

not dwell upon this, were it not that there are many good and Christian parents, who conceive that they fulfil the injunction of "praying often with and for their children," by causing them to kneel around them on a Sabbath night. But this, certainly, is a poor fulfilment of the oath which they have taken—or which, if they have not taken, they are equally bound to perform. I do not say that the man who daily prays with his family will have the gratification of seeing all of them following in his foot steps, or that all of them will think as he thinks; but he may be of one sect, and some of another, yet, let them go where they will, let them be thrown into what company they may, let temptation assail them in every form, and absence throw its shadows over their father's house yet the remembrance, the fervour, the words of a father's prayers will descend upon their souls like a whisper from Heaven, kindling the memory and awakening the conscience, and if the child of such a man depart into sin, the small still voice will not die in his ear. Nay, the remembrance of the father's voice will be heard in the son's heart above the song of the bacchanal, and the lowly remembered voice of psalms rise upon his memory, making him insensible to the peal of instruments. I have listened to the sonorous swell of the organ in the Roman church and the Episcopal cathedral, to the chant of the choristers and the music of the anthem, and I have been awed by the sounds; but they produced not the feelings of peace and of reverence, I might say of religion, which are inspired by the lowly voices of a congregated family joining together in their hymn of praise. I have thought that such sounds striking on the ear of the guilty, would arrest them in their progress.

Such was the change which Henry Cranstoun introduced into the house of his host. From that moment, Agnes regarded him with a deeper interest, her father loved him, and her mother looked on him as a son. But, although his mind had been early imbued with serious impressions, he was a lover of all that was beautiful in nature, he was warm of heart, and eloquent of speech—and his form was such as the eye of a maiden might look on with complacency.

Christmas had passed before he left the house of his mother's friend, and health again glowed on his cheeks, strength revisited his frame. No one that saw Henry Cranstoun on his entering the house of Mr. Percy

three months before, and who had not seen him in the meanwhile, would have known him to be the same individual. But Agnes noted no change in him. She knew that his health was now restored; but she had begun to hope and love at the same moment, and she had never thought that Henry would die. His eyes had ever been bright to her—his voice ever pleasing; and her beauty, her gentleness, her sweetness of temper, her kindness, her looks, her tones of affection, had fallen upon his bosom, till every thought, save the thought of Agnes, was banished.

He was to leave her father's house—he bade her *farewell*; till that moment, they had not known how dear they were unto each other. They had never spoken of love—and, to hearts that do love, there is little need for such declarations. The affection of every glance, the guarded delicacy of every action, speaks it more plainly than the impassioned eloquence of language. True eloquence is feeling, and feeling dictates the words to be used, pouring them forth in the full of the heart's emotion; but, though love also be feeling, it is not of that kind which makes men eloquent. True love is dumb, a true gratitude. It speaks from the glowing eye and the throbbing bosom; from the hand passionately grasped—not from the tongue.

Henry and Agnes said little; but they fell upon the necks of each other when they parted. She wept, and from his eyes the tear was ready to fall. He kissed her brow, and said that in the spring he would return.

He left Northumberland, and his parents welcomed him as one received from the dead. He was strong and healthy, and he alone, of all their children, seemed to have overcome the power of the destroyer. Yet a week never passed but he wrote to his friends, who had snatched him as from the gates of death, or rather I should say, that he wrote to the gentle Agnes, requesting that the expression of his gratitude might be given to her parents, until he returned to thank them. But spring came, and with it Henry Cranstoun returned to Till side. Health still glowed in his eyes and beamed upon his cheeks. He was fond of angling, and, with his rod in his hand, he sought amusement in the gentle art; yet his favourite pastime afforded him no pleasure, save when Agnes was by his side, and then they would sit down on the brae-side together, with her hand in his, and the fishing-rod on the ground, and they forgot that he had gone out to fish, until evening came, and he returned with his creel empty.