

heedless of his cousin's evident confusion.

"Really, Edward," was the reply, "I am afraid you have mistaken your profession. Your talent at cross-examination proves, beyond doubt, you were intended for the bar."

"You would not be a very desirable witness, however, from whom to extract information; that is, if you were as silent on all matters as on this," said Edward, laughing. and then, thinking perhaps he had gone far enough, changed the subject.

A day of storm had been succeeded by a gorgeous sunset, when Edward proposed a walk to his cousin.

"How appropriate to this evening are Moore's stanzas," said Edward, as they stood on the summit of a gentle hill that commanded a fine view of the country around.

"I have a slight recollection of them, but would like you to recite them."

"With pleasure," was the reply.

"How calm, how beautiful comes on,
The stillly hour when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity;
Fresh as if Day again were born
Again upon the lap of Morn;
When the light blossoms, rudely torn,
And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating on the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm
In gratitude for this sweet calm,—
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers,
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-germ,
Whose liquid flame is born of them."

"An equally true and beautiful description," said Emily, as they proceeded on at a slow pace, and descending the hill, they directed their steps toward a meadow that bordered a beautiful winding river, which like a thread of silver, intersected the village. At this moment, a poor woman, evidently a stranger, attracted Emily's attention. With one child in her arms, and another holding on to her gown, she was walking slowly along, evidently much fatigued, and her pale countenance bore traces of recent illness. They paused to accost her, and the Doctor observed,—

"You look very unable to travel, my poor woman, where did you come from?"

"From L., sir," was the reply.

"You surely have not performed the journey on foot?"

"Yes, sir, with the exception of two rides,

of a few miles each, but we walked slowly, and took long rests, and, indeed, we would have done very well had I not taken a severe cold, and become very ill, so that we were obliged to remain a week in a lodging-house, where I was robbed of my little money, and obliged to beg the remainder of the journey."

The tears rolled down the woman's face, as she related her sad story, which the little girl, perceiving, began also, silently, to weep.

"But where are you going now?"

"To O., a town twenty miles distant, where I have friends, and I wanted to get on as fast as possible."

"But you are unable to go farther tonight," said Emily. "Return with us, and we will procure you accommodation, and some better mode of travelling on the morrow."

"Thank you, thank you, young lady," said the woman, in a tone of heart-felt gratitude, as she lifted her dim, yet soft and expressive eyes to the countenance of the speaker. "My feet are blistered with walking, and I should much like to rest."

Emily, accompanied by Edward, led the way to her dwelling, followed by the woman and her children, who, after partaking of a bountiful repast, related, at Emily's request, her sad history.

"My father," she commenced, "was a small farmer in O., my native town. He had a large family, but we managed to live pretty comfortably, for as we grew up we each contributed to our own support, so that the bitterness of struggling poverty was unknown. At eighteen I married a journeyman carpenter, and removed with him to L., where he had higher wages, and more constant labour. He was a very steady and honest man, and was much respected by his employer, and, for several years, we lived very happily, but, unfortunately, the master died, and the business fell into the hands of his nephew, who owned a large establishment already, and as times were dull he reduced the business, and dismissed the workmen, so that we were again turned adrift on the world. My husband tried hard to obtain more work, but, as I before said, times were very dull, and it was only occasionally that he even procured one or two days' labour, and, disheartened and almost despairing, he became