

ing was now her constant companion; such is the love of woman who although neglected and forsaken, yet when once her love has been won, however undeserving the object, it can never be forgotten. Time may partially erase it from the recollection but it is too deeply rooted in her heart, it never can be totally eradicated. It was now nearly five years since she had last seen Lionel Grenvill, she was sitting in her drawing room with one elbow resting on her piano, her hand supporting her head, in the other, she grasped firmly the miniature, oh ! said she, could I but once more see the dear original, I think I should then be perfectly happy. A low sigh near her breathing the name of ISABEL, startled her, she turned and perceived Lionel Grenvill, he leant forward to clasp her to his breast. But raising her hand for him to desist, she enquired what had brought him there and to leave her presence—what, said she, would Mrs. Grenvill think did she see you kneeling to me ? for she knew not of her death. He had by this time fallen upon his knees. Altho' hated while living let the dead rest—I never loved her, strange infatuation, that I should thus have given up happiness for misery. But oh Isabel dearest, hear what I have to say and then should you deem me still unworthy of you, cast me from you to be completely wretched for life. He then related every thing just as I have before mentioned, asking her forgiveness a thousand times. As soon as his wife died, he had a great desire to return to his home, and when he came there he heard that she whom he loved so well was still there and unmarried, and feeling a strong desire to see her, had gone, and as he passed the window saw her sitting as described, he renewed his professions of love—he turned to see what effect his presence had on her, she was weeping, her head gently reclined on his shoulder and she faintly whispered : I am thine for ever.

E.

Upper Canada, Oct. 1833.