

THE OLD MAN IN THE NEW CHURCH.

They've left the old church, Nancy, and gone into a new one. There's paintings on the windows, and cushions in each pew. I looked up at the shepherd, then around upon the sheep. And thought what great inducements for the drowsy ones to sleep.

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

CHAPTER XXXIII. (Continued.) Rosamond assented, with a painful blush. How foolish her jealous fears and suspicions appeared, now that these trifles, from which they had grown, assumed a new aspect!

always preferred to seize the present moment, and you shall not so easily escape me as you have hitherto done." "Mrs. Breen will think we are mad!" said Rosamond, her confusion increasing.

CHAPTER XXXIV. AN ARRIVAL.

When the young lady and her faithful attendant reached their lodgings, the house opposite, where Frank resided, was closely shut up. Not a light was visible in the windows of the room he had occupied, and they were obliged to conclude that he was either snatching a few hours' rest, or that he had already joined Mr. Lester, to avoid any chance of his departure in the morning being witnessed by his sister.

CHAPTER XXXV. AT MR. LEVY'S.

In the obscurity of the dingy back parlour Major Colbye paid an exorbitant price for permission to enjoy soliloquy, North remained unnoticed while he advanced and greeted his friend. Constrained by the presence of the young lady, Lord Glanore hesitated to put any questions to him concerning his arrest; and, refusing the chair offered to him, stood debating whether he should announce her presence or leave her to do so herself.

CHAPTER XXXVI. HOW IT ENDED.

Rosamond Dalton willingly accompanied her brother to the secluded college to which James Trevelian had taken his devoted daughter. They arrived at an opportune moment. The heartless aristocrat had accidentally encountered an old acquaintance, and had not been able to resist his entreaties to accompany him to town.

some face—"and I will not attempt to conceal that, in my gratitude and ignorance, I exalted him into a hero. My aunt heard of my accident, and wrote for particulars. My reply revealed to her the state of my feelings, and she sent for me to come home. I went, to learn from her lips that this Major Colbye, whom I had been investing with every noble attribute, had been the destroyer—the murderer of my father!"