

ments, but his eccentricities impaired his usefulness, and at length the number of his pupils were limited to a few youths of matured and developed minds, who sought him to acquire aid in the higher branches of study, and who were amused rather than annoyed by his peculiarities of character. Among these, Horace Medwin had ever been distinguished, as an especial favourite of the singular old man, and a degree of intimacy almost amounting to domestication in the family, had arisen between them. Gifted with talents but little above mediocrity, he possessed a firmness of character and strength of will which enabled him to overcome difficulties for which a far more vigorous intellect would have felt itself unequal. For him to determine, was always to succeed, for he had a fixedness and tenacity of purpose which never allowed him to loose his grasp on the desired object. Yet, blended with this self-reliance and decision, which might else have made him arrogant and overbearing, were some of the gentlest charities of human nature.—Kind, considerate, and affectionate, he won the regard of all those who were associated with him, while at the same time, he unconsciously controlled them by his superior firmness of will.

Perhaps, it was this very quality in the character of Horace, which first excited the regard of Helen Macartney. "What has she known of love," says Madame de Staël, "who has not seen in the object of her choice a powerful protector, a guide courageous and kind, whose look commands even while it supplicates, and who kneels at her feet only to receive at her hands the right to dispose of her destiny?"—*The vacillating temper of her father, whose instability rendered him most unfit to direct the steps of others amid the vicissitudes of life, had made Helen doubly sensitive to the spell which a certain kind of mental force in man ever casts over the more timid heart of woman. Horace had been early attracted by her girlish beauty, and the love which then sprung up in his heart strengthened with his years until he no longer doubted that his future happiness depended upon winning the pure affections of the artless being who looked up to him with the relying tenderness of a sister. Though much his superior in brilliancy of mind, and possessing in a much higher degree all the perceptive faculties, yet his strength of judgment and force of will were sufficient to give him that superiority in her eyes which alone induces a woman to give out the whole wealth of her affections; and Helen soon learned to love*

him with a depth and fervour which was only equalled by the undeviating constancy of her attachment.

But Horace Medwin was an ambitious man, and his love, while it was strong as death in his heart, only served to refine and elevate what was before a merely selfish feeling. To procure a bare subsistence by his daily labour, and thus live along from day to day, was little suited to his ideas of happiness. He had been brought up in the midst of that worst kind of poverty, which is found in the homes of those whose pride demands sacrifices which comfort would forbid; and the daily struggle between positive want and a desire to keep up appearances had appalled and dejected him from his youth. He had early resolved to win a fortune, and at a time when boys are thinking only of their sports, he was preparing himself for his future career. As he grew older, a very little observation sufficed to convince him that those only are certain of success, who, laying aside all the restraints of pride and prejudice, will stoop to plant ere they climb to reach the fruits, and he therefore decided that in order to break through the many bonds which early habit and association impose upon every one, a residence in a land of strangers, during his season of trial, was to be preferred. In vain Helen sought to moderate his views, and confine his ambition within the limits of the narrow circle, where may ever be found domestic happiness. He was now ambitious for her sake as well as for his own, and the fairest pictures of the future joy which his fancy sketched, required a golden frame to give them finish in his eyes. A clerkship in an extensive mercantile house, resident in Calcutta, opened an avenue to the wealth he sought, and well knowing that his knowledge of Oriental languages would scarcely fail of insuring him success, he conquered his own deep regrets at parting with Helen, and accepted a situation which would banish him for years from his native land. He went forth sadly but hopefully to gather golden fruit in the mystic groves of Ind, while Helen remained to think for her wayward father, to act for her imbecile mother, and perhaps to feel too deeply for her own loneliness of heart.

The first two years after her lover's departure witnessed little change in the conduon of Helen. The daily routine of cares which the peculiar character of her parents imposed upon her, filled up the measure of her time, and Hope, that gentle soother of the weary heart, was ever singing its quiet song beside her.—But, at last the grim fiend of poverty, which