

pretty cottage, and to gain her living by following the occupations of a clear starcher and mantua-maker. As I saw her approach the grave, I felt inclined to rise up and comfort her. But a feeling of respect for that grief which I might increase, but which I could not mitigate by common-place condolence, fixed me in my seat. Concealed from her observation, by a tall, square monument in front, I continued mechanically to delineate the outlines of the church; and was so much absorbed in my task that the entrance of Amy was forgotten, till a brisk step sounded along the gravelled path of the church-yard, and the poor weeper was joined by a fine young man, in a seaman's dress. Their meeting was of the most tender description. The young man seated himself beside Amy upon the grass; and pointing to the grave, for some time continued to talk to her, in a voice so low and faltering that only half sentences reached my ear. At length the sailor took her hand, and said something to his fair companion, that brought the long banished rose tint into her pale cheek. She rose up hastily from the grave. "Do not talk to me of love, Cousin Arnold," she said. "My heart is broken. I shall never love again."

Her companion still held her hand, and regarded her with a tenderly reproachful glance. "My uncle has been dead, Amy, eighteen long months. Enough surely has been given to grief?"

"My sorrow is not measured by time," said Amy. "His empire is in the heart; and I feel that the voice of hope will never gladden mine again. My poor father," she continued looking wistfully upon the grave, "blind—infirm—and old. I no longer weep for him, Arnold; it was not of him I spake."

Tears filled her eyes, and deep sobs convulsed her breast. Arnold Wallace led her gently to the broad, low steps of the church-yard stile. They sat down in silence, which was alone broken by the evening song of the blackbird, and the vainly suppressed sighs of Amy Morris. The young man, who tenderly supported her drooping figure in his arms, was tall and well made, and strikingly handsome. His age did not exceed eight and twenty, but long exposure to the suns of an eastern clime had bronzed, and given a foreign cast to his frank, generous, and truly prepossessing countenance. The spot occupied by the lovers looked down into a deep narrow lane, and was over-arched by the bending branches of a stately ash tree. The attitudes of the youthful pair, and the beautiful landscape which surrounded them, formed a delightful subject for the pencil, and leaving my architectural structures to build itself, I soon transferred the weeping Amy and her manly companion to my paper.

To render Amy's simple narrative more intelligible, I must give my reader a brief sketch of her.

Arnold Wallace had loved his cousin Amy from

a boy; but he wanted courage to tell her so, and he went to sea with the important secret locked up in his own bosom; for Amy, accustomed to regard her rosy, dark-eyed playfellow, as her brother, never suspected one word of the matter. But Arnold never forgot his cousin Amy; and after a painful absence of ten years, he returned to his native village, with a heavy purse and a faithful heart, to claim for his bride the object of his early affections; and to comfort and support his uncle through the dark winter of age. Not a little proud of his personal appearance, and improved fortunes, our young sailor bent his steps to the white cottage on the common, where Caleb Morris formerly resided. As he unclosed the gate, which separated the garden from the road, he was struck with the alteration in its once trim appearance. The little plot of ground was no longer conspicuous for its rich gilliflowers, pink and hyacinths, but overgrown with weeds. The roses, which his own hand had trained over the rural porch, were unbound, and floated mournfully on every breeze!" Amy is not the neat girl she used to be," he said; "but she may have too many things to attend to now, to be able to take care of the garden. I wonder whether she will know me?" he continued, putting back the glossy black curls, which shaded his ample brow, "or the dear old soul who used to dandle me on his knees and call me his own boy?" A sudden chill came over him, and checked his pleasing reveries. "Time may have made sad changes—uncle may be dead; and Amy!" he stifled the sigh which rose to his lips, "and Amy may be married." He rapped at the cottage door with an unsteady hand. It was opened by a stranger. The state of the garden was already explained, and in a hurried manner he enquired for Caleb Morris? The woman answered that he was dead. "It was a great mercy," she said, "that it pleased the lord to take him. He had been a great sufferer, and lost his sight full six years before he died!"

Arnold, who had so warmly anticipated a meeting with his old uncle, thought it no mercy.

"Is his daughter still living?"

"Yes, poor girl, but she looks mortally ill; so thin and so pale, she is but the shadow of what she was. It's enough to make a body melancholy to look at her. But, well a day sir, she has suffered enough to break a young and tender heart!"

"Is she married," asked Arnold, with an air of affected indifference, which only rendered his emotion more apparent.

"Married! good lack! and never will be. It is an old prophecy in our village that Amy will die a maid."

Arnold smiled to himself, and enquiring of the loquacious dame the way to Amy's new place of abode, he pursued his walk towards the village. Wishing to visit the graves of his parents, to see