

easily yield her heart to one who had never
poured words of love and adulation into her ear—
from whom she had only received the affection
and attention she might have claimed from
a brother—the Maud who had been so sought, so
courted? It is more consistent to suppose that the
gentle May might have suffered her young
heart to be entangled in an attachment which
her innocence had invested with the idea of a
sisterly affection. But no, it was not the voice
of May that faltered when she spoke his name;
she could meet unmoved the gaze of his clear
blue eye; her step was as light, her spirit as
joyous, as when she first saw Arthur at the
Cabin Lake's side. It was, indeed, the bright in-
kling sister whose proud heart had bowed
beneath the power of a first love—a love from
which at first she earnestly strove to fly, but
vainly—and the softening influence of
that passion which "refines the thoughts and