

have diffused through his soul the heavenly peace of hers.

But his heart was almost bursting with its mortal agony; and, leaning his aching brow upon the hand which she still permitted him to hold, he murmured forth, in the low and broken tones of bitter sorrow, his passionate thoughts, embodying them in the touching words of one, who knew with such matchless beauty and pathos, to clothe the deepest feelings of the soul in the thrilling language of poetry :

"Oh! that there should be

Things, which we love with such deep tenderness,
But through that love, to learn how much of woe
Dwells in one hour like this!"

Cecilia silently wiped away the tear that stole unbidden down her cheek, and, with a gentle pressure of his hand, turned from him, for Grace Cleveland, at this moment, emerged from a shaded alley, and came slowly towards the place where they sat. She was paler than usual, and her eyes bore traces of recent weeping, for she had just risen from a long and sad conversation with Mrs. Howard, of which Cecilia had been the theme, and her heart was filled with sorrow for herself, and for the dear and venerable friend, whom she loved with the tenderest affection. A vivid blush diffused itself over her face when she saw Arthur, for she had thought to find Cecilia alone; while he, forcibly suppressing the emotion, to which he had a moment before abandoned himself, rose and advanced to meet her.

"I have been for some minutes in search of you, dear Cecilia," said Grace, as she approached her; "the air is growing damp and cool, and your grandmamma is very uneasy at your staying out so long. See, too, you have suffered your shawl to fall back, and then you look so weary! How I wish I had come for you sooner!" and she cast a half reproachful glance at Arthur, which, as he rightly supposed, was intended to reprove him for forgetting, in his own selfish enjoyment, the comfort and safety of one so dear to them all.

"Yes, I deserve your severest censure, Grace," he said, as drawing the shawl, with tender care, around Cecilia, he gave her his arm, and turned with her towards the house; "I should have remembered how fragile she is—how susceptible to weariness—how liable to receive injury from the sudden changes incident to this season; but I acknowledge, with shame, that I was alive only to a sense of my own enjoyment, and now I shall not soon forgive myself, should she suffer through my selfish folly."

"It is so easy to forget all save our own happiness, in Cecilia's society, Mr. Mayburne, that we must not refuse you absolution for a fault,

which, under such circumstances, may be viewed as venial—premising only that no ill-consequences shall accrue from it," said Grace, in a tone of cheerfulness, that vainly essayed to hide the deep sadness which oppressed her heart.

"Nay, my very wise and cautious Grace," said Cecilia, smiling, "why should not I, at least share the blame of this imprudent act, if such you choose to name it; for, in very truth, I, no more than Arthur, have noted the flight of time, since we first sat us down on that quiet garden seat, though the swift shadows on the face of the old sun-dial might have told us both how fast it sped. And it is only now," she added, with a slight shudder, "that I have felt the slightest chill."

Arthur was uneasy that even now she should be sensible to the change which had, within a few minutes, taken place in the atmosphere; and with stern, yet secret self-ridings, he hurried on as fast as her strength would permit her to walk, warned by her quickened respiration, and by the death-like paleness of her cheek, that a state of exhaustion was succeeding the animation and excitement which had sustained her during the earlier hours of the morning. And so indeed it proved; and the remainder of the day she passed almost in silence on the sofa. Yet still a serene and gentle smile, the emanation of a peaceful and a loving soul, beamed upon her face, and, though its pure light was like a ray of heavenly hope and comfort, it failed to still the murmurs of those hearts, that felt as if with her departure, darkness was to fall upon their joys.

Grace marked with pain the sad and anxious brow of Mrs. Howard, and she saw too that Arthur's mind was more than commonly oppressed, asking an unwonted effort to restore it to its natural calm and happy equilibrium. Neither was she herself untouched by deep and tender sorrow; but, with a disinterested thoughtfulness, which showed the result of Cecilia's example on her heart, she strove to invoke the presence of that cheerfulness which she knew her friend loved, as most in harmony with the breathings of a meek and hopeful spirit. And therefore, with an animation, which to Arthur seemed ill-timed, and which he was half inclined, in his morbid sadness, to reprove, she bade Juba stir the fire into a brighter blaze, that as the wind grew cold without, they might the more enjoy the genial warmth within—she drew her richest embroidered screen between Mrs. Howard's cushioned arm-chair and the fire, and coaxed Dido to nestle in her usual soft place, at the feet of her ancient mistress. On the little Chinese table, which stood beside Cecilia, she placed a glass of choice and fragrant hot-house flowers: