

Alice was wedded to Ernest Tennyson. Soon after their marriage, Ernest and his bride returned to England, accompanied by Mr. Blachford and Harald. The valuable papers discovered in the possession of D'Arcy enabled Mr. Blachford to regain so much of his lost property, that it was no longer necessary for him to remain an exile from his native land. The delight of Grace at his return to England was greater than his own, and she declared she would suffer herself to be cut into mincemeat before she would venture into the barbarous wilds of Canada again. Brian and Lydia were married and put in possession of a comfortable homestead before Mr. Blachford left Canada. Mrs. Grace was at first exceedingly indignant that Lydia should demean herself so far as to take that little 'op o' my thumb of an Irish Helf for a husband, but Lydia confessed she had often heard that an Irish lad could draw a girl's heart after it just like a thread of silk, and she believed it now; whereupon Mrs. Grace consoled herself with the original and philosophical remark, that marriages are made in Heaven! Miss Laurinda Eureka Fisk accepted the hand of Mr. Aquilla Sparks, and went to reside in that acme of American perfection, New York; and at the same period, Colonel Orrin sold his Canadian property and went to reside in the land whose merits he so highly appreciated. Lord Embdenburgh learned the marriage of Helen in time to prevent his vanity being mortified by a fruitless journey to Canada, and endeavored to console himself for her loss by making the beautiful lady Chelmsford his bride. Joanna returned to England with Ernest and Alice, and by degrees her health was restored. Learning that the mother of him whom she had so blindly loved was still alive, she insisted on being allowed to reside with her, and by her tender care smoothed Mrs. Radcliffe's painful and weary passage to the grave. Happy in this world she could never be, but in doing good to all around her she found peace. Mr. Warrender had loved Helen Blachford, and was disappointed in the only attachment of his life he sought no other. His chief pride and hope were centred in the rising honors of the brave and noble-minded Harald, who declares that when he gets a ship he will lay siege to the heart of Rhoda Von Werfenstein. Madame Von Werfenstein had grieved much at the death of Fauna, and though for a short time the happiness of her son seemed to give her new life, she did not long survive his marriage. Her children and brother mourned in sincerity for one who, though the morbid remembrance of a great sorrow and a great wrong had darkened the gentle virtues of

her nature, possessed many noble qualities, and gazed with a sad pleasure on her inanimate countenance which wore a softer and happier expression in death, than they had ever seen it wear in life. Max and Beatrice, with the old professor, removed to Germany, where the young painter, whose genius had received a new impulse in the sympathy and appreciation of his beloved wife, labored successfully for the highest honors his contemporaries could bestow, and the prophetic hope of a nobler and loftier fame hereafter, when his name shall be enrolled among earth's greatest and best. But Fauna, the enthusiastic and loving, though self-willed and untamed Indian girl! She sleeps beneath the shadowing shroud of the dark cedars,

"Scarce pierceable by power of any star," while a silver stream winds around the low hillock beneath which she is laid, and through the long summer day and the starry night murmurs its plaintive melody. There the first violets of spring and the last of autumn bloom, and even when the snow mantle wraps the cold earth, and the song of the rivulet is hushed by the icy chains in which it is bound, the fair branches of the cedars are still green over-head, and the shining leaves and brilliant berries of the winter-green, drapery her grave beneath its white shroud, like promises of immortality. Here often comes a tall Indian warrior to kneel and weep for one whose heart had yearned towards him with filial love even from the dwelling on the haughty pale faces; here from foreign lands come the memories and regrets of those who had known her, so beautiful and so devoted; and above all, of him whom she had loved with that deep enthusiasm, which in these dull days has "fallen into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces," and who, though blessed with all which constitutes true happiness as it is rarely to be found on earth, still gives many a sad and tender thought to the grave of the "Red Flower of Leafy Hollow."

THE END.

If we wish to live peaceably with all men we should—First, be careful to avoid all occasions of strife. Secondly, if quarrels arise, to bridle our tongues. Thirdly, to suffer patiently when we are wronged. Fourthly, immediately to offer up fervent prayer, and thus to quench the sparks of fire before they break out into a flame. This is the easiest and the only method to prevent great troubles, and lead a peaceful, happy life; for anger carries in itself uneasiness, and love a sweet satisfaction.—*Bojatzky.*