

letter, hoping to find one epithet of endearing tenderness applied to herself. But no—such were profusely lavished upon his friend, and it was plain that he no longer indulged those feelings for her, which it was once his delight to confess. His subsequent letters were “few and far between,” and at the expiration of a year, he wrote that his business would detain him longer in France. This intelligence was a death blow to Helen’s hopes, for she fondly believed that his return would revive his fondness for Mary, and impatiently she had looked forward to it. And now she would fain have written to her brother, and reproach him for his conduct, but Mary would not permit it. *Her* feelings were unaltered save in one respect. She had thought her Charles a faultless being, and in his noble countenance she had delighted to trace the evidence that every manly virtue dwelt in his heart—but now her unhappy experience had taught her, that he had one weakness, which would ever form a barrier to her happiness. An inconstant heart, she could not but acknowledge, Charles Maitland possessed, and where was her security, if new scenes could thus readily efface her image from his heart? These were reflections which she indulged in secret, for seldom did she allow herself to speak of him even to the friend of her bosom. She replied to his formal letters, although her pride would not permit her to express the tender love with which she still regarded him, and schooled her heart to adopt a style as stiff and cold as his own—Yet still she loved him. Her love had grown with her youth, and she felt that she could cease to regard him with the fondest affection, only when she ceased to live. It was as intense as it was deep, and she knew that he occupied a place in her heart, next only to her God. Now was the time to test the reality of her piety, and she did not allow herself to indulge the deep withering grief of her heart. Her life had been an uninterrupted day dream of sunshine, but now was the dark reality of sorrow. Her face was not so radiant with happiness as it was wont to be, and her