

that morning tried his patience beyond all endurance, provoked with him for remaining so long in his studio, when he ought to have been preparing to appear at the marriage of his daughter; she entered it in a violent passion, and tearing up some valuable papers which had cost him months to collect and fill up, she drove him out, and locking the door, vowed he should not enter it again for a month to come. None but a scientific man can imagine his feelings at that moment; but he was a philosopher, therefore did he conceal them, and on taking leave of Beatrice it was with an affection truly paternal and an entire forgetfulness that she had been the innocent occasion of so much vexation and annoyance to him. Perceiving the distress of her own family at the thoughts of her leaving them, Colonel Brereton lingered until the latest moment, while Beatrice sobbed and wept as she was alternately clasped in their embraces. Even Lady Brereton unbent from her usual austere manner, and kissed her tenderly as she bade her farewell, an example which was followed with even more warmth by the kind-hearted Sir George, who patting her on the shoulder, said:

"Don't cry, my dear; be a good child, and fulfil the vows your lips have pronounced in all fidelity and love—learn to bear and forbear, as you hope for happiness; and may an old man's blessing be with you both."

Mrs. Annesley followed them, weeping, to the door. She could not speak, but she looked anxiously in the face of Colonel Brereton, as if she would have read the thoughts of his heart. He seemed to divine hers, for a change for one instant came over his habitually grave countenance—he threw his arm round Beatrice, and said, in a tone of deep feeling:

"Mrs. Annesley, have no fears for your child; she shall be petted and spoiled to your heart's content. Will that satisfy you?"

"Oh, yes, yes; thank you a thousand times. Now am I at rest—now am I happy. God in Heaven bless my own darling Beatrice."

The carriage of Colonel Brereton rolled rapidly down the Park, until it reached the Lodge gates, where it was overtaken by Herbert, who, panting for breath, exclaimed, as he threw into the window a beautiful bouquet of flowers:

"There, my dear little sister, I have been gathering all your favourite flowers out of your own garden, to remind you of home; but before you go, say that you forgive me for every unkind word I ever spoke to you."

"Oh, this is too much," cried Beatrice, bursting into a fresh paroxysm of grief. "Dearest Herbert, it is I who ought to ask your forgiveness."

"Herbert, my dear boy, you should have spared your sister this unnecessary pain," observed Colonel Brereton, as the carriage door was opened, and the boy sprang in.

"Do not reproach him," sobbed Beatrice, now

locked in her brother's arms. "Dearest Herbert, I will keep your flowers for ever, for your sake."

"And you will come back to us soon again. Will you not?" rejoined Herbert, struggling manfully with his feelings; "and will sit in your old oak tree singing merrily, as you used to do before Colonel Brereton came at all, and we will scamper together through the woods and over the fields."

"Yes, yes, my boy, she shall," returned Colonel Brereton, smiling benignantly, as he released Beatrice from the boy's hold, and rested her head fondly on his own bosom. "Now return, there is a good fellow, for we have many miles to go this day."

Herbert unwillingly obeyed him, and descended the steps with a heavy heart. The Lodge gates were then opened, the carriage dashed through them, and in a few more minutes it had driven far out of his straining and sorrowful gaze, while the church bells chimed their merry peals upon the air, and the bridal throng dispersed.

(To be continued.)

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM,

BY AUGUSTUS NIPCHEESE, ESQ.

Though frail the paper which records a name
As little seeking as unknown to fame,
Still will this page preserve its worthless trust,
When this still frailer hand lies mouldered in the dust.

For wealth I ask not, nor for titles great,
Nor all the empty joys of courtly state,
Those gilded pleasures which deceitful rise,
And mock the appetite which most upon them preys.

Domestic love, thou soul-endearing sound!
What heavenly raptures in thy joys are found!
What bliss extatic, what angelic peace—
Thine are the joys which by possession but increase.

All others on the weary senses pall,
And by remembrance, but revive their gall,
Which, by its sharp, undying, venom'd sting,
Makes life a weary wilderness—a hated thing.

Few friends I boast—in fewer still confide,
And thou art one of those, my bosom's pride;
One in whom native worth's surpassed alone
By true religious practice, more professed than known.

Ambition prompts me—oh! forgive the thought
That I by thee will not be all forgot,
But that, where'er I am, whate'er I be,
Thou't sometimes think of one who'll ever think of thee.