

"Tis only a shilling."

"It might as well be a pound, John—I have not a shilling to buy bread for my little ones—You must take it back."

"No ma'arm, that's what I won't do—I arn't over rich myself; but I will trust you for the shilling, and bide the consequence—That letter may bring you a fortune."

Mrs. Jermyn read the letter, John leaning against the open door, eyed her all the time. At last she burst into tears.

"Oh lauk! Oh lauk!" he cried, shaking his head; "there's no luck arter all."

Mrs. Jermyn shook the honest creature heartily by the hand. "Your money is safe, John. The letter does indeed contain good news. Thanks be to God! No one ever trusted in Him in vain."

The letter was from a lawyer, conveying the intelligence of the five hundred pounds found in the bureau of Noah Cotton; to which she was the lawful heir—and requesting the necessary documents to enable him to act in her behalf.

This unhop'd for piece of good fortune, enabled Mrs. Jermyn to pay her rent, refurnish her house, and commence her school upon a larger scale. She is now, a rich and prosperous woman. Her eldest son, a surgeon of some note, her youngest, a pious minister of the church. Her daughter the happy wife of a wealthy merchant in her native town.

In the hour of adversity, let us cling close to the great Father. He will not suffer us to fall unheeded to the ground.

Belleville, Nov. 14, 1851.

A SONNET IN PRAISE OF HIS LADY'S HANDS.

Translated from the Italian of "Qualcheduna."

How beautiful it is
To see my lady's hands;
Whether adorned with rings,
Or with their snowy lengths
And rosy tips,
Undecked with gems or gold.

When her light work she plies,
Creating mimic flowers,
Or drawing the fair thread
Through folds of snowy lawn.
How beautiful it is
To see my lady's hands;
Often I, sitting, watch
Their gliding to and fro,
Those lovely birds of snow.

Sometimes the evening shades
Draw around us as we talk,
Sometimes the tired sun,
Drooping towards the West,
Makes all the fields of heaven
With autumn's colours glow;
Sometimes the sailing moon,
Unclouded and serene,
Rises between the misty woods
That crown the distant hills;
Then most I love to sit
And watch my lady's hands
Blush with the sunset's rose,
Or whiten in the moon,
Or, lucid in the amber evening air,
Folded, repose.

Sometimes she paces slowly
Among the garden flowers;
Above her the trees tremble,
And lean their leafage down.
So much they love to see her;
The flowers, white and red,
Open their fragrant eyes,
Gladder to hear her coming
Than bird's singing,
Or bee's humming,
She, stooping, clad in grace,
Gathers them one by one,
Lily and crimson rose,
With sprigs of tender green,
And holds them in her hands.

Nothing can sweeter be
Than, lying on the lawn,
To see those graceful hands
Drop all their odorous load
Upon her snowy lap,
And then, with magic skill
And rosy fingers fine,
To watch her intertwine
Some wreath, not all unfitting
Young brows divine.

How beautiful it is
To see my lady's hands;
In moonlight sorrowful,
Or sunlight fine,
Busied with graceful toil,
Or folded in repose,
How beautiful it is
To see my lady's hands.

CLARENCE C. COOK.