

her beautiful form, wrapt in a deep still musing. I knew that her thoughts were holy and pure—often of Heaven, for she would raise her eyes to the bending sky, jewelled as it was in the evening hour, and seeming in prayer, though her lips moved not and the listening breezes could not catch a murmured word.

“But the girl grew innocent as in her childhood, yet with a rosier flush upon her cheeks, and a brighter lustre in her dreamy eye. I did not see her so often, but when my voice on a Sabbath morning called those who loved the good Father to come and thank him for his wondrous mercy and goodness, she was the first to obey the summons; and I watched the snowy drapery which she always wore as it fluttered by in the dark foliage or gleamed in the glad sunshine. She did not come alone, for grandsire ever leaned upon her arm, and she guided his uncertain steps, and listened earnestly at the words which he spake. Then I marked that often another joined the group—a youth who had been her companion years before, when she was a very child. Now they did not stray as then, with arms entwined, and hand linked in hand; but the youth supported the grandsire, and she walked beside him, looking timidly upon the ground, and if by chance he spoke to her, a bright glow would raise to her lips and forehead.

“Never did my voice ring out for a merrier bridal than on the morn when they were united, before this very church. All the village rejoiced with them, for the gentle girl was loved as a sister and a daughter; all said that the

youth to whom she had plighted her troth was well worthy the jewel he had gained. The old praised and the young admired, as the bridal party turned towards their home, a simple vine-shaded cottage not a stone's throw from where thou art lying. They did not forget the God who bestowed so much happiness on them, even in the midst of pleasure; and often would they come in the hush of twilight, and kneeling before the altar, give thanks for all the mercies they had received.

“Two years—long as the period may seem to youth—glide swiftly past when the heart is not at rest. Then once more a chime floated from the belfry. It was at early dawn, when the mist was on the mountain side, and the dew hid trembling in the hare bells, frightened by the first beams of the rising day.—A son had been given them; a bright healthy babe, with eyes blue as the mother's who clasped him to her breast, and dedicated him with her first breath, to the parent who had watched over her orphaned youth, and had given this treasure to her keeping.

“That bright day failed, and even came sadly upon the face of nature.—Deep and mournful was the tone I flung upon the passing wind; and the fir trees of the forest sent back a moan from their swaying branches, heavily swaying as if for sympathy. Life was that day given but another had been recalled. The young mother's sleep was not broken from the wailing voice of her first born, for it was the repose of death.

“They laid her beside the very spot where she had passed so many hours;