

green, but on their summits, I shall no more tread: the flowers shall adorn the valleys, but my hand shall never pluck them again. Well it is better so," he murmured, "better to be at rest."

It would weary you to minutely relate the conversation that passed between us,—but a brief outline of his history may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to you, though I shall not be able to give it in his own words.

"Frederick Worthington's father was a private gentleman, who resided in a small estate in one of the northern counties of England. Possessing affluence, and of a retiring disposition, he lived secluded from the gay world,—and occupied in superintending the education of his son and daughter, who had lost their mother at an early age, found a happiness, far superior to that which could have been acquired by mingling with the gay and thoughtless votaries of pleasure. Calmly glided away the early years of Frederick, with little to ruffle the surface of domestic peace, when, at the age of twenty-one, he received an invitation from a friend, who lived at some distance, earnestly requesting from him a visit. His father gladly consenting, he set out on his journey, and soon arrived at the place which was to prove so fatal to his future happiness. Among the many ladies to whom he was there introduced, one especially attracted his attention. She was the daughter of highly aristocratic parents, but

"As meek as Poverty doth make
Her children."

His pointed attention to her soon became the subject of remark in their circle of acquaintance,—and, for some time, her parents not only tacitly permitted, but even encouraged them, until the arrival of a wealthy Baronet, and his subsequent introduction to their daughter, seemed entirely to change the current of their thoughts. From that period Frederick was treated with the utmost coldness, but, blest in the consciousness of being loved, with the consent of Marion, he applied to her parents for her hand, believing, no doubt, that

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,—
Who fears to put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

The sequel may be easily imagined. His offer was considered presumptuous in the

highest degree, and Marion was peremptorily forbidden to hold any more intercourse with him. Overwhelmed with the blow, he was seated, a few hours after, in his chamber, alternately lamenting his sad fate, and wondering if by any means it could be averted, when the servant, knocking at the door, handed him a letter. With a presentiment of some fresh misfortune, he broke the seal, and opening it, found it was from his sister, containing intelligence of his father's sudden and dangerous illness,—and imploring him to return home with all speed. With filial affection he hurriedly made preparations for his journey, but he could not leave without bidding Marion adieu. By some means or other, he contrived to obtain an interview with her, and found her in the attitude represented in the picture, namely, that of deep sorrow. Her mother had a little while before informed her of the result of Frederick's application,—and when he was announced, she felt that he had come to bid her a final adieu. Short was that meeting, sad but not despairing. They were both young,—and what change might time not effect in their fortunes? At all events, it might soften her parent's hearts, and thus they reasoned with each other,—and parted with vows of eternal affection.

A few months elapsed, and in the interim Frederick wept bitterly over the grave of his beloved parents,—and had resigned to another's keeping, his only, his darling sister, thus fulfilling the last wish of his father, that her marriage should be celebrated a short time after his death. Frederick had written several times to Marion, but, receiving no answer, he concluded his letters had been intercepted by her parents, and he determined, as soon as his affairs were arranged to return to the place where she resided.—Carelessly taking up a paper one day, he casually glanced over the contents, when his eye rested on a familiar name. "Did his sight deceive him?" He looked again. Yes, it was the marriage of Marion with the wealthy Baronet. Terrible was the blow, that one he believed so constant could so easily have forgotten him. "But no," he corrected himself, "it must have been the work of her parents. Marion, my own tender, faithful Marion was never led to the altar a willing bride."

He had been fondly cherishing the hope