

to his seat, covering his face with his hands, and bending so as to lay both on the table; he weaned and sobbed like an infant forsaken by its parent.

Mr. Weston regarded the anguish of Lionel, with all the sympathy a fond parent should feel for the sorrow of a beloved child; but well knowing that to offer him consolation by exciting false hopes of any probability that the Canon would relent, or that himself would change his views, would not only be a breach of the faith he had pledged to the Canon, but also tend to weaken his influence with his son by persuading him to act as he wished him; and believing that when the first feelings of Lionel's anguish should subside, he would be more ready to indulge them without interruption, more ready to listen to and obey his commands; he refrained from any attempt to soothe him.

At length, after some time had passed, Lionel raised his head, and with more calmness than might have been expected, asked his father's advice and assistance—implored him not to send him away, but that he would allow him to remain, that he might be enabled to seize any opportunity that would be likely to place him in circumstances which might cause the Canon to relinquish his present determination. His father replied, that his wish remained unaltered; that any expectation or hope that he might entertain respecting a reversion of the Canon's present resolutions, he had better relinquish—reminded him of the promise Margaret had given to her father, and added, in his opinion, that circumstance alone should be sufficient to determine him how to act; for he, knowing her so well, should be well aware that a promise once made by her would never be broken, and that to doubt this, would be equal to a declaration on his part, that the confidence he had placed in her firmness of disposition was shaken, and that he believed her liable to change. This was touching Lionel's heart in a tender part, and he felt it. "Father," exclaimed he, "one favour—go to Canon De Vere, tell him I wish once more to meet Margaret, and alone, that she may speak freely, with none by to influence her. If from her own mouth I hear that such a promise has been made, and firmly resolved to be kept, I will then cheerfully obey your desire and depart; I will shew her that I too can be firm, and as worthy of her confidence as she of mine."

Pleased with this determination of Lionel and his display of spirit's pride, Mr. Weston

waited on the Canon and made known to him Lionel's determination and request. The Canon pondered for some time deeply, but at length replied that although he considered it a dangerous experiment, so confident was he in the purity of intention and honour of Lionel as also that of his daughter, that, with her consent, the interview might be had, and in the manner requested. Leaving the apartment, he went to that of his daughter, and having informed her what had been Lionel's request—asked her if she could command sufficient firmness to support so trying a scene as must necessarily take place. She, after some considerations and many tears, gave her consent; and it was decided that it should take place that very evening.

Mr. Weston returned, informed his son of the arrangement, and begged him to conduct himself with firmness and bear its trials with fortitude. The evening came, Lionel and his father proceeded together to the house of the Canon. On their arrival, they were shewn into the parlour where they were soon joined by the Canon who had just left his daughter whom he had been endeavouring to comfort and prepare for the approaching interview.—He took Lionel kindly by the hand, enquired with much tenderness of the state of his health, assured him that his opinion of him was unchanged, that he would ever be his friend, and leading him to the door and pointing toward the apartment of his daughter, bade God strengthen, and left him.

With scarcely power to breathe, Lionel, understanding the Canon's motion, entered the apartment. Miss De Vere occupied exactly the same station on the couch, as she did on the day when he first entered that apartment two years before. Ah! with what different feelings they now met;—on that former occasion all was bliss and joy; they met dreaming not they ever should be separated—they now met to part, believing that they must never meet more. Both were pale and trembling—both were silent. Lionel stood before her and at length broke silence—

"Tell me dear Margaret," said he, "is it true?"

"Lionel! dear, dearest Lionel!" exclaimed the agitated girl, "question, upbraid me not, it is my father's will—it is his command—I have promised to obey him, though my heart break—let the firm and unchanged affection I have borne and ever will cherish for you, be a token of my regard of duty and obedience for my father."