

Father, who had after all, given her such a very, very happy Christmas day.

Little remains now to be told that the reader has not already surmised. On New Year's night a gay assembly was collected in the hospitable mansion of Mr. Burton Knightbridge, which company, it is needless to say, was in honour of Arthur's receiving his New Year's gift, for his uncle, as he kissed Nellie's glowing cheeks, was heard to call her "his dearest niece," and to confirm it. But in the words of Mr. Studly who, after a short conference with Mrs. Barker, in a moon-lit window, whispered in her ear, "That now all things were as they should be," we close this story, wishing to all who read it,—**"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"**

MUSINGS ON THE ESK, NEAR INVERESK.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

'Tis twilight, and a sombre screen
Of clouds is drawn across the sky;
'Tis Sabbath, and methinks the scene
Feels its solemnity:
All nature's mute, save the breezes still
Whisper along the sleeping hill.

And hark! a streamlet's murmuring sound
Comes sweetly softened to the ear;
But nothing else, around, around,
Breaks the bless'd quiet here:
All nature, ceas'd its sabbath hymn,
Is hushed as towers of cloister dim.

I see a churchyard; there the stone
But looks to stone, and grave to grave:
No voice, all calmly slumbering on,
The silent, dead, conclave!
And who shall break that seal'd sleep?
His voice that stills, or wakes, the deep.

The pages of our history tell
Here once a mail-ed army stood:
The helm and glaive besem'd them well—
They thought not of a shroud;
But shrouds were strew'd beneath their feet,
And the dead were there they were to meet.

And still where yonder fields extend,
Unconscious of the gazer's eye,
Historic recollections blend—
A scene of memory!
There Scotland's, England's, rival host,
Met to maintain their country's boast.