

## THE REJECTED.

The little grey Gothic church lay in the broad light of the moon, with its thick clusters of ivy and creepers mantling the diamond-paned windows. The soft autumnal haze rose thin and sparkling in moonbeams, and seemed like a silver veil which Nature had coquettishly thrown over the charms that she had not hidden from the garish light of day. In the green lane, there was a soft, cooing sound from the wood-pigeons, not yet wholly at rest, and on the downs a thousand sheep, as yet not folded, gave forth their gentle breathing, quiet and tranquil as their keeper, who had wrapped his blanket around him, and lay on the hill side, with a young lamb close to his heart, and ready to start at the first sound of his dog.

Close to the gateway of the church stood two persons and in the hushed silence one could have distinguished a faint sound of weeping. Whatever it was, it proceeded not from the smallest of the two; but from the tall and strong man who stood beside her. The white floating robe showed one to be a woman; and moon-beams resting on her face told that she was beautiful, in the pure style of English beauty. Perhaps she looked paler than was her wont, by moonlight; but there was scarcely any other trace of emotion in her countenance. Pride might have looked forth from those large blue eyes; but that was natural, and not called out by any new circumstance. Her long flaxen hair lay unstirred by even a breath over her fair white forehead, and hung down in long, heavy curls, over a neck which, though closely covered, showed its perfect shape, and betrayed at the throat its whiteness and purity. Apparently the young man had made some passionate appeal to her, which had failed to subdue some resolution she had declared; for she paused in her walk as if to collect all her firmness, and answered proudly, "It is impossible; I have given my word—my word which I have never yet broken; I can never be your wife."

There was a sob that seemed to come like that which parts soul and body, from the breast of the young man. The tall form beat and swayed as if falling to the ground; but he supported himself against the gateway of the Church.

"Farewell, then, Margaret Seaton; farewell for ever! I shall not remain here to witness your scorn or trouble your peace. Life in England would be to me a living death. To-morrow I sail for America: If winds and waves prove as treacherous as woman's love, I shall probably find peace beneath the waves. If so, I do not ask tears which you refuse to my deep misery in life. Once more, farewell!"

He turned away from her as he spoke, and took another path than that which led to her home. Had he heard the passionate cry which burst from her lips a moment after, he might have retraced his steps; but he was deaf and blind in his agony. "William! William!" sounded on the air, and reached the ear of the sleeping shepherd on the hillside, but not that of him who had left her. The next day Margaret Seaton saw the announcement of the sailing of a ship to America, and among the passengers was the name of "William Johnson."

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In one of the most beautiful spots in the delightful valley of the Mohawk, Johnson Castle reared its head. Surrounded by tall groves and rich shrubberies, almost oriental in their profusion, and kept by its owner, a young man of free and frank deportment, as a place of almost