

the deliverance sent to him. His sincere and enlightened faith was one of the brightest ornaments of his character. Had he not been a Christian, Edith Conway never would have been his. Religion was to him, as it ever is here, the source of all our exquisite blessings.

About two months afterwards, I recollect the day well, the town was enlivened by a loud and merry peal from St. Paul's Church Bells. The scene in the church seems to me now fresh as of yesterday. The auspicious marriage of the fair Alice J. to the gallant Captain E. celebrated some years ago, brought it back, with the freshness and life of reality.—The Prince was there and gave away the Bride. The Pews and Aisles were crowded with the fashion of the day: the common people filled the galleries. The beauty of Edith in her robes of virgin white—the manly form and free carriage of Darnley—the rich dresses of the company, the wreaths of flowers which hung before the altar, are still vividly before me. I recollect, too, of riding, for some three miles, after the carriage and four, which conveyed the happy pair to the Lodge,—for the kind Prince Edward, loving both, with all the deep affection of his nature, poured upon them his tide of generous kindness, and honored their union with an elegant entertainment "*en-campestre*." His Royal Highness opened himself the dance, by leading the blushing Edith through the first measure. No fray disturbed the harmony of that day; and as the evening closed the Bride and Bridegroom returned to General Conway's.

Our tale wends now to a close. Their lives, passing from the age of romance, settled down into the grave realities of married life; altho' less agitating, its pleasures are not less exquisite,—if the affections are blended with a sound discretion and an unwavering confidence. Marriage may produce the torture of broken hearts; but Nature *intended* it to be an earthly paradise; and such it often is, and such therefore it ever may be made. The reader may enquire what were its issues here; and *she* (it is for the diviner and fairer half of creature the tale has been written) will not be left in uncertainty. These will be the subject of the next and last passage.

PASSAGE EIGHTH.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

TIME is the great chronicler of events, and casts pictures in life as strangely diversified as those of the Kaleidoscope.

Some years ago, I was crossing the Alps, and was wandering round the Hospital at the pass of Mount St. Bernard, when as I turned an angle of the building I met unexpectedly a Gentleman and Lady,—the first had an easy and elegant air, and his breast was adorned with the insignia of a distinguished order.—His Lady hung on his arm, her appearance was graceful and matronly; but altho' she had passed her zenith, from the reliques which yet remained, it was clear that in her youth she must have been surpassingly fair and beautiful.

They were attended by a family of two sons and two daughters—they had an hereditary grace and intelligence. I was delighted, and thought I never had seen a family group more interesting and attractive. As I gazed upon the Parents the memory recalled faces and figures, which had been familiar to me. I was positive I had seen them before. The Lady addressed her husband—I heard the name of "*Darnley*,"—my younger days burst on me like a revelation. How the heart thrills in a foreign land, to meet those, when we have seen and known *at home*! I advanced to them instantly. I spoke to them of my father, of myself, of the events and scenes of former years.—With our family they had lived in the closest and most affectionate terms. They received me with open arms, and the warmest professions of regard. I became at once a Member of their family circle. What a halo shone upon their life, in the depth of their united affections, in the purity of their lives, in the intellectual range of their occupations and intercourse!

I descended the Alps in company with them—the Alps—those mighty and eternal hills, whose invisible depths, embosomed lakes, ice and jagged crests, peering upwards thro' the moving clouds, as if they reached the sanctuary of Heaven, and were the very footstool of the Most High, give to man a conception of the magnificence—the grandeur—the incomparable sublimity, of Nature's broad and nobler works, which he never can feel till he has seen, and thus *felt* their influence. What a deep and lasting impression they left upon me!—the Vale of Chamouni—the threatening avalanche—the seas of rugged ice—the trail and desolation of the glacier, rest from its abiding place for untold centuries!—Mount Blanc, with its thousand hoary and iced pinacles, flushed and glowing with the reflected splendour of a morning's sun, taught me, for the first time what Nature was—how immeasurable the grandeur,—how sublime the mysteries,—how boundless the intelligence of creation! Who *dares* to scan these mighty monuments of an animated world, where all which men can fashion shrinks to nothingness, and *ask* who, and what that Being is—existing before time and after time, before creation and presiding over eternity—who called them from *chaos*—but what is *chaos*? Oh, philosophy, where are thy aids—where now thy pride to answer this! That is the question which mocks human presumption, gives the narrow boundary to human knowledge; leaves the dark, impassable, and humiliating gulf, between the power and intelligence of the Deity and man, a feeble fragment of that illimitable spirit,—wider than space itself, and whose laws pervade and regulate the machinery and life of the glorious Universe. It was amidst them—with the glories of their outline traced in the background, and the fertile expanse of Italy before me—that I became religious—that my spirit grew humble—my prayers fervent—and life began to be the ordeal for another and a better world. These feelings were com-