

"Admirable pattern for your sex," *I thought* but said not—as I had learned ere this, to know how painful to her was the enthusiastic expression of my admiration when her merits were the theme, I pressed her hand in silence and we turned our steps homewards.

The shades of evening had come over us, and the moon held her mild and undivided sway throughout her sweet and silent domain. Our hearts were too full for utterance, and after we reached home we endeavoured to absorb our thoughts in the necessary preparations for our short journey.

Bright and joyous was the morning which witnessed our departure from Brighton—such was not the countenance of my friend, although she had assumed an appearance of composure, I could easily penetrate it, knowing as I did the anxiety which it was intended to conceal. I tried to divert her thoughts, by directing her attention to the scenes of nature, rich in beauty, which the gently indulating country every where presented, as we passed along. Occasionally her eye would sparkle with delight, and she would express her admiration with an animation, which ever characterised her conversation, and showed how deeply she felt every emotion that she uttered. But again she would relapse into silence, and indulge the sad feelings which her situation suggested.

It was a long, sad, melancholy day, but too quickly for Helen its hours passed, and hastened the dreaded interview. Towards evening we entered the environs of Boston, and soon the carriage brought us before her father's splendid mansion. Tremblingly she alighted and leaning upon my arm ascended the steps. Her parents welcomed her with all the affection, which it was impossible for parents not to feel for *such* a daughter.—Her father's mild and noble expression which so plainly spoke the generous mind revived my hopes, and when I noticed Mrs. Seymour's tender glance, so full of natural affection, I could not but feel that my friend's fears would not be realized. After supper her father introduced the subject which was first in all our thoughts, but which for Ellen's sake I heartily wished he