

"Ah, sir, I am coming to that part of the story now. A neighbour's wagon was going a few miles, and he kindly offered to take us in it, but we had only gone a short distance, when a heavy storm came on, and exposure to it gave me a severe cold, so that when I arrived at a lodging-house I could scarcely hold up my head. For a week I was forced to remain there, but one morning, after I had somewhat recovered, I awoke and to my dismay missed my money. I had, as I thought, carefully secreted it, but it was gone. I made inquiries of the people who lived in the place, but they laughed at me, pretending not to believe my assertion that I had any money, and when I grew more urgent they threatened if I did not go, to send for a constable, as I had no money to pay my lodgings. With a sadder heart than ever I pursued my journey, and with one or two rides from some persons whom we met, and by begging cold victuals as we passed along, we arrived here."

"You are not strong enough," said Emily, as the woman finished her story, "to travel to-morrow. Remain with us until you are recruited."

The woman, with tears in her eyes, gave expression to her gratitude, and continued, with Mrs. Derwent until her health was fully restored, when a comfortable wagon was procured to convey herself and children to O.

(To be continued.)

Pleasant Memories.

The memory of the past is pleasant to us or otherwise, according as we were sincere or true-hearted, when we received the impressions which it now renews within us.—No matter whether the events of past experience were pleasant or disagreeable, if the soul that realized them was truthful and sincere, then does the bright become more beautiful and the shades of experience lose their asperity as they recede into the past. Like evening clouds, they sometimes glow with a more beautiful sunset radiance, and enrich our present life with the brightest visions reflected from the past.

Neither can remembered joys become to us a source of pain, if we are still sincere. It may be otherwise when we ourselves are

false. Then it is possible we may realize the words of the poet:—"There is no greater pain than to remember happy hours in moments of suffering."

If the impressions of a painful experience have been received by a soul debased and unworthy of its high destiny, there is a poisoned current sent forth to flow onward, ever imparting a baleful influence to that soul until haply it shall have arisen beyond that influence by the native good yet remaining within it.

Then, if thou wouldst carry with thee pleasant memories through life, be truthful. Look forward to the darker hours, when the shadows of age cast a gloom over the things of time, and be animated with renewed energy to fill the present with bright and virtuous actions—with the impress of a truthful and heroic soul, so that a full tide of bright and glorious memories may bear down upon that darker age, and illumine the fading embers of life with a brilliant halo.

Love.

How bright and beautiful is love in its hour of purity and innocence—how mysteriously does it etherealize every feeling, and concentrate every wild and bewildering impulse of the heart. Love, holy and mysterious love—it is the garland spring of life, the dream of the heart, the impassioned poetry of nature, its song is heard in the rude and unvisited solitude of the fair forest, and thronged haunts of busy life; it embellishes with its flames the unpretending cot of the peasant, and the gorgeous palace of the monarch, flashes its holy gleam of light upon the measured track of the lonely wanderer, hovers about the imperiled bark of the storm-beaten mariner, and imparts additional splendour to the beacon that burns "on the far distant shore."

Love is the mystic and unseen spell that harmonizes and "soothes, unbidden," the wild and rugged tendencies of human nature, that lingers about the sanctity of the domestic hearth, the worshipped deity of the penetralia, and unites in firmer union the affections of social and religious society, gathers verdant freshness around the guarded cradle of helpless infancy, and steals its moonlight darkness upon the yielding heart