

that her daughter would fall into such a snare. She had enough of matrimony too, though she did marry the man she loved, and with the consent of the old man her father. But with all her sorrows, and she had a many, her life was a pleasant one compared with the life which I am sure you will lead. Now take my advice,' she said, drawing nearer, and laying her hand on mine, 'for I really wish you well. Get up and go home to your brother, and leave this fellow while you have it in your power.'

"Oh! no, no! I cannot do it. I dare not do it!" I cried, bursting into a fresh paroxysm of tears. 'I am in his power.'

"Then the Lord have mercy upon you," said the woman. 'But hush—here comes my man. Pluck up your spirits, and don't let on that I told you anything against your husband.'

As she finished speaking, a dark, ill-looking man, with a most forbidding aspect, entered the hovel, and flinging down a sack from his shoulder upon the floor, exclaimed in a gruff voice:

"No luck, Nancy. I believe these pheasants know me, and keep out of the reach of brown Bess. There's one hare and a rabbit; be quick and cook them, for I am *very* hungry.'

The woman glanced significantly at her husband, and then at me.

"Servant, young woman," he said; 'I suppose you have no objection to a bit of game?'

"I am not hungry," I replied mechanically.

"This, George, is Ardyn Redgrave's wife," said the woman; 'he has left her here till night.'

"The devil it is! Well I tell you what, Nancy, she has got a game husband. Don't cry, my dear!"

"And the odious wretch turned towards me with a knowing grin:

"I think he should have married you three months ago.'

If anything was needed to complete my utter wretchedness, this brutal speech would have done it. I rose and tried to reach the door; but in the act of doing so, I staggered and fell to the ground, and remember nothing more until aroused to recollection by the deafening peals of thunder that burst in quick succession over our head, and shook the miserable hut to its foundation.

(To be continued.)

## TO MY BEAUTIFUL BOY, DEAD.

BY MRS. L. A. S. WAKEFIELD.

And is it thus?—Can this be death?—  
Naught wanting, but the gentlest breath  
To warm thee.—In this beauteous face,  
So sweet, so placid, I can trace  
No sign of Earth's dread king's caress;  
Some holy Cherub came to bless  
And take thee home.—The lips apart  
Seem fresh with warm blood from the heart.  
These eyes half open, are so bright,  
They cannot want their heavenly light;—  
So calmly lying, that it seems,  
Thy sleep were haunted by sweet dreams.  
Beautiful form of human mould;  
But, Oh! so cold! so dreadful cold!—  
It must be death: And can it be,  
I ne'er again may pray for thee—  
My son, my all, my sainted dove,  
The object of my heart's best love?—  
Oh! how my bursting eye-balls burn,  
My writhing, rending heart-strings yearn.—  
But no:—thy cheek may ne'er be pressed  
Again unto my longing breast:  
My aching bosom has no prayer,  
Save one, for death and heaven; that where  
Thou art, I quick may come—where pain,  
And parting, ne'er shall come again.

## THE THREE GENII.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

There came a maiden fair and graceful,  
Like a rose in summer's prime—  
With fawn-like form, and floating tresses,  
In that sweet early time,  
When life like a fairy vision seems,  
And the eye is soft with the light of dreams.  
Upon a golden day of summer,  
When fervid grew the noon,  
Within a dim, delightful arbour,  
She sought a sheltering boon;  
Where winds that fanned the foliage round her,  
In fancy's spells, like music bound her.  
And then as slumber's pinions fanned her,  
She thought three Genii flew  
Beside her down, with voices falling,  
Soft as a shower of dew—  
"Memory, Hope, and Love are we,  
That come, sweet maid, with gifts for thee!"  
"Be mine," said Hope, "this silver anchor,  
Where safely thou shalt lean,  
Amid the storms of life, and sorrows  
That cloud its fitful scene,  
Its blighted aims, its altering love—  
And turn its wearied eyes above."  
"And mine," the voice of Memory whispered,  
"Shall be this urn of gold,  
Where each delightful thing thou'lt treasure—  
Sweet thoughts and joys untold,  
And early friendship's lingering rays—  
To brighten all thy future days."  
"And I!" quoth Love; "this boon shall render!"  
And he laughed aloud for glee,  
And a diamond pointed shaft towards her  
He sent unerringly;  
But oh! the wound that did befall,  
It was the sweetest gift of all!