

lake below, and among the trees on the borders of the lake sat neat white cottages and gardens of different sizes, and at its head arose the village spire. Here before us in a sterile plain, was a lovely village with the gardens of shrubs and flowers, its shady groves and glades, its placid lakes, green hills and distant mountains, its miniature Niagra, and its little white church with its spire pointing heavenward, and that nothing should be wanting to add to its loveliness—a beautiful rainbow spanned the sky, inclosing in its many colored arc nearly the whole illusion.

I looked upon the gorgeous spectacle with rapture, and after a few ejaculations of wonder and delight, rode slowly on, almost afraid to speak, lest a word would break the enchantment, and dissolve, as it were, a mystic spell; thankful that although this was but as a fleeting phantasmagoria, soon to vanish, He had clothed the earth in places with beauties like these to cheer and comfort man. It was too beautiful to remain long upon such a desert; and soon the brightest colors of the bow grew dim, the nearest trees began to disappear, and then gradually, each object faded from view, leaving, at last, only a dull leaden cloud upon the distant horizon.

"Thus," I said, as I gazed upon the desolation, now more desolate, "thus passes away the glory of the world." "But the mercy of God endureth forever," answered my companion. "The words of nature," he continued, after a short pause, "are glories to the Creator; but we frequently stumble along through life, with eyes closed to the beauties of His handiwork. Now has this fleeting pageant revived long-forgotten memories of many a scene of loveliness and grandeur in my absent home, the land of my childhood, and my heart is lifted up in praise to the Giver of all good."

That night I slept upon my cot to see again the beautiful vision; and in my dreams to inhale the delightful perfumes of rare flowers, to hear the singing of birds, the gentle rustling of leaves, the falling of the bright waters, the clear tone of the village bell, the mellow notes of the organ, and the sweet voices of fair choristers worshipping with angelic songs.

NED RUSHEEN;

OR,

Who Fired The First Shot?

BY SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE,

Author of the "Illustrated Life of St. Patrick," "Illustrated History of Ireland," "History of the Kingdom of Kerry," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

It would only occupy unnecessary space to give even the substance of his remarks. It was necessarily a recapitulation of the evidence. The facts of the evidence were few, the surmises were many. But the tone of voice, the slight emphasis on a word, the prominently bringing forward of, and carefully commenting on, an unfavorable circumstance, served to give weight to what had before appeared trivial.

The great point against Ned Rusheen was the torn comforter, for which he either could not, or would not account, and the surmises or asseverations of Colonel Everard. The fact of the murder, too, was against him. It may be thought that this statement is a truism. I mean it, nevertheless. A person was murdered: *ergo*, some one must have murdered him—*ergo*, the only person accused may have done it! The prisoner's previous good conduct was generally known, but there was no one to testify to it.

The evidence of the new master had been against him. The boys were too young to speak for him with sufficient weight. If Ned was innocent, it was, perhaps, one of the most unfortunate complications of circumstances possible.

The jury retired, and people began to talk freely to each other, and calculate the possible verdict. Ned had again assumed his sullen and unconcerned look.

The jury came out, but it was only to ask the Doctor a question. Was it possible that the rifle shot could have been fired from the hedge?

The Doctor replied rather crossly that it was not possible.

The jury went back to consult again. Half an hour passed.

Some of the people got tired and went away. After all, it was not a question of life and death to them. They might,