

should call him to the presence of the object of all his thoughts.

At length its solemn peal vibrated on the air. From an elevation of two hundred feet came its deep sonorous tone which, to Lionel, seemed like a mighty voice from some spirit's region, calling him to an angel's presence. In an instant he was on his way to, and soon reached the cathedral. Every object, in his eyes, appeared to wear an aspect different to that it ever before had worn. The sunshine seemed brighter, the verdure more lovely, the rustling of the leaves more sweet; the cathedral itself, appeared to stand in more majestic beauty than he before had ever observed. He entered, and all within its walls peculiar to such a building, the deep silence, broken only by the scarcely perceptible echo of footsteps on the tessellated pavement, the streaming light, rich, yet softened and subdued by its passage through the stained windows, the slender shafted columns supporting the groined arches, and vaulted roof; now shed, though his heart had ever felt them, their hallowing influences upon it with unprecedented power. Having attired himself in his robe, he entered the choir. The service proceeded.

Miss De Vere was in her accustomed place, but he dared look but once toward her, for her eyes were constantly on him, and expressive of the innocent admiration of a pure heart for a beloved object. The service ended; now was arrived the hour for which he had so evidently longed; that in which he was to fulfil his engagement of the preceding day; and yet, with that perverse feeling peculiar to sensitive mortals, he hesitated to go. Longing, yet afraid, he would have returned home, but on leaving the church, perceived Margaret, who had already returned home, at her window evidently watching for him. He therefore, with a beating heart and burning cheek made his way toward the house. He was there warmly received by the Canon, who conducted him to an apartment appropriated exclusively to the use of Margaret. Here every thing proclaimed the disposition and taste of its occupant.—Flowers, cultivated by her, dispensed their perfume. Pictures, the production of her pencil, adorned the walls. Specimens of embroidery, wrought by her needle, and the various useful articles formed by female ingenuity, occupied their several appropriate places. In one recess was placed a book-case containing a small but choice collection of books. In another, a handsome and beautifully toned cottage piano, with a number of volumes con-

taining the works of the most esteemed composers of cathedral church music. As they entered the apartment, Margaret, who was sitting on a couch, rose; and with a sweet smile, her eyes flashing with delight, extending her hand to Lionel, bid him welcome. After a few minutes unimportant conversation, the Canon selected an anthem from one of the volumes, and bade them perform it. Margaret seated herself at the piano, and Lionel at her side, singing to her accompaniment, complied with the Canon's desire, who passed many encomiums on Lionel's present performances, kissed his daughter, and bidding Lionel stay as long as he chose, left the apartment; his heart swelling with love for his daughter, and his mind filled with pleasant thoughts, thus increasing her happiness through the enjoyment of Lionel's society.

For several minutes after his departure, a deep silence reigned in that room. The heart of each too deeply felt the happiness of the hour. Each wished to break the silence, but knew not how. Margaret turned to the window, and gazed on vacancy; Lionel remained standing by the piano, turning over the leaves of the book. When we call to mind the circumstance that for two years, though no intimacy had existed between them, each had been the sole object of the other's meditations—*to* Lionel, Miss De Vere was *his* Margaret; *to* Margaret, he was *her* Lionel;—is it surprising then, that those names long familiar to, and cherished in their hearts, should soon find utterance from their lips? But with one of those names was the silence broken. Trembling with emotion, Lionel at length exclaimed—Margaret! Quick as the lightning's flash, she turned—gazed on him an instant with all the lustre of her dark eyes—the tears started, and with the exclamation, Lionel! she threw her arms around his neck;—their lips were joined in a kiss, like that would pass between angels. Then came the outpourings of the overcharged heart; then did they, in the eloquent and burning language such feelings only can prompt, reveal the secrets of their hearts, and, in the intoxication of the present moment, blind to the events of future years, and forgetting all but themselves and their own joy, pass the vow, that, while their hearts beat with life, the affection they now felt for each other should never diminish. Thus were the fates sealed of two young hearts the feelings of which had far outgrown their years,—and which time served only to unite with a stronger link, than these youthful lovers had ever dreamt