

silence and tell the world of those more noble traits they possessed, which may adequately prove an example to those who may read this little biographical sketch. We feel, as all feel when they begin to recall the past, or when some gentle influence, as the distant strains of music, the gentle gurgling of a rill, the faint notes of a singing bird, or the passing zephyr, awakens in the mind a strain of thought that we cannot repel, and we sink in a reverie, not the mournful things of life in our memory, but the happy. It is in times such as these, that a host of memories arise and we live a life of peace and joy again. We recall circumstances from our youth up, but how particularly noticeable it is that only the sweet, good and beautiful things, demand attention. The ills, pains and disappointments all remain in oblivion, for they pass from our memory, but the beautiful things can never die.

As we previously remarked, Emma Vanners was now a beautiful woman and amiable, and, having read a great deal, she lacked not a high order of intelligence. An only child, her father had paid particular attention to his daughter's education, and being himself a man of refined tastes and feelings, his daughter inherited many of the desirable traits from him. Franklin and Emma reached the shore and here they wandered back and forth, gaining at last the pebbly beach beyond the promontory, seating themselves on the identical rock where, ere he had departed for New York, they enjoyed repeated pleasant conversations. It was a glorious June day, the sun shone brightly: but they were protected from his scorching rays by some overhanging cedars. A mild, refreshing breeze was blowing, while, at their feet, the miniature waves cantered and went carelessly but musically. Above them hung long, trellised ivies, clinging to the unfriendly rock, yet rendering the same much more beautiful—clinging as cling those faithful, loving ones in this world to thankless, ungenerous and unappreciative companions. In the crevices of rock, where the winds had scattered seeds, were blooming flowers of various hues all adding loveliness to the scene, which, with all its apparent

barrenness, was cheered by verdant ivies and heavenly flowers—emblems of those virgin souls who unscathed pass through an unfriendly and cheerless world, and, though oft trodden down by the iron heel of oppression, pass away all pure and guiltless to that beautiful home of God. They were not ignorant of each other's feelings for a reciprocity of affection abounded to the fullest extent in their hearts. Franklin loved Emma for her amiability and generous worth, Emma loved Franklin for his nobility of character and honorable integrity. This to them was a season, a day-dream of rapture. It is at times such as these that the soul inspired out-soars the confines of mundane affairs and freely traverses realms sacred only to the mind:—

A thousand beauties rise to bless the sight
To rise the thoughts in an affinity with heaven.

Franklin at this time mentioned to Emma his intention of soon returning home to England, and, as her uncle was also intending to go, he prevailed upon her to urge her father, with herself to accompany them. In this she was acquiescent, in fact, it might be presumed quite naturally, she would like to revisit the scenes of her childhood, and renew the friendships of early years.

For a couple of hours following, an earnest, low and indicative conversation was carried on, of which we may not here speak, suffice it to say that they shortly afterwards arose, Lenwood's countenance beaming with satisfaction and delight and Emma wearing an expression of agitation and concern. They soon afterwards returned to the Hall, just as the sun was declining in the west.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARRIAGE.

The following day, Franklin requested Mr. Vanners to accompany him for a walk. They wandered down a serpentine path through the adjoining wood, into a pleasant glade, thence up the precipice and around by the shore. We may judge of the purport of their conversation. At their return the face of Franklin was flushed with very satisfaction. Reach-