

stood in a large bay-window of Mrs. Payard's spacious drawing-room, half-shaded by the rich and heavy crimson curtains that fell in graceful folds, he watched the fair forms that glided to and fro. The dazzling light, reflected back from spacious mirrors, the rich perfume of the flowers, that in elegant festoons decorated the walls, and in light and airy wreaths twined round the marble pillars,—the finely carved tables, on which stood vases of exquisite colour and material,—the carpet of velvet softness, whose roses were indeed thornless, for on it the foot sank as on finest moss,—and the rich attire of the gay, the young, and beautiful, who filled the apartment, made it worthy a painter's pencil. From his "loophole of retreat" Charles watched, for some moments, the expressive countenances that every now and then met his glance,—and listened as the half-subdued hum of conversation fell pleasingly on his ear. The sweet tones of woman, mingling with more manly accents,—the sportive and brilliant repartee,—the silvery laugh,—and ever and anon the sweet strains of distant music, sometimes swelling in triumphal peals, and again dying plaintively away,—all lent to the spot a charm which he felt unwilling to relinquish, for a nearer proximity to its enjoyments. Just, however, as he was on the point of leaving his chair, his attention was attracted by the following circumstance :

On the opposite side of the apartment, two marble pillars supported what appeared to be a recess, for its interior was concealed from view by curtains, in colour and material corresponding to those of the windows. But now one of them is drawn aside, by a small white hand,—and in the centre stands a young girl. Nothing can be more picturesque than her appearance at this moment, as with one hand gracefully supporting the curtain, whose vivid colour forms a strange, yet not displeasing contrast to her dress of snowy white,—her dark brown hair, unconfined by brooch or braid, unadorned save by one single white rose, falling in glossy ringlets over her neck and shoulders,—and with a countenance serene gentle yet slightly melancholy, she

"Looks like an angel might have done
While gazing on the earth."

For a moment Charles was half-disposed to believe that the dweller of some sylvan

solitude had appeared, to summon the worshippers of art to the magnificent temple of Nature,—for, through the opening, a scene of rural beauty was distinctly visible. Trees of every variety and climate, amid whose clustering foliage peeped forth the golden fruit,—shrubs, whose exquisite blossoms seemed almost worthy of Paradise, and in the centre a marble fountain, whose leaping, sparkling waters, ascended and descended profusely in gem-like drops,—formed a picture delightful to a votary of Nature, its soft and quiet gloom enhanced by its contrast to the brilliancy of the apartment. Another glance sufficed to discover to Charles his mistake, as regarded the nymph of the bowyer, for in her, he recognized Emily Linwood. To immediately abandon his retreat, to advance to Mrs. Payard, who had entered the drawing-room from the green-house with her fair guest,—and to obtain an introduction to her, was the work of a few moments,—and "softly fell the foot of time" that evening, as seated by her side, he listened to the voice whose music he had before heard,—and which had never been hushed in his heart.

(To be Continued.)

The Lay of the Rose.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

"Discordance that can accord;
And accordance to discord."

The Romance of the Rose.

A rose once pass'd within
A garden, April-green,
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,
And the fairer for that oneness.

A white rose, delicate,
On a tall bough and straight,
Early comer, April comer,
Never waiting for the summer;

Whose pretty gestic did win
South winds to let her in,
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,
All the fairer for that oneness.

"For if I wait," said she,
"Till times for roses be,
For the musk rose, and the moss rose,
Royal red, and maiden blush rose,

"What glory then for me,
In such a company?
Roses plenty, roses plenty,
And one nightingale for twenty!

"Nay, let me in," said she,
"Before the rest are free,
In my loneliness, in my loneliness.
All the fairer for that oneness."