

sympathy with the unknown parent often drew Dorothy to the spot. A visit to the churchyard had been a favourite evening ramble with her and her lover, and, when tired of their seat on the low stone wall, they wandered hand in hand down to the sea-shore, to watch the passing sails, and to bathe their feet in the glad blue waters. Even in the churchyard, love, not divinity, formed the theme of their conversation; the presence of the dead failing to repress the hopes and joys of their young gushing life.

In her walks to the parsonage, Dorothy felt a pensive delight in recalling every circumstance that had happened in these summer evening walks with Gilbert Rushmere. They were of little moment at the time, scarcely regarded; but absence had invested them with a twofold interest.

First love stamps upon the memory of youth its undying image; and from trifles light as the thistle's down can erect for