

sensibility and thought, which lent to both a charm he had never marked in them before.

Though totally unlike Cecilia in appearance, there was something in her voice, in her modes of expression, in the delicacy of her mind, and the imperturbable sweetness of her temper, that brought his lost and loved one constantly before him. There was also a strong bond of sympathy between them in their mutual affection for her,—and the conversation which they daily held of her, brought them into close communion of interest and thought. And thus while sharing with Grace, during the short remainder of Mrs. Howard's life, the care and attentions which she rendered her, he learned to find a pleasure in her presence and society, which lent a brighter aspect to his life, and enabled him to look into the future without a shudder at the gloom, in which, to his diseased eye, it had so long been shrouded.

Just twelve months from the day on which Cecilia died, Arthur saw his last earthly relative laid in the family vault beside her. Mrs. Howard's course of virtue and of usefulness was finished here, and in that blessed hope which lifts the trusting soul above the terrors of death, she peacefully departed to her rest. Arthur mourned for her sincerely—she had been a mother to him through his life, and her memory was embalmed, with that of his cherished Cecilia, in his heart. Grace also felt most sensibly her loss—and pure was the consolation she derived from the thought, that she had sustained and cheered her solitary age, ministered to her with a child's unflinching love, and so fulfilled her promise to Cecilia, and in some slight measure repaid the benefits, which she owed to the gentle teachings and example of her friend.

Her task of love and duty ended at Hazeldell, Grace left it to return once more, a welcome guest, to the bosom of her own happy home—changed indeed from the gay and thoughtless child who quitted it, to the elevated and disciplined woman, conscious of the high powers and boundless energies which lay folded up within her, asking a life of moral training and endeavour, to develop but the germ, which was destined to expand through ages of unlimited existence and progression.

Hazeldell was left to the care of servants, for Arthur too spent the winter in town; but with the spring, the halls of the venerable mansion were thrown open to welcome back those who had but temporarily deserted them, and thither Arthur led Grace as his bride, and installed her mistress over the fair inheritance, which, as the last survivor of his family, had descended solely to him. Grace had given her whole heart, with its first warm and fresh affections, to her husband, and though she received in return the true and

tender love of his, she knew that its deepest and most passionate emotions had been awakened by another—that still the cherished image “of his soul's fond love” was set apart, and hallowed by the tender devotion of a sentiment, too pure for earth, and yet too fond for heaven. Yet so entirely had she fixed on him her every hope of earthly happiness, that she was content even to be loved for Cecilia's sake, relying with sanguine hope on the fond belief, that ere long she should be dearest to him for her own.

Still her generous appreciation of the beautiful and the lovely in her departed friend's character, forbade her to regard with any jealous emotion, the tender homage which Arthur paid to her memory. She was stimulated by it the more earnestly to emulate the virtues, which had so deeply touched his heart, and to cherish all that reminded her of them. And to both, were the scenes among which they dwelt touched with dear and sacred remembrances of her, and sweet associations derived from the past, invested with interest, felt only by their hearts, every feature of the landscape that spread in beauty around them. Her gentle spirit seemed to haunt the home, which its pure and blessed influence still pervaded,—her image was a visible presence there—her name a household word of power and love; and even the tie which bound their two hearts in one, they felt to be holier, because its completion had fulfilled her latest and most earnest wish.

And is it not thus, that ever, and to all, comes the blessed influence of the “holy dead”? chastening, elevating, invigorating the soul, and strengthening it to press on in the steps of the departed, towards the goal of victory; which they have won—making light, by the remembrance of their love and their trials, the woes of earth—filling the heart with pure and softening emotions, with lofty aspirations, and ardent desires for a closer communion with Him, in whose blissful presence the spirits of our loved ones dwell.

“The beautiful! the beautiful!
All silently they stand
Within the chambers of the soul
A fair and shadowy band,
And from out those chambers now and then
This cheerful voice is given—
‘Oh faint not, while ye walk below,
Ye dwell with us in heaven!’”

ORIGINAL THINKERS.

There are very few original thinkers in the world, or ever have been; the greatest part of those who are called philosophers, have adopted the opinions of some who went before them, and so having chosen their respective guides, they maintain with zeal what they have thus imbibed.