

Mrs. Ellesmere, where I had accompanied a party of city friends to spend a holiday among the green fields and sweet spring flowers. He was the picture of health and manly beauty, open, generous, intelligent, and full of life and spirit. He seemed equally a favourite with young and old; for his arm was as ready to support the aged invalid as the youthful beauty. The very children claimed their full share of his regards, as he tossed them in the air and helped them to deck their hats with wild flowers. On our way home in the evening every one was loud in his praises; but I could not help sighing deeply as I joined in them, for I felt he lacked that "better part," without which all earth's gifts and graces are vain, and that the talents so richly bestowed were only employed in the pursuit of worldly pleasures.

I had been standing in the piazza a short time before we left, vainly trying to reach a cluster of rosebuds that were twining round one of the columns, when he came to my assistance. The sun was setting, in more than its usual splendour, behind a heavy cloud of rich purple fringed with gold. I pointed to it, and said,—"How very beautiful!" He gazed a moment, and then turning hastily away, exclaimed—"Yes, it is very fine; but, somehow such a sunset always reminds me of death, and I hate all dark and gloomy subjects." I replied that I thought death was neither dark nor gloomy to those who looked beyond the grave, and saw with an eye of faith that land of rest and peace, too bright for human thought to image, and which our Saviour had promised would be the abode of those who loved him. "Oh, my dear madam," was his response, "pray do not talk about anything so visionary. I find this world quite beautiful enough for me, and have no desire to change it for another; I am perfectly content. But do not look so reprovingly at me; I intend, one of these days, to become more serious; but there is plenty of time to think of these grave subjects yet." I was about to say that none of us knew when we might be called to that unseen world, when the rest of the party joined us from the parlour, and prevented further conversation.

I met him several times after this, but it was always in company where he made all around happy by his own kind, joyous disposition. Alas! to think that the love which he bestowed so freely on his fellow-beings, he denied to his Saviour and God. We shortly after left that neighbourhood, and I had heard nothing of him for many months, when I was startled by seeing his death in the paper. Our conversation on the piazza recurred to me, and I wondered he *had* found time, before he was called away, to think of future