

and she resolved that if unwearied industry and rigid self-denial were of any avail, they would be exerted in his behalf. She therefore disposed of all their furniture, and prepared to depart from the cottage, which had been to her the home of few joys and many sorrows.

Before going, she refused to see any but a few particular friends, and though Mr. Lindsay had called several times to inquire after her health, she would not see him, for she thought it was better they should meet no more, especially as it was already reported that he was the favoured suitor of Miss Hepburn. She had made up her mind to lose him, and she did not wish her newly acquired firmness to be shaken; besides, her pride would not allow her to meet him, lest he might discover by her emotion, that love for him still lingered in her heart.

The night previous to their departure from S——, they spent with Miss Kate and Jeanie Duff, and while they were talking over their plans for the future, the servant entered, and informed Isabella that a person wished to see her. She immediately descended to the drawing room, and started back when she beheld Broombank before her.

"Oh, Isabella!" he exclaimed, "so you were going far away, without coming to bid good bye to your old friends at Glen Saugh. But perhaps you have forgotten us all!" he added, in a saddened voice.

"No!" replied Isabella, "I have not forgotten any of you, and never shall, wherever I may go; but why should I add to my grief by going there, only to bid them another long adieu?"

"But you need not bid us adieu, Isabella," continued Broombank, "for I have come to take you away with me, and you must never leave us again. Mrs. Forsyth has sent you this letter, begging you to accept a home with her, and, Isabella, you will require that home only for a few months, for by that time I will have one to offer you, if you will but render me happy by sharing it."

"No, Broombank," she replied; "I gratefully thank Mrs. Forsyth and you for these proofs of your warm and disinterested love, but I cannot accept of either of these offers. I have one dependent upon me, and for Robert's sake I must use every effort in my power."

"Then, Isabella," interrupted he, "will you not allow me to assist you in this labour of love? I will act by Robert as if he were my own brother, and while I live he shall never feel the want of those who are gone. Answer me, Isabella; will you now be mine? or," continued he, gazing into her embarrassed and averted countenance, "do you no longer love me? Do not speak! I

see it all. I did hear that you had been greatly admired by many when you came to S——, and that one in return was favoured by your love, but I did not believe it! I find, alas! that it is too true, and my hopes are all blighted. The thought of your return to the Glen has cheered many a lonely hour, but I must think of that no more. I might have known that when you got among the braw town gallants, you would forget a plain country lad like me, for they can speak such fine, sweet words, and tell you of love that their hearts cannot feel—but *my* heart feels what my tongue can never tell!"

Poor Broombank was deeply agitated as he uttered the foregoing sentence, and his tremulous voice betokened the agony of his disappointed affections. Again he urged her to accept Mrs. Forsyth's offer, but Isabella's independent spirit would not allow her to be a burden upon the scanty annuity which she well knew was all that Mrs. Forsyth possessed.

Finding persuasion ineffectual, Broombank rose to depart, and taking her hand, he added, in a voice almost inaudible from emotion:

"Farewell, Isabella! you are going far away, and I wish you all that happiness I can never feel. Our last parting was sad, but this is sadder still. Then I had hope, but now even that comforter is denied me. Farewell!"

As he ended, he turned away, and in silence and sadness of heart, Isabella Leslie beheld the departure of her truest friend.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as he left her, "why is my destiny so sad? Where I am loved, I cannot love again, and where I love, I can hope for no return. When will fate be weary of persecuting me?"

Next morning, with heavy hearts, and after many wishes for their prosperity, from their warm-hearted hostesses, they bade adieu to S——, and proceeded on their long and weary journey. It was the evening of the day after their departure, before the stage rolled along the streets of the metropolis. Much as Edinburgh has improved since that period, yet, even then, its splendid buildings and spacious streets were sufficient to fill their minds with wonder and delight. Though, at that time, it was as nothing when compared to its present magnificence, yet already did its noble structures of modern times look with disdain upon the venerable, time-worn buildings, within whose wainscotted walls kings and princes once dwelt.

They felt completely bewildered as the stage drove through street after street, and as they beheld the brilliantly illuminated shops glittering with their costly wares, and heard the voices of the ballad-singers mingling with the clear and