

and there a gravestone ; as mild, instructive, conveyers of intelligence, to which he could attend with more resignation, than to any other reporter.

The second stone he came to he found was erected *To the memory of the Reverend Thomas Rymer*, Rebecca's father. He instantly called to mind all that poor curate's quick sensibility of wrong, towards *himself* ; his unbridled rage in consequence ; and smiled to think—how trivial now appeared all for which he gave way to such excess of passion !

But, shocked at the death of one so near to her he loved, he now feared to read on ; and cast his eyes from the tombs accidentally to the church. Through the window of the chancel, his sight was struck with a tall monument of large dimensions, raised since his departure, and adorned with the finest sculpture. His curiosity was excited—he drew near, and he could distinguish (followed by elegant poetic praise) "*To the memory of John Lord Viscount Bendham.*"

Notwithstanding the solemn, melancholy, anxious bent of Henry's mind, he could not read these words, and behold this costly fabric, without indulging a momentary fit of indignant laughter.

"Are sculpture and poetry thus debased," he cried, "to perpetuate the memory of a man whose best advantage is to be forgotten ; whose no one action merits record, but as an example to be shunned ?"

An elderly woman, leaning on her staff, now passed along the lane by the side of the church. The younger Henry accosted her, and ventured to inquire "where the daughters of Mr. Rymer, since his death, were gone to live ?"

"We live," she returned, "in that small cottage across the clover field."