

proceeded to place his back against the door, which, before the other could interfere, fell inward with a crash, and the old man rolled over it into the entry.

The charge of house breaking never once alarmed the elderly intruder, for he gathered himself up,—and in opposition to Barnaby's wishes to pursue a more courteous line of conduct, ran eagerly up stairs, still followed by his nephew. But no one greeted them. 'Twas "silent still and silent all." Strange to say, our old friend seemed to have forgotten all common modes of entrance, and he was only deterred by Barnaby's strong arm placed against his breast, from a repetition of his former summary method. He had scarcely accomplished this with his right hand,

when his left was unconsciously raised in an attitude of horrified listening. What did he hear?—"Barnaby, if yet thou"—and then the old man, who had lost nothing of his impetuosity, made a rumbling noise with his feet, and the words which next caught his ears were blood-congealing in their bitterness—"Ha—ha—ha!" Barnaby was breathless, and his arm dropped to his side. Not so his uncle. "The letter—the letter!" he shouted, and instead of stamping the floor in his impatience, he kicked vigorously at the door, which immediately flew open before them. The younger of the two raised his eyes—his stupor was gone,—and making one leap to the centre of the floor, he caught in his arms the fainting form of a beautiful lady.

[To be concluded in our next number.]

SWEET WERE THE WHISPERED WORDS HE SPOKE.

BY ALTHEA.

I.

SWEET were the whisper'd words he spoke,
And clasp'd her to his heart the while,—
One guiltless blush their tones awoke,
One trembling tear—one gladdening smile.
"Are we not one?" he fondly cried,
"Our spirits as our arms entwine :
Then though dis sever'd from thy side,
Ah, still be true—be mine !"

II.

The moonbeams glisten'd on the wave
That rippled 'neath the spreading boughs :
The waters blue a murmur gave,
That mingled with the lovers' vows.
The hour is come—"One last embrace,
Farewell until again we meet."
Oh, sad funereal strain to fall
From instrument most sweet !

III.

Amid the lands whose glories lie
Beneath the bosom of the sun,
The soldier's sword a crimson dye,
His brow the brightest laurels, won :
But still, amid those paths, a voice
His footsteps homeward bid him tread :
He came—his heart an echo gave ;
He came and found—the dead !

IV.

Low were the tones her lover breathed,
And from his lips how sad they fell,—
As o'er her grave his sword he sheathed,
His heart pour'd forth its last farewell :
"Farewell?—ah, no ! we part not—though
Thou art not here, thou still art mine :
And I? Oh, God ! this heart—this love—
Forever they are thine."