

Long human grief survives the storm;  
 But thou, thrice happy bird!  
 No sooner has it passed away,  
 Than, lo! thy voice is heard.

When ill is present, grief is thine;  
 It flies, and thou art free;  
 But ah! can aught achieve for man  
 What nature does for thee?  
 Man grieves amid the bursting storm;  
 When smiles the calm he grieves;  
 Nor cease his woes, nor sinks his plaint,  
 Till dust his dust receives.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SEQUEL.

As the latter month of spring came on the fisherman again betook himself to his wears, and nearly a fortnight passed in which he saw none of the inmates of the farmhouse. Nothing is so efficient as absence, whether self-imposed or the result of circumstances, in convincing a lover that he is truly such, and in teaching him how to estimate the strength of his attachment. Thomson had sat night after night beside Lillias Stewart, delighted with the delicacy of her taste and the originality and beauty of her ideas; delighted, too, to watch the still partially-developed faculties of her mind shooting forth and expanding into bud and blossom under the fostering influence of his own more matured powers. But the pleasure which arises from the interchange of ideas and the contemplation of mental beauty, or the interest which every thinking mind must feel in marking the aspirations of a superior intellect towards its proper destiny, is not love; and it was only now that Thomson ascertained the true scope and nature of his feelings.