

as a tender exotic which has withered in an artificial atmosphere, may be sometimes restored to life and health by an accidental exposure to the natural changes of the seasons. There was an intentness and concentration in his love that seemed to have changed his vacillating nature, and given him a firmness of purpose to which he was previously a stranger.—But he was not of those who believe mere words are necessary to the true interpretation of the heart. Forgetting that Amy had grown up amid all gentle and kindly influences, and that therefore the usual evidences of regard were to her so familiar as to be scarcely noticed; forgetting that to her it was so natural to be beloved, that though she might perhaps have noticed the absence of affection in a friend, yet its presence was to her like the common blessings of air and light, essential to her happiness, but enjoyed almost unconsciously;—he flattered himself that Amy perceived and smiled upon his hopes.

What might have been the effect of Wilfred's affection, upon the future life of Amy had no counter influence been exercised, can scarcely be determined, for ere she had discovered the nature of his feelings, the return of Charles Thornton, after an absence of nearly seven years, wrought a change in the destiny of the gentle girl. Charles had been successful beyond his hopes, for his innate energy of mind, together with the advantages of a good education, had enabled him to rise rapidly in his new vocation, and he was now the commander of a noble ship. The years which had shaded with a deeper sadness the countenance of the desponding Wilfred, and touched with so much womanly grace the form of the gentle Amy, had not passed over the manly sailor without leaving some trace of their power.—The furrow, which time so soon chisels on the brow of the man of decision, was deeply traced upon his forehead, while the keen glance of his eagle-eye, the habitual compression of his finely-moulded lips, and his tall, strong, firmly-knit figure, all were characteristic of his true nature. He had found his proper sphere of action, and amid the fury of the elements, he had trod the deck of his frail ship with the proud step of one who ruled a power mightier than himself. Nothing ennobles a man so much as the consciousness of mental or physical force, and when both are combined,—when the intellect is powerful to conceive, and the arm bold to act,—when man can stand high-hearted and strong-handed in the presence of mortal peril, well may he bear the impress

of heroism on his firm brow, and its god-like light in his unquailing eye.

Ever since the time of "the gentle lady wedded to the Moor," the power of the wild and wonderful over the heart of woman, has been a subject of reproach to the sex. Yet what can be more natural than that the delicate and frail being, whose mere physical weakness teaches her the need of some strong arm on which to lean, should find her imagination leading captive her affections as she listens to the tale of "perils past," and wonders at the courage which bore the narrator undaunted through the danger which would have crushed a feebler spirit? Amy Eilerslie's life had been one of such quiet enjoyment, that the hardy sailor's lightly-told stories of wonders seen and dangers encountered, came to her with the charm of novelty, and she listened and looked until, if she did not exactly wish "that Heaven had made her such another man," she at least learned that there was within her bosom a store of sweeter feelings than had yet been called forth. To the bold sailor, the bright yet delicate beauty of Amy was perfectly bewitching. The playfulness of the merry girl, and the tenderness of the high-souled woman were so beautifully blended in her sweet character, while her form was so full of expanding grace, and her face so radiant in its joyous loveliness, that Charles Thornton was at once entranced and enthralled.

It was soon evident to the acute village gossips that a match was already kindled between Captain Thornton and gentle Amy Eilerslie. There was an evident change in the light-hearted girl, and those who missed her merry ringing laugh, knew that some deeper feeling had been surred within her bosom.—They who have ever noticed the difference between the gleeful voice of one who bears an unawakened heart, and the richly modulated tones of that sweet voice when the bosom's chords have echoed to affection's touch, will readily understand how Amy's changed emotions were first disclosed. But long ere others had discovered the secret of her heart, it had been read by one who found its interpretation in his own disappointed hopes. Wilfred Thornton was one of those sensitive spirits who feel the chill imparted by the shadow of approaching sorrow, and he was not long in perceiving whence came the cloud which was to darken his future life. The fine poetic spirit of the melancholy visionary might awaken the admiration of Amy, and his sadness call for her sympathy; but she had a true woman's heart, a: