

that you would forgive me—perhaps I have erred—I know I have, by loving you even as I should have loved my God, but of Him only should I ask forgiveness—He ceased—for Mary's hand trembled violently within his own, and her whole frame appeared agitated. With great effort she said : Charles, I feel that it is my duty no less than your own, to speak freely, frankly. I cannot understand your meaning. You express yourself, as if mine had been a faithless heart and that your own had been unchanging. “ And is it not so Mary ? Surely your letters but too plainly prove it, for they have been characterised by cold and studied expressions, which spoke in language too evident, to be misunderstood.” But you will allow, Charles, said Mary, that you could not accuse me of this, till my pride would not permit me to adopt any other language, having such convincing proof that you had ceased to love me.” “ What ! exclaimed Charles, such proof never existed. You have forgotten circumstances which are but too well remembered by me. Allow me to offer for your reperusal, letters which have caused in my heart, emotions of keen and bitter anguish. He left the room, but returned immediately and gave to the astonished Mary a small packet. “ If you wish it,” said he, “ I will retire till you have perused these letters.” “ No” she replied, with a proud consciousness of her faithful devotedness. “ I have never yet penned a line to you, which I should hesitate to own or peruse in your presence.

Charles gazed on her as if he almost doubted the evidence of his senses, and then turned from her to contemplate the angelic countenance of his departed sister.

Mary opened the letter which bore the date of her first communication ; it was affectionate, but she wondered that she had not expressed her ardent feelings in a warmer language. The next was friendly, but she was convinced that her heart had never dictated expressions so common place. She looked at the superscription ; it was written in her own hand, she was perplexed.—With a hasty and agitated movement, she glanced over the