

"Kate, love," said Willie, as he closed the book, "will you sing a song? Somehow I feel so depressed that it requires your sweet voice to dispel this cloud."
 "What shall it be, Willie? One of your own. I shall sing 'Lovely young Bessy.'"
 "Even so, Kate; any song from you will have a charm for me."

LOVELY YOUNG BESSY.

"Come, sweet maid! it's a mild morn in May,
 The dew's on the grass, so purely bright,
 And the flowers are peeping out so gay,
 And the sun is up with its golden light,
 Softly streaming o'er hill and dale;
 Come, Bessy, to pluck flowers in the vale."

Come, young Bessy!
 Girl of the raven hair,
 The mild blue eyes,
 And the queenly air.

"List to the milkmaid's song upon the hill,
 And the streamlet rippling through the glen,
 And the low, humming creak of the mill,
 And the warbling little birds—and then,
 Harbells and primroses are looking out I ween,
 Smiling a welcome to their fair young queen."

Come, young Bessy!
 Girl of the raven hair,
 The mild blue eyes,
 And the queenly air.

"Come, sit here, love! where the wild blossoms
 Sweeten and woodbine have twined us a bow,
 The lambs are sporting in the meadows below,
 And fragrant the perfume of the wild flower,
 See our cottage! it gleams in the distance above;
 Ah, is it not a sweet morn—a morn for love!"

Come, young Bessy!
 Girl of the raven hair,
 The mild blue eyes,
 And the queenly air.

"I prison'd her snowy soft hand as I said,
 Ah, Bessy, sweet love, my own darling fair!
 He the light of my heart, my peerless maid!
 Look and say is there love for me there.
 She raised her mild eyes—oh, rapture divine!
 The flower of the valley—young Bessy's mine."

I love, young Bessy!
 Girl of the raven hair,
 The mild blue eyes,
 And the queenly air."

As Kate finished the song, Frank entered the room.

"Here is a letter for you, Willie," said Frank, "and I have another from uncle, asking us to spend to-morrow with him." Willie read his letter and turned pale.

Kate looked at him; he handed her the letter; she read it through, then let it fall and clasped her hands together.

"She's fainting," said Frank. "What have you done to kill her, man?" and he ran to support her.

"Stop, stop! my God, Kate, darling, what ails you?"

"Oh! Frank, water! water!"

Willie held a draught of water to her lips, and then sprinkled her face.

"That'll do, I am better now; Frank support me to my room?"

"No, no," said Willie, taking and placing her on a sofa; he then knelt at her feet.

"Hear me, Kate, my love, hear me! Read that," said he, handing the letter to Frank.

Frank read:—

"Liverpool, Dec. 29, 1847.

"DEAR SIR,

"We have appointed you as surgeon to the ship *Providence*, bound for Melbourne. The terms are £20 and full rations for the out voyage. As she sails on the 7th, you must be on board the 5th, January.

STEENER & Co."

"What does this mean?" said Frank; "have you trifled with my sister's affections, now to forsake her?"

"Hear me, Frank, and Kate, love, hear me, and do not wrong me. I have not trifled with her affections; no, Kate, darling! Heaven knows, life would be a blank without your gentle love to smooth my way; but, seeing the altered state of your once prosperous affairs, I knew I couldn't expect any fortune with my Kate from her dear father, and then knowing the difficulties a young doctor has to contend with, particularly in the present state of this wretched country, I came to the resolution of earning some money first; I wrote for an appointment on board an emigrant ship; I did not tell you this, as I did not wish to alarm my own love, and as I couldn't be sure of succeeding."

"Now, Kate, love, here in the presence of your brother, here, before my God, I pledge myself to be yours, to love and cherish you; whether you come with me now, or await my return, I swear to be yours. Now, sweet girl, do you forgive me?"

"I do, Willie," she whispered.

"And you accept me, Kate, and bind yourself to me?"

"Yes, Willie," she whispered.

"God bless you, darling!" and he sealed their pledge of mutual love with a kiss.

"Frank, have I done right?" said Willie.

"I think you have," said Frank.

"Well," said Willie, "I think we had better ask your parents' consent; I hope they will agree?"

"No fear of that at all," said Frank, "for when they had wealth to give her, you were the man they wished to wed their daughter; now, when they have nothing but their blessing to give her, I'm sure they won't refuse."

"Kate, love, you are dearer to me now than when you had wealth; now you will believe me when I tell you that it is yourself alone I love."

Kate smiled fondly on him.

"I think ye might as well come down," said Frank, "and I will go before and prepare for your reception," so saying, he left the room.

"Well, my sweet girl, my time is short; hadn't we better prepare and get married after to-morrow?"

"No, Willie, no; I couldn't leave my parents now in trouble, and my dear little Bessy, I fear, dying; we are now betrothed; after your return I will consent."

"Bless you, darling, I cannot blame