

young aspirant for fortune's favor. Heretofore he had wandered in classic shades, until his soul became filled with images of beauty. To him, the labours of the intellect were as pastime, for he possessed the strength which could wield the powerful weapons of science, as well as the delicate perceptions which seize and enjoy the most minute charms in the moral and physical world. He was a poet, because, in youth, the language of enthusiasm is always poetry, and a scholar, because study has been the very element in which he lived. Now all such things were put aside. His books were laid by forever, his verses were condemned to the flames, and Harry Eustace was only the active and useful clerk.

Helen Hazlehurst was all that Eustace described her—a gentle, lovely, and loving creature, full of kindly emotions and innocent thoughts;—a being to be regarded with tenderness for the very weakness and helplessness of her relying character. Unfit for the glaring sunshine of gay life, and less able to bear the cold blasts of misfortune, she was like some rare exotic, which requires alike a refuge from the storm, and a shelter from the heat, ere its precious perfume repays the care bestowed upon its culture. Her beauty was of that delicate character which seldom outlasts extreme youth. Her pure complexion was so faintly tinted with the rose, her lips were so brilliant of hue, her teeth so pearly white, and her figure so exceedingly slender in its proportions, that the eye of experience gazed on her with pity as well as admiration; for of such creatures does consumption choose its most frequent victims. Yet there was so much of the vividness of life in her changeful blush, her sparkling eye, her elastic step, and her lithe form, that one forgot the frailty of her loveliness in its wonderful brightness. Her voice was one of unrivalled melody—its every tone was musical, and her song was like the warble of the forest bird. There was a frankness, too, in her manners, a jeyousness in her looks, and a free grace in every gesture, which could only result from the overflowing happiness of an innocent heart. Her unworldliness of character seemed to shed an almost insatiable charm around her, and inspired an involuntary respect for the purity which knows no evil, and suspects no guile. But such traits, lovely and feminine as they may be, are rarely combined with strength of mind. Helen was all that men seek in the idol of their earnest youth—all that woman might ever be, if she could be hedged round by defences on all sides, to guard her

from disappointment and treachery and sorrow. But alas! in a world like this, where freshness of feeling, like the dew upon the flower, is exhaled in the very morning of life, or, if still retained, must be hidden from view, like the honey-drop in the blossom's perfumed chalice, something more is required of woman than mere gentleness and timid reliance.—Without some latent strength of character, veiled by sweetness and tenderness, woman is but a plaything, a toy, a puppet to amuse the idle hour of listlessness, but utterly useless in the days of darkness and despondency. "How beautiful it is to love with the *heart* and with the *mind*!" exclaimed the gifted Madame de Staël; and only those who have felt the power of such a love, can fully appreciate the enthusiasm which prompted the remark. Helen Hazlehurst was not calculated to inspire such affection. She possessed all the qualities which are most lovely in childhood, or even in early maidenhood, but which, unless connected with some loftier traits, are apt to degenerate into commonplace feelings in later life.

For two years Henry Eustace continued to fill the station which alone could afford a competent knowledge of his future profession.—His days were devoted to business, his evenings to the society of Helen, and, as there were many kind gossips ready to spread abroad the tidings of their engagement, it was soon understood that she was to be left to the exclusive attentions of her lover. The error, so prevalent in society, which induces a girl, as soon as she becomes affianced, to seem utterly unapproachable to all others than her future husband—an error which tends to narrow her mind, and deprive her of one of the most effectual sources of intellectual improvement—was practised to its fullest extent in this case.—Everybody knew that Helen was engaged, and therefore it became necessary for every body to treat her in a manner differing as much from the familiarity which might be permitted if she were married, as from the attentive politeness which was her due previous to her betrothal. The young lover immersed in business from morning 'till night, felt no disposition to mingle in the gaieties of society, and Helen, happy in the few hours which she daily spent with him, cared little for the pleasures which had formerly attracted her. The life of both had become only a quiet round of monotonous duties and gentle affections, when an event occurred which disturbed the calmness of their feelings, just in time, perhaps, to prevent utter stagnation.