

**NETHERTON-ON-SEA:
A STORY; IN THREE
VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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Netherton-on-Sea: a story; In Three Volumes, Vol. II by Elizabeth M. Alford

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ELIZABETH M. ALFORD

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VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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NETHERTON-ON-SEA.

A Story.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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NETHERTON-ON-SEA.

—♦♦♦—
CHAPTER I.

LUCY BYTHESEA.

SPRING has changed into summer, and Emmy is still at the Rectory. But her life there has been very different since her talk with Pak in the cave. He had infused some of his energy, ambition, and buoyancy into her ; and she worked hard now to make herself worthy of him, in whose future greatness she implicitly believed.

She had seldom seen him since, Mrs. B. very rarely allowing her to go out

alone. But, as has been said, the young lovers had hardly expected another such interview, and therefore went on working away eagerly, with thoughts in the far future.

Another circumstance contributed not a little to Emmy's happiness and progress. Mrs. Bythesea, finding her inquiring mind rather difficult to satisfy, had handed her over in great measure to her husband. The Rector was a man of refined and cultivated taste, and possessed an excellent library. Here Emmy generally spent her mornings, reading pretty much at will, but always called to account at the end of the time for the way in which she had spent it, the good Rector giving up an hour of his favourite theological reading to examine his young pupil in her morning's work. Saturday was always devoted to poetry, which both teacher and pupil

thoroughly enjoyed. The "wells of English undefiled" were, one after another, drawn from; and the Rector was not one of those gentlemen of taste who think they uphold ancient English poetry by despising modern.

After a few months of this tuition, Emmy could have matched Pak in quoting from *Locksley Hall* or *In Memoriam*. To the tutor himself these mornings were a real treat. Ever since his college days he had had no one to enter into his mental enjoyments. Early in life he had made the fatal mistake of taking to himself an uncongenial partner. He had fallen captive at first sight to her stately beauty— had idealised her, and dreamed of her, until at last he won her; since when he had by degrees found out that a thing of beauty is not necessarily a joy for ever.