

her present calm, has been reached through a sea of agony. Her love for Manners must have been as pure, devoted and unselfish, as ever filled the heart of woman; he was almost deified in her imagination. She believed him the personification of honor and manly integrity. Slowly she came to apprehend the truth that he was fickle, selfish and unworthy. She could not resist the conviction, and it fell like the shadow of death upon her heart. But she struggled and overcame, and pride came to her assistance, for no woman who respects herself, will persist in loving an unworthy object; and so thus, through much tribulation, she has at last entered the heaven of peace and contentment.

"Ah, Frank! you must no longer try to excuse that unworthy friend of yours; let the sin rest on him as he deserves it should. Why is it that a breach of faith in your sex is so generally regarded as a venial fault,—and that men, whose censure of *our* failings is not stinted, stand over ready to throw the mantle of charity over an offending brother? Is it a sort of mutual safety contract, by which, each one secures the same benefit to himself in time of need?

"But I forgot, dear Frank, that you hate long letters, especially from a woman's pen, and besides, I hear the voices of a merry party, just sallying out to bathe, and they are calling me, so I must bid you adieu. Do not forget to bring or send some choice new music, my taste has developed wonderfully of late, and our little concerts are quite charming. I fancy you on these sultry evenings, walking out to breathe the fresh air on R's verandah. I wish you could stroll with us, on the beach, some of these glorious moon-light nights. How fast the seasons fly, and Summer will soon be gone. But I shall then be with you again, my own kind brother, and that will be some compensation for the change. Again adieu!

"Your affectionate Sister,

"BELLA."

"P.S.—Do you remember that agreeable family of Millers, that we used to meet so often at aunt Mary's? One of them, Walter, the eldest son, was then travelling abroad, and I forgot to tell you, he has returned lately, and is now stopping here, with his pretty sister Annie. They came down only for a day or two, a fortnight ago, and have remained ever since. Walter plays divinely on the flute, and is so agreeable. You would like him much, he is racy and original, not at all like other young men. Again farewell; don't forget the music.

"BELLA."

"A lady's postscript is significant," muttered

Frank, half aloud, as he folded the letter and crushed it into his pocket. "Plays divinely"—"moonlight strolls"—"not at all like other young men"—"humph,"—and the next morning Frank Elwyn was on the way to join his sister at the sea shore.....

Winter has come again! truly, as Bella says, how fast the seasons fly! But with the young and happy, each season has its own enjoyment, and surely no young lady, just ushered into fashionable life, would complain that the season of balls and party-giving could be dull!

It is Bella's birth-night; and with a brow which no care has ever clouded, and a heart throbbing with almost childish delight and joyous expectation, she stands beside her kind Aunt Mary, waiting to receive the *select* crowd which her fond relative has invited to give *eclat* to the occasion. And her aunt looks round with a complaisant eye on the brilliant rooms, blazing with lights and rich with artistic embellishments, and she feels satisfied that nothing which wealth can command, and refined taste approve, is wanting to complete the splendor of the festive scene. And then she looks on her fair niece with a proud yet anxious eye, secretly wishing that she had more dazzling beauty, and half fearful that her fresh and joyous spirits may break through the rules of formal etiquette, and ruin the ambitious plans she has been forming for her. Yes, that sage aunt is determined to have her niece a belle; and truly Bella has beauty enough to win admirers; and the novelty of a new face, in the jaded world of fashion, always attracts attention. But Bella will never consent to become a *blazé* woman of fashion; she has too much true refinement—too much self-respect. The fresh impulses of her warm heart can never be curbed by conventionalities; her actions must remain spontaneous—her thoughts free—all her motions natural, which is the secret of their graceful charm. But she looked very lovely that night, in a simple white dress, which she *would* put on, in preference to a richer garb; her only ornament a wreath of pearls, her brother's birth-day gift.

"Expectation is never satisfied," thought Bella, with a sigh, wearied even with the homage she received.

"I am tired of dancing with coxcombs," she whispered to her brother, late in the evening, "pray cannot this good city furnish one sensible young man besides yourself, Frank?"

"We are what you choose to make us, Bella," he replied, "we only seek to be agreeable, and if nonsense pleases best, why should we take the trouble to be wise?"