

went to be, when with impassioned fervour he first confessed his love ; his eye is the light of her existence, although it kindles not with the fond enthusiasm which, in happier days, told her all she wished to know—In the sadness and melancholy of her darkened prospects, one smile from that being, in whom are centered her best and holiest affections, is to be the sun-light, which can cheer her darkest hour and bid all gloom depart.

Many were the times, as in the calm expressive hour of twilight, which she ever devoted to the holy, saint-like purpose of invoking the blessing of heaven upon the absent one, who, in the bitterness of her soul, she felt had been faithless and inconstant to his vows, would Mary Lee take his miniature from her bosom, and recalling the tenderness and fond love with which he presented it to her, would gaze on the mild features of that noble face, that smile so benign and heavenly, which beamed from an eye, in whose expression genius and sweetness were so softly blended, and then she felt in the depth of her fond heart, that he was as dear to her as ever—'The spirit of the past came over her, and she would allow her soul to linger upon the sweet scenes which dwelt in memory's land, and she lived o'er again the bright days of her childhood when Charles Maitland had appeared to her all that she thought or imagined of human perfection, and when the past became a present reality and the happy hours of other times came back again, she ceased to remember that he had ever been to her other than the same fond being, to whom she had yielded up her young affections and with all the heart's deep fervency she prayed, that God would protect him—would ever be near to bless and comfort him—would make his days on earth joyful and bright—and with a disinterestedness irreparable from a woman's love, she asked that the sorrows destined for him might all be hers, and that his heart might never know a pang—an emotion—save that of joy and happiness. After this hour of setting day, she was ever calm and peaceful and when the hour of family prayer drew nigh, her voice, so full of pathos and power, seemed to add new beau-