

you may be assured that you no longer possess the other."

At this moment, Lady Hester stepped forward and directed their attention to a light which gleamed from the Prince's window. It was the signal which Sir Anthony Darley had promised to display at midnight, the hour at which his prisoner had promised to return. It shone with a calm, unwavering light, and seemed to the lovers like a star, which though it hovers near the cloud pours beams of peace and promise on the tempest-tossed mariner.— Its influence may appear strange but they parted from each other full of happy thoughts and buoyed up with hopes, which, to them, that serene and lonely light gleaming from the prison-room was an emblem.

As Lady Hester and her youthful companion were about to emerge from the wood, a man darted across the path which wound along by the shore of the lake, and crouched beneath the shelter of a neighbouring coppice. They stopped greatly alarmed, for they feared that their interview with the Prince had been discovered. They could not proceed without passing directly by the coppice, and after considerable hesitation they retraced their steps and took the path by which Prince James had just made his egress.

It proved as they feared. The King, who, as has already been mentioned, suspected that the Minstrel whom he met in the Queen's apartment was his royal prisoner, had issued orders that the proceedings of Sir Anthony Darley, his keeper, should be strictly watched, and early the next morning Sir Anthony received information that another keeper was appointed in his room.

When the prisoner was informed of the change, he uttered no complaint, he did not even speak, but he felt that the thoughts, which a few moments before were teeming with hopes and anticipations, which though vague and half formed had passed over his spirit a soothing and most blessed power, must henceforth be the darker for one bright and solitary gleam of sunshine that had flitted across his path.

It was August. Two months had passed away, and the country was in mourning for her King. Henry V. the "star of England," was dead. Henry VI., being only nine months old, the kingdom was placed under the protectorship of his uncle, the Duke of Bedford, who was likewise, by the will of his late brother, appointed Regent of France.

It was a delightful evening—as lovely as the

one in June when Prince James and Joanna Beaufort accompanied by Lady Hester Darley met for the first time in the wood. Arthur had planted a few touches of decay on the fresh foliage and spread a somewhat faint hue over the heavens, but they were no beautiful and serene, while a star less overcast than the light that gleamed from the window, hovering near the crescent moon its messenger of love, seemed to regard them with a look of benignity as they now stood on the same spot. The Prince had not now by indulgence of his keeper stolen from a private council of England, through the influence of the Duke of Bedford had granted him freedom. By the same influence Joanna Beaufort was now his wedded wife, who listened with delighted attention as he clothed in language the host of old memories, which childhood had been garnered in his heart were still fresh as the first sweet flower of spring.

In a few weeks the Prince hailed his return to England, where he and his consort were crowned King and Queen of Scotland.



TO THE ENGLISH NIGHTINGALE

WRITTEN AT NIGHT.

BY MISS AMELIA HANSON.

Ah, wondrous bird!—that on this silent night
Doth pour sweet melody, warbling a song
Of lonely, ceaseless praise, which must ascend
"Like the dim night-flower's incense to
God!"

Is it not strange, that thou canst sing
When sunbeams pour their flood of glory?
Revealing beauty, in all living things—
But in the mystery of darkness, thou
Dost warble, with as full a heart of praise
Teaching frail man a lesson, hard to learn.
Methinks, there is a mixture in thy lays
Of sadness, and of joy, which human hearts
Know but too well. Sometimes in darkness
Can utter trails of praise, but ah! how seldom
Come those low, plaintive wailings, which
We hear

Gush from thy soul striving for mastery:
'Tis like the mourning for lost earthly joys
In the dark night of sorrow, when the soul
Bows grateful, still, unto the will of God.
Therefore, my conscious spirit turns away
Trembling, to listen longer unto thee,
Thou bird of tender human sympathies.
That thou canst make strange echoes far and