

eyes, you had chanced to meet him but a few months earlier."

"No Frank, you are mistaken; if I know my own heart, I could never have given my cordial esteem,—and my heart goes with *that*,—to a man whose selfish trifling with the affections of a lovely woman, betrays such a total absence of all honorable principle."

"Even if you had never seen Walter Miller?" asked Frank smiling, "oh my sister you have not kept your secret quite so closely as you intended. The music and the moonlight strolls on the beach last summer were not in vain, as a letter I have received to day, intimates; nor was I quite so blind as a bachelor in such cases ought to be I suppose."

"Oh Frank, I should never have had any secrets from you, if there had been anything explicit to tell: but now all is explained, and I too have a letter which you may read if you choose," and she took one from her bosom, and placing it in his hand, hurried from the room.

A few weeks after this conversation it was rumored that Bella Elwyn was on the eve of marriage to Walter Miller. All the gossips were taken by surprise, for Manners' attachment had been too obvious to remain a secret; and few persons believed Bella could refuse such an eligible establishment. Manners' himself cherished the same opinion, and regarding his position, and his personal advantages from the altitude of egotism, he believed it impossible that any woman would reject him.

He had been absent a week or two from town, and returning with the impatience of a man, loving ardently and too uncertain of success to feel at ease, he was met with the startling intelligence that Bella was in truth very shortly to be married. Stung with jealous apprehension, though still wilfully incredulous, he resolved to go to her, and seek an explanation.

As Manners approached the house, though it was still an early hour, he observed several gay equipages, approaching the door, and the white fairs were not to him a signal of success. As his step faltered, with a bitter presentiment of disappointment, the carriages drew up one by one, and a bridal party entered the house. He caught one glimpse of Bella, leaning with sweet confidence on the arm of Walter Miller, the happy bridegroom, and looking up with bashful, loving eyes to catch his whispered accents. Manners turned with rapid steps from that envied scene of happiness; but in that brief moment the full

weight of retribution fell upon his wayward heart, and months and years could not efface his disappointment.

Many years have since passed away, and Bella's path has still been strewn with flowers. With sweet, matronly grace, she moves in the charmed circle of domestic life, and finds the problem of love solved to her heart's full content.

Frank Elwyn too, grown weary of his single state, has long since written himself. "Benedict the married man," a change which was wrought by the magic charm which he discerned in Clara Graham, who has at last found a heart on which she can rely with perfect confidence.

Horace Manners still lives in selfish singleness—a changed man, morbid and reserved and grown old before his time. But though some few white hairs are sprinkled on his head, we may venture to predict that he will yet fall a victim to the designs of some manoeuvring mamma, skilled in the diplomacy of match-making, who in consideration of his *solid* attractions, will not scruple to sacrifice a youthful daughter at the shrine of wealth and ambition.

## THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

In sunset's light o'er Afric thrown,  
A wanderer proudly stood  
Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,  
Of Egypt's awful flood;  
The cradle of that mighty birth,  
So long a hidden thing to earth.

He heard its life's first murmuring sound,  
A low mysterious tone—  
A music sought, but never found  
By kings and warriors gone;  
He listen'd—and his heart beat high—  
That was the song of victory!

The rapture of a conqueror's mood  
Rush'd burning through his frame,  
The depths of that green solitude  
Its torrents could not tame—  
Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile,  
Round those calm fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars—across his soul  
There swept a sudden change,  
Ev'n at the pilgrim's glorious goal,  
A shadow dark and strange,  
Breathed from the thought, so swift to fall  
O'er triumph's hour—*And is this all?*