

forward, and answered my questions ; at the same time offering to conduct me to a point where I could have a view of a cascade, which he said fell over some rocks just beyond the bridge. With native taste and good sense he described the objects of interest in and around the village ; and after summing up its natural beauties, he remarked with much feeling, that it was "the happiest little spot on the continent." Just at this moment we came in view of the waterfall, and my companion pointed out a seat where I could sit and take a more extended view. I was in a mood to be interested, and encouraged him to dilate on his favorite theme. "No doubt you enjoy much here," said I ; "kindness and affection are more valuable to the heart than outward splendor, and nature's beauties are far in advance of the adornments of art."

"Yes, we are happy ;" then checking himself he said, "we are by so means exempt from trials, and I ought not to color my description too highly. I think, sir, that our feelings make the place interesting ; the man dignifies and beautifies the spot, not the situation the man. We have just now a cause of sorrow in our circle that touches us deeply."

It was not yet late, and in answer to my inquiries he related the following incident.

"It is now some ten years since Squire B——, a wealthy man who lives here, went with Mrs. B—— to S—— to make some purchases. On their return they brought with them a beautiful little girl. Her dark, spiritual eyes, and finely-formed head and features, were at once admired ; while her tattered dress, and shoeless feet, showed her acquaintance with poverty. I remember the evening when she arrived. I was a strong, active boy, and had been honored with the duty of escorting our dear teacher home after her week's labors. It was early in spring ; the weather enlivened my spirits. I vented them in loud tones, as I gaily plied the lash, and drove up with a flourish just as Squire B—— and his lovely wife entered the village. They had proceeded about a mile on their return from ~~the~~, when they saw a little child, apparently about four years old, running along the road. The sight of the helpless little one touched Mrs. B.'s heart. She prevailed upon her husband to stop and take the poor little child into the carriage, and then drive back to the village, and restore her if