

## DOMESTIC BLISS.

' There's a bliss beyond all that the Minstrel has told,  
 When two that are linked in a heavenly tie,  
 With heart never changing, and brow never cold,  
 Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.

' One hour of passion so sacred, is worth  
 Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss ;  
 And, oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
 It is this, it is this.'

ONE window opening down to the ground, showed the interior of a very small parlour, plainly and modestly furnished, but panelled all round with well-filled book cases. A lady's harp, stood in one corner, and in another two fine globes and an orrery. Some small flower-baskets, filled with roses, were dispersed about the room ; and at a table, near the windows, sat a gentleman writing, or rather leaning over a writing desk, with a pen in his hand, for his eyes were directed towards the gravel walk before the window, where a lady (an elegant looking woman, whose plain white robe and dark uncovered hair well became the sweet, matronly expression of her face and figure) was anxiously stretching out her encouraging arms to her little daughter, who came laughing and tottering towards her on the soft green turf ; her tiny feet, as they essayed their first independent steps, in the eventful walks of life, twisting and turning with graceful awkwardness, and unsteady pressure, under the disproportionate weight of her chubby person. It was a sweet, heart-thrilling sound, the joyous, crowning laugh of that creature, when with one last, bold, mighty effort she reached the maternal arms, and was caught up to the maternal bosom, and was covered with kisses, in an ecstasy of unspeakable love. As if provoked to emulous loudness by that mirthful outcry, and impatient to mingle its clear notes with that young innocent voice, a blackbird, embowered in a tall neighbouring bay-tree, poured out forthwith such a flood of full, rich melody, as stilled the baby's laugh, and for a moment arrested its observant ear. But for a moment. The kindred nature burst out into full chorus : the baby clasped her hands, and laughed aloud : and, after her fashion, mocked the unseen songstress. The bird redoubled her tuneful efforts, and still the baby laughed, and still the bird rejoined ; and both together raised such a melodious din, that the echoes of the old church rang again ; and never since the contest of the nightingale with her human rival, was heard such an emulous conflict of human skill. I could have laughed for company, from my unseen lurking-place within the dark shadow of the church buttresses. It was altogether such a scene as I shall never forget, one from which I could hardly tear myself away. Nay, I did not ; I stood motionless as a statue in my dark grey nich, till the objects be-