

come, and marked his eyes beaming with affection, she felt that while he was spared to her, earth had not yet lost all its charms. O, could Laura Clifton have beheld, for a moment, the happiness which her readiness to assist the deserving had conferred—could she have seen the smile that lighted up the mother's face, as she listened to her son,—and could she have beheld that son himself, whose countenance, generally thoughtful, almost to severity, beamed lovingly on the younger members of the family, she would surely have been amply rewarded, and acknowledged that it was "more blessed to give than to receive."

## CHAPTER II.

"They showed him sunny islands spread  
Beneath unclouded skies,  
Where orange groves waved overhead,  
And glanced the bright fire-flies;  
They carried him to beauteous bowers,  
By fragrant breezes fanned,  
What cared he for their trees and flowers?  
'Twas not his native land."

MART ANN BROWNE.

A select party were assembled, that evening, in Mr. Clifton's spacious drawing-rooms—and a group of young ladies had gathered around Laura, who was exhibiting her late purchase. As they were mutually discussing its merits, Mr. Clifton, who had been standing near them, conversing with some gentlemen, approaching the circle, exclaimed:

"Why, Laura, what curiosity have you there, that appears to win such admiration, judging from the glances bestowed on it?"

Laura handed the picture to her father—but he had scarcely looked at it, before he inquired, in a tone of astonishment:

"Where did you obtain this?"

Laura narrated the circumstances attending its purchase,—and, on her finishing, her father observed:

"It is most singular that this picture is the exact representation of a memorable incident in my life—one that will never be erased from my memory."

"Will you not favour us with a recital of it," inquired one of the party, and the rest joining in the request, he readily complied.

"Having completed my course of studies in ——— College," he commenced, "my kind parents resolved that I should become acquainted with the world. Accordingly, in my twenty-second year, I set out for the

Continent, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, a friend of my father's, who possessed a warm and generous heart, sound judgment and morals, and a liberal education. This gentleman had in his youth spent much of his time abroad, and now having but few ties to chain him to his native land, for he was an old bachelor, thought he could not better occupy his time than by becoming my guide, and thus rendering an essential service to the son of his old friend. I will not pause now to describe the pleasure experienced in that journey; the zest of novelty, the freshness of youthful spirits, the presence of an highly intellectual and interesting companion, and, above all, the absence of care, lent to it a charm, which even now causes me to look back on it as a halcyon period of life. But I fear I shall weary you. I pass over particulars, and come directly to the incident. We had started very early one morning, from a small village, for the town of ———, about forty miles distant, expecting to arrive there before evening.—Having travelled with rapidity, during the early part of the day, we stopped to refresh ourselves at an inn by the way. We were accompanied by two servants, one of whom acted as postilion and the other as an outrider.

"After a couple of hours' rest, we proceeded on our journey,—and had travelled several miles, before I missed my portfolio, which contained some valuable papers,—and having sent the outrider back for it, I determined to take a stroll on foot, while my friend rode slowly on in the carriage. Observing some beautiful flowers by the way-side, I stopped to pluck them, and then walked hastily forward to the carriage, which was a little in advance; but what was my dismay, on calling my friend's attention to my beautiful bouquet, to perceive a deathly pallor overspread his countenance, while, in a voice scarcely audible, he exclaimed, 'you must stop the carriage—I cannot bear the motion any longer, for I am very ill.'

"What to do I knew not, or what restoratives to apply. At last I concluded to send the postilion back to the inn, to procure medical assistance, while I remained with my poor friend. I cannot describe to you my feelings, as I was left in that lonely place, with an apparently dying man. To drive back with him, I could not, for the