

attachment was nursed in fear and in secret, *she* knew it not!

But it was not always to be thus. There came a glorious summer evening, succeeding to a long happy day, which Agnes had spent at the rectory. Margaret, as usual, had not deigned to accompany her, but had promised to send a carriage for her early in the evening. The appointed hour, however, was long past, and still no carriage made its appearance. Agnes grew nervous and uneasy.—She was sure that Margaret was ill, or the ponies had been restive by the way, or something terrible had occurred, and at length her anxiety reached such a height that she resolved to set forth on foot. She accepted the offer of Charles Willersley's escort gladly, and surely there must have been some tell-tale expression of satisfaction in her countenance as she did so, or the reserved and humble lover, would never have ventured to press her delicate arm to his heart, as he drew it within his own. Agnes coloured and trembled as she walked, and the words that she forced herself to say on some commonplace subject were constrained and faltering. Charles seemed to partake of her embarrassment, and after a few minutes, having vainly attempted to support conversation, they walked on in silence.

About half a mile on their road was a gate, which led into a pathway, running across meadows and coppices, and forming a short cut to the hall. Here they stopped.—“Shall we go by the footpath, Agnes, or shall we continue on the road, and take the chance of the carriage?” asked Charles. “It is no matter,” murmured Agnes, and her cheek burnt with deeper crimson, though there was nothing in that simple question to create agitation. Charles felt the trembling of the small hand that rested on his arm, he saw the blush, suffusing as much of her fair face and neck as her scarf and bonnet left visible, and a thrill of indescribable delight ran through his veins. As if, by mutual consent, they passed through the gate, and took the field path, which for a short distance, skirted the highway. “You are tired Agnes,” said Charles, as the faltering step of his companion attracted his attention, “you had better rest a few minutes before we proceed.

See, you can sit quite comfortably on the foot of this tree; and as he spoke, he put aside the long grass and weeds, and seated Agnes on the spot he recommended. He stood before her for a moment, and her up-raised eyes met his. There was a wide revelation in that mutual glance. Not a word was spoken, yet they knew, *each knew*, that to the other there existed nothing else on earth so loved, so near in heart and soul.—Then might their love have found a voice, all might have been told, and though trouble and care might have ensued, sorrow, such as they were doomed to feel, could hardly have befallen them. But the sound of an approaching carriage was heard, and Agnes sprang to her feet.

“It must be the phaeton,” she said in a low voice, as she began hurriedly to retrace her steps towards the gate, and it was a positive relief to her that her conjecture was correct, though five minutes before she would have given all the world to hear Charles Willersley say he loved her. So true is it, that woman shrinks, as from something too intensely agitating, from the very love tale she most longs to hear. The carriage drove up; a slight accident, it appears had detained it, but Agnes did not hear one word of the servant's explanation. She was scarcely conscious of the fervent pressure of Charles Willersley's hand upon her own as he bade her farewell, but afterwards that parting moment came back vividly upon her remembrance, and through long years of separation, was treasured up amidst her dearest memories. Oh, that delicious homeward drive on that sweet summer evening—the ecstasy of the gentle tears that flowed as soon as she was alone! She was in a very delirium of happiness. She had not yet had time to think or reflect, the proud image of her sister had not yet arisen amidst her blissful visions. She only felt and knew that she was beloved. She was indeed encircled with the charm of “love's young dream”—the freshness of its dawn lay about her heart.—The present was enough for her; with the past and future she had nothing to do. The carriage rolled on through beautiful scenery, rendered still lovelier by the tender mellowing of the evening light. She took no notice