

tranquil as the dawn of day, that Marion sat alone in her bower, contemplating the works of Nature, which were so plentifully bestowed in all she saw and heard. "How great are thy works, O! Providence," said she, "yet how seldom do we reflect upon Thee; or, indeed upon the source from which our greatest comforts flow." As she sat ruminating on the events of her life, and endeavoring to scan with anxious thought, the hopes and fears of the future, she thought she heard a faint scream in the direction of the stream; she listened a moment,—another yet louder, met her ear; and also the sound of an unknown voice. She hastily turned her eyes in the direction from whence the noise proceeded, and beheld her little sister dripping with wet, in the arms of a stranger, who, on seeing Marion bowed, and politely requested to know if they were not occupants of the Retreat; and also if he could be of any service in assisting Miss Melville to convey the almost lifeless Hellen to her home. Marion assented, as it was some distance to the cottage, and followed the youthful stranger with mingled feelings of gratitude and admiration; and could not but confess that she had never yet seen beauty and politeness so conspicuously blended as was in the form and features of this interesting young man. They soon reached the cottage, where Hellen was laid on a sofa and the necessary restoratives immediately applied by her kind governess, she soon recovered enough to relate her unlucky adventure. It appeared she had been wandering about in the lawn and woods adjacent, gathering pebbles from the stream, and wild-flowers that were fast withering, and was in the act of crossing the stream to regain her sister's bowery, when she heard a step behind her and on stepping quickly to see what it was, her foot slipped from the small tree that was thrown across for the convenience of the young ladies, and she fell in the stream; her clothes being entangled in some bushes that grew near the bank, it might have proved a watery grave for the gay Hellen, had it not been for the ready assistance of the youthful stranger, who happened to be passing with his dog and gun in quest of game. Mr. Melville earnestly thanked him for his timely assistance, and rising, led the way to the music-room, and requested Marion to play some of her favorite airs. She quickly complied with his request and seating herself at the piano, commenced some Italian airs which she executed with great taste. It need not be said that she wished to appear at least pleasing in the eyes of the stranger, and it was evident she had succeeded; as those orbs spoke volumes as he gazed upon the form before him, and watched her fingers as they wandered up and down the instrument! with what evident pleasure did he watch the varying color of her cheek, and

the sweet expression of her dark eyes as she arose and seated herself near the window..... They conversed upon various subjects until the stranger arose to depart. Mr. Melville politely requested him to call again; the stranger replied that he felt himself honored and should comply with the request, left his card and withdrew.

LAURENTIO FITZROY was the only son of a wealthy country gentleman, residing about three miles from the Retreat. Our young hero was the life and delight of his aged parents. He had been carefully educated under the instruction of the best of teachers, and great care had been taken by his affectionate mother to instill into his youthful mind the morals and principles of true religion. His disposition was of rather a pensive turn, fond of retirement, and particularly fond of reading. His countenance presented features of noble construction; his manners were engaging, from his naturally elegant and decided character, refined by the feelings and education of a gentleman. There could be but little doubt that an individual thus prepossessing, would be preferred by a superior mind, particularly one of taste and sentiment. Time rolled on, during which various opportunities offered for a further cultivation of that friendship which had been so providentially contracted; and they were mutually embraced by the members of the different families, but more particularly by Marion and Laurentio. Their frequent meetings at length settled into a firm and devoted affection. Better than a year had now elapsed since Fitzroy's introduction to the Retreat—a year which had been spent by the younger members of the families, in various scenes of pleasure and amusement. Sabbath after Sabbath might the youthful group be seen winding their way up the hill that led to the village church, and very often guiding their light canoe along the placid stream with their hook and line, in search of the little trout that played about the tranquil water; whole evenings would they spend in the summer-house, accompanied by their guitar and harp. What moments of enraptured bliss! and what rendered the bower doubly dear to them was, that

"It was the first loved spot,  
Their youthful eyes had ever met."

It happened that Laurentio was obliged to leave those scenes of pleasure, to attend to some business of his father's at the West Indies. It appears he had formerly been a merchant, carrying on extensive business, and when he left that place had not altogether closed, for which reason his son was obliged to commence a journey which he could not undertake with many feelings of pleasure, (it could not be said with any,) as on his return he was to claim the blushing Marion for his bride. He departed, but not until many to-