

hearts enlarged," gave a new attraction to her beauty. If she had been lovely in Arthur's eyes in all her pride and gaiety, how much more beautiful did she now appear, when under the subduing influence of this new feeling. Her lustrous eyes, how much sweeter was their expression, and her rich voice, how far more melodious did it sound to his ear, now that a deeper tone of feeling was blended with its music! And Arthur! why did he not fall at his fair cousin's feet and confess his love? Why was he so faint of heart, when all seemed to smile upon his love? He could not have been so blind as to imagine she would frown upon him.

Another feeling struggled within the heart of the young man - a feeling partaking both of pride and honour! Honour suggested, "Who is it I love?" The answer came, "The rich heiress of Sutherland Manor!" and poor Arthur remembered their relative situations. She for whom her parents might have justly expected an exalted destiny and he