

views harmonize—our sympathies and tastes are one. You have given me that word, which nothing can make me doubt, that you will be mine. My circumstances are such as to warrant our immediate union. Nay more, your mother's consent has been most cordially conveyed to us—my own sisters are waiting to clasp you to their hearts—and yet you beg for delay. I do not, could not doubt your love—I trust you wholly; but I cannot understand your reasons. I might bear it better; but you know, Amelia, your worldly, fashionable uncle and aunt do not care to see me here; and, while they have unhesitatingly declared to your mamma's enquiries, that my strictness, or, as they term it, my 'methodism,' is their only objection to me, yet their coldness and formal politeness sufficiently shew their disrelish of my attentions. Why then do you desire a postponement?"

"I really do not know, Edward, *why*; but I am happy enough as I am—why should I wish to change my name? I see *you* every day. Were we separated the case would be different."

"Dear Amelia, do you love to see me humble myself to be a visitor at a house where I am unwelcome?"

"Oh, no, dearest! my very blood boils when that horrid George Kilby treats you with so much *sauv-froid*. I told aunt Mary only yesterday that I would never speak to him again—no, never—unless he altered his manner towards you. Does he think *that* the way to win my love?"

"Now, my precious one, if you are really thus averse to my coming in contact with such superciliousness, oh! why not name the day for our union? I will have my house in readiness by the very first of July; and the white lilies will shed their fragrance and display their beauty to grace your bridal. Why not name an early day in July? I have often heard you say your wedding should take place in that month."

"Yes, but not next July, Eddy."

"And you wish me, then, to wait *another* year? You leave here in October, at the farthest, and then nine months of loneliness are before me. Do not, I beg of you, thus trifle with my happiness. It is all in your hands."

But we need not pursue the long conversation which ensued. No reason could Amelia Walton possibly give for her decision; and, as she herself said afterwards, no reason existed. Her benevolence had gone to sleep, and a determination to have her own way seemed to reign in its stead. She persisted in her refusal, however, at the same time expressing her strong attachment to her lover. At length, at the end of an hour, Edward rose to his feet, and exclaimed with

energy, though with much of his characteristic gentleness:

"Well, Amelia, *next July, or never!*"

"*Never! then never!*" exclaimed his auditor, with a flashing eye.

The large eyes of the young man filled with tears, as he exclaimed:

"Farewell, then, Amelia—*farewell for ever!*"

And she was alone.

For one hour, Amelia Walton was sustained by the energy of her passion; for two days more she thought he would return. He had often forgiven her ebullitions of anger—his mildness had borne with her petulance—would it not be so now? Could he forget all their youthful love—in each case their first? No, Edward Churchill had forgotten nothing—and severe was the struggle in his own mind; but his father had been a man of violent passions, and the misery caused by his want of control had been so deeply felt by the family, that young Churchill had, from his early boyhood, dreaded a residence with a passionate person.

Who can describe the depths of wretchedness which for months weighed down the spirit of Amelia, and bowed her to the very dust? She sought her home. Her birds, her flowers were there; but all was changed. She resumed her wonted employments; but the spirit that had given them zest had flown; and when, at the end of two years, she read in the newspapers the marriage of Edward Churchill, to one whom she knew to be every thing any man could wish in a wife, her agony was in truth intense:

"It is a bitter thing to feel

The heart's enchantment o'er;

But 'tis more bitter still to find

It can be charmed no more."

Our readers must pass over years that have glided by, and allow us to introduce them to an apartment, where were seated two sisters and mothers. In Mrs. Campbell, the elder, they will probably recognize the Amelia Walton of former days. Sadness and sorrow have done their work, and the polished brow bears lines wrought by anguish of spirit. But there is somewhat of quiet happiness in her look; and had one listened, through the long, quiet day, to those outpourings, which can take place only between sisters, he would have found that, though the scars remained deep and permanent in the heart, her marriage had not been one of *interest* merely. "Love's young dream" had been disturbed by the hurricane, that had swept over the path, and long did desolation and barrenness mark the track; but time and religion had caused the verdure to spring up, and cover even the stemless stumps,