

served to be loved, or, in the blind devotion of youthful affection, she would eagerly have snatched at his proposed plan; and would not the sacrifice have been repaid by his ardent love and gratitude, by seeing him often and hearing from him constantly?

Romantic in character,—jealous, impetuous in temper, thus argued the lover of Helen Churchill, ever prone to follow the hasty impress of feeling, rather than the sober dictates of reason. No wonder if he often erred in his judgment.

Frank had turned with morbid disgust from the world, and had centered all the warm feelings of a too sensitive heart on the gentle, affectionate Helen, and fondly worshipped her as an idol of perfection,—and now she too had failed him, and the disappointed, because unreasonable lover, sunk into a state of gloomy apathy, bordering on misanthropy, from which nothing seemed to have the power of rousing him. He received another farewell letter from Helen, on the eve of embarkation, without deigning to reply to its tender regrets otherwise than by cold reproaches. The vessel at length sailed,—then, for a season, anger gave way to unutterable anguish and remorse. She was gone! The tender, the faithful friend—the only human being who had ever appreciated his worth or talents,—the only one to whom he could turn at all times for sympathy, and find her ever kind; and he had inflicted the pangs of sorrow and disappointment on the already wounded heart. Still he flattered himself that she would write again when arrived in Canada, and let him know the place of her destination.

Nearly two years had passed since Helen's departure from her native land, and yet no word from her, or no clue by which Frank Neville could trace her; and the painful conviction that he was forgotten by the only woman he had ever loved or could love, had thrown a yet deeper shade of melancholy over his mind. The day-star of hope and love no longer rose to cheer his desolate heart. Frank shunned the society of those around him, more especially that of his female friends. He fancied himself injured, and became almost a woman-hater. He was in this frame of mind when he received a kind letter from an uncle, who for some years had held an official situation in a flourishing town in Upper Canada, inviting him to come out to him, as he had a fair chance of procuring for him a lucrative and respectable employment in a Government Land Office.

The young misanthrope gladly acceded to this proposal, for to him all places and countries were alike. He had few ties of kindred or friendship, to bind him to the land of his birth. His uncle he had known and loved from a boy. He was neither so old nor so stern as to inspire that awe and reserve which the young are apt to entertain towards those far advanced in life. Mr. Neville was scarcely forty—Frank four and twenty. He had for several

years maintained an affectionate and unreserved correspondence with this amiable relative, to whom the peculiarities of his character were not entirely unknown. Mr. Neville knew too well that to attempt to curb in too tightly the high mettled steed, served but to madden rather than restrain his fiery curveting, and he strove to soothe, by sympathy and mild reasoning, the too sensitive mind of his nephew, rather than to inflame the wounded spirit by reproof and sarcasm. A very few hours' conversation served to show the unhealthy state of Frank Neville's mind to his observing uncle, for he had long been acquainted in part with the cause of his unhappiness.

"You are too young, my dear nephew, to be a woman-hater—that most unnatural of all misanthropes. I must teach you, Frank, to look with kinder eyes on woman's nature, and most of all with indulgence on human nature. Believe me, unjust as your opinion of men is, it is doubly so of women."

Frank continued to pace his uncle's little parlour with rapid steps.

"It is well," he replied, suddenly pausing and striking his hands on the table, while a crimson flush deepened his pale cheek. "It is well for the fortunate lover or husband to speak with confidence of woman's worth and constancy. I—I only have experienced her instability. Yes, they may well be called the softer, weaker sex," he added, sarcastically.

"Yet, Frank, the boasted heroism of man sinks into nothing when weighed in the balance against the quiet but not less heroic self-devotion of woman in her several capacities of wife, mother, and friend. Look at the tender, faithful wife, hanging over the bed of sickness, when every breath inhaled by her is fraught with mortal danger: in sorrow, in sickness, in peril, in danger, she is still the faithful friend.

"See her in her character of mother. With what unwearied patience does she watch beside the son of her love, from childhood to the grave. She follows him in thought through his progress in the world. Her tears, her prayers go with him—if good and prosperous, how great her joy—and who can tell the anguish of her heart, if otherwise? Mark the mother's agony, when scorned, reviled, despised by an ungrateful child, whose infant head has so often been pillowed on her aching breast. How keen the pang she feels when tales of crime and folly meet her ear. How often, when the sterner parent, in his wrath, refuses to behold and to pardon the forlorn, degraded son, has the tender heart-stricken mother, or the faithful sister, regardless of disgrace and obloquy, sought the lost felon in his cell, and there, amid the horrors of a prison, wept forth forgiveness on the guilty one's breast. From