Miss Coles;" but

the Doctor interposed, "No, no, we are well rid of the snake," he said, "so give the poor creatures something to eat and drink. Thank you, Jemmie." "Big snake, Jemmie. Old man snake," said the black sententiously. "What does he mean?" asked Rosalie. "He means that it was very cunning," replied Grey. "Polly Queen outside," cried Jemmie emphatically, and walked to the door. The whole party followed, and beheld a female perfectly black, with no other covering than a blanket with two arm-holes. This primitive garment was short, and exposed her very thin legs. Folded in a very secure manner within the blanket, sat a sturdy little boy—the Infant Prince! The mother, like most of the aborigines, was exceedingly plain, but her beautiful dark eyes and gentle smile were very pleasing. "What's the matter with arm, Polly;" said the Doctor, pointing to a long thin arm, tied at the elbow with a piece of tape. "Brudder broke arm," was the reply. "Does it pain you much?" said Rosalie; and Eveline angrily exclaimed, (turning to Jemmie), "You little brute!" "Is he your brother?" said the Doctor, "Husband," replied Polly, and smiled fondly on her small spouse, who looked fiercely at Eveline—so fiercely that even she, who was so brave, trembled.

The Doctor now taught the King how to bandage the the Queen's arm. This was much against the monarch's will, who evidently considered such an act beneath his dignity. "Jemmie do a *little* work," said he, "Polly scrub *great* deal." "Now then, darkies," cried Miss Coles, "supper's ready; and shall I throw the snake out?" "No, no," interposed Grey hastily, "let Jemmie see to that, and mind you burn the flannel you use to clean the steps where it was killed," "Oh," said the girl, "you're thinking of the men and the boots." "What was that," asked the Doctor. "A man was bitten by a snake," replied Grey;

“he died. He had just purchased a pair of boots; another man wore them, he died; his mate took to them, he died also. The boots were examined and the fang of a snake’s tooth was discovered in the sole.” “Is that true?” said the Doctor. “Quite true,” said Grey, “and the other day I was told the following as a positive fact. A man and his wife living up the country had a little girl about eight years of age; her father observed that she became very thin, and that she disappeared every day after meal time, with a piece of bread and butter in her hand. He determined to follow her into the Bush; he did so, and to his horror, saw his child *feeding a snake*. The father shot the snake, and from that hour the child pined, and soon after died.” “It was fascinated, I suppose,” said Eveline, thoughtfully. “It’s very strange.” “Yes,” said the old man, dreamingly (as if speaking his thoughts aloud) “Fascinating, false, and poisoning all things within reach of its deadly venom. True emblem of sin.” This led to serious conversation, broken in upon by Jenny Coles rushing in with, “Here, oh! I say, just look at the Queen strutting about in one of my old frocks, and she’s got nothing under it—isn’t she flash?” Again she came in, and said mysteriously, “I say, the King and the Queen are fast asleep on some hay in the stable. The baby’s all right; the others are drunk as owls.”

Grey and Hurst now wished them good night, and so this eventful evening concluded.

## CHAPTER V.

Thus time passed on, and summer drew fast to an end. Many thunder storms had taken place during the warm weather, frightening Rosalie almost out of her senses; and even Eveline was often much alarmed at the vivid flashes of forked lightning, accompanied by peals of thunder, which seemed as if they would shake the little homestead to the ground. Then a lull would ensue, awful from its very stillness, and poor Rosalie, pale and trembling, would say, "It's passing over, papa, is it not?" and the father would draw her closer to him and reply, "No, the elements are only gathering strength for a fresh battle, but do not fear my child, 'God rideth on the whirlwind and the storm,'" and perhaps, even as he spoke, a flash of lightning would illumine the whole of their little dwelling, followed by thunder, which seemed in its rolling progress round the horizon, to tear up the very earth; and poor Rosalie would cling convulsively to the old man, burying her head on his shoulder. Eveline would stand near, holding by the chair, pale to the lips, but watching the storm with an expression of solemn awe, and yet almost of enjoyment, as she repeated the words, "It's very grand." At last it would seem to be really dying away, and poor Rosalie would raise her head and say, "It is very wicked of me to be frightened." Then in a moment a terrific, crashing peal would roll over their heads, as if it would never stop, and then gradually die away.

At length winter set in, but with it came the fearful epidemic Influenza; men, women, and children sank

beneath its overpowering spell, and our diggers were among the sufferers. At first the coolness of the weather had proved a most delightful change from the excessive heat of the summer. It then became gradually colder, and, at the period Grey had fixed for their journey to Lambing Flat, was intensely cold, and influenza seemed to have turned gold seeker, and settled itself on the Diggings. Diligently and well did Doctor Howard perform his duties, and numerous were the lives he saved. He comforted many an aching heart by the kind sympathy with which he listened to their tales of distress. One case required his especial care, and unfortunately the patient lived some miles from the Diggings; and one day the Doctor found him so seriously ill that he was obliged to remain for the night. The next day the Doctor hastened towards home, being very anxious respecting his daughters and his other patients. As he approached the diggings he perceived a woman hastening towards him; her manner of walking was by no means steady, and the Doctor recognized his old friend, Mrs. Bevan, a little the worse for one or two calls she had evidently made on the road. "Oh-o-o-o-h Docthur," she began, "and for certain shure my heart's glad to see yer face, for there's Walter Grey dying in his tent intirely, and Hurst and Keene looking loike dead leaves blown down by the cowld cowld wind, and the poor boy Grey was moaning for the mother that bore him till he broke the heart of me, and I was forced to take a drop of the cratur', jist to save me life."

The Doctor turned his horse and galloped through the Diggings. He reached Grey's hut. Walter Grey was on his bunk, lying on his back, quite delirious. As the Doctor entered Grey called out, "Mother, mother! come to me, come; I am sick, I am dying, and I am here alone." Then starting up in his bed he added fiercely—"Who dares to say she will not come? She is coming, listen!"

“For God’s sake, Grey,” said Keene from an opposite bed, “be quiet, I can’t stand it;” and drawing his hand across his eyes, the poor fellow fell back quite exhausted. “It’s miserably cold,” he faltered out, for they were all too ill to light a fire, and the place looked wretched in the extreme. Hurst lay on a mattress on the floor, much flushed, but fast asleep. “So much for independence!” sighed the Doctor, as he approached Grey, and endeavoured to persuade him to lie down. His efforts were vain; the frenzy increased, and the word, “Mother, mother,” rang through the tent; at last, worn out by his own violence, poor Grey fell back on his pillow, closed his eyes, and lay like one dead.

“Poor fellow,” said the Doctor to Keene, “when was he taken ill?” “He’s not been well for some days,” said Keene, we’ve none of us been well; been working in a wet hole, and set in wet clothes, but I don’t think he’d have been so bad but that—(here followed two or three emphatic adjectives which we omit) Mrs. Bevan must come bothering, and nothing ’ud do but he must take a drop of the cratur’ as she calls it; he was half out of his head then, and now he’s altogether cranky. My rheumatiz has got me regularly tied down, and Hurst’s as weak as a baby.”

During this recital the Doctor was engaged applying restoratives. He succeeded. Grey opened his eyes, uttered a few rambling sentences, and then sank into a restless slumber. “Now,” said the Doctor, “we must make a fire.” This he soon effected. “Thank ye, Doctor, that’s glorious!” said poor Keene. “And now we must find some one to nurse you. You cannot all lie here like this.” “That,” replied Keene, “you will find no easy matter; there’s not a tent but there illness in it. I do believe all the Diggings is laid on its back.” “Cannot you think of

some one?" "No," said Keene, gloomily. Then suddenly, "I wonder if Black Drake would come?" "Black Drake?" said the Doctor, "why, I had a servant once of that name; it would be strange if he should prove to be the same person." "He lives at Reynold's." "I will seek him there," said the Doctor. "Hurst, poor fellow, cannot do better than sleep; I will send you a lotion."

The Doctor soon arrived at the hut belonging to Reynold's. A scream of delight and surprise greeted him, and the words, "Massa come to de diggins, yah, yah, yah!" This was from an aged black man, in fact the veritable Drake, who seized the Doctor by the hand and inquired with much earnestness, how Miss Eveline and Rosa were. Then came, "Yah, yah, yah! young ladies on the diggins, poor massa, want money, Massa? Drake got some, yah, yah, yah!" "No, no, my good fellow," said the Doctor, "but I want you to nurse some sick friends." "Yes, yes, Massa, I go make e'm broth, very good broth, Massa not forget Drake's broth, yah, yah!" "No, no, I do not," said the Doctor, "so come along." Drake was soon established in the tent of Grey, and proved himself most valuable; and when the Doctor next called, and observed how all leaned on the services of their dark acquaintance, he could not help again saying, "So much for independence!"

It was nearly midnight when the Doctor reached his own hut. On entering he smiled, for stretched along the floor lay the noble-looking Lion, and with her arms round his neck and her head upon his shoulder, lay poor Rosalie, fast asleep. Eveline was reading; she looked up joyfully as her father entered, and advanced to meet him, saying, "Dear papa, how tired you seem, what can I get for you?" Lion wagged his tail and looked up lovingly, but never moved. "Dear old

fellow," said Eveline, "Rosalie has been sleeping like that for two or three hours, I fear she is unwell." "Most likely," said the doctor, "perhaps influenza; almost everybody has it; rouse her, dear, and call Jenny to help you get her to bed." "Jenny has gone," said Eveline. "Gone? how is that?" inquired the Doctor. "Her coming and going were much alike," was the reply. "This morning I paid her her wages, she went on with her work as usual till about twelve o'clock, and was hanging out some clothes, when a number of horses galloped along the Bush. They stopped to have a nibble at the bit of grass opposite. Jenny turned round; I was standing just outside the door; the moment she saw them she exclaimed, 'Blest if those ain't father's horses.' 'How do you know,?' said I, 'By the brand of course,' she replied. 'I say, Miss Eva, I must hook it!' 'Hook what?' said I. She gave me no reply, but with a gesture of impatience cut a switch from a tree, then walking very quietly towards the horses, seized the nearest by the mane, and swung herself on his back, actually astride like a man. The switch was then raised, a sharp cut given, and away they all went like mad things. I watched them for some minutes, and the way in which she wound in and out of the trees, bent under branches, and kept the horses together was really a pretty sight. She is a terribly rough girl, but certainly a splendid rider." "It is awkward," said the Doctor, "but we cannot blame the girl for saving her fathers' property. Now, Lion, give up your charge." The noble dog licked the face of Rosalie once or twice, and then allowed her father to carry her, still fast asleep, to bed.

The Doctor now related how he had met their former servant, Black Drake, and described the sad scene in Grey's tent, adding, "Do you remember dear, I said you



would be able to form your opinion of this place by degrees only." "Yes, when we spoke of independence," said the girl, thoughtfully, then hesitatingly, "You don't think—you don't think there's any danger, do you, papa?" Here Eveline turned very pale. "Danger to Rosalie?" said the Doctor, "oh, no." "I don't mean to Rosalie, I mean to—to—any of them," said Eveline. "No, I think not," was the reply. Grey is the worst, but he was better when I left." "Shall I fasten Lion up," said Eveline quickly. "No, dear," said the old man, tenderly, "get to bed, we have a trying time before us; there is no doubt poor Rose has this fearful influenza, and we must take what rest we can while she sleeps."

## CHAPTER VI.

The apprehensions of the Doctor were verified, and Rosalie was for some time an invalid. The epidemic raged for many weeks. Walter Grey was ill for three weeks, and rose from his bed weak as a child. Hurst, though still unwell was the stronger. Keene suffered from rheumatic pains. Of course when no work could be done no gold was forthcoming, and the privations the poor fellows endured were very distressing. The good Doctor pitied, but he could not assist them; for although he rode from tent to tent and saved many lives, he was seldom paid, very few having prepared for "a rainy day."

Our diggers bore the want of comfort and scarcity of food with tolerable patience, and duly acknowledged Black Drake's broth "first rate," but the cook shook his head, saying, "Can't make no shine at all, nothin' to make wid, no gold to 'get him." "That's just it," said Keene, "It's bad for us, but Miss Rosalie I'm thinking on; its worse for her, poor thing, so pale and thin as she is." Here Grey looked up quickly from his book, and soon afterwards left the tent. He was regaining strength, but not able to walk far; yet he slowly passed through the Diggings on into the Bush—still on, on, though each moment his step became slower. At length he stopped and sat down, turning very pale and breathing quickly; he soon arose and proceeded, but now with many a pause. At length, quite exhausted, he arrived at the door of Doctor Howard.

Eveline was so busily engaged on a drawing that she

had not heard the approaching footsteps. A shadow darkened her paper; she looked up, and with wonder and alarm saw Walter Grey, holding to the door-post for support, and unable to move another step. In an instant she was at his side, offering her arm; he took the proffered aid almost unconsciously, she led him to a couch. He sank down upon it and fainted. Eveline Howard, as we have before seen, possessed great presence of mind; she at once used the proper restoratives, and Walter Grey revived, and expressed his sorrow that he had given her so much trouble; and she replied with cold politeness, "Pray do not think of the trouble, I am glad to assist all who are ill as far as possible," and then the young man bit his lip and frowned. The young lady sat proudly erect; there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so perhaps this very dignified couple thought, when a voice cried out, "What! Lion on de diggins, yah, yah, yah!" and the next moment Black Drake and Lion appeared at the door. Eva stood for a moment irresolute; then a torrent of home memories, rushed through her heart, and she held out her hand, which was warmly shaken by the poor old black. "And Miss Rosalie," said he, "poor ting, could'nt come before; everybody so bad; wanted ebery where; sent some broth." "It was excellent," said a feeble voice from the inner room; "I should like to see you." "Go in," said Eveline.

Black Drake gladly obeyed, but soon returned, saying "Poor Miss Rose look very white; must have more broth; and, oh, Grey! I got letter for you; came by de mail, must go now, so very busy, good bye, Miss Eva, good bye, Grey."

It is from "Home," said Grey, "from my sister." His lips quivered as he tore open the letter. The digger's face worked convulsively as he read, but by a powerful effort

he controlled his emotion, till he came to these words, "Fred has, I am sorry to say, been very ill from a cold, attended with much fever; in fact he was delirious for two or three nights. Poor mamma was with him night and day, her hand clasped in his, and she alone could calm." It was too much; the letter suddenly fell to the floor, and Grey, covering his face with his hands, sobbed aloud. For several minutes no other sound was heard in that humble abode; then, in an instant this bitter sorrow ceased, for the proud sufferer remembered he was not alone. Half timidly, half defiantly, he glanced at the proud beauty, and what did he see? A beautiful face looking on him pityingly, and tears rolling down the cheeks. From that moment Eveline Howard and Walter Grey were friends.

Grey handed Eveline the letter, and she received it with an expression of pleased surprise. Having read it she observed, "Your sister writes a very beautiful letter, how old is she?" "About twenty," replied Grey. "I have another sister who is fifteen. The elder is named Emily, the younger Laura." "Are they clever," enquired Eveline. "Well, I don't know," replied Grey. Emily draws well, and Laura plays well; we all draw a little." "I fancied so," said Eveline, "from remarks I have heard you make. Will you tell me what you think of this sketch of mine?" Grey attentively scanned the drawing, and then said, with a good natured smile, "I am afraid to tell you exactly what I think, or perhaps you will look grand at me again, and——" "Oh," interrupted Eveline, "you will not offend me, I am not conceited, I consider that a great weakness." "And so do I," said Grey, "and pride is the same." Eveline's colour rose; she seemed startled but not annoyed, for he had spoken in a very kind manner; and truth to tell was thinking how very beautiful she looked. Grey continued, "That tree is not well done, and your perspective

is not correct. That line should run thus." Here he illustrated his remarks by a few spirited touches, proving to Eveline that he really was a good draughtsman. Then ensued an earnest conversation on painting, music, and books, and each began to understand the other better.

Thus time passed on unheeded, till Grey felt a gentle pressure on his shoulder, and turning beheld poor Rosalie, looking very pale, and so weak that she was obliged to avail herself of the support of his shoulder as she staggered towards the sofa. "I'm so faint," she said feebly to her sister. "Poor thing," said Grey, tenderly. "For goodness sake get her something, Miss Howard; what a couple of brutes we have been." Eveline's brow clouded; an angry flush rose in her cheeks as she replied, "I meant to have brought you some broth directly, why did you get up?" "It's four o'clock," said Rosalie, plaintively. "Four o'clock!" exclaimed the two culprits, in one breath; "is it possible?" Their eyes met as she spoke, they coloured in a conscious, uncomfortable sort of way; and Eveline hastened to the kitchen to warm up some of Black Drake's broth.

During her absence Rosalie felt too ill to talk, and Grey, being still very weak, had become, now that the excitement of conversation was over, completely exhausted. Eveline soon came back with the broth, and observing Grey's weariness, offered to supply him with some also. Drake's good broth soon revived the two invalids. Eveline left them, and Rosalie commenced a little chat, by asking Grey why he had attempted so long a walk when he was still so weak. Grey did not answer for a moment, but rose quickly, placed his empty basin on the table, and then said, "That broth was first rate! Shall I put your's down?" Rosalie replied laughingly, "That is not an answer to my----" Here she looked into his

face; what she saw there I leave to the imagination of my readers. I only know she coloured deeply, withdrew her eyes, and said in a low tone, playing nervously with the tassel of the sofa as she spoke, "You have heard from home to day. Were your friends well? Did you hear from your mother?" "No," said Grey, giving her the letter to read, "from my sister." When she returned it she said, "When you write home, you will not say how very ill you have been, will you?" "Why not?" said Grey, "it's over now." "Yes, I know," replied the girl, and she paused; then summoning up courage, she timidly continued, "Your mother must have suffered greatly whilst nursing your poor brother, and were you to write and tell her you had been in the same way, and under different and much more painful circumstances, you would make her wretched." "I should not like to do that, certainly," said Grey, "and as you think it would be unkind, I won't name it, but I must say I should like the governor, and Fred, and the girls to know what misery we have to undergo out here." "Was it their fault then that made you come abroad?" asked Rose, innocently. "Oh, no," said Grey, "I was mad to come, I longed to be independent." Rosalie did not reply for a minute; she was thinking of some observations her father had made during Grey's illness, and she knew well but for the kindness of that good old man, and poor Black Drake, all this independence would be lying under the green turf. At last she said, "When you talk of independence, of course you mean that you wished to obtain your own living, without trespassing on the kindness of your relatives?" "Yes," said Grey, eagerly. "I can quite understand that," said the young girl. "I could never respect any one who did that; there is something so paltry in it. Do you know," she continued, "I wish sometimes that I were a man, and then I

could be a gold digger, and help papa." Grey looked down at the little white thin hands, and smiled. She took no notice of this, but continued, "Yes, that feeling seems right, but I do not think—you will not be offended with me?" "Offended with you," said Grey, "not I." "Then I don't think that when God gave you a good father and mother, a kind brother and sisters, and from what I have heard you tell papa, an opportunity of gaining your living in England, you should have thrown them all away. You are not offended with me?" she asked timidly, again raising her eyes to his face. He shook his head, and took two or three turns across the room, then stopped before her. "Then according to that motion of your's no one would see anything of the world; no new discoveries would he made; England would be crowded to suffocation, so would the workhouses, and the gaols." "And your coming prevented all that," said Rosalie, with a merry laugh. "What a good job you came." "Nonsense," said Grey, rather testily; "it does people good to see the world. Your father says that, you know." "Yes," replied she, "I have heard him, but he always adds, many persons, without any apparent fault of their own, are singularly unfortunate in their undertakings at home; for such God has mercifully opened a city of refuge *here*. By all means let *them* emigrate. There are others with no family ties; there are poor men with large families crying to them for a morsel of bread—let them emigrate. There are hundreds of government men here (convicts) who are now honest, good men. It was well they came out; it gave them a chance of reformation, and when all were pretty well alike here, transportation was of little consequence. Mind," continued Rosalie, half exhausted at the vehemence with which she had spoken, "this is papa's opinion; of course I cannot judge of these things for my-

self." "I thought you were getting rather learned," laughed Grey. "Oh," she replied, shaking her head good naturedly, "I'm not in the least in that way, but papa and Eveline talk of these matters, and I listen." "Yes," said Grey, "and then take people to task for leaving home. Now I'll tell you all about it."

A long confidential communication ensued here, and Rosalie had just said, "Well, never mind, you'll find a nugget some day," Grey replying, "And then I shall have done right to come," when the door opened and the Doctor, followed by Keene, entered, the former exclaiming, "How could you be so foolish as to venture so far from home, and why are you up, Rose?" "We couldn't think where you had got to," said Keene; "we never thought you'd got so far as here. The news from Lambing Flat is first rate. They're a getting half an ounce to the tub, all fine gold, in three or four feet of washing stuff. There's lots of chaps going off to morrow, Conolly and all that lot. Hurst's raving mad to go with 'em. Bevan's taking down his store and going to carry it along with him, and set it up on the Flat. Boon, and the Missus, and the young 'uns are off in a bullock dray, and I don't think, Doctor, as you'll have any patients left, for there won't be nobody here." "I begin to think so too," said the Doctor; "there is a perfect mania about these Diggings. God send the reports may be true, for they say there are twenty thousand people there already."

"I wish we were there," said Grey earnestly to Keene. "Where," said Eveline, as she entered the room. "At Lambing Flat," answered Grey. "You'd look well at Lambing Flat, certainly," said Eveline. "Such nonsense! why you were scarcely able to get here, and too ill to go back, and you're trembling now. No doubt any place would be more pleasant than this," she continued with a



slight toss of her head, "but it is my opinion you'll have to put up with it for a while, whether you like it or no." The Doctor looked at Grey attentively, and sat lost in thought for some time; at last he was roused by Grey saying to Keene, "Yes, I am glad you came, I can lean on your arm, and get along first rate." "Not with my consent," said the Doctor, "unless you wish to be laid on a sick bed again. I dare say Keene will bring up your blankets, and you can sleep for a few days on that sofa." "I will do so," said Keene; "he didn't ought to walk so far. You're right, and its uncommon kind to ask him to stop." "Kind indeed," said Grey; "but perhaps the young ladies——" "Would rather that you were at Lambing Flat," said Eveline, mockingly. "Yes, you're quite right. Still as you *are* here, we will make the best of it, and make you well as soon as we can, just to get rid of you." "The new girl will be here to-morrow," said the Doctor. "How fortunate!" said Eveline, "what is her name?" "Her name is Lizzie Deans, a nice simple country girl from home.

"Well, now I'll go for the blankets," said Keene, and away he went.

## CHAPTER VII.

There is an old saying, that "people must live in the same house to really know one another." The young people found this to be true; each succeeding hour made them better acquainted, and the few days passed like a happy dream, but unlike a dream, left realities which lasted the rest of their lives—yes, even beyond the grave.

The new girl arrived, which gave Eveline the opportunity of practising her drawing, and consulting Grey as to her progress. Rosalie would rest on the sofa and work, and Grey would read to them; then sometimes the book is laid aside, and a playful chat or serious conversation ensues; sometimes merry laughter would be heard, and poor Lizzie in the kitchen would say to herself, "How I wishes I had somebody to laugh along o' me. It do sound so cheery like." Never mind, Lizzie, keep up your spirits, some one may be on the road even now. You are not more dull than our poor friend Hurst, for that young gentleman was exceedingly jealous of Grey's comfortable position. The diggers declared they never knew a fellow so altered in their lives, and often asked him if he was fond of roses, and received an angry grunt in reply. And how was our old friend Keene getting on? Ah! whisper it softly, ye gentle winds—that rough and tough digger has been cruelly pierced by an arrow from Cupid's bow. The very personification of his fancy's sketch has arrived at Doctor Howard's, and the instant Keene set eyes upon her he felt his doom was sealed. From that hour he commenced what the diggers call "telegraphing" in

the kitchen, where Lizzie Deans was the new occupant; and now that Grey was there, it seemed that each day something occurred which rendered it incumbent upon Keene to walk over and communicate. When Hurst heard where Keene was going he would say, "I don't care if I go with you," and on the other replying, "all right," Hurst's spirits would revive, and sounds resembling the mewling of cats, and crowing of cocks would be heard by the timid opossums, as the two love sick swains hastened through the Bush. On arriving at the Doctor's, Hurst would enter by the front, Keene by the back door. As to the amount of intelligence the latter imparted to Grey, why, "the least said the soonest mended." However, as this something which never came off seemed, by the merry peals of laughter heard both in the parlour and kitchen, to make everybody happy, we are disposed to think favourably of it, and let it rest.

But alas, such pleasant evenings pass very quickly, and then the walk home through the Bush was very quiet. Then, without a word, Keene would strike a light and "turn in," hoping to sleep. Vain hope! who ever heard of a lover being at peace, even in his dreams, it is impossible,

"And what's impossible cannot be,  
And never, never come to pass."

So Keene found it; his repose was broken by visions of Lizzie Deans carried off by Chinese bushrangers, flying foxes, and native dogs; his day dream was that gals like Lizzie Deans were scarce, and soon snapped up at the Diggings. So, one fine afternoon he suddenly laid down his tools, and determined to go at once to the Doctor's and "settle the matter." Hurst was working at some little distance; Keene was glad of this, for he said to himself, "If he was here, he'd be wanting to go too, and that 'udn't do." Accordingly he walked briskly through the Bush,

arrived at his destination, and approached the back door. There he paused, for a suppressed titter, and the words "Don't be a fool, Mr. Hurst!" met his ear; then laughter ensued, and then somebody got a sounding box of the ears.

Poor Keene's face varied greatly during this invisible pantomime. When the curious sound was heard he started and ground his teeth, but when the box of the ears followed his countenance cleared, and he walked straight into the kitchen, and in a solemn tone said, "Lizzie Deans, I came here to-day to ask you to be my wife." Lizzie coloured, started slightly, but smiled. "But, Lizzie Deans," he continued, "it seems there's another man afore me, and your answer's given; and that's one as I can't say I hoped for; but it's a done thing, and so good morning." He walked to the door, then suddenly turning said, and his voice faltered, "I hopes you may be happy, Lizzie, but I doubts." He then walked quickly away, and had just reached the door, when all at once a kind of howl was heard, a flying leap took place, two hands were placed on Keene's shoulder, and he was wheeled round face to face with Hurst, who exclaimed, "Keene, you're a perfect ass—that's what you are! Now look here, I'm in love with Rosalie Howard, so much so that I may say if I married any body else to-morrow, I should love her just the same. Then look here; she does not love me in the least you know; well, it can't be helped, I shall love her in this world and in the next, and if there was another one after that I should still love her till—till there was an end of everything! Now Keene," he continued, speaking in a tone of awful solemnity, "this is a state of mind when a man wants cheering. You can't feel for me; I can feel for you, and there's nothing so soothing to a broken heart as to assist a friend. I came here to-day, knowing how sweet you were upon Lizzie, to say a good word for

you, and I did; and after a while it was coming all right; and didn't she praise you, that's all? (Keene smiled). And then in a fatherly sort of way I remarked (Keene looked uneasy) you're a good girl, Lizzie, and I'll give you my blessing at once. You heard how foolishly she behaved; but she's young, Keene, she's young—she'll improve." Here Keene looked graver than ever, and scarcely knew what to say. Hurst now eyed him keenly, and perceiving that the poor fellow was deeply agitated, threw off all his nonsense, and said seriously, "Its no use mincing the matter, Keene, I gave the girl a kiss—the first, and on my word it shall be the last; she's no more to me than that fryingpan, not half so much in fact," pointing as he spoke to a large fryingpan about the size of Lizzie's face. "Why man, as to marrying a girl who can strike so hard, I would'nt do it for a thousand a year, ready money; my ear tingles now."

Here both Keene and Lizzie burst out laughing, and Hurst walked off in a pretended huff. Five minutes after his departure Lizzie had promised to become the wife of Thomas Nehemiah Keene, and she kept her word.

## CHAPTER VIII.

And what do people say of all these doings? Surely they call forth some remarks. Indeed they do. Reports were circulated that Rosalie and Keene were engaged; that Hurst was in love with Eveline, though she treated him like a dog, and was engaged to Grey; that the Doctor enticed the young men there, and made them drunk, to secure them as patients. Occasionally a little of this scandal would reach the old man's ears, and he would remark, "It is a sad, a very sad thing for people to raise such reports; they little know the misery they often cause. Still we cannot be surprised that such things are, when our Saviour, God's own Son, endured the same. They lay to my charge," he said, "things which I never did. Should erring mortals murmur, then? Oh no!"

Grey and Hurst now listened respectfully to any remark of this nature. There had been a time when amongst their mates they had pronounced it "cant," and regretted that one like their old friend should take up with such ways; but his consistent life soon set this at rest, and they often led the conversation to serious subjects, and asked his opinion thereon.

Thus some weeks passed; the reports from Lambing Flat were each day more and more favourable. Grey had now regained his strength, and returned to his tent. Our diggers had quite decided on setting out for the new Diggings as soon as possible; so one evening when the Doctor and his daughters were engaged in their usual occupations the three friends arrived. The girls looked

up, and perceived that their faces were very very sad, and they knew at once on what errand they came; they felt that the word "Farewell" must be spoken, and that perhaps it might be for ever. The father motioned to the visitors to sit down. Hurst and Grey did so, but Keene quietly slipped away to the kitchen. "Well Doctor," began Grey, gloomily, "we're off to-morrow, and we've come to say——," the word seemed to choke him, and he stopped. Hurst said nothing, but sat with his eyes fixed on Rosalie, looking as if he were about to be ordered out for immediate execution. "Then you are all going together," said the old man, "and Keene? why, I thought I saw Keene here." He stopped, for at this moment sobs were heard in the kitchen, and the words—"Don't take on so, Lizzie, pray dont'ee; why, bless you, my gal, I couldn't forget ye if I wanted to, and I'm sure I didn't ought, and I wont. I shall soon be back," and here the wind very properly blew-to the kitchen door; and a very modest, sensible gust of wind it was, doing itself credit by "the move." As these words and sounds were heard the Doctor looked anxious. Eveline rose hastily, and searched for something in her basket, and Rosalie bent her head over her work, and her fingers moved very rapidly. Grey earnestly regarded both, as he replied "Yes, we're all going." "I am sure I hope you will be prosperous," said the old man, kindly; "and now a parting glass." "No thank you," said Hurst. Grey also declined, saying, "I think Hurst, we'll be off at once; we've our tools to look to, and lots to do," Hurst rose mechanically, still staring at Rosalie, but to their surprise the Doctor said, "Sit down one minute." They did so. "I wish," said the old man, "that when you have been at the Flat a few weeks, you would write to me, and state your candid opinion of the place. We shall not be able to remain here long.

Chinamen are coming by hundreds, and the Europeans have nearly all left. If your opinion of the new Diggings is favourable, we shall in all probability soon join you."

In an instant the two condemned criminals found themselves free as air. Eveline discovered that which she had been seeking in her basket; Rosalie dropped her work into her lap, and it would be difficult to say on whose face the ill-suppressed pleasure was most depicted.

"I will write you the instant I can judge a little about the place," said Grey, "and so will I," cried Hurst, suddenly finding his tongue. He then slipped away to the kitchen, and told Lizzie if she was a very good girl, and took great care of Miss Rosalie, she should come to the Flat. A summons from Grey now brought Hurst and Keene into the parlor; hands were shaken, kind wishes spoken, and a sorrowful "Good bye" uttered, and then our friends sallied forth into the wild Bush. As for "the girls they left behind them," Rosalie and Eveline were very sad, and Lizzie fairly sobbed herself to sleep.

The diggers left early next morning. It was now the month of August and the days moderately warm and pleasant for travelling. The Doctor often said he missed his young friends greatly; his daughters said little, but when evening came a wish that certain footsteps were approaching would steal over their hearts, and both felt that their life was very dull indeed; and with truth, for they feared to avail themselves of the beautiful weather because of the Chinese, who arrived daily by hundreds. The departures still continued, and the Doctor had scarcely a patient left. This made him decide on going at once to some Diggings about five miles higher up the mountain, where a few diggers yet remained. The girls were delighted at any change, and perhaps the feeling that their proposed new abode would be on the road to Lambing Flat and their



digger friends, had some effect in cheering them. Formerly many carts would have been gratuitously at the service of the Doctor, but alas, now the owners wanted them to convey their families to the new Digging, and the only carriage to be hired was a bullock dray. The appointed day of departure arrived; the furniture was packed, boxes corded, and the girls anxiously awaited the arrival of the dray, when they were informed that their setting out must be postponed for an indefinite time, because the bullocks had "strayed into the Bush." "How very disagreeable," cried Eveline, "to be sitting on our boxes here all day." "It's a pity we are not going to Lambing Flat direct," said Rosalie, "then we should only have the annoyance once, don't you think so, Eveline?" "I don't know if I care to go there, or not," was the reply; "it was all very well in a small place like this, but Lambing Flat will be a town, and there is no knowing whom we might meet, and—" "But I thought you were fond of talking about books with Walter Grey, and hearing Hurst sing," said Rosalie. "Ah, yes," replied Eveline, "but Grey is so—and besides, there are other reasons." Here Lizzie Deans entered to announce that the dray would not be ready for two hours, so they had all better take some dinner.

At last the dray, dragging its slow length along, did arrive; the goods were packed, and Rosalie formed the pinnacle, for she was placed on the top on a feather bed. "Are you sure the bullocks are not wild?" she nervously inquired. "Couldn't drive, wild'uns," said the driver, "they are gentle as lambs." The other passengers being placed, he proceeded to prove the gentleness of his team by saying to the leader, "Now then, Blackball, get along old fellow;" but Blackball stired not, so the driver walked towards him, and a whispered remonstrance, accompanied by threats and fearful oaths, was addressed to the poor

beast; and this freemasonry was concluded by a heavy blow from the stock-whip, which caused the animal to plunge forward headlong, dragging his reluctant companions. However, they soon got into a more equal pace, and Rosalie really began to enjoy the ride. Their progress was towards table-land, many miles above the level of the sea; on either side the ravines were studded with rocks, and the distant mountains, covered with brushwood, at once present to the view scenery of a very novel and picturesque character; but now ensued a violent contention between the driver and his beasts, the former uttering most fearful oaths, and using his stock-whip unmercifully; the latter running about, wildly plunging, and half mad with fear. Poor Rosalie, now seriously alarmed, begged to be taken down from her perilous height, as she would rather endure the fatigue of walking. The driver complied, and the poor girl for the remainder of the journey, as the fellow said, "tramped it."

Our travellers reached their new home without accident; their digger neighbours proved to be respectable, and shewed them much kindness, but they informed the Howards that their stay was very uncertain, as they only awaited news from the Flat." This was not cheering, but the next incident was less so. One Sunday afternoon they were all standing at the window of their little hut, watching the diggers as they passed. Rosalie had observed a very pretty little church, and was regretting that it was used so seldom, the minister's house being forty miles distant, when Eveline suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, papa, look at the wind!" As she spoke a mighty wind, which they seemed literally "to see," rushed up the hill, tore the roof off a store, scattering the bark in all directions. "What a dreadful gale," cried Rosalie, "look at Lunn's store." Is this hut safe?" "Quite so," said her

father; but even as he spoke the wind shifted, whirled across the road, and in an instant their bed rooms were roofless, and a large fissure appeared in that in which they were standing. Unsated, the wind rushed on in the same direction, and all the neighbouring huts shared a similar fate. It then suddenly ceased. The scene was appalling—women and children standing outside their desolate homes in despair, bark scattered all over the place, and one immense tree, which had withstood many an Australian storm, lay across the road.

“I never knew a worse whirlwind,” remarked an old sailor, “even in the China seas.” Previous to the destruction of Lunn’s store it had attacked some lofty trees, cutting off their tops perfectly even, as if with a knife; then demolished a public house then seized a huge tree, tore it round and round, and pulled it up by the roots. Truly was it written that “God rideth on the whirlwind and the storm;” for not a single life was lost.

## CHAPTER IX.

A weary month elapsed, and then they received a letter from Grey, with an enclosure for Lizzie from Keene. Grey's letter ran thus:—

“Lambing Flat,

“Dear Doctor,

“We arrived here all safe and sound, after walking twenty miles a day for a fortnight. The distance is one hundred and eighty miles. After the first twenty miles the road is good, but there is one awful hill of four miles. We were much surprised to find the Diggings had made such progress; stores are put up, and the place begins to assume the appearance of a town. One part bids fair to become a long wide street, but as yet everything is in confusion, and I wouldn't have your two (here a word was carefully erased) daughters here for the world—the place is in such a wild state, so many ‘loafers’ and ‘rowdies’ about, it's awful.

“There has been a regular row already. The better class of diggers made up their minds to do away with those horrible shanties; so a large party of us joined, and went in and upset the casks of rum, and insisted on the sellers leaving the Diggings. Rum was flowing about the place in every direction, but I never saw a crowd better conducted. Not a man dared to touch a drop of it; there it lay, and the shanty keepers, who are all brutes of the lowest description, were glad to make off as fast as they could. Hurst, of course, was in his glory, and shouted with delight as each cask was overthrown. I shall not be surprised if we have another row in a different way soon, for the Chinese are pouring in much too freely, and the Europeans are getting exceedingly savage about it, and don't mean it to go on. The Diggings must be cleared of Chinamen, loafers, and rowdies for the Europeans to do any good, and a steady determination that so it shall be is settling itself in every respectable digger's mind.

“There is also another great subject of excitement stirring. A man, believed to be named Christie, is beginning to emulate the character of

our old friend Dick Turpin, and has already stopped several carts, and taken money from the travellers. He has organised a band, and the road between the Lacklan and Lambing Flat is the principal scene of his exploits. There is a report of mails being established between here and Goulbourn, also Bathurst, and there is a report that gold has been found at the Lacklan, but that's not likely; the fellows here only laugh at it. Of course Hurst wishes to go there directly, and Conolly has been there and seen gold, but it wont do. No, no, Lambing Flat is the Diggings of Australia. I think we are likely to do well; the sinking is shallow, and the gold mostly fine. Lots of small Diggings are springing up all around the Flat, as Spring Creek, Tipperary Gully, &c.

"Hurst begs me to give his respectful kind regards to the young ladies, in which I unite, and hope this will find you all well.

"I remain, sincerely yours,

"WALTER GREY."

"Well, I am glad they are likely to do well," said the Doctor as he closed the letter. "The Flat seems in a curious state at present." "It must be a dreadful place," said Rosalie, "I hope they won't get hurt; but what does Walter Grey mean by 'Loafers' and 'Rowdies' and such names." "Loafers, dear, are idle fellows who hang about large rushes like these for any purpose but work. Rowdies are ferocious brutes who delight in uproar. The diggers are quite right to try to get rid of them." "And the bushranger," said Eveline, "I should like to hear more of him."

Here Lizzie Deans beckoned Rosalie from the room, and placed Keene's letter in her hand. "Would you like to read it, Miss Rose?" she said, blushing, and looking very happy. "It's such a beautiful letter, you can't think." "May I take it into the parlour and read it aloud?" "Oh, yes, Miss Rose, they'll like it so much." Accordingly Rose brought in the letter, and read as follows:—

"Dear Sweetheart,

"I opes this ere will find you well, as it leeves me at present. I wer awful dul Lizzie, along of being afeared as some other

chap would come a poking his nose in whilst Ime away; now luk ere Lizzee, don't hav nothink to say to none of em but mee, and then I shall bee your loving sweetheart, Tom Keene.

“I shant rite no moor after this wonce, its too ard work, worse nor any diggin.”

Poor Lizzie considered this a masterpiece of eloquence and penmanship, and preserved it to her death.

Week after week now passed slowly away, and Walter Grey's prophecies were fulfilled. The Chinese having exceeded the boundary of the space allotted to them, the diggers became enraged, and determined to drive the intruders off the Flat. A riot ensued. Government, much alarmed, despatched troops from Sydney, and general excitement prevailed. Ultimately barracks were erected on the Diggings, and peace was restored. Another cause of anxiety, was the increasing notoriety of the bushranger known first as “Christie,” afterwards as “Frank Gardiner,” which was we believe his real name, whose exploits now became so daring that travelling was hazardous, and the property of settlers no longer safe.

## CHAPTER X.

Twelve weary months had elapsed, when our friends received the following letter :—

“Dear Doctor,

“Everything here is quiet, and likely to continue so, and even if there should be any more riots you and your daughters will be well protected. We all feel anxious for you to come, hearing, as we constantly do, of those brutes of Chinamen annoying our countrymen in lonely places, in revenge for the treatment they have met with here. We were thinking, if it would be agreeable to you and your daughters, as our claim is worked out, we would come and fetch you, for you didn't ought, as Keene says, to travel alone.

“Send us word if you would like us to come. Our respectful remembrance to your daughters.

“Sincerely yours,

“W. GREY.”

“Exceedingly kind of them to take so much trouble,” said the Doctor, a slight smile playing round his lips. “We will avail ourselves of it, for this bushranging is becoming very serious.” Rosalie looked rather nervous as she assented to his remarks, and Eveline's face assumed a thoughtful expression. At length she said, “I could not well go to Sydney, papa, instead of to the Flat.” “Not very well,” said the father gravely; but if you particularly wish to leave us I dare say I could manage it.” “No, no,” said Eveline, “it is not that, but—but—let us wait till they come, and then decide.”

At the end of the month, our three digger friends arrived, somewhat fatigued, but well and happy. “Here we are,” cried Hurst. “How d'ye do, Doctor? how d'ye

do, Miss Howard? how d'ye do, Miss Rose. Oh! my word, isn't this first rate! The Flat's a capital place, Doctor; more gold found at the Lacklan; shan't we have a jolly time of it going up? Didn't a lot of chaps want to come with us? and isn't Keene in a precious state; so glad to see Lizzie, you know, and—" "Do hold your tongue," said Grey, "he's worse than ever, Doctor." Hurst now skipped into the kitchen, and then it was Lizzie's turn to exclaim, "what a hawful tease you are, Mr. Hurst, to be sure."

"Do you feel at all afraid of the journey, Miss Rose?" said Grey. "Oh, no," she replied, looking up, but she quickly withdrew her eyes, for in his face there was the expression she had once before observed. "You will be glad to learn that there is an excellent library," said Grey addressing the elder sister. "I know the party who has opened it, so I persuaded him to procure those books you recommended." Eveline's eyes sparkled with pleasure. Here Lizzie entered with a good supply of cold boiled beef and tea, and our travellers did justice to the entertainment.

"And now," said the Doctor, "how about those dreadful accounts of the cruelty of the diggers to the Chinese, are they true?" "No," said Grey, decidedly, "it is quite true that a pack of low wretches who were mere loafers and rowdies, did ill-use the Chinamen, and one or two of our fellows, who ought to have known better, behaved badly; but as a rule the diggers merely drove the Chinese away. Those who were sick were allowed to remain, and Hurst and I saw two diggers carrying two Chinese children on their shoulders."

"I am glad to hear this," said the Doctor; "common sense naturally suggested to us, that where fifty thousand human beings were assembled, many among them must be bad." "Were the woman and children much alarmed?"



asked Eveline. "No," replied Hurst, "nobody was frightened except the police—they ran away."

At the request of Eveline, Grey gave them a description of the scenery and objects of interest on the road, which caused her to exclaim, "Oh, how delightful it will be." Then recollecting her former observations, she became confused, perceiving which, her father kindly changed the subject to the arrangements for the journey. He informed them he had engaged a covered cart, and a capital pair of horses; that the driver was steady, but somewhat surly, and that they would start in two or three days. At the appointed time all were ready. The girls found the stout awning of the cart a great protection from the heat and dust. Grey and Hurst took their stations on either side of the cart. Lizzie said she would rather walk. Her motive was obvious, and Hurst slyly inquired if Keene would not like to ride. Lion enjoyed himself amazingly, dividing his attentions amongst the party in a most impartial manner. Prodigal of his strength, he bounded higher and higher, chased the opossums, then lagged behind, and came up again at some unexpected spot. Certainly he saw more of the country than all the others.

As Grey had told them, the first twenty miles of road were very rough, and there were many deep holes, then some steep hills, succeeded by a long descent of rocky pathway, which, narrowing, led to a level road through a part of the country so thickly wooded that their progress was slow, and at times dangerous. They often had difficulty in procuring water, but there were several stations and stores on the road, where even such delicacies as eggs, bacon, rump steaks, and sardines were procurable. One fearfully hot day, as most of them were taking their afternoon nap, thunder was heard in the distance, and the driver hastily rose to look for his horses, which he had

turned loose to graze. "Are you afraid they will stray?" inquired the Doctor. "No," replied the man gruffly, "Its the lightnin' I'm afeard on; thirteen 'osses were killed by one flash t'other day.

Soon after this he put the horses to. "That means you're to get in again, ladies," said Hurst; "our driver is a man of few words." And so the journey proceeded till the evening, then they pitched a tent. Beds were arranged on the grass for the females, the Doctor and the other men sleeping in blankets under the cart. Notwithstanding the novelty of their situation, Eveline, Rosalie, and Lizzie enjoyed a good night's rest. The next morning found all in excellent health and spirits, and, becoming accustomed to this roving life, they began really to enjoy it. Hurst amused them with his recollections of odd men and things, picked up in the colony. This was fortunate for Keene, as it gave him the chance of a little chat with Lizzie without being teased. One afternoon two large animals suddenly bounded across the road. "What are they?" asked Rose. "Kangaroos," replied Hurst; "capital fellows to jump. See! Lion's after them; my word on't, there'll be a fight!" "That won't do," said Grey, earnestly, and he gave a long shrill whistle, which rang through the Bush. The dog paused for an instant, and then darted forward, and was soon lost to sight. "I trust from my heart, that no harm will befall him," said Grey in a low tone to the Doctor. "I've known kangaroos to rip dogs up. They are fearfully strong." "Don't let the girls perceive that we are uneasy," said the Doctor. "Rose is very fond of that dog; in fact he is her's. There are many memories associated with him." Here the old man sighed deeply, and Grey stamped his foot impatiently, and gave another long shrill whistle. They then listened attentively, but not a sound was to be

heard. "Why don't Lion come back?" cried Rosalie, anxiously. The Doctor pretended to treat the matter lightly, but all some became very grave, in spite of a clever kangaroo imitation by Hurst. Even the driver, cross old grumbler as he was, shewed his sympathy by pulling up every now and then to listen and look back for the dog. Suddenly a shout was heard from Keene, with "Here he is," and the poor animal was seen hastening after them as well as he could. Blood was running from his chest and mouth. Quite exhausted he dragged himself to the side of the cart, looked up at his mistress with a pitiable expression, then lay down and feebly wagged his tail. "He won't die, will he papa," cried Rosalie in a voice choked with sobs. "No dear," was the reply, "the wounds are not mortal, but his gambols are over for some time." Fortunately they discovered water near the spot, and the Doctor washed and dressed the wounds, and then poor Lion was carefully lifted into the cart. And now the old adage "Love me, love my dog," was fairly carried out, for the sisters had so many inquiries after Lion's health, that they declared to save time they must issue daily bulletins.

Thus they journeyed on for many days. The encampments at night were of a very varied character; often far from any human habitation, sometimes close to some little hamlet, and once, as they drew near the Lacklan, they camped out in one of the paddocks belonging to a large station called "The Pinnacle" or Farm. The mistress was a widow, and the grave of her late husband, with a stone at its head, lay near her dwelling. That night the moon was at the full, and our little party walked about for some time before seeking their rest. Then Lion was fastened to the cart, and the men were just dropping off to sleep, when the dog, barking freely, caused them all to spring to their feet.

Far in the distance they could just trace the figure of a man driving a bullock through the wood. "Its only one of the fellows at the station," said Hurst; "but what are you jumping and wagging your tail for Lion?" for the dog had stopped barking and commenced a series of demonstration which filled them with surprise. The man now disappeared, and the dog lay quietly down. An uneasy expression crossed the face of the Doctor, and he became very pale. "I say, old mate," said Keene, "what did you wag your tail for? Oh! I know, depend on it the fellow we saw was young Hartley; he came up this way to settle, and Lion was always uncommon fond of him." "Perhaps so," said the Doctor, eagerly. "I confess it startled me, for that dog never makes mistakes." It was many hours before the Doctor closed his eyes.

All arose refreshed the next morning, and they were soon in sight of the Lacklan. On their arrival they had to wait several hours for the mail, which ran from that place to the Flat. Here they parted company with Mr. Gubbins and his "'osses." To their great delight there were no other passengers, so Lion was placed carefully at the further end of the coach, and fastened to the seat; the furniture they directed to be sent on by waggon, so that a small carpet bag, which they hung on a nail near the door constituted their sole luggage. Comfortably seated in their omnibus-shaped vehicle, they now earnestly discussed their future plans, and the day passed very pleasantly; then the night came on, and the moon arose in her full splendour. Weary with travelling, our party dropped off to sleep—sleep further provoked by the incessant drowsy hum of "Poor dog Tray," by the driver. Suddenly an alarm given by Lion awoke them all, and the next moment two horsemen, whose faces were covered with crape, rushed from the Bush, and seized the heads of the leaders; and our party heard

those terrible words, "Your money or your lives!" These mounted ruffians were now joined by two others; they all dismounted, but held their horses by the bridle. One, who appeared to be the leader, ordered the coachman to come down and bring the bags, and the gentlemen to "alight, and turn their pockets inside out." The driver, menaced with a pistol, immediately obeyed, and two of the robbers placed themselves at the door of the vehicle to enforce the latter part of the captain's order. Lion raged furiously. The male passengers saw at once that it would be madness to resist, so they alighted, and turned out their already almost empty pockets, a few shillings being the aggregate stock. The Doctor, before leaving the vehicle, had desired Lion to lie down, and the noble animal reluctantly obeyed. One of the robbers, as if struck by this, said "He won't be hurt, nor the women neither. You come along with me, old cove."

A fourth robber now beckoned Eveline to descend. Deadly pale, but quite calm, she obeyed, but Lizzie instead of doing the same set up a dreadful howl, and clung to the side of the carriage. Hereupon the ruffian clapped his hand over her mouth, and dragged her down the steps. He then bent forward towards the younger sister, but as he did so the nail before-mentioned caught the crape which covered his face, and drew it on one side. In an instant he replaced it, but it was too late. A piercing shriek burst from the lips of the girl; she stood staring at him wildly, for a minute, and then fell insensible at his feet. He raised her gently, lifted her down the steps, held her in his arms until the air had in some measure revived her, and then placed her by the side of Grey, who instantly threw his arm round and supported her. The man then leaned against a tree, drew a pistol, which he pointed towards them, but to the surprise of Grey he dropped it

tremblingly by his side. Rosalie now observed that her father, Eveline, and Lizzie were guarded in a similar manner; that the driver was seated on the trunk of a tree, coolly smoking a short pipe, while the chief was engaged in opening the letters and extracting their contents. At this moment a low whistle was heard; the robber sprang on his horse, and the others did the same; but he who was watching Grey turned round to listen, and as he did so Grey, with fury in his eyes, would have bounded towards him; but to his astonishment Rosalie, putting forth all the strength she possessed, endeavoured to hold him back. "Girl!" cried Grey, "are you mad?" She shrank back timidly. At that instant a tall man, on a powerful white horse, galloped past and dashed into the Bush. "Gardiner, by——!" exclaimed the young digger; and even as he spoke the tramping of horses was heard, and several mounted police came up. One moment's pause, and then all hands (save one) were raised to shew the direction the robbers had taken. Then Grey turned to his young companion, and said bitterly, "Your folly, Miss Rose, cost us all dear; one thousand pounds is set on that man's head." The girl shuddered. Grey continued, "and what interest one like you can feel in such men I cannot conceive. Your father——" She held out her hands, as if imploring him to stop, and such an expression of agony crossed her fair young face, that it cut him to the heart. He paused and regarded her earnestly. Her eyes fell before his penetrating glance; then he uttered a deep sigh, and without another word led her gently to the coach.

The Doctor looked anxiously at her, and then said, "My darlings, calm your fears; it is not likely the robbers will return. We have not lost much, and this night's adventure will soon affect us no more than a sensation scene in a novel. It is sad to think that many poor

emigrants will lose their enclosures, but I am told the letters will be re-posted, and labelled, 'Opened by Robbers.' You are not so much afraid now, Rosalie?" "I'm not afraid," she answered. "Oh, no, I'm not afraid," but she laughed hysterically; then bending down, threw her arms round Lion's neck, and sobbed as if her heart would break. Eveline, deeply affected, would have consoled her, but her father whispered, "Leave her to herself; weeping will do her good, she will then sleep." "I say driver," said Hurst, "I think you took it pretty coolly." "No use taking it otherwise," said the coachman, mysteriously; "it would never do for me to be afeard; why the mail was 'stuck up' three times last week. And now, gentlemen, just help me to pack up the letters, as you had better get out of this as soon as you can." Whilst the others had been talking Grey stood looking every now and then towards the direction the robbers had taken, and there was a stern frown upon his brow. As he now entered the vehicle his eyes anxiously sought Rosalie. She lay at the end of the coach, apparently fast asleep, with one arm encircling old Lion's neck, his shaggy head resting on her lap, and, but for the death-like paleness of her face and the startled expression which still lingered there, Grey thought the two would have formed a beautiful picture.

But why did she look so startled, and why had she held him back? True, she was a very timid girl, and the attack alone would alarm one so gentle, but still vague misgivings filled his breast, and he sat moodily silent. Reaction of feeling with the young is very prompt, and, with the exception of Rosalie, whose nerves seemed to have been sadly shaken, they, as the Doctor had predicted, soon began to talk of their night's adventure with cheerfulness and interest, greatly aided by the personations of

Hurst in an impromptu drama of "Pockets to let, unfurnished."

But new trials were in store for our poor travellers. "How very dark it is becoming," remarked Eveline. As she spoke a heavy peal of thunder rolled over their heads. "Oh," cried Lizzie, drawing closer to Keene, "I'm afraid we're going to have another of those awful storms." "Hush," said Eveline, "don't wake Miss Rose." "I wish," said the driver, "some of you chaps would get out, my horses don't like lightnin', and summut might happen." The men immediately alighted. Here forked lightning darted in all directions, followed by prolonged peals of thunder, the peculiar crashing effect of which was fearful to hear. The girls buried their faces in their shawls, and even the men became alarmed; for crash after crash followed without a moment's interval, and balls of fire fell in every direction. Truly, in the words of Scripture, the thunders had "uttered their voices." Thus they travelled on through this fiery furnace, till Keene screamed to the driver, "Stop, stop! for God's sake don't travel under trees! God Almighty what a storm!" He sprang forward as he uttered these words, then turned round pale and trembling from head to foot; his companions were near, but a mighty tree, a giant of the forest, struck by the lightning, lay between them, split in half, the smaller branches scattered in every direction. Torrents of rain now descended, and the tempest gradually subsided.

"No lives lost again," exclaimed Doctor Howard, "Blessed be God's Holy name."



## CHAPTER XI.

Our party soon after this reached Lambing Flat, and two tents were pitched, as much as possible in the Bush, for the use of the Doctor and the three females. Before arriving there they had to pass through the principal or High-street. To their surprise they found it wide and long, with stores, hotels, a chapel and a theatre; there were also many bullock drays and other conveniences, which proved the diggers had made great progress in a very short time.

The diggers now left them and sought their own tents, which had been left in charge of Conolly. The change from a hut to a tent was severely felt by the young girls, the latter affording so little protection from the intense heat, besides the risk of being overthrown by the frequent storms. The Doctor, fearing their health would be affected, determined to rent a hut, which he did at a very high rate. Soon after they were settled, Keene called on them, and informed the Doctor privately that he and Lizzie had made up their minds to get "spliced" at once; that he had furnished a tent, which had a chimbley; had made a table, two stools, and a good-sized bunk; had bought a frying pan, two billies, a camp oven, some pannikins (tin pots) some knives and forks, and little plates, and altogether he 'ud say the place was fit for any ooman. Resisting an inclination to laugh, the Doctor, with his usual kindness, delighted his visitor by praising Lizzie very highly, and gave him such good advice that the rough digger's eyes filled with tears. "Mind, Doctor," said he, "Lizzie ain't going to show no airs, nor put the young ladies to

ill-convenience. She can come every day and do her work, so there won't be no distraction on that 'ed." When the diggers heard of all this, they said of course Keene must give a supper, and that it must be at Boon's; to all of which Keene answered, "Wery good."

At length the eventful day arrived. The sisters dressed the bride. The pattern of the gown which Keene had bought consisted of large blue and pink flowers, on a yellow ground. A hat with an immense feather, and a green parasol completed her toilette. Hurst told her she looked "just like a rainbow," and Lizzie was so delighted at this compliment that Eveline and Rosalie were glad that they had not objected to the parasol, which they at one time purposed.

The bridegroom insisted on going to church in his digger's dress, and obstinately refused to wear a coat; and on Lizzie urging the point, he replied, "No, my gal, I hates 'em, and if you don't like me without a coat, why you can stop at home." Poor Lizzie was answered. "Then Thomas Nehemiah Keene and Lizzie Deans were made man and wife, in the presence of the Doctor, his daughters, and three hundred diggers; and Keene took his wife in his arms before them all, and gave her a hearty kiss. Grey then claimed the privilege of the day, and Hurst once more gave her "his blessing." Then the poor girl cried out, "Oh, look, Keene, they're all coming; a reg'lar rush. I can't stand this!" So Keene walked quickly away to the Doctor's, with his wife under his arm. A few quiet hours succeeded; then evening came on, and Lizzie, still arrayed in her bridal dress, was escorted by Keene to the ball.

As soon as they were gone the sisters sat down to work, and their father read to them until he was called to attend a sick child. The ball was well attended, the supper pronounced "first rate," and all present seemed happy

and merry except Walter Grey, though during the first part of the evening he had danced, said witty things, paid compliments to the girls, and, together with Hurst, had been the life of the room. But all of a sudden his demeanour changed, and the cause was this. Hurst, amidst shouts of laughter, had been performing the Frog's Hornpipe to amuse the dancing party; others were smoking in an adjoining parlour, and Grey stood between the two rooms, when he heard one of the smokers say, "She *did* meet him." "Never," replied the other. "Yes, she did," said the first speaker; I saw it myself, he's been here about a fortnight now, and he lives at Barns's hut; the fellow looks "awful bad." "Who met him?" inquired another voice. "The gal they call the Rose," was the decided reply.

Grey turned quickly, and with clenched hands and flashing eyes, stepped towards them; then remembering the absurdity of causing "a scene" he suddenly stopped, and fortunately all were too much engaged to notice his agitation. He walked to the bar, called for some brandy, for he felt quite faint; and as he drank it kept wondering who the fellow could be of whom they had spoken. At one moment a wild, vague suspicion crossed his mind, but he rejected it with scorn. That fair modest girl capable of what they said! He could not think it; no, no, there was some strange mistake; it was not she—and if it were, well, what was that to him, and why did he tremble so violently? What was it all to him? Nothing, oh nothing! Still he felt as if he were going mad; then he drank more brandy, and then he didn't know how he felt. He confused the dancers, broke glasses, claimed other men's partners, and was not content till Hurst was as foolish as himself.

Long before this Keene had taken Lizzie to her new home, and it was well; for now some regular rows took place; at last, after cheering Old Tom Keene till they were

hoarse, the meeting broke up in "most admired disorder." Then Grey and Hurst agreed to go and see the Howards. The girls were still alone, when the young men entered the room with unsteady steps. Their usually respectful manner had given place to a "free and easy" style of address, which at once raised the indignation of both the girls. Grey seated himself beside Eveline, and began to admire her work, and then he told her she was a beautiful girl, and a clever girl, but she was too—too—well, he didn't know what she was—but he knew he should like to give her a kiss. The proud beauty rose, her cheeks glowing, her eyes flashing, and making no allowance for the evident confusion of his faculties, her anger knew no bounds. She pronounced them drunkards, and accused them of insulting conduct in daring to come to their hut at so late an hour.

Grey, now thoroughly startled into sobriety, humbly apologized, pleaded the festive occasion as a slight excuse, and freely admitted that they had done wrong in coming at all. But the girl's temper had risen too high to be easily subdued; and, fairly carried away by her passion, she exclaimed, "Walter Grey, your heart is as hard as a stone. Wrapt up in self, grovelling in degrading scenes of pleasure, worshipping gold as if it were your God, day after day goes by, and a young life wears slowly away, and yet——" She stopped and burst into a violent flood of tears.

Walter Grey stood gazing at her in mute surprise, till Rosalie suddenly glided past her sister, and said, in a faltering tone and with her eyes cast down, "Walter Grey, do not heed Eveline's words; when angry she says anything. She is ill, she is feverish." The young man did not reply, but taking her hand, he gently led her to the light; it fell full on her face. "Rosalie," he said, "you are ill, your face is deadly pale, your hand trembles, and

your nerves are unstrung. It has been so ever since you came to the place ; it must not, it shall not go on thus. Your father——.” Again he saw the expression of anguish he had once before witnessed, again her hands were held out imploringly towards him, and his heart sickened as he bent towards her ; and sinking his voice to a whisper said, “Rosalie Howard, remember ; should evil tongues speak ill of you, you have a brother and protector in me, for I believe you’re as pure as snow.” The girl started back, gazed wildly at him, then suddenly face, neck, and arms were suffused with blushes ; her eyes sank beneath his gaze, and covering her face with her hand she turned away. The young man dropped her hand, and groaned almost aloud. The girl now turned towards him, so ghostly white that he was frightened, but her manner was perfectly calm. “Go home,” she said quietly, “go home, and forget we have ever met ; and may God bless you for your kindness to a most unhappy girl.”

As she ended she hastily left the room. For a few moments Grey stood forgetful of the presence of Hurst and Eveline ; he felt as if the world contained but himself and that fair girl. He knew now—knew once and for ever that he loved her from his very soul, and that his happiness or misery hung by a single thread. “God knows,” he said to himself, “the thread is fine enough, so fine that the eye can scarcely see it. But courage ! Who knows ? It may hold on yet.” He drew one long, deep breath, then turned to look for Hurst. As he did so, to his great surprise, Eveline came forward and held out her hand. “I was very angry just now,” she said, “and talked like a fool.” Grey pressed the proffered hand kindly. She continued, “Think no more of anything I said, and now wake Hurst ; see, he is fast asleep—and go.” “You forgive us then our unwarranted intrusion,” said Grey. “Yes, yes,” she replied.

As she spoke the door opened, and the Doctor walked in. As he entered he looked anxiously at the two young men, and then said, gravely, "Why are you both here? This is neither right nor kind; how is it?" Without a moment's hesitation Grey told him the truth. The old man made no comment, merely saying, "Never let it occur again." He held out his hand, and wished them good night.

When the diggers reached their tent Hurst, completely worn out, threw himself on his bed, and instantly fell asleep; but Grey lay awake hour after hour, thinking of Rosalie, and endeavouring to penetrate the mystery that seemed to surround her. At length towards morning he sank into a heavy slumber.

## CHAPTER XII.

The next morning when both were engaged on their work, their attention was attracted by a man on horseback, who rode towards them at a rapid pace. No sooner was he near them than he cried out, "Have you seen the Doctor this morning?" The young men answered, "No; why, do you want him?" "The mail has been stuck up and several of the police are wounded; there's not a moment to lose;" saying which he galloped on. In five minutes the news had spread like wild-fire all through the Diggings. Men left their work and stood talking excitedly in little groups, and the words, "Gardiner," "the mail," and "stuck up," were heard on every side.

Soon after this, the mail itself came darting through the town. The crowd surrounded it. "Have you been stopped?" "What has become of him?" "Are many killed?" formed a few of the questions the coachman was required to answer. Here Dr. Howard and the horseman before mentioned rode up. "Yes," said the coachman, who looked very pale, "the scoundrels shot at us from behind a hedge; the police came up, and one of them lies wounded at Johnny Kelly's; the others are after the blackguards." The Doctor and his companion now rode quickly away. "Was *he* there?" enquired one of the diggers. "What, Franky?" said the coachman. "Can't say; some say he ain't in the colony now; others say he was here at the circus the other night, and seen afterwards coming out of Barns's hut." Grey, who stood with the crowd, here turned quickly, and looked at the man with a bewildered stare. "But lor,"

continued the coachman, "there's no saying where *he* is, never!"

A sudden ringing of bells at the various restaurants was now heard, summoning the men to their twelve o'clock dinner, and the crowd dispersed. The guard now said to Grey, in an under tone, "There is a report that a large find of gold has taken place at the Lacklan, but I didn't say nothing to them chaps, because they kick up such a row." "The *Burrangong Courier* will tell us more to-morrow if it's true," said Grey, "but I dare say it's a lie." So saying, he walked away listlessly. Hurst and Keene hung back to ask a few more questions. On rejoining Grey, Keene said, "It's my opinion we shall hear more about this find an then there'll be a hawful rush." "I shall go if the accounts are good to morrow," said Grey, moodily, "What! and leave your claim?" said Keene angrily; "*I'm* tied here now, and can't work it alone." "Well, I can't stay here at any rate," answered Grey, "what do I care for the claim; hang the claim;" so saying he walked hastily away. "What the deuce is the matter with him?" said Keene. Hurst shook his head. "He got a jolly blowing up last night from a woman I fancy he's rather sweet upon, and can't get over it." "From Miss Eveline, I expect," said Keene. Hurst nodded, and scampered off to his dinner. Grey was lying on his bunk when Hurst entered. "Wont you have some dinner?" said the latter. "No," was the short answer, and a dead silence ensued. When Hurst had finished, he said, "You are such precious dull company I shall go to Conolly's; shall be back at two." "I shan't work any more to day," said Grey gloomily. "Ah," said Hurst, silyly, "*I savais*"\* to see dear Eva, to kiss and make it up." Grey started up with an oath, and Hurst beat a hasty retreat, saying to himself "Hang it, I think he's gone cranky."

\* Chinaman's expression.



Grey remained resting on his bed for some time; the other men had all resumed their work. Then as soon as he felt assured he was not likely to meet any one, he sauntered listlessly forth in the direction of the Lacklan Road. Thus he wandered on for about half a mile. On his way he passed Barns's hut, and looked at it with considerable interest, then went on thinking and thinking of Rosalie Howard, and trying to persuade himself it was all some strange mistake. After a while he felt calmer; his path from the Flat had hitherto been on level ground, but now he began to ascend a tolerably steep hill; he reached the top and looked back over the sharp descent.

Why does he stop? Why turn so deadly pale, and strain his eyes to look? Does he see gold? No; he sees Rosalie Howard walking before him; he sees a man come from the opposite side of the road, approach her, pass his arm round her waist, and together they quickly disappear into the thickest part of the Bush.

Grey paused not a moment but ran down the hill, made a circuit, and ten minutes afterwards encountered them by another path. He did not go close up to them, but stood at the side of the road with folded arms, and his eyes fixed on the bushes. They approached, but very slowly. Rosalie saw him first, she started and became very pale, and for a moment seemed to shrink back; then she spoke rapidly to her companion, who turned his face towards Grey, and the latter saw before him a digger who was once his mate, a bad and profligate man. The two moved forward; they did not look at Grey again, but with their eyes fixed on the ground, passed slowly out of sight. Walter Grey leaned against a tree for support. Gladly, oh! gladly, would he have died; it was all over, the thread had snapped, and he loved a false-hearted girl! But she, more miserable—ten thousand times more miserable than

himself—on whom had the wretched girl bestowed her heart? God in Heaven! could she know what he was? Could she know he belonged to a robber's band? Then suddenly the remembrance of the night passed at the Pinnacle, Lion's barking, the stopping of the mail, the irl holding him back, flashed through his mind, and utterly overwhelmed, the unhappy young man cast himself down upon the earth, and wept.

Suddenly he arose; something had fallen at his feet. It was a stone, with a slip of paper attached to it, on which was written in pencil.

"Mr. Grey, on the honour of a gentleman, I charge you not to tell my father what you have seen to day.

Rosalie Howard."

Grey's brow cleared. There was no pleading, no agonized penitence in this; and almost re-assured, almost hopeful, he bent his steps homewards. Hurst had not returned, so Grey made some tea for himself, and then tried to read, but in vain. His thoughts kept travelling in a circle, the centre of which was ever Rosalie Howard. At supper time Hurst peeped cautiously in. Seeing Grey with the tea things before him he entered boldly, saying "Oh, you're better now. Oh, I say, it's all true about the gold at Lacklan. A fellow came for his tools this morning, and says the find is something enormous, and the rocks down below glitter with gold like a jeweller's shop." Grey smiled. "You don't believe it," said Hurst. "No I don't," replied Grey. "I believe they have found gold, and I mean to go there, but I don't swallow the rest." Hurst continued, "Keene's going to the Howard's this evening with a message from his wife, I shall go with him; will you come?" "Grey shook his head. Hurst rattled on, "I shall look in at the theatre on my way home; Jack Sheppard's performed to night, so I suppose Gardiner will not honour us with his presence. Good bye."

Soon after this a gentle tap was heard at the door, and a boy entered saying, eagerly, "Mr. Grey, mother says she wants you to come to the man at Barns's hut: she can't make him out at all." "Oh, he's drunk, I suppose," said Grey. "No he ain't," said the child, earnestly; "he's real bad." Grey instantly arose and went with him. As he entered the hut he perceived the attenuated figure of a young man stretched on the bed. His face was very pale, but a hectic spot on each cheek told of the fatal disease raging within. He was apparently not more than twenty two years of age, but in the dark, wild despairing eye, a tale of woe was revealed. Grey stepped to the bedside, and saw at once that Rosalie's companion at that secret interview and the ruin before him were the same. The invalid tried to raise himself to speak, but fell back in a fainting fit.

"Fetch the Doctor quickly," said Grey; "he will be somewhere about the Flat. "Not for the world," cried the woman, "he (pointing to the sick man) said he'd shoot me if I dared to send." "Fetch him this instant," said Grey sternly, and the boy ran off for that purpose. Grey then walked outside the hut, and the woman vainly strove to recover the young man from his swoon. "He might have stayed to help," muttered the woman. Alas, she little knew how much at that moment poor Grey needed help himself; for so powerful was the reaction of feeling, that, faint and dizzy, he leaned against a tree for support. At last with an effort he roused himself, seemed lost in thought, then in an instant a glimpse of the truth flashed like lightning across his mind, and all was clear to him.

The Doctor soon arrived, and followed by Grey, entered the hut. The young man's face lay in the shade; he was still insensible. The Doctor took out his lancet and

opened a vein; the blood flowed freely, the sick man revived, and turned his face slowly to the light. His arm fell from the Doctor's hands, who started up from the bedside, gazed at the emaciated figure before him with strained eyes, and then in a tone of agony exclaimed, "It is he!" "It is my son!" The invalid covered his face with his hands, and the bed shook with his convulsive sobs. Trembling in every limb the father strove to perform his part, but at last, throwing down the bandages, he cried wildly, "I cannot, I cannot; and yet he is my child!" The utter misery expressed in these words touched Grey to the heart, who, taking up the bandages, performed the task himself.

The father staggered to the door, and disappeared. The invalid gradually became calm, and tried to speak. After one or two efforts he said, "You know my history, Grey. Go to that stern and proud old man, and tell him his dying son begs his forgiveness, and asks him to take him—home! That is," he continued, "if Eveline will condescend to let a dying one in." Here his eyes looked brighter and fiercer than before. "If not, let Rosalie come here." Grey paused one moment, then said, "But did they not know that you were living?" The young man replied in a whisper, for the woman had now entered the room. Thus they conversed for some time; then the sick one placed something in Grey's hand, who left the hut to seek the unhappy father.

He found him in an adjoining hut, stern, but composed; and Grey's character showed forth in its full strength. He gave the message, but the old man shook his head. "Every care which a child can demand from a parent shall be his," he said, coldly, "but I cannot break my oath. "Walter," he added, softening a little, "You do not, cannot know." "I know it all," said Grey, quickly. Three years ago he told me his history, but never his real name; he called himself

“Hood.” He told me his profligate, wild career had nearly driven you mad; he told me the sorrow and care he caused had broken his mother’s heart.” “It did, it did,” cried the old man, wildly “and I never will forgive!” “Hush,” said Grey, sternly, “He said that after his mother’s death Eveline kept your house, and instead of soothing, rather excited the ill feeling between you by her desire to govern you all; at last you turned him from your door, and vowed he should never return. He is dying;” said Grey, commandingly, “I tell you he *shall* come!”

Mute with indignant surprise the father stood before him, and Grey went on. “To night he has told me more. The vessel was wrecked in which he sailed for Australia; you at home heard that all on board had perished, and all *did* perish save one; that one was *your son*. Years passed on; at last about a month since, when journeying on foot to the Flat, he was suddenly taken ill, and fell down in a fit. He recovered, to find himself a prisoner in a robber’s horde. Gardiner was its chief. He remained some days with them; they tended him kindly; but he saw too much, and they told him he must join them or die. The night we met him (the Doctor started and groaned aloud) was his first and last outrage on society; but the shock of seeing you all was too much. A relapse ensued, he sent to Rosalie, she met him, and took him to Barns’s hut, and then Gardiner set him free, on the condition that he should never divulge aught which he had seen. Now,” continued Grey, resuming the tone of high and determined command, “Go in there,” pointing towards the hut as he spoke. “Revoke, as a father should, your bad and wicked oath; tell the world all the truth, and let not your girls be branded as the sisters of a *thief*!”

The old man staggered back, and buried his face in his hands as Grey added, bitterly, “But after all, *that* will

not affect *you* much. The father who can see the ruin of a soul, and that on a dying bed, will feel but little sorrow at his daughters' ruin, too!" "Stop, stop!" screamed the old man, wildly, "if you are not a fiend." Then, bursting into tears, he gasped, "Oh! would that I *could* recall the past. But, Walter Grey, I was before my God, I *dare* not break my oath." Grey came nearer to him; his voice sank to a deep whisper, that thrilled through the old man's heart, "Listen!" he said gently. "An erring son once stood by his mother's bedside; it was her death-bed; she gave him *this*;" he drew forth a small pocket Bible as he spoke. The father started, an expression of agony crossed his face as he tried to grasp the book. "Stand back, old man, stand back!" said Grey, firmly. "This book contains the general pardon of the King of Kings to all mankind. With *that*, by your own confession, you have naught to do. God, who is all goodness, *can* forgive; man, who is evil, *cannot*; therefore, I say stand back." The young man's figure was drawn to its full height; there was dignity in his manner, and truth in his words; they struck home. Again his voice sank, "In all his wanderings, in all his sins, in the dark shipwreck, in his detention by the robber chief, this book has never left his bosom till to night; and now leaves it only to plead to a Father's heart."

"Grey," cried the old man, in agony, "no man or woman on earth has power to make me revoke that oath." "No!" said Grey, quickly, "Not *one*; but an angel in Heaven *may*." As he spoke he held the Bible open towards him, and on the fly leaf he saw the likeness of his wife—not as his bride, not as the partner of his youth, but as the departed mother, borne on angels' wings upwards to God. At the bottom of the picture one word in feeble characters was traced, and that word was "*Forgive!*"

Trembling in every limb, the old man sank on his

knees, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, and hands upraised to Heaven, he exclaimed, "Forgive us our trespasses," and rushed into the hut. "I forgive you, forgive you, my son!" he cried, "Come home, come to your father's heart." The prodigal clung to the old man's neck, and sobbed convulsively. Grey left the hut. The moon had risen. Again he leaned against the tree, for he felt quite overcome. Suddenly he heard light footsteps approaching, and Rosalie appeared. In an instant he was by her side. "Wait one minute," he exclaimed, "Your father is in the hut." The girl looked much alarmed. "Then they have met," she cried, "and my father knows all?" "Your brother is forgiven," said Grey, gently. "Thank God!" the girl fervently exclaimed, then turning towards him she said earnestly, "Walter Grey this is *your* doing—I know, I feel it is. You have saved us all from misery, how can we be sufficiently grateful; how can we ever repay?" She stopped; their eyes met. He bent down his head, and whispered low. A soft reply fell on his ear; he clasped her to his heart, and the rapturous words "Mine for ever," fell from his lips.

They lingered some minutes, then went into the hut. As they entered they heard the glorious words, "*I will arise and go to my father*;" for the parent was reading the sacred words, and the son was gathering hope. The lovers stood side by side, and listened with deep emotion. As the dying youth looked from one to the other a smile brightened on his face. At this moment the door opened, and Eveline, followed by Hurst and Keene, entered. Her eyes were bright with fever, her cheeks were pale as death, her dark hair hung in dishevelled masses over her shoulders, and her look was fearfully wild. The patient waved his hand feebly, as if to motion her away. She gazed on him mournfully, then uttering a cry, and sinking on her knees by

his bedside, she "lifted up her voice and wept." The dying youth gazed at her fixedly, then stretched out his hands. The girl kissed off the tears which rolled down his cheeks, and he passed his arm round her neck.

"Forgive me," she whispered, humbly. "I do," said the brother, faintly, "as I hope to be forgiven when I meet my God." After this he slept for some time. When he awoke he said, feebly, "Let me see Lion." Hurst immediately ran to the Doctor's hut, unloosed their old favourite, and brought him to the youth's bed side. The meeting was most touching, for oh! how many memories of boyhood and innocence it recalled. No persuasion could induce the dog to leave his young master, and a murmured "Let him stay," decided the point; so the faithful animal lay quietly down and gazed on the poor pale face to the last.

On the day of the funeral hundreds of diggers stood round the prodigal's grave, and a solemn lesson was taught to many a beating heart. The sad duty was over, and the father sat within his hut alone. The door opened gently, and Walter Grey entered. He walked to the old man's side and said very humbly, "Doctor Howard, for many months you have been as a father to me; circumstances forced me the other night to seem to forget the deep respect I have always felt for you; will you forgive me? The necessity must plead my excuse." "Grey," said the old man, kindly, "I have read *"Blessed are the peacemakers, for their's is the kingdom of Heaven.* You have saved me from a life of despair; if there is aught I can do to prove how deeply I feel this, name it now."

The door opened, and Rosalie came in. Grey led her to her father. No words were needed. The young girl threw her arms round his neck, and hid her face on his breast. Her parent placed her hand in Grey's. "I give you," he said, gazing tenderly on her as he spoke, "my best,



my most precious child, and I give her with all my heart. May she prove as good a wife to you as she has been a daughter to me." Grey drew her gently to his heart, and a blessing from the brothers' grave seemed to sanctify her pure and first young love.

## CHAPTER XIII.

The wonderful accounts of the Lacklan were now fully confirmed, and the "hateful rush" predicted by Keene really took place. Storekeepers took down their stores, restaurants were broken up, hotels changed hands, large parties of diggers continually left the Flat, and the population was reduced by hundreds a day. Mails to the Lacklan were established, and crowded inside and out, and carts and vans, crammed to excess, were constantly travelling along the road. Hurst was of course mad, as usual, to be off, and both he and Keene mentioned the subject to Grey, who replied, "Why you see, this claim is not yet worked out, and—" "And Miss Eveline," said Keene, "you wouldn't show no detriment in that quarter, and—" "And there's the dinner bell," said Grey, walking off, "I'm so hungry." Keene gazed after him, much puzzled, but the process of deep thought was too painful, so he went to dinner.

One evening, as Eveline and Rose sat together at work, the former said suddenly, "Rosalie, dear, why do you look so sad? and—she paused for a moment—why does not Walter Grey come?" Rosalie made no reply for awhile; at length she said, "He writes to me, and is coming to-morrow evening." "Writes," said the elder sister, "what folly, when he could come whenever he liked; but I understand it all. He is afraid of the poor silly fool he was so kind as to talk to." Rosalie turned to her sister; there was a quiet dignity in her manner as she said, "Walter Grey is neither a coxcomb nor a fool, or I would

not marry him. He has told me there was a time." "Yes," said Eveline earnestly, "long before we came to the Flat." Not heeding the interruption, Rosalie continued—"When, if he had received encouragement from *you*." She stopped, for a smile, such as none but a woman could witness and comprehend, lighted up Eveline's face, who exclaimed. "Thank God! he is worthy of your love." Then she drew her sister closer, and continued, "Now listen, and I will tell you all. There was a time, when, had circumstances not happened that opened our eyes, we might have deceived ourselves. I liked to talk to him," she went on rapidly, "he lent me books, he taught me to draw, he read to me, I read to him, we argued, we analyzed the characters portrayed, he reasoned, I idealized, he laughed at my imaginings, but sometimes seemed surprised at my remarks. Then, carried away by the subject, and excited by the interest I evinced, he would soar higher and higher; and then I gloried in the man!" Then, turning to her sister, she added, sadly, "His mind met mine, but his love was always your's, and even if he and I had fancied we loved, we should not have been happy. I could never brook his imperious tone, and *that* man is born to rule. You will persuade, I cannot, and he will love you tenderly. Remember me kindly to him, for to-morrow I leave for Sydney."

Rosalie started, and looked pained. "It will be a relief to us all," said Eveline. The next day she left the Diggings. This occasioned much surprise to Grey; whether his sorrow was as great we cannot say. Grey soon after this asked the Doctor's advice relative to going to the Lacklan, and it was agreed that he and Hurst should start at once, and that Keene and another man should remain to work out the claim. "And, Miss Rose," said Hurst, merrily, "we shall both come back awfully rich;"

and then he stopped, for the poor girl's head was resting on her lover's shoulder, and she was weeping bitterly. So many partings were hard to bear, but the "colonial fever" now breaking out, soon gave full employment to both father and daughter; for whenever the Doctor attended a sick woman or child Rosalie was by his side. Many an invalid anxiously awaited her coming, and many a suffering child cried for Miss Rose to tell it "a 'ittle story," and never cried in vain.

Once or twice Grey paid them a hasty visit. He told them they had joined a party, and were sinking a hole; that it was hard work, for the earth was so light they were obliged to slab it. "What is that," said Rose? "Fix boards all the way down," replied Grey; "the bottom of the hole is like a little room." "I should like to see it," said Rose. "Well," laughed Grey, "you may; we can lower you down. You sit on a bucket and cling to a rope; it is only one-hundred-and-twenty feet deep! I would not ask Rose to go there now for the world," he added gravely; "it is so fearfully hot, but the winter at the Lacklan is delightful, and then——." The remainder of the gentleman's speech was not audible in the reporters' gallery.

Well, winter came at last, and with it came Hurst and Grey, and Rose became a bride. Grey and Rosalie were so generally esteemed that the event was interesting to all around. Keene and Lizzie were in raptures; Mrs. Bevan was "only too delighted," and Mrs. Boon was obliged to hire three cooks, for the feasting lasted two entire days. As the wedding party left the church to pass through the dense crowd, off went every hat and cap. The way was cleared before them, and then such a cheer arose that you might have heard it for miles.

Grey, perceiving that Rosalie was much agitated, led her on quickly. On reaching home the first words she

heard were—"Little Miss Rosalie on de diggins, and married. Yah, yah, yah! Black Drake so happy!" The next instant the young bride was clasped to her father's breast. On the wedding day and the succeeding one every body had walked about in their best clothes, eating and drinking from morning till night. Then the Doctor, Grey, and Rosalie commenced packing up. While thus engaged Conolly rushed in with the *Burrangong Courier* in his hand, exclaiming, "Oh! my word, what d'ye think? The escort has been 'stuck up,' and the robbers have taken notes to the value of £700, and two thousand ounces 18 dwts. of gold from them, which they were carrying to Sydney. The scoundrels placed a cart across Engoura Creek, so that the police could not cross, and whilst they were engaged in removing it shot at them from behind the bushes. They don't know yet how many are killed." "Hush," said Grey, quickly, when the words "stuck up" fell on his ear, but it was too late. The father and daughter trembled as Conolly read; when he concluded the Doctor said "I thank thee, oh God! that my boy lies safely in his grave;" and the young wife wept in her husband's arms.

The next morning they set out. Of course there was no fear of meeting bushrangers after the late attack, so they were all in excellent spirits. It is true that Grey fretted a little about being obliged to take his wife to a tent, but the Doctor assured him that Rose would be "happy enough, never fear." Suddenly Lion darted forward. "By Jove," it's a bear!" cried Grey, joyously, "I wish Hurst were here." "A bear?" screamed Rosalie. "It won't hurt you, darling," said Grey, "just look what a funny chap he is there, hanging by his claws to the tree." Rosalie ventured to look, and saw an animal about the size of a sheep, covered with thick grey hair. "At him,

boy," shouted Grey, in a state of great excitement; and the instant the bear dropped to the ground the dog was upon him, and a regular fight ensued, the combatants fairly rolling over and over each other.

"Oh pray, Walter, pull Lion away," cried Rosalie, "*remember the Kangaroos.*" Two or three heavy blows settled the poor bear, who gave up the ghost with a very poor opinion of an "Englishman's love of fair play." Then, as if to add "insult to injury," Rosalie praised "his gentle looking face," and Grey, instead of burying his foe "in all honour," skinned him, nay more, they ate him, and pronounced him really good, and "just like beef;" and, truth obliges the admission, Lion was mean enough to pick his bones.

At the expiration of a week they drew near the Laeklan. When within half a mile of that place they met Hurst, who saluted them as follows:—"Welcome to the Laeklan, Mrs. Grey; welcome Doctor; and Grey, old boy, how are you?" Then without waiting for a reply he rattled on "I say, Grey, Donaldson's bottomed his shaft, and it's turned out first rate; it's next to ours, so that looks well. I think Mrs. Grey you will be surprised when you reach the Diggings." Surprised! Rosalie was astonished, for she found a very bustling place indeed. Horsemen, bullock drays, waggons, and not the least among the lively ones, children thronged the street, both sides of which were supplied with goodly stores, ornamented with red, white and blue flags, lettered according to their respective callings; but in striking contrast to this animated scene rows of men, sometimes ten, sometimes fifty or more, were seated by the road side, thoughtfully smoking their pipes.

"Well," said Rosalie, "I never saw such idle people," at which remark Hurst seemed highly delighted; but replied gravely, "All these chaps have made their fortunes,

Mrs. Grey ; so, as Keene would say, don't ought to work." "Nonsense," broke in Grey, "the poor fellows are waiting to see the result of each venture, for it is useless for them to sink if the next shaft don't pay." "Then how do they live in the mean time," asked Rose, anxiously. "Entirely by smoking," said Hurst, "and credit from the store-keeper's; and if the claim don't pay somebody suffers. See we have plenty of hotels; there's a big one, and the proprietor is about building a theatre to hold eight hundred people. It will pay like anything, this is such a go-a-head place."

They now quitted the town and entered the country. "What a pretty little place that is," said Rosalie, pointing to a small calico house sheltered by trees, "To whom does that belong?" "To Mr. and Mrs. Grey," shouted Hurst; "so welcome home, and God bless them both!"

Many of our readers, doubtless, often ponder over the sweet memories of their honeymoon. The delightful novelty of housekeeping, the pride of having real goods and chattels of your own, the stimulus which love gives to duty, the sense of protection, the unwillingness with which the parts of husband and wife are assumed, both wishing to play lovers a little longer. Ah! young people are quite right to run away and hide themselves by the sea-side, for these things, although delightful at the time, and very pleasant to remember, would, if elaborated, read very "slow" to the uninitiated.

Walter Grey had, with the assistance of Hurst, furnished the house very comfortably, and a looking glass, manufactured, as Hurst expressed it, by himself, claimed especial admiration. It was a great change for a young girl like Rosalie; but "our natures are subdued to what they work in," and she soon became accustomed to the digger's life, and the duties of a digger's wife; and Rose was very happy.

One day she had just placed all things ready for her husband's twelve o'clock dinner, when he entered with a letter in his hand. "Open it, dear," he said, "it is from Eveline; I can take up the dinner." "Oh dear, no," she answered, with all the pride of a young housekeeper, and soon placed a comfortable meal before him. "And now," she said, "for the letter." After reading a few lines to herself she exclaimed, "Oh, Walter, she has written to papa, and if he gives his consent is going to be married!" "Is she, really," he replied, warmly, "that's capital; I'm sure I hope she'll be happy; but who is the favoured one, Rose?" Captain Lenox, now commissioner on some gold fields, the name of which I cannot pronounce. He has been in the army; says he knows you very well." "Oh, I remember him," said Grey, "he's a splendid fellow, very tall and good looking; exactly what Eva would like. My word, Rosa, won't they be a stylish couple? But, darling, you don't look glad; why, you're crying." "Yes, yes, I am glad," she answered, "but she fears they will have to return to England, and I hoped to have seen her here.

Just then Dr. Howard entered, and after discussing the contents of his letter he announced his intention of going to Sydney at once, and if he found everything satisfactory, remaining till after the wedding. So the carpet-bag was packed, and he left the Diggings that evening. After a pleasant journey—for the roads on the Goulbourn were far better than those on the Bathurst side—the Doctor reached Sydney in safety. A short acquaintance sufficed to convince him that Captain Lenox possessed highly moral principles, deep religious feeling, a kind heart, and great decision of character. He therefore gave his consent to their immediate union, and the young people carried out his wishes in a most dutiful and praiseworthy manner. Dr. Howard was now anxious to return home, so, charged



with messages and loaded with presents, he once more crossed the Blue Mountains.

His younger daughter and her husband welcomed him home with joy, and the latter told him that his little Rose was a capital cook, and made a first-rate digger's wife: also that Hurst, himself, and mates had been working like slaves in the hope of bottoming their shaft before his return, and without success; but they thought the "washing stuff" could not be far off. They were right, for two days after they came to four feet of it, and the yield, on washing, greatly exceeded their expectations. They immediately took it to Mrs. Bevan's to be weighed. The mates all assembled inside the store, and Grey anxiously leaned over the counter.

"Well, Mrs. Bevan, what does it weigh?" said he. "One hundred and ten ounces," was the reply. "Does it, really," he exclaimed, joyfully, "I did not think it would weigh anything like that; it's capital." "Oh! my word," cried Hurst, "isn't it jolly?" "Stunning," chorused the mates.

Grey now hastened home. He found Rosalie very busy washing, and the Doctor writing. The young husband drew his wife's hands gently out of the tub, and gave her a hearty kiss. "Oh, Walter, dear," she cried earnestly, as soon as she had returned his salutation, "do let me go on, I'm so busy." "Bother the washing," replied Grey, "give it to some woman to do." The Doctor looked up from his writing. "Yes, I dare say," said Rose, laughing, "and pay eight shillings a dozen!"

Grey then told them the good news, and Hurst entered during the narration. Rosalie and her father were of course much pleased, but their pleasure was exceeded by surprise when Grey added, "Now I'll tell you what I should like to do. I should like to sell my claim, and go

to England." Rosalie started, and her eyes beamed with delight. Grey continued, "It has been on my mind for months. The life of a digger is, after all, wretched and precarious. This place is altogether unfit for Rose; besides—besides, I want them at home to see her."

"By Jove," cried Hurst, vehemently, "if *you* all go, I must. Why, if left behind, I should throw myself down the very hole where we found the gold." Then suddenly seizing Lion by the forepaws he danced him about the room, singing,

"Home, home, and roast beef, my boy,  
As you and I once well knew.  
The fat and the lean for me, old boy,  
And a jolly big bone for you."

"But how about you, dear papa?" said Rose, anxiously. "Oh, I should return home with you, of course," was the earnest reply. "Bravo, isn't it jolly," cried Grey and Hurst in a breath. "Oh how I wish that Eveline, were here," exclaimed Rose. "I do believe we shall all go home together!"

The claim was sold, and Hurst and Grey realized four thousand pounds each.

Rosalie's prophecy was fulfilled, they *did* go home together. Rose was introduced to Mrs. Grey, and, as she expected, she soon learned to love her very dearly. Laura Grey was charmed with her new sister—Emily was married, and residing some distance from home—and Rose and Hurst reciprocated the feeling, the latter with interest. He however kept the secret closely imprisoned, till it threatened to break his heart. And so one evening, like Othello, he took advantage of "a pliant hour;" and laughed, sang, talked and danced so much for a month after, that ascetic and bilious people thought him mad, and they were all very happy.

Dear reader, having journeyed with our friends through many sorrows, it is but meet that we should share a little in their joys. We will therefore spend one more evening with them, and then we must say "Farewell." See! they are engaged in private theatricals, and are performing a play called

QUITE AT HOME.

*Scene, a Drawing Room in the reign of Old Father Christmas.*

Captain and Mrs. Lenox, Dr. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Grey, sen., Walter, Rosalie, Hurst, and Laura Grey, appear seated. Lion reposes at full length by the fire.

MRS. GREY.—And now, Rosa, tell us what alterations struck you most on your arrival in England?

ROSA.—That which pleased me most was to observe that elderly ladies had left off wigs and hair dyes, and wore their own beautiful silvery hair.

MRS. GREY.—(Bowing) Thank you, Rosa. And you, Eveline, what changes struck you most?

EVA.—I was not much surprised at the costumes of the day, because I had seen similar fashions at Sydney. I suppose I must bow, and to a certain extent conform to the prevailing mode, but I *was* surprised to hear young ladies and gentlemen use expressions which really put me in mind of an old acquaintance.

ALL.—Jenny Coles!

EVA.—But my husband says we should not be too severe on a merely passing fashion. These same young people, had they lived in the time of Elizabeth, would have been as fastidious and euphonistic as Sir Piercie Shafton.

HURST.—(Apart to Laura) Eu-pho-nis-tic! What's the meaning of that?

LAURA.—(Apart to Hurst) It means "all bosh."

ROSE.—Did you note that, Walter?

WALTER GREY.—Yes, marriage is a great improver.

EVA.—I trust you find it so, but there are some natures so perfect that nothing is required to——

DR. HOWARD.—Come, come children! No more nonsense.

It would be strange indeed if, after the trials we have had, we should not be somewhat improved. Let us all gratefully enjoy our present happiness.

HURST.—(Stepping forward, and bowing low to an imaginary audience). But that happiness will scarcely be the right ticket (whisper) of leave."

ALL.—Shame, shame! off, off!

HURST.—But *our* happiness will be much enhanced.——

ALL.—Good, good! go on!

HURST.—Enhanced if the story of our lives, "with all the dangers we have passed," has afforded some entertainment, and some slight—slight—

CAPTAIN KNOX.—(in a whisper) Germ——

HURST.—Some slight germ of instruction to our readers, for such was the aim, and is

THE END OF THE TALE OF THE DIGGINGS.

POSTSCRIPT BY OUR AUSTRALIAN  
CORRESPONDENT.

On a very hot Christmas day, Lizzie and her husband sat in their bark hut at Lambing Flat. They had just finished a dinner of roast beef and plum pudding—strange diet for such weather; but home memories were attached, and domestic institutions must be respected. Lizzie had a stout baby on her lap, who was sleepily trying to digest her rather unseasonable dinner. Then the father spoke solemnly—"Lizzie, that were a verry good pudding, a'most as good as my poor old mother used to make." Lizzie looked pleased as she replied. "It were; though I say it, as shouldn't. I spared neither eggs, nor plums, nor candy, but lor! how should we have had one or t'other if it had not been for the kindness of the Grey's?" "True," said Keene, "for my claim was just worked out, and if they hadn't set us up in this here store, where should we have been? Why, *nowhere!*" "And to think of Hurst (broke in Lizzie) sending us such lots of toys to sell, and his being engaged to Grey's sister. I wonder if she's a funny one like him." "Yes," said Keene, "and now make me a glass of rum and water, and one for your own self, and mind to remind me to plant them seeds the Doctor sent me on that poor boy's grave. Fine feller, that Doctor; never writes, but he sends some money, and good advice and d— me if I don't like the advice best! And Miss Rose, too—beg her pardon, Missus Grey, never writing, but she sends some kind present to me, or you, or the babby. Confound it;" drawing his brown hand across his eyes, "it's enough to make a 'ooman of a man. And now let's drink their health's and God bless 'em, and Lizzie I'll tell you an anecdote—A new parson once came on these here diggings, a sort of new *sex*. I jined 'em, but one day I says to Hurst, "Come and hear the new parson." "Not I," says he,

he kicks up too much *row* for me. When I goes, I goes to Mr. Shaner; he's of the right sort, and we all like him; but Doctor Howard is parson enough for *me*, and I don't want no other. *He acts his religion every day in the week*, and *that's* the reason HIS KINDNESS HAS SUCH POWER.

FINIS.

# A TALE OF THE BUSH,

OR

BORN TO BE HANGED.

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## CHAPTER I.

On a cold, showery afternoon in the month of June the driver of a horse and cart drew up at a road-side inn, situated in a remote district, as it was termed, near — in New South Wales. A few small huts, scattered here and there, appeared at first sight to constitute the whole of the little hamlet, but a second glance revealed smoke ascending from between the Bush trees, and told of other dwellings being near. Well, as I said before the cart stopped, the driver jumped down, and from underneath the covering emerged the figure of a man, who wore a thread bare coat, trowsers to match, a hat that had evidently seen better days, and an indescribable air about the wearer showed that the poor fellow had done the same.

The stranger was about forty years of age, tall and thin, with dark hair and eyes, and evidently in delicate health; his features were good, and a broad lofty forehead told of intellect and thought. An elderly lady, about sixty years of age, was then assisted to descend, and again you saw before you the same lineaments under a softened form, for the travellers were mother and son. The expression of the faces was, however, very

different. The son's face looked irritable, and displayed all the anxiety of a man fighting "the battle of life," and one felt that the conflict was even then at its height. The mother's face, too, was anxious—oh! how anxious, when she looked on him, but otherwise it was calm, very benevolent, and it was easy to be perceived that a happy, contented spirit reigned within.

Next a little girl about six years of age was lifted out, and the moment she was safely placed on the ground the landlady, who had been carelessly watching their proceedings, exclaimed, "Oh look! what a lovely child;" and truly she was right, for Ada Lisle was a very beautiful little being, and as she stood with her clear blue eyes and fair young face raised intelligently to her father's when he asked her if she felt tired, other eyes besides the landlady's looked on her with admiration and delight. Her voice, as she answered in the negative, was low and sweet. "But grandm'a must be," she added; "she is older than me, you know, so—" Here the landlady came forward and said, "You'd better let that sweet little cretur come in at once; it's going to rain again, and the old woman looks tired. Have you come *far*?" "From Bathurst," replied the stranger; and then, not desiring farther examination into his affairs, he entered the inn, followed by the grandmother and child, and after placing them beside a blazing fire returned to unpack the cart.

The hostess stood at the door watching him as he took out boxes and parcels of various sizes, till her attention was diverted by three or four men coming in for "nobblers." They all soon began talking of bullocks, horses and pigs, and guests who did not take "nobblers" were quite forgotten. A conversation in a low tone was all this time going on between the old woman and child, the little one wanting to know the "why and the wherefore" of every thing



she saw, the grandmother patiently replying to her questions; for there was no impaired intellect, no decayed faculties; there the past life had been well spent, and the powers of the mind too wisely exercised to have produced exhaustion; and Mrs. Lisle at the age of sixty was a loving, sensible guide to both father and child; and truth to tell, the man of genius needed her aid quite as much as the little motherless girl. Thus, then, they sat by the fire, and enjoyed the warmth, but alas! the conversation of the men who had last entered was so sullied with imprecations, that the grandmother felt grieved and annoyed, and in the hope of checking it a little, inquired of a respectable looking man who stood near "If he knew of a good sized hut to let in that neighbourhood? He replied civilly that he *did* know of one, but added, "Perhaps it may be too large, mum, as it's been a store."

"Do you think we could see it at once?" said the old lady, "I dare say it would do." "Do you think the lady can see old Grub?" inquired the man, turning to another who was seated drinking some beer. "Well," he replied, rising as he spoke. "You see, old Grub vent hout this mornin, and the reason I appen to know hit, he was a telling me hof a hincident which took place as yesterday. Now, you all know Master Miles. (This was said in a highly significant manner, and with a very mysterious air) Vell, it seems Grub lost some osses, strayed away in the Bush. Vel, Grub sends Master Miles yesterday to look for these osses, and Master Miles makes his appearance back agin this mornin without no osses, without no 'at, with his clothes rip up, and in short (as one may say) almost in a state of nud-ity. Now ven a boy comes home in a state of nud-ity, and says as he'd been awful frightened by a bull, and ad been kep up a tree for hours, and his clothes ad caught in a branch and ripped up, and 'is 'at had blowed

hoff as he run, his master nat'rally knows at once as it's all a lie, cos Master Miles has been thousands of times into the Bush, and hasn't never met no bull, nor lost no 'at nor nothin; so of course Master Miles gets a precious good 'iding, and Grub's gone his own self to look for the osses. It's 'ard on the poor man, as he says, to have to leave his store, but that boy is BORN TO BE HUNG, and he's beat him till he's out of 'ope."

"Well, then, mum," said the other man, who had listened with evident impatience to this long story, "as Jemmy Butts says Grub's out, of course you can't see the hut." "Oh yes, the lady *can*," interposed Jemmy, triumphantly, "Grub came back this afternoon. There were a bullock, he says, vich looked wicious enough, but he wasn't kept up no tree, nor lost nothin, cos he looked out for it and vent another vay ven he see it, and he got the osses, and he come home." "Might have told the lady so at once, then," said the first speaker gruffly, "without all that yarn. Shall I show you the way to Grub's?" "Thank you," replied the old lady, "here is my son." She then briefly related what had happened, and they decided to accompany their new friend to the store.

Previous to setting out they asked the landlady to have some tea ready for them when they returned; she replied, "All right," and went on washing glasses. They had not gone many steps from the door when Mrs. Lisle said to her son, "Perhaps, Frederick, this gentleman might give us some idea as to whether a school would be likely to succeed in this place." "A skule," said their new friend, with a look of extreme surprise; "that's what you're thinking of, is it? Well, now, do you know I really think it 'ud do; there's lot of children about; the huts lie hid like; the only thing is I'm afeard they 'udn't know what to make of a skule, and the young 'uns are as wild

as hawks, and as sarcy as magpies." Mr. Lisle looked rather alarmed as this was said, but his mother replied, with a smile, "If the poor children are in such an uncultivated state they require a school all the more." "So they *do*, mum, so they *do*; well said, well said!" replied the man. A little further conversation ensued, and they decided that should they obtain the hut, they would at once endeavour to open a school.

On their arrival at Grub's they found him at home. A boy of about ten years of age, with black hair and dark eyes, the former in a very matted, untidy state, no hat, and, as Jemmy Butts had said, almost in a state of nudity, was sitting on a log near the house. His eyes were fixed on the ground, and his face, which was very dirty, looked cross and sad. He took no notice whatever of the strangers, but kept kicking a bit of stick backwards and forwards. The little girl, who had been silent during the walk, now whispered, "That's the boy, grandm'a, that's the boy." "Yes, yes, I see, dear," said the old lady, and the man who had accompanied them observed, "Yes, that's him; and he's got *gallows* written on his face, sure enough."

The little girl gazed at the man with astonishment. Just then Grub came from the hut, and invited the visitors to enter, but the little one wriggled her hand out of her grandmother's, saying, "I'll stay here, please, whilst you and papa go and see the hut"; and walking to the spot where the boy was seated, she quietly placed herself on a log directly opposite to him, and fixing her beautiful eyes kindly upon him, seemed lost in thought. "Ain't you coming inside, Miss?" inquired old Grub. "No, thank you," replied the child, innocently, "Not yet. I want to look at this boy first." "Well," cried the old man, roughly, bursting into a kind of scornful laugh, "you must have a

rum taste, a very rum taste, I must say." The child took no notice of this remark, and the old man walked away; as he did so the girl turned her eyes towards him for one minute, and then fixed them again on the boy. It was a curious contrast—there was the girl, neat, clean, educated and beloved; there was the boy untidy, dirty, uneducated, and despised. *Why* was their lot in life so different? And *why* should these things be?

After a while the girl rose and walked to the hut. Once during her stay the boy had suddenly raised his eyes, and given her a resentful stare; the next moment he was looking down again and kicking the bit of stick. A hard bargain was old Grub making with Mr. Lisle. He saw at once that the building pleased them, so fixed the rent far beyond its worth. Miles told him plainly it was a downright theft, but he replied he didn't care if it was; he "knowed there wasn't another to let, so they could take it or leave it as they liked best." Their friend informed them in a whisper that what the old man said was true. They therefore reluctantly agreed to the terms, feeling it was at any rate a resting-place—a home.

On their return to the inn tea was awaiting them. They had the parlour to themselves (an unusual case in Australia at that period) and the moment they were seated at table little Ada exclaimed, as if they must be still thinking of poor young Miles, "I had *such* a look at him, grandma, and there wasn't a *bit* of writing on his face. I knew it wouldn't have '*gallows*' written on it, and I *don't* believe he's born to be hung, do *you*, granny?" "No, dear, I do not," replied the old lady kindly; and the father laughed and said, "What makes you so anxious about that boy, Ada? You can think of nothing else." The child looked wistfully at her parent. "I know why—here," she said, putting her hand on her heart, "but I can't *say* it somehow. *You say*

it for me, granny," she added winningly. "No, no, pussy," said Mr. Lisle, "try to express your thoughts; grandm'a does too much for us already." "Then I think, papa, if he's going to be hung some day we ought to *help* him to do right; and then, as people get hung for doing *wrong*, he wouldn't get hung for doing *right*, would he?" "Well, I hope not," said her father, much amused. "That could scarcely be expected, though by *your* account the hanging appears *bound* to come off under almost any circumstances." "No, no," said the little one, earnestly, "not if we *help* him; is it, grandma?" "No, love, no; I daresay it will all be right at last, but go on with your tea now."

The child obeyed, and ate in silence, till all at once she stopped; for a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, with a face expressive with melancholy sweetness that was truly winning, walked quietly into the room, and said, "Little Queen of Beauty, I want us to be great friends, and for us to talk together about all sorts of things that happen every day, and I can't make out; say, will you be my little friend?" The child had laid her bread-and-butter down, and sat listening to the stranger with a perplexed expression, but now she laughed merrily, and, shaking her pretty head, replied, "Oh, no! I couldn't have *you* for a friend, you know; you're such a *funny* man." "Really, sir," said Mr. Lisle, "this intrusion is impertinent, ungentlemanly and wrong." "I *know* it," replied the strange visitor; "this sweet face is my only apology, and the wish to have the owner of it for a friend; but she won't be poor Everley's friend, and even if she would, perhaps—perhaps—" A mournful expression stole over his countenance, and he walked towards the door.

Mr. Lisle's heart was touched. "No, no," he said, "sit down." The stranger hesitated a moment, looked at Ada, and complied. Mr. Lisle walked into the bar. A

lurking smile was on the face of the landlady, but just as he entered a call from an inner room summoned her away. A respectable-looking man, a digger, was lying full length along a settle attached to the wall, and Jemmy Butts was still there. Not wishing to hear a long story from the latter, Ada's father, addressing the former, inquired if the gentleman who had just entered the parlour was mad. The person interrogated raised himself on his elbow, and replied, "Oh no, he's not mad; he's only what you may call——." "A hod man," said Jemmy Butts, joining in. "He's only what you may call eccentric," said the first speaker. He's a gentleman by birth, and always acts upright, but poor fellow he was crossed in love—that is the lady he was going to marry, died, and I've heard tell that she was——." "A haingel," said Jemmy Butts, determined to join in. "Very beautiful," the man continued, heedless of the interruption; "since then he's roamed about in a restless sort of way. He has a little property, he's very clever, and once or twice he has found gold and discovered reefs, but he don't care about money; he told his favourites where they was, and then went away. He's very much respected, for he's a real good man. When he saw you lift your little girl out of the cart to-day one would have thought he'd seen——" "A helephant," said Jemmy, persevering still—"one would have thought he'd seen a ghost," said the narrator. "I really think your pretty child's like *her*, and it shook him. He turned very white, went out into the Bush till you came back, then he returned, drank a glass of water, and, to our surprise, walked straight into your room." "Thank you, said Mr. Lisle, and hastened back to the parlour. "Vel!" said Jemmy Butts, in disgust at the slight he had received, "I was a going to speak to that man about my son's hedication, but as he happens so hinterested in mad people, I shall hattend to it my own self." The digger laughed, lit his pipe, and smoked.

## CHAPTER II.

Mr. Lisle was somewhat surprised, as he re entered the apartment, to find the stranger and his little girl with their heads close together, looking through a microscope at a very beautiful nugget ; and the instant little Ada saw her father she exclaimed. " Oh papa, come and look here, is'nt this lovely ? He's *such* a nice kind man, and he wants me to have this pretty gold thing all for my own self." " Ah, pussy ! you're like the rest of the world," said her father, " are you— looking out for what you can get ?" The little girl gazed at him with a strange inquiring look, then laying the nugget down on the table, suddenly turned to her grandmother, threw her arms round her neck, and burst into tears.

Everley walked to the window, and beckoning Mr. Lisle to him, said, hurriedly. " You must be careful, sir, *very* careful with that flower ; too much of the *spiritual* there to comprehend the grovelling of earth ; shrinks from them even now." " She is certainly a very sensitive child," replied the father ; " but she has to go through the world. She requires, if I may use the expression, *hardening*, or I fear she will suffer much. She must learn life's lessons, you know." " Yes, but don't *you* be the teacher," said the stranger, earnestly, " leave it to *time*. It will come, with its noiseless tread ; it will bring sorrow, and then the heart *must* harden, or it would break." Leave it to *time*.

They returned to the table. Ada was now seated with her feet upon a sofa, with her lap full of Bush flowers,

and, having quite forgotten her late trouble, was chatting gaily to her grandmother, who was busily engaged with her knitting. Everley drew a chair close by the sofa, and placed himself beside the child. He sat some time quite silent, watching her as she arranged her flowers; at last he said, "And now, little rosebud, I want you, as you understand young Miles's case so well, to tell me a little about myself; for my destiny and that poor boy's somewhat resemble one another. I, at any rate, feel each day of my existence that I was born to be unhappy."

The child's hands were full of flowers, some of which she was about to place in her hair, but now she paused and said, whilst her face betrayed astonishment at this remark, "What does *destiny* mean?" "It means that when the Great Ruler of all things gave me life, He ordained that one disappointment should succeed another; that the days of my youth should be passed in sorrow, my after years darkened by vain regrets. This was *my* destiny, and bitterly it has been fulfilled!" The fatalist rose as he said this, walked once or twice up and down the room in an agitated manner, then, by a powerful effort, he mastered his emotion and, when calmer, again sat down by the child. The little one had all this time regarded him with a very perplexed expression, but when he sat down she put her hand kindly in his, and gave him a beautiful flower. It was a childish action, simply intended to give a little comfort to one who, young as she was, she felt needed help. The sufferer's depth of woe was, of course, "beyond her ken;" but somehow that lovely flower seemed to utter a soft rebuke. The stranger gazed on it sadly, then fixed his eyes on the child. "Is it not beautiful," she said, earnestly. "Beautiful, indeed," he answered, musingly; "but it will die!" "Only for a little while," replied the child, gently. "The flowers come again in



Spring." As she said this her strange companion placed the flower under his coat, near to his heart; then hastily rising, kissed her forehead, and the next minute he was gone.

"Well, Pussy," said Mr. Lisle, who had anxiously watched this scene, "you seem to have found a curious friend *this* time, I must say." "Yes," cried the little one, jumping off the sofa as she spoke; "first he was a *funny* man, then he was a *kind* man, and then he was a *naughty* man, and then he jumped up, just so," she said, mimicking him, "and kissed me, just so," kissing her father's brow; "and then he ran away." "Just so," said the grandmother, and taking her by the arm she ran her off to bed, which so amused the little one that she rolled about with laughter till she fell fast asleep. Then Mrs. Lisle returned to the parlour. "How very singular, mother, for that tall, strong man to tell his troubles to such a child," said Mr. Lisle; "he surely must be mad." But the mother shook her head and replied, "*Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hath He ordained strength, that He might still the enemy and the avenger.*" Thus the evening closed.

## CHAPTER III.

And now, dear reader, we will pass on to the time when our small family party are settled in their hut, and about to commence their school on the ensuing Monday morning. It was on the previous Saturday afternoon that the following conversation occurred:—"I really think, mother," said Mr. Lisle, "that we are now quite ready to commence our delightful task. I sincerely trust all this hammering and cleaning will be of a little use in obtaining for us something resembling a settled income, but to tell you the truth I doubt it; for I never saw such curious people as those who live here in my life."

As he was speaking, Everley who was now a frequent and welcome visitor walked in. Mr. Lisle had soon discovered that on every point but one he was an intelligent and shrewd observer, and fully capable of assisting both himself and others. He smiled as he heard Mr. Lisle's remark, and said—"And so you have been to see the inhabitants of Hillandale, and what success have you had?" "I scarcely know," replied the schoolmaster in embryo, "for I could not make out whether they cared for their children having any education or not; so I merely told them a school would be opened on Monday morning next, and gave them my terms, which are also put up in the two stores of the place, and left." Everley smiled again. "To whom did you go first?" he inquired. "To a man of the name of Lihard, and he promised his boys should attend." "Yes;" "then they won't come." Mr. Lisle looked much surprised, the grandmother very grave, and little Ada opened

her eyes to their fullest extent. "Who next?" said Everley, with a light laugh. "I went to a man named Graball, or rather to a woman, for she seemed commander-in-chief." "Yes, and did you tell her how you could dash through education like a whirlwind, and explain what she'd get out of the dash?" "No," said Mr. Lisle, rather testily, "of course I did not; I spoke to the point, and then left them to do as they liked." "I hear," said Everley, provokingly; "you didn't point out to her that she'd get rid of her children for hours, that she'd get rid of a good deal of washing, as they'd be sitting still; that she'd get rid of their worrying and crying, and by giving them some learning they would get the means of earning her some money by-and-bye?" "Oh dear no," said Mr. Lisle, "I should never have dreamed of such a thing." "No," replied Everley, "nor you never dreamed once of being a schoolmaster, and you've never been at Hillandale before, that's pretty clear. Well, who next?" "Jemmy Butts, as they call him." Their new friend began to laugh. "And what did Jemmy say?" "Oh, I don't know," replied Mr. Lisle, hastily, colouring a little as he spoke, "he talked a parcel of nonsense, of course, and murdered the Queen's English at every word." "But I know what he said," replied Everley, "it is *this*:—'Hevery man who as imself been hedicated, must hof course be hinterested hin hedicacion, hand it as been the herness wish of my art to see a school hestablished hat Illandale. I ave heven thought hof hofferung my hintervention to procure a hacademy for this place, but the jealousy hamongst the people is so hinsufferable that hi esitated. A hopportunity now hoffers hitself, but hi esitates still; for hi am hanxious for my son to be highly hintelligent; has hi has a nobject in view. Hi intend im to follow the law. Now a clear ed, and a stedly and, is the two things to make a lawyer: but

ven I sees a schoolmaster hassociating with *lunatics* I says to myself, *that* man'll never inculcate a clear ed and a stedly and; and again hi esitates."

"Then his boy and girl won't come, I suppose," said Mr. Lisle. "Oh yes, they will," replied Everley. "Their grandmother takes care of Jemmy's house and store, and she lets him *talk*, but she *acts*." "But how did you know that he made that wonderful harangue to me?" inquired Mr. Lisle. "He has been repeating it to everybody ever since he learned your intention. Who next?" "A nice respectable couple named Dane, who said they would send their children if they got any gold this week, if not they really had not the means." "Did you visit old Grub in your travels?" asked little Ada, who had been listening attentively to all that passed, and now looked very anxious. "Yes," her father replied. "And what did *he* say?" "Laughed in my face," replied Mr. Lisle, "and told me candidly '*he* didn't make no count of larning, and *he* didn't care to know how to read and write, not *he*.' But perhaps young Miles may, I replied. 'Perhaps *he* may,' he answered, roughly; 'but perhaps I mayn't choose to pay for him.' Just then the lad came in. 'If you wanted to ever so much,' he said proudly, as he entered, 'I wouldn't let you.' A blow from the old man's heavy fist struck the child to the earth. I was about to interfere, but the lad sprang up, rushed out of the store, and picking up a large stone, threw it at the old man with all his might; fortunately Grub just stepped back in time. The next moment he was after the boy, but he ran like a lapwing and was soon out of sight. 'There,' said the old scoundrel, triumphantly, 'there's a wretch of a boy for you; wouldn't *he* be a nice boy to come to school? Why, if you only struck him he'd murder you. And me to pay, too; *that's* a nice idea! Catch me at it. And so he went grumbling on till I left."

“ Well, now I’ll go and see what I can make of these Hillandalers,” said Everley, “ for its my belief that your forms will be empty ones on Monday next unless something more is done.” Accordingly he called on most of the people and actually succeeded in obtaining some pupils and on the appointed morning they came.

## CHAPTER IV,

The first arrivals were Miss and Master Butts, or to give them their usual appellations, "Bobby Butts and Lizzy Butts." Their grandmother, a stout sensible, looking woman, accompanied them.

"Well, Schoolmaster," she began, "I've brought the children to school, and if they don't behave themselves I hope you'll flog 'em well. Their father wouldn't learn, but they must; so now good morning to you," and she trotted briskly away. A long hour of anxious anticipation ensued after this, when the door, which was similar to that of a barn, swung open slowly, and the three Misses Graball and their little brother walked in. "Good morning, sir," said the eldest girl, who was about twelve years of age, "Mother says she thinks half a crown a week too much; she can't pay more than eighteen-pence for my sister's, she don't mind t'other for me."

Mr. Lisle frowned; he was naturally a very irritable man, and unused to bargaining in any form, this method of conducting business sounded most distasteful to him. As usual he turned to his mother for advice, and she replied reluctantly, in an under tone, "I think you had better consent." The schoolmaster uttered a sigh of dissatisfaction and said, "Very well, you can sit down." "But why have you brought the little boy," inquired Mrs. Lisle. "Oh mother only sent him to get him out of the way," replied the elder girl. "Mother said he'd only want to learn his letters." "But I can't have my school filled up in that way," said Mr. Lisle, crossly, "you must take him

home again." "No I can't," said the eldest girl, "mother would take us all away then, and we want to come."

There was a pause and the schoolmaster gave a weary sigh, and turned to his mother with an appealing glance. She replied to it by remarking "If you really think you would all be deprived of education from such a cause let him stay, and we will see how he behaves. If he is a good boy," she added impressively, "we shall not mind." So Master Billy Graball was allowed to remain and scarcely was this difficulty arranged when a dreadful noise like the bellowing of a bull was heard, and two minutes after the second Master Lihard was discovered, being pulled along by a little fat man as hard as he could pull, the child hanging back and convulsed with rage. "Come along, sir, come along," exclaimed the father, panting for breath, "To school you shall go. Didn't I promise that good man Mr. Everley as you should go, and I wouldn't break my word, no, not for thousands of pounds!" "But I don't want to go to school," roared out Tommy Lihard, "and won't!" and throwing fresh energy into his exertions he succeeded in getting free, and ran home again as if he was mad. His parent puffed and blowed as he looked after him in a kind of settled despair, and then he came to the school house door and said, "Its no use master, he won't come: we must give it up as a bad job." "Perhaps if Mr. Lisle reasoned a little with the child, or I came up, we might persuade him to come," said Mrs. Lisle. "No," replied the father, "I know'd how it would be; he always has an objection to school. Well, good morning, schoolmaster; it can't be helped." And away he walked, and this time the master's sigh was one of relief; and the truth was Lihard was relieved too, for he didn't want to pay the money.

After a while Mrs. Dane brought two nice neatly-

dressed children, kissed them affectionally, and told them to be good; paid the school fee without a murmur, and then took her leave. The new comers kept glancing timidly round the room, half frightened, desirous of finding out what this mysterious thing termed "School" could be. The sight of little Ada, who took a great fancy to them, at once reassured them greatly, and Mr. Lisle, somewhat cheered by their presence, now began to teach. It was sad, tedious work; the children could only read little words, and some did not even know their letters; and Ada, who could read very nicely, was in a state of open-eyed wonder all the morning at their extreme ignorance. Once indeed she was in danger of laughing out loud when Bobby Butts, who was very tall, very thin, very slow, and very stupid, was asked what "C-a-t" spelt, and he replied "Dog;" so she ran quickly out of the room to tell her grandmother, and then rolled about with laughter. But the old lady looked very grave, and when she ceased told her she was wrong, and instead of acting thus must try to assist her father, and be thankful to God that she had not been so neglected; and the little girl went back in a better spirit, and offered to teach Johnny Dane his letters, which he very soon learned.

Soon after this the school door burst wide open, and a little blue-eyed boy, about four years old, dragging after him another blue-eyed baby of two years of age, plunged in. "Good afternoon," he said with a business-like air, (it was about eleven o'clock.) "I've come to school, and Freddy's come to school, and I've got the money." Bringing out a packet of paper, he stood at the door for full five minutes, fumbling for the money. At last it was delivered, and the urchin climbed up on a form and seated himself, and dragging the baby up said, very quickly, "Here, Freddy, you sit there by me? Be good boy, Freddy. Oh! Freddy's got the ink!" "Freddy, put down that ink,"



said Mr. Lisle, sternly, and the little one turned on him a pair of the most audacious-looking eyes he had ever beheld, and slowly put the ink down. Then he suddenly recognized Billy Graball, and the two children leaned behind the others, at the risk of breaking their backs, and knocked their heads together by way of salutation. At this Mr. Lisle gave the table a hard blow with his cane, and said loudly, "I whip little boys' who don't sit still." All the children seemed much impressed by this remark, but the blue-eyed just winked his eyes as the cane descended, and then regarded the master with a steady gaze until he was again occupied; then beckoned to Billy Graball to have another head-knocking. Billy, nothing loth, instantly complied, but the blue-eyed had in the mean time got his tiny fist all ready, and when Billy leaned forward he deliberately poked it into his eye. This so enraged Billy Graball that he shook himself from side to side, and declared he would go home. The offender sat quite quiet, and regarded him with a placid smile of triumph. The three sisters now all tried to pacify their brother, but in vain. At last the elder girl turned to the blue-eyed and said, angrily, "You Freddy, you, why did you knock his eye?" and the baby, horrible to relate, murmured an oath in reply.

Mr. Lisle started, turned pale, and drew Ada away from the child, and what he might then in his disgust have said I know not; for, to the surprise of all, Mr. Everley, followed by young Miles, walked in. The face of the latter was now clean, and a handsome one it was, but as sulky as that of a bear. His eyes were as usual bent on the ground. As he entered a deep blush suffused his cheeks, and he uttered a half submissive, half defiant "Good morning." He was tall for his age, and a fine well made lad, and could he but have been cheerful, his appearance would have been prepossessing in the extreme. "You see, I've

got him," said Everley, triumphantly, in an under tone to Mr. Lisle, "but I've had a difficult task." "It's very kind of you, I'm sure, to take so much interest," said the schoolmaster; "but really every fresh child brings such an accession of trouble with it, I feel quite bewildered. Now just look there." As he spoke Master Graball, who had changed his mind, and "wouldn't go home *now*," suddenly made a dive with his head at the blue-eyed, and precipitated him over the form. It afterwards appeared that Billy was merely personating a wild bullock, but poor Freddy now laid on the floor crying vigorously, in a decidedly tossed state, till his "big brother" called out, "Get up, Freddy; get up quick; master's coming with cane?" Then turning angrily on Billy, "Naughty boy to be bull in school, you are, you ——" and he, too, used an expression too dreadful to repeat.

Mr. Lisle, now thoroughly annoyed, dragged up little Freddy, bumped him down on a form, made the sisters dress their brother, and sent him home in tears; gave the elder brother a cut with his cane for swearing, and commanded "Silence!" in an awful voice; then turning to Miles, said, shortly, "Now, boy what's your other name besides Miles." "Don't know; never heard," replied the lad in the same tone. The schoolmaster looked at Everley, "I think his christian name is Harry," the latter replied. "Well, then, Harry, do you know your letters?" inquired Mr. Lisle. "No," answered the boy, with a weary kind of sigh. The younger Miss Graball, who could just read little words, began to titter and smile. The boy's dark eyes were raised, one look of intense contempt was bent upon them, and again he looked on the ground. "Please Sir," said the elder Miss Graball, "mother wouldn't like us to be looked at so; mother wouldn't send us if we was looked at vicious!" "Go on learning your spelling," thundered out Mr. Lisle,

and the young lady began to cry, at the same time muttering something about "favourites," and, "not coming any more;" and the blue-eyed, who seemed none the worse for his fall, peeped up under her eyelids in a very provoking way, and tried to make her laugh.

The schoolmaster now devoted his entire attention to the task of making Harry Miles pronounce the letter "A," which he tacitly declined, after remarking that he liked "outside" best; he was stifled in there. At last, finding his efforts quite in vain, the master looked up from the book, and the first thing that met his sight was Master Freddy, with a countenance expressive of the most wicked merriment, holding up the cane, and saying "*Si-lence!*" in a solemn tone to the others, who were of course highly amused, and little Ada was leaning on a stool convulsed with laughter. Mr. Lisle could not resist a smile, and Everley laughed aloud. "Really" said the former to his friend, in an under tone, "I don't think I *can* stand this; it's enough to provoke a saint. As to that baby, he's bewitched, and this boy has an absolute possession of the Devil. I never *can* stand it—never!" "You will see, you will see," the other replied, soothingly, "remember they're only wild birds out of the bush, and find the cage a restraint."

The schoolmaster threw back the wide barn door, and set the prisoners free. "However did you induce that old miser to let Miles come to school?" inquired Mr. Lisle, as soon as the children were gone. Everley only smiled in reply, and turning to Ada, said, "Were you glad he came, little flower?" "Oh yes, very," she answered earnestly, "but I hope he will try to learn; he doesn't like his letters at all, and says he's 'stuffed' in here. I hope," she added anxiously, "he won't always feel hot." Everley laughed, and rose to go; as he did so he said to Mrs.

Lisle, "He has always been used to the open air, you know; no doubt the change is irksome to him." "Perhaps we can remedy that to a certain extent," said the grandmother, "by allowing him to wander about a little outside." "I would," replied Everley, and he walked away.

## CHAPTER V.

Time passed on. By dint of perseverance Mr. Lisle had produced a certain degree of order amongst his pupils, and the good effects arising from a settled system would no doubt soon have shown themselves, but for the never-failing jealousy of the Misses Graball, who seemed to consider any kindness shown to the others an injury to themselves. For instance, in pursuance of the idea suggested by his mother, the schoolmaster now allowed Miles to spend a short portion of the morning out of doors. The plan answered, and the boy showed, more desire to learn; but almost immediately after it was adopted the elder Miss Graball brought word that "The master was to let them go out too." Mr. Lisle felt half inclined to refuse, but the thought occurred to him that perhaps ten minutes' run would do all the children good, and not encroach on the learning too much; accordingly he gave them all leave to play for awhile. Highly approving of this change, the young ones sallied forth, and were very soon busily engaged in a noisy game of play. Miles was seated on a log watching them, and Ada was standing at the school-house door. All at once the former rose, and walking towards the players, said, "I'll come too." "No you shan't," said the elder Miss Graball, "shall he Bobby Butts?" "I don't care," Bobby replied, in his usual drawling way, "he may if he likes." "Oh, Bobby, *your* father wouldn't like you to play with a boy like *that*; your father wouldn't like you to play with a boy that every one says is 'born to be hung,' I'm sure Bobby;" and what more she would

have added I know not, for young Miles's eyes grew so fierce, his face so red with passion, that the girl became frightened and stopped. The lad was then about to give vent to his anger in a torrent of abuse, but paused, for a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder, and the slight form of Ada Lisle stood by his side; and in a tone of extreme indignation she exclaimed, "Miss Graball, Harry Miles is *not born to be hung!*" and you're *very* cruel to say so." Then, turning kindly to the lad, "Never mind Harry," she said, "if *they* won't play with you *I* will, so don't you mind." The boy fixed his eyes upon her, and his face expressed astonishment and joy, but he said nothing, and walked quickly out of sight. "There, Miss Ada," said Miss Graball, "now I hope your favourite's a good boy, agoing away from school without leaf."

Here the bell sounded, and the scholars hastened indoors, and little Ada was summoned by the grandmother to assist in household duties. The young ones, refreshed by the little change, resumed their tasks with renewed vigour, and all went on well till Mr. Lisle said, "But Harry Miles is not here; how is that? where is he?" he added, turning to Miss Graball. "I don't know where he is, sir," she replied; "I only know he runned out of the paddock, and said he wouldn't come in till he liked; he didn't care for no bells, not he." As she was speaking Harry Miles entered. "How did you dare, sir, to remain out after the bell rang," said Mr. Lisle, angrily, "I desired you not; I shall flog you, sir, for this." "Will you?" said the youth, knitting his brow and turning very red. "Will you?" "I will indeed," said the schoolmaster, sternly. "Bobby Butts, hand me my cane." Bobby passed it across the table. "Oh! but I don't stay to be flogged." cried the boy scornfully, and he darted towards the door. Mr. Lisle sprang after him, seized him by the collar of his

coat, and raised the cane, but ere it descended Miles had twisted himself from his grasp, caught up a ruler, and hurled it at the master's head; and then the rebel, with an exulting laugh, rushed out of the door, and fled into the Bush. The schoolmaster, happily, stood too near to young Miles to be seriously injured, and soon recovered from the effects of the blow; but feeling extremely indignant, and happening at that moment to catch sight of the blue-eyed, his brother, and master Graball, all three with their heads suspended below the form, endeavouring to read the letters of the alphabet upside down, he administered to each of them such a sound whipping that they passed the rest of the morning in tears, and Master Graball never came to school any more.

Poor little Ada was in sad trouble about Harry's misbehaviour, and her father having gone out, imparted to her grandmother and Everley her knowledge that Miss Graball had told an untruth; "And now," she added, weeping bitterly, "Miles will never come to school again, and he'll never learn about God, and perhaps—perhaps (and here her voice was almost choked by sobs) after all he—may—really—be—hung." "No, no," said the grandmother, tenderly, "don't cry any more; he will come back in a day or two, won't he Mr. Everley?" But the latter, who was much concerned at his little favourite's distress, shook his head, "I'm sorry, very sorry this has happened," he said. "Lisle was too hasty, I fear; he should not have listened to that girl at all." "I think he feels that himself now," said the old lady, "and I am sadly afraid all this worry will prove too much for his health, which has always been delicate. It would be very unfortunate, as the children are undoubtedly improving very fast, and their minds not having been wearied with learning, they begin to feel quite an enjoyment in it." "Oh, the youngsters would be contented

enough," said Everley, "if the parents would let them alone; but they are so jealous one of another, and understand so little about education, that they think it's like pie-crust, all the better for being knocked off sharp." Little Ada here looked up at him and laughed. "And they have an idea that teaching a child is a very easy task, and that a few weeks are quite sufficient for him to acquire the correct pronunciation of all the words the English language contains. It's a pity it is so, for they are most of them kind-hearted in other respects, but I'm afraid they'll manage to make poor Lisle quite ill."

This prediction proved too true. The schoolmaster soon after this complained frequently of head-aches, and became thinner every day. His appetite almost failed, and beef, which was the only meat they could procure, became perfectly distasteful to him. His mother made him puddings as frequently as she could, and one day she asked Ada if she could manage to find her way to Bell's station, as she wanted a little milk. The child, delighted at the idea, assured her she knew the way well, and should not be gone long, as it was not far off. "No, I am sure it is only a few minute's walk, or I would not let you go," replied the old lady. "Here is the milk jug." The little girl gave her granny a kiss and trotted briskly away. Thus she walked on for about a quarter of a mile, then she stopped and began to think, as she did not see the station, that she must have passed it; but how she could have done so she could not tell. She determined, however, to retrace her steps, and turned for that purpose, when what was her horror to perceive a "mob" of wild cattle running madly towards her, with a man on horse-back driving them before him, by constantly smacking a long stock-whip, which resounded loudly through the Bush. They were a long way off, but, terribly alarmed, the poor little girl turned again



and fled as fast as ever she could, and thus the bullocks ran and she ran for a considerable distance, till her progress was arrested by a sudden fall over the projecting root of a tree. The cattle rushed on at full speed, and the child was relieved of her fear of them, but arose to find her milk jug broken, and herself in the very heart of the Bush.

Poor little girl, she was dreadfully frightened, and determined again to retrace her steps, but alas! so many paths now met her sight, and they looked so very much alike that she grew bewildered, and burst into tears. Then she went a little way up one path, crying bitterly all the time; then, a sudden terror seizing her, turned back and tried another. At last, completely worn out with anxiety, and begining to feel both hungry and cold, for the sun had nearly set, the poor little wanderer sat down on a log, leaned her head on her hands, and wept as if her heart would break. All at once she ceased, for she thought she heard something move. Trembling in every limb she rose and listened. There was the sound of a footstep she felt sure, and her eyes grew bright with joy, but no one appeared. Still she bent forward, her ear turned in the direction from whence the sound came. Ah! there it was again; but now it was fainter and seemed farther away. "Papa! Papa!" cried the child in agony "don't go! don't go! I'm here all alone;" but a flight of crows passed overhead, and her voice was drowned in their very dismal "O-o-o-h."

## CHAPTER VI.

As the sun descended, the heart of the young stranger sank more and more, and, truth to tell, a spirit far stronger than her's might have been appalled, for the gradual approach of darkness gave to that wild spot a strange unearthly look, well calculated to impress a sensitive being like Ada in a very fearful way; for to her terrified mind every stump and each small tree now assumed a spectral form, so ghost-like, dwarfish, and altogether horrible, that her vision becoming confused, they sometimes appeared to be actually moving towards her; and with outstretched hands, as if entreating their forbearance, and shuddering from head to foot, she shrank gradually back.

Then darkness came, and a mournful cry rent the air. Another, and another piteous lament followed; then quicker, sharper, and more piercing were the notes, and the vespers of the curlews seemed ended. Oh no—again and again they were repeated, as if they would never cease; and as the discordant music filled the air the opossums joined in with their half-choking, half-snarling cries, and forming a hideous chorus, the concert was complete.

The girl stood perfectly motionless as if she were turning to stone. She began at last to fear she must be going mad, and sat down in despair. The sounds ceased after a while, but how long she remained thus she never knew. At last, completely exhausted, she sat down on the grass, covered her face with her frock, and tried to go to sleep. After awhile a drowsy feeling stole over her, but a branch of a tree falling chased it away, and she raised

her head. To her surprise the sky was lighter; she rose, and again sat on the log, and watched the change. Soon it grew lighter still, for a heavy cloud rolled away, and one tiny star appeared, another and another followed, till the heavens were very bright. The moon rose slowly behind the trees, and the child felt no longer alone. She gazed fearlessly around, and thought how grand the Bush looked; then sinking on her knees calmly repeated "The Lord's Prayer," and then the lonely wanderer laid down and slept.

And those she had left at home, did they sleep? Oh, no; there was no eyelid closed during that night, for anxious, fearful thoughts were in their hearts. Both the father and Everley had sought the lost one till darkness closed in; they had cou-e-e-d loudly, but the curlews must have drowned their voices. They returned quickly to report their ill success to the poor old lady, and the schoolmaster walked the house till the morning broke. He would have started off to the Bush the moment the moon rose, but Everley shook his head, and reminded him that just then she soon withdrew her light, and darkness would for awhile reign again. The father shuddered, and his mother whispered gently, though her face was very pale, "*The darkness and the light are both alike to God.* Our babe is safe. Even in this hour of bitter trial strive, oh! strive, my son, to trust your God." But her words were scarcely heard and still less heeded; nature was asserting her right. Still the soft tone, the knowledge that his mother was near, soothed the sufferer, and enabled him to bear the maddening suspense better. The thought that she too might need comfort never occurred to him once, and yet he loved her heartily.

At last the long, long night passed away, and by degrees light came, and slowly it threw its heavenly mantle

over each green thing. First a confused dense mass in the distance became transformed, grew brighter, and a single tree was developed, then a few more appeared, and so it stole on calmly, majestically, till the sun arose higher and higher and proclaimed a "New-born day." Everley had left them for a few hours, but even with the first faint dawn of light he returned to them again, haggard, restless, and so intensely nervous that the grandmother gazed at him with alarm. "Come Lisle," he said in an excited way, "Come! He takes all that is beautiful and good away. Our pretty Lily is perhaps even now—" His eyes met those of the aged christian mother, and something in their expression arrested his eyes. He walked quickly towards her and said kindly, "And you too, you are suffering; for you loved her well." The grandmother took both his hands in her's, and looked at him pityingly, as she replied, "I am, but, my dear young friend for sixty years I have been a pilgrim on this earth; the husband of my youth, child after child, friend after friend have passed away, but never have I seen aught in my long life to make me doubt the goodness of my God. He gave; He had a right to claim His own, and if He wills, to pluck our fairest flowers. If He have taken my grandchild to make up His bright garland, I can still say from my heart "*The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.*" The listener's face grew calmer as she solemnly uttered these words; he raised her hand to his lips, imprinted a respectful kiss upon it, and, accompanied by Mr. Lisle, left the hut.

At nine o'clock, the children came to school, and many and strange were their observations when they heard poor Ada was lost; and when they were alone for awhile Miss Graball said a great deal, and when Bobby Butts drawled out the information that guanos, snakes, deaf

adders, centipedes and triantelopes (taranchellas) swarmed in the Bush, she exclaimed very quickly "Oh, good lor!" and when he added "Hada 'ud have to get bit, he dare say, cos, wasn't young Thorn bit? and wasn't Johnny Woods bit? and—with a vision of the future oocuring his mind in his unusual state of excitement—who knows perhaps some day we may *all* have to get bit," Miss Graball ejaculated, "Laws a mercy on us!" so many times she might have been at church, and Master Graball became so frightened he really thought he *was* bit, and began to cry; but Willy Dane suddenly threw a wet blanket over the excitement the young agitator and future lawyer had produced, by saying,—“ But all those things are quiet at night, and there ain't *no* deaf adders here. Father says there's plenty in Queensland, cos its hotter, and haligators and fire-flies too, but *that* ain't *here*. And people often camps out and don't get hurt, and I don't think she'll be hurt any more than if she was indoors.” The Misses Graball looked relieved, Bobby turned sulky, and Master Graball left off crying; and the elder brother of four, thinking this a fine opportunity to give a little good advice to the blue-eyed, said rapidly, “ Freddy must'nt stray away like Ada. Freddy get lost in the Bush, bitten by 'boody' (snake). Freddy take hold of 'boody,' 'boody' bite Freddy;” and the blue-eyed, by way of reply, threw back his head, put out his tongue, and laughed defiantly—every movement saying plainly he'd certainly try what the snake *would* do if he ever got the chance.

The neighbours also looked in to “comfort” Mrs. Lisle, and Jemmy Butts kindly informed her that “hintellect was the only support on such an hoccasion. There certainly were a propensity in the brutal creation to hattack 'uman men; still if they didn't get afeard 'uman men might do something to defend their ownselfes.” I should

think they might," said a voice at the door, and Lihard walked in. "Why, I may say, and I ain't a boasting man, I've killed thousands of snakes and deaf adders in Sugden's, Gulley, where I lived so long." "Never seed no snakes in Sugden's Gulley," said Willy Dane's father, who stood near, "and I've lived there now four year, and there ain't no deafadders in this colony at all." "Of course *you* haven't seen no snakes at Sugden's Gulley, said Lihard, "because I cleared em all right off." The digger laughed. "Why didn't you keep the skins, Johnny? he said mockingly. "I did keep some," replied Lihard, "and I burnt the oil all through the winter. I gave some of it to Grub, but he gave it away." "Oh *what* a lie!" said a rough voice at the door, "there wasn't no snakes, and there wasn't no oil; and *me* to give anything away! Catch me at it," and the old wretch chuckled with self-approbation. "Have any on you seen my boy Miles? I expects the young blackguard's gone to — to get into service there." They all replied in the negative, and Grub went grumbling away. As soon as he was gone Dane said very kindly to Mrs. Lisle, "My Missus 'ud have come, but the baby's sick, so she couldn't, but she says let the young 'uns stay for company like if you wishes it, and—here the father's voice grew husky—if so be the little one ain't soon found a lot of us will start off, and we'll scour the Bush till she *is*; so don't take on, Missus, don't take on;" and the kind-hearted man hastened away to hide his tears.

## CHAPTER VII.

Let us now return to our little heroine. The sun was high in the heavens, but still, worn out by the agitation of the previous night, she slept, and the birds whistled over her head unheard. At last she wakes, sits up, and rubs her eyes, and looks around, wondering where she is. Suddenly the remembrance of her situation bursts upon her mind, and a shudder, expressive of fear, tells how bitterly it is understood. And she is very hungry too, poor little girl, and thinks they might have come and looked for her, and what *is* she to do if they don't come *that* day?

A feeling of desperation seizes her, and after a few minutes' hesitation she rises, and determines to try an opening opposite to where she has been resting, and to take the chance of its leading her home. But why does she suddenly pause, as she advances towards it, and why are her eyes fixed on the ground? Before her lies a long black snake, and it is right across her path. It fixes its glittering eyes upon her, and she stands transfixed before it, motionless with fear. Thus they remained some minutes gazing at each other, and the reptile, enchained by the light of the human soul which shone through those clear blue eyes, lay perfectly still, but a large bird flew past and flapped its wings so near that the child started back, and then the snake moved. What it might next have done I know not, but at that moment it received a sudden blow on the head, and lay dead at her feet, and young Miles stood by her side.

"Oh, Miles," cried the trembler, joyfully, "I am so glad you have come; thank you for killing that horrid

thing. Is it a snake?" she added in a whisper, creeping up to him so trustingly that the wild boy's heart was touched. He nodded, and putting his arm tenderly round her, said gently, "You're not afraid of me, Ada, are you?" "Oh, no," she replied, with surprise, "I like you, Harry; but, oh dear, I feel so odd;" and the next minute the over-taxed frame of the child gave way, and she sank on his shoulder and fainted. Poor Miles was dreadfully alarmed, and thought she was dead. "And then they'll say I killed her," he exclaimed in a perfect agony, "and then I *shall* be hung! Oh! how I wish she'd open her eyes. I wish some one was near."

Now, had Miles but known it, there *was* help near; for Mr. Lisle and Everley were on their track, but no sound of approaching footsteps reached his ear, and he knew not what to do. At last, a remembrance of water some distance off came to his mind, and the next moment he lifted the insensible child in his arms, and plunged into the thickest part of the Bush, quite in an opposite direction to where they were. On, on, on he bore her; something within his heart telling him that he had found a treasure which he must not lose. Sometimes he would rest for a few minutes, then on, on, on he went, and at last the goal was reached, and water appeared in sight. He laid his burden down by the creek, and bathed her face. The pale lips began to tremble, the eyelids quivered, and the sufferer woke again to life, and the poor boy's agitation found relief in tears, but they only rose to his eyes, and he brushed them away quickly, muttering something about the sun dazzling a fellow's sight. "I am so hungry, Miles," said Ada, feebly, "I've had no breakfast, you know." The lad made no reply, but began to collect some bushes together; he then produced some matches, and soon kindled a fire; then he brought out a pannakin, boiled some water in it; then a screw of tea, put



it into the water, and boiled that too. He then gave the little girl a piece of very stale bread, took a piece himself, and they soaked it in the tea. The former ate it ravenously, but she felt refreshed. "And now," she said, "Miles, dear, will you take me home?" "Yes, I'll take you," replied the boy, "but can you walk?" "Oh, yes," she answered cheerfully, and they started off.

For the first two or three yards she trotted along bravely, then her steps became slower and slower; and at last she stopped, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh! Miles, I can never get there, I do shake so much." The lad lifted her in his arms and carried her on a few yards, then he set her down. "It's no use," he said, "I cannot carry you so far; we must wait here patiently till they come." The little girl sighed, but, tired by the excessive heat, she lay down on the grass and dropped off to sleep. Miles took her up gently and placed her under a tree. Whilst thus engaged something rustled overhead. In an instant he had cut a stick, sprung up the tree, and a moment afterwards a fine opossum fell to the ground quite dead. Then another busy collection of bushes and logs took place, and a good fire was made between two trees. The victim's fur coat was next carefully removed, and the animal was well cleaned in the creek, then suspended between the trees, so that it would turn round and round, and was thus cooked in its skin, and by the time Ada awoke it was quite done, and Harry had cut it up. Then with a piece more bread each, and some more panna-kin tea, they made a hearty meal.

Ada was very much astonished to see dinner prepared when she opened her eyes, and asked Miles if he had been to the butcher's. "Yes," he answered, laughing, "he lives up that tree;" and when their meal was finished he told her long stories about opossums, little bears, kangaroos,

&c., so that the time passed quickly away. Then darkness came on, and the child began to tremble, and crept close to the lad, as the horrid music of the curlews again began; and he cheered her, kindly holding her close to him, and he told her not to be afraid, they were only "leather-heads," and wouldn't hurt her, and the other noise was only made by opossums. "They are looking for their brother," he said, "which we've eaten, you know;" and Ada laughed. After this they sat quite still till, as on the previous night, it began by degrees to grow lighter. The moon rose, the stars appeared, and all was soon light as day; and now it was the boy's turn to be surprised and learn from the child. To his astonishment she quietly disengaged herself from his arms, knelt down on the grass, and said The Lord's Prayer. Then she sat down by his side and looked up lovingly at the stars. The lad's eyes followed the direction of her's, but they both remained silent some minutes. At last he said, abruptly, "What did you kneel down for?" "To pray to God," was the reply. "What is God?" the boy asked next, in a half-musing tone. "Don't you know *that*, Harry?" said the child, with a look of astonishment. "Have you never heard about God?" "Oh, yes," replied the lad impatiently, "I've heard a *little* about Him, and a great deal about the Devil, of course," he added with a mocking smile. "I don't mean *that*: I mean what *is* God?" "God is a great and good Spirit," replied Ada, solemnly. "What is a spirit like?" he asked next. The child looked a little puzzled. At that moment a wind, so light that no sound was heard, moved a leaf here and there, fanned the child's cheek, touched the boy's brow, and passed on. "Like *that*," said Ada, quickly, "*that's* like a spirit, Miles." Quick of eye, sensitive of touch, the lad in an instant caught the idea. They were both silent for some minutes. "But how do you know

that God is a *good* Spirit?" Miles said at last. "You have never *seen* Him, have you, Ada?" "No," she replied, "but I have seen his works—the things he has made, I mean; and they're *just* what any one *good* would make. You know, Miles, God made the sun, the moon, the rainbow, the birds, the flowers, the trees, the grass." "And the snakes," said the boy, drily.

A look of bitter mortification stole over the poor little preacher's face, and she seemed half inclined to cry; but all at once to the boy's surprise it passed away, and she exclaimed gladly, "Ah! *now* I remember what grandma said." "What was that?" asked Miles. "I remember," said Ada, "that grandma said, God made the *snake* pretty.—It has a beautiful skin, you know, has it not?" The lad nodded. "And God made everything but one." "What was *that*, Ada?" asked the lad again. "*Sin*," she replied, in a very grave tone. "Who made sin, then?" was the next inquiry. "An Evil Spirit." "Like old Grub?" said the boy. "An evil Spirit, or the Devil," she continued, "and put it inside the snake, and then it became ugly in people's eyes, and so this evil Spirit spoiled God's work." "How do you know all about the Devil doing as you say?" inquired the youth in surprise, and then came the old, old story of "Man's Fall."

It was told in child-like language, but very clearly, and he listened intently to every word. After this there was a long pause, and Ada began to feel sleepy. Miles perceived it, and said, "Look here, Ada, I only want to know one more thing, and then you shall go to sleep, and I'll sit and watch you." "What do you want to know?" she asked drowsily. "I don't see, Ada, if God is so *great*, why He couldn't have killed the snake and the Devil at once, and have kept Adam and Eve as they were?" The girl was wide awake in a moment, and replied decidedly,

“God *couldn't* have done it, Harry; He'd have broken His Word.” “I see, I see,” said the lad, a flush of pleasure crimsoning his cheeks, but it soon died away, and a few minutes afterwards, to Ada's bitter disappointment, he said wearily, “I can't make it all out. I believe it's only an old woman's story after all.” The child knitted her brow and looked very angry, but he went on, “If God loves us as you say He does, why don't He let us be happy? Why does He let old Grub knock me about, and call me names? Why can't He let us be comfortable in this world, as it is our home?” The child rose, her anger passed away, her lovely face became very bright, and pointing upward to the stars, she turned to him with a beautiful smile and said, earnestly, “Harry, *this* World is *not* our home; it is *there!*”

The boy came and stood by her side, and gazed on her in wonder. “This World, Harry,” she continued eagerly, “is only school, but if we are *good* at school we shall go home there some day.” “When?” asked the lad, shortly. “When we die,” was the calm reply; “and then, if we have loved God here,” continued the child joyfully, “we shall live with our good God, kind Jesus Christ, and the gentle angels for ever. Grandma says such a pretty hymn about Heaven, Harry; I only know one verse, shall I say it?” “Yes.” The child repeated—

“ There the wicked from troubling cease,  
 There the weary at rest shall be;  
 There sorrow is changed to joy and peace,  
 There from his master the slave is free.”

She has touched the right chord! “Ada,” cried the boy, his lips quivering with emotion, his eyes filled with tears, “Do you think if I tried, *really* tried, you know, to do right, that God would let *me* in—me, a poor ragged boy, without father, without mother, without a friend to

“speak for me; do you think He would let me in?” “I am *sure* He would, said the child decidedly; “and if you were crying He’d wipe away every tear. Besides, Harry, you have a friend in Heaven—Jesus Christ. He will speak for you.” “Only one more question, Ada,” said the lad humbly, beginning to feel ashamed of his want of trust, “Why don’t God let our friends stay with us, to cheer us up here? Why does He often take them home *first*?” “Oh Harry,” replied the girl, in a tone of childish reproof, you wouldn’t wish to keep your friends from going to a lovely home, would you, because *you* have to stay at school? I’m *sure* you would not; besides, you know, it’s only for a little while; if you do right you will meet them again.”

A rustle in the bushes, quick footsteps, and the next moment the young advocate was clasped to her father’s heart, and tears of joy fell on her face. After awhile he placed her in Everley’s arms, who, as he tenderly kissed her brow, said slowly, as if communing with himself—“I have heard an aged christian’s words confirmed by a young child’s lips. The faith that unites life’s beginning and end may well pierce beyond the tomb. At last, in humble penitence I say ‘God’s Holy Will be done.’”

Mr. Lisle’s fears respecting his child being now relieved, he turned to Miles and said, “When did you meet my little girl, Miles, and why did you not bring her home?” The boy made no reply, and looked haughtily in an opposite direction; but Ada sprang forward, and seizing his hand exclaimed, “Oh, papa, Miles is such a kind boy; he killed a snake for me, and he has given me meat, and tea and bread, and told me such nice stories, and he’s going to do right; and I think,” she added timidly—“I think he means to come to school.” “No, that I don’t,” said the lad, decidedly. ‘I’ll never go to school again to have lies

told about me, and by a girl, too," he added, contemptuously. Ada let his hand fall, and, drawing back, said sadly, "I'm so sorry; I thought you said you would try to do right, and meant to learn?" "Yes, I'll learn if *you'll* teach me," said the boy earnestly, "learn with my whole heart; but I'll not learn in that hot room, with all those liars and fools. I can learn best here," he continued, "and if you'll come and teach me I'll get you parrots, and love-birds, and butterflies, or anything you like. But I suppose," he continued, sadly, looking at Mr. Lisle, "he won't let you come." The schoolmaster turned kindly to the boy, and held out his hand. "Come, shake hands, Miles," he said, "and forget what happened at school. I was too hasty; I should have asked you, not that girl, what passed out of doors. I was wrong. I am very much obliged to you for taking care of my child." The lad looked at the schoolmaster fixedly—looked at him as if he would have read his very soul, as if he said to himself, "How is this? I have never before heard any one admit they were wrong. How *is* it?" Still, the evil spirit of the boy bent under that apology more than it would have done under twenty whippings; and whatever of true nobility lay dormant in that young heart responded at once to the feeling that dictated it. He took the schoolmaster's hand, and said briefly, "I am glad I came this way; I was going to Mrs. Dane; she's very good to me. I must have passed Ada yesterday as I went to Gordon's station. I wish I had known she was here;" and then he looked wistfully at the master's forehead. A deep blush covered his face, and the words "sorry," and "hope not much hurt," came almost inaudibly from his lips.

Mr. Lisle, to relieve his embarrassment, said "But why are you lingering in the Bush so long?" "I'm hiding from old Grub." "But you can't live out here

like a savage boy," said the schoolmaster; "you will be starved." "No fear!" said the boy, laughing, "no fear!" "I can't come here to teach you," said Ada mournfully, "can I, papa?" and the child's face was very sad. "Never mind about that now, Ada, dear," said Everley; "Miles is used to the Bush; he won't hurt; but you look pale, and need rest. We had better wait here awhile till the darkness is past, and then return home." Accordingly they all placed themselves in as comfortable positions as they could, and Ada soon fell fast asleep, locked tightly in her father's arms. As soon as light dawned they arose and awoke her. "I would not call you so early, my pet," said Mr. Lisle, "but granny is very unhappy about you." "Dear granny, she is so good," replied the little one, fervently, "I do want to see her again so much." "But won't she beat you for breaking the jug?" asked Miles, in a whisper. The poor child burst into a merry laugh. "Granny won't remember the jug at all when she sees me," she replied. Miles sighed; perhaps he thought of the time when *he* encountered a bullock, and old Grub's reception of *him*. Poor boy! Truly a new light seemed reigning around him, in which he had no part; and so they left him—alone; but, as they departed he called out, "Don't tell old Grub where I am." "No, no," said Mr. Lisle; and Ada cried out, "I won't forget you, Harry." He waved his hand by way of reply, and was soon lost to sight.

The two friends and the child reached the school-house safely, after a long circuitous walk; and the little wanderer was clasped, with deep joy and thankfulness, to her grandmother's anxious heart.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Lisle resumed his school duties the next morning, and persevered steadily week after week, though it was evident to his friends that the uncongenial nature of his employment, together with the constant discouragements to which he was subject, was rendering him weaker every day. The uncertainty, too, as to the school fees being regularly paid, was, in their position, a serious source of anxiety; and in many instances it was impossible for the parents to do so, though a general desire to "keep all straight" was manifested. Another drawback, which was to Mr. Lisle a great annoyance, was that no sooner did a child begin to make a little progress than he was immediately withdrawn from school, either to go bullock-driving, shepherding, or perhaps on a visit of six weeks, during which period the pupil quite forgot all that had been previously learned.

Thus time wore on, till one afternoon Everley walked in, and informed the schoolmaster that a settler residing near was desirous of meeting with a tutor for his two sons, who, having been at school in Sydney, were requiring good instruction, as they were really well advanced in their studies, and the thought had struck him that perhaps he (Mr. Lisle) would like to undertake the task. "I should indeed," was the reply, "especially if (as you say) they have surmounted their first difficulties, for honestly I am sick to death of A B C." "And no wonder," said Everley, kindly; "to tell you the truth I never thought you would have stood it so long. Well now brush yourself up a bit and we'll walk to —— station at once. But



you've never asked me if I know what salary he offers ; what a funny fellow you are." The schoolmaster laughed and coloured as he replied, "I know by experience that you can arrange all that better than I can, so I was in no hurry to inquire." "Well, I'll tell you without you asking, then," said his friend, "as you are so complimentary ; the salary offered is handsome, and there is also a hut, rent free, for the use of the tutor."

The interview took place, and our friends were soon established in their new home ; and from the moment Mr. Lisle announced his intention of relinquishing his school his reputation as a teacher became something wonderful ; and even those who had declared the school "no good," and that their boy knew more than the master, so he'd come away of his self, now pronounced him a first-rate hand, and wished he'd change his mind. "Some people never know when they've a good thing till they loses it," said Willy Dane's father, and Mrs. Butts remarked, "Ah, he *was* a schoolmaster—no shirking, no nonsense about him. "No hambiguousness about his proceedings," said Jemmy Butts. "And he didn't cheat nobody," said Lihard, "its a pity my boys has such an objection to school ; I should have liked to have sent 'em on that werry account."

Our schoolmaster and his family found the change a happy one, and soon after their arrival Ada was much struck one morning by the appearance of a lad, who was busily chopping wood near the stock yard. "I do believe it's Miles," she said to herself, "and how tidily he's dressed, and how clean he looks." As she spoke she advanced towards him and found it was really he. "Oh, Harry," she exclaimed, "I am so glad to see you ; how is it you are here?" The lad drew near to her and lowered his voice, "Mr. Everley has got old Grub to give me up to

Mr. —, and I'm going to live here on this 'run.' I think he gave Grub money to get me away, and I know he was going to pay for my schooling. That was one reason why I wouldn't stay. I don't like people paying for me," said the boy proudly. "I can work and pay for myself." "You're ungrateful, Harry," said the child, gravely, "Mr. Everley is very kind." "No, I'm not," said the lad, quickly; "I love that man—I'd die for him—but you've never been told, Ada, what an expense you were, and how mean you were to let other people keep you; or heard your dead father and mother called bad names. Oh, Ada," said the boy, plaintively, "how I have longed to die, and if," he added, slowly, "I had been quite sure I should have been nothing, and felt nothing when I was dead, I would have jumped into the deepest part of the creek. But ever since that night we talked in the Bush, things seem different, somehow; and Ada," said the youth, hesitatingly, "I wish I could read and write." "Oh, I can teach you, I can teach you," exclaimed the child, eagerly, "you're not living out in the Bush now, and here's Mr. Everley coming. You'll help too, won't you, she said, as he approached, "and you're my own dear favourite (forgetting Miles was there) and you'll see by this time next year he'll know ten times as much as I do, and by-and-bye he'll be as clever—as clever as papa.

## CHAPTER IX.

Fifteen years, dear reader, have passed away. The grandmother is gone to her rest; need we say that "Her end was peace?" The schoolmaster's hair is now quite white, but care has fled from his brow. For ten years he instructed the settler's children; then an unexpected inheritance made him independent for the remainder of his life. And now behold him, as he stands near a window, with a peaceful smile upon his face—see! he is watching two forms who are walking backwards and forwards under an avenue of trees. They are those of a maiden and her lover. Surely we have seen them before? Yes, that lovely girl was once a little wanderer in the Bush; that handsome athletic young man was then an outcast, and a greater wanderer even than the child; and what is he now? Harry Lorraine (for that is his real name) is now a sincerely religious, well-educated gentleman. Little Ada, as she had promised, laid the foundation-stone of the building, then the schoolmaster took the work in hand; and as soon as the powers of the lad's mind were called forth and rightly directed, Mr. Lisle perceived that they were of no common order. True, a proud, impetuous spirit often proved a drawback, but a deeply affectionate and grateful disposition counterbalanced these faults. And there was one to whom he was at all times gentle and kind, and she in return gloried in his attainments, and considered her prophecy quite fulfilled. Everley watched the growth of their young love with deep and tender interest. The parting came, for the restless anxiety to "See the world,"

and to "push his fortune" in it, came upon the youth, and these two warm-beating hearts learned how dear they had become to one another. And so the youth set forth on his wanderings, and was absent some years. During that time old Grub died, and almost at his last gasp, he sent for Everley and Mr. Lisle, and told them that Harry's real name was Lorraine; that he was of good birth; that his parents, who were both dead, had married secretly, and their families had disowned them both; that money had been left for the maintenance and education of the child, but he (Grub) had appropriated it to his own use, and ill-used the lad.

And now the lonely wanderer has returned to lay his hard-earned riches at his Ada's feet. Is he rejected? No! And now he leads her to her father's side, and speaks.

Listen! "Mr. Lisle," he says, "It is many years since you and my kind friend, Mr. Everley, found me a half-starved, neglected, miserable boy; hatred and malice in my looks, and a little Hell in my heart. You brought with you an angel, and she pitied me. By your united efforts, aided, oh! how much by her innocent affection and her good grandmother's noble advice, you rescued me from despair, made me a thinking, rational being; taught me for what I was designed, taught me to know my God! All this you have given freely, and God has blessed the deed; and now I come for one more boon—say, may I ask it? I know, I feel, I am not worthy."

The father took the hand of the blushing girl and placed in that of her lover, who clasped her with rapture to his heart. Thus they remained for a minute; then she gently disengaged herself and sought her father's arms, and holding out her hand to Everley, who kissed her fondly, she said, tenderly, "My dear father and Mr. Everley, how can we ever repay you for all your goodness towards

us both? Dear granny," she continued, tears filling her eyes, "is, I am sure, looking down upon us at this moment, and is glad." She paused, then rising suddenly, she stood beside her lover proud and erect, her eyes bright with triumphant joy, as she exclaimed. "Look at the ragged uninformed sulky boy! Now look at him well—look at the boy who who was born to be ——"

"Softly, softly little flower," cried Everley, a look of mischievous merriment dancing in his eyes, "don't be too fast." The girl sat down looking much ashamed, and Lorraine knitted his brow; then like a true knight as he was, he drew a low ottoman close to her, and half reclined by her side, looking up tenderly into her face; and the next moment Everley placed a beautiful gold chain round her neck, and threw the remaining links over Harry's head, so that he was literally suspended by it, exclaiming merrily, as he did so, "Behold the fulfilment of the Hillandale prophecy! The boy was certainly "BORN TO BE HANGED!"



# A TALE OF THE CITY:

OR,

PLENTIFUL AS BLACKBERRIES.

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## CHAPTER I.

It is a very common thing, as we well know, to pity the children of the poor, and to strive to help them in every way, and it is a very right so to do; but it does not seem to strike any one that the children of the rich need help and pity quite as much. "The children of the rich," I hear you reply, with surprise, "what pity can they need?" I answer, listen.

A handsome carriage stood before a mansion in — square. A lady visitor was bidding farewell to the mistress of the dwelling. A footman was holding the drawing-room door open ready for her exit, and as she approached it she looked back at her friend and said laughingly, "One thing we shall not have much trouble, for, fortunately, they are as plentiful as blackberries. Good-bye," and she descended the stairs, entered her carriage, and was driven away. "John, John," cried a little voice in a whisper, as the footman was hastening down another flight of stairs, "What's as plentiful as blackberries, John? Do tell me." "Governesses, Miss," replied the man, and vanished through a doorway as he spoke. "Good gracious, Miss Alice, you ought not be

out of school," exclaimed a young woman, as she put her head out of the above mentioned doorway, "why, whatever can the governess be thinking of?" The little girl instantly took flight, and soon stood at the schoolroom door, opened it, and walked directly in. A fair, pretty-looking girl, about nineteen years of age, and of extremely lady-like appearance, was seated at the head of a large square table. Before her lay a map of the world, over which a girl of about fourteen years of age and a boy of ten were bending, in the act of searching for various places of which the lady, whom we at once introduce to the reader as the heroine of this tale, was giving them an account, and both teacher and pupils seemed so much engaged that they did not observe the entrance of the little truant, who, on perceiving this, slid quickly into a seat, seized her spelling-book, and commenced conning over her lesson very rapidly. The young governess had, however, seen the little one enter, and could scarcely repress a smile as she witnessed her manœuvre, but she proceeded with the lesson, which gradually, from the boy having made some inquiry relative to Jerusalem, resolved itself into a conversation on sacred subjects, which evidently afforded much interest to the young learners; for the answers they received were suited to their understandings, and the remarks that their instructress made evidently came fresh from her heart. This, however, did not last long, for various other duties had to be performed. At last the morning studies were ended, and Caroline and George Knighton received permission to leave the schoolroom.

As soon as Emily Trevor, as the young governess was named, was left alone with Alice, she called her to her. The little girl obeyed the summons, bringing her spelling-book with her. The lesson was repeated very



correctly; the governess closed the book, then drawing her pupil towards her, said, gently, "Why did you stay out of school so long this morning, Alice?" The child coloured deeply as she replied, "I couldn't find my thimble, Miss Trevor, and I couldn't ——" "Alice, Alice," said the lady, sadly, "your excuses are always as plentiful as —— "Blackberries," cried the child, involuntarily; "that's just what the lady said!" "What lady?" asked the young teacher, much surprised, "and what are as plentiful as blackberries, Alice?" "Governesses, Miss Trevor," replied the child, innocently. The colour rose in our heroine's cheeks, and a startled expression crossed her face. The next moment the little girl threw her arms round her neck, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Trevor, I am so afraid mamma's going to send you away." The colour faded from the listener's cheeks, and her lips quivered as she pressed the child tenderly to her heart. Thus they sat for a few minutes: then the governess placed the child gently on the ground, and said gravely, "Perhaps you are mistaken, Alice; but now I wish you to tell me all that occurred when you were out of the room, and be sure and tell me the truth."

These words were spoken in an impressive manner, and Alice knew she must obey; so after a moment's hesitation she replied, "I did go up for my thimble; I did indeed, Miss Trevor. I could not find it at first, but I did after a little while, and then — and then," continued the child, "I — I went into the nursery and—and— talked to Annie." "Was nurse there?" inquired the lady. "No," replied the little one, colouring deeply; "she was standing at the drawing-room door as I went up-stairs. She did not hear me pass, and Annie says she is sure——" "Never mind what Annie says," interrupted the young governess quickly, "What did you do next?" "I was just coming down

again," Alice answered, "when I heard the drawing-room door open, and saw a lady coming out, so I leant over the balusters and I heard her say something was as plentiful as blackberries, so I peeped down the stairs just to see if nurse was gone away, and when I saw she was, I ran down after Noakes as fast as ever I could, and asked him *what* were as plentiful as blackberries; and he answered 'Governesses, Miss,' and went into the servants' hall; and Harriet, I can't bear Harriet, came and scolded me for being out of school; and then I came in."

A pause ensued, and then our heroine said impressively, "You have done right in telling me the truth now, Allie; but observe, dear, how one fault leads on to another. I told you not to take your thimble upstairs; you disobeyed me. I have told you not to go into the nursery to talk to Annie unless nurse is there; again you disobeyed me; then, to avoid the consequences of this disobedience, you were tempted to tell a lie!" Here the little girl held down her head and muttered, "It was only a *white* lie after all." "Only a *white* lie," said the governess indignantly, "Who taught you that?" The child made no reply at first, but after awhile she said, "Annie often talks about white lies." "Alice," said her governess, solemnly, "there are no such things as white lies; all words which are uttered with the intention of deceiving others are lies; and a lie is a black, mean, cowardly sin in the sight of God; as you will find when we read the Bible together to-morrow, and I point several verses out to you which I have shown you already. But you seem to have forgotten that the sin of lying makes God more angry than you can even imagine, and remember His eye is upon you at all times. He saw how long it took you to find your thimble; He saw you talking to Annie, He saw all." The little girl was now dissolved in tears, and expressed herself very, very sorry,

and declared that she would do so no more. "Pray to God then, Alice, dear," said our heroine, "to forgive you when you say your prayers to-night, and beg Him to give you courage to speak the truth at all times, and He will. And now," she added, changing her tone and kissing her pupil affectionately, "run upstairs and dress for dinner." And this was the governess Mrs. Knighton was going to send away!

The schoolroom was a small apartment on the ground floor; the window faced the mews. When the child had left, our heroine sat for a few moments lost in thought, with her eyes fixed on the ground; then, remembering that she, too, must dress for dinner, she rose, and, as she did so, a deep blush suffused her cheeks, for she perceived a tall, dark, handsome-looking young man standing at the door of one of the stables, with his eyes fixed admiringly upon her. Hastily she turned from his gaze, and in another moment was rapidly ascending the stairs, two flights of which she had to mount before she reached her bedroom, which was at the top of the house. As soon as she had reached it she closed the door, sat down, and placed her hand on her heart. She remained a few minutes, and then commenced dressing, and when her toilette was finished, she went to the room of the elder pupil, which was between the nursery and her own. To her surprise she found that Caroline had not begun to dress, and looked extremely cross. "Why, Caroline, my dear, are you not ready?" asked her governess; "pray make haste." To her surprise she received no reply. "Are you not well, Caroline?" inquired our heroine next. "I am quite well, thank you, Miss Trevor," replied the girl, coldly; and Emily Trevor, perceiving that the young lady was completely out of humour, left her to recover in her own way; and, hearing little Alice's voice in the nursery, after a minute's hesitation, entered.

It was a large pleasant apartment in the front of the house, comfortably carpeted and furnished. It had two windows, which commanded a view of an enclosed garden in the centre of the square; an inner room formed the night nursery, and was equally well arranged. A middle-aged woman, handsomely dressed, was seated in an easy chair, doing some needlework in a very leisurely manner. A girl of about sixteen years of age, dressed very smartly, but in very bad taste, was walking up and down with a baby in her arms, and every time she passed the fireplace, a large crinoline which she wore seized, first the tongs, then the shovel, gave them a twist, and after a slight struggle, laid them both in the fender on their backs.

“What a horrible row you do make, to be sure, Annie,” exclaimed the nurse; but baby seemed to think otherwise, for every time the performance took place he crowed with delight, and two little children who were seated on the floor surrounded with toys, looked up, the elder one saying, “Ions trowd down again,” the younger one adding, “and sovel, too;” and then they both laughed with glee.

“Oh, please, nurse I’ve been and broken the china bowl you put inside the fender, with the children’s milk in it.” “You tiresome young wretch, you,” cried the nurse, “I’ll give you——. There, catch up the pieces, quick, and hide them away somewhere. Here’s missus coming; and mind, Miss Alice, if you say a word I’ll never——.” Here Emily Trevor walked in saying, as she did so, “Good day, nurse. Alice, my dear, the dinner bell will ring directly; you had better come with me.” The child immediately laid aside a large doll that she was nursing, and went to her governess, and the two little children we have before named scrambled up from the floor and ran towards her, and baby held out his arms and

tried to spring away from his young nurse. "Baby do be quiet," cried the girl. "Give him to me, Annie," said our heroine, and stooping down she kissed the two little ones, and seating herself in a chair, took the infant in her lap. There was now a strange look on the nurse's face as she regarded her, and a spiteful expression shone in her dark grey eyes, nevertheless she said, mildly, "How fond the children are of you, to be sure, Miss Trevor. I never saw anything like it—never." Then perceiving that her attendant was standing with her mouth wide open, listening to every word, she turned suddenly on her, exclaiming in a tone of meek forbearance, "Annie, my good girl, you must really learn to think. You know it is time to lay the cloth for the nursery dinner." The girl instantly commenced her task, and the nurse, turning to Miss Trevor, said, "How very pale you look to-day, Miss, paler than usual, I think, and I'm sure that's needless; and as to your nursing baby and lifting up Dotty and Fred, it's absurd; it's enough to kill you, it is indeed. There, Annie, do take baby; Miss Trevor looks quite faint." The girl advanced and held out her arms, but baby turned away his head and nestled close to the young governess, who said very quietly but decidedly, "He does not tire me, leave him where he is." The nurse's eyes looked very fierce, and she was about to speak, when happily the dinner bell rang, and our heroine arose, and placing the infant in Annie's arms, kissed the two little ones, and then taking Alice by the hand she wished nurse "Good morning," walked from the room, and entered the dining room, where she found Caroline and George seated at the table awaiting her.

A young lady, denominated a housemaid, was standing by the sideboard. This was the Harriet of whom little Alice had expressed her dislike. She was a fine, showy-

looking girl, with very dark hair and eyes, exceedingly well dressed, and with something about her which indicated foreign descent; but the expression of her countenance was by no means pleasing, there being a degree of self-satisfaction in it that greatly marred its beauty; and the supercilious manner in which she waited on the governess and the children was calculated to excite both indignation and contempt. Our heroine very wisely treated it, as it deserved, with supreme indifference, and presided over the mid-day meal with the perfect ease of a lady. Silence, by Mrs. Knighton's desire, was observed during the repast, and perhaps this was well, being favourable to digestion; for cook, objecting to boiled beef herself, and Harriet and John having announced that they should both instantly leave if it were placed on the table, there seemed no resource for the poor woman, when mistress ordered that "horrid joint," but to send it up for the one o'clock dinner. Rice pudding generally followed, and probably had Mrs. Knighton partaken of luncheon with her children at that hour the beef might have been more tender and the potatoes and rice quite done; but that, of course, could not be managed; for as Caroline said; "Mamma had so often to get new governesses that, what with going to the institutions and making calls, her whole time was thoroughly engaged. Once, indeed, the murmurs of the young folks grew so loud that mamma was forced to listen, and then it was that she explained to them, *once for all*, that cook dressed fish and game in so superior a manner—almost as well, papa said, as they did at his club—that she really could not interfere, but she would make a point of ordering roast mutton the next day, which she did, and as it was not under-done all through, Miss Trevor managed to give them a comfortable meal, and cook said it would make them a beautiful "hash" next day; and so the matter was settled.

And how was Mamma's time occupied on the day on which my tale commenced? Thus: As soon as the lively lady to whom we first introduced our readers was gone, Mrs. Knighton glanced over one or two letters, and then hastened upstairs to the nursery, where she found nurse seated quite alone. An unfinished glass of porter and one ham sandwich stood on the table; she had just been having her luncheon. Annie was walking in the square with the baby and little Dot and Fred. "Well, nurse," said her mistress, pleasantly, "How are you, and how are the children?" "They are quite well, ma'am; at least little Dot and Fred are so, but baby was wakeful, very wakeful last night. I feel quite knocked up to-day, and was just taking a little porter to brisk myself up a bit. It's a thing I seldom do, but ——." "Oh, quite right, quite right," nurse, interrupted the lady. "But you do not think baby is ill, do you?" "No, ma'am, oh, no," replied the domestic, in a doubtful manner, "He's delicate, you know, ma'am; but then I understand his constitution so well, as Dr. Fullisome says, that is no matter, and, as he remarked yesterday, it's everything to a mother if her nurse fully enters into her business, and it is advisable to leave the child entirely to her care, or it is apt to fret." "Quite right, nurse, quite right," replied the mother again, "and I am sure it is well I can do so, for my time is so fully occupied. I have now to go to see Mrs. —— at the —— Institution; it really is most fatiguing, and I have received no less than one hundred and fifty letters from governesses within the last three days.

"Is Miss Trevor going to leave, then, ma'am?" inquired the nurse. "Yes," replied the lady. "Dear me, I had no idea of that," said the inquirer; "I was afraid, her health not being good, and her not being exactly —— but, dear me, it's not for me to give my opinion. I beg your

ladyship's pardon, I'm sure. La, now, hark at me! If I didn't think I was talking to Lady Lutridge, where I lived so long." "Yes, I remember, nurse," said her mistress, "that you have mentioned once or twice that you were afraid Miss Trevor hadn't strength to control the children properly. I fear it is the case. I could really almost say I heard little Alice playing on the stairs this morning as John closed the drawing-room door after Mrs. Lightly." A slight colour rose in the nurse's cheeks as she replied mysteriously, "That's very likely, ma'am." "But that should not be, you know, nurse. Why is she not punished? Why is she not kept upstairs at dessert time? Because you know very well Alice is Mrs. Knighton's favourite, and he would send for her to come down." She merely remarked, "Ah, why not, indeed?" "However, that is no matter now," continued Mrs. Knighton. "Caroline must learn German, and I must have more style about my governess. Miss Trevor is all very well, but there is nothing striking about her—nothing dashing—no manner, in short, for Caroline to imitate," she added, rising as she spoke. "Mrs. Lightly will be expecting me as I return from the institution. By-the-bye, she, too, is changing her governess." "And what's the matter with her, ma'am?" asked the nurse, and, sycophant as she was, there was a shade of irony in her tone. "Well, Mrs. Lightly don't quite like her. She's not to her taste; I don't exactly know why; but really I must be going;" so saying, the lady bade the nurse "Good morning," left the room, dressed quickly, entered her carriage, and drove to — Square. "You don't exactly know," said the mistress of the nursery, musingly, when she was left alone; "that's just about it. The truth is there's very few of you do know a good governess from a bad one, or in what their goodness consists. I've seen a fair sprinkling of life in my



time, and it's very plain to me that ladies don't exactly know what they do want in a governess. Still I can't say I take to Miss Trevor myself; the children's a deal too fond of her; she's in my path, and she's better away."

## CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Knighton was introduced, to four ladies, all "highly proficient" governesses, Mrs. —— assured her. She selected one, but promised to write to the other three in a few days, thinking that one of them might prove a *dernier ressort*, should Miss Horton's references not suit. The lady she had chosen was about twenty-seven years of age, tall and dark, and somewhat supercilious in manner. She was dressed in the height of fashion, professed to be thoroughly accomplished, spoke German and French fluently, played brilliantly, sang professionally, and was in short a star of the first magnitude; and Mrs. Knighton was so completely overwhelmed with her perfections that she quite forgot to ask about English, and contented herself with the hasty remark, "Of course you teach religion?" and was well satisfied with the reply, "Oh certainly;" and therewith the interview ended.

On her return home the mistress of the mansion ordered luncheon to be taken to the dining room, and whilst she was refreshing herself, her husband and son, the young man before mentioned, strolled in. "Well, my dear," said the former, a portly gentleman of about forty-five years of age, "How did you enjoy the concert this morning?" "I have not been to the concert," replied the lady, colouring a little. "I told you last evening I had quite decided to part with Miss Trevor, and was going to the Institution this morning."

As she uttered these words her son, who had thrown himself on a couch behind her, and closed his eyes, lifted

up his head and listened attentively. "Ah, you did name it to me, I remember now; but really, my dear, Miss Trevor appears to me to be a remarkably lady-like girl, and George says, to use the boy's own expression," he added with an approving smile, "that she's 'a brick!' and they are all getting on in their learning like smoke;" and the father chuckled at his son's wit; "and he tells me she is very particular about their all speaking the truth, and sets them a good example at all times. Now, Mrs. Knighton," continued her husband, warming with his subject, "this is not to be met with every day, and no money can purchase it. If you take my advice you won't let it slip through your fingers." An angry flush had, during this speech, darkened Mrs. Knighton's face. She was a pretty woman, and usually looked and spoke mildly enough; but her husband had unconsciously touched a chord of which he had never dreamed, and now she replied in a voice half stifled by the contending emotions of jealousy and pride, "Really, Mr. Knighton, you seem so particularly interested in your governess, that I am almost led to suppose ——" "D—— your suppositions, ma'am," exclaimed her husband angrily; "This is the first time I've ever spoke about one of them, and by heaven it shall be the last. Change every day, every hour if you will; but one thing I insist upon—never mention the subject to me again, for I'm sick of the very name of governess;" and therewith the gentleman walked out of the room, dined at his club, and never from that moment treated any of the ladies who instructed his children but with the most frigid and constrained politeness.

In the afternoon of this eventful day Miss Trevor and her pupils were busily engaged in school, when John entered with a message, signifying that Mrs. Knighton desired her compliments, and would be glad to speak with

Miss Trevor. Our heroine rose at once, and hastened to her. The lady was in the drawing room; she begged her governess to be seated, and hoped she was well; and after receiving a reply in the affirmative, somewhat nervously said, "I wished to see you, Miss Trevor, to inform you that I am thinking of making a little change in the schoolroom arrangements, by taking a lady as governess who can instruct Caroline in German, which you do not teach, I think; and I fancy some one enjoying better health than you do would be desirable.

Our heroine regarded her employer with a look of extreme surprise, and then she inquired, "What can induce you, ma'am, to think that I do not enjoy good health? I assure you I am quite well, and have been so, with the exception of two days, ever since I have been here. Have I in any way failed in the performance of my duties, or is there anything I can alter?" "I thank you, no, Miss Trevor," answered the lady slowly, "certainly I think a little more control than you appear to possess over the children would be well, but ill health begets a degree of lassitude."

The governess here became impatient; her colour rose, her figure became very erect, and, fixing her eyes on Mrs. Knighton, she said, decidedly, "You must oblige me ma'am by saying what it is that you really mean, for my want of health is purely imaginary." "Well then," replied the lady, "if you so particularly wish to know, I am much mistaken if Alice was not playing on the stairs this morning, and you did not follow her and fetch her in." "No, Mrs. Knighton, I did not," replied our heroine, quietly, "because you told me that was one reason why you parted with the last lady who was here; and Alice was not playing on the stairs. She certainly was too long out of school this morning; I talked to her about it." "Talked to her about it," replied the mamma, somewhat

scornfully, "why not have told her she should not come in to dessert to-night?" "Because I think that would be likely to make her greedy, and you know that Mr. Knighton would not allow her to remain away." "Oh very well, Miss Trevor," replied the lady, testily, "it is evident to me that we should never suit each other, therefore you will if you please seek another situation as soon as possible, as I have a very superior lady in view, and should be sorry to lose sight of her." Our heroine rose as she replied, "I will endeavour to procure an engagement as speedily as possible. I wish you good afternoon, Mrs. Knighton." The girl's face became very pale as she spoke. "Good afternoon, Miss Trevor," replied her employer in her usual winning manner. The governess walked to the door, passed out, closed it quietly after her, ascended the stairs, and sought her own room.

The moment her governess was gone Mrs. Knighton wrote to the party to whom Miss Horton had referred her, and as she merely inquired respecting accomplishments, the reply was quite satisfactory. Three hasty notes were then despatched, informing the other ladies that she was engaged, and the matter was ended.

And the young folks in the schoolroom—how were they employed during the governess's absence? As soon as our heroine had left the schoolroom George turned to his elder sister, saying, "What does that message mean, Cary?" "It means that Miss Trevor is going," replied the girl, crossly, "that's what it means." "What!" exclaimed the boy, indignantly, "you don't mean that Mamma's going to be so absurd as to part with Miss Trevor, when I'm so backward in my learning, and have been getting on so well ever since she has been here? I'll tell you what, Cary, it's a jolly shame; and when I go to school I shall look like —." "And then there's my music,"

said the girl; "why, the other night I heard Mr. Richter say to Mamma, when I played 'The Maiden's Prayer,' 'ver good, indeed; right style; ver well teach; good time, and nice taste.' Just then, Mamma, who scarcely listened to what he said, asked Miss Trevor to play her the accompaniment to a song she had bought in the morning. It was difficult, and she could not play it at once. Mamma looked very cross. I heard her say to a lady, 'All my governesses have been able to play at sight but Miss Trevor; it's very strange she cannot.'" "Ah! that's just it," broke in the lad here; 'all my governesses,' indeed. Mamma may well say that. Why, just look what a lot we've had. First, there was Miss Lawton." "Yes, she was a nursery governess," said Caroline. "Ah! but she wasn't grand enough for Mamma," said George. "Then Mademoiselle came; do you remember her, Cary? I hated her." "Oh! all she thought of," said the girl, "was staring out of the window at Reginald, and trying to learn English. Much French we learned; she only spoke it when Mamma was present." "Then Miss Lindsay came, didn't she, Cary?" "Yes; but she was too old, you know." "Too old! stuff and nonsense!" said the boy. "She was too neat and too quiet for Mamma; but I'm sure she taught us very nicely, and was very kind." "Yes," said his sister, with a sigh; "so, of course, she left. Miss Faraday was the next, and she did sing and play lovely; but that was all she could do; and then Miss Trevor came, and I do say she's the best of all. I wish Mamma would keep her for us, and have another governess all to herself to sing and play of an evening. Nurse says if this one that's coming don't do we're to have a German lady." "Who wants to learn English, I suppose," said George, with a scornful laugh. "Nurse told Harriet that Mrs. Lightly said governesses were as plentiful as--" "Blackberries," broke

in little Alice here. "Yes," continued Caroline, "Harriet said some were good, some were middling, and some were good for nothing, just like blackberries."

The children laughed. Strange that a silly speech like Mrs. Lightly's should bear so sad a moral, and that this somewhat pointless joke should be fun for a whole household, and be almost death to a poor unhappy girl, weeping in a solitary upper room. This, however, did not last long; there was work to be done, so she soon arose, washed her face, bathed her swollen eyelids with cold water, and descended to the schoolroom, and seated herself, merely remarking, "You will only have time for reading, now, my dears, before tea, so we will begin at once." A tame, spiritless lesson followed, unexplained, unanswered; for they had no heart to the work now. Tea-time arrived, and it proved refreshing to them all. They became more cheerful; then the children went in to dessert; and as our heroine only accompanied them by especial invitation, she determined to write to the — street Institution that evening to ascertain if she could be received there as an inmate until she obtained an engagement, and also to inquire whether they had anything suitable for her on their books.

## CHAPTER III.

It was a summer's evening; the poor girl felt very desolate when her pupils had left her, and fancied she should not seem quite so isolated if she took her desk up into her own little chamber. There was a little more of the sky to be seen up there, and the aspect from the schoolroom was cheerless in the extreme. Accordingly she sought her room, and commenced writing her letter to the Institution. That task completed, she began one to a young lady, a governess, whose acquaintance she had recently formed. One extract may, perhaps, interest the reader; it ran thus:—

“Your mother's anxiety to learn my history is perfectly right on her part, and I will at once satisfy her. My parents are both dead. My father was a merchant in the City. The failure of the Bank of ——— and Co. caused his ruin, and he died of a broken heart. My mother soon followed him. I was an only child. You ask me if I have no old friends of my family who would assist me at any time, or to whom I could go in case of need? I know one or two families who used to visit us, and occasionally some of the members staid before my bereavement came; but some have left London, and those who remain now confine their invitations to spending a day with them; and as I found if other guests arrived that my presence seemed inconvenient, I have given up calling on them, and allowed the acquaintance to drop. For many years few girls had a better or a happier home than I had, and my dear father was famed for his hospitality and kindness. It is, however, but fair to tell I fancy that some of our old friends think I am in America, as I have an aunt living there; but she knows little of me, and cares still less. I may, therefore, say with truth, I am alone in the world.”



Here the poor unhappy girl bowed down her head and wept. Suddenly she raised it and listened; the cry of a baby met her ear. She arose quickly, and went to the door. The child was quiet again, but there were sounds of music and singing from the drawing-room, and peals of laughter from the servants' hall. The governess sighed, and thought to herself that solitude in a crowd was solitude indeed. The baby cried again. She hastened across a passage, reached a corridor, and entered the nursery. The gas was partially turned down, and by its dim light our heroine perceived that the infant had raised itself from the pillow and was wide awake. "Dear little fellow," she said, taking him up, "poor lonely bird; nurse has gone down to her supper, I suppose." The little one nestled snugly into the young governess's arms. He had ceased crying the moment he saw her, and now she commenced walking it up and down the room, soothing him to sleep. Often had she done so at this hour; no wonder the child loved the girl so well, and crowed when she entered his domain. His affection was warmly returned, and now the thought that soon she would be parted from him and the other children made her heart very sad; perhaps had their mother seen her governess at that moment she might have valued her more, and understood the other members of her household better.

The child was soon fast asleep, and the young nurse laid it gently in the cot. She then entered the inner nursery and found little Dot and Fred each in their cots, slumbering peacefully. She longed to kiss them, they looked so beautiful; but she forbore lest they might wake. Annie was sitting in an easy chair, fast asleep, with her mouth wide open. Lloyd's Weekly News laid on the floor, and a sensational novel of a very questionable character was open on a chair. The governess retraced her steps,

stole across the day nursery on tip-toe, and entered the corridor, but scarcely had she done so, when the sound of a man's footstep startled her, and the next moment Reginald Knighton came bounding up the stairs. He was the son of Mrs. Knighton by a former marriage, and greatly resembled her both in manners and appearance. "Good evening, Miss Trevor," he said in a soft low voice "This is indeed an unexpected pleasure." "Good evening, Mr. Reginald," replied the girl quietly, though her colour rose as she spoke; "I must wish you good night." She endeavoured to pass but the corridor was narrow, and he did not move, but held out his hand saying, "Good night." She could not well refuse, so placed her hand in his. The instant she had done so, however, she regretted it, for he held it tightly in his, saying "One moment, but one moment, Miss Trevor, I will not detain you more." The governess paused, her eyes sought the ground, and the colour faded from her cheeks, but a slight frown contracted her brow. "Is it true," said the young man, earnestly, "that you are about to leave us?" "Yes," was the laconic reply. "Is it possible mamma can be so blind? can it be credible that she can see one so loveable—" "Mr. Reginald, I must insist on you allowing me to pass," said the girl, firmly. "Certainly, in one minute. God forbid that I of all people should cause you the slightest annoyance, but—but—pardon the inquiry, it does not arise from impertinent curiosity, I assure you—but have you parents?" "No," was the sad reply. "A brother, perhaps, or friends to go to?" A mournful shake of the head was the answer. "Good God! is it possible," exclaimed the young man in a tone of commiseration, nevertheless his eyes grew brighter, he clasped her hand tighter, and said almost in a whisper, "My young brothers and sisters love you well, Emily Trevor, and no wonder; but think you their's is the

only love you have inspired during your sojourn here?" He bent his dark eyes on her as he said this. "You may have home and friends to morrow if you will, for I love you with—" A sudden opening of the door of the servants' hall caused him to drop her hand quickly and pass on, and our heroine hastily re-entered her room. Once there, she closed and even locked the door, and sat down and tried to think.

What did it all mean, she thought. Had she heard aright? Could Reginald Knighton love, and was it possible that during the last six months, although they had not exchanged a dozen words, though his looks had constantly been bent upon her whenever they met, that he had cherished an affection for her? and if it were so, could she love him, and could she become his wife? A deep blush, a sudden brightening of the eyes, gave the response.

Blame her not, reader, blame her not! For months past the interest her lover had evinced, the nameless little attentions he had shown her, when unobserved he could do so, had cheered her lonely position; and the knowledge that there was one friend in the world, and that she was beloved, made her heart beat with joy, and, when she thought of the heartless, neglectful pride of her employer, with triumph. She heard her pupils coming up stairs to bed; she unlocked her door and went with Caroline and Alice to their chamber, and listened to all they had to say, and helped them to undress; and when Alice threw her arms round her neck and told her to come often, very often, to see them after she had left, the young governess smiled and kissed her tenderly, and the thought "she little knows perhaps she may be my sister some day," passed through her mind, and as she retraced her steps to her own sleeping room another idea arose, and as it did so she almost laughed aloud—"and Mrs. Knighton may actually be my mother-in-law!"

## CHAPTER IV.

A month has passed away, a cab stands at the door of the mansion in — square; boxes are in the hall, and our heroine is descending the stairs. All farewells have been spoken, and her face is pale and sad. She cannot be received at either of the Institutions; they are quite full and will be so for some time. She has been much puzzled what to do for the best, but has at last found some lodgings through the recommendation of a tradesman's wife. The boxes are placed in the cab; John wishes her a cavalier good morning; shuts to the door, and she feels she is in the world—alone. She sinks into a reverie as the cab slowly proceeds onwards, and now she asks herself whether the whispered words she heard in the corridor on that eventful night were not a dream, why had he thus allowed her to leave his home, and thus expose her to the cold world. True, they had never spoken to each other since that night, but his silent attentions had been redoubled, and whenever he could do so unobserved he stole to her side. But love is indulgent, and hope lives long in the hearts of the young. He would not leave her desolate, he was only "biding his time," all would be well yet. Her reverie was terminated by the cab stopping suddenly at the door of her new home. It was in one of those long streets in the City, which lead to the waterside. Had the remembrance that Reginald often rowed down the river aught to do with this choice? Who shall say?

Behold our poor outcast then entering her new home. It consisted of two large apartments leading one from the

other, filled with heavy old-fashioned furniture, on the ground floor of a gloomy-looking dwelling. It was a strange choice; but totally ignorant of everything connected with lodgings she had relied implicitly on the wife of the tradesman to whom she had applied; the terms she fancied were high, but always having been accustomed to large houses the size of the rooms did not strike her, perhaps she thought that should Reginald Knighton come he would not be ashamed of her being there might have influenced her decision. Doubtless it had once been the residence of some person of rank, and its appearance, though sombre, was respectable. Immediately after becoming a little settled her first care was to visit — Institution to learn if they had anything suitable for her on their books, at first she received a polite reply, that they really had nothing just then; every one was out of town, but the almost supplicating tone in which the applicant begged them to look through their books once more, touched the lady superintendent's better feelings. She complied, and after a minute's silence, said, "Here is one in Yorkshire (a disappointed expression crossed the girl's face, for she thought how far Yorkshire was from — Square) but the salary is not so large as you have had, and the duties are arduous; here is the address if you like to write." "Thank you," replied our heroine, "I will do so." Then she hastened home and dispatched a letter, and during the next three days awaited a reply. It came at last. The lady was engaged. Again she applied to the Institution, and again, and again, and again she called; always the same result. Then she tried advertisements, but with no better success. Occasionally she obtained an interview, and all went well till German was named, and then—all was over. Thus day after day, week after week, month after month passed by, and alas, alas! her little earnings were almost gone. She had become very thin and

weak, and she was afraid to walk much; her shoes were nearly worn out. At last she had not the means to pay her rent. Once or twice she had thought of trying to obtain smaller lodgings, but the dread of being with strangers, and the fear lest they might not prove respectable held her back. The landlady for awhile received her excuses and assurances that "she hoped to meet with an engagement soon, as people were now in Town," civilly, but the meals were badly cooked, and the maid placed them on the table in a hurried, careless way. Then came impertinence, with almost total neglect, and at last, abuse. The poor girl was terribly frightened, and hastened to the Institution, and begged earnestly that Mrs. —— would obtain her any sort of situation, even that of an under-nurse. The girl was getting desperate and becoming seriously ill, and she determined to give the landlady a valuable ring she possessed, if an engagement of some kind did not present itself; and then she sat down in her gloomy room and tried to work, but it would not do; thought followed thought so fast that her brain whirled with the effort to restrain them. She rose, paced the room for hours; evening came on, she had eaten nothing during the day; still up and down she continued to walk—the girl was going mad. Suddenly she stopped, put her hand to her forehead, and gazed vacantly round the apartment. A thundering knock at the front door, a man's quick footstep, the parlour door thrown open, and the next moment a scream burst from her lips, and she had fainted in Reginald Knighton's arms. He rang the bell sharply, the maid instantly appeared. "Bring water quickly," he said in a quiet but peremptory manner. The girl flew to obey his command, he laid the drooping form he held on the sofa, and bathed her face with the water. She revived, and blushing deeply, attempted to rise; he assisted her gently, and after one or two efforts she was able to sit

up. "Now fetch wine—port wine, and mind it is of the best quality," he said to the servant. He placed some money in her hand as he spoke, and she left them, but returned almost immediately, bringing the wine with her. Reginald Knighton found out a glass, and soaked a biscuit in it. "Now leave us," he said to the domestic, and she obeyed. He sat down by the side of the sufferer and persuaded her to eat; she complied and began to feel better. He took her hand in his, she did not withdraw it; he drew her closer to him, and she leaned her head on his shoulder, and then in trembling accents she asked him, "Why he had left her thus?" He replied, that he had been out of town; he thought she was at one of the Institutions or in some situation; he had inquired at the former and found she had not been there, and then he had searched everywhere until he had found out her abode. He then asked questions and she told him all. He gave her tender, pitying, loving words, and she was comforted, and longed to sit thus for ever, and never, never more to leave his side, and blush after blush dyed her cheeks as she listened, with downcast eyes, as he spoke in a low soft voice.

Reader, there is an old, old Book in which we learn that it was the weakest hour of the Son of Man when, faint with hunger, the Tempter came and urged Him on to sin. "Give thyself bread," he said, "no matter by what means." Fall! thou wilt not be hurt; God will uphold thee. Give thyself riches, enjoyments, all that thine eye can see, thine heart enjoy shall be thine if thou wilt fall down and worship me." And now, as then, in the form of this young man he spoke again, veiling his words so deftly that their real meaning was not seen. At last he paused and awaited her reply. "Oh, Reginald, to be your wife," she whispered softly. "Alas, alas! that, dearest, cannot be," was the answer, "but there is a position so nearly resem-

bling it." The girl raised her head quickly, and looked at him wonderingly; then like lightning the knowledge of what he meant flashed through her mind, and she sprang from his side as if an arrow had pierced her heart, and stood opposite to him, with such horror and dismay on her face that Reginald Knighton, bad man as he was, was ashamed. He rose, spoke soothingly and took a step towards her. With an imperative gesture she motioned him back, and essayed to speak; her bosom heaved tumultuously, but not a sound came. She seemed almost suffocated with indignation; at last the words, "Insult! no father! no brother!—or—dared not!" burst forth, and then the girl threw herself into a chair, covered her face with her hands, and shuddered from head to foot; but no tears came. Reginald Knighton was perplexed; he had not expected this. There was a silence of some minutes; at last he said, in a tone of tender reproach, "Emily Trevor, this is absurd. Listen to me, we are not Babes in the Wood, neither shall we be fed by ravens, as in days of old, and yet we must live. I am entirely dependent on my mother; my father left her all his property, and it is settled on herself. She can bequeath it to whom she will; her views as to my marriage are ambitious. Emily, you know her, therefore I need not pain you by adding more. I love you with my whole heart." The girl shook her head mournfully, and he continued, "I come here, I find you lonely, miserable, actually needing the very necessaries of life. I see before you naught but utter ruin and anguish, worse than you can ever imagine. I strive to snatch you from what I know must be your ultimate fate; I offer you protection, and a home with every comfort affection can supply, and all I ask in return is your love. This you term insult, but I have startled you," he added, changing his tone to one of extreme tenderness, "in calmer moments you will view this in a different light, I



will not annoy you by my presence now; if you can forgive me and would recall me to your side, write to this address, but in any case, I will call here at six to-morrow evening to receive your verdict. Oh Emily, do not drive me to despair." The girl sat as before, and made him no reply; he took his hat from the table, bade her good-night, but no answer came. She heard the parlour door close, a hurried whispering in the hall, the street door shut, and then a dead silence reigned. She raised her head and sat up, put her hand to her forehead, and looked round with a bewildered air; then she sank into deep thought. To her surprise the maid came in, bearing a tray with fowl and ham, placed temptingly upon it. "If you please," she said, "Mr. Trevor—" The young governess stared at the girl as if she thought she were mad, "your brother, Miss, said I was to try and persuade you to eat some supper and take some wine before you went to bed." Our heroine's lip quivered; she made no reply, but cutting herself a slice of bread, drew towards her half a glass of wine she had left, and said, "This is all I shall require, take the rest away." There was a sternness in the tone in which this was said, and the maid obeyed at once and in silence, and the moment she had left the unhappy girl locked the parlour door, then sitting down on the couch and leaning her head on the cushions, she wept as if her heart would break. In spite of her anger this little kindness had touched her, and now it opened the flood-gates of sorrow; and it was well.

Thus she remained for some time; at last thoroughly exhausted but more composed, she fetched a cloak and wrapping it round her laid down on the sofa, and soon sank into a heavy slumber, from which she did not awake till late next morning. Her head ached fearfully and her

heart sank as she recalled the events of the previous evening, but wisely determining not to dwell on them she arose, unlocked the door, entered her bed room, performed her morning ablutions, and changed her dress. To her surprise on re-entering the parlour, she found a bright fire burning in the grate, and the breakfast table neatly arranged, with sweetbreads, eggs, ham, &c. awaiting her. As on the night before, she merely partook of tea and bread and butter, and ordered the rest to be removed.

After breakfast she dressed herself to visit the Institution, but before setting out opened a small top drawer belonging to a chest which contained her clothes, and drew forth a small brown-paper parcel, out of which she took a ring. For a few minutes she held it in her hand and seemed lost in thought, at last with a sigh she restored it to its case, wrapped it up as before, locked the drawer, put the key into her pocket and left the house, and hastened to — Institution. Again she hung almost breathless on the lady superintendent's reply; it came, "Nothing on the books." The ring must go. Pale to the lips, the governess turned away and walked rapidly to her lodgings, entered, walked straight to the bell and rang it sharply; the landlady came up herself. "Mrs. Porson," said our heroine briefly, "I have no money to pay you your rent, I will give you a ring instead; it is quite equal to, nay even more than what I owe you, for I have had it valued." "Oh, dear no, Miss," replied the woman, to her lodger's great surprise, "I could not think of taking your ring; when your brother comes again no doubt he—" "I have no brother, Mrs. Porson," was the reply, "would to God I had." "The gentleman who came last night I mean," the woman continued—"Was not my brother, and will not come again," was the answer, in a hard, strange tone that somewhat startled the listener. "Oh, oh!" she said in reply,

“Then perhaps Miss, as that’s the case, I had better have the ring.” The governesses lips were closely compressed, and she walked quickly to her room, opened the drawer, undid the parcel, and the ring was gone. The woman had followed her to the door of her bed room, the girl raised her eyes, looked at the woman, then at the empty casket, for she could not speak. “Search the drawer, and look through the other drawers; quick!” cried the landlady, peremptorily, “I believe it’s all a cheat.” The girl shook her head. “Search, I say,” reiterated the woman loudly. “I will not,” replied the sufferer with the calmness of despair, “I know I left it here.” She pointed as she spoke to the drawer and sank into a chair, and then such a torrent of abuse fell on the poor girl’s head, that at last, literally appalled, she placed her fingers in her ears and sat like one whose mind had fled. She only heard a confused murmuring; at last she withdrew her fingers as the virago was leaving the room, and the words, “Out you go this night,” met her ears, and thus she remained seated, turning over in her mind what she should do, and shuddering at the thought of what would become of her if the landlady kept her word.

The tempter came again. “Why do you bear all this?” he whispered softly. “Why suffer thus? Think of last night, think of his kindness, think of his tender, sheltering care. What if it were always thus?—always to feel protected, loved and well supplied with wealth. What happiness, what security would be yours. Why should you reject his love? Why refuse the comfort of a happy home? You have no ties to trample on the warm aspirations of your young heart, no stern guardian to dictate to and direct your doing; then why hesitate? Fancy a lovely home, containing every luxury love could supply, fancy his return at eve, fancy evening after evening seated as last night. Write!

Write! One word will bring him to your feet; write, I say, write!"

The girl's wild look had gradually relaxed, softer and softer it became, and a tender light beamed in her eyes; still she grew paler and paler, and her lips were more firmly compressed. Suddenly she rose and walked towards her desk and opened it. There was no writing paper there. She turned to a box, stooped down and unlocked it, then took up a parcel and opened it. Why does she start and drop the packet as if it had burnt her fingers? and what is it she holds in her hand? She hold in her fingers a lock of snow-white hair, cut by her own hands from her dear father's head, as he lay on his death bed, and now as she looks on it a vision of her once happy existence passes before her. First comes her childhood, and she remembers how, when seated on that dear parent's knee, he strove with gentle words to implant in her young heart love to her Maker, and those high principles of which his daily life set her so noble an example. Then came her girlhood and his tender care, and then the last few hours they ever spent together, when as now she held in her hand those snow white hairs, he had said to her, "My child, should trouble come, trust not thyself—trust not in man, but lean on God, and never, never forsake the path of viture or of truth. Your hair may, like mine, become white in the struggle, but fear not; stand firm even to the last, pray to thy God for strength. He will uphold thee, and we shall meet in Heaven at last."

Down on her knees sank the unhappy girl, and bowed her head lower and lower before her Maker, and a prayer for His help in that bitter hour, and for His forgiveness for her contemplated sin, fell from her lips. Then trembling in every limb she arose, pressed the white lock of hair to her lips, carefully replaced it, murmuring to herself as she did so, "Even now I dare not trust myself, and

he said he would come," closed the top drawer, locked both it and the box, and then, throwing on a bonnet and shawl, she crept on tip-toe across the parlour, reached the front door, passed out and shut it softly. As she did so a neighbouring church clock struck six. She started and turned faint; then remembering that it was ten minutes too fast, hastened up the street. It was steep, but she walked rapidly; she could hear her heart beat distinctly; still she went on, she reached the top, turned to the right, (he would come the other way) went on a few yards, then all at once the thought occurred to her that possibly he might choose the way she was going to-night. She determined to cross the street; in an instant she had left the pavement, and was in the road. At the same moment a cab, furiously driven, dashed up the street she had just left. She was knocked down, became insensible, and one of the wheels passed over her left arm. A policeman rushed to her assistance; a crowd collected. "Is she much hurt?" asked one of the bystanders. "Her arm is broke I think," answered the policeman. "Better take her into a shop, and send for a doctor" said another. "No, no," replied the policeman, "We'll send her to Guy's; here you fellow," he continued, addressing the cabman, "drive up here." The man obeyed. "But she can't go alone," said one of the crowd; "better try to bring her to." "No, no," said a stout respectable woman, stepping forward, "Don't do that, she don't feel no pain now; I'll go with her." "That's right, mother," echoed the crowd, and the kind-hearted woman entered the cab. "Now give her to me," she said, and taking the insensible girl into her lap, they placed her feet on the opposite seat. "Now drive on cabby," said the old lady, "and drive slowly this time." "One minute," said the policeman. "No. 144," he said, looking at the cab. "What's that for?" inquired the man-

"Furious driving," was the reply. The man drove off, looking extremely sulky, but he now moved very gently, and thus they proceeded till they reached the hospital.

The cab entered the gates, the case was stated, and the still insensible girl was carried inside; the cab, still containing the good Samaritan, was driven out of the yard, the gates were closed, and thus the prayer of our heroine was heard.

## CHAPTER V.

Two or three evenings after the foregoing event had occurred, Mr. and Mrs. Knighton were seated opposite to each other in the elegantly furnished drawing room to which I have before introduced the reader. Miss Knighton, the above named gentleman's maiden sister, who had that afternoon arrived from Tunbridge Wells, was also present, and had placed herself by the side of her brother, to whom she was much attached, and at the moment we have the pleasure of introducing her, was asking questions as to the well-being of all the household, and more particularly about the children, for "dear Aunt Eleanor," as she was usually designated by them, had the interest of the young folks much at heart. We must pause one moment and describe her. In appearance she greatly resembled her brother; they were both handsome, and possessed peculiarly aristocratic features. Mr. Knighton was, however, as we have before said, a portly-looking gentleman, but Miss Knighton was tall and rather thin. When young her figure had been much admired, and even now her excellent taste in dress, and the good sense she displayed in wearing only what became her time of life, caused her to be much admired and esteemed, and Aunt Eleanor was in short a favourite with young and old. Her first question related to Reginald Knighton. His mother replied that he was well, and at present he was in Scotland, grouse shooting. Her next inquiry was respecting the children; and when she had expressed her gratification at hearing they were in the enjoyment of health, she said, "And how is Miss Trevor?"

Mrs. Knighton's colour rose as she replied briefly, "Miss Trevor left me three months since." Here Mr. Knighton turned his shoulder to his sister, took up a newspaper and began to read. "Indeed," said Miss Knighton in a tone of surprise, her countenance at the same time expressing great vexation, "I am very sorry to hear that; how was it she left you?" "Miss Trevor did not leave me," was the somewhat haughty reply, "I gave her notice to leave." "Oh indeed," observed Miss Knighton, in so peculiar a tone that her brother had some difficulty in repressing a laugh; and in spite of his efforts his fat shoulders shook, and the paper rattled in his hand. "May I ask, Alice," continued the old lady, "why you parted with Miss Trevor?" The colour rose higher on Mrs. Knighton's cheeks, but here we must whisper the reader that Miss Knighton possessed considerable property, and her sister-in-law invariably treated her with marked respect; so she replied rather nervously, "As Caroline grew older Miss Trevor was scarcely suitable; I was anxious for the children to learn German, which she does not teach, and there was a want of style about her—nothing for Caroline to imitate and her health, you know, was not good." "Indeed I do not know anything of the kind," Miss Knighton remarked, so emphatically that the fat shoulders trembled visibly, and the movement increased as she continued, "and I noticed in the next street no less than four cards displayed in the windows of four different shops, announcing that four Professors of German were ready at a minute's notice to teach that language on moderate terms. As to want of style," she added, in a tone of vexation, "Miss Trevor struck me as being a true christian and a perfect lady, and that is the best style in my opinion that you can have as an example. Where is Miss Trevor now Alice?" "I really do not know, Eleanor," answered her sister-in-law,



testily; "I was much engaged at the time she left, endeavoring to get a friend of Harriet's into the — Asylum. She was leaving Mrs. Lightly, poor girl, and had no home to go to." "Had Miss Trevor any home?" asked Aunt Eleanor, anxiously. "Oh, yes! I suppose so," replied Mrs. Knighton. "No doubt she went home to her parents." "Did you inquire," pursued Miss Knighton. "No, I did not think it necessary," was the reply, spoken very sharply "And allow your governess, after being your inmate for twelve months, to leave your house thus; and yet interested yourself earnestly about a girl of whom you knew nothing? In the name of common humanity, Alice, and still more as the mother of a family, how could you throw that poor young lady so recklessly on the cold, cold world? Perhaps, which I greatly suspect was the case, no father, no mother, no friends to protect her! Alice, Alice, you were wrong, very wrong!"

The old lady's voice trembled with emotion as she spoke, and tears sprang to her eyes. A dark frown was now on Mrs. Knighton's brow and her face was scarlet; and she was about to make an angry reply, when happily the storm was averted by the entrance of Caroline, Alice and Miss Horton. The former of the above-named girls entered first. She was a pretty-looking girl, and had grown considerably since we first made her acquaintance. She was fashionably dressed, and wore, as was then the mode, a large crinoline, and evidently considered herself, now that she was permitted the use of so womanly a garment, a person of immense consequence; and anxious to impress this fact on her aunt, walked towards her in what she considered an extremely dignified manner; but unfortunately an ottoman stood directly in her path, and her crinoline ruthlessly pouncing upon it, carried it captive in a highly triumphant manner, and at last placed

it so completely in the young girl's way, that in her endeavour to reach her aunt she stumbled over it, and was thrown into the old lady's lap. "I beg your pardon, aunt," said Caroline, "I had no idea that stupid ottoman was there—nasty old thing."

Miss Knighton, who, together with little Alice, was quite enjoying her niece's downfall, answered good-naturedly, "Never mind my dear; depend upon it the ottoman was scared out of its wits when it was so suddenly extinguished. I worked it myself when I was a child, so no wonder the style (she emphasized the word slightly) of the present day made it feel out of place; nevertheless the 'old thing' as you call it was too much for you, was'nt it, Cary?" The girl blushed and said "She had no idea Aunt Eleanor worked it, or she would not have made such a remark." Her aunt only answered with a good humoured smile, and then to the great amusement of her brother, she slowly drew out her spectacles, placed them on her nose and looked towards the door. As she did so, a tall, dark, haughty-looking woman of about thirty years of age walked in, and sweeping past Miss Knighton, on whom she bestowed a stare, accompanied by a slight bow, she seated herself on a chair, uttering a brusque "Good evening" as she did so, and then drew out some embroidery and began to work. Miss Knighton returned her salutation politely, looked at her attentively for a minute, and then inquired after their brother George. "Oh, he is quite well, Aunt, thank you," said Caroline; "but he is with us very little now." There was a touch of sadness in her tone, and Aunt Eleanor's kind heart was pained. "I must ask you to excuse me now," said her elder niece somewhat affectedly, "I have an exquisite piece of fancy work in hand, and I am fascinated with it beyond what the most fertile imagination can conceive; it is to me an oasis in the desert an——"

The girl stopped, for such a curious smile lit up the old lady's face that she felt ashamed. She hastened to the side of her governess, and the smile was succeeded by a sigh. "I am so glad you have come aunt," whispered little Alice as she nestled close to her side; "mind you stay with us ever so long." "Not this time dear," replied the lady as she drew her yet closer to her, and then she looked up quickly, for at that moment Miss Horton drew her chair suddenly back from the table, and exclaimed peevishly, "How very hot the gas makes this room; it's perfectly insufferable, positively I feel quite faint." "Open the door Caroline," said Mrs. Knighton hastily. "Perhaps my sister may prefer the warmth, my dear," Mr. Knighton interposed here. "Oh, yes; I beg your pardon, Eleanor, I'm sure," said her sister-in-law, puzzled what to do. "I will move round to the side of my brother," replied the old lady pleasantly "and then I trust both Miss Horton and myself may be comfortable."

There was a shade of satire in the way in which this was said that did not escape Mrs. Knighton. "Alice, come here, child," said Miss Horton next; "Go up stairs and open my second drawer—here is the key, and—" "Excuse me, Miss Horton," interposed Mrs. Knighton, "I will ring for Harriet; she will get what you require." "I thank you," answered the lady, perfectly unabashed, "that will do quite as well." "Humph!" said Miss Knighton, clearing her throat somewhat loudly, and her brother muttering something about a business engagement rose and left the room. "Perhaps you will favour us with a little music, Miss Horton," said Mrs. Knighton. "Certainly," replied that lady, "when Harriet has received my directions;" and that young lady entering as she was speaking, she issued her orders in a peremptory tone, and they were received by Harriet with a toss of the

head in reply; she however left the room. It was some time before she re-appeared with the shawl, which she threw down on the table and hastily withdrew. Miss Horton placed it round her shoulders in a leisurely manner, walked to the piano, and stood before it perfectly still. Mrs. Knighton who was bending over her embroidery frame, looked up in surprise. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Horton," she said apologetically; "I see you require lights," and ringing the bell as she spoke, John soon appeared and placed the candlesticks on the piano. Miss Horton then desired him to fetch her portfolio, and selecting a very loud piece, more calculated to show the great execution she possessed than to please the listeners, she placed her foot on the loud pedal, and thumped and banged the unfortunate piano about so unmercifully for the next half hour, that Miss Knighton on her return home informed her companion that she greatly feared the drum of her ear was injured; and as to the poor piano she was convinced that every bit of melody had been completely knocked out of it, and the sooner Miss Horton and the unhappy instrument were consigned to oblivion the better it would be for society in general. Then Mrs. Knighton and her governess sang a duet, but their opinions as to time and tune being totally different, anything but harmony was the result, and Miss Knighton brought rather a sharp argument to a close by requesting Caroline to play a nice quiet piece, and she complied by performing an overture in much the same style as her governess.

Aunt Eleanor sighed as she listened, and was not sorry when the instrument was soon after closed. She then endeavoured to draw Miss Horton into a little conversation, but that lady's remarks were so exceedingly common place, and she spoke of things being "awfully pleasant," "awfully disagreeable," &c., that the old lady,

to whose mind the word "awful" presented a picture of solemn terror, became perfectly bewildered by this singular misapplication of the word, and began to ask herself whether excessive ignorance or excessive folly could cause such a result; and soon becoming tired of such "trash," as she afterwards termed it, she was much relieved by the re-entrance of her brother, who said to his wife, as soon as he was again seated, "Really, my dear, I cannot allow George to spend his evenings with Dick in the stables; has he no lessons to learn, Miss Horton, or something to do to employ his time?" "Mr. Knighton," replied that lady, pompously, "your son evidently dislikes receiving any instruction from me, I have therefore left him to act as he pleases, as I consider a boy of his age beyond the control of a lady." "That's the most sensible remark she has made yet," thought Miss Knighton to herself.

Mr. Knighton made no reply, but re-seated himself by the side of his sister, looking unusually thoughtful. "Now Caroline and Alice," said Miss Horton, rising, "it is nine o'clock, we must retire. Alice, my dear, ring the bell." Alice did as she was desired. Caroline's face brightened, and she rose with alacrity, and put away her work with evident pleasure. The young sister, however, seemed anxious to linger as long as possible; and when, she having kissed her mamma, her father took her on his knee and said a few kind words to her, the little girl seemed still more reluctant to leave. John, however, appeared, bearing Miss Horton's candlestick. "Where is Harriet?" inquired Mrs. Knighton, "why have you answered the bell, John?" "Harriet has gone to visit her aunt, ma'am, this evening," replied the man affectedly, and I undertook this duty for once to oblige her; but of course it is not in my department."

Miss Horton here uttered a brusque "Good night,"

and walked to the door. Caroline kissed her parents and aunt Eleanor hastily, and followed the governess; but little Alice threw her arms round Miss Knighton's neck and whispered, "Come into the school room, aunty, to-morrow, about eleven, will you?" "Yes, my dear," replied the old lady, "Good night." "Come, Alice," cried Miss Horton, peremptorily, "the wind that comes up these stairs is fearful; in fact the house is full of draughts; it's most unpleasant," and, with another hasty "Good night," the lady, accompanied by her pupils, left the room.

"And that is *style*, my dear Alice, I suppose," said Miss Knighton, as soon as the door was closed; "Well, all I can say is that it strikes me as a remarkably unpleasant style, and the less I see of it the better I shall be pleased." Mr. Knighton burst into a hearty laugh, and Mrs. Knighton observed, "I must confess, Eleanor, Miss Horton has lately become exceedingly exacting and inclined to complain." "The fact is, my dear," remarked her husband, "you have made such an extraordinary fuss with her that she is completely spoiled." "Yes, I'm afraid I shall have to make another change," sighed the lady of the mansion, and the conversation turned on other matters.

At half-past nine the supper tray was brought in, for Miss Knighton had dined early, and travelled afterwards, so as to be able to partake of dessert with her brother and his wife; she was therefore very glad to retire at ten o'clock, and had just put on her cap and flannel gown, and was about to read a chapter in the Bible, which was her custom, when a soft knock at the door caused her to lay the book down and inquire, "Who's there?" "It is me, aunt, dear," replied a young voice; "it's George; may I come in?" In an instant the old lady had unfastened the door, and the moment after the boy had thrown his arms round her neck, and kissing her over and over again, ex-

claimed, "Oh, aunty, dear, I am so glad you've come; I didn't come into the drawing room to-night, for I couldn't talk to you comfortably there, with mamma muddling over her embroidery, and Miss. Horton talking like a fool; so I stopped with Dick." "But my boy," said his aunt, kindly, drawing a chair towards the fire, seating him in it, and sitting down beside him, she put her arm round his neck, "Dick is not a fit companion for you, and the stables are not a place in which you should spend your time." "Well, I don't know about that, aunt," replied the lad, dogmatically; "horses, you see, are sensible sort of creatures, and that's more than Caroline and Alice are; and as to Dick, I shall learn a precious sight more from him than I shall from that old Horton. Why, aunt, Dick has been twice round the world, and knows all about beasts and birds and fishes, and has been in prison and all sorts of things. You don't know what a nice sort of chap he is." "My dear," said the old lady, kindly, while a smile played round her lips, "I have no doubt Dick is extremely entertaining and agreeable; nevertheless, I think a companion or two of your own rank in life would be better. It can scarcely be expected that a lad of your age can enter into the amusements of men, but that sense should be wanting on that account on either side does not follow." The boy made no reply, but sat quite silent, looking at the fire. Once it leapt up, and she saw tears glistening in his eyes; at last he spoke. "Aunt," he said, abruptly, "when Miss Trevor was here I *was* worth something." "So you are now, my dear," said his aunt, tenderly. The boy shook his head, but continued, "I loved religion, I loved my learning, I loved everybody, and I hoped one day to be a good and clever man; but now, except my father and you and little Dot and Dick, I don't care for anything in the world." The boy leaned his head on his aunt's bosom as he said

this, and burst into tears. There was a long silence. At last his kind friend said, 'And why, my dear, do you not love God now?' "Because," said the boy, gloomily, "He took Miss Trevor away. Why couldn't He have let her remain? I should have been worth something then." "My child, as I said before, you are worth not only *something*, but a *very great deal* in the eyes of God, or He would not have sent His own beloved Son into this world to suffer the feelings of a boy, to set you a grand example, so that you should follow, as far as our sinful nature will permit, in his footsteps, and thus reach Heaven; but, my boy, we came into this world alone, and as we pass through it we must not allow our religious principles to be governed by the presence or absence of certain persons. God is with us always; His Word is the same, and that is '*a lamp unto our path and a lantern unto our feet.*' To Him we must give an account, and we need no other guide; and above all, my boy, remember we must die—alone. Your religion must be between your Heavenly Father and your own conscience, and you must work it out yourself with your whole heart. Shall I read to you, George," she added, winningly; he nodded his head in reply, for he could not speak, but the advice of that night was never forgotten.



## CHAPTER VI.

“And how was it,” says some young reader here, “that Aunt Eleanor never got married? Didn’t she have any offers? I should have thought she’d have had lots.” And so she did, my dear, and she gave her heart to one she dearly loved, and the wedding-day was fixed, and the guests were bidden, but one more than was invited came, and the name of that one was—DEATH! The day preceding the one appointed for the nuptials the lover crossed the channel to visit his widowed mother, she being too aged and infirm to join them on the morrow. He arrived in safety, received his mother’s blessing, and again went on board the steamer. All went well for a time, then a gale arose, of so violent a nature that the vessel was wrecked, and all within were destroyed.

The estimation in which Miss Knighton was held by all who knew her may be gathered from the following lines, composed by a young friend at the time of her bereavement:—

“ Her voice is very soft and low,  
And her face is sad and pale,  
And the weary look in her dark grey eyes  
Tells its own mournful tale.

“ And silver threads are blended now  
With her glossy raven hair,  
And the quivering motion of her lip  
Tells of a hidden care.

“ But fear not for her, their hearts were true,  
Though one sleeps beneath the wave ;  
‘ Love is immortal ’ all is not lost,  
Love lives beyond the grave.

“ Her face will ere long wear a peaceful smile,  
Though her ringing laugh is still.  
On each day she will harder strive to bend,  
To her heavenly Father’s will.

“ And kindness through her life will shine,  
Like a clear and burning flame,  
The young will hold her protecting hand,  
And the poor will bless her name.

“ Then at last her turn to die will come,  
We shall hear a solemn knell ;  
But weep not, my friends, weep not for her,  
That will be her marriage bell.

“ For the mighty sea will give up its dead,  
And two loving hearts will meet,  
For ever, for ever, in Heaven to dwell,  
And hold communion sweet.”

The next morning about eleven o’clock Miss Knighton was seated in the drawing-room, reading the newspaper, when the door was suddenly opened, and Miss Horton entered. “ Oh,” she exclaimed, when she perceived Miss Knighton. “ I thought Mrs. Knighton was here ; it is our hour for practising duets.” “ My sister-in-law left the room about ten minutes since,” replied the old lady ; “ she has no intention of practising this morning, fearing it might disturb me.” “ Oh, indeed !” was the cool rejoinder ; “ very possibly duets might do so, but my playing over a few exercises would not, I daresay, would it,

Miss Knighton?" "Certainly not," was the answer, "as I have no intention of remaining here; did I wish to do so I should request you, Miss Horton, being my junior, to retire."

There was so much hauteur in the manner in which this was said that for once Miss Horton's self-possession failed her, and she coloured deeply, especially as the old lady, at the conclusion of her remark, placed her spectacles on her nose, and examined her face in the same peculiar manner as on the preceding evening. Evidently the old lady regarded her as a remarkable curiosity. Just at that moment the drawing-room door opened, and Mrs. Knighton came in. She looked much surprised on seeing her governess, and said hastily, "You surely are not waiting for me to sing with you this morning? Miss Knighton must not be disturbed on any account." "My dear Alice," said that lady, kindly, "do not think of giving up your customary arrangements for me. I am now going to the schoolroom." She rose as she spoke and left the room, saying, good-naturedly, as she passed out, "Singing is a very fine thing for the lungs, my dear. *Au revoir.*" She then slowly descended the stairs, reached the school room, opened the door and entered. To her surprise, she saw that Caroline was the only occupant, and that she was leaning with her arms on the table, her hands buried in her hair, absorbed in the contents of a book. Imagining that it was some lesson she had to learn, Aunt Eleanor leaned over her shoulder and read the title of the volume, and to her great regret found it was a sensational novel of anything but a moral tendency. As she stooped forward one of her cap-strings touched the girl's neck; in an instant the book was concealed, and the young reader turned round with a frightened air, "Oh, it's you, Aunt Eleanor," she said, in a tone of relief; "I thought it was mamma."

The old lady sighed, sat down beside her niece, and took her hand in her's, and then, in a gentle manner peculiarly her own, begged her to discontinue the perusal of such works. "From whom did you obtain it, my dear?" she inquired next. "From Annie," was the young culprit's reply, with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks; and she was much relieved by the door bursting open suddenly, and Alice and little Amy, both looking extremely red and untidy, rushing into the room. The instant they saw their aunt they stopped and seemed half-inclined to run away. "Come here, my dears," said their visitor. The children obeyed. "You seem to have forgotten our appointment, Alice," she continued, cheerfully; "but here I am, you see." Reassured by her manner, the little girls began to welcome her and to chatter vigorously, and introduced all the dolls with one eye, dolls with fractured skulls, and horses with three legs that they possessed to their aunt's acquaintance; and the interview ended by a solemn promise being extorted from her that she would invite them all to spend a whole fortnight with her very soon, and let them see old Norman milk the cows.

Aunt Eleanor then proceeded to the nursery. As she traversed the corridor she heard Annie observe to the nurse, "Perhaps she's in love, and has been and drowned herself off one of the bridges." "In love! stuff and nonsense!" was the reply; what do you know about love, I should like to know, except what you learn from those rubbishy books you're so fond of reading?" The entrance of Miss Knighton caused the dialogue to cease, and little Dot and Fred scrambled up off the floor, and ran towards her, calling out, "Here's Aunt Neleanor, here's Aunt Neleanor!" we's so glad!" She took them up one after the other, and caressed them; and then baby was brought forward and tenderly enfolded in her arms.

"Won't you sit down, ma'am?" said nurse, respectfully; "you must please to excuse the nursery being so untidy, but I've been rather upset this morning; and as to that girl"—looking fiercely at Annie—"doing anything but read a pack of nonsense, you might as well expect the Monument to come walking up this street."

The visitor could scarcely repress a smile as this was said, but she resisted the impulse, and observed, "I am sorry to hear that, nurse; nothing serious, I hope, has happened?" "Well, ma'am, that remains to be proved," replied the domestic, in an impatient manner. "Mrs. Knighton seems to think very little of it, and says she'll come back all right; but then she thinks very little now of anything except Miss Horton and music. Certainly it wouldn't surprise me whatever happened, when people require so much waiting upon, and ring for hot water so often, and for their dress to be fastened, and never satisfied with their supper nor anything else, as I told Mrs. Knighton this morning." "But of whom are you speaking, nurse?" said Miss Knighton, "Who gives all this trouble?" "Why, Miss Horton, ma'am, to be sure," said the angry domestic, suddenly becoming lucid. "Why, Miss Trevor never gave any trouble to the servants, and yet they all say she was the better born of the two. Real ladies never give trouble, do they ma'am?" "No, replied the listener, quietly; "but sometimes, when governesses give no trouble, servants impose on their kindness, and then they become exacting and strive for more than their rights." The nurse coloured. "But of whom were you speaking as having caused this anxiety?" "Why, of Harriet, ma'am, of course," replied the nurse. "She went out yesterday evening, as she said to go and see her aunt, but she's not been there, and she hasn't come back yet, and I feel quite uneasy about her. I can't think how missus can take it so

cool;" and there was a look of anxiety on the old woman's face that touched Miss Knighton, and she thought to herself—This woman has strong affections, but she is jealous of any whom her mistress or the children notice, and that jealousy blinds her at times, and makes her almost cruel; in other respects she is a good sort of woman. "Do not distress yourself, nurse," she said, kindly, "if Harriet does not return this evening I will speak to my brother, and he will institute inquiries." "Thank you, ma'am," replied the nurse. Miss Knighton rose, and placing baby quietly in the nurse's arms, kissed the other little ones, wished them "Good morning," and left the room.

Miss Knighton returned home the next day, but ere she took her departure, two important events had taken place, one of which was that Mrs. Knighton and her governess had had so strong an argument as to the manner of executing a certain duet, that high words ensued, and the altercation had ended by Mrs. Knighton informing Miss Horton that she would be dictated to no longer, and that that lady had better seek another situation. The other was that Aunt Eleanor had pointed out to her brother the absolute necessity that George's friendship with Dick should cease, and begged him to send him to a good boarding school at once. Mr. Knighton instantly assented. Mrs. Knighton demurred at first, but perceiving that her husband's resolution was firmly fixed, ultimately entered into his views, and the following week George was sent to school.

## CHAPTER VII.

We left our heroine in, what at first sight would appear a truly lamentable position—in the arms of strangers and about to be confined to the sick ward of a hospital, there to lie perfectly helpless and dangerously ill; and yet I again repeat the words with which I ended a previous chapter—and thus her prayer to her God was heard.

The attendants carried her very gently to one of the wards; a nurse received her and had her laid on a bed. Dr. Farnborough had just finished a lecture, and was about to hasten home, but the moment the case was detailed to him he came to her aid. The nurse had promptly administered restoratives, and the sufferer had partially revived. "One of the small bones only is broken," said the Doctor. The pain attending the handling of the injured limb caused the poor girl again to relapse into insensibility. "Poor thing," said the Doctor, kindly, "there is terrible prostration of strength here, nurse, and much fever; undress her very gently and place her in bed." This was effected, and he set the arm. Then he stood looking at the poor girl attentively. Suddenly, but tenderly, he raised her left hand, then replaced it on the counterpane. "The old story, Mrs. Stone, I fear," he said, sadly; "but somehow I seem to know that face. Did you observe if there was any mark on her clothes?" "No, sir, I did not, but I will do so." She took up an article of dress as she spoke, and searched for the mark. "Yes; here it is, sir, plain enough," she said. The Doctor had his back towards her and was placing his instruments in the case. "Well,

what is it." he asked, quietly. "E. Trevor is the name," she replied. "Good God!" cried the Doctor, turning round sharply, "are you sure, Mrs. Stone?" "Quite sure, sir," she answered, decidedly. To her surprise the Doctor's face had become extremely pale, and his hands trembled; his unwonted emotion startled her. "A glass of water, Mrs. Stone," he said faintly. She handed him one; he drank some, drew a long breath, and then said firmly, "Mrs. Stone, I wish this young lady to be placed very tenderly on a mattrass at once, and to be carried with every possible care to your room. I shall esteem it a personal favour if you will resign your bed to her and sleep in the smaller one beside her. I shall be still further obliged by your allowing no one to attend on her but yourself; I am almost sure, Mrs. Stone, that she is——; but we must not lose time. When she revies she will probably be delirious; now is our opportunity. The attendants were summoned, and again the poor girl was gently raised from the bed, and five minutes afterwards she occupied the comfortable bed of Mrs. Stone. The Doctor's prophecy was soon after fulfilled, and ere the midnight hour sounded our heroine raved in the delirium of brain fever.

Over the sad period of her illness we will, as far as possible, draw a veil, but to render our tale intelligible we must mention that as soon as the invalid was laid in the nurse's bed, she again opened her eyes and began to talk incoherently. Dr. Farnborough administered a narcotic, which took effect after awhile; he then requested Mrs. Stone to search the pockets of the young stranger, and to see if she could discover any address, &c. Providentially, an old envelope directed to Mrs. Porson's, belonging to a letter our heroine had received from her friend the governess, of whom we have before spoken, was found, also half-a-crown in an old purse.



“Give me the envelope, Mrs. Stone,” said the Doctor, “and put the purse with its contents into one of your drawers, if you please.” Soon after this our heroine raised her head from the pillow, then sat up, and the influence of the narcotic having passed away, the delirium returned with greater strength, and before the next morning dawned she had acted the terrible scenes through which she had passed over and over again, and entreated them to give her back the ring they had taken away, till the room rang with her piercing tones. Then her thoughts would travel back to her childhood, and again, as in older days, she would talk to her father as if she were a little child; then suddenly she would stop and entreat his forgiveness, and then a wild heart-rending prayer to God for help would follow; and again the nurse was astonished to see the Doctor’s lip tremble, and his face become pale and stern.

The next day the instant Dr. Farnborough could gain time, he ordered his coachman to drive him to Mrs. Porson’s. When the carriage stopped at the house he was surprised to see the street-door wide open and a little crowd assembled in the passage, amongst whom a constable shone conspicuously. He was holding a man by the collar of his coat. The physician alighted and inquired for Mrs. Porson; she stepped forward, and he requested five minutes’ conversation with her. She opened the door of the parlour which Emily Trevor had tenanted. The gentleman’s errand was soon told, and the landlady detailed all she knew respecting her late lodger and Reginald Knighton’s visit. She omitted her own cruel conduct to the poor girl, and represented herself as a pattern of gentleness and forbearance; but we will tell the rest in her own words.

“At six o’clock, sir, a thundering knock came at the door, and the same young man as had come before came again.

Martha showed him into this very room, but no Miss Trevor was here. The girl looked into the bed-room, but she was not there. 'Oh, she has gone out for a walk,' said the gentleman carelessly, but Martha said he looked nervous enough. On her return he said, tell her I called if you please, and he hastily left the house. Of course I was in a great fidget last night when the poor dear young lady didn't come home, and made up my mind to go to the police station; but I quite forgot it; for about half an hour ago, as Martha went into Miss Trevor's bed-room, as she says, to turn down the bed, all at once I heard a scream. I ran upstairs, and there she was a struggling with a man with all her might; and as I went in she called out 'Here he is missis! here he is! This is the chap as stole the ring. I found him here a opening these here drawers; he's got false keys, and he's our two pair back, he is. I never did like having a foreigner in the house, as you know very well, by jingo, he'll be off; catch hold of him missis by the other arm.' We managed to hold him and to get a constable, and sure enough the ring was in his pocket, and here it is. I suppose, sir, you are a relation of the young lady's? Do you know anything of her, poor dear?" "She is quite safe, Mrs. Porson, and under my protection. My name is Dr. Farnborough," and then he administered to that interesting individual so severe a lecture on her behaviour to our heroine that she trembled as he spoke, and became meek as a lamb. He ended by requesting her to bring her bill. She did so, and he quietly declined paying till it was reduced to something like an honest account. She instantly complied, and made a considerable deduction, and with the ring in his pocket he left the house.

That evening a trustworthy person was sent for Emily Trevor's clothes, which were packed and brought to Mrs. Stone's room; and the first thing that greeted the

invalid's sight when she awoke to consciousness was her much-valued desk standing on a table opposite the bed. It was, however, many days before this occurred, and several more had passed away, ere, wrapped in a dressing-gown, and seated in an easy chair near an open window, she sat lost in thought, asking herself if her present position were real, or if it were not a pleasant dream; and wondering, in a sleepy sort of way, what would happen next, till she gradually sank into a peaceful slumber, from which she awoke much refreshed. "Well, my dear," said Mrs. Stone, "You have had a charming sleep; why we shall have you well in no time now." "I ought to get well, I'm sure," replied the patient, gratefully, "when I have so much care and kindness; still I wish I could make it all out." "Make what out, my dear?" asked the nurse. "I want to know how long I have been ill, nurse, and how it all happened; and I thought when people were ill in hospitals they slept in wards, am I right." "Quite right, Miss," replied Mrs. Stone, "but Dr. Farnborough wished you to have a private room." "How strange," said the girl, musingly; then, "Nurse, I am very anxious about——." "But my little patient must not be anxious about anything," said a kind voice close to her, "or I shall not be able to get her well."

Our heroine turned and perceived her kind friend the Doctor. She greeted him with a smile. He sat down beside her and felt her pulse. "Decidedly better," he said. "Now, nurse, I should like to see this young lady drink a glass of wine." The nurse poured her out some port, and left the room. Dr. Farnborough took the invalid's hand and held it a moment in his own; the poor girl coloured deeply, and seemed half-inclined to draw it away. Possibly she thought how Reginald Knighton had thus held it when last they met. The Doctor perceived her embarrass-

ment, and said gently, "My dear young lady, were your good father here he would tell you that your hand might safely rest in mine, for he was one of my oldest and most valued friends. Wonderful are the ways of the Almighty! By a rough but secure path He has led you to me, and from this hour I vow to protect you as if you were my own child."

Emily Trevor gazed on the good Doctor in astonishment. "Possibly," he continued, quietly, "you have only heard Mrs. Stone speak of me as 'The Doctor.' The name of Farnborough may recall me to your mind." In an instant a look of intelligence lit up the girl's face, and, placing her other hand in his, she leaned forward and gazed into his face, and then "Thank God! I have found a friend indeed!" burst from her lips. "I remember you now quite well." Mrs. Stone entered at this moment, but did not seem surprised. The Doctor before had explained matters to her, and he and his patient sat conversing for some time; and, with the greatest possible kindness and tact he drew from her the history of her life. She never mentioned Reginald Knighton's name, and merely spoke of the last evening she spent at Mrs. Porson's as a time of great trouble on which she dared not dwell; but her kind friend understood it all, and his brow became knitted and his lips sternly compressed as he listened to her words.

At last she said, hesitatingly, "I am anxious about two things, Doctor; one is, I have no money to pay you and Mrs. Stone for all your kindness." The doctor smiled approvingly as he replied, "There speaks the integrity of the father in the child. My dear," he continued, mildly, "you forget that hospital patients do not pay at all." The blood rushed to the girl's cheeks. "And there is the pride of a Trevor," he said, shaking his head. The colour

deepened. "But I was a private patient, was I not?" she inquired next. "There are no private patients at hospitals," was the provoking reply, and the old man's eyes laughed mischievously; then, changing his tone, he said, gravely, "Emily Trevor, you owe nothing to me, so let your poor little trembling heart be at rest. Twenty years since, John Trevor, your noble father, then a rich City merchant, lent me, Henry Farnborough, then a poor medical student, wearing a threadbare coat, £50; that money made me what I am. John Trevor was summoned to his place in Heaven, and the debt has never been repaid. I, of course, recognise the daughter now as standing in the father's place. I am her debtor, and ——." "Doctor, that must not be," said the girl, quickly; "you have saved my life, you have." "Now, about the ring, my dear," said the old gentleman, taking no notice of her remark; "happily, I can remove that anxiety, too." He placed it in her hand as he spoke, and, totally overcome by weakness and surprise, the invalid burst into tears. "Now, nurse, get her a nice cup of tea," said her newly-found friend, rising, "and then pack her off to bed."

He had reached the door when he heard his name softly pronounced; he turned and went back to the invalid's side. "If you hear of any one requiring a governess will you name me?" she said. The doctor nodded, his heart was too full for speech, and the request, as he looked on her pale thin face, pained him. The girl lifted up her eyes; they were swimming in grateful tears. He bent over her as her father might have done, and gave her a tender kiss. "God bless you!" she murmured softly "for all the care and kindness you have shown me, a poor friendless girl." Soon after this she retired to rest, but ere she closed her eyes in sleep she had fervently thanked God for mercifully

guiding her to so true a friend, and solemnly did she register a vow within her own heart, that henceforth she would not trust in her own strength, but in that of our Blessed Redeemer, and happen what might she would "Never Despair."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Day after day passed slowly away till, about a week after the events just recorded, to the surprise of our heroine the Doctor entered one morning, with a lady hanging on his arm. "This lady is my wife, my dear," he said, "she wished to visit you a fortnight since, but I did not consider you sufficiently strong then to see a stranger. I will now leave you together awhile," he continued, "as I know Mrs. Farnborough is anxious to ask you to do her a little favour." The lady had smiled pleasantly as this was said, and had shaken hands with our heroine and with Mrs. Stone; and as soon as her husband had left them she sat down by the former and took her hand in her's, saying kindly, "I will not keep you in suspense, my dear. I came here to ask you to accompany my daughter and myself to the sea-side. The Doctor thinks it will be of great benefit to you, and during our absence he will endeavour to procure you a situation." Emily's face became radiant with joy as this proposition was made, and she acceded to it with feelings of sincere gratitude. "We will come for her then, nurse, in the carriage at half past eleven to-morrow morning," said Mrs. Farnborough. "I will now say good-bye," she added, rising, "as you had better rest as much as possible to day."

Our heroine sat silent some minutes after the lady had left; at last she said in a hesitating manner, "Did you happen to meet with an old purse, Mrs. Stone, when you looked through my things?" Yes, my dear, I did," replied the nurse, and opening a drawer she handed a well-

worn port-monnaie to her. The colour rose on the invalid's cheek, she opened it, and it mounted higher, for now it contained a ten pound note!

The carriage arrived at the appointed hour, the journey was performed in safety, the new friends soon began to enjoy each other's society, and all being very aimable, were extremely happy together; and time wore pleasantly away. "How quickly the days do pass," said Mrs. Farnborough one morning. "They do indeed," said our heroine with a sigh; "and I greatly fear this delightful visit will come to an end before Dr. Farnborough has heard of a situation for me," and then," she added, nervously, "Whatever shall I do?" "My dear girl," said her new friend kindly, "do not let your fears for the future spoil your present enjoyment; something tells me we shall hear good news from my husband soon." "Ah! Mrs. Farnborough," replied the poor governess sadly, "you cannot think how long it takes sometimes to meet with an engagement.

Strange to say, that very day a letter arrived from the Doctor, and in it he had informed his wife that he thought he had met with a situation that would suit Miss Trevor, and that the lady would be glad to see her as soon as they returned home. From that hour our heroine's spirits rose, and her companions were surprised to find that naturally she was extremely cheerful; and Ellen Farnborough, who was about eighteen years of age, thought that Emily Trevor was the nicest girl she had ever met; and as for fun, she had made them laugh so much by her droll manner of describing persons and things, that they were really at times quite tired, and obliged to take a nap. The kind father smiled as he listened to these words; then, turning to his wife, he said gravely, "We feel deeply indignant when we hear of the bodies of our fellow-creatures being ill-treated by



their fellow worms, but what must our Heavenly Father think when he sees the spirits of the young crushed by indifference and heartless neglect, as this poor girl's have hitherto been. Surely of all these things we shall have to give an account."

This remark was made on the first evening after their return home. Our governess was not of course present, but soon after she came into the drawing-room, and they all drew their chairs round the fire, for the evenings were chilly, and conversed for some time. Ellen Farnborough was, however, unusually silent, and when they retired to rest (they occupied the same apartment) our heroine rallied her upon it, inquiring if she had left her heart at — 'The girl coloured deeply and turned away, and she perceived that her eyes were filled with tears. Startled at this sight, for she had merely made the remark to cheer her up, she remained silent a minute, and then said, gravely, "I have no wish, dear Ellen, to pry into your secrets. I only hope he is worthy of your love. To her astonishment her companion turned quickly round and said angrily, while her eyes flashed fire, "Miss Trevor, George is worthy of everybody's love, let them say what they may." Then suddenly stopping, and becoming very pale, she added quickly, "But I forgot: you know nothing about it perhaps; pray do not tell my parents what has passed to-night." She burst into tears as she ended, hastily undressed, and got into bed, wished our heroine good night, and apparently fell fast asleep; but on this head her companion had great misgivings, and her suspicions were confirmed by now and then hearing a deep drawn sigh and stifled sob. However she took no notice, but said to herself, "Some love affair, I suppose, and her parents do not approve of her choice. Poor girl, but no doubt they are right, and she will thank them some day."

The day has now arrived on which our heroine is to visit Mrs. Elton, the lady of whom Dr. Farnborough had written as requiring a governess for her children, and our heroine's kind friends were grieved to perceive that the old anxious expression had returned to her face. The Doctor accompanied her, and saw her safely ensconced in a first-class railway carriage. Mrs. Farnborough would have gone with her to Mrs. Elton's, but her daughter Ellen was just then suffering from indisposition. Mr. and Mrs. Elton resided about fifteen miles from town, in a large house, standing in its own grounds, surrounded by extremely pleasing scenery. Emily Trevor had very little trouble in finding out their place of abode. A neatly dressed maid-servant answered the door immediately after her somewhat timid knock; the domestic ushered her into a handsomely-furnished drawing-room, and scarcely was she seated ere the handle of the door turned, and a lady entered. She was short of stature, but extremely pleasing in appearance, and to the surprise of our heroine she walked up to her and shook hands, saying at the same time, "I am afraid you must think me very thoughtless Miss Trevor, to ask you to travel so far after your late illness, but unfortunately I could not leave home just now. Pray be seated; but before we begin our little chat you must have some refreshment."

She rang the bell, and luncheon was soon placed on the table. "Now draw up your chair, and make yourself at home, at once," said the kind little woman; then, perceiving that her visitor was evidently in a state of nervous anxiety relative to the anticipated conversation, she added, laughingly, "We can talk you know just as well *now* as if we sat with our hands before us and stared at each other." The governess smiled; "And in truth," she continued, cheerfully, "there is very little left to discuss; for Dr.

Farnborough has, I think, given me every necessary particular." "Did he mention," said our heroine, tremulously, "that I teach neither drawing nor German?" She hung almost breathless on the lady's reply. "He did," answered Mrs. Elton, gently, "and I am not at all anxious that the children should learn either one or the other at present; by-and-bye I should like them to do so." The governess uttered a sigh of such intense relief that Mrs. Elton could not help saying, with a smile, "Those accomplishments seem terrible bugbears to you, Miss Trevor." "They are, indeed," replied the poor girl, earnestly. "You do not know, you cannot conceive the difficulty I have had in meeting with a situation on account of not being able to teach drawing, and not having learned German. There is also a difficulty as to my references, which I ought to name. I have left Mrs. Knighton some months." To her surprise, Mrs. Elton replied; "That point is also settled; I have received an excellent reference from Mrs. Knighton, and I consider that perfectly satisfactory. I am pleased, Miss Trevor, very much pleased," added the lady, earnestly, "by the candour with which you have met these, in your *own* opinion, great difficulties. I will now tell you exactly what I require in my governess. I have two children," (she sighed as she spoke.) "Florence is twelve years of age, Arthur is ten. I am desirous that they should receive a sound English education, and that that education should be founded on firm religious principles. I am very old-fashioned in my ideas," she continued with a smile, "and I wish Florence to be well instructed in plain needlework. I should like my governess to play and sing nicely, and to be able to teach Florence to play correctly as respects time and taste. A good French accent is indispensable, together with a thorough knowledge of the groundwork of that language. Mrs. Knighton tells me you are fully

competent to undertake all this. It is now my turn to mention what may perhaps prove a difficulty. I can only offer you £30 per annum, and laundress. Will that be too small a salary?" "By no means, ma'am," replied our heroine, eagerly, "I would come to you for less." "Then I think we may consider our engagement formed," said Mrs. Elton. "Is that really all you wish me to do?" said the poor governess, incredulously. The lady laughed. "All!" she said, merrily, "and enough too, I think; that is," she added, "if, as I believe it will be, it is done well."

Mrs. Elton then gave her visitor a sketch of the household, ending with this remark, "Our establishment is small; it merely consists of a cook, housemaid, and two gardeners." "Then you have no nurse?" said our heroine, and the lady observed a tone of joy at the discovery which she did not comprehend. "And no young children, no baby," the governess continued, in a different tone. Oh dear, I am so sorry." The moment she had made the observation she wished it could have been unsaid, for the lady turned her head away, and her eyes filled with tears. The emotion, however, soon passed away, and she said calmly, "You are fond of little children, then, Miss Trevor?" "I doat on them, ma'am," was the earnest reply. "Another bond of union, Miss Trevor. I reciprocate the feeling with all my heart."

Emily Trevor rose, informing Mrs. Elton that she must now beg to be excused, as Dr. Farnborough had promised to be in waiting to meet her on the arrival of the next train. The lady accompanied her to the gate, and our heroine left Mrs. Elton's hospitable roof with a light heart. On repeating to Mrs. Farnborough her remark about the nursery, &c., and her vexation with herself for having made it, that lady said—"Ah, it was indeed a terrible trial for her; they lost two little toddling things from scarlet fever

in one week ; but Florence Elton is a true christian, and has long since learned to say. "Thy will be done."

Our heroine, like some tempest-tossed barque that has at last reached the desired haven, now enjoys serenity of mind. At the end of the ensuing fortnight she was comfortably domesticated in the family of Mr. Elton, whom she found a pleasant gentlemanly man of about forty years of age, and evidently by no means afraid of paying the same attention to his governess as to any other lady of his acquaintance. The young folks proved, as all children properly brought up are, very lovable, and from them she soon learned that they had only had one governess, named Miss Lindsay, and she had been with them six years, and was now going to be married. On hearing this our governess had some misgivings as to whether all the affection of her pupils had not been given to Miss Lindsay long ago, and felt half afraid of treading in footsteps which time had so firmly impressed on the household path ; but this feeling soon passed away, for the Eltons' hearts, it was very easy to perceive, were quite capacious enough to retain the "old love," and yet make room for "the new ;" so after gazing at her a great deal the first day, during which they took a tolerably sharp estimate of her manners, character, and appearance, Florence and Arthur announced to one another privately that they had made up their minds to like Miss Trevor, and Arthur observed, with a self satisfied air, "Did you notice, Floy, she patted Neptune directly she saw him, and he wagged his tail. I said to myself 'It's all right,' the moment I saw that."

Mrs. Elton also proved extremely kind, and her time happily not being taken up in driving to the Institution, she was able to devote a certain portion of it every now and then to sitting in the school-room with her governess and children, so that she actually knew what they learned, and whether they improved. Time for pleasant drives

pic-nics, &c., could also be found, and as she did not deem it necessary that the governess should creep about the house like some lonely spirit belonging to no one, and to whom no one wished to belong, our heroine's naturally lively disposition revelled in unrestrained freedom, and after awhile became a shining light that diffused cheerfulness and life all through the happy household.

Thus two years glided peacefully away, and her residence at the Knighton's and the misery she had afterwards endured had begun to appear as some by-gone but terrible dream, when it was all at once recalled to her mind by the following circumstance. One evening the young folks were in the garden, and Mr. and Mrs. Elton and Emily Trevor were seated at tea, over which they had lingered longer than usual, when the drawing-room door was thrown open, and Miss Lightly was announced; and a young fair girl, wearing a profusion of light ringlets, showily dressed, and with rather a silly-looking face, entered, "Oh dear, you are all at tea," she exclaimed, childishly; "how unfortunate. I had no idea; really, I did not expect, you know." Sit down, and have some with us," said Mr. Elton, and—I'm afraid he was going to say, hold your peace—but he checked himself and said instead "and have some toast." "Really now," the foolish girl began again, "I scarcely like." "Sit down, sit down," reiterated Mr. Elton, somewhat impatiently, and she obeyed. "You are staying with Miss Knighton, are you not?" asked Mrs. Elton, "I suppose you are enjoying your visit very much?" "Not so much this time as I did last," was the reply, "How is that?" said Mrs. Elton. The girl blushed and simpered, and cast down her eyes; then glancing quickly at the master of the house she said in a half whisper, "I will tell you by-and-bye." Mr. Elton immediately rose. "Ah! now, Mr. Elton, I didn't mean that, I'm sure," the visitor began, but ere she had finished the words he had taken a spring from

one of the French windows and joined his children on the lawn. "Ah! well, now I'll tell you," said the girl, who was by no means sorry in her heart that "that horrid man," as she invariably designated him in her own home, was gone. "I do not enjoy this visit so much as the last because Reginald Knighton never comes to his aunt's now."

Emily Trevor started, but controlled herself by an effort, and Mrs. Elton said, "Indeed! how long has that been the case?" "Well, you know," replied Miss Lightly, "one evening I was sitting with Miss Knighton, when a cab drove up, and a thundering knock came at the front door, and then Coulson entered with a card on a salver, and the instant Miss Knighton saw the name she said sharply, 'Show him into the library;' but even as she spoke, who should walk in but that dear, handsome, charming Reginald Knighton. He went straight up to her and said in such a beautiful way, 'My dear Aunt, I have not seen you for an age.' And what do you think the horrid old woman answered, and as she spoke she drew herself to her full height, 'Sir, I no longer recognize in you even an acquaintance, and certainly not a nephew; henceforth, I desire that you never cross the threshold of my door, or presume by word or look to lay the slightest claim to my notice.' 'Miss Knighton, I do not understand you,' said the poor fellow, and he became deadly pale; 'why is this? tell me, I beg of you.' 'Ask your own conscience, young man,' was the stern reply, 'and if one grain of truth yet lingers in you it will answer that no man of honour insults the unprotected, or seeks to drag down to destruction the ignorant and weak. That you have done in two distinct instances I know from reliable authority, and therefore—I ring this bell.' In an instant Coulson appeared. 'Show this person to the door,' she continued in the same tone. Poor

Reginald was now as red as fire, and his eyes looked black as night. Coulson threw back the door, and without a word the poor young man passed through the doorway, descended the stairs, and the next minute the street door was shut, and the cab drove away ; and a nice little fortune Miss Emmerson, Miss Knighton's compauiou, told me he lost that night, for the old lady had his name taken out of her will. As far as I could make it all out it seems she had heard something about—"

Our heroine rose here, and walked quietly from the room, hastened up stairs, entered her chamber, locked the door, and sat down to—think! Oh, how different were her thoughts now to what they had been on the evening after encountering this man in the corridor. True, even now she trembled, and her cheeks were pale, but dislike and contempt for one so depraved alone filled her heart, and sinking on her knees she thanked God from her inmost soul that "as a bird from the snare of the fowler," she had escaped.



## CHAPTER IX.

Another year has been numbered with the past, and the wheel of fortune has turned smoothly round, and no events beyond two visits, one to Miss Knighton, the other to the Farnboroughs has marked our heroine's career; but now one of those sudden revolutions took place which we see occasionally occur both in families and nations, and it completely overthrew all calculations as to future plans, together with many pleasant "castles in the air" in which they had all indulged.

A cloud had been for the last few months hovering over Mr. Elton's happy home, and his brow had become stern and his face full of care, and a degree of irritability now manifested itself, quite foreign to his usual cheerful demeanour, and occasioned surprise to his children and much pain to his amiable little wife. Once or twice, too, on entering the drawing-room suddenly, our heroine had found her weeping. At last the storm broke, and with a trembling hand, and with tears rolling down her cheeks, Mrs. Elton pointed out to her governess amongst the list of insolvencies, the firm of Lutridge, Elton and Co., and told her in a few broken words that through the want of principle and wild expenditure of one of his partners, Mr. Elton was now a totally ruined man. Emily Trevor stood for awhile completely overwhelmed with astonishment and grief; and then in tender accents, and with every expression of sympathy she could call to her aid, endeavoured to soothe the sorrow-stricken wife. At last she succeeded, and then that lady said mournfully, "Our house and ser-

vants must, of course, be given up ; but all that is nothing to what I have yet to tell you ;” and with another flood of tears she added, in almost agonized accents, “ My husband has decided to take us all abroad, and in three months’ time we are to leave England for the distant land of Australia.”

Our heroine’s astonishment was too great for her to be able to utter a word, and Mrs. Elton continued, “ Perhaps you are thinking me very unkind in not having told you before, but you and my poor children seemed so happy I could not summon courage to do so ; but of one thing be sure, my dear,” and her voice faltered, and tears again filled her eyes, “ we will find you a comfortable situation, and supply you with excellent references.” Emily Trevor had been sitting with her eyes cast down ; she was, in fact, turning over in her mind what plan she could devise, under these trying circumstances, to assist her kind friends ; but now she raised them quickly, and such a startled expression shone in them that the suffering wife felt alarmed. “ Don’t look so terrified, Emily,” she exclaimed ; “ you quite frighten me. What is it, my dear girl, tell me ? ” “ Mrs. Elton, Mrs. Elton,” cried the poor governess, in heart-rending tones, “ surely you cannot mean to send me away ? Indeed, indeed, I cannot leave you all ; I am sure it would break my heart.” “ But my dear girl,” replied her friend, and she trembled with emotion as she spoke, “ You could not go with us to Australia.” “ Why not ? ” asked the girl, almost sharply. “ We shall have to rough it, as it is termed, when we get there ;” and she tried to laugh lightly, but failed. “ And why cannot I rough it as well as you, Mrs. Elton ? ” exclaimed the young governess, indignantly ; “ are my hands more tender, or my limbs softer than yours, or do you think my heart is made of stone ? ” “ I do not consider in this matter you are treating me

either kindly or well, Emily. I cannot bear this; pray do not speak thus," said her friend, deeply agitated, "you must be aware that we cannot now afford to give you a salary." "Ah! but Mrs. Elton dear," cried the girl, with a sudden change of tone, raising her friend's hand to her lips and kissing it tenderly, "if that is the only obstacle the matter can soon be settled, for I can teach your children just as well without."

A sudden rustling sound caused them both to start, and turning round they perceived Mr. Elton standing with a newspaper in his hand, regarding them earnestly. In an instant our heroine was by his side, petitioning him, as if her life hung on his assent, that he would let her accompany them. "Had I a home and parents, or brothers and sisters, it might be different, but I am as you know alone in the world." "You are a noble girl, Emily Trevor," said Mr. Elton, admiringly; "but ask yourself, would it be honourable of us under existing circumstances to avail ourselves of your generosity? What would your good friend, Dr. Farnborough, say, if we really consented to your going." "He would say you had done quite right," said a voice near them, "and feel prouder than ever of John Trevor's child." As they all with one impulse looked towards the door, they saw the above-named gentleman standing in the doorway. This unexpected and powerful support was received by our heroine with delight, and with redoubled ardour she brought forward reason after reason why it was absolutely necessary that she should visit the antipodes, and coaxed them so playfully that they found it extremely difficult to adhere to their resolution; but they still shook their heads, till all at once Florence and Arthur burst into the room, and running up to their governess, threw their arms round her neck and sobbed aloud; then flying to their parents they en-

treated so earnestly that "dear Miss Trevor should go too," that at last they could bear it no longer, and yielding to their inclination, gave their consent.

From that moment the spirits of the whole party rose considerably; true the thought of parting with relatives, on the part of the Elton's, and leaving the Farnboroughs and Miss Knighton often depressed them, but preparations for the voyage now occupied a great portion of their time, and many were the conversations as to what sort of a place Australia could be, that now took place; and one evening, when Mrs. Elton and her governess were seated alone, the former lady produced a letter, saying, "A few years since, in 1853, a friend of ours, named Henderson, sailed with her husband and children for Sydney. Her family consisted of a boy and girl about the same ages as Florence and Arthur are now. Soon after their arrival she sent me this letter, and, though no doubt many changes and improvements have taken place since then, it may give us some little idea of that part of the world. It was written hurriedly, in the midst of great troubles and anxieties, so you must not be critical as to the style. It runs thus:—

"My dear friend,

"After a long voyage of four months we have at length reached our destination. I will not weary you by detailing the events of our passage out, but will give you a little account of this place.

"Our first impression on landing was one of disappointment. Sydney consists principally of one good street, denominated George Street. The houses are of various shapes and sizes, and built very irregularly. The streets are as yet only paved here and there, and the city is but dimly lighted at night. Contrary to our expectations, almost everything we require in the way of linen-draperies can be obtained at a reasonable price, but articles of food are very dear. Just now bread is 2s. the half-quarter loaf, porter is 1s. per quart, and meat is cheap, being 4d. and 5d. per lb. I was amused the other day. Jessie was walking in George Street, and becoming hungry she t'ought

she would have a bun or two at a pastrycook's; accordingly she went in and ate two. 'What have I to pay?' she inquired. 'One shilling, Miss,' was the reply. You would have laughed if you had witnessed her indignation on her return home. 'Only fancy, mamma,' she exclaimed, 'sixpence for a penny bun; I never heard such an imposition in my life.' Poor girl; her next expedition was in search of a laundress, and she came back even more irate than before, with the inquiry, 'and what do you think she charges per dozen for washing? Only 4s. 9d.—that's all.' The rents of houses are enormous—three guinea per week for a small four-roomed house is a very usual charge; 15s. for a ride of three miles in a cab is the customary fare.

"Since I began this I have been told that there are some very large handsome houses at the other end of the city, so we hope some day to see them. All this is, of course, most destructive to my husband's hopes as respects business, and rents being so high, they think nothing of asking £1,000 for a store."

Mrs. Elton sighed here, and shook her head, saying, as she did so, "This all far from encouraging, is it not?" "It is by no means cheering, certainly," replied our heroine, "but it may be very different now to what it was four years since." "I trust it may," said the poor little woman, "or it will be a sad change for us all." She then continued the letter, and Mrs. Henderson next wrote:—

"I am most concerned on account of the children's education, as we cannot afford to send them to school as we intended. Governesses seem to obtain situations here with ease, but the salaries are not much higher than at home, but less is required, music and French being the chief accomplishments.

Emily Trevor's eyes grew very bright, then remembering that this was also written four years since, she became somewhat grave.

"But I do not think there are many efficient governesses out here yet, judging from their advertisements. They run thus:—"A lady wants a situation,"

"And bakings ditto," cried our heroine, with a merry laugh; it's just like a baker's bill." Mrs. Elton again read on.—

"The weather is extremely hot, and the mosquitoes are dreadful. We are all looking just as if we had the small pox."

Oh, pray, Mrs. Elton," cried her companion, "don't read any more, or we shall never have courage to go." "It does seem a fearful place, certainly," replied her friend. "I see there is a description of the Harbour and Domain, which shows it must be a very beautiful place as respects scenery. I will leave it with you to read, as I must now go to pack up a few things in my room."

The hours now slid rapidly away and the day was fast approaching when our friends were to bid adieu to their native land. The children were in a state of great excitement, and although charmed at the prospect of so much novelty, they bemoaned loudly that their departure was to take place just before Christmas. To console them Mrs. Farnborough kindly arranged to have a little party at her house, so that they and their young friends might spend one more pleasant evening together. Amongst those invited were the young Knightons, Lightlys, and Richters. The entertainment went off exceedingly well, the enjoyment of the meeting being however much damped by the thought that Florence and Arthur would soon be so far away; but the young are ever hopeful, and the reiterated promise of the latter that he would write and tell them all about the "jolly wild bulls" in Australia, which had especially taken his fancy, served to console them greatly.

Two or three days after this reunion, Dr. Farnborough and Mr. Richter were conversing together, when the latter said, "I was very much surprised, Doctor, ze other evening to find dat nice leetle Mees Florence Elton so far got on in German, and she speak ze French ver well indeed." Mr.

Ritcher's father was a German, his mother a French lady. He prided himself especially on his knowledge of English, but, as the reader will perceive, it was of a peculiar description. "So," he continued, in a self-satisfied manner, "Madame Knighton always to me make remark dat Mees Trevor not teach ze German nevere, and French she no speak it at all. Zen how comes it dat dis leetle Mees Florence tell me better of all ze young demoiselles ze words of a German song? I beseech them all read to me. Mees Knighton know leetle word sometimes, and Mees Lightly know nussin at all, and still she have German governess every days always. How comes dis, zen, Doctor, tell me, *je vous prie?*" Dr. Farnborough smiled as he replied, "Little Mrs. Elton is not only a very nice, good woman, but she is very sensible also—wise, you know." "Certainly, *oui*," replied the foreigner, emphatically, looking much pleased at his remark. "Well," continued the Doctor, "she let Emily Trevor ground the children well in French for one year." "Ground—grind ze children!" said the foreigner, with a puzzled air; "what you mean grind?" "Make a strong foundation, like a good carpenter makes to the bottom of a house," replied his old friend. "Ah, *c'est ca*," cried his lively friend, joyously, as he caught the idea, "dis is ze foundation," he said, knocking his stick on the floor of a lower room in which they were standing. The Doctor nodded and continued; "Then she engaged a French lady who came daily and talked with both governess and pupils, and also taught them all drawing. A German lady also came twice a week and instructed them in her own language."

Mr. Richter here gave a great jump and clapped his hands like a little child, laughing all the time with glee as he exclaimed, "And zen dis nice little Mees Florence win ze race all before Mees Lightly, who start away when

quite a leetle child, with German nurse, and she jump over the head of Mees Caroline, who had big tall lady, Mees Horton, to teach her German, great Mrs. Knighton say, and speke ze French—comme un ange!” A sudden wheel round and a gay laugh followed, and then, with a comical look he asked, “And did Madame Elton pay ver large fortune comme Madame Knighton for poor Mees Caroline to learn leetle bits, or like Madame Lightly for Mees Annie to learn nussin at all?” “Mrs. Elton,” replied the Doctor, “gave Miss Trevor £30 per annum, and it cost her £10 extra for accomplishments. So for £40 per annum the children had the advantage of walking in the footprints of their governess; for you may be sure her progress was more rapid than theirs, and she could make the road easier to them than any foreigner could have done; and all learning together produced more French conversation. Do you comprehend the plan?” said the Doctor to his friend. “*Je le comprend tout à fait,*” replied the foreigner, and with a very sagacious air he continued: “Mees Trevor was ze carpenter; she made ze ground of ze house (here a great thump of his stick took place) she make it strong, ver strong indeed; zen Madame Elton send for ze bricklayer, ze painter (here he looked very knowing), and ze blacker-desmit, and zen they all set to work ever so hard, and ze house get up, up, up, and zen it fall, never no more to rise.” “No, no,” cried the Doctor, earnestly, “that house will be built up yet; but we must wait God’s time.” The foreigner caught the import of his words, and looking up to Heaven he threw out his arms with a graceful gesture on either side of him, then solemnly bowed his head, and though no words were spoken, the Doctor knew that, should the Englishman’s house ever be rebuilt, the kind heart of the German would be glad.



## CHAPTER X.

Ten days after the foregoing conversation a stately ship lay moored opposite to Gravesend. Our emigrants stood on the deck, gazing earnestly at the shore, on which they could just discern the figures of Dr. Farnborough and Mr. Richter. The anchor was weighed, wind filled the sails, and our friends were slowly sailing away. Dr. Farnborough and his friend watched the vessel till it became as a speck in the distance, and then with sad hearts they left the spot. As they did so the former said, solemnly, "May God bless and protect them all;" then, after awhile, he added, "I only wish they were going to a more civilized place, and I especially feel for Emily Trevor; she will, I fear, be quite out of her element in a colony composed of extremely rough people, where everything must be far behind England, and learning, no doubt, at a very low ebb. I fear her talents and acquirements will be quite lost." The Doctor spoke this testily, and his friend replied, "It is a petie, a great petie, and we have lost ze societe agreeable! My speerite is vexed, but we must cheers up (this was a new English idiom he had just acquired, and he introduced it on every possible opportunity in a very self-satisfied manner), perhaps by zis time these colonies have made themselves better. Bad fondation is not good," he continued, solemnly, "but it rot away some day, and good one be laid in its place, and zen Australia ze beautiful, will be everybody's word." "I trust from my heart it may," said the Doctor; "perhaps I spoke uncharitably just now. I am not so prejudiced," he added, with a smile, "as

to imagine the inhabitants of Sydney wear blankets only, nor do I inquire, as Miss Lightly did the other evening, if they speak English; but I am as anxious about Emily Trevor as if she were sister to my own dear girl, who, as you know, Richter, inherits all the virtues of her mother." "*C'est vrai,*" replied the foreigner, "and had you had a son, Doctor, ze two would have had all ze ——." He stopped, for an angry flush mounted to the cheek of his companion, and a frown contracted his brow. This, however, soon passed away, and then his face became so very sad that the amiable foreigner was pained. "Mille pardons, my dear friend," he said, humbly, as he held out his hand to wish him good-bye, thinking it best to leave him to himself. The Doctor shook it warmly, and the friends parted, the foreigner calling back when he was a few yards distant, "Make my compliments to madame and say I will come zis evening and cheers her up."

We must now return to our emigrants; but do not think, dear reader, that I am about to inflict on you a full account of their voyage. I merely purpose relating one or two little incidents which happened during the period they were at sea.

Their first experience was, of course, sea sickness, and the position of affairs on the day after they sailed was this:—Mrs. Elton lay on her bed with Florence by her side, the latter looking like a beautiful little corpse, and now and then murmuring, "Oh, mamma, if the ship would but be quiet one minute," which was not very likely to happen, as they were pitching and tossing in a heavy gale in the Channel, with a strong head wind. Arthur lay along the foot of his mother's bed, and Emily Trevor had crawled out of the cabin which she and Florence were to occupy, and crept into Arthur's bunk, which was in his parents' cabin, this close companionship during their misery being

a little consolation to them all. Mr. Elton, who was an excellent sailor, was on deck quite enjoying the gale, but every now and then went below to "cheers them up," as Mr. Richter would have said. Once he persuaded poor Arthur to accompany him on deck "like a man," as he remarked, and the lad with great difficulty achieved that feat, but five minutes afterwards his father re-appeared with him, and put him just inside the cabin door, when the lad, quite overcome, sank down on the floor with his head under a washstand affixed to the wall, and thus he remained for some hours. This distressing time lasted until the following day, when the captain determined to put back to Deal, and there they remained some days awaiting a fair wind. It came at last, and ere many hours had passed our voyagers were out at sea.

The children soon recovered, and having gained their "sea-legs," ran about the vessel as if it were their home, and Mrs. Elton and our heroine were gradually restored to health. Then came apprehensions as to whether the Bay of Biscay would be in a good humour. It proved to be in a most amiable mood, and was like a sea of glass. Soon after this the ladies were one day seated in the saloon, and Florence was busily engaged writing to Caroline Knighton, when Arthur came rushing down, exclaiming, "Oh, do all come on deck, come up quick; there's the prettiest thing you ever saw; there are lots of little paper boats sailing about in the sea in every direction; they're just like what Miss Trevor used to make for Dolly Richter; come along, come up quick."

The ladies instantly rose, and Florence flew up the stairs in a state of eager anticipation, and sure enough when they stood on deck the sea appeared just as the boy had said. "Is it the nautilus, sir?" said Florence timidly to the captain, who was walking up and down. He instantly

stopped, and smiling kindly replied, "No, my dear, they are usually called Portuguese men-of-war." Just then an old sailor with whom Arthur had already formed a great friendship came up the companion ladder with something like a long blue jelly in his hand, with a kind of tail. "Oh look at that funny thing, papa," and Florence, in a state of great excitement; "Do tell me what it is?" "It is a Portuguese man-of-war, my dear," replied her father, smiling. "Nonsense pa, dear," said the girl merrily, "you are laughing at me. Will you tell me, sir, what it is please," she continued earnestly, turning to the captain; "papa is such teaze." "Your papa is not joking this time, at any rate, my dear young lady," replied the captain; "those paper boats, as you call them, are nothing more than a kind of jelly, as you see, which is called blubber. The tail has a sting; take care it does not touch you, or you will feel the pain for some time." The children were somewhat disappointed, but soon forgot their little trouble, and amused themselves by watching the tiny boats sail up and down the big waves, and forgetting that they were not what they appeared, wondered that they were not dashed to pieces."

"And who told you about the nautilus?" inquired the captain, as he stood contemplating their enjoyment of this sight. "Oh! Miss Trevor, sir, of course," replied Arthur; "she's our governess, you know; she tells us about all these sort of things in school, and we like it. How we came to talk about the nautilus," added the boy confidentially, "was from learning Guide to Knowledge, a capital book, captain, if you want to know about things; (the captain smiled) and then Miss Trevor," continued the lad earnestly, "made us observe how good God is, and how kind it was of Him to give men the idea of building ships by means of that wonderful fish called the nautilus; and

she said the more we took pleasure in observing God's works the more we should know of God himself." "Very true," said the captain, approvingly; "and you ought to be very grateful to Him for giving you such good parents and such an excellent governess, for these things of which we have been speaking are of far greater value than accomplishments—ay! even then much fine gold."

Our heroine, who with Mrs. Elton was again in the saloon, never dreamed that this dialogue was taking place on deck, but was seated with her desk before her, penning the following lines, which Mr. and Mrs. Elton liked very much, and the children pronounced "lovely," but which she herself laughingly declared so extremely governess-like, that she was half inclined to consign them to the care of the fishes; whereupon Mr. Elton informed her if she did do so he'd marry her to one of aborigines the instant they landed at Sydney. The threat was sufficient; the lines were preserved and ran thus

"See the tiny boat is sailing,  
 Over the huge majestic wave :  
 It looks as if destruction waits it,  
 And naught could the little vessel save.  
 But oh! do not fear, 'tis not what it seemeth,  
 'Tis one of God's wonders that dwell in the deep,  
 'Tis merely blue blubber on which the sun shineth,  
 And within it a sting doth mysteriously sleep.  
 Emblem of pleasure not rightly directed,  
 Seeming enduring, brilliant, and gay,  
 But bearing the sting of keen disappointment,  
 And, e'en as we grasp it, fading away."

Our emigrants were not the only passengers, but we will only introduce one or two of their companions to the notice of our readers. They made the acquaintance of our friends thus. Two nights after they had sailed Mr. and Mrs. Elton retired to rest, when suddenly something

heavy came with a great bump on to the bed, ran up towards the pillows, darted under them, then over Arthur's bed, crossing his face in so doing, and disappeared. "Good gracious, Horace!" cried Mrs. Elton, "what is that?" "Nothing, my dear," replied her husband drowsily "it's only your fancy." "Indeed it is not," answered the poor little woman, almost crying; "do wake up. There listen! What's that in the saloon?"

As she spoke a jingling of glasses was heard, then a heavy scamper and more jingling of glasses. Then all at once another great bump came on to the bed, and the same performance took place as before. "Horace, Horace, I must get up if this goes on! What is it?" cried his wife, now terribly alarmed. "I think they must be rats," said her husband quietly, "and I dare say they are searching in the tumblers, which are left on the table in this ship all night, for something to drink." "How horrible!" replied Mrs. Elton, "I shall never be able to sleep." "Yes, yes, you will, dear," he replied, "they won't hurt you;" and two minutes afterwards a snore proclaimed that he at least was not likely to have his night's rest disturbed; but poor Mrs. Elton lay awake some hours, listening to the footsteps of the third officer as he kept watch on deck. Nothing but this and the splashing of the waves against the side of the vessel was to be heard, and at last she was just dozing off to sleep, when, to her astonishment, their piano, which was in their cabin, began to play, and a kind of scale was performed, and then a peal of laughter rang through the ship. Mrs. Elton's sense of the ridiculous was very keen, and she could not help joining in; and even her husband, who certainly had "a talent for sleep," under adverse circumstances, awoke with a snort, and exclaimed "Confound those rats, if they're not inside our piano!" These unwonted guests soon forsook them, and far more

interesting attendants in the shape of large birds, with dark piercing eyes and starry wings, constantly flew round the ship; they were called albatrosses, and our emigrants soon regarded them as faithful friends in the midst of the wide, wide sea.

Next came the suffering incidental to the tropics; after that a dead calm, then a strong gale, which carried them right round the Cape of Good Hope; mountain waves, which seemed as if they would each moment engulf the labouring vessel, succeeded, followed by a dead calm opposite the Island of Amsterdam; next a fair breeze till Sydney Heads were reached and entered; then came a dangerous passage, with rocks on either side, an incompetent pilot, totally ignorant of the dangers by which they were surrounded; an angry discussion between him and the captain, terminated by a young sailor, once a man-of-war's man, a passenger, suddenly taking command of the wheel, and by his skill and calm intrepidity carrying them all triumphantly into the bay named Sydney Harbour.

## CHAPTER XI.

Who shall describe Sydney Harbour? Can the poet the painter, the elegant writer or the orator do it? No; not one! The author of this simple tale will therefore merely say a few words about it and pass on.

A welcome to land is ever gratefully received, and the little township of Balmain, when it meets the weary voyager's eye, utters these words distinctly to his heart, and the pretty white cottages, scattered in every direction, form a most pleasing picture. North Shore, which next appears, much resembles it, but the grand feature of the scene is Government House. Yes; there it stands, with its sentinels and fortresses boldly facing the sea, a tacit memorial in all future ages to the good taste that chose that spot, where years since "Bush" reached to the water's edge, and the naked aboriginee stood undisputed "lord of the isle." No shipping then disturbed the bosom of the deep, but now hundreds of vessels add to the beauty of the pleasing scene. The clear, deep blue sky overhead, the crystal stream around the ship, the numerous tiny bays encircling grassy islets, all combine to form a landscape past the art of any pencil fully to depict.

"And this is Sydney Harbour, then?" cried Florence; "I never saw such a beautiful place in my life!" "It is, indeed, very beautiful, Floy," said her father; "Dame Nature has been at work to some purpose here. This is a dock formed by her hand alone, it is called a natural dock, dear, and ships of enormous burden can lie close to the shore." But what is this? What is it makes those little boats so hastily leave the shore? The "power of love,"



dear reader. See how the boatman bends to the oar; see how somebody urges him on. They near the ship, and now such words as these, in tones of the deepest feeling, "There's John," "There's father," "Why, if there isn't our old dog Rover," "And sure I see my own blessed old mother," are heard on every side. Then comes the rush up the gangway, the loving kiss, the tender embrace, and they are—"home."

Our emigrants stood on the deck and watched all this, till their quivering lips and moistened eyes told their own tale. "We have no friends to welcome us," said poor Mrs. Elton, and tears rolled down her cheeks as she spoke. "Cheer up, my dear," said her husband, kindly, "we shall see them all in England again some day, never fear;" and a soft hand stole into her's and pressed it warmly, and our heroine gazed upon her with sympathy expressed in every lineament of her face. The pressure was warmly returned, and the good little woman smiled through her tears. Query—Do you think Mrs. Elton was sorry at that moment that she had at all times regarded Emily Trevor as a valuable friend to herself and family, and one whom she was bound to treat with respect and care? I cannot think she was.

Soon after this Mr. Elton went on shore to look for apartments, and the ladies, remembering Mrs. Henderson's sad experience, were extremely anxious as to the result of his inquiries. He was away some hours, but at last, to their great joy, came up the gangway with a smiling face, and told them that he had, through the kindness of a friend to whom they had brought letters of introduction, met with some lodgings on moderate terms, at a place with a horrible name, composed almost entirely of oo's, which he could not pronounce. This turned out to be "Wooloonooloo." "Is it in the bush, papa," asked Arthur,

eagerly; "did you see any wild bullocks?" "Not exactly, my dear boy," replied his father smiling; "but you shall judge for yourself to-morrow morning." Accordingly next day they all left the vessel. A cab awaited them on landing. As they passed through George Street they observed that the part near the waterside was by no means prepossessing in appearance, but on reaching the centre Mrs. Elton exclaimed, laughingly, "Why, Horace, this looks just like London; I think we must have got home again;" and, as if to confirm her words, an omnibus passed at the moment, and the conductor repeated over and over again, "Padding—ton, Padding—ton;" and the children opened their eyes in a perfect state of bewilderment. "Oh, look there," cried Florence, "there's a fine hotel." "And what large banks they seem to have," said our heroine. "And there's a nice pastrycook's," exclaimed Arthur." "What a handsome shop, that linen draper's is," said Mrs. Elton; "dear me, this is much beyond what I expected; what improvements must have been made since Mrs. Henderson first came out; and see," she continued, as they turned into King Street, "there's actually an omnibus stand!" "Oh, mamma, mamma, look at those dear little birds in cages," cried Florence; "do you see opposite, on the right hand side; I do think they are love-birds, and there are some parrots, I declare."

Both windows of the cab, or rather fly we should have termed it at home, for it had once been a carriage, one of many that were put down during a panic a few years before—both windows were open, as I said before, and as Mr. Elton looked towards the shop to which his daughter pointed, the cabman bent down from his box saying, "Shut both windows quick, if you please, sir." In an instant Mr. Elton drew up the glasses, and the next moment a cloud of dust arose around them, and at once

hid shops, carriages, omnibusses and love birds, as completely as if it had been a thick London fog. The ladies and children were somewhat alarmed, but Mr. Elton told them not to be frightened, it was only "a brickfielder," and would soon pass away. The cab remained stationary for awhile, the horse and driver taking it as a thing of course. The dust was then gradually blown onward, rain fell in torrents for a few minutes, then the sun reappeared, and our travellers continued their drive. "What is the matter, Arthur," asked his mother, as they now rode along a wide street lined with shops, and many carriages passed them containing ladies and children. "I didn't think it would be like this," said the lad, in a disconcerted tone; "I thought every now and then we should have seen some parrots flying about, and some black men and women walking about in blankets under trees, and oranges growing in the gardens, and bullocks lying about. There, look at that row of beautiful large houses," he added, despondingly; "why, we could see all this at home." His father smiled as he replied, "But you could not have seen that, my boy." He pointed as he spoke to a team of bullocks, eight in number, yoked to a dray. In an instant the lad's countenance changed, and he leaned out of the window and watched them till they were out of sight. "Well, is that worth looking at?" asked his sister. "Yes," replied Arthur, "that's more what I want to see; but those are not wild ones," he added; "the savage ones are the fellows for me." "Have a little patience, my boy," said his father, kindly, "and you and I will go on a journey of discovery some day, and no doubt we shall find some of your favourites, and then perhaps we may be glad to get out of their way. As he ended the cab stopped at a respectable looking house. They alighted, entered, and were shown into a comfortable-looking sitting-room, plainly

furnished, and found their bed rooms very neat and clean; the landlady looked superior to her position, and they soon discovered that she was a lady by birth, but in reduced circumstances.

## CHAPTER XII.

Behold our friends settled in their new abode. It was now the month of February, and the heat was intense, and frequent announcements that it was fearfully hot from one and the other took place. "You surely will not go to the Post Office, Horace, this morning, will you?" asked his wife; "you had better wait until it is a little cooler." Her husband smiled, as he replied, "I strongly suspect if I wait for that, my dear, I may wait some time, so I mean to go at once;" and so saying he put on his hat, wished them good bye, and was absent about a couple of hours. On his return he presented them with one or two letters from England, which were received with great joy. One was from Mrs. Elton's sister, one from Mrs. Farnborough to our heroine, and one from Caroline Knighton to Florence. The letters contained but little to interest the reader, with the exception of Mrs. Farnborough mentioning incidentally that Mrs. Knighton was again seeking a new governess; that Aunt Eleanor was well, George getting on nicely at school, and that Fred and little Dot were to go into the school-room when the above-named lady came.

In the evening it became cooler, and Mr. Elton took the young folks for a walk. Mrs. Elton and our governess remained at home, and as they were sitting at work, the former lady said, "Did Florence shew you her letter from Caroline Knighton?" "Yes," was the reply, in a sad tone; "I was very sorry when I read it; there was a tone of sickly sentimentality about it I did not like at all. I'm sadly afraid she reads sensation novels. I really have no

patience with Mrs. Knighton," continued the girl indignantly; "she takes up all the governesses' time with her own music and singing, and poor Caroline is quite neglected. It is really too bad." "What is the matter, Emily?" said Mr. Elton walking in with the children, as she was speaking; "you really look quite warm." "Then I look what I really am in every sense of the word," she replied laughingly; "I forget the nature of this climate, and that it is well to keep cool, if you can." "Oh! mamma," cried the children, both talking at once, and in a great state of excitement, "we've been to such a lovely place; it is called the Domain—beautiful gardens, you know, full of all sorts of English and foreign plants and flowers, and,—and,—" said Arthur. "One at a time if you please, children," said their mother, kindly. "Now, Florence, you speak first." "Well, mamma, there were geranium trees, quite as big as our gooseberry-bushes at home, and fuschias with such long petals and big bells, you never saw anything like it, and cactusses, and—." "And such queer things up in the trees," Arthur burst in here; "they made such an uproar, just like a hundred frying-pans cooking rump steaks all at once. I fancy," continued the boy roguishly, "Floy thought they were snakes at first, she looked so dreadfully frightened." Oh, Arthur, I didn't think so," said the girl reproachfully. "And what were they after all?" asked their governess. "Locusts," answered the boy, "the trees are full of them, and then, do you know, coming home Floy—" "There now," Arthur, never mind that," said his sister, colouring. The boy laughed provokingly. "I want to tell about the other things. There is a small zoological collection, and we saw such splendid parrots, and cockatoos, and the gold and silver pheasants, such beautiful creatures, and a real live eagle, and an emu, and some black swans, and, oh! I

really forgot, there's a very fine aloe in the garden, and then there's a nice long walk which runs all along by the side of the sea, and then you come to a rock, and there's a place scooped out of it, and it's called Lady Macquire's chair. She was the wife of one of the former governors, a gardener told us, and she planned out the Domain." "And very kind of her too," said Mrs. Elton; it must be a delightful place, indeed; we must go and see it Emily some day." "But mamma," said Arthur, "that's not all. As we were coming home papa took us into a fruiterer's, and bought us some oranges," "What do you think they charged?" asked Mr. Elton. "Twopence a piece," said Arthur, before his mother could reply. "Did they really," said that lady; "I thought they would be very cheap, as they grow here."

"Now, mamma, I haven't told you all," cried Arthur, eagerly. "As Florence was looking at the oranges, the woman in the shop said to me, 'You are from England, young gentleman, are you not? Why she thought this I don't know; and I answered, 'yes ma'am, we have just arrived.' 'Would you like to have some loquats to eat?' she said kindly, putting her hand into a basket and taking out some queer-looking things, like shrivelled apples, 'they make beautiful jam,' she added. Floy had her back towards us as this was said, and I shall never forget her look of horror as she turned round. 'What,' she cried, in a tone of disgust, 'are you really going to eat those nasty things off the trees, Arthur? Pray don't, I'm sure you'll be very sick; I never heard anything so horrid in my life?' 'What does she mean,' asked the woman, in amazement. I could not answer, it made me laugh so much; but papa explained that Floy had mistaken the word 'loquat' for 'locust,' and fancied the woman wanted me to eat some of the noisy fellows we had heard in the gardens."

The ladies smiled at this recital, and just as it was finished their landlady knocked at their door. She was requested to enter, and on her doing so they observed that her face wore an anxious expression. "What is the matter Mrs. Hewett?" inquired Mr. Elton, kindly, "pray, take a chair, and tell us what it is." "My trouble, sir, is," said the old lady gravely, "that your mosquito curtains have not come home from the wash, and my laundress says she cannot let me have them till to-morrow. The brickfielder quite spoiled them to-day." "Oh, is that all?" said Mrs. Elton, good naturedly; "do not be the least uncomfortable about us, Mrs. Hewett, we shall do very well for to-night." "We have veils with us you know ma'am," said our heroine, "so we shall manage nicely." Still the landlady shook her head and looked uneasy; then rising briskly, she said, "I'll go and make some kind of temporary curtains at any rate," and away she trotted up-stairs.

The rest of the evening passed in pleasant conversation, and our friends retired to their rooms at an early hour, the heat of the day having made them feel excessively weary; and in the innocence of their hearts, after closing the covering the hostess had placed round their beds, they laid themselves gently on their pillows, fully intending to go to sleep; but scarcely had they done so when a number of little trumpets sounded close to their ears, and soon afterwards they experienced the pleasing sensation of a hundred little stings in every part of their bodies; and then it was by way of making matters pleasant, Mr. Horace Elton flung back the covering, bounced out of bed, and d——d the mosquitoes, the climate, the people, and above all himself, for having been such a fool as to come to such a place. Mrs. Elton also arose, and sat some time at the window, saying how dreadfully close it was, but neverthe-



less admiring the powerful light the moon gave, and the peculiar brilliancy of the stars, till their cruel little tormentors bit her toes so unmercifully that she was fain to take refuge in bed. Florence with our heroine was sleeping in the next room to her parents, and Arthur's room was also near. Now that young lady inherited a portion of her father's impetuous disposition, and might be heard trying to drive the intruders away, by assailing them vigorously with the pillows or anything else she could think of. Then she called out triumphantly, "Mine are all gone; thump them well with your bolster, Arthur;" and the boy, nothing loth, would lay about him with all his might; and then the two conquerors got into their beds, very hot and tired, and two minutes afterwards the mosquitoes, which had been quietly resting on the window-panes during the late performance, returned in swarms, and teased them worse than ever. When they arose next morning and looked in the glass they fully comprehended why their landlady had looked so grave, and earnestly hoped the laundress would bring home the mosquito nets before night.

A week passed away, and during that period Mr. Elton endeavoured to discover whether there was any chance of success if he tried to carry on the same business in Sydney as he had been engaged in at home. His inquiries did not render him very sanguine, but he decided to venture on a small scale, and also to take a house he had met with a short distance from the city. As they had brought a considerable part of their furniture with them his wife fully agreed with him in this plan, and from his description of their future home, anticipated the change with pleasure. This feeling was, however, greatly lessened by our heroine one morning informing her, in a trembling voice, and with a very pale face, that she had been turning

matters over in her mind, and it was useless to disguise from themselves that their position was a critical one, and she had come to the conclusion that she ought no longer to continue a burthen on Mr. Elton, but had better at once try to obtain a situation; her only fear was lest she should seem to be forsaking them unkindly, but she looked at it thus. Mrs. Elton did not intend keeping a servant, at present; Florence must therefore assist her in household affairs, and consequently there would be but little time for school, and Arthur would probably have to obtain some kind of employment, and so, and so—she added, bursting into tears—“It is my duty, though I dread it, to leave you. Pray do not mistake my motives.” “My dear girl,” replied Mrs. Elton, equally affected, “though the loss of your society will be a terrible trial both to me and to the children, I think you are right; but remember you are not to stay anywhere if they do not treat you properly. Our home, as long as we have got one, is your’s too.” Our governess pressed her friend’s hand, but she was unable to utter a word; she however soon recovered her spirits, for the thought that could she obtain a tolerably good salary she would be able to assist her friends supported her wonderfully, and she said to herself, “God will, I feel sure, raise me up friends on this side of the world, as He did on the other. Of one thing I am quite determined—happen what may, I will ‘never despair.’”

## CHAPTER XIII.

The next day our heroine obtained the *Sydney Morning Herald*, and to her great joy perceived an advertisement stating that a governess was required by a family living at Darlinghurst, and to her surprise the name and address were given. On inquiry she found it was but a short distance from their lodgings, so decided to go there at once. She was absent some time; at last she returned, looking much fatigued.

"Oh dear me, the heat is fearful!" she exclaimed, as she sank into a chair. "Dreadful," said Mrs. Elton; Mrs. Hewett tells me it is a hot wind to-day; have a little of this lemonade, and when you are rested tell me all about your visit." "The situation was engaged half an hour before I arrived," said our governess gravely, "this is the second time the advertisement has appeared, and the lady told me she had seen thirty applicants. I'm afraid it's the old story over again now, and governesses are as 'plentiful as blackberries.' There, however," she added, after sitting silent a few minutes, "being miserable about it will do no good, besides Mrs. M—— told me of a friend of her's who was also seeking for a governess, and I mean to go and see her to-morrow morning; I only hope she may prove as pleasant as she is." "Was it a nice house at Darlinghurst?" asked Mrs. Elton. "Beautiful," replied Emily Trevor; "it stood in its own grounds, and was a large stone building, with a verandah all round it to shade the lower rooms, and another above all round the house, to shade the bedrooms. The verandahs were also stone. The passion-

flower and the glazine, which grows here as large as good sized bunches of grapes, ran up the pillars, and the effect was lovely. A neat-looking maid opened the door to me, and ushered me into a spacious hall, and then she said "If you will walk into the reception room Mrs. M—— will be with you in a few minutes." So saying she left me, and as she was quitting the room I observed that she wore no cap." How very odd, said the listener; "but I suppose that is part of the happiness of a free country."

The ladies laughed, and our heroine continued thus:—"Soon after this a lady walked in; I mentioned the object of my visit. She replied she was sorry I had had the trouble of coming, as she was just engaged. She was very kind when she saw I looked disappointed, and when I told her I had just come from England she became much interested, and I asked her whether she thought I should have much trouble in meeting with an engagement? She said she was afraid it was becoming rather difficult now, but not so much so as at home; but in New England and Tasmania governesses were much required. She then told me of a friend of her's, as I before mentioned. In the course of conversation I said how very much I admired the flowers I had seen. She seemed pleased, and invited me to come and see some more, and conducted me to the most elegantly furnished drawing-room I have ever seen. It was large, with folding doors, and the back drawing-room led into a conservatory filled with exquisite flowers. I could not help thinking of Miss Lightly asking if they spoke English in Sydney, and dear Dr. Farnborough's laughing eyes as he asked her if she thought the Sydney people wore blankets. I was, you may be sure, delighted with all I saw, and my new friend was evidently much gratified; and when I remarked that the scenery around Sydney appeared very beautiful,

she offered to show me a view they had from her bed-room window. I thanked her and we went up stairs, and when I looked out I could see right up the Harbour. It was a charming sight, and whilst I was admiring it the sound of a cannon met my ear. "The Mail has arrived," said the lady, and even as she spoke, I saw the vessel enter the Bay. I scarcely know how I felt; it made me tremble from head to foot, and my new friend looked pale and anxious. When we returned to the reception room, Mrs. M—— asked me to have a glass of wine, and then I took leave. "Well," said Mrs. Elton "as far as our experience has yet taught us, every one here seems very kind, and that is a great comfort." "It is indeed," said our heroine, and the conversation closed.

Our governess visited the friend of the lady she had seen, but was again disappointed; however, after persevering diligently for a month, she met with an engagement a short distance from Woolloomooloo, and Mrs. Elton, her husband and children removed to their new home. It was a great trial to them all to lose our heroine, and also to her to have again to reside with strangers. An extract from a letter received from her by Mrs. Elton may perhaps be interesting to the reader.

"My pupils are about the same ages as Caroline and George Knighton were when I first went to them, and they are about as forward in their studies. The Knightons' backwardness arose from their having had such a succession of governesses that their poor minds were completely confused and wearied, but with these children it is caused by there having been, until lately, great difficulty in obtaining any but very inferior governesses, so that my pupils have at times had long intervals of rest. This, however, appears to me to have scarcely been a disadvantage, for they really seem quite to enjoy learning, and being very quick and intelligent, as I hear is usually the case with the young colonists, they are exceedingly pleasant to instruct. As respects the way I am treated, I do not feel myself so

completely *the governess* as at Mrs. Knighton's, but I miss the privacy of my own school-room, as I have to give my lessons in the dining-room; and you know in every circle there are some would-be grand people, who consider a governess quite beneath their notice; and your own little snuggerly, even should it look over the mews, is a pleasant retreat.

"I was amused the other day. A lady of the above-named class came into the room where I was giving a young dressmaker some instructions relative to a dress she was about to make for me, and the visitor's manner towards us both was so very supercilious that we could scarcely resist smiling. When she had left I said to the girl "I suppose you find a great difference in the ladies for whom you work?" "Oh yes, Miss," she replied, "some are so kind and pleasant, others seem to think they lower themselves by exchanging a few words beyond what is necessary with those they employ; but every one knows that is all nonsense. Look at our Queen, for instance, she is never too proud to speak to the poor, and, drawing herself up as she spoke, 'our Queen is a real lady!'"

"To-morrow a large ball is given by Sir N——. To my astonishment I have received an invitation, with the rest of the family. Is it not extremely kind of him? I suppose he follows the example of the illustrious lady of whom I have just written."

Mrs. Elton soon replied to the foregoing epistle. We will give an extract or two from her letter:—

"I regret to tell you that Horace is by no means sanguine as to his success in business, as we find it is conducted so very differently here from what it is at home. I trust we shall not have to move from here, for we are most pleasantly situated, being close to a beautiful river, and surrounded by orange groves and orchards, containing trees on which peaches grow like our apples do in England; lemons, oranges and quinces also do the same. Oranges are sent from here to Melbourne, where they will not grow. They are packed in boxes when they are green, and fruit merchants sometimes come and buy the produce of two or three trees at a time. This accounts for their being scarce and consequently dear in Sydney. We have a kind neighbour, the wife of a boatman living close to us. Florence was much amused the other evening by her inquiring if she (Floy) was going down to the

water to have a 'bogey.' Floy was much puzzled till she found out that a 'bogey,' in colonial phraseology, meant a bath.

"Since I began this we have had a visitor, and by no means a pleasant one. Floy and I had been very busy all the morning about a week since, and about half-past twelve, feeling hungry, I asked Floy to go down a flight of stone steps which lead into our cellar, and fetch up some bread and butter. We are forced to keep our safe down there on account of our being much troubled with tiny ants, which come in hundreds, and creep into any place in which food is kept. I am told that it is usual to have safes with legs, and to place these legs in water. Well, Floy ran down as I requested, but to my surprise she was up again the next minute, exclaiming, "Oh, mamma, I do believe I've seen a snake; such a long horrid-looking thing.' 'Run in quickly and fetch in Mr. — from next door,' I said. The poor girl did so, and returned with both the boatman and his wife. 'And why did you leave it, my dear?' cried the latter, 'you should have stood still and stared at it well.' 'A very likely thing, indeed,' I replied, 'that she would stand down in that cellar staring at a snake.' Mr. — then went down into the cellar and searched for the reptile, but it was not to be found; so now we go to our safe in fear and trembling, fancying each moment we feel our invisible enemy twining round our legs."

"How dreadful," said our heroine to herself, as she became very pale; "I trust from my heart they won't get hurt."

"I was much pleased [continued the letter] with a trip I took to Sydney the other day. We are about twelve miles from there, and a steamer plies up and down the river four times daily. I went with Horace. In the morning it was a lovely day, and the river, which is very wide, looked as clear as crystal. Frequent stoppages to take in passengers took place at the various little villages, we should call them at home. All the people appeared very friendly, and it was amusing to hear their inquiries about their last night's rest, the mosquitoes having been dreadfully troublesome, and the various accounts of the misery that they had each endured were most ludicrous. As we approached Sydney, Horace pointed out Cockatoo Island to me, where the worst convicts are kept. It is a large rock-bound island, and on it are long rows of small houses in which the men live. Sentinels

constantly pace up and down. It is a sad, gloomy looking place, and I was very glad when we had left it behind us.

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“I have written this at intervals, as I could find time. Since I began it we have again seen the snake. I must tell you there is a small room at the back of our sitting room, in which I have been in the habit of washing up the breakfast things, &c. The case in which our best piano was brought out has been converted into a kind of dresser, and stands in this apartment. Yesterday, as I was passing by this room, the door being open, I saw, to my horror, a snake glide across the floor, and ultimately wriggle itself under the dresser. Fortunately Horace was at home that day. I called him very quietly, and he instantly pulled out the dresser, but the snake was gone. Another haunted room!”

Our heroine felt extremely uneasy when she read this account, and wrote immediately, begging her friends to give up their house sooner than have such a dangerous inmate; and if they would forgive her for taking such a liberty, she begged their acceptance of a ten pound note to assist them in moving. To describe the gratification of Mr. and Mrs. Elton when they read the above would be impossible. I only know that the words, “*As a man soweth so shall he reap,*” seemed sounding in their ears, and their hearts were very glad.

A reply by return of post gave equal pleasure to our governess, and the following account of the snake eased her mind:—

“Since I last wrote to you our unwelcome guest has again made its appearance. One evening at dusk I went across our yard to lock up a detached kitchen, which, on account of the heat of the climate, is built out of doors. Floy was following me, when all at once she sprang forward and caught hold of me. I turned and perceived that the poor girl was as white as a sheet. ‘What is the matter, dear?’ I asked, anxiously. ‘Oh, mamma,’ she exclaimed, ‘I’ve touched a snake,’ and she shuddered as she spoke. ‘Nonsense,’ I said, soothingly, ‘you’re nervous.’ ‘No, I am not,’ she said, decidedly, ‘I saw



something dark on the ground, and I thought I had dropped my apron, and stooped to pick it up, and then I took hold of something cold and slippery; and the poor girl shivered from head to foot. I locked the kitchen door and re-entered the passage, which runs right through the house; and then I knew it was no mistake, for I saw the detestable creature wriggling itself along towards the front door. Horace was smoking just outside. I called to him not to come in, and whilst I was doing so the reptile turned into our sitting room and disappeared. 'The snake has gone into the parlour, Horace,' I now cried out, and to our great amusement, in spite of our fears, he fetched a very long pole—he afterwards admitted he was horribly afraid—and he entered the room, but the snake was nowhere to be seen. Another haunted room! After a while we had our tea, and when we had finished, Horace asked Floy to sing him a song, and she rose to comply with his request, but when she was near the piano he motioned her to stop. She did so, and then we perceived the head of a snake just appearing from behind the instrument. The instant I perceived what was the matter I ran in next door, leaving Horace and Floy staring at the intruder with all their might. Fortunately there were two workmen lodging with the boatman and his wife, and they all returned with me. The snake had again crept behind the piano; one of the men asked for a knife and a towel, and they were given to him. He then pinned the towel round his left arm, and took the knife in his right hand. Floy, myself, and our kind little neighbour each mounted on a chair. He then requested the other man to poke the reptile out with a stick: he did so, and the snake becoming angry, sprang out. Then in an instant the first-named man seized it by the throat, and inflicted blow upon blow with the edge of the knife on its head. Maddened with pain it thrust forth a terrific sting and hissed at us all in a frightful manner; and thus it poured forth its fury till it died. It had been crawling about the house for three weeks; we are very glad it is gone!"

Our heroine was of course much pleased to hear that her friends were at last relieved of their unwelcome guest, and wrote instantly to congratulate them on the happy termination of their annoyance.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Thus time passed on. Summer was now drawing fast to a close, and ere long our emigrants enjoyed the strengthening influence of an Australian winter; and the mornings and evenings became cold, and the middle of the day just warm enough to be extremely pleasant. They all agreed that it much resembled an English autumn. This agreeable state of things did not, however, last long; very soon each day became warmer, and it was about this period that the following letter arrived from our heroine. It ran thus:—

“ My dear friend,

“ You will be much surprised to hear that I am about to leave this situation. Mr. and Mrs. — and family are going to New England. They asked me if I would accompany them, but I have declined. They then inquired if I should like to go ‘ up the country,’ as a friend of their’s, residing near, was in want of a governess. I scarcely knew what to reply. Perceiving my hesitation, they told me that governesses were very well treated ‘ up the country,’ but at the same time, they warned me to ‘ be very particular where I did take up my abode, as there was a great difference in the settlers in the colony. Some were highly respectable, well educated people from home, many the descendants of first class families, others had risen from the lower ranks by their own industry, and were by no means to be despised. A third class were those whose ancestry would not bear inspection, and with them I should be completely out of my element.’ I thanked them, and after some consideration I have decided to go to their friend’s, if in our correspondence we appear likely to suit each other. I still keep this open to tell you the result.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Our correspondence has been satisfactory, and I go to my new home the beginning of December. My salary will be higher than

I have received here (viz. £40 per annum), and am to have £60 now, and the expenses of my journey paid. It is a formidable journey of 180 miles, and I shall have to travel by the mail. I rather enjoy the idea of riding in a stage-coach with four horses once more; and, like Arthur, I have rather a desire to cultivate the acquaintance (at a distance) of his friends the wild bullocks. The worst part is I shall be so far away from you all."

Here many expressions of affection followed, ending with the inquiry whether she might come to them for a week before starting on her journey, and if Mr. Elton would see her safely ensconced in the mail.

An answer to the foregoing soon arrived, and its contents filled our heroine with surprise and regret. One extract will be sufficient:—

"You will be grieved to hear that the business in which Horace has been engaged is a total failure, and all the commiseration he receives, if he mentions this to business men, is, 'Well, you must buy your colonial experience, you know; or, 'No one gets on here, they say, till he has lost his last shilling.'"

Emily Trevor's brow contracted as she read this, and she said to herself, "I never heard anything so cruel in my life. I wonder whether they speak from their own experience? Poor Mr. Elton! I'm afraid he is not one bit suited to this place." She then read on:—

"Horace purposes visiting Melbourne soon, to see if he would be likely to succeed better there. He will, I am sorry to say, be away just when you are with us; for, of course, we shall be delighted to see you. You will be glad to hear that Arthur has made the acquaintance of his favorite wild bullocks. We have placed him with a settler, a gentleman named —. He is about forty years of age, and bears an excellent character. And now I can see you looking quite incredulous when I tell you that poor little Floy is in a situation in Sydney, as governess to one little girl, and the lady is much pleased with her. When we remember that Florence is only sixteen years of age, and her pupil is nine, I think this does both you and your late pupil great credit."

December has arrived, and the weather is extremely hot. Our heroine's visit to her friends has come to an end, and now as she and Mrs. Elton alight from the train which has just conveyed them from Sydney, in order that they may meet the mail, they feel very faint and depressed, and this feeling is by no means improved by the appearance of the mail, which proves to be an open vehicle, somewhat like a break with three horses attached to it. The ladies looked at each other, and Mrs. Elton said, "I'm sadly afraid a journey of 180 miles on those hard seats, and with no protection from rain, and scarcely any protection for your back, will be dreadful; really, dear, I would not go. You will be hard-up on the road." "Oh, I must go now," replied our poor governess, sadly. "But what will you do when night comes on?" said our friend, anxiously. "The driver says they travel all night, and you will not reach —— till to-morrow evening. It is now just two o'clock. Dear me, what a time for you to be in that horrid vehicle," and tears rose to the kind little woman's eyes. "Oh! I shall get on all right," replied our governess, assuming a cheerful air; "and when we get back to England we shall laugh heartily as we talk about the up-country Australian mail. Well, I suppose I must get in now," she added, in a different tone, struggling to keep her emotion down. "God bless you and yours." A loving kiss, a prolonged pressure of the hand, and our warmly-attached friends were parted once more.

Our heroine reached her destination in safety, and a letter reached Mrs. Elton soon after. We will give the reader part of its contents:—

\* \* \* \* \*

"The mail was capable of holding four persons very comfortably, but soon after I left you, it held eight very uncomfortably, and our legs were all so closely jammed together that it was absolute torture, and

no one could move unless *all* moved. At first the road was tolerably good, and after awhile we stopped at a small Inn to have tea and supper together; then we proceeded on our journey, and the roads began to get worse and worse, and we began to bob up and down in a very unpleasant manner. As night came on the roads became dreadful, and every now and then we travelled through Bush, and the trunks of the trees seemed likely to upset us each moment, and we had to bend our heads under the branches almost every minute;” then we plunged in and out of immense holes, caused by a recent flood, we were told, in a frightful way, the driver tearing along like a madman all the time. At last we came to the Blue Mountains. They form the boundary between ‘up the country’ and the ‘down country,’ and are very high. The scenery became perfectly magnificent as we proceeded, and we travelled for some miles on the side of a mountain, the road overhanging a tremendous precipice. We were totally unprotected, not a fence, not even a hedge was to be seen. Our driver had favored us during the night with ‘Old Dog Tray.’ It was now morning, and as we galloped along the road, he shouted out a different description of song, his own composition I fancy; it was this:—

“ Here we go, so merrily, oh,  
All by the Bathurst mail  
If bones get broke, a doctor’s bespoke,  
Express for the Bathurst mail.”

“ Then to our horror he pointed downwards with his whip towards the bottom of the precipice, shouting out at the same time,

“ Now look below, and a sight you’ll see  
That will make your blood to freeze;  
But pray sit still, or over you’ll go,  
If you only happen to sneeze.

“ Of course I looked where he pointed, and at the bottom of the steep descent we could just distinguish something dark, it was a mail, similar to the one we were in, which had fallen into the precipice about three years since. This was not cheering, and to enliven us, I presume, the coachman called out, ‘We’re coming to an awful pinch now, gentlemen and ladies; let every one lean to the lefthand side of the coach, or we shall be over as we round that point.’ In an instant we all plunged to the side he named; this bore the vehicle inwards, and we got round safely, and scarcely had we done so when he burst out again—

“ O’er the mountain and through the vale  
The Bathurst mail doth roam.  
Oh won’t you tell them a wonderful tale,  
If you ever get back to Home.

“When I reached Hartley I had to go on in another mail, so this remarkable driver took leave of me thus:—

“And now I must bid you a sad adieu,  
No doubt you have some friends waiting for you.  
Now see if you can't with them prevail,  
To take a jolt in the Bathurst mail.”

“For many miles after I entered the second mail I was quite alone, and was knocked about from side to side till my bones ached so terribly I could scarcely help crying with the pain. At last, to my great relief, I reached my destination, but I felt thoroughly worn out. It was arranged, if you remember, that I was to meet Mrs. Morton at a friend of her's, who resided at a small township named ——. As we drove into the little village, as we should consider it at home, I became extremely nervous, and still more so when we stopped at a moderate-sized cottage, and the driver informed me that that was the Parsonage, and jumped down from his box. I alighted; the front door was opened without my knocking; and I was shown into a comfortably-furnished parlour, and the dearest old lady I ever saw, except Miss Knighton, came forward to receive me, and in an instant my anxiety passed away, for she addressed me as if I had been an old friend. I inquired if Mrs. Morton was expected that evening. ‘I have not heard from her at all, my dear,’ replied the old lady, ‘and I should certainly not allow you to go to-night if she came, for you look tired to death. The best thing you can do now is to go up stairs and get quietly into bed. Maria shall show you your room and bring you up some tea.’ I cannot tell you how truly glad I was to avail myself of this kindness, and when I heard that Mrs. Morton lived eighteen miles from ———, I thanked God as I laid my head on my pillow that I had met with so kind a friend. The Morton's live quite in the Bush I find.

“I should think that was their proper place,” said Mrs. Elton to herself; “the idea of not being there to meet the poor girl.” By the same post she received a letter from her husband. It was dated from Tarrangower, and we will give one extract from it:—

“I like Melbourne much; the streets are well paved, and the houses regularly built, most of them of a dark granite, similar to that of which London Bridge is made; the effect is very good. The Banks, House of Assembly, Library, Churches, Chapels, Theatre, &c., are all

fine buildings. The population, with some few exceptions, is composed of families from home. This gives a different tone to society from that of Sydney. There are also many Americans here, and that has much to do with the rapid progress of this place. They deserve great credit for the energy which has been exercised, but there is such a thing as being 'too fast,' and I think upon the whole I prefer Sydney. I purpose, as I am here, visiting the Oven Diggings, but probably I may only go as far as a place called Tarrangower. I will keep this open till I arrive at my next resiting place. \* \* \* \*

"Tarrangower—I arrived here last evening. The conveyance by which I came was a splendid one. It was just like the second compartment of a railway carriage taken away from the first, with horses instead of steam. There were six persons in each compartment, that is eighteen inside, two on the box with the coachman, three on a seat behind, making in all twenty-three passengers. The roads are excellent, and an American drove six in hand full gallop all the way. It was truly delightful."

## CHAPTER XV.

As soon as Mrs. Elton could find time she wrote to her husband and our heroine, and forwarded to each the letter of the other, and they were both much amused by the contents and the contrast they presented.

A few days after this a short note arrived from Emily Trevor, informing Mrs. Elton that Mrs. Morton had been to fetch her, and she (our heroine), was now in safety at her new home.

\* \* \* \* \*

“The mistake was mine, not Mrs. Morton’s, she added; she named Thursday week for my coming, but the word week had in some way become obliterated, so I arrived a week earlier than I was expected; but I do not regret it, as I have spent a delightful week with Mrs.—, and I have obtained charming friends in herself and husband. I scarcely know what to make of my situation at present, except that I fear it will be dreadfully dull, and the manners and customs of this family appear to me most singular. We are in the heart of the Bush, not a house near us except a store on the station for the convenience of the labourers. These men live in huts close by. The house is very plainly furnished, but still everything is comfortable. The parents of my pupils are quite a lady and gentleman, and well educated. I have four pupils, the girls (three in number) are intelligent and by no means backward in their education, but I cannot say the same of the boy, and no wonder, as you will agree, when I tell you that I could not find any of my pupils the other morning at nine o’clock, and when I did so, how do you think I found them engaged. Mary the eldest was ironing a shirt, Matilda making candles, Ada climbing up a tree to get some apples, and Robert driving in the cows; and these I find are their usual employments, and yet they really are genteel well-behaved children. Still, to tell you the truth, I really feel quite lost amongst them, and somewhat ashamed of my want of knowledge respecting household affairs, and



rather depressed by the extreme monotony and dulness of the place, we seem so completely shut out from the rest of the world. One thing is cheering, we drive to church generally on Sundays a distance of eighteen miles. I was much surprised to find the church filled with fashionably-dressed people."

"Poor Emily," said Mrs. Elton to her husband (who had now returned home) "what a contrast to her former experience;" and when our heroine received the following letter from her friend, she reciprocated the sentiment with interest:—

"Whatever do you think, my dear Emily, we have done now? We have opened a small store near Sydney: it will be merely a trial, as we scarcely dare hope to succeed, but something must be done. Behold my husband then a Hatter!"

Emily Trevor laid the letter down when she read this, and looked perfectly bewildered. Then a sad expression stole over her face, and she said to herself "Poor man! it really seems incredible when I think of our old house in England," and then a smile hovered round her lips as she added, "I'd willingly give a pound to see him selling a hat! What a state of disgust he will be in if they persist in choosing one that does not become them. I hope he won't tell them what he thinks of them, but I think it's very likely." She then wrote at once to her friend, placing the matter in as cheering a light as she could, and added—

"'To say, and straight unsay, argues no leader, but a liar traced,' says Milton, nevertheless I must do so, for since I wrote to you last a new existence seems to be mine, and I have suddenly been as it were 'ground young again,' and no longer recognise in myself the governess of the last few months. My transformation occurred thus—I was one morning seated in the garden, waiting until my pupils should have finished some of their usual occupations, it being the hour at which I should *like* always to take them into school, when all at once I heard the sound of horses feet, and the next moment three young ladies, escorted by two gentlemanly-looking young men, the eldest of whom did

not look above 26 years of age, rode in on horseback. I rose hastily to beat a retreat, but ere I could do so one of the girls rode forward and asked me if Mrs. Morton were at home. Just at that moment Mrs. M. came from the house, and after giving them all a cordial welcome, introduced me in a very pleasant manner. She then invited them to alight, and after calling Robert to assist the young men in leading the horses away, we all went indoors together, where the gentlemen soon joined us. I was then (as I had been accustomed to do in every situation but your's) about to retire, when, to my surprise, one of the Mr. Eatons (for such I found was their name, also that they were brothers) said 'Which is your seat, Miss Trevor?' and I found I was not only expected to remain, but to assist in entertaining the guests. We had tea, during which the greatest merriment prevailed, and when we had finished one of the girls said, they must be returning home, but Mrs. Morton said, nonsense, they must stay all night as they always did, and she would let them have a dance, and the boys could ride home and come back to breakfast in the morning. 'To give us an appetite Mrs. Morton I suppose,' replied Mr. Frederick Eaton, laughing, 'How far have you to ride,' I inquired? 'Only twenty miles,' he replied carelessly. 'Only twenty miles,' I said, 'that's very long ride late at night.' 'Oh no,' he answered, 'that is no distance.' Just then Mrs. Morton asked me to play a set of quadrilles. I did so, and then the other ladies played and sang, and we had a delightful evening, and kept it up till nearly twelve o'clock; then, after a comfortable but homely supper, the gentlemen took leave. Mrs. M. then, to my surprise, asked me if I would allow Jessie Benson and her sister to share my bedroom. I said certainly, and we soon after retired to rest, and I found the former was to sleep with me; the latter had a mattress placed on a long box for her place of repose. 'You will be very uncomfortable,' I said, in a commiserating tone. The young girl laughed and replied, 'Not I; wait till you've camped out, as I have, Miss Trevor, when I went to my uncle's at ——, and you won't call that uncomfortable I'm sure.' 'And your other sister is going to sleep with Mary I suppose,' I said next. Jessie laughed merrily as she replied, 'That lady is not our sister her name's Miss Harden, and she is our governess.' 'Oh indeed,' I replied, and I suppose I pronounced the words something like Aunt Eleanor used to do, for the girls went into fits of laughter, and the younger one said, 'Do governesses in England behave as wildly as Miss Harden did to-night,'

Not unless they wish to lose their situations,' I replied quietly, and the conversation ceased. The next morning just as we were all sitting down to breakfast the young men rode in. After it was over they all began to talk of returning to their homes, and I rose with the intention of taking the children into school, when Mr. Richard Eaton, the younger, turned to me saying, 'Can you ride, Miss Trevor?' 'Oh yes,' I replied, 'but I have not done so since I was young.' They all burst out laughing as I said this, and Mr. F. Eaton said, 'And what are you now, Miss Trevor?' 'Very old,' I replied, 'for I have felt so ever since I became a governess, except when I resided with you.' This produced another peel of laughter, and Mr. Morton said, 'You are not too old to ride, I am sure, and from this day forth Topsy shall be considered your horse, and you and the girls and Robert shall go out daily.' 'Saddle old Bess to-day for Miss Trevor,' he added, turning to Robert, 'and see about bringing her round at once, that's a good boy.' 'I will lend you a habit,' said Mrs. Morton, 'until you can get one of your own.' I assure you all this kindness took me quite by surprise, but only too glad to avail myself of it, I thanked Mr. and Mrs. Morton and hastened away to prepare for the excursion. We were soon all ready, and we started off; but I soon discovered that horsemanship in the Bush required some little practice, for the trees grow so close together that it is difficult to wind in and out of them. The gentlemen, were, however, very kind, and assisted me instantly if any difficulty occurred. After awhile we arrived at an open plain, and then we all had a delightful gallop. Miss Harden (whom I by no means admire) and her younger pupil managed to outride us all, and with Mr. Richard Eaton led the party for a considerable distance. After awhile she leaned round in her saddle and beckoned Mr. F. Eaton to join them, leaving Jessie Benson alone with me. I fancied he obeyed her summons rather reluctantly, and the moment he was gone my companion said indignantly, 'Did you ever see anything so rude as that; Miss Harden's, a regular flirt; Richard did not want to go one bit.' She then asked me very kindly if I felt tired; I replied in the negative, and we went on chatting for some time; at last she said, 'I suppose you have not seen the handsome settler yet, Miss Trevor,' 'No,' I replied, 'who is he, and what is his name?' 'His name is Stanhope,' she replied 'but who he is is a mystery. No one knows anything more than that he has two stations somewhere in this direction, and his partner lives on one of them, but the mysterious indi-

vidual himself appears to pass most of his time in travelling backwards and forwards to Sydney. All the girls about here are desperately in love with him, and it is considered quite an interesting adventure to meet him.' I could not help laughing as she said this, but just at that moment, observing Miss Harden hand a slip of paper to Mr. Eaton and perceiving that his brother was turning his horse's head to rejoin us, I said 'I think we had better ride forward, Jessie,' (for I did not wish Matilda to see too much of Miss Harden's folly, and then I added as she complied, 'How long has Miss Harden been your governess?' 'Oh not long,' she replied 'she is going away next week, and we are going to have a lady from England.' 'And have you known the Mr. Eaton's long,' I next inquired, 'Oh yes, maamma and Mrs. Morton have known them from when they were children.' Here Mr. Richard Eaton joined us, and we hastened after our companions, whom we soon overtook. I then told Matilda I thought we had better be returning home, but Mr. R. Eaton said, we must not venture back alone, as I was not used to Bush riding, and he would accompany us. We reached home very comfortably, but I felt extremely stiff and tired after my ride."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mrs. Morton has received an invitation to day for her husband, self and family to join a pic-nic at Mr. Benson's next week, and I have had a separate note asking me to accompany them. I am beginning quite to enjoy a Bush life. I wonder who this handsome settler can be. Let me hear soon how my dear friend the 'hatter' is getting on. I am very anxious about you."

Mrs. Elton replied thus—

"As we find the business does not answer, we propose giving it up at the end of this month. Nothing could have exceeded the earnestness with which Horace has carried it on, and his patience in taking down box after box in order to try to please a customer, if by any chance one came in; and their cool way of trying on about a dozen and taking none has often filled me with surprise. Horace is now thoroughly disgusted, and is determined to try something else."

Our heroine was much concerned when she read this letter, and instantly wrote to express her regret. Three weeks elapsed, and then, to her astonishment, Mrs. Elton wrote thus:—

“Since I last wrote to you we have given up the store, left Sydney, and we are now on some small diggings; and, to my great joy I am told we are now only twenty miles from you. We have a large hut to live in, which was once a store, and Horace has commenced work. Behold my husband, then—a Digger!”

“What next?” exclaimed our heroine, as she read this announcement; “but how delightful to have them so near. Let me see, my holidays will be in about a month’s time; I might, perhaps, ride over and spend a week with them.”

A fortnight passed away, and Emily Trevor wrote again:—

“We have been to the pic-nic, and I should have thoroughly enjoyed it but for a circumstance which occurred. We all rode over on the appointed day; very few of the party had, we found, arrived when we reached our destination; and Mrs. Benson told us candidly she was glad of it, as her housemaid had been taken ill that morning, and they were all in confusion. In an instant half-a-dozen young ladies offered their assistance to supply her place. I felt extremely uncomfortable, from not understanding anything in the way of household duties, for I feared if I offered my services they would be of little use, and I was therefore much relieved when Jessie (who appeared to have taken quite a fancy to me) whispered, ‘I wish you’d come into my bedroom, Miss Trevor, and have a chat. I have been so busy cooking, and I feel too warm to change my dress.’ I acceded to her request at once, and we hastened away, and the moment we were seated in her room she began at once. ‘Oh, Miss Trevor, we have such a queer governess now. I want to ask you what you think I had better do? She is quite able to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic. She knows the beginning of French, and can speak it very fast, but not very correctly. I think she can scarcely play on the piano at all, and certainly does not know the right way to teach music. She has a beautiful voice, and manages to make accompaniments of her own to her songs. Now, before Miss Harden came we had an excellent governess, and we do not wish to go back in our studies. Papa and mamma unfortunately don’t understand much about education; and as Miss Fontaine sings and talks French very fast, they think she is very clever; and I cannot make them understand what I

mean. There is one thing, though, mamma don't like in our new governess, and that is she gives so much trouble to the servants; and another thing, she has such a dreadful cough. Mamma says she is not strong enough for her situation she is sure. There, listen!' said the girl, abruptly, 'that is her ringing her bell for hot water. Now, really, it would not hurt her just to run down for it herself, when she knows Hannah is not well. However, I suppose I must go and get it for her, or she will be ringing again;' and away she ran, and scarcely was she gone when I heard quick footsteps approaching; some one stopped to cough violently, and then a sharp rap came at the door, and an instant after a tall, dark, very thin woman entered, exclaiming, 'Really, Miss Jessie, the servants here are most tiresome. I rang my bell just now for some ——.' She stopped, and our eyes met, and to my great astonishment, Harriet, the housemaid, who disappeared so suddenly from Mrs Knighton's, stood before me. I saw in an instant she remembered me, for her bold manner changed to one of fear, and her cheeks became deadly pale, and her eyes sought the floor, but she recovered herself almost directly, and assumed a very grand manner, saying, 'I beg your pardon, Miss, I thought my —— that is, I thought Jessie was here.' 'She has gone to get you some hot water.' I replied quietly, 'the housemaid not being well.' As I uttered the last few words a deep flush crossed the woman's face, and then to my surprise, her manner changed, and walking up to me, she said in a hurried whisper 'For God's sake don't tell them what I was in England: if you do I'll throw myself into the Creek,' and ere I could recover from my astonishment, she had left the room. Jessie soon returned. 'Why how white you look' she exclaimed as she entered, 'you look as if you had seen a ghost.' I thought to myself that I had almost, but I only laughed, 'I expect the heat has been too much for you.' 'Perhaps so,' I replied dreamingly, for the sight of Harriet recalled so much of my early life to my mind that I felt bewildered and faint. In a few minutes I shook off this feeling, and to my relief Jessie soon forgot all about my look and exclaimed, 'Oh I had nearly forgotten to tell you Miss Trevor, I met the handsome settler the other day.' 'Did you indeed,' I replied, glad of something to change the current of my thoughts; 'you seem wonderfully interested in him; but had we not better go down stairs now,' I added, as I perceived one or two dog-carts coming down the road. 'Yes perhaps we had,' she replied, and

we descended into the parlour. Harriet, (for I cannot call her Miss Fontaine), was already seated in the midst of the company. Happily Jessie forgot to introduce us; she was handsomely dressed, spoke very little, and I observed that to gentlemenn she was particularly reserved; in fact when one unfortunate young man became somewhat attentive, she looked at him as if she loathed him, and walked to the opposite side of the room.

“The pic-nic was exceedingly pleasant, but my meeting with this strange woman has quite unnerved me, and the question has arisen in my mind whether I ought to tell Mrs. Benson Harriet’s position at Mrs. Knighton’s or not, but really except her thinking too much of herself, I know no harm of the woman, so I think I shall leave Mrs. Benson to make the discovery herself. I wonder who gave Harriet a reference, and how she obtained the money for her passage? She is as mysterious as the handsome settler.

Mrs. Elton’s next letter afforded our heroine considerable amusement. It said:—

“My husband has now become quite used to his new occupation. The change from our former life is, as you say, very great, and in many respects painful, still it possesses some advantages over a residence in Sydney. The worst part is Horace is by no means a successful digger as yet, so to add a little to our limited means he has opened an evening school for boys and girls, and has twelve pupils, varying in ages from ten to twenty-one years. Behold my husband then—a School-master!

Emily Trevor’s eyes opened wider and wider as she read the last part of this letter, and when she came to the last words she buried her face in her hands, laid her head on the table, and laughed to that degree that her pupils thought she must have gone mad. By return of post she made this inquiry—

“Is Mr. Elton acting a pantomime? and do ask him to tell me, if it be so, what character he means to take next. I shall make a point of coming at Christmas. I would not miss seeing him in his last new piece for the world. (Whisper) How many boys’ heads has he knocked off?”

In her next, Mrs. Elton wrote—

“Horace desires his love, and begs to remind you that schoolmasters carry canes for the chastisement of persons who make impertinent remarks. I am also to add that you will see a model schoolmaster when you come at Christmas.”

Our heroine’s next ran thus :—

“Such an adventure! Yesterday I took Mary and Matilda for a long walk. We enjoyed it very much, and were returning home by a different road from the one by which we had gone, when, as we approached a sloping field which was almost a little hill, Matilda said, ‘Do let us all run up this place, Miss Trevor, and see who will get to the top first. Having been, as I told you, ground young again lately, I consented, and we all started off. Mary and I arrived at the top just at the same moment, when, to my dismay, I perceived just before us several wild bullocks, with very large horns, lying on the grass. The instant they saw us they all rose and stared at us in a most alarming manner. My first impulse was to turn and run down the field, but Mary (with great presence of mind) said, quickly, ‘For heaven’s sake, don’t move!’ and, as her sister joined us, she added, ‘Stop!’ and she, with equal firmness, obeyed. Thus we stood for an instant confronting each other, and then I said, in a whisper, ‘Shall we turn slowly?’ ‘Not for the world,’ replied the girl; ‘look *there!*’ As she spoke, a bullock we had not observed came rushing through a hedge, and the moment it saw us it lowered its horns with the evident intention of running at us. I thought I should have fainted, when, to our surprise, a horseman dashed past us, then reined up his horse in front of the bullock, and sat like a statue staring it full in the face. My horror lest he should be tossed was beyond description, and I trembled so violently I should certainly have fallen had not a calm, clear voice, which even at that dreadful moment struck me as singularly familiar to me, said softly, ‘Move down the hill backwards slowly, and step by step.’ To hear that voice was to obey, and back, back, back we went, till we nearly reached the bottom of the field. ‘Now for the slip-rails—quick!’ cried Mary, and, as she spoke, she pulled them out; we passed like lightning; she replaced them. ‘We must get behind those trees; we must hide,’ she said, hurriedly. I wondered at this precaution, but we did as she desired, and it was well, for scarcely were we concealed



when the sound of horses hoofs were heard, and we saw our protector galloping madly down the field pursued by one of the bulls; then a leap over the slip-rails took place, and I deemed him safe; but imagine my alarm when I perceived that the bullock had found an opening, and was also in the road; and then a scene took place which I shall never forget. The horseman saw his danger at a glance, and almost before the bullock had reached the road, he had vaulted back again over the rails. The bullock instantly rushed back into the field; again the man leaped into the road, the bullock retraced its steps, and thus they dodged each other backwards and forwards for full an hour, till, as if they had sprung out of the earth, a man and a boy rode up behind the bullock armed with stock-whips, and they lashed the animal so severely that it fled in a contrary direction from where we were concealed right up the road, and we felt we were safe. 'Now, Mary,' I said, 'let us go and thank our preserver;' but, even as I was speaking, he set spurs to his horse and joined the man and the lad. 'I'm so sorry,' I said to Mary; 'I wonder who he is? Do you know him at all?' 'I think its Mr. Stanhope,' she replied carelessly; 'they call him the handsome settler about here. Shall we go home now, Miss Trevor?' she next inquired; and, lost in a fit of musing to which her words had given rise, I simply answered, 'Yes.'"

Mrs. Morton was surprised at our long absence, but the relation of our encounter with the bullocks she received very coolly, merely remarking, 'You must look well before you in future, Robert was kept up in a tree once for four hours.'

Some weeks elapsed without any letters being received from our heroine, though Mrs. Elton had written twice, when one beautiful morning as the latter was busily engaged doing a little washing, two equestrians drew up at the door, one a lady, the other a gentleman. The former was Emily Trevor, and Mr. Richard Eaton had kindly escorted her; and the instant her friend saw who it was she threw down the article she was washing, seized a towel and ran to the door, kissing her hands as she did so, and a moment after our governess was in her arms, and an affectionate greeting took place. The kind little woman then welcomed Mr. Eaton with the perfect ease of a lady, and

ushered them into the hut, after Mr. Eaton had turned the horses loose in a paddock which was near. As our heroine entered the new abode of her friends and looked around her, her face became very grave, and when a few minutes after their arrival a man came in, attired in the rough-looking dress of a digger, and in him she recognised Mr. Elton, she scarcely knew whether to laugh or to cry; but she nearly did the latter, and as her ci-divant master shook hands with her heartily, as a slight colour rose in his cheeks, she said in a whisper, "I hope you are quite well Schoolmaster?" and he replied in the same tone, "Quite well, I thank you," and then he added, looking across the room at Richard Eaton, his eyes twinkling merrily as he spoke, "I hope you had a pleasant ride, Schoolmistress," and the girl smiled, but colouring deeply turned away.

After a while they dined, boiled beef and potatoes being their homely fare. After that Mr. Elton returned to his work, and the ladies supposed Mr. Eaton would leave; but no, there he sat hour after hour, looking extremely happy, and not till the sun had nearly set did he seem able to make up his mind to go. Mr. Elton came in a few minutes after he had left, and teased our heroine unmercifully about him; they then had tea, and a long confidential conversation took place, ending by Emily Trevor inquiring of Mr. Elton if he expected his scholars that evening. "No," he replied, quaintly, looking very serious, "it's my baking night to-night." "Your what?" cried the girl wonderingly. "My baking night," he repeated gravely, though his eyes danced with delight; I always make bread on Wednesday evenings, and my pupils have a half-holiday." "Oh do begin at once," cried the girl merrily, and maintaining a very solemn countenance all the time he brought the flour, &c., and to her infinite amusement made an immense loaf, and baked it in a

hugo frying pan before the fire. "Well!" she said (as he laid a nicely baked loaf on the table saying, "There mademoiselle, qu'en pensez vous?") "if you are not the most wonderful actor I ever saw; positively another new character. H. W. S. Elton, Esq., of Grosvenor Lodge, Silverton—a Baker!

"And a very good baker too," was the good natured reply; you'll never fancy any other bread after eating mine. "Then I shall decline the pleasure, I think," she answered, with a merry laugh; and thus the first evening passed away, and as the next approached our heroine looked forward to it with some little anxiety, and considerable curiosity to ascertain how Mr. Elton would support the (to her) amusing character of a schoolmaster.

The hut, as I said before, was large; two long deal tables stood on either side of it, one for the girls, the other for the boys; forms were placed on each side of the tables, and blocks of wood (the trunks of trees) were used in lieu of chairs by Mr. and Mrs. Elton and our heroine. The floor, to the great annoyance of the latter, was the bare earth. As the hour of seven approached Emily Trevor kept watching the door. A few minutes afterwards several footsteps were heard, and the next moment the door opened, and about six youths and five girls entered. "Good evening, Mr. Elton, Good evening Mrs. Elton," they all said as they came in, and then, as if politeness could no further go, they pretended that they did not see the visitor at all, and one of the boys said, "Please sir there is an opossum up in a tree close by, may we get it down?" "Yes, my lads, if you're quick," was the kind reply, and away they all ran, and three minutes afterwards sounds of merriment, mingled with short screams, rang through the Bush. They soon re-entered, bringing with them a fine opossum. "What have those naughty boys

been doing?" inquired Mrs. Elton, turning to one of the girls. "Putting the opossum on our backs," she answered laughing. They then took their places and opened their books to commence school.

Now it happened that just at this time our schoolmaster was deeply interested in a book he was reading, and he had taken it up during the absence of his pupils, and was now deeply absorbed in its contents, and he did not appear to notice their return at all. This continued for some minutes; at last his wife said softly, "Horace, won't you begin school, dear?" "Yes, yes, my dear," he answered, absently, without looking off his book. Emily Trevor's lips began to quiver, and she had some difficulty in repressing a smile. "The boys are quite ready, Horace; won't you begin school?" began the poor little woman again in an earnest tone. "Yes, my dear, yes," was the reply, the gentleman still continuing to read. The visitor now bit her lips to prevent herself laughing aloud; the elder boys also seemed amused, but beguiled the time by staring hard at her, and the younger ones had a short fight. "Horace, my dear," cried the poor little wife, more earnestly than before, "do leave off reading, and won't you open school." Down went the book on the table with a bang, and "Hang the school!" burst from the schoolmaster's lips, and our heroine rose hastily from her seat and ran quickly from the room, unable any longer to restrain her mirth, which she indulged in in solitude, and then returned to the school-room, looking extremely grave and demure, and to her surprise she found that immediately after the before-named explosion our schoolmaster calmly commenced school, and plodded patiently through divers parts of Mavor's Spelling Book, &c, and proved himself, as she afterwards told him, a model schoolmaster, such as she should never look upon the like again.

As soon as the pupils had left, after a few merry remarks they fell into serious conversation, and Mrs. Elton said, "We may just as well be cheerful over our trials as not, but really this school-keeping is no subject for merriment; it would be all very well if those young folks attended regularly, as they did to-night, but very soon now most of the boys will stay away to go shepherding; others to get in horses, and our school will be almost broken up, and gold-digging is very precarious. However God has helped us hitherto, so we must not despair."

## CHAPTER XVI.

A few days after this Emily Trevor left her friends ; a hasty note informed them of her safe arrival at —. Some little time elapsed without any exchange of letters, at last the following one was received by Mrs. Elton :—

“ Since my return I have had a great annoyance. You remember young Eaton, who came with me when I visited you—a youth, a mere boy about eighteen ; well, would you ever have dreamed of anything so perfectly absurd—he has actually made me an offer ! I cannot describe to you how astonished I was ; of course I never considered him anything but a good natured lad, or I should have treated him differently. I will tell you how it came about. One evening Richard came to tea, as he very often does, and after it was over we all went into the garden. I began raking over a bed which belongs to the flower garden of one of the little children ; after awhile, becoming tired, I ceased work and turned round, and to my surprise I found the silly boy standing near me and every one else gone in doors ; but not thinking anything of that circumstance, I remarked what a lovely sun-set it was. He made some reply, and after a few words more, to my dismay he did the very foolish thing of which I have told you. I was so completely astounded that I could not speak, but soon recovering myself, in as kind a manner as I could, I declined the honour of his hand ; and he left me, declaring that ‘ his peace of mind had fled for ever,’ and ever so much more to the same effect. I did not go into the house for some little time, as I felt very nervous and really sorry for the boy ; but at last I summoned courage, and to my great joy found that he was gone ; but Mrs. Morton was extremely cool to me, and after the children had gone to bed, lectured me for about an hour on what she termed the folly of my conduct in refusing so good an offer. In vain I assured her I did not care for Richard in the least, and I considered it ridiculous for a woman to marry a man four years her junior. Then why had I given him encouragement, she inquired. I said I

had not. 'You allowed him to escort you to see your friends.' 'Yes very reluctantly as you know well,' I replied, 'only you almost insisted on it, that I was forced to comply.' 'That is an untruth, Miss Trevor,' she cried passionately. This was too much, so I rose, took my bed-room candle and said, 'Mrs. Morton I will bear this no longer; I wish you good night,' and I left the room. Of course I supposed she would apologize when she was cooler, but she did not do so, and commenced a series of petty persecutions which I will not distress you by relating; so this morning I told her that as soon as she was suited with a governess I should leave. She replied, 'Certainly; if you wish you need not wait for my meeting with a lady, as I shall not hurry myself; so you can begin to look out for another home at once.' So I have done so, and am now in treaty with a Settler's family about twenty miles from here. I saw the advertisement in the paper. If we come to terms I shall leave here at once, and write to you as soon as I can after I am settled in my new abode. I am sorry to leave in this unpleasant way, as I have received considerable kindness from this family; but it is evident my absence will be a relief now to Mrs. M., so the sooner I go the better. My pupils are too much self-possessed and cold to show much feeling on the occasion, so I shall not experience much pain in parting from them. Feeling much depressed and exceedingly uncomfortable and anxious, I must now say good bye."

Mr. and Mrs. Elton were much concerned when they read our heroine's letter, and this feeling increased considerably when they received our heroine's next letter. It ran thus:—

"I came last Monday, and I must confess, though I do not regret leaving Mrs. M., that I fear I have been too hasty. I was much surprised to see on my arrival a small, miserable-looking wooden house, which I found contained but one parlour and three bedrooms. A deal table and wooden chairs constitute the furniture of the sitting-room; the floor is covered with an old ragged carpet. Mr. and Mrs. Hardman occupy one bedroom; myself and three pupils sleep next to them; a young servant girl and three little children sleep in a little room at the back of the house; a lad who assists in household duties reposes on the kitchen table. Mr. Hardman (whom I do not at all like) is an Englishman. He is low of stature, coarse in appearance, and rough in manner,

evidently nothing more than a common labouring man. Mrs. H. is an Irishwoman, many years younger than her husband, and much more prepossessing. She is extremely polite and attentive to me, and tells me she is charmed at a 'raile lady teaching children,' and her kind homely manner is really quite cheering after Mrs. Morton's late chilling demeanour towards me; and I think I could, in spite of many disadvantages, make myself tolerably happy here; at any rate till something better could be obtained. Certainly, I could wish that my pupils would not occasionally walk about with bare feet, and it would have a better appearance if the little ones ran about less in their night-dresses in the garden of a morning; but all this is nothing compared to what really gives me uneasiness. I am obliged to have school in my bedroom, as the master of the house smokes and drinks in the parlour the greater part of the day. Certainly, he always tells me 'Not to go away,' but somehow I'm half afraid of him, and am glad to get out of his way. He is dreadfully cross to his wife; she, poor thing, does her best to procure me a change from the coarse food (principally hard-boiled very salt beef) on which they live; and we eat what they call 'damper'—bread baked in the ashes; it is really very nice. Well, she tries to procure me a change, and he offers to fetch me fowls, &c., from —, though, as you may be sure, I invariably decline his politeness. I can see that his offers annoy his wife. My dear friend, I have made a very false step in taking this situation. Sometimes as I walk out with my pupils, all at once this horrid man meets us, and keeps on talking to his children and staring at me till I get so frightened. Don't tell this to Mr. Elton. I am ashamed from my very heart to write it; so be sure you don't tell my kind friend, Mr. Elton. Oh! how I wish we were back at Silverton. How could Mrs. Morton let me come here? The fact is she is refined in manners and not in mind, and did this with a bad feeling. Well, well! I must not forget. When I laid on the pavement in London, God led me to a friend; and now, in the silent Bush, why should He not do the same? I will not despair!"

Mrs. Elton's uneasiness respecting her friend was much increased when she received the foregoing letter, and disregarding the entreaties of the writer, she immediately told her husband all, and his reply was "Write at once, and tell her I will be with her as quickly as I possibly can, and she must return with me; but I shall have to walk, and



it will take some days to reach her. I shall start for —— to-night." Mrs. Elton instantly did as he desired, and was on her way with the letter to the post, when another from our heroine was placed in her hand by one of the school children. The contents read thus:—

"My fears are not unfounded. The day after I last wrote, Mrs. H. took all the children and the young servant, to —— . I was not at all well, having a bad cold, and as she told me Mr. Hardman was gone a long way off to buy some sheep, I declined accompanying them, and, with the lad of whom I spoke in a previous letter, remained at home. After they had left some little time, I had just unlocked my desk, and placed my writing materials on it to send you a few lines, when all at once the front door was thrown open violently; then the parlour door the same, and, to my dismay, Mr. Hardman came staggering in. He looked fearfully strange and wild, and called loudly for his wife. 'Mrs. Hardman is out,' I said quietly; 'she is gone with the children to ——,' gathering up my papers and locking my desk as I spoke. 'Is she my dear?' he replied in a familiar tone; 'so much the better, then we shall be comfortable. Here, come and sit down by me and we'll have some tea.' Terrified by his manner and these words, I called loudly to the lad, and when he entered I said, 'Your master wishes for some tea,' and I made a sign for him to remain, but not understanding me, he merely said 'yes, Miss,' and walked off. The moment he was gone I darted past the old man, and had nearly reached the door, when to my horror he caught hold of my hand, saying 'Won't you stay and make it for me, like a pretty girl as you are?' 'No,' I said bluntly, 'let me go.' 'Not I,' he replied, 'I've got you now, and I mean to keep ——.' But ere he had finished the sentence I had caught sight of a ruler lying on a ledge close by. I seized it, and inflicted such a blow across his hand, that, uttering a horrid oath, he instantly set me free. In a moment I darted out of the parlour, through the front door, down the garden, entered a narrow path, and found myself suddenly stopped, and in the arms of a man; and starting back, saw before me the stranger we had met when we encountered the bulls. What possessed me I know not, but I felt I was safe and clung to him as if he were a brother, exclaiming, 'Oh, Mr. Stanhope, save me from that bad man; pray stay here with me, for I don't know where to hide;' and trembling from head to foot I

burst into tears. And then again I heard that clear calm voice, and again I seemed to listen to the soothing tones of some kind old friend, and I was re-assured, and told him all. He listened earnestly, and then said, 'You must not stay here; I will try, if you will trust me, to find you another situation.' 'Oh yes,' I answered involuntarily, 'I can trust you fully, and truly grateful do I feel.' Just as I spoke I heard the voice of Mr. Hardman calling out, as he issued from the house, 'Where are you, you little ——?' 'Go into that hut,' said the settler hastily, 'and stand behind the logs; I will not leave till Mrs. Hardman returns.' Almost before he had ended I was inside the hut, and through an opening in the bark I saw the horrid old man come walking along at a rapid pace; then seeing a figure awaiting him, I suppose he thought it was me, and great was his astonishment when, instead of a poor weak girl he saw before him a dark stalwart man, wearing a long black beard and moustache, two piercing grey eyes bent upon him, and a portly figure drawn to its full height. 'Hallo!' he cried fiercely; 'Who the —— are you, and what do you want, I should like to know?' 'I want to buy some cows,' was the quiet reply, and trembling as I was with fear, the tone in which the words were uttered really made me smile. 'Oh,' replied Mr. Hardman gruffly, 'well, come this way;' and the two walked away together, and the bargain was not concluded till Mrs. Hardman, myself, the children and servant were all once more together in the house. Then, to my surprise, accompanied by Mr. Hardman, he walked in, bowed slightly to me, but shook hands with Mrs. Hardman, and she invited him to take a cup of tea. He did so, and while partaking of it he said, 'I should like to have another look at that mare, Hardman, but I must see how she runs before I buy her. I shall be here the day after to-morrow again, and will call.' He laid a strong emphasis on the time he named, and for an instant I fancied his eyes rested on me. 'I'm not sure I shall be at home then,' said the old man. 'Oh that's no matter,' replied the young man, quickly. Then, the colour mounting to his cheeks as he spoke, he added, 'If you are out I will call the next day.' Soon after this he took his leave, and to my relief Mr. Hardman also went out. I sat with Mrs. Hardman for some little time, listening to her account of her day's enjoyment; and at last, feeling weary and depressed by the events of the day, I wished her good night and retired, as I hoped, to rest. Sleep, however, would not come for some time, but at last I sank into a heavy slumber, which must have lasted

some hours. Then I awoke and thought it was morning, but it was the moon which illuminated my chamber, and after this I tried in vain to sleep again; so I rose and sat at the window, turning over in my mind the incidents of the day. Mrs. Hardman had told me her husband had returned, he said, having forgotten that Mr. Stanhope was coming about some cows till he was partly on his way. This I knew was untrue, or why was he so much surprised when they met. She added that he was now gone on his journey, and would not be back for some days. I was truly glad to hear it, and sat at the window rejoicing over the good news, when all at once, to my surprise, I saw four men, one of whom appeared to me greatly to resemble Mr. Hardman, mounted on horses, gallop quickly across a field, and round to the back of the house. Thunderstruck at this sight, I drew hastily back, wondering who they could be; then deciding in my mind that they must be some of Mr. Hardman's companions, I was about to creep into bed, when my bed-room door slowly opened, and Mrs. Hardman, with a face as pale as death, said softly, in an agitated whisper, 'Lock ye door, honey; get into bed, cover ye head with the clothes, and for the love of the Blessed Virgin see and hear as little as ye can this night.' So saying she hastened away, and I heard her go down stairs. I locked my door and got into bed. Strange rough voices met my ear, and then I heard no more. I think I must have fainted. How long I lay thus I know not; when I awoke to consciousness all was still as death. What can it all mean?

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mrs. Hardman looks pale this morning, and the slightest noise makes her tremble. She has made no reference to her words of last night. Oh! I wish to-morrow were come, and Mr. Stanhope were here. Is it not strange that I should feel such protection in the presence of that young man? Surely, surely, he will not fail me too? How strange! He must have made a mistake; he is now coming towards the house.

\* \* \* \* \*

I told you he had come. When he entered he said laughingly, 'I could not come to-morrow I find, so I came to-day; is Hardman at home?' 'No,' the wife replied, in an absent manner; 'no, he has gone away.' 'Well then,' said the young man rising, 'I suppose I must do the same.' He shook hands with her heartily, and then turned to me, doing the same, and I felt he had left a slip of paper

in my hand. I turned very faint as I received it, for you know I abhor what is sly; but now more than ever needing a friend, I slid it into my pocket, and was hastening upstairs when, as he reached the door, the settler said carelessly, 'Did you hear the mail was stuck up last evening?' 'No,' I heard her reply, in a trembling voice, 'was it?' 'Yes,' he replied, and wished her good-bye. I ran hastily up the stairs, took out the paper, and read, 'Do not fear: I will bring you help, and soon.' What can he mean? I will keep this open to tell you the result, and already I have began to pack up my clothes. I am living in a dream. Pray God it may not end as a dream of my youth. I am nervous, excited, and alone; forgive me therefore if I err, for I know not in whom to trust. What have I said? God is with me; I will trust in Him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Another surprise! Yesterday, as soon as I could find time, I went on packing up my clothes, and all the time I could not help thinking of the few words that had passed between Mr. Stanhope and Mrs. Hardman relative to the mail; and a strange, cold suspicion thrilled through my mind and made me feel sick, and more than ever anxious to get away from this; in fact, if help does not arrive quickly I shall run away, walk into —, and throw myself on the kindness of Mrs. — till dear Mr. Elton finds me out, for I *dare* not stay here. I wrote the above before breakfast this morning, and after we had taken that meal I called the children into school, as usual, and we were quietly proceeding with our studies when, to our surprise, we heard the sound of wheels, and a dog-cart, containing Mrs. Benson, Mr. Stanhope, and Kate stopped at the front door. Oh! the joy of that moment I cannot describe. I rushed to the door, and the next moment I was clasped in the motherly embrace of my first-named friend; then Katie and Mr. Stanhope each shook hands with me, and we all, with the exception of the gentleman, went into the parlour, and the moment we were seated Mrs. Benson said, 'My dear Miss Trevor, your being here is a sad mistake—more so, I fancy, even than you think. It was terribly spiteful of Mrs. Morton to let you come, but she was so from a girl. Mr. Stanhope told me of your distress. Under any circumstances I should have fetched you away; but, being without a governess at this time, I now ask you will you come in that capacity to me?' 'With all my heart,' I replied earnestly. 'As respects salary,' she went on, but I stopped her, saying, 'Never mind that; only let me go with you at once. I

am almost ready. But poor Mrs. Hardman,' I added, 'what will she say?' 'Nothing, my dear, believe me,' replied my friend; 'but will be glad for you to go.' The poor woman came in as she was speaking, and Mrs. Benson asked to speak with her for five minutes alone. I instantly went up to my bedroom, and together we finished packing up. Mr. Stanhope was kindly letting the children ride by turns on the horse. After awhile Mrs. Benson called me down (I saw they had both been shedding tears) and said, 'Mrs. Hardman gives you an excellent character, and is grieved to lose you, but still wishes you to leave.' I went up to the kind-hearted Irishwoman, took her hand, and bursting into tears at the sight of her sad, pale face, said, 'I am sorry to leave you and the children, but — but —.' Here my pupils came bursting into the room, crying out, 'Don't go, Miss Trevor, now, don't you go;' and then they began to howl in such a dismal way that nothing else could be heard. At last Mr. Stanhope proposed another ride on horseback, and they all rushed out, and very soon afterwards Mrs. Hardman, in the bustle of making us take some dinner, and the young ones in their enjoyment outside, quite forgot their late troubles, and we became quite a merry party. Directly after we had dined Mr. Stanhope brought the dog-cart to the door. I took leave affectionately of Mrs. Hardman and the children. We were all seated in the vehicle, and in the midst of kind wishes we drove rapidly down the field and out of the entrance-gate; and, as it swung behind us, Mrs. Benson turned to me, saying solemnly, 'Thank God, you are out of that man's house; he is one of the worst characters we have about us, and connected with ruffians of the lowest stamp.' I related to her in an undertone what passed that dreadful night, and my fearful misgivings respecting it. 'Probably you are right, but do not mention it to any one. Hardman is bad enough for anything. The police know him well, but for the sake of his wife, who is a really good woman, you must forget what you saw, my dear, as soon as you can. Take my word for it, I know that all you heard was heard by other ears, and that was why all the noise was over so soon.' Much relieved by having opened my mind to my friend, my spirits became less fluttered by degrees, and we had a delightful ride.

"My friend, I know it was my own foolish haste which brought me into my late distress, but have I not daily more and more cause to feel that God never deserts those who trust in Him. I am so glad, my dear friend Mr. Elton is spared his long walk; but his brotherly intention is deeply felt. I am now in safety under Mr. Benson's hospitable roof, and shall sleep this night without fear."

The relief which this letter afforded to the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Elton, when they read the above, is indescribable, and very soon a letter of congratulation arrived; and after many kind expressions, Mrs. E. continued—

“I have been most unpleasantly situated. Horace has been obliged to go away to —, to get some tools, and the rain produced floods. The water in the creeks rose, and he could not return. I was of course very uneasy—not at being alone, for the diggers, though with some exceptions they are rough in manner, are extremely civil and kind, but in case he should venture to cross before the water abates and get carried away as many do. However, I busied myself as much as possible to pass away the time, and one morning as I went to the creek to fetch some water, accompanied by a neighbor's dog, which had taken a great fancy to me, all at once something darted out of a bush and I saw before me a creature about four feet long, resembling a crocodile, but having a head like a snake, and, to my great alarm it and the dog began to fight. In vain I tried to induce the latter to come away, and I scarcely knew what to do, when to my delight I perceived Horace standing on the opposite side of the creek, watching the combatants. He was soon near me, and with great difficulty he got the dog away. We have since learned that it was a guano, and they are extremely strong and daring, as you can imagine by what I have written.”

## CHAPTER XVII.

And now, as we think it very probable that the reader will be somewhat weary of these extracts, we will let events speak for themselves, and very rarely intrude in future on the correspondence of our friends.

We will now return to our heroine, who, you will remember, was on her road to her new home, accompanied by those who had kindly saved her from much distress. When they reached — Jessie was standing at the door, ready to receive them, and her reception of her governess was affectionate in the extreme; the younger children also seemed pleased, and Mr. Benson came forward and shook hands with her kindly. “Now Jessie,” said Mrs. Benson, “take Miss Trevor to her bed-room, and then come back and help Susan get tea.” “Come along, Miss Trevor,” cried the young girl gaily; “this is the way;” and almost immediately our governess found herself in a snug comfortably-furnished room. “That is your bed, and that is mine,” said the girl next, “that is, if you will allow me to sleep in your room.” “Oh, yes, certainly,” replied our heroine, “I shall like you to do so.” “Thank you,” said Jessie. “Mamma says you need not consider me altogether as a pupil, if you will let me be your companion; but of course I shall do all you tell me,” added the girl naively. “Mamma thinks it will be pleasant, and then we can talk together and tell secrets, you know.” Our heroine laughed and said pleasantly, “I am quite willing to enter into your mamma’s wish; it is very kind of her, I’m sure.” “Well, then,” said the young girl, at once availing herself of the privilege,

“Only fancy, after all, your being rescued from that horrid old Hardman by the handsome settler. It’s like a romance, is it not? Of course you’re both desperately in love with each other!” “Nonsense, Jessie,” said her companion, colouring deeply, “I dare say I shall never see him again after to-day.” “Oh yes, you will,” replied her new pupil; he has been here several times lately, and papa and mamma like him very much, and he seemed really quite anxious about you till he knew you were coming to us, and since then he has never mentioned your name.” “I am sure I have no wish that he should do so,” said our governess, somewhat haughtily. Jessie looked much surprised. “Well, I don’t know,” she said, musingly; “I felt quite vexed with him. Yesterday, as we were walking round the garden alone, he did nothing but talk of Mary Morton, and kept asking me all sorts of questions about her, and said she appeared a remarkably clever girl, especially in household duties.”

“Had we not better go into the parlour now, dear? Your mamma said something about getting ——.” Then, after a moment’s hesitation, she added, “If at any time I can assist you in these little matters I shall be most happy. I often used to help Mrs. Hardman, and I should very much like to know how to make bread.” “Would you, really?” cried the girl, in a tone of delight; “I will teach you. Mamma will be so pleased.” No sooner had they entered the parlour than she cried out, “Oh, mamma, Miss Trevor wants to learn to bake bread, so that she may——” “Become a settler’s wife, some day, I suppose,” said Mr. Benson, with a hearty laugh. “Is that it, Miss Trevor?” Our heroine made no reply, but her face became crimson; and to add to her confusion she perceived Mr. Stanhope seated next to the provoking speaker, and felt that his eyes were bent upon her.



“Never mind, Miss Trevor,” said Mrs. Benson, kindly, “don’t mind, Mr. Benson, my dear; he always teases all the girls in the same way. Mr. Benson must have his joke. You shall teach Jessie French, and she shall teach you how to make bread.” “I suppose you heard of the accident that happened to Mrs. Engleheart yesterday?” said Mr. Stanhope to Mrs. Benson; “I quite forgot to tell you this morning.” “No, indeed,” Mrs. Benson answered, “what was it?” “Her foot slipped,” replied the young man, “and she sprained her ankle, and is quite confined to her couch.” All the party expressed much regret, and our heroine recovered her composure. “You must go and see her, Miss Trevor,” said Mrs. Benson, “you and Jessie can ride over to-morrow.” “I did not know you knew Mrs. Engleheart,” said the settler, turning to our governess. “Why, of course she does,” cried Jessie, reproachfully; “didn’t she stay a week with her, and didn’t Mrs. Engleheart say she was the nicest girl she had seen for a very long time, and no doubt she would——.” “Jessie,” cried her mother, “you let your tongue run much too fast; not but what you are a great favourite, I know, my dear,” she added, turning to our heroine. “I am very glad to hear it,” she replied; “Mrs. Engleheart was most kind when I was with her.” And thus in pleasant conversation the evening passed away.

The next morning Mrs. Benson proposed that our heroine and Jessie should ride in at once; and “if you find Mrs. Engleheart is no better Miss Trevor,” she added, “you can, if you like, stay with her for a day or two; and then you might visit her poor for her, and she would I know be very glad. Mr. Benson rides in this afternoon, and Jessie can come back with him. A little holiday will not make much difference to the children’s learning, but when they once really settle down we must

go on steadily from day to day." Our governess told Mrs. Benson she should much like to assist Mrs. Engleheart in her present trouble, and cordially agreed with the former in her last remark respecting school; and then she and Jessie rode gaily away, and arrived at —— in the middle of the day.

The old lady was delighted to see them, and said it would be a great comfort to her to know that her poor people were not neglected, and to have Miss Trevor with them. Soon after this was settled Mr. —— came in; they had dinner, and then the young ladies sallied forth to do a little shopping before Jessie returned home; and as they were passing a small shop with stationery in the window, Jessie exclaimed, "Oh! Miss Trevor, look at the valentines; why it's Valentine's day; I had quite forgotten it." They both stopped, and looked in, and whilst they were thus engaged our heroine heard her name pronounced, and turning round she, to her surprise, found Mr. Stanhope close beside her, looking extremely pale. "Good gracious, Mr. Stanhope, how white you are!" cried Jessie, "is anything the matter, are you ill?" Without replying to her questions, or even shaking hands, the young man drew forth two letters, saying, "I was at the Post Office this morning, Miss Trevor; the English Mail I found had arrived, and knowing you would be in town to day I asked if there were any letters for you." That was very kind," replied our heroine, gratefully, "were there any?" "There was this one only," he replied, handing her a letter as he spoke. "This is not for me," she said hastily, "This is for Mary Morton." The colour rushed into the settler's cheeks as he received it back and gave her the other. "Thank you," said the lady, and then exclaimed joyously, "It is from dear Dr. Farnborough, Jessie, of whom you have heard me speak." "Good morning,

ladies," said Mr. Stanhope, somewhat nervously, "I have—that is I have some important business to transact; you must excuse my leaving you;" and he walked quickly away, and the moment he was gone, Jessie said indignantly, "Important business, indeed—very important, certainly; why it's to take that letter to Mary Morton, that's his business; he didn't mean us to know who it was to, only he made that mistake. Well! I havn't patience with such fickle ways, I know they're in love with —" "Jessie," cried our governess, turning upon her sharply, "I wish you would not talk so loud, and utter such a parcel of nonsense." Her eyes flashed as she spoke, and a dark frown gathered on her brow. Her pupil stood still one moment, and gave one keen, quick glance at her face, and then walked on, and scarcely spoke a word till they had finished their shopping and returned to Mrs. ——'s. Mr. Benson was awaiting them, and Jessie, bidding her friends good bye, returned home with him. Soon after the father and daughter were gone Mr. —— entered; they had tea, spent a happy evening, and retired to rest at an early hour.

The next morning directly after breakfast our heroine proposed that she should commence her visits to the poor; her wish was responded to gratefully, and she set out on her kind errand. Those upon whom she called seemed pleased to see her, and made many anxious inquiries respecting their benefactress. At last she had finished her task, and was hastening back to her friend's. Her road lay through a dirty lane, which was a short cut to the Parsonage, when she perceived an elderly-looking woman standing at the door of one of the houses, and as she drew near the stranger dropped a curtsey, and said in a respectful tone, "Beg your pardon, Miss, but you're a visiting lady, bean't you?" "Yes," our governess replied, I am calling on Mrs. ——'s poor people, but I do not visit generally."

“Would you mind coming in, Miss, then,” said the woman, “and seeing a poor creature who lies in my back room, she’s dreadful bad, I think it’s consumption, she has.” Our heroine instantly consented, and was ushered by the stranger into a dark, miserably-furnished bed-room. Her conductress drew the blind up sharply, and the light fell full upon the face of the dark emaciated woman who was lying in a bed; and our heroine started in surprise, for in her she recognized Harriet, the once grand housemaid at Mrs. Knighton’s. “What did you pull up the blind for,” cried the invalid querulously; “you know I can’t bear the light;” then perceiving the visitor, she exclaimed passionately, “I thought I told you not to bring any psalm-singing, canting hypocrites here.” Emily Trevor walked to the window and drew the blind half-way down, and whispered softly to the woman, “Leave her with me.” The landlady immediately retired, and the kind-hearted girl sat down by the bedside, and took one of the invalid’s thin hands in her own very gently. In a moment it was snatched rudely away, the sufferer saying, “I don’t want any of that sort of thing; keep it for the fawning wretches you’re going to next.” “Harriet!” said the girl, gently. The sick one started as that word was said, “you know very well who I am, and now I know you; disguise is useless. I do not visit the poor usually, but I am doing so now for Mrs. —.” The brow of the invalid became smoother, she looked excessively weak and began to cough violently. Her new friend rose and fetched some water, placed her arm round and supported her till the distressing fit was over, then laid her gently down on her pillow, in a sadly exhausted state. Thus she laid some time and seemed lost in thought; at last she turned her eyes on our heroine, and regarded her fixedly for some minutes, and one large tear rolled down her cheek. Her companion ventured again to take her hand,

and this time it was not withdrawn. "Can I get you a doctor, or do anything else for you?" said her new friend kindly. "No, I won't have a doctor," said the woman decidedly; "no doctor can do me any good, so don't send for one." "Have you—have you," inquired our heroine next, in a hesitating tone, "any money?" "Yes, I have money," replied the invalid; I don't want much, and it will all be soon over, and a good job too; and now you'd better go," she added abruptly. Her visitor rose, but lingered a minute at the bedside and gazed pityingly at the sufferer.

A softer look stole over the woman's face, and she said almost entreatingly, "You'll come again, won't you, and—soon?" "Yes," her kind friend replied; then, as if ashamed of having relented, the invalid turned slowly in the bed, and lay with her face to the wall. Emily Trevor walked to the window, drew the blind quite down, placed some water by the bedside, and left the room. The landlady was awaiting her at the foot of the stairs. "Thank you, Miss," she said, civilly; "I'm so glad you've seen her; it's took such a load off my mind. Don't you think she is very bad, Miss, and ought to have a doctor?" "She is, indeed," replied our heroine; "but she will not hear of having medical aid, and I really fear she is past all that now; she cannot possibly live long, I think; her cough is dreadful. How long has she been with you?" "About two months, Miss; she told me she was on her way to Sydney, but became so ill she was forced to return; and some one told her I had a room to let, so she came here, and she's been awful bad ever since. You will come again soon, Miss, won't you?" asked the landlady, anxiously. "Yes, you may depend on my seeing you again very shortly; in the meantime, I am sure I need not say take every possible care of the poor invalid, and procure her

any comfort she requires, and you shall be repaid when I see you next." She wished the landlady good morning, and hastened away.

On the road to her friend's she considered in her mind whether it were advisable to tell Mrs. — all she knew respecting Harriet or not, and she came to the conclusion that she would state that a woman had asked her to call on a person who was lying ill at her house; that she had done so, and found her very ill; and then, as she walked on, her musings became very sad, so forcibly did these unexpected and painful meetings with Harriet bring back the circumstances of her former life in England, and recall to her recollection scenes which had become as some distressing but almost-forgotten dream. She found Mrs. — in a somewhat nervous state owing to her long absence; but the moment her young friend told her how she had been employed she became deeply interested, and begged her to go again as soon as possible to see the poor invalid; and she thanked our heroine over and over again for what she had done. This was most gratifying; nevertheless, the interview with Harriet had produced a depression of spirits our governess could not shake off, and this was not at all improved by reading a letter from Mrs. Elton which she found lying on the drawing-room table. It ran thus:—

\* \* \* \* \*

"Gold digging here is now quite at a stand-still, owing to the ground being worked out; and in consequence of its now being the lambing-season our school consists of three pupils. It is therefore quite impossible for us to continue here; we have therefore determined to go to ———, which is about 180 miles from this place, and a rush has lately taken place there."

Then expressions of regret at being again separated by so many miles from her friend followed, and these feelings were warmly reciprocated by the reader.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The next morning Emily Trevor again visited Harriet, whom she found apparently somewhat better, and less irritable than when they last met, and thus day by day she continued to see her. No persuasions would induce the sufferer to consult a doctor, and it was evident she was daily becoming much weaker. At last it became necessary for our governess to resume her duties, and Mrs. ——'s ankle being now quite well, she returned to her new home.

Mrs. Benson and her pupils were much pleased to see her again, but when the latter had settled down, their joy was somewhat clouded by experiencing a degree of irritability in the new governess that was extremely trying to their young spirits, and they observed that she suffered from a frequent depression they had never noticed in her before; and at last so unpleasant did this become, that one day Jessie burst into tears when she and her mother chanced to be alone, and exclaimed, "Really, mamma, I'm quite disappointed in Miss Trevor; she is so snappish and cross now, it's almost unbearable, and she seems to dislike my being merry now, and she used to be so full of fun herself, you can't think. I really begin not to like her." Mrs. Benson's face became very grave, and she said kindly, "Never mind, my dear, you cannot tell; perhaps Miss Trevor is ill, and has some trouble of which you know nothing; it will pass off I dare say. It's not her nature to be cross, I'm sure. I did not tell you," she continued soothingly, "did I, that I meant to take you

all to see Mrs. Morton in a few days, and then you and Mary Morton will have a long day together, and you can both laugh as much as you like. Miss Trevor has declined, at which I cannot wonder, so you will have no restraint from her; so you and Mary can enjoy yourselves to your heart's content." "Ah! but the worst of it is," said poor Jessie, gloomily, "Mary's no better than Miss Trevor now, but I think I can guess what makes her so grave; and as to Mr. Stanhope, he's such a perfect knight of the rueful countenance now, I can't bear to see him come into the place. I never saw such a set of dummies in my life. However, I'm determined I will laugh;" and away she ran, and in the provoking spirit peculiar to girlhood, stationed herself under a window at which her governess was writing, and laughed and talked so wildly to her younger sister, that our heroine, who was engaged with a letter to Mrs. Elton, inserted these words, "Jessie Benson does not improve on acquaintance; her spirits are so very high. I fear she will grow up a mere trifler, and she laughs so much, in spite of my reproofs, that it quite wearies me."

In Mrs. Elton's next letter the following lines were enclosed, and our governess, after reading them, though slightly mortified, began to ask herself whether in this matter she or Jessie were most to blame; and after mature reflection she came to the honest and sensible conclusion that she herself had greatly erred. The verses were these:—

"Chide not the young girl's laughter,  
It may be her only dower;  
'Tis a heavenly boon sent from above,  
And it gives her the glorious power  
From trifles to garner happiness,  
And enjoy each passing hour.



“ You blame not your kitten’s playfulness,  
 And the young bird’s notes enchant your ear,  
 And will often care beguile.  
 Ay, even your parrot’s silly noise,  
 You do not lightly condemn ;  
 Then why chide the poor girl’s laughter,  
 Is she not young like them ?

“ You tell me you fear that in after years  
 She may a mere trifle be.  
 Oh ! let not that darken the present hour—  
 Who can tell her destiny ?  
 But you know that the autumn of life may come,  
 And its cold, chilling winds it may bring ;  
 Then chide not the tender flower,  
 Let it live ! let it live in its spring.

“ Already her summer is passed,  
 And left a faint shade on her brow ;  
 She wore not in sunny childhood  
 The look that is on it now.  
 And many a wrinkle may come,  
 And many a stroke from earth’s rod ;  
 The only things really joyous are those  
 That are fresh from God !

“ Then pray for a young child’s spirit,  
 If obtained oh ! then hold to it fast ;  
 It will cheer you through every minute,  
 And guide you to heaven at last.”

Immediately after our heroine had perused Mrs. Elton’s friendly counsel she repaired to her chamber, in which Jessie was dressing for the proposed day of pleasure, and said kindly, “ Do not hurry yourself, my dear ; you need not make the bread before you go ; I feel almost certain that I can manage it now, and it will tire you and make you late.” Jessie opened her eyes at this condescension on the part of her instructress, but thanked her warmly,

and then added, rather nervously, fearing to offend, "But suppose you cannot knead it, whatever will you do?" "I must call Martha to my aid, I suppose," replied the governess, smiling. "Martha," cried the girl, "she will completely spoil it." "Oh! I shall be able to knead it, never fear," said our heroine, cheerfully, "You go and enjoy yourself, and forget all about me and the bread; I shall do very well."

Charmed at this change in the manner of her governess, Jessie ran at once to her mother to tell her all about it. Mrs. Benson was equally pleased, and after wishing Emily Trevor an affectionate good-bye they all set out on the trip, leaving her with her heart considerably lightened by the kindness she had just shown to her pupil. As soon as they were gone she decided to reply to Dr. Farnborough's letter; this occupied some time, then she dined, next made the room rather dark, had a rest (for the weather was intensely hot), and afterwards, when it was becoming somewhat cooler, commenced her bread-making. It was, however, not without great misgivings as to her capability that she set about the performance of her task. She had since her sojourn in the family made one or two small loaves, but the huge family bread was quite another matter, and most sincerely did she wish when she came to the kneading that her kind friend Mr. Elton were near to assist her, as she soon found considerable strength of hand was requisite, and felt that it was altogether beyond her skill. Greatly annoyed at this, and fearing that if the bread were not made it would be a source of great discomfort all through the household, she redoubled her efforts, and kneaded and kneaded, evidently making very little impression on her tough opponent, till she was so warm she felt ready to faint; when suddenly looking up from her occupation, and heaving a deep sigh, great was her asto-

nishment to perceive Mr. Stanhope standing at the door with a smile upon his face, quietly watching her proceedings. Their eyes met. What passed through each mind at that moment who shall say? Perchance Mr. Benson's laughing words were heard once more, and that was why our heroine's eyes sank lower and lower, and blush after blush rose on her cheeks. The young man walked quickly to the table, and putting her gently on one side, set to work vigorously, and in a few minutes the loaf was thoroughly kneaded, placed in the ashes, and left to bake itself in peace.

"Thank you," said the young girl gratefully, "Really Mr. Stanhope," and again her eyes sought the floor, "you seem destined to help me through almost every difficulty that I encounter." The young man took her hand; she did not withdraw it. "Would to God," he said fervently, "it were indeed my blessed lot to be ever near you, ever at hand to aid, to advise, to —." "But what would Mary Morton do?" asked the girl innocently. "Miss Morton is a child to me," said the young settler, coldly, looking somewhat offended at the remark; "and she would little heed my absence so long as Richard Eaton were near—our heroine started—in a few years they are, I believe, to be married." A deep flush rushed to the listener's face, and her eyes looked bright with joy, but the next minute she became very pale, for the young man took two or three turns up and down the room; then stood before her, and again taking her hand, said, passionately, "Emily Trevor, I love you with my whole heart, but I dare not ask you to become my wife." In an instant her hand was snatched away, the colour, which had again risen, faded from her cheeks; she became paler and paler, and then throwing herself into a chair, and burying her face in her hands, she exclaimed, bitterly, "God in Heaven!

am I always to be insulted thus? Is my dependent position ——”

Here violent sobs stopped her utterance. At last the words, “Oh, would that Dr. Farnborough were here!” burst from her lips. “Emily,” said a voice, trembling with emotion, and she looked up quickly. She almost fancied God had heard her prayer and sent him, but the face bending over her was that of Mr. Stanhope, and such a look of respectful, pitying tenderness was fixed upon her that her anger died away. “Emily,” he again repeated, sadly “You have mistaken me; gladly oh! how gladly would I pray you to become my wife, but I dare not, and therefore we must part, and for ever. I meant to have carried this secret with me to the grave. I came to see Benson to-day; I found you alone, the temptation was too strong, and it escaped me; forgive me, Emily, if you can, and oh! if you can—forget.” He walked hastily from the room as he ended. Two minutes afterwards the sound of horse’s hoofs was heard, and silence reigned. The poor governess stood for one moment listening; then she sank down on a sofa, leaned her head on the cushion, and wept as if her heart would break. After awhile she looked up, the sun shone fiercely into the room. She knew he would very soon set; she arose, walked to the fire-place, turned the bread, covered it up, went up stairs, washed her face and hands, ordered tea, and then, with a book in her hand, sat quietly awaiting the return of her friends. There was a cold hard look on her face that was very sad to see, but her manner was very calm; perchance it was the calmness of despair.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The family returned about seven o'clock. The bread was pronounced excellent. With an effort the poor girl informed them quietly that Mr. Stanhope had been to see Mr. Benson, and had kindly kneaded it for her; and happily that gentleman was too desirous to ascertain the object of the settler's visit to improve the occasion by a joke, and they were all so anxious to converse upon the engagement of Richard Eaton and Mary Morton, that no one noticed our heroine's altered look.

The next morning she received a letter from Mrs. Elton.

"We have been here a fortnight. [It was dated from Lambing Flat] Horace has been as usual singularly unsuccessful in his researches after gold, and we have been forced to part with several small articles that we brought from England, actually to procure the common necessaries of life. At last an incident has occurred which savours somewhat of romance, though we have welcomed it as a most pleasing reality. It is this:—Horace, much depressed in spirits, walked up the town one day, with the intention of trying to sell a set of chessmen, (which no doubt you remember well). He felt it was but a forlorn hope, but he showed them to a person belonging to a store. Whilst thus engaged, he perceived a gentleman steadfastly regarding him, and the minute afterwards he drew near, and said, 'I will buy those chessmen of you, sir, if you will allow me. You don't know me, but I knew you at home. Your name is Horace Elton.' My husband told me he turned quite faint as the stranger said these words, and the latter observing him turn pale motioned Horace to follow him outside. He did so, and then his new friend said 'My name is —— I was in ——'s firm,' and my husband instantly recalled him to mind. 'If I can in any way assist you I will. Come up to Stuart's Hotel to-morrow at twelve, and we will

have a chat.' Never shall I forget my poor husband's return home. We both trembled from head to foot as he related what had passed, and the protecting hand of our Heavenly Father seemed so near that our hearts throbbed with deep gratitude, and your favourite motto of 'Never Despair,' rang in our ears. Horace met Mr. —— the next morning and told him there was a large hut to be let near us, in which he thought I could conduct a school. Around was a good sized garden, which he thought he could cultivate and turn to account, as it was in full bearing, and the sale of the water melons, pumpkins, &c., which are growing in wild luxuriance all along the ground, together with the other productions, would procure us a living. Mr. —— (God bless him!) bought the hut. I have commenced school-keeping, and behold my husband—a gardener!"

Tears rolled down our heroine's cheeks as she read the first part of the letter, but when she came to the end she fairly laughed aloud, and told Mrs. Elton in her next, as Mr. Elton had now returned to man's first estate, that she really thought the curtain would drop, and that dear Mr. Elton would make a nice fortune and return to his native land.

After the receipt of this letter, two long months, without any cheering event to mark their course, passed slowly away. During that time the young Benson's pursued their studies steadily, and their mother was much pleased, but almost surprised at the intense interest with which our heroine devoted herself to their improvement. The children had become very fond of her, and Jessie told her mother that Miss Trevor was always kind now, but not nearly so cheerful as she used to be, and she never saw any one so industrious in her life. She seemed as if she were afraid to be unemployed one minute. These remarks made Mrs. Benson rather anxious, and she observed her governess more narrowly, and noticed that she had become extremely thin; and she saw, as Jessie had said, a constant desire to be occupied, which she came to the conclusion

denoted a wish to shut out thought. She determined therefore to give her a little change of scene the moment she could arrange it, and an opportunity occurred sooner than she expected. "Had Mr. Stanhope been up the country," she said to herself, "I would have asked him to have ridden with her to Annie's (her sister), and let her remain there for a week; but he is at Sydney, so that won't do. However, I must think of some plan." And so they went quietly on. Our heroine's thoughts, often dwelt upon poor Harriet's desolate position; but Mrs. Engleheart having since her return taken the poor sufferer under her care, she was perfectly satisfied and easy in her mind respecting her.

Mrs. Benson's kind intention, as I before remarked, was, however, to be carried out sooner than she expected. The young folks were one morning busily engaged at their lessons, when their mother entered with a letter in her hand, and beckoned our heroine out of the room, and when they reached the drawing she said quickly, "A man has just brought this note, my dear, from Mrs. Engleheart. In it she requests me to allow you to hasten at once to the bedside of a sick woman to whom you were very kind when with her, as the poor creature has expressed a great desire to see you as soon as possible. You had therefore better run up stairs, pop on your habit and ride in immediately, as the woman seems very ill. I am sorry to send you all alone, but I cannot well spare Jessie to-day. It is so unfortunate Mr. Stanhope being away just now." "Oh I don't mind riding alone a bit," replied the girl quickly, "but these constant interruptions must be very annoying to you, Mrs. Benson." "No, my dear, not at all; a change will do you good. I wish it were a pleasanter one, but Mrs. Engleheart will be delighted to have you, and you can remain for a week if necessary. Now then, run away

and get ready, whilst I order the mare to be brought round and see about some lunch."

A quarter of an hour after this our governess was wishing Mrs. Benson good-bye, and a couple of hours' steady riding brought her into —. She at once directed her course to the abode of the poor invalid. The landlady was at the door watching for her arrival. Her face brightened as she saw her approach. "How is she to-day?" asked the girl, anxiously. "No better, never will be in this world." "What can I do with the mare?" asked the visitor, as she dismounted. "Tie her to that post, Miss; Mr. Benson always does so when he comes to the store over there," said the woman, pointing to the opposite side of the road. The mare was accordingly securely tethered, and our heroine entered the house and hastened to the invalid, whom she found propped up with pillows and looking dreadfully ill. The visitor sat down by the bedside. Harriet put her hand out feebly, and she took it tenderly in her own. "Go away now, please, Mrs. Porson," said the sick one, gently; "You've been very good to me, may God bless you for it, but go now, please, as I've something I want to say."

The landlady left the room. Tears were in her eyes. "I want tell you my history," said the invalid, turning her head towards her friend. Here she began to cough violently. "You cannot do so," said our heroine, "pray do not attempt it." "I must," said the woman, decidedly, "and I will," and she began at once thus:—"I was born a poor country girl; my father and mother and brother lived in a humble village in England. My father was an Italian, my mother an English woman. When I was about fifteen a large ball was given at the Manor House, and I went up to help. Amongst the guests was a Mrs. Knighton; she took a fancy to me, took me up to London,



and I became under housemaid. Twelve months after I went there Mr. Reginald Knighton — (Emily Trevor started and turned pale)—came home. He had been to Paris to finish his education. One day, soon after his return, as I was going down stairs I slipped and sprained my ankle. At that moment he came bounding up the stairs, and when he perceived that I could not move he placed his arm gently round me, and almost carried me to the nursery door, whispering sweet flatteries to me as we went along. From that moment I loved that man with my whole heart!"

Our heroine rose, hastily poured out some wine which stood on the table, and her hand trembled as she held it to the sufferer's lips. A pause ensued, and then the sick one went on.— "From that moment he, too, seemed to take an interest in me, and one day he asked me what had become of my merry, clever brother, of whom he had heard young Lester Mowbray, at the Manor House, so often speak. I told him he was still at home. "Then write to him at once, and tell him I am about to visit Italy, and want a valet, and he is just the sort of chap I like." Charmed with this commission (for I knew my brother's dearest wish was to visit our father's native land) I wrote at once. He instantly came up to town, and at the end of the same month they both, in high spirits, set out for the Continent. They were away three years. Reginald returned a handsome, dashing young man, and I had grown a fine-looking young woman, and had been promoted to the rank of upper housemaid, and that, together with my young master's flatteries, I really think turned my brain; but my brother," she continued, in a mournful tone, "my gay, my light-hearted brother, what a change had come over him! He left England full of bright hopes, enjoying life, ay, rejoicing in his very existence; he returned a down-looking, sullen man,

morose in manner, careless in dress, and evidently reckless as to his future career, but with all submission as a spaniel to his master's slightest command. From the hour of their return I saw that Reginald admired me, and I, fool that I was, fancied I should one day become his wife. One night I had orders to sit up for my mistress, who was going to a ball. She went, and about twelve o'clock I had just ensconced myself in an easy chair in her bedroom, and was dozing off to sleep, when all at once a carriage stopped at the door; a thundering knock ensued. Fearing it was my mistress, I flew to the top of the stairs, and, to my surprise, saw Reginald Knighton coming up. Never before nor since have I beheld any human face so fearfully wild. I fled before it. He passed into his room, slammed to the door; then I heard his bell ring violently, and the next minute my brother came bounding up the stairs. The door opened, he entered, and then it was again slammed to, and I heard the key turned. Greatly alarmed, I walked to the door on tip-toe, and listened. At first I heard only Reginald's voice speaking in its most pleasing tones; then my brother's short, rough answers; but I could not distinguish the words. Next came high words, then my poor brother's voice begging, entreating, in tones of agony, that his master would desist from urging him more, and I heard Reginald Knighton reply in a tone of bitter irony that made my blood boil in my veins; and then came the deep-drawn sob of a broken-hearted man. I knew it was Pietro's voice, and I could bear no more, and was about to shake the door, when I heard, to my dismay, Mrs. Knighton calling to me from the foot of the stairs, and reproving me for not having heard her come in, and for being (as she thought) asleep. The next day I found that my brother was gone away, and Reginald was also out. When the latter returned home I asked the cause. He told me they

had both got into rather an awkward scrape, and poor Pietro had fancied he would be dismissed. "But he is *your* brother, dear girl," he added, "and therefore that could not be. I have sent him abroad for awhile, so there is no cause for those pretty eyes to weep." His blandishments soothed me, and I asked no more. Just about that time a degree of gloom, for which I could not account, fell over our household, and the words, "Poor Dr. Farnborough!" often met my ears as I performed my various duties in the rooms occupied by the family; but, much too selfish to think long of others, and with my head full of silly thoughts, I took little heed of what passed around me; but, oh, God!" said the invalid, looking upwards, "bitterly has my sinfulness been repaid. Miss Trevor," she continued, faintly, "I will not distress you by dwelling on this part of my wicked career. Suffice it to say that, three months after you left, I also quitted Mrs. Knighton's roof one evening, and I did so with Reginald Knighton."

The sick woman paused, and drew a long deep breath, then sank back much exhausted. Very stern had Emily Trevor's face become as Harriet proceeded, for she suspected the sequel; but now that her suspicions were confirmed her lip curled so contemptuously that the invalid shrank before it. In an instant the woman knew what the woman felt. "Not you, not you," she cried, eagerly. "I pity you from my heart, but for HIM," and her eyes flashed fire. Then hastily rising, she poured out some more wine, and made the sufferer drink, saying, as she did so, "Do not tell me any more to-day; it is too much for your feeble frame." "I must, I must," cried the poor creature, eagerly, "My time is short;" and she went on rapidly. "Over the picture of my existence, after I left Mrs. Knighton's, I will draw a veil, and merely tell you that the libertine soon wearied of his toy, and my life became wretched and de-

graded in the extreme. At last one day, as I sat alone, totally neglected and uncared-for, hating the present and dreading the future, a note was brought to me by the person where I lodged. It contained a hasty, almost unintelligible scrawl. It was from my brother; he was in London, he said, and dying, and begged me to come to him at once. When I arrived he was speechless, but he gave me a paper, and then he seemed happy, and I stayed with him till he died. Another pause ensued, then she went on. "I had led the life of a lady too long to return to service. I made Reginald Knighton give me a sum of money, for I held his life in my hand. Yes," she continued, triumphantly, "the paper my brother gave me made him my slave! I sailed for Australia. I had heard that learning was at a low ebb there, and I thought the life of a governess was easy and required but little skill. I made three grave mistakes. A lady's-maid (a friend of mine) wrote me a reference, and I came out here."

The invalid's voice now became so faint that it was difficult to catch the words, but she went on, saying, "The paper is safe in—that—desk; read it—when I—am gone—and set—the—guiltless—FREE." As she ended, the bedroom door opened, and to our heroine's utter astonishment, Mr. Stanhope walked quietly in. As he did so a scream of terror burst from the dying one's lips, and the words "GEORGE FARNBOROUGH!" rang through the room. Then with almost a supernatural effort she threw herself forward, clasping her hands, and exclaiming, "Forgive!" and the young man uttered in a solemn tone, "I *do*, as I hope to be forgiven." The weak hands fell down, the emaciated form sank back, the sharp, quick breathing ceased, and—all was over; and the next minute Emily Trevor lay insensible in her lover's arms. He called to the landlady. She was with him at once. "Carry her

into my parlour, poor dear," she said, kindly. He did so, and laid her on a couch, whilst Mrs. Porson fetched some water. Then calling in a neighbour, they together performed the last duties to the dead we all in turn shall need.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Our heroine revived after awhile, and her lover assisted her to rise. She sat up, and putting her hand to her forehead, said dreamily, "I cannot understand it at all; it's too much for my weak brain; tell me, oh! tell me why your presence caused such terror, and if I heard aright when the words George Farnborough fell on my ear?"

"I will tell you all," replied the young man, soothingly. He seated himself by her side as he spoke. "My name is George Farnborough," he began, "and I am the son of Dr. Farnborough, your friend of whom you so often speak." "I never knew he had a son," replied the listener with an expression of great astonishment on her face. "I suppose so," replied the settler bitterly, and he heaved a deep-drawn sigh. "You will soon know why. For reasons you will learn too soon," he went on, "I adopted the name of Stanhope; it was my mother's maiden name. At the age of seventeen I entered the firm of Letzen, De Laine & Co., in London. Reginald Knighton"—Emily Trevor started, and the thought, "Is his name always to meet my ear?" flashed through her mind—Her lover continued "Reginald Knighton was junior partner, but his name did not appear. It was through the kindness of Mr. Knighton I had obtained the situation. Reginald and I had been school-fellows. He was some years older than myself, but from the hour I first entered the office he paid me marked attention, and seemed most desirous to cement the friendship that had already commenced. Flattered by this attention, won by his fascinating manners, I reciprocated

his advances with all the ardour of a young pure heart. Perceiving this, he invited me to join him in his amusements. I consented, and soon found myself plunged into a vortex of pleasure, which at times filled me with uneasy thoughts. At last one night we had been to the theatre together, and were returning towards home, when to my surprise Reginald suddenly turned into a house we were passing, and bade me follow. I did so reluctantly, for I was not feeling well. I soon, however, found myself in a large room; a long table—but I will not describe to one like you the scene that met my view. For the first time in my life I found myself in a gambling-house, a place that I knew my father abhorred. Reginald Knighton played for some time, and for very high sums; at last he rose suddenly, his face was radiant with joy, for he had won. He then urged me to stake a small sum, and as he added gaily, try my luck, and carried away by the excitement of the game I was about to comply, when some one passed behind me; I turned, and I saw the face of the man who had lost. Never, Emily Trevor, shall I forget that sight, and even as I stood gazing on him, he fell at my feet in a fit. The attendants carried him quickly from the room, and terrified and ashamed, I fled from the house, and paused not till I reached my home. You know my mother, Emily?—His voice trembled with emotion now—You know that women like her are a safeguard and a shield to a young man's path through life. I told her all, and to her I made a vow that henceforth my enjoyments should emanate from my father's roof. Pleased with this mark of confidence in her, she spared no pains to render my home attractive; and thus, rejoicing in the blessing of a true, good mother, a father whom I deeply revered and loved, and a little sister upon whom I doated, a year passed peacefully away. A change, however, had during

that time taken place in Reginald Knighton. He had been to Italy, but before and after his return he had heaped upon me petty affronts, of too trifling a nature for me seriously to resent, but sufficient to render my life at the office wretched in the extreme. I was just nineteen when, to celebrate the event, my mother gave a dance. We kept it up late. Mrs. Knighton was one of the guests, and I was not at the office quite so early as usual. The next day during the morning Reginald (who shared a private office with me) gave me a cheque to get changed. I went out to get luncheon, and on my way back called at the bankers and received the money, and hastened back to work; and as soon as I again entered the office I took the money from the breast-pocket of my coat, unlocked my desk, placed the packet within, relocked it, even shook the desk to make sure that all was secure, placed the key again in my pocket, then entered an inner room to wash my face and hands. I was absent about five minutes. As I re-entered the office, the person for whom the cheque had been cashed, and to whom I was to pay the money, came in. I stood talking with him a few minutes, and then leisurely opened my desk, and the money was gone. Utterly astounded, I turned and looked at the man, for I could not speak. He guessed what had happened, and said cheerily, "Have another look, sir, perhaps its got to the back." I did as he advised, but it was not there. At that moment Reginald Knighton walked in. 'Hallo,' he said sharply, looking first at my pale face (for I felt very sick) then at the man, 'what's the matter?' The stranger told him, for I could not. 'Pooh!' he answered, mockingly, 'its all right, I dare say. You had a dance at your house last night, I believe, but not having been honoured by an invitation I may be wrong, you kept it up late; perhaps your faculties are more confused than



usual this morning; are you sure you cashed the cheque at all? Perhaps you dreamed you had done so.' Disgusted with his levity, I made him no answer, and he continued, 'I will just run and see.' He fixed his eyes on the man as he added in a significant tone, 'and you stay here.' I knew well what this meant. He left the office, and the moment he was gone I rang the bell sharply. The lad who attended on us appeared. 'Is Mr. Letzen in his office?' I inquired. 'Yes, sir,' replied the boy. 'Follow me,' I said, turning to the man, and I walked to an opposite door. Taken by surprise, he did as I desired, and I led him to Mr. Letzen's private door. I knocked at the door and walked in. Mr. Letzen was busily engaged writing, and he looked up in astonishment when he saw me. Without apology, without prelude, I told him all. He rose from his desk, and his face was very grave. As he did so, Reginald Knighton entered his room. He started when he saw me, and the colour left his cheeks. 'Mr. Knighton, let every part of this house be instantly searched,' said our employer, 'and inquire of the police, and in the immediate neighbourhood whether any suspicious character or indeed any one,' he added, 'has been seen to leave this office within this last hour.' Reginald immediately retired. 'Sit down, Mr. Farnborough,' he said to me kindly; 'do not distress yourself; doubtless it will be all right.' He also motioned to the stranger to take a chair. In about half an hour Reginald returned with the tidings that no one had been seen. Mr. Letzen had continued his writing after he had returned, but I observed that his hand shook, and his thoughts were not in his task. Now he arose again, and this time his face was stern, but his voice was sad, as he said slowly, 'Mr. Farnborough, you have had a sum of money in your possession; that money has disappeared,

and for this you are utterly unable to account; we can, therefore, draw but one inference, and with deep pain, sir, very deep pain,' and the good man's voice shook with emotion, 'I must send for your noble father.'

The young man rose here and walked to the window, and Emily Trevor saw that he trembled from head to foot. She would have gone to his side, but womanly feeling held her back, but large tears rolled down her cheeks. He soon became more composed, and re-seating himself, went on rapidly—"My father came; at first his indignation knew no bounds, but after awhile as conjecture after conjecture failed, an expression of doubt stole over his face, and his features worked so convulsively that Mr. Letzen, fearing he would have a fit, led him from the room. The others followed, and I heard the last one who went lock the door behind him. For a minute or two I stood alone perfectly bewildered; gradually I became more collected, and my resolve was taken. There was in that room a fireplace, but it had no grate in it, and the aperture was at all times so filled up with empty cases and lumber of various kinds that its very existence was scarcely remembered. In an instant I had dragged out the old chest, I placed my foot on another, and young, active and strong, in three minutes I was up the chimney and standing at the top. Fortunately for me the chimney-pot had long since blown off. I was of course begrimed from head to foot, but little I reeked of that. It was now quite dusk. A parapet extended across the roof; I crept along the side of it, a scaffolding propped up the neighbouring house, but a long rotten plank alone connected the dwellings. Without an instant's hesitation I stepped upon it; the board creaked, groaned, bent, trembled as I proceeded. One glance below me was sufficient. I increased my speed to a run. The roof of the next house was lower than our's,

and I came upon it with so sudden a jerk, that I nearly lost my balance. Recovering myself, however, in a moment, I ran across the roof, and looked over the other side. To my joy I perceived a water-spout, and quickly slid down it, and alighted in an alley in one of the lowest purlieus of London, the opposite end of which I knew led to the water-side; and as if in every way my escape was to be favoured, facing me I observed an old clothes shop. I entered; a man was behind a counter; he just glanced at my sooty clothes, but his face expressed no surprise. 'I will buy those,' I said, pointing to a sailor's suit, 'and that,' I added, as I caught sight of a sailor's hat; 'can I put them on?' He pointed to an inner room; I entered, changed my clothes, left them on the floor, threw some money on the counter as I passed out, and walked quickly to the water-side. A large ship lay close to the wharf; I crossed the plank, and went on board. I could with difficulty distinguish my way. As I crossed the deck, I perceived by the glimmer of a light which was hung just over their heads, two men lying fast asleep. Probably they had been drinking. I passed them on tip-toe, reached down the light, went down below, and opened first one cabin then another, but no one was to be seen. I then went forward and came to the coal cellar; I crept back softly, hung up the lamp, and groped my way back to my dark abode, and hid myself behind some coals. Presently I heard many footsteps; then lumbering noises met my ear, and this continued till late at night, then all was still. This continued for some hours, then the cellar door was opened; suddenly a stream of light appeared and a man came in. In an instant I sprang upon him and placed my hand over his mouth, saying firmly, 'Don't call out, I won't hurt you; I am not a thief, nor have I done any one any wrong; all I ask is let me lie hidden here till the ship sails.' I placed a £5 note in

his hand as I spoke, and set him free. He stood irresolute for a minute; then 'What will you do when the ship sails?' he inquired. 'Work my passage out.' 'To where?' was the next question. 'Wherever the ship goes to,' I replied. 'Don't you care?' he asked next. 'No,' I answered. 'Umph!' I heard him mutter to himself, 'the right stuff for a sailor. Well, I never deserts nobody in distress,' said the honest fellow, so here take back your note,' he added an oath, 'and when we gets to Sydney you shall stand me some bacca instead.' 'God bless you,' I exclaimed, fervently; and then for the first time my spirits gave way. With instinctive delicacy my companion turned away, saying as he did so, 'Yes we're bound for Australia; we've got a fair wind, and shall soon set sail.' Then suddenly placing himself before me, and looking me full in the face, 'Now, can you swear before God that you ain't stole nothin' nor done nothin' worse?' 'By the God who made me,' I replied, standing erect and boldly returning his look, 'I swear that I have not stolen anything, nor have I done worse, nor have I in any way injured either woman or man.' 'I don't believe you have,' said the honest fellow, 'or you couldn't look at me like that. Well, keep close hid,' he added, 'and I will bring you some breakfast presently. You've fallen on your feet in one way at any rate,' he went on with a grim smile, 'for I'm the cook.' He soon re-appeared, and I made a hearty meal, and thus I continued to live for some days. During that time I had, as you may suppose, many misgivings. I sometimes feared any unusual noise on deck related to me, and that my place of concealment would suddenly be opened, and that I should see Mr. Letzen, perhaps my father, perhaps Reginald Knighton, perhaps a policeman standing at the door. I even imagined I sometimes heard their voices as they came on board. At length my fears passed away,

for my friend announced to me that we were out at sea, and I could come out now as soon as I liked. I availed myself of this offer at once. He led me to the captain, saying in a brief nautical fashion, as he touched his hat, 'Man found in coal cellar, sir, hid amongst the coals.' The captain looked at me and said, 'Why have you concealed yourself in that way, sir?' I assumed a rough sailor-like manner, and touching my hat, answered, 'Beg your pardon cap'n, but I want to work my passage out.' 'Do you think lying hid in a coal-hole, and making yourself look like the Devil himself is the way to get your wish? I suppose you've been feeding on coals too, since we left the dock?' He looked at Ben as he spoke. I took no notice of this last remark, but ventured to answer, for I felt my appearance must have been very ludicrous, and I saw the captain could scarcely keep from smiling, 'Sartainly not, cap'n, though I have heard tell as sailors is thought nothing of unless they has a spice of the —.' 'There, that will do; for heaven's sake go and wash yourself,' said the captain, 'and then go forward and get to work.' Delighted at escaping so easily, I touched my hat, and with my friend, Ben Moody, went for'ard as I was desired. He lent me some clothes, and I was at once set to work. I was very awkward at first, of course, but I soon improved, and by the end of the voyage I made a very fair sailor, and Ben and myself were bosom friends. That man is at this moment foreman on my run, and devoted to me heart and soul. When we reached Sydney, by his advice, we came up the country together. I bought a few sheep, for, happily, I had received a half-year's salary just before my misfortune happened, and I stocked a run. I called myself 'Stanhope,' and we commenced work. I bless God that He has crowned our efforts with success. I am now the richest settler for many miles around."

He uttered the words exultingly; then changing his tone he added sadly, "But what care I for wealth, Emily, dear Emily, now? Why, I dare not ask you to be my wife! What, if yielding to our mutual affection, we did marry? What would you say if busy tongues should whisper in your ear, "No doubt I had been sent out?" He rose as he spoke and stood before her. "I would tell them," said the girl, springing to his side—"I would tell them they uttered a lie!" Her eyes flashed fire as she spoke. Her lover clasped her to his heart, and gazed on her fondly. "George," she whispered softly, "did you write to your father after you came out?" "No," replied the young man sternly; "he, even he, dared to doubt my truth. I saw it in his face, and never till I can send him proofs of my innocence will I address him more." The girl drew back. "But your mother, your sister," she said persuasively, "she has not forgotten you, I know." "Urge me no more, Emily, urge me no more," said the young man sadly, "*I am become an alien in my father's house, a stranger to my mother's child; I am as a thing forgotten clean out of mind,*" he added, in the beautiful language of the Psalmist.

The girl sank on her knees before him, and raising her eyes to his, while blush after blush dyed her cheeks, "Write to your father, George, to-day," she said, imploringly (and her eyes sought the floor as she spoke), "tomorrow I will become your wife." The settler's features quivered with emotion, and he seemed about to give way, but a deep sigh followed; and then he said even yet more sadly than before, "Emily, you have a noble mind, but it cannot be; never will I take a wife to my heart, till I can stand before her as a man she can fully respect; never will I write to my father till, with the proof in his hand, he can stand before the world and say, 'my son is an honest

man!" He held out his hand as he ended, saying, "Rise, dearest, rise; such an attitude is not for you." The girl in an instant sprang to her feet and threw away his hand. All the anger of rejected love shone in her eyes. She turned away and walked towards the door; suddenly she paused and putting her hand to her head exclaimed, "Fool that I have been! I had quite forgotten it." She turned hastily and said to her lover, "Follow me." He instantly complied. She led him to the chamber of death. They stood at the foot of the bed, and anger, pride and grief were all subdued by awe. Tranquilised, and feeling how little they were in that dread presence, they looked upon each other and felt ashamed.

Our heroine walked quietly to a table on which a desk stood; she opened it and drew forth a paper, glanced hastily over it, and then, looking towards the bed as she handed it to her lover, she said solemnly, "In the presence of God and of Death I set the guiltless FREE!" The young man held the paper one minute in his hand, and gazed upon it vacantly; then gradually the following words met his sight, "I, Pietro Cellini, stole the money that was lost by the firm of Letzen, De Laine & Co., on the 26th of March, 18—. I did it by the dread command of Signor Reginald Knighton. Full particulars, with proofs, will be found inside this packet."

A deep-drawn sigh burst from the settler's breast, and totally overcome he burst into tears; then he opened his arms, our heroine sprung to his heart, and the words "Emily, will you be my wife?" fell like soft music on her ear. She raised her eyes to his, and with all the innocence of honest, trusting faith she calmly answered, "Yes." One look at the departed, and then with feelings of deep solemnity they left the room.

## CHAPTER XX.

They re-entered the parlour, and George Farnborough read the paper aloud. The words it contained were these:—

“When I (Pietro Cellini) was in Italy with my master the Signor Reginald Knighton, I, like himself, indulged in much dissipation, and incurred considerable debts, one of which was so large I could not raise the means to pay. My master had just received a remittance from home. In an evil hour *I stole that money*. My master discovered the theft; he did not prosecute me, but from that time I became his slave, and cruelly he revenged my crime. At last, one night to my horror he commanded me to steal again. Oh God, what anguish was mine! But I dared not to disobey, for he held me in his chains. Mr. George Farnborough was then clerk in the firm of Letzen, De Laine & Co., and he would on the — th have in his possession, my master said, a sum of money drawn from the Bank of Glynn & Co. My orders were to watch him closely, to secure the gold, and, soon as opportunity would allow, bring it to my master, the Signor Reginald Knighton. I consented to do this bad deed. To effect my crime I concealed myself in an old closet, which was in Mr. Reginald’s office; it was never by any chance opened, and had it been so the large quantity of lumber stowed away in it would have hid me completely from view. Mr. Farnborough entered the office, placed the money in his desk, locked it securely, and left the room. Swift of foot, silent in tread, noiseless in touch (for Italian blood flows in my veins) I slid into the office, produced a false key, opened the desk, took the money, re-locked the desk, and re-entered my dark abode. Then I passed through the back of the closet, for I had removed a panel, replaced it, entered a passage, and walked straight to my master’s bed-room, which he rented, as it oftentimes saved him the trouble of going home to dress. The Signor Reginald Knighton awaited me, and received the money without a word. He motioned to a washhand-stand and left the room. I washed my face



and hands and changed my clothes. Then I went on as usual with my duties. Once my master opened the door. I was at that moment brushing his clothes. He was accompanied by a man. My heart gave a leap. Could he have betrayed me? But no; they looked all about the room, searched in the closets, and at last the man said, 'at any rate he is not here.' My hand trembled as I went on with my brushing, for I knew they were searching for the thief. They then retired. After awhile my master came back. It was then becoming dusk. 'Now come,' he said shortly. I caught up a bundle I had packed in readiness, and followed him like a spaniel. Together we went to the railway, together we travelled to Liverpool, together we went on board a ship; then we parted. We had not spoken one word, and then alone I sailed that night for America. I have been there ever since, and now I am come home to die."

A solemn silence prevailed for some minutes after our lovers had read the foregoing words. At last our heroine said, "How wonderful are the ways of God, and to think that both our lots in life should have been so interwoven even before we met. You will of course write to your father now?" "Yes, I will write to-morrow," said the young man decidedly "though I shrink from one part of my task, Emily. The ties of boyhood are closely knitted and 'tis hard to snap the links. But enough of this. Now tell me, love, for I have a right to know, who was it that had dared to insult you once, and thus you were led to doubt me. Blush not, my own one, leave shame to him. What was his name?" "Reginald Knighton," was the scarcely audible reply. Her lover started from his seat; no angry words escaped him, but so deep a shade fell over his face, and so stern was his look, that the girl felt afraid of him. To her surprise he made no comment, but said quickly, "Shall we call Mrs. —?" "Yes," said our heroine, "she will think us very odd people to occupy her room so long; but tell me first how was it you came in here at all?" "Mrs. — stopped me," he replied, "as I was passing, and

asked me if I were a doctor. I answered no, but perhaps I might be of use in some other way if any one were ill; so she asked me to walk in, and now I may tell you that I did so partly in hopes of seeing you, as I knew Mr. Benson's mare at once." Our heroine coloured, "Ah! poor thing," she exclaimed, "it has been tied to that post all this time; how cruel of me—I quite forgot it." "And no wonder," said her lover, soothingly, "but set your mind at rest; when I heard how matters stood I took the liberty of sending her ladyship to Mrs. ——'s." "Oh! thank you," said the girl gratefully; "Mr. Benson is so very particular about his horses."

"Well, now I'll call Mrs. ——," he said. He did so. The good woman soon made her appearance. They apologized to her for having taken possession of her room, and explained that they had discovered that they were old friends, and had had a long chat. She was very pleased, and told them she was only too glad to have had their assistance. It was then arranged that poor Harriet should be buried in two days from that time, and our heroine and her lover promised to attend the funeral, which was to be conducted in as quiet a manner as possible. They then left. Mr. Farnborough, as we must henceforth call him, saw our heroine safely to her friend's, to whom she explained all that had happened, and then he rode over to —— and told Mrs. Benson all. Great was that lady's astonishment, and she expressed great commiseration for poor Miss Fontaine, as they still continued to call the late governess. The funeral took place as proposed. When it was over, our heroine looked through the deceased one's clothes, and they were all packed up and forwarded to her parents in England. She then hastened to her kind friend Mrs. ——'s, had luncheon, and, escorted by her lover, she returned home.

Mrs. Benson met her at the door, and in a kind, motherly way kissed her affectionately, congratulated her, welcomed her back ; and Jessie threw her arms round her neck and whispered saucily, " I suppose I may laugh now, mayn't I Miss Trevor." A playful box of the ears was the reply, and then they all sat down and had a long chat

## CHAPTER XXI.

The next morning George Farnborough wrote to his father. The contents of that letter, with the exception of one extract, must of course be held sacred. It ran thus:—

“I was little more than a boy, when I made my escape. On the dreadful day that I did so, I then, and for two or three years afterwards, attributed it entirely to my own fleetness and skill. I am a man now, and experience of life has taught me better; and now I know that to Mr. Letzen’s kindness and forbearance alone I owed my safety. My flight of course condemned me at once, and caused my enemy to triumph. “*Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee.*”

Our heroine wrote to her friends the Eltons, and soon received this reply:—

“Our surprise and joy are indeed great, and we feel almost unable to recognize in the handsome settler the son of our old friend dear Dr. Farnborough. Well do we remember the sad event of which you wrote. The astonishment and dismay that spread itself through our circle of friends was terrible. Well might that unfortunate woman say she heard the words ‘Poor Dr. Farnborough’ often repeated, for we all thought he would have become deranged, and his dear wife’s sufferings were beyond description. Oh! George was much to blame; he should, indeed he should have written, but the poor boy, thinking himself so cruelly misjudged, young, honourable, and very proud, who shall say how deeply he has suffered; and then to think that after all, you, the child of John Trevor, should meet him here in a foreign land, and you two should become attached to each other. Truly God’s eye is in every place, and He has indeed said to us all very distinctly, ‘*This is the way walk ye in it;*’ and it is well if we have to the best of our ability followed His guiding hand. For

ourselves, Horace is a very diligent gardener, and you would smile to see him selling water melons and cutting parsley, which is very dear here, and is in great request at the various restaurants. The former are just now peculiarly acceptable to the poor diggers, for colonial fever has made its appearance, and the intense thirst it causes, together with the heat of the atmosphere, renders it most trying. It is sad to see young men who a short time since were hearty and well, now come feebly into the garden, looking almost too faint to walk. Horace, in his kind hearted way, often throws a number of water-melons to the diggers as they are toiling in the sun. I was amused last Sunday evening. He had retired to rest about nine o'clock; I was sitting up reading, when a knock came at the door of our hut. I opened it, and a young man of about two-and-twenty, and a girl of seventeen stood before me. 'We want a water-melon, if you please,' said the gentleman.' 'I'm afraid you cannot have one, I replied, for Mr. Elton has gone to bed.' They smiled, but looked so much disappointed that I felt quite sorry; when just as they were turning away Horace called out, 'What is it—what do they want?' I went to him and told him what they required, and added, 'I think they are lovers, and the young man wants to treat his sweetheart to a water-melon.' 'Oh! well, it's a pity they should be disappointed,' he replied tenderly; 'I'll get up and get them one,' and, positively he partially dressed himself and went round the garden with them, and gave them what they wanted."

In Emily Trevor's next she remarked, that she highly approved of the way in which her late "master" had acted, and she decidedly pronounced him—A Model Gardener.

Nothing now remained for the lovers to do but to pursue their duties diligently for about six months, when they felt sure they would hear from England. They then agreed to become man and wife, and immediately set sail for their native land not, however, with the view of remaining there, as George Farnborough was devoted to his rural employments, and our heroine was well satisfied to become a settler's wife.

When this arrangement was repeated in a whisper to

Mr. Benson one evening by Jessie, as he, Mrs. Benson, our heroine, and George Farnborough were all seated together, to that young lady's annoyance he replied out aloud, "Willing to become a settler's wife! Of course she is; I said so from the first, didn't I, my dear?" he added, turning to our governess, "when you wanted so to learn how to bake bread," Our heroine laughed and coloured, and to avoid Mr. Benson's joking she further said, "I wonder, George, whether your mother will think you much altered. Whom used they to consider you most like, your father or mother?" "My father," replied the settler, and he coloured deeply. "What do you think?" "Your eyes," she replied, "are most like your father's, and now you have learned to laugh they are still more so, and your voice has the very same tone. Now that puzzled me," she exclaimed "the first day we met. But now I remember that nurse told me when I was in the hospital he used to sit by and soothe me when I was delirious, and I always obeyed his voice." "Bravo, that's capital," cried Mr. Benson; "I say, Farnborough, she don't mean to leave out 'obey' at the altar; so I can see you're all right." "Scarcely, I think," said the young man, nervously, "unless I disclose one concealment of which I now feel thoroughly ashamed."

As he spoke he took off a false moustache to which a small quantity of hair was attached on either side, so as to hide the lower part of the face, his mouth being the feature in which the greater part of the expression of his countenance lay. This made a striking change, and to the great amusement of all, our heroine sprang forward involuntarily and gave him a kiss; then drawing back quickly, and confused by the laughter which ensued, she said apologetically, bursting into tears as she spoke, "Don't think me bold, pray don't; but he is so like

his father." "Ha! ha! ha!" burst from the incorrigible Mr. Benson's lips; "well, that's a capital joke; she gives him a kiss for his father's sake. That's very good. Ha! ha! ha! I wonder who I was like, my dear," he said, turning to his wife, "when you gave me one?" "Like a very silly man as you are now," she replied good naturedly; "but do not mind him, my dear," she added, turning to our governess, "you know very well that Mr. Benson must have his joke."

"But who's this coming," she added, as the sound of horse's feet met her ears, and in an instant Jessie sprang through the window, which was near the ground, and they then heard the horse stop, and the following dialogue take place:—"Is Mr. Stanhope here, Miss?" said a boyish voice. "No sir," replied the girl, demurely (emphasizing the sir with all her might), he is not. "I was told he was, Miss, said the lad (also laying great stress on the word Miss, as he caught the infection of her lively mood). "Then, sir, you were told wrong," was the next reply, and the party in doors were much amused, and Mr. Benson's eyes danced approval, and he had much ado to keep himself from laughing aloud. "I scarcely know, Miss, then, what I had better do," said the lad, musingly. "That's very likely, sir, replied the girl, "I should think you seldom did." "Well I'm sure, Miss, said the boy, laughingly (and the pony, as if impatient of the answer, moved forward a few steps and stopped before the window), "you really are very cool." Then I must be a pleasant companion, sir, such a hot day as this," was the reply. "That you are, Miss," the lad began; then suddenly stopped, and turning to the window saw to his confusion that they were being watched. Colouring to the temples he would have turned his horse's head and ridden away, but something caused him to bend down and gaze

eagerly inside. The next minute he dismounted quickly, and rushing through the open window, threw his arms round our lover's neck exclaiming, "Dear Doctor Farnborough, who would have thought to see you here?"

A merry peel of laughter burst from Jessie, who exclaimed, "What a blundering boy it is," which caused him to draw back and turn his head. As he did so, George Farnborough replaced his moustache; the lad again turned, and, to the delight of them all, he sprang backward as if he were shot, exclaiming, "Why it's Mr. Stanhope, after all! I'm very sorry, sir, I'm sure." His eye then lighting on Emily Trevor, "I can't make it out at all," he cried wildly, "is that Miss Trevor, or is it not?" "Yes, Arthur, dear," said our heroine kindly, "it is. Do not look so pale; and this gentleman, whom you have hitherto known as Mr. Stanhope, is in reality Dr. Farnborough's son." George Farnborough again took off his moustache and shook the boy warmly by the hand, saying, "The son of Mr. Elton must ever look on me as a friend; what did you come for, my lad?" "Mr. Moody sent me, sir," replied the boy. "He wants to know whether he should sell those bullocks to farmer —— that you bought yesterday." "Tell him yes, certainly; Moody will see his orders carried out." "How was it," inquired Emily Trevor, "that you and Arthur did not find each other out ere this?" "He is not at my station near here, and I seldom visit my other, and he chanced to be away when I was there last. Moody always calls him 'the lad,' and I never asked his name." "I think I must be going now," said Arthur, after partaking of some lunch. Our heroine followed him outside, and a short private chat took place, the subject we must leave to the imagination of our readers; it was ended with a sounding kiss, and the lad rode quickly away; but a minute after the sound of the horse's steps ceased. Mr.



Benson looked round the room and burst out laughing. "She's not here," he cried, joyously, "of course she's not, she's gone to tease that boy;" and, as if to confirm his words, they heard the boy say, "Good-bye, Miss, I know you're sorry I'm going." "Not I," was the reply; "mind you don't face off, and look well along the road as you go, perhaps you'll find your wits." "I've got enough left at any rate not to forget you," said the boy gently," and for once Jessie made no answer. "Good-bye," said the boy kindly, holding out his hand. "Good-bye," replied the girl gravely, placing her hand in his; and then she walked quietly away.

Ten years from that day those two became man and wife.

George Farnborough now became a frequent visitor at Mr. Benson's, and soon became a general favorite; for now that his mind was more at rest his spirits rose, and, as Jessie elegantly expressed it—instead of looking the picture of woe, he was so jolly and full of fun she was quite glad when he came. Arthur Elton too, often rode over, and he and Jessie sparred at each other so constantly, that occasionally Mrs. Benson and our heroine endeavoured to check it, but the determined opposition of Mr. Benson counteracted them completely, as he declared it was only their way of being friendly. They were after a while left to follow their own course.

Thus time sped quietly away; our heroine's engagement was no longer a nine days wonder, and their courtship had become a thing of course; when one day, as she was seated in the garden, her lover entered with a letter in his hand. "It's from Mrs. Elton," she said, joyfully, as she received it; and breaking the seal, she began to read it aloud. It ran thus:—

\* \* \* "You will really think, dear Emily, Horace and I are remarkably stupid people, for we do not seem as if we could get on in this colony beyond a certain point.

Our heroine looked at her lover, as if asking his opinion on this remark. "I should wonder if they could," he answered quietly, and her countenance brightened as she read on.

"Our gardening was undoubtedly the best speck that we have made, and already from its produce we have paid off our debt to Mr. ——, but lately gold has been discovered all round us, and even in several parts of the garden itself, and we cannot keep the diggers out. Horace has been to the Commissioner, but there seems little or no redress. He cannot turn to gold-digging or he would, as the sinking is so deep that it requires a large party of certainly not less than eight men to work a claim; these arrangements are difficult to form, and young strong working men are of course preferred. My school has almost vanished, a rush to the Locklar having deprived me of nearly all my pupils. The constant wet weather renders the place damp and aguish, and the deprivations we have to endure, from want of money, are telling on my health very much. [Here our heroine's eyes filled with tears, and she could scarcely proceed, but she continued to read on.] Colonial fever has been raging around us, and in most of the tents one poor creature is lying dead. It depresses us beyond description."

The letter was laid down, and the reader, leaning her head on her lover's shoulder, wept bitterly. At last she said, raising her head, "What can be done for them, George, and what if they should catch the fever? and—" she could add no more. "Hush, my love, hush," said her lover soothingly, "we must strike out some plan." "Do you think," said the girl hesitatingly, "you could find Mr. Elton employment on your station?" The settler shook his head. "It would be quite out of his line, my dear," he replied, "or most willingly would I do so. No, Emily, the only plan is this—to get them home to England; that

is Horace Elton's right place." "Will you try to do that, dear George," cried the girl, joyfully. "I will," was the joyful reply; "and if they can only hold on till we get home, I have little doubt it can be done. Meanwhile we must help them a little till the winter, which is nearly at an end, you know, is over; and then if the diggers leave him any garden, Horace Elton will have his water-melons to sell," he said with a smile, "till we can get him home."

The next day a registered letter, containing many apologies for their kind deed, was despatched to the Elton's, and by them joyfully and gratefully received. Some time after this the English Mail arrived, and George Farnborough had the happiness of receiving a full and free pardon from his father, and many loving messages from the mother and sister of whom he was so fond. Urgent too were the entreaties that he and our heroine would get married at once, and come home as quick as ever they could. One passage especially charmed our lovers it was this;—

\* \* \* "Had you, my son, searched over all the world, never would you have found a daughter-in-law more acceptable to me than Emily Trevor. Both for her own and her father's sake, get married, then, my boy, at once. I am longing to clasp you both to my heart."

Good and excellent children that they were, they obeyed his wishes at once, and were married by Mr. ——— at ——— Church. Many little festivities in the way of parties, pic-nics, etc., then took place, intermixed with preparations for the voyage. It was arranged that Jessie, who, in spite of her merry temperament, was very steady, attentive to her lessons, and domesticated, should continue the studies of her younger sisters till Mrs. Farnborough returned, when she hoped to bring with her the friend (to

whom our readers will perhaps remember she wrote when at Mrs. Knighton's) to take her place.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Reader, my tale is almost done. The bride and bridegroom reached England safely after a very rough voyage. They landed at Gravesend, and proceeded to an hotel, as they had decided that it would be well for George Farnborough to meet his family quite alone, and then return and fetch his wife. Accordingly, seeing her comfortably settled, he left her and hastened to town. As soon as he was gone, our heroine dispatched the following letter to Mrs. Elton :—

“ Royal Hotel, Gravesend.

“ My Dear Friend,

“ Thank God! we have at last reached dear Old England safe and sound. George has just gone by the railroad to town to meet his parents. Poor fellow! he was fearfully nervous and agitated when he left, but it will soon be over, and all will be well. To-morrow he returns for me. I am very tired now, and shall go to bed, and shall finish this the first moment I can find time. \*            \*            \*            \*

“ An interval of two or three days has elapsed since I began this letter. We are now happily domesticated and domiciled in the house of my dear father-in-law. How tenderly I was received by him, and the joy dear George's presence gives is beyond description. Of course our return will furnish conversation amongst our circle of friends for some time to come, but hitherto our being expected home has been kept a profound secret by his family. I have little news to tell you. Our friends seem much the same as when we left England. The Knightons still live in — Square. Caroline, they say, to Aunt Eleanor's chagrin, is growing up as frivolous as her mother. George is, I hear, walking in his father's footsteps, and bids fair to turn out well. The rest are what might be expected from the training they have received. Nurse continues to quietly rule and govern her mistress; and it is whispered that poor Mrs. Knighton is heartily sick of being ruled; but the thraldom of years is not easily broken through, so she will probably quietly submit, till either a pension or death breaks the chain. Reginald

Knighton is at home ; he has been travelling on the Continent for the last two years ; but, strangely enough, he returned last week. I trust when he hears my husband has come back that he will again leave England. At any rate I hope they will not meet, for I dread the result.

“ I wrote the foregoing yesterday, and to-day my fears have been in a manner realized. I was this morning seated with Dr. and Mrs. Farnborough in the drawing-room. My husband was absent, when suddenly the door burst open, and George, with his eyes sparkling, a high colour in his cheeks, and a riding-whip in his hand, entered, exclaiming, ‘ Thank God, I’ve done it at last ! ’ ‘ Done what, my boy ? ’ exclaimed the doctor, starting from his chair. ‘ I’ve horsewhipped Reginald Knighton in the Royal Exchange,’ replied my husband exultingly, ‘ with Mr. Letzen standing by ; ’ and then, he added, in a tone of deep feeling, ‘ not for my own wrong, father, not for that, but for the insult offered to John Trevor’s child I did this deed.’ The father seized the son by the hand and shook it heartily. ‘ Thank you, my son, thank you,’ he said, warmly ; ‘ old as I am, if you had let the scoundrel escape I’d have horsewhipped him myself.’ \* \* \*

“ Three days only have passed away since I last took up my pen to write, but during that short space an event has occurred which has filled us all with horror. Reginald Knighton is no more. He died by his own hand ; not from remorse, his valet says, not from shame at his public disgrace, but in consequence of his name having been struck out of the firm of Letzen, Delaine and Co. His creditors, far and near, sent in their accounts ; and dissipation and gambling having scattered his wealth to the winds, the unhappy man lost all self-control, and shot himself through the head. Thus ends a life that might have been brilliant and happy ; but now I can add no more. Old associations are crowding fast through my mind, and my spirits seem overwhelmed. But here comes my noble husband ; and now, thank God, I can lay my head on his true, honest heart, and regain my wonted peace.”

“ *Postscript.* One word more, and it is one of joy. George has this morning had a long interview with Mr. ———, once partner with my dear kind friend, your excellent husband. Mr. ——— who caused so much distress, is now no more. Mr. ———, on his decease, made a compromise with his creditors, paid them a handsome dividend, and has by incessant industry succeeded in a measure in partially laying the foundation of a restored firm, but he needs capital ; and now George has come in with our old friend Mr. Richter, as that kind hearted German

says, to "cheers us up," with the intelligence that he has offered to Mr. — the sum of —, and made the proposition that Mr. Elton should again join him as partner; and then, to use Mr. Richter's words, "Ze fondation will be made strong, ver strong, and ze house will again be built." Hasten, then my friends, hasten home! George has made all arrangements for your passage. We await you with open arms!"

And now for awhile our correspondence must cease. Truly our God has been very good to us all, and surely, after our experience of His never-failing care, we shall with chi'd-like faith commit ourselves to His future guidance; and should troubles arise, even though "PLENTIFUL AS BACKBERRIES," they may come; we know we need NEVER DESPAIR!

FINIS.

















