

remained to herald the approach of day, a figure, wrapped in a watch-cloak, stood upon the rampart, seemingly the only being abroad at that early hour. His face was turned in the direction of the distant fort, which was enveloped in a veil of white mist, rolling in heavy volumes from the marshy ground below. Presently the dim clouds were tinged with a slight bordering of rosy light; it warmed, and brightened, when, bursting from his rest like a fierce warrior, the blood-red disk of the sun rose from the hills and penetrated the dense fog which, rarified by its beams, was slowly wafted up the valley before the fresh breeze from the bay, leaving the landscape in all its summer beauty, open to the enraptured view. A smile passed over the handsome features of the soldier, as he descried the object of his search embosomed in the foliage of the opposite hill, and his lip murmured with half-suppressed utterance, that appeared to be addressed to the heart of the speaker, as if engaged in earnest self-commune. That the reader may conjecture the origin and nature of those reflections, we have ascertained the following.

Edward Molesworth was a young Englishman of good family and prospects, who had entered the army when only a boy, and after serving for some years in various parts of the United Kingdom, received with enthusiastic joy the intelligence that the regiment to which he belonged was ordered to the American provinces; for he had a strong desire, common to the adventurous spirit of his age and nation, to visit foreign lands, and realize some of those romantic dreams which, excited by the eager perusal of travels and wild tales of the New World, had become indelibly impressed upon his youthful imagination. And, verily, he had scarcely landed upon its shores before there was every reason to justify the assumption that one passage of romance in the history of his life was about to be fulfilled; for ere he was a fortnight at Annapolis Royal he had become as devout a votary as ever worshipped at the shrine of passionate love. And, O Clarence! wert thou not well worthy the homage of one true heart? when all who ever looked upon thy angel face felt themselves humbled before the divine purity, breathing like a sweet perfume from its ever-fresh and blessed the God who created that being in his image to teach them charity and kindness to every living creature. And thus is beauty not unworthy of that admiration which the heart of man involuntarily lavishes upon its possessor. If the eloquence of a flower lifts the mind to the

contemplation of Him who is an incarnation of all good—if the glorious rainbow is a pledge of hope to a benighted world, why should the lovely face of woman be less expressive than the lowly flower, or less hopeful than the evanescent bow? Like the one, it speaks of a clime where bright and fadeless forms are glowing in an atmosphere of love and happiness so ineffable, that the fading imagination offers as the only fitting emblem of such beauty, the most beautiful of created things. Like the other, it says to the sceptic, that harmony which streams like sweet music from every line, that eye which beams responsive to the soul's emotion—which melts and burns—can never be the offspring of undirected chance nor doth the spirit whose outpouring is thus made manifest, sleep in that beauty's grave!

Among the officers attached to the garrison of the place, was a Captain Forbes, who had been quartered there for some time with an only daughter—the sole living relic of a partner, long since removed from this transitory scene. Edward, attracted by the uncommon loveliness of Clarence Forbes, and thrown in continual contact with her father, soon became an intimate in the family; and the old veteran beheld with feelings of unmixed pleasure the mutual attachment that appeared daily to root itself with deeper power in the hearts of both. Admiring as he did the frank, generous character of the young soldier, he hailed, with parental gratification, the prospect of obtaining so desirable a protector for his darling child: for with the engrossing partiality of advancing age, heightened by the resemblance which she bore to the object of his first affection, and the surpassing measure of her own goodness and grace, did the old man love that daughter. The time glided on imperceptibly with golden wings, and Edward was ever at the side of Clarence, drinking intoxicating draughts of delight from her deep blue eyes, and listening to the soft melody of her silvery voice, until a new world of thought and sensation had started into existence at the touch of the great magician's wand. Little did he imagine, before he himself experienced its truth, the awakening power, the elevating tendency of that mightiest of human sentiments, stirring up the latent qualities of the soul, which expands beneath its ray as the buried seed by the warmth of the new-born spring bursts forth in foliage of bright and starless dye. As the glow of passion spread itself over every portion of his being, making the heart throb with a sense of tumultuous joy, strange and undefinable, his spirit caught a