

dential. He spoke more of his own feelings,—and though he said but little of circumstances, it was not difficult for Lucy to conjecture them. He wrote much, too, of the pleasure which her letters afforded him,—of the eloquence, of the knowledge, which he found in them,—of the sweet moral principles he gathered from them. He spoke of the country and the fields, of the delight he had once found in them, but which had of late been tarnished,—of his determination to repair his errors, and to seek in the home of his fathers and his youth the happiness he found not elsewhere. And here Lucy thought she perceived a return to his former simplicity—to his former feelings. Not one thought of self was his, none but the most unbiassed, the holiest motives, as she watched with joy this change—this renewal of his spirit. Minutely had she studied Tracey's character, and she felt that a noble heart would indeed be undone, if, when he discovered how worthless were the objects which he had sought after, habit should still carry him in pursuit of them. Wherever his heart might be really directed—whether his love for Lady Florence were deep and ardent or not—Lucy felt that it was only by eradicating his false and glittering desires that his happiness could be secured. Her love was not that which is afraid to throw off its selfishness—lest it should also lose its bashfulness. Acting only with simplicity, she knew not that it is often mistaken for selfishness. A few days after having expressed his determination, Tracey returned to D—. Lucy met him on the evening of his arrival, her walk having been by chance directed towards the manor house.

The cause of Tracey's abrupt return from London may here be briefly mentioned. Lady Florence, who could inherit but a small portion of the family estates, would, at her father's death, be the possessor of a very limited portion. In spite of her rank and beauty, a marriage with Tracey was by far the most desirable match that offered. But on their last return to London, the attentions of a young nobleman of fortune were sufficiently flattering to lead to a flirtation,—and Tracey, after a vain remonstrance, conceiving himself slighted, immediately hastened back to D—. Lady Florence, however, had outwitted herself. The young nobleman set out for the continent,—but in the tender adieu which he took, expressed no hope of a future union.

In the meantime, Tracey and his cousin, now re-united, renewed the pleasures of their younger days. Each day they wandered over some well-remembered scene—rocks that had rung many a

time with the echoes of their childish voices—streams by which they had wasted the voluptuous hours, throwing on the soft tide the wild flowers they had gathered. Tracey had always found delight in rural landscapes,—but it was Lucy who had made a study of the sweet and beautiful lore which

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

To her it had not been like the vain learning of man, for here the great Spirit of Nature had been her teacher. In sickness and satiety of this world's pursuits, she had sought it, as the wearied traveller in the desert refreshes himself with the cooling waters from some old and sacred fountain. Sweet science,—which all alike may cultivate! To which the philosopher may turn, when disheartened with the uncertainty of his own pursuits, and find in the blade of grass more than the wonderful mechanism of its fibres, and extract from the flower a perfume belonging not to its odours. What should we have been without thee, O Visible Nature? Where would have been our ideas of beauty and of virtue? Where would the enlightened sage have gathered his maxims for the world—where would the Christian have found the footsteps of a God? Whence would have flowed the light—the knowledge,—where would have arisen the holy flame of the Idea? Not for us would the lute have strung his lyre. Not one tender emotion,—not one ray of hope,—not one bond of sympathy, would have been awakened in our bosoms. All would have been dark, harsh, cheerless. Unfelt the throb of pity—unheard the voice of harmony. Oh, Nature!—Spirit of Nature!—what would have been our hearts without thy genial hand?—without the green meadows, and the stream, and the grove?—without the roaring cataract, the mighty forest, the majestic mountain? These are thy gifts, to kindle the affections that are implanted in us—to shed through us the broad light, the "Universal Harmony."

And it was thus that a sympathetic feeling was awakened in the bosoms of the Cousins. As they roamed along together day by day, holding sweet discourse, Tracey felt a growing affection in his heart, though he knew not if it were aught else than such as a brother might feel. But he examined it not—sufficient for him was it that each day he gazed upon her form and listened to her voice—he did not analyze the throb of pain which he felt, when any thing prevented their meeting. But with Lucy it was wholly different. The flame that burned within her, though con-