

thorn offends us, when its leaves are dropped," Thus Edward ever vacillating, forgot the friendships of to-day, in the newly formed companion of to-morrow, and like his friendship was his love, a length of time he withstood the glance of invitation from many a brilliant orb, and felt untouched at the evident admiration his person and manner excited. But at length struck by the Juno-like form of the daughter of the major of his regiment, his senses became enthralled and his early love forgotten. None indeed could gaze on Catherine MacPherson without acknowledging her surpassing beauty. Even I with all my prejudices hard upon me could have gazed forever on that beaming countenance. Her raven locks contrasted well with the dazzling whiteness of her forehead : her long silken eyelashes gave a darker hue to the large grey eyes they shaded, while the lustre was increased by the bloom which occasionally tinged her cheek, her tall and somewhat slightly formed figure moved with a grace and dignity unequalled, while the soft and winning smile which illumined her face was peculiarly fascinating. Ah ! need I trace the progress of my suspicions—I cannot—I will not—Edward worshipped his goddess, his duties, his family, his own peculiar situation, all, all, was forgotten in this soul absorbing passion, the world and all his future prospects faded from his eyes, the hopes of many years were relinquished ; nature's best affections blighted, the transitory joy in this life allowed to one, brings but the uprooting of earth's best affections to another—Catherine became a bride—and Helen Warburton a victim.—But unmurmeringly she bore the blow ; sometimes she would cling to me and pray, sometimes she would break off suddenly when talking of her sorrow, and a suppressed shriek of agony would find its way, which some thought awoke, but I rarely saw her shed a tear.

After this event the winter came on, and anxiously was she entreated by her broken hearted aunt to try the effect of a more southern climate, but in vain, here had been her day dream of happiness, her hour of desolation, and grateful was I to that God, who snapt the chain which bound her to unutterable sorrow.—Thou art gone Helen, but not from the memory of thy friend.