

the gaudy attire of lady Emily, and then looked down on her own simple white with its sable accompaniments, with an expression so ludicrous that her ladyship almost determined to remain in her room, for she now remembered for the first time that the family were in mourning; but conquering her reluctance to appear, she took the hand of the fair child, and descended to the drawing-room.

The ladies Harriet and Julia came forward to greet her; the former, like the lady Ellen, clad in white, while a black scarf was thrown carelessly over her shoulders, and one small knot of black ribbon ornamented the simple braids of her hair; the latter robed wholly in black,—they presented a striking contrast to the pink satin and profuse ornaments of her ladyship. Though lady Emily was resolved that the meeting should be cordial, yet she shrank indistinctly from the penetrating eye of lady Harriet, and on being presented by the earl to the company, losing that grace of manners which enhanced her beauty, she appeared awkward and confused.

"Where is Miss Oakley?" asked lord Percival, as if to divert the attention of the company, and as if in answer to the question, Florence entered at the moment. She also was arrayed in white; a silken cord of pale blue encircled her waist; a ring of plain gold glittered on her soft white hand; and two sweet rose buds nestled among the braids of hair."

"How transcendantly lovely!" exclaimed the duke unconsciously, as the blushing orphan gracefully returned the salutations of the noble strangers; at that moment dinner was announced, and Lord Frederick, springing forward, drew the arm of Florence through his at the very moment Sir James had reached her side, with a similar intention. The earl frowned; the countess looked horrified; lady Harriet smiled triumphantly, while the discomfited baronet, conscious that his failure had been generally observed, stepped back ashamed, and contented himself with looking daggers at his lordship; meanwhile the earl committting the countess to the duke, himself escorted the lady Emily. The dinner passed in silence; the earl, notwithstanding his usual courtesy, could not banish from his mind the irritation which the manifest partiality of his son for the humble orphan, had given rise to, and this unsocial spirit so effectually pervaded the company, that all felt relieved when the meal was at last over, and the ladies rose to leave the room.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER EVENING CONTEMPLATIONS.

BY THE REV. ADAM HOOD BURWELL.

I.

The sun descending, rolls his flaming orb,
Beyond the bounds of Huron's ample wave,
That glitters in his parting beams. He goes
To shed his light on western isles remote—
His daily light upon the Isles that spot
The outspread bosom of that mighty deep,
The vast Pacific, in itself a world.
We see it reaching forth from pole to pole
With giant arms; eternal frost abides
On either hand; the burning line between.
Its sunny isles receive their daily meed
Of light and blessing from the solar beams,
While Ocean pours his own profusion round.

II.

But onward rolls the sun. His lingering rays
Brighten the evening clouds, whose ridges, rolled
In rising volumes, fill the glowing east
With floating bills of fire, that seem to rest
Upon some neighbouring land. But deeper sinks
The sun behind the spheric earth, when, lo!
The western sky and zenith all are spread
With broken clouds, whose scattered fragments blush
The red of heaven, skirted with other dyes
Of ever varying shade. Th' empyrean vault,
Behind the scene, presents its dark back ground;
The intermediate tints, bright or obscure,
Imminging soft, into each other run,
And change, and sink, and vanish out of sight.
Or longitudinal, in wavy stripes
That mimic ocean's face, the canopy
Of clouds from north to south, and gives
Alternate crimson facings on a ground
Of purple slate. But soon the vision fades,
And leaves the splendid scene a dusky veil,
That only hides the coming stars, until
The breath of Heaven dissolves it into air.

III.

Oft have I watched these visionary things
The close of day presents—the various shades
(Inimitable tints) surrounding Heaven
Presents to the beholder; marked their change,
And gazed—but not with philosophic eye;
And mused—but not with philosophic mind;
And thought—but only as the untaught think.
For science ne'er unlocked her stores, nor poured
Her treasures forth to me. But why repine?
Or why the seeming pleasures grudge which might
Have been (but have not) had fair fortune smiled,
And science opened her treasures? Why despond,
As for an irre-mediab!e loss?
It need not be! Short though the present life,
Poor and contracted in its largest bound,
And mean and meagre its attainments all,
And these the seeming favours of a few,
It is not so; and I will not repine
That life is short, and meagre is the stream
Inflowing, the ambitious heart to fill,
And aate capacities that but enlarge
By drinking e'en this stream. Eternity
Stretches beyond the little bound of time,—
Eternity, that never knows an end!
And time is but the introduction brief