

that evening, expressing it as his belief that
"Miss Bertha was lovelier than ever."

The exertion was almost too much for her frail frame; and when they reached home, Donald lifted her from the horse, and carried her to the sofa.

"Poor Jessie!" she murmured, as she saw her led past the window, "I have taken my last ride on you!"

Donald leaned his head on her shoulder, and, notwithstanding the dignity of his nineteen years, sobbed aloud.

"Donald! dear Donald!" said Bertha, laying her weak hand on his head, "What is the matter with you?"

"Oh! Bertha, darling cousin;—I thought you were so much better this morning that you might be spared to us yet; and now I see you sinking before my eyes."

"Dear Donald! you must be resigned;" said Bertha gently.