

you had retired to rest before it commenced. What a pity that a lover of music like you should have deprived yourself of such a treat."

"You are mistaken there, cousin, for I was a most attentive listener, and enjoyed it, I expect, as much as yourself."

"Ah, you could remain for an hour listening to it, and yet were too weary to accompany me, for a few minutes, to the beach. I beg your pardon, cousin, for misunderstanding you before; it was of my society you were wearied."

"Indeed you are mistaken, Edward," was the half-indignant reply; but Mrs. Derwent entering at this moment, Emily abruptly paused, and the discourse was changed.

Contrary to expectation, the clouds partially dispersed in the afternoon, and, at intervals, the sun shone brightly forth.

"I think, Emily, you had better go and take a short walk," said Mrs. Derwent, turning to her niece. "The rain is certainly over, and the fresh sea-breeze may give you an appetite, which you sadly require."

"Oh, do, Emily," said George, eagerly, "for Edward has gone to visit an acquaintance whom he unexpectedly met this morning, and I do not care for walking alone."

"You need not go far," rejoined Mrs. Derwent, "but keep in sight of the dwellings, and when Edward returns I shall send him to you."

Emily yielded to the solicitations of her aunt and brother, for although she would have preferred remaining within, to gratify them she never hesitated to sacrifice self,—and, accordingly, in a few moments, she was equipped for the walk. Directing their steps to a small and sheltered cove, whose secluded situation formed no slight charm in Emily's eyes, they strolled up and down the beach for some time,—George amusing himself by picking up and examining the shells that were strewn in his path, until Emily, growing weary, clambered to a somewhat elevated spot, that commanded a fine view of the sea, and sat down to rest on a smooth projecting rock. As she sat thus, and gazed around, there was something, to her, deeply impressive in the scene that met her view: something, in the presence of which, worldly passion must have stood abashed; Nature, mighty nature, seemed to speak audibly of Him, who holdeth the seas in the hollow of

his hand; of His protecting and preserving power, extended even towards the insect that now floated in the sunbeam—and cheered and consoled by these reflections, the sombre shadows that had oppressed her spirits during the morning were fast dispersing, and the sunshine of cheerfulness again beamed forth on her countenance. But a strange and wayward thing is a human heart at best—and, especially, a woman's heart; never contented with the present, but continually looking back on the past, and anticipating the future,—and Emily's heart was no exception to this rule. Mysterious are the chambers of thought; its secret labyrinths, who can pursue—who erase, from Memory's tablets, the faithful inscription, and by what magic is it that one word, one single idea, will sometimes serve to unlock the flood-gates of the past, and bid a host of recollections rush with overwhelming force over the mind, sending a burning tide of lava-like emotion through the heart and brain. What, at this moment, recalled the city of L. to mind, Emily could not imagine; there was nothing in the scenery around at all suggestive of it—and yet, with a vividness that she had scarcely ever before realized, it appeared to her mental vision. Again she wandered in its streets—again stood at the threshold of the school-house, and, entering within, marked the familiar countenances of her scholars, as of yore; and one day, in particular, was dwelt on,—that day when sorrow, no unfamiliar guest, had tarried with her through its long, cheerless, and stormy hours, until chased away by the smiling rainbow,—the rainbow whose hues were as bright and fleeting as the sunny visions of her youth. But she will yield place to memory no longer; resolutely she turns from a contemplation of the past; no, the present shall absorb more of her thoughts—she will become more active, more useful. Surrounded by so many blessings, no weak repinings, from henceforth, shall mar her peace—to the past shall be yielded no "longing, lingering glance," but with fresh energy will she go forward in the path of duty. She paused, and lifted her eyes.—From his glorious pavilion, the sun looked smilingly forth, while magnificent masses of clouds were slowly sailing away, and directly opposite the glorious hues of the rainbow once more greeted her eyes. Like one