

one of the aisles a richly embroidered handkerchief; upon taking it up he observed a mark which examining, he found to be the name of Miss De Vere. Supposing she must have recently passed, he hastily quitted the church; and looking toward the Canon's house beheld Margaret about to enter. By walking briskly, he crossed the green as she was closing the wicket gate in front of the house. She, perceiving him, waited his approach. He made known his object in following her and presented the handkerchief. This was the first time they ever met each unaccompanied. As she received the handkerchief and raised her eyes to thank him, their hands accidentally came in contact and their eyes met each other's glance at the same instant. A deep blush overspread the face of both, yet neither seemed to have power to withdraw their gaze. Both however were relieved and restored to recollection, by the voice of the Canon, who, having seen them cross the green, and wondering at the non-appearance of his daughter, suddenly presented himself. The reason of Lionel's presence being explained, the Canon good naturedly rallied Lionel's boyish gallantry, and was about to dismiss him, but suddenly exclaimed, "Margaret, I think if Lionel were to come daily, and you were to sing together, it would be greatly advantageous. Again a deep blush overspread the face of both Margaret and Lionel, though neither could have satisfactorily explained why, had they been questioned. "What say you, Lionel," continued the Canon, "would it please you? And you, my dear daughter, would you be pleased?" Both stammered something sufficient to express their willingness, and it was arranged that the next day after morning service, Lionel should for the first time enter the house of the Canon on the footing of a privileged visitor. As he took his leave a look from Margaret, such as he never had before received from human eyes, sent a thrill through his every nerve, yet could he not divine the cause at that time. Better had it been for both if the time never had come, which not only taught them the cause, but matured the feelings now in such infancy, as not to be recognized by those by whom they were felt.

Little did the Canon imagine, that by this proposition and arrangement, the long sweetly cherished wishes and hopes of two young hearts were to be realized; little did he think that he had laid the match to a train of events, which although first productive of happiness, would result and terminate in sorrow.

The particular notice bestowed by the Canon

on young Weston, his handsome intelligent countenance, clear melodious voice and general manner, had all combined to render him an object of peculiar interest in the eyes of Miss De Vere, and often had she wished that circumstances might arise, should cause a closer intimacy between them. When at home, engaged in her favourite practice, her delight was to select those compositions, the prominent parts of which, when performed in the cathedral, were borne by Lionel. While she sung, in imagination she heard his voice also,—in fancy beheld him. Then would she think that were he but with her, could she but blend her voice with his in sweet accord, nothing would be wanting to perfect her happiness.

Devoted to the service in which he bore part, that service was rendered more interesting too, by the hitherto only opportunities it afforded him of seeing Margaret and attracting her attention to himself. The beautiful language of the forty second psalm, "Like as the hart desireth the water brooks, so panteth my soul for thee,"—while they emanated from his lips, were addressed, in his heart, with nearly as much devotion and quite equal purity of feeling, to her as to the God in whose worship he was engaged.

He, in the evening time, would linger near her dwelling, to catch a glimpse of, or sound of her voice, and think what happiness would be his, were he but allowed to be with and join in her amusement. These were the secret, mysterious sympathies and yearnings of two congenial spirits, predestined to experience the bitter tribulations of earth; and having passed through them, dwell together in the realms of bliss.

Wild with delight, Lionel departed from the house of the Canon, and reached home he scarcely knew how. His flushed cheek and beaming eye, proclaimed to his parents that something unusual had occurred. He needed no questioning by them, for his heart was too full to conceal, and with rapidity of language he disclosed the cause of his joy. The remainder of the day was passed by him in that restlessness, which ever accompanies the looking forward to a certain hour, in which some long cherished hope is to be realized.

Evening and night succeeded each other in due course, he slept—her spirit's influence was o'er him; and visions of hoped for events and happiness crowded in constant succession through his excited brain. With the dawn he awoke, aroso and awaited with impatience the hour when the sound of the cathedral bell