

except, that we conclude with Moore, that

"He felt how the best charms of nature improved  
When he saw them reflected in eyes that he loved."

After conversing on the scenery for some time, they remained, for a few moments, in silence, which was broken by Emily, who observed, as she gazed on the distant spire, that it reminded her of her father's church and her native village.

"You have never been in N., Mr. Percy, I suppose?" she said, turning inquiringly to Charles.

"Once," was the reply, "when travelling homeward, and, if I am not mistaken, one of my fellow-passengers is seated by my side."

"I remember now," said Emily, as memory brought back with vividness the journey she had taken with her mother, to gratify her longing desire to behold once more, the home consecrated by so many precious associations—"yes," she added with a sigh, "I remember now. When you were introduced, it seemed to me that I was not forming a new acquaintance, but rather renewing an old one, for your form and features were familiar though I could not call to mind where I beheld them,—for my mother occupying all my attention I had no time for other than hasty observation."

"I had the advantage over you in that particular," was the reply,—"and recognized you almost immediately when I saw you from Mrs. Elliot's window, returning one afternoon from school. I had been gazing on a rainbow which appeared to elicit your admiration also, for I marked your glance raised frequently to it."

"I was not aware that I was observed," said Emily, smiling, and remarking as she rose from her seat, that Mrs. Percy would think they had forsaken her advanced to the dwelling. Pausing and turning her glance back, as she arrived at the portico, for a farewell view of the garden, Emily observed that dark and heavy clouds were now rapidly moving over the lately serene sky,—and after returning to her dwelling, she awoke from peaceful midnight slumbers, to the rumbling thunder and the heavy rain beating against the casement.

(To be Continued.)

## Summer.

BY B. CORNWALL.

Now have young April and the blue-eyed May  
Vanished awhile, and lo! the glorious June  
(While nature ripens in the burning noon)  
Comes like a young inheritor: and gay,  
Although his parent months have pass'd away:  
But his green crown shall wither, and the tune  
That ushered in his birth be silent soon,  
And in the strength of youth shall he decay.  
What matters this—so long as in the past  
And in the days to come we live and feel  
The present nothing worth, until it steal  
Away, and like a disappointment, die?  
For Joy, dim child of Hope, and Memory,  
Flies ever on before or follows fast.  
Strange that the audible stillness of the noon,  
The waters tripping with their silver feet,  
The turning to the right the leaves in June,  
And the light whispers ere their edges meet,  
Strange—that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,  
The spirit, walking in their midst alone.  
There's no contentment in a world like this,  
Save in forgetting the immortal dream;  
We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,  
That through the cloud rifts radiantly stream;  
Bird-like, the poison'd soul will lift its eye  
And sing—till it is hooded from the sky.

## Human Flowers.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Sweet Lucy has chosen the lily, as pale,  
And as lowly as she, still the pride of the vale:  
An emblem more fitting, so fair and retired,  
Heart could not have chosen, nor fancy desired.

And Ellen, gay Ellen, a symbol as true,  
In the hare-bell has found, and its delicate blue:  
For ever the blossoms are fresh in her eyes,  
As dewy, as sweet, and more soft than the skies.

And Jane, in her thoughtfulness, conscious of power,  
Has gazed in her fervour on many a flower;  
Has chosen, rejected, then many combined  
To blazon her graces of person and mind.

Whilst Isabel's face, like the dawn, in one flush—  
Far need she not wander to bank and to bush;  
Well the tint of her cheek the young Isabel knows,  
For the blossom of health is the beautiful rose.

And Mary, the pensive, who loves in the dusk  
Of the gardens to muse, when the air is all musk;  
Will leave all its beauties, and many they are,  
To gaze, meek in thought, on the jessamine star.

And Kate, the light butterfly, Kate, ever gay,  
Will choose the first blossom that comes in her way:  
The cistus will please her a moment, and then  
Away she will flutter, and settle again.

But Julia for me, with her heart in her eyes,  
The child of the summer, too warm to be wise: [ed,  
Is the passion-flower near her, with tendrils close curl-  
She can smile while she suffers; 'tis hers for the world.

All are lovely, all blossom of heart and of mind;  
All true to their natures, as Nature design'd;  
To cheer and to solace, to strengthen, caress,  
And with love, that can die not, to buoy and to bless.

With gentleness might, and with weakness what grace,  
Revelations from Heaven in form and on face;  
Like the bow in the cloud, like the flower on the sod,  
They ascend and descend in my dreams as from God.