

Canadian Literary Journal

DEVOTED TO

SELECT ORIGINAL LITERATURE

AND THE INTERESTS OF

CANADIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1870.

No. 4.

(ORIGINAL.)

KOLSEY HALL.

BY _____

CHAPTER VII.

THE BETROTHAL.

The day after Lenwood's arrival at the Hall, he enjoyed with Emma a long and interesting walk, revisiting scenes where six years before, they had loved so much to loiter and converse. The scenery of Kolsey Hall and its surrounding, though rough and primitive, in no wise lacked beauty or picturesqueness; the forests that surrounded the Hall and crept down nearly to the edge of the promontories, were expansive and beautiful and were now clad in a robe of spring-time verdure, while wild flowers of the rarest perfume and most extravagant hues abounded everywhere, beautifying every hill and dale, nook and corner. Their conversation was varied, as might well be imagined after a separation of six years. For days afterwards, they enjoyed these pleasant strolls, not unfrequently descending the precipice to the ocean shore.

It was during one of these daily excursions, about the first of June, that a

conversation took place in the result of which was bound up much of the history of their future lives. They left the Hall early in the afternoon, and chose one of the trodden paths that led down to the waters, edge by a circuitous course among the rocks. They knew the pathway well for often before they had descended it. The conversation began on circumstances connected with their lives during the past years of their separation. Franklin Lenwood was now a man of twenty-five. He had not lost any of his ardor or perseverance, although the enthusiasm and impulsiveness of his youth were now modified, owing to his experience in business life. How memory clings to the idols our hearts worshipped in youth, and how we cling to the little joys and hopes that lived so gloriously in the years of our past life. Verily "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and so it was with Lenwood. Not a jot or tittle of the love he had for Emma had faded, and he returned only to feel the more intensified in his affections for her. And well he might. Emma had grown a queenly and amiable woman, and was cherished and loved by an indulgent, but careful training father; her life in the recluse hall had not rendered her melancholy or inexperienced.

Of course both Franklin and Emma, in common with humanity, had their shortcomings, but of these we care not to speak, choosing rather to acknowledge them in