

the future; hope is indeed the herald of the present, and the pre-ent the admonisher of the past. "Those juggling fiends," as Macbeth says, 'oft keep the word of promise to our ear, and break it to our hope.' "You seem, Mr. Danton," said Miss Vernon, "to be very well acquainted with Shakespeare, the prince of poets. I suppose you prefer imaginative writings to the abstract deductions of philosophy, or the practical illustrations of science?" "I value all as indispensibly necessary to the student of nature, who looks upon education but as stepping-stones by which he may ascend to obtain larger and nobler views of nature's truth. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an abominable lie; do you not think so, Miss Vernon?" "Perhaps so," she calmly replied, "it is a very weighty question, so I shall leave it to Mr. Gordon to decide for me." Danton looked gloomy and perplexed, no doubt thinking it was time either to start or approach the discussion of postage stamps. Leaving him in company with the lady, we politely bowed and retired, promising to meet him on the morrow for the purpose of arranging our plans and buying supplies for the intended trip to F..... and the surrounding country.

Alone with her loved, a vague, undefined feeling rose in his heart, which I will not attempt to analyze. It was a feeling of sadness, despondency, and doubt, peculiar to a lover's state of mind; and which those only have felt, who, like Danton, lack the courage and self-command to disclose the love they feel. Twice he essayed to speak, but could not; something rested on him which he had not the power to throw off—a nameless, undefined fear, governed all his thoughts. At last he ventured to speak, to tell her how much he loved her, and how dear her society had become to him. In ordinary society, cautious, taciturn, and reserved, he now became inspired with the noblest self-possession, and the declaration which he then made, couched in the most appropriate language, did honour to himself, both as a gentleman and a scholar, and was well calculated to make a deep impression on the heart. But Miss Vernon seemed not to hear the magic melody of his voice; her large, dreamy eyes seemed gazing at other scenes, and only at the conclusion of his speech did she look up, merely remarking that his language surprised her. "I hope Mr. Danton," said she, "that you will not presume too much on the friendship which has thus far existed between us. I have always entertained sentiments of the highest respect and esteem for your character, but this shall not deter me from disclosing to you the love I bear for another. Therefore, I hope you will speak no further of this: make no apology: the mistake you have made is one which I much regret, but my heart has already centered its affections on one worthy, in my estimation, of any woman's love." At the conclusion of her remarks, Danton was in no mood for reply; the tone of her voice, low,

distinct, and clear, and the sincere, truthful, manner in which she spoke, made on his heart a deep impression, which would not soon be effaced. A reply, however he did make, which is not worth repeating here; their conversation soon changed to other topics.

From that time forth Danton made no exertion whatever to please when in her society. His sensitive spirit was deeply wounded by the revelation then made; but his pride sustained him in brooding over all the woes incident to his hopeless passion. The craving for sympathy is one of the strongest feelings in our nature, and to a mind constituted as Danton's was, became, at times, extremely powerful, making him soft, luxurious, and effeminate in character. After conversing for some time, with Miss Vernon, he bade her adieu, with that polite and winning tenderness of manner so natural to him.

On the next day the party started for F....., and Gordon was very assiduous in his attention to Miss Vernon, pointing out as we sailed along, the placid waters of the river, the beautiful and diversified scenery of the country. "Oh!" cried she, "for a ramble through those broad, luxuriant valleys, and forest-crowned hills, and feel the breeze stirring in our uplifted hair." "It is to be hoped," said Gordon, "that you may realize and enjoy all the beauty, pleasure, and freedom of a country life."

Quite an animated discussion was kept up among the party in regard to the beauties of the Hudson river and St John, and despite what art had done for the former, the palm must, and always will be awarded to our own noble river, for it contains scenery acknowledged by tourist and traveller to be the most beautiful in the world.

Danton seemed more reserved and thoughtful than usual, and seemed to take but little interest in the conversation of those around; only at times, when a remark was addressed to himself, would he venture to make a reply. Absorbed in the page of a book, he sat near the wheel-house of the steamer, his head inclined on the railing, and gazed now and then at the luxuriant meadows through which we passed, or the deep far shadows of the surrounding hills. At last we arrived at F....., and took lodgings at the principal hotel in the town, and the next day started for the woods. Danton remained in F....., beguiling the time as best he could; but it was observed, by even his relatives and friends, that his accustomed cheerfulness had left him, and that melancholy had settled like a dark cloud upon his character, but they knew not that he bore "a life long hunger in his heart." "Who is that young man with such an expressive face, whom you introduced to me yesterday on board the steamer," enquired Mr Charlton of Miss Vernon, at the breakfast table next morning. The speaker was a young man very fashionably attired, and bore on his countenance the marks of a life of dissipation and of sorrow. He had come on a trip to the province for the