

fidest she never could be brought to marry her cousin. But it sadly puzzled her, notwithstanding, to find out why she should now hang down her head, nor any longer dare to look Reginald straight in the face, when she replied even to his most commonplace observations, or wherefore her nights were becoming more devoted to thoughts of him, and her demeanor more restless, now the period was approaching, when he would bid them all adieu. She never dreamed, and had yet to learn, that the human heart receives and retains impressions, oftentimes, alas ! at variance with the cold closet dictates of dogmatic theology.

It was now May, and Reginald De Courçi, had already been nearly two months his aunt's guest. The period of his sojourn was fast drawing to a close, and, one by one, the days stole imperceptibly away. Sun after sun arose, and set unmarked and unheeded, for there was a spell around him, beyond the sphere of which all was forgotten. He lived the hours of a dreamer, whose fancy dwells deliciously on some extatic vision, forgetful of the past, regardless of the future, and entirely absorbed in the present, making no provision for the unwelcome moment, when painful reality would dissipate the airy images which he was fondly contemplating. And thus it was with him, when at length, the summons came, and word by word, he read the letter ordering his embarkation. A smile passed across his features, as he recollected the engagements he was bound to fulfil, and how unconsciously they had been forgotten. "A change passed o'er the spirit of his dream," and he awoke feverish, as if from an unrefreshing sleep.

It was wearing late in the day, his aunt had gone to visit some of the poor sick in the neighbourhood. The sinking sun gave out its light and heat temperately, over the budding vegetation abroad. The faint low of the distant kine, broke at intervals, on the ear, and the jocund whistle, or song, of the peasant, as he passed by the house, homeward from his work, spoke peace and contentment all around. De Courçi was sitting by his cousin's side, as usual, when the letter was placed in his hand, when he had made himself acquainted with its contents, he handed it to her, rivetting his gaze upon her, whilst she perused it, in