

country in ignorance of what was the real cause of his detention at home, when he desired so much to see her; but whether 'he should live or die it would be for her alone.' But when his friend had reached the ship, and perceived in the expression of her countenance the anxiety which agitated her tender bosom, he could not, for sympathy with Colina, convey to her the intelligence of Norman's indisposition, whom he knew she loved as her own life, lest by doing so he should be guilty of increasing her grief, already expressed in intelligible characters, and thus edge it with keener affliction. A more mature consideration would however have suggested to him that the duty he had failed to perform was what true friendship and fidelity required, and which he could never have violated were he to have as much forethought as he had of sore reflection afterwards on the subject."

"It was to be deplored, interrupted Mrs. Rose, that Colina had left her native shore without knowing what prevented poor Bethune from seeing her at the time of her departure, according to his appointment; and especially as it would have enabled her to repel all suspicions of his constancy which she may have been tempted afterwards to cherish, and would have fortified her mind during a long separation to be cheerfully resigned to the will of Providence. But her parents must have known the circumstance, and her mother in particular would have given her every comfort which maternal affection is fit to administer."

But, said Mr. Rose, did we not experience that it is by first frustrating our fondest hopes the dispenser of all events often ultimately sweetens the cup of our comforts, we might have no hesitation in saying that it was much to be deplored that the loving Colina knew not the cause of her friend's apparent neglect; although it is hard to say, if she had known this, whether it would have been easier for her to think of his being laid on a bed of sickness, to which the grief of parting with her had likely contributed, and to the relief of which their separation had rendered it impossible for her to afford one drop of comfort, while it permitted her not to hope of hearing soon of his recovery. And from what I have already related regarding their friend, in whom Norman had reposed so much confidence, we may learn that it is of necessity for us, short-sighted as we are, to seek for better guidance than our own, even in our most laudable efforts, whether of a social or more private character, to dry up the streams of human sorrow, as well as to seal the fountains whence they originate; and this is still more evident in the manner in which her affectionate mother essayed to abstract Colina's mind from the object of her grief.

"The interesting island of Staffa and of Iona, whose lofty towers remind the passing voyager of the character of sanctity their country ought to retain in the mind of every true Caledonian, were dimly fading out of view, and the blue hills of Argyre presented only their summits above the distant horizon; while Colina, still leaning gently on the ship's bulwarks, seemed to be counting each rolling swell of the ocean which passed towards the shore and separated her further and farther from her beloved Norman. Her mother, perceiving that grief had quite overcome the fortitude whereby she endeavoured so long to conceal it, had now, for the first time, thought of representing to Colina the folly of grieving her mind much about an individual, whom, however worthy he always proved to be of her affection, and notwithstanding the revolutions and ardent hopes of untried youth, she had very slight prospect of ever seeing again. She held forth to her the expectation she might entertain of meeting with a loving partner in the colony whither they were going, who might be equally qualified to make her happy, and with whom she might possess more of the comforts of life than she could hope to obtain with Norman, for many years yet to come. This, she assured Colina, was not a visionary prospect; as it was well known that in every new colony of the kind they were to inhabit, females were few

in number, and had it much in their own power to choose the husbands that were most deserving."

"If that should be the case, papa, said Adelaide, it occurs to me there is no cause to fear we shall be doomed to go to the garret, when we may at once be transported to such a happy country; where ladies obtain a higher privilege than any ever enumerated in the celebrated catalogue of 'Woman's Rights,' of which Mrs. Poker so often talks—the privilege of choosing husbands for themselves."

"Rather let us fear, papa, said Maria, what effect her mother's words had on Colina's mind."

"Although Colina had endeavoured to appear more cheerful after her mother spoke to her lest she should make her uneasy by showing any signs of continued grief; yet she felt it would be cruel, and in vain, for any one to advise her to withdraw her affection from her beloved, until a change had first taken place on his own part, of which she had not yet had any real cause to fear.

*'Tis easier to kindle fire with snow  
Than quench the flame of love with words;  
The more 'tis stamped, the more it burns.'*

"I might also make known to you, if time permitted," continued Mr. Rose, "the train of meditations Colina had been often disposed to indulge in during a pleasant voyage across the Atlantic, especially when the ocean had presented its most imposing and sublime scenes—which were often enjoyed during a longer than usual continuation of calm weather; and likewise the pleasure that was afforded her on her arrival in America, and while pursuing their journey to their final destination over its inland waters, by the grandeur of its general scenery. But, like many new settlers, they endured many hardships before they found anything like a comfortable home. Under such circumstances one would suppose that Colina would not, with a firm decision of purpose, reject proposals of friendship that were made by young men of character and worldly means; but such was the case, and such was her love for Norman Bethune and her regard for the sacred vows of her early love.

"Shortly after their arrival in the colony she wrote home to her friend in Lochalin, but at the time her letter had reached there, Norman was in another part of the country, sojourning with some of his friends, the still delicate state of his health having required such a change. His father received, and for obvious reasons destroyed it at once. The first intelligence Norman got of the safe arrival of Colina in America was after a long interval of eighteen months, and then only through letters received from other families who had left Lochalin at the same period. Having been by this time quite restored to his wonted health and vigour, he recruited courage to tell his father that he was anxious to try his fortune in the New World; and ultimately the father considered it his duty, though at the sacrifice of much parental affection, not to offer any resistance to his wishes.

A few months more, and after a rather tedious passage across the Atlantic, he arrived in the township of E—, in one of the western districts of Upper Canada, where Mr. Lamb was now settled on his own farm."

"O! papa, I hope they had a happy meeting, exclaimed Maria."

"Yes, dear Maria, virtue is its own reward; but I will now tell you something which will render the event of their meeting more interesting to you. You will perceive that poor Colina had been disappointed in not receiving any communication from Norman, in answer to her letter, which, together with the recollection of what had occurred on the day she had left Lochalin, caused her to entertain doubts of his fidelity for the first time, the very evening he arrived at E—; but ere he found his way to Mr. Lamb's house she had retired to bed, and after some bitter reflection and tears, she was soon absorbed in the following vision:

## THE DREAM.

"The most lovely terrestrial paradise which adorns the plains of Shiraz or Damascus, with all their striking pictures of scenic and sylvar beauty, could not be more inviting than the spot into which Colina had been now transported. Its walks were shaded by waving and luxuriant foliage on the one hand; on the other, fringed with plants which exhaled the sweetest odours, and flowers of the most superb tints; while through the far-extending vistas, which here and there opened to view, might be seen rich parterres, over which the humming-bee noisily flattered, and the canopy of leafy branches and pendant fronds which overshadowed the purling brook, that gently flowed through this paradise of hope, were vocal with the song of the bird of pleasure. As Colina walked along its walks the appearance of the whole seemed to grow more and more in beauty upon the eye, and the harmony of sweetly mingled sounds rendered it a magic scene of delight. At length she observed two young females dressed in white robes,—the emblems of innocence and truth; and as they seemed to have been discussing the more delicate beauties of a flower which one of them held in her hand, an elderly man, whose countenance beamed with affection and intelligence, came up to them, and having presented to them a small paper, folded together, he bowed courteously and disappeared. One of them unfolded the note, and audible to Colina, who stood near them unperceived, she read its contents as follows:—

*The flower which boasts the brightest tints,  
And drinks the sweetest dew,  
May still contain within its core  
The rankest poison too!*

"Upon hearing these words Colina turned aside, and while musing deeply on what the meaning intended to be conveyed by these lines might be, her attention was arrested by the appearance of a delicate-looking young female, whom she approached in a more isolated part of the garden, and whose sad and sullied countenance and dejected deportment represented the experience of affliction. She heard her exclaiming in an affecting tone of soliloquy:—

*O! why had I forgot  
That there is naught of mortal birth,  
But some innate impurity  
Still marks its child of earth!*

"The most sympathetic tenderness towards her who had given utterance to these sentiments made Colina anxious to know the cause of her grief, but as she drew nearer to her, her fair form had faded out of view; and she was again left alone to reflect on all she had heard in the garden. She began to think that these words no sooner expressed than they were given in her memory, were intended to show the folly of reposing too much confidence in any mortal being, and at once thoughts of her Norman darted across her mind. It occurred to her how he had disappointed her on the day she left her native shore, and caused by his dilatory neglect of writing to her, her hope to be blighted, and her mind to be no longer fit to repel these doubts of his integrity which before could never, never find a place in her thoughts. Deploping all which, and yet feeling she could love no one again as she did her beloved Bethune, she lay herself down on a bed of roses, and as her drooping form bent over the fragrant bouquet which her bosom pressed, and on the petals of one particular tender flower might be seen a fallen tear standing undiffused like a dew-drop in Eden, she suddenly heard a voice like that of an angel exclaiming—

*A guardian spirit still hovers around me,  
To chase every thought that could dishonour thy love.*

She lifted up her eyes, and behold, it was her Norman, who at once embraced her in one arm, and with the other hand plucked the flower, on whose corolla her tear, transparent and spark-