

light, which no longer shines with its pure and guiding ray upon the darkened path of their lone and weary pilgrimage."

"The light of memory remains to bless us. Arthur, long after those whom we love have ceased to gladden us with their visible presence. They may have departed—yet are they still with us—still in the hearts that have known and loved them, in the homes which they have gladdened by their presence, dwell *their fond remembrance*. The grave cannot bind in its dark and narrow bounds the free and imperishable spirit; over our thoughts and affections it ever maintains a pure and holy influence, and there are moments when we hold with it a communion so sweet and intimate, that it may almost seem as if the veil which separates it from our mortal sight, has been drawn aside, to restore the loved and mourned again to our embrace."

She spoke with a tender and earnest enthusiasm, that filled her soft eyes with tears, and deepened the hectic flush upon her cheek to a brilliant hue that lent an unearthly radiance to her beauty.

"Can it be," thought Arthur, as he gazed mournfully upon her—"can it be, that with Evelyn her inner life is united in this pure and spiritual communion?—that for him she is fading away like the pale flowers around us, yet rejoicing so to fade, that she may depart from the place which he no longer inhabits?" and with this thought, a momentary chill crept over the glow of his fond and sanguine hopes, and he remained for several minutes lost in sad and silent abstraction. She, too, wrapped in her own pure and elevated emotions, sunk into silence; and when she again spoke, the train of her sweet musings was made apparent by her words.

"Arthur," she said, and the clear low tones of her voice startled him from his brief reverie—"Arthur, when I shall have left you,——"

Hastily, and with agitation which he had not power to subdue, he interrupted her,

"Ah, Cecilia! why pain me by reverting to a period which, God grant, may yet be far, far distant. Believe me, I cannot think, much less speak, of it with composure;" and, turning away from her, he pressed his hands forcibly upon his moistened eyes.

"It is to spare, not give you pain, that I speak of it, dear Arthur. I would, for your own sake, that you should familiarise your mind to an event that cannot be avoided: which every day renders surer and nearer; and which I would that all who love me should meet with that calmness, which is worthy of our Christian faith and hope."

"Cecilia, I cannot passively resign my mind to the dread thought of your perpetual absence—to

the necessity of living on, unsolaced by your friendship, uncheered through the long dark future by the smile of kind affection, which, like a ray of heaven's own light, has ever beamed with peace and joy upon my troubled heart."

"Arthur, this is unlike yourself—unlike the firm faith, the submissive trust, the patient endurance, which, in my darkest hour, your teachings enjoined upon my heart—and which, had I not obeyed, I should indeed have wanted strength to persevere in the arduous path of duty."

"I merit your reproof, Cecilia; yet, oh! pity and forgive me, that in this moment of overwhelming sorrow, I neglect the counsel which I gave in my presumption to another. But I have clung so fondly to hope, refusing to believe

*That aught so dear and beautiful could fade,*

*that now the truth which you so solemnly unveil, makes weak my boasted strength, and writes vanity and falsehood on all my noblest purposes and resolves. Oh, that I had sooner trained my soul by the teachings of your meek and quiet submission, to know the worst, and yield itself, un murmuringly, as I see you do, to the wisdom that is higher than ours."*

"Do so now, dear cousin, and you will find peace, resignation,—even joy, in my departure. For Arthur, though, as I have said, I have still much to live for, yet earth never can be to me the scene of hope and brightness that it has been, and I would that all whom I love should think of my absence with no greater sadness, than if I had sailed for some far-off island of perennial beauty, whither in a few short months or years, perhaps, they shall come, to share with me for ever, its blessings and delights."

"But these years of waiting and of longing, dear Cecilia—in what sorrow and what gloom must they be shrouded to our hearts!" said Arthur in a tone of sad and tender pathos.

"Not so, Arthur," she replied with one of her own bright and beaming smiles. "Life is full of duties which, if faithfully performed, bring with them their own glad reward. Then, too, there is ever joyous hope in the future for those who are true to themselves, since Time, the great healer, while he reconciles us to the changes of our mortal destiny, is still bearing us onward towards the goal of the soul's highest trust and aspiration—its awakening to a spiritual life—its reunion with those who have passed before it through the dark portal that separates the transient and the visible, from the unseen and the eternal."

Arthur remained silent for a minute, oppressed by the certainty, now for the first time forced upon him, that soon those tones of sweetest mel-