

the crevices of the window shutters, when Denis, who had not once closed his eyes, rose softly from his wife's side. Still, however, his resolution remained unshaken: and having dressed, he was about leaving the room, when Nancy caught his arm (having risen unperceived from the bed), with a convulsive grasp, and with her large black eyes suffused with tears that ran slowly down her cheeks, pale with excitement and anxiety, and a voice trembling and broken, said:

"Look you, Denis Costello, when you first said you would leave us to go look for wealth we didn't want, I did not say against you, for I saw 'twas your humor; but don't think I'll stay behind the father of my children, and let him wander in a strange land, and among strange people, with no one to take care of him, or comfort him in sickness or in sorrow—you that knew nothing but kindness and love since you were the age of this creature, that you'd give up, all for a little gold and silver. You may go now; but, so help me God! I'll never part you till death comes between us—and what will then become of those poor babies that we ought to love and stand by?"

"Then," cried Denis, as he flung himself with tears of joy on his wife's neck, "may I never sow a ridge of potatoes, but though every acre of that same America was paved with gold an inch thick, if I'll leave *you*, my darling, or *you*, or *you*, ye little jewels," as he kissed the drowsy children all around, who, being by this time awakened, were looking on with astonishment at the domestic drama that their parents had been acting in the middle of the room.

Having stripped, Denis returned to bed, the happiest man in the parish; and when the neighbors called in the morning to condole with Nancy, they found him whistling the "cruskeen lawn" behind his long-neglected plow.

The hope of future happiness is a perpetual source of consolation to good men. Under trouble, it soothes their minds; amidst temptation, it supports their virtue, and, in their dying moments, enables them to say: "O death! where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?"

THE REMOVAL

CIRCUMSTANCES rendered it necessary that the old man should remove. He had resided in the house for upwards of half a century, and was himself nearly eighty years of age. He had, moreover, been born within a stone-cast of his present residence; that residence which he was now about to leave for ever.

Never shall I forget that removal; for never did I witness anything so affecting as that old-man's grief at the prospect of leaving the scene of his past happiness—of parting with those objects which long association had endeared to him beyond all other earthly things. He was a fine looking old man—and of a race proverbial for their attachment to their native soil, particularly the immediate places of their birth.

The farm which the old man, or rather which his sons occupied, for he himself was no longer able to take an active part in the business of life, was taken, with several others, by a wealthy tenant, and the former were removing to another small farm at the distance of twenty miles.

There was nothing in or about the place to attract the notice, much less to excite the admiration of a stranger. It was a place of ordinary character. But what has beauty to do with our love for the place of our nativity?—that love implanted in us by nature, and which is equally strong in the Laplander as in the native of the most favoured regions of earth.

In the barrenness around his beloved Morveeny, the old man saw beauties which were revealed to no other eye; and its most indifferent and uninteresting objects claimants, silent, but powerful, on his tenderest regards.

For several days previous to that of his removal, the old man had flitted about the farm like an unquiet spirit; speaking to no one, wandering here and there apparently without purpose or aim; and, anon, stopping to gaze on some well-known and well-remembered object or to burst out into some pathetic lamentations on their approaching separation.

During all this time, too, he had refused all nourishment. They, indeed,