

of amusements," said Fleming, "particularly those who spend most of their time in hurrying from sight to sight, and bustling from one place of public entertainment to another. They soon grow sick to satisfy, and loathe those things from which at first they derived so much pleasure. The more the fancy is gratified the more insatiable does the love of variety become."

"One plaything, judiciously chosen," said Mrs. Fleming, "will make a child happy, and keep him quiet, but, give him a plurality of toys, and you render him wayward and discontented, because he feels an incapability, however willing, to manage them all."

"Unless the mind," said Arthur, "pauses to reflect on what it sees and hears, and from the knowledge thus derived, is able to lay up amusement for a rainy day, London soon becomes the dulllest place in the world, and the feelings of solitude never strike so painfully upon the heart as in a crowd. Few men employ their mental faculties, in the pursuit of pleasure, in a manner calculated to improve their intellectual powers, and except the mind assists the senses, the effect produced by the most beautiful works of nature or art fail to make a lasting impression. The void still remains. The weary hours still require filling up."

"It may be so, said the captain, yawning. "I do not boast myself in being a philosopher, and must confess that I greatly prefer a town life. What do you say on the subject, Count de Roselt?"

"That we soon get weary of every thing under the sun," said the count. "I am so heartily sick of a military life, that if it were not for hunting and fishing, and the society of dear woman, I could wish myself under the green sod."

"And what great good have you done in your little day, Count de Roselt," said Alice, who in spite of all his faults, felt much interested in the foreigner, "to entitle you to such a speedy discharge from the duties and obligations you owe to your fellow men?"

The count started. "I do not understand you, Miss Linhope?"

"I mean simply," said Alice, slightly colouring. "Do you feel, that you have spent your life so well that you could afford to die so soon?"

Her words appeared to make a strange impression upon the count. He did not answer her, but walking to the window, continued to look upon the heavy clouds with a gloomy and vacant stare.

"I fear I have offended you, Count de Roselt," said Alice, approaching timidly the spot where he stood. "I meant what I said for the best! when we speak lightly of death, we are too apt to forget that we must answer for mis-spent life."

"Mine has indeed been wasted and mis-spent, frittered away in trifles, not worthy a wise man's thought," said the count. "Miss Linhope, you have

awoke in my breast feelings I never experienced before. I have been one of the Chamellion herd, who sacrifice at the shrine of fashion every moral and religious feeling, who abuse their rational powers, till they shrink with disgust from their own worthlessness, and are ready to throw away on the least excitement an existence which they feel to be utterly useless. Had I such an angel as you for my guide, I should learn to think better of myself and of mankind."

"If it has pleased God to touch your conscience through my simple admonition,—may it be to your lasting benefit," said Alice, gliding back to her seat, where she still found Fleming and the captain engaged in arguing for and against the advantages of a town and country life. Sophy, however, had been weary of the conversation for the last ten minutes, and in order to direct it to another channel, she adroitly dropped her drawing pencil at the captain's feet.

He did not observe the stratagem, and Sophia pouting her red lips, bent to regain it.

"She stoops to conquer," said the Captain, starting from his chair.

"It was great inattention on your part," said Sophy, laughing; "or I ought not to have been obliged to stoop at all."

"I beg a thousand pardons," said the Captain, laying his hand on his heart.

"One will do—I will take the rest on credit."

"Which is as much as to say, you do not credit me at all?"

Sophy looked up and smiled, and the Captain thought her the most beautiful creature he had ever beheld—and he felt his engagement with his cousin Amelia the most irksome thing in the world.

"I have a favour to ask of you, young ladies,—a favor which you must not refuse."

"That depends upon what it is," said Sophia.

"Your friend Lucy promised us a little picnic to the sea shore, and we want you to join our party."

"Oh, with the greatest pleasure!" exclaimed Sophia, her eyes glistening with delight; "what say you, Alice?"

"I have no objection, if it is agreeable to mamma," returned Alice; "how do you propose going?"

"My father's carriage will take the ladies to S——, and then Lieutenants Wight and Marsham will give us a sail as far as the ruins of C—— Church, in the revenue boat. If we are fortunate enough to pick out a fine day, we shall have a delightful excursion."

"Then we must wait until this spell of wet weather is over," said Alice; "I must confess that I am rather afraid of the sea and would prefer a journey by land." This was not exactly the case, but the thought of meeting Marsham was exceedingly painful, and Alice hoped that this excuse would relieve