

Vaughan detected Mr. Farquhar's slight smile, and was annoyed thereat.

"Carry, *do* give them to me; I want them," he whispered. "I will get some more for my uncle—give me these."

She gave them, looking half-wonderingly at him. He bestowed them with much *empressment* in his button hole, and then turned to Mr. Farquhar.

"We may as well descend, I suppose. The horses will be impatient."

"And we have sufficiently enjoyed the romantic view we came to see," was the grave addendum.

In fact, only Caroline had thought about the magnificent prospect at all, and she had been very speedily diverted therefrom to the tiny flowers glancing so brilliantly and invitingly from the ground.

"Such is life!" Mr. Farquhar said, theatrically waving his hand; "and so end its great aims! We climb with much toil and trouble—and forget what we came for. The more philosophical gather the flowers at their feet, it is true——"

"And give them away when gathered!" Caroline concluded with a ringing laugh. "Oh, Mr. Farquhar, how soon I could learn to talk wisely and metaphysically, like you! I think I begin to see the vanity of all things already. What is sunshine, and a south wind, and a breezy hill, and a broad prospect, after all? What good does it do us to be able to see the steeple of Fairpoint on one side and the Thurlstons Hill on another, and the ships in Stilford Harbor on another, and wide valleys, and spreading pastures and abrupt moors in between? What use is it all?"

She shook her head with an affectation of grave discontent irresistible to see. And, still chattering her saucy nonsense, she began tripping down the hill. Her companions followed, laughing.

"It would take a good deal to make *her* see 'the vanity of all things,'" said Vaughan; "she has too keen a sense of enjoyment. Such a day as this makes her happy—she needs nothing more."

"I perceive." A pause. Then Mr. Farquhar added, "Indeed, she seems—Miss Maturin seems specially constituted by nature, as well as by circumstances, to be *happy*. Fate seems to have pleasure in crowning her with all her best gifts. Her cup of joy overflows."

"O yes!" said Vaughan, carelessly; "she has been happy enough, I suppose, since she came to Redwood. My uncle adopted her, you know. She has no other friends in the world but us."

Mr. Farquhar looked at him with a queer glimmer in his eyes for an instant; then he relapsed into meditation, which lasted even till they overtook the young lady, and were walking beside her.