

"Forget it, Ellen; it has passed away with the storm, which you see has blown the leaves entirely from the trees. Had we not been face to face with death, we might not have owned such a charm in the woodlands around us. Confess, Ellen, is it not a glorious thing to live?"

"It is! it is!" replied she, with enthusiasm, clasping her hands together. "I feel it stronger within me at this moment than I ever did before; and yet there were times when I would have given it up for the quiet grave. Sorrow and sunshine suit not one another, and a troubled spirit hideth itself from the cheerful light of heaven."

A shade stole over Ellen's features as she spoke, but she cast it off with an effort, and added:

"Ah! yes, indeed, I do feel what a precious and blessed thing life is. Look at that rogue of a squirrel on the branch of yonder tree; see, as he skips along, how often he pauses to watch us with his merry, black eye. What a saucy, quick little fellow it is, and how happy he appears to be. Now I would very much like to know what he takes us for."

And the maiden's laugh rang like a silver bell through the glade.

"Nothing very flattering to our vanity, I should imagine," replied Conrad; "for at the sound of your voice he has flown, as at the whizzing of an