

that seemed to ring through the heart. Her laugh was the most musical I ever heard; her quick temper would sometimes break out from very trifling causes, but a word or look always recalled the warm and generous feelings of her heart. She merely acted from the impulse of the moment; but there were deep and strong principles in the soul of Hannah Gray, which awaited the hand of time and circumstances to draw them out. Passionately fond of reading, her greatest delight was to retire to her own room with a dark blue romance, composed of dungeons, ghosts, banditti, and Italian monks; and there weep till her eyes were red, over the distresses of some unfortunate Clementina or Viola: but this was guarded against by Abel Gray, and the natural taste of his daughter directed by him in the proper path was still allowed to soar, but in the choicest fields of literature.

Few minds could be better stored than Hannah Gray's—few could be happier; her childhood passed on calm and peaceful as her after years were dark and wretched.

When Hannah was about fifteen, her father received a letter from the widow of an old shipmate, praying him as he had been the friend of her husband, to look after and be kind to her orphan son, who against her will had gone to sea, and was now, she believed, expected into B—t. Captain Gray sought the boy, and invited him to his house, and to make it his home while he remained in B—t. He also spoke in his favour to the owners, and on his recommendation, he was promoted chief mate, while yet only seventeen. ALLAN CLIFFORD was handsome—extremely handsome; but he was cunning, cruel, haughty, and ill-principled. The natural graces of youth concealed and threw a lustre over these qualities, which veiled them from common eyes. Few, to have looked on his open brow and beaming eye, would have known the heart that lurked within; and Hannah Gray fell deeply and wildly in love with him. She sang no more to her parrot, and the poor bird drooped in his cage. She listened not to her favourite canaries, for Allan Clifford's voice sounded sweeter than theirs. Allan warmly returned her love, for who could resist sweet Hannah Gray.

The time flew rapidly till Allan's ship was ready to sail; the idea of parting increased their love, and their grief was overpowering. They breathed deep vows of faith and truth, till at last, the thought of sealing irrevocably their vows flashed across their minds, and by banns published in another parish, young and

thoughtless Hannah Gray, unknown to her fond father, became the wife of Allan Clifford. This was Hannah Gray's false step; and, oh! how bitterly did she live to repent it. After Allan's departure, in her grief, she betrayed her marriage to her father.

Allan Clifford was not exactly the person Captain Gray would have chosen to wed his daughter. He knew the life of a sailor was wild and turbulent, and that a sailor's wife has many a lone and melancholy hour to pass.—But this was not all; his feelings were wounded to think that Hannah, young and childish as she was, could have acted thus without his knowledge; and a sad foreboding came over his mind that it was not for her good; but for this, he only drew his child towards him, and kissing her forehead, wished she might not live to repent it. Aunt Margery's faculties were astounded; she could hardly comprehend that little Hannah was a married woman;—however, she said nothing, but brushed away a particle of dust from her morocco work-box.

The time came when Allan's vessel should have made her passage, but she never reached her destined port, and her name was found among the list of missing vessels at Lloyd's. For months Hannah Gray was very ill, so ill that her life was despaired of; but a residence on the coast, with the sea air, and the change of scene consequent thereon, soon restored her health. By degrees her spirits resumed their former tone, for the young heart will suffer many a grievous woe ere its warm springs be chilled. Years rolled on, and Allan Clifford's name was never mentioned. Hannah had grown from a girl to a woman—seven years had passed since her youthful widowhood—a few changes had taken place since then—Aunt Margery was dead—her father's health was delicate, and they now lived in a cottage on the H—d road, close by the sea shore.

Captain Gray kept a good deal of company, and in all their circle none was more admired or thought of than Hannah. One of their most intimate acquaintances was a Mrs. Hill, a widow lady, who kept what is called a 'select boarding house'; that is, a few gentlemen were entertained in her house in a style of much elegance and comfort. Mrs. H. was a worthy, well bred, and agreeable woman. She had two daughters, very fine girls, to whom Hannah was much attached. Towards the close of a fine summer, Mrs. H. gave an evening party, and cottage dance, at her summer residence in H—d. Hannah had accepted an invitation, and Eliza Hill stopped on her way from town