

When first I knew Helen, she was scarce sixteen, in all youth's blushing loveliness. "Its first spring time, which knows no occasion to be sad" was spent under the maternal care of an aunt who lavished all a mother's fondness on her; Helen's early years, were past in everbeaming sunshine; how often, have I watched her light footsteps and laughing eye, as eagerly she flew along the grass, with all the earnestness of a child, perhaps chasing a butterfly; or listening to some village gossip, seated beneath an elm which shaded the parlour window, and repeated with all the love of humour, and a vivacity half concealed by bashfulness. There was an originality about Helen, that rendered remarks from her piquant and refined that from others had been commonplace. Possessing a tender and susceptible heart, open to every impression; A large share of indiscriminate reading, gave to her mind a romantic turn, which coloured in some degree her future prospects, "For such a world hearts should be void of love"—Hers was the fate of many—Who has not met with false friends—and blighted hopes? Alas for us, there is *but one* spring! the desolation of the heart, turns the rest of our lives into one winter. Helen's romantic mind rendered her but too susceptible of her cousin Edwards pre-eminent attractions. What wonder? formed in nature's finest mould he looked born to command, there was the chiselled lips, the arched brow, and wide expanded forehead. Combined with many of the beauties of his mother's character, her gentleness, her benevolence, and much of her amiability. All this endeared him but too fondly to the heart of Helen, the object of her young affections, strengthening with the growth of years; nor was this attachment unreciprocated—Edward loved as *man* loves who has never seen a more beautiful object than the one present. But the high birth of Edward Trevanion, and his military profession, combined with the captivation of his person, often threw him into the society of females whose high standing, and brilliant acquirements, conspired to draw him from the allegiance to his first love.—How imperfect are we by nature! one small flaw spreads ruin and desolation around, "The wreath will have the gaudier rose, whose