

ocean gave an additional charm to the rugged landscape.

To the young and loving, nature is always beautiful in the most homely garb; and as the delicious perfume of the new mown hay floated out upon the warm evening air, our young folks, who had never known a brighter spot, thought it divine—an Eden of flowers and freshness.

There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of the young farmer; but his fellow-worker possessed no ordinary share of beauty, and in her own peculiar way was a remarkable person.

They were simple country folks, who had been brought up in the old house at the foot of the hill. They had spent their lives together in that secluded spot, and had been, and still were, all the world to each other.

Gilbert Rushmere was the son of a well-to-do yeoman, whose forefathers had owned and cultivated the farm that extended for a hundred acres in breadth, on