

spoken with faith and joy of her approaching departure, after which she sank into a stupor, from which her watchful friends thought she would not again revive, but while they waited to catch the last flutter of her breath, she opened her eyes, and taking from her bosom the miniature of Seymour, strove to gaze upon its lineaments, but they were dim to her fading sight, and gently she laid it back upon its resting place.

"Let it be buried with me, Father," she said, and tell him that my latest earthly thought was of him—say to the king, I forgive him for all the wrong he has done me, though he has blighted my youth, and turned its joy into bitterness, I pray God to bless and prosper him, and if he would render justice to the living, and offer some atonement for past injustice, entreat him to recall Seymour from his exile, and let my sufferings expiate the remembrance of his errors. And now, dear friends, farewell,—kind Jean, your hard service is at an end, and God will reward your fidelity. I am going, and joyfully I bid farewell to earth—farewell to this dark prison, whose walls have witnessed so many tears of agony, and whose every stone could tell a tale that would cast reproach on England's king forever."

Exhausted by this unwonted effort, the Lady Arabella sank upon her pillow, and Jean as she leaned over her, smoothed back the rich, soft hair, which fell around her face, still beautiful as it had been in days of early happiness. She remained for a few minutes motionless, then pointing upwards with a radiant smile,

"I go," she said, "to receive my crown—it is the only one which I have ever coveted—say so to the king, and bid him fight the good fight of faith, that he too may obtain it."

She feebly pressed their hands, as she again murmured a low farewell, and while Father Everard was devoutly commending the parting spirit to its Maker, the fluttering pulse paused, the heaving lungs grew still, and the Lady Arabella slept in death. She, in whose veins flowed the blood of kings, expired within the walls of a prison, and none stood beside her bed of death, save a foreign priest, and the humble but faithful follower of her varied and melancholy fortunes.

Whatever compunctious visitings of conscience might have arisen to disturb the peace of James, when informed of the Lady Arabella's death, they were soon hushed in the consoling certainty, that one individual, nearly allied to the throne, and whose claims though never urged, still hung, like the sword of Damocles suspended over him, filling him with dread and terror, was forever removed from his path, leaving it undarkened by the shadow of a rival. In compliance, as he said, with the Lady Arabella's dying request, but in reality to rid himself of the

importunities of Seymour's family, the king shortly recalled the self-exiled fugitive to his country.

But the young man nobly dared to disobey the royal summons, he felt that he could render no true allegiance to the sovereign who had inflicted on him such bitter wrongs, and with the proud, indignant spirit of a deeply injured mind, he refused to return. But a second appeal from James, backed by the entreaties of his father, and of his venerable grandfather, the Earl of Hertford, came to shake his stern resolve, and win him over to their wishes. Once more he sought his native shores, but changed in heart, and with the bright hopes, and goodly promises of his youth shorn of their glory. Loyal he was, and valiant—able, in the council and the field, but he no longer loved the song and dance, no longer sought the festive hall, where fair forms vied with each other in beauty, and bright eyes looked lovingly upon the gallant knights, who wooed their glances.

Only in the quiet bower of the sad and lonely Lady Gervase, did Seymour love to linger. There, week after week, he would pass in solitude with her and Father Everard, roving through those scenes which had witnessed his transient happiness, and dwelling ever with untiring thought, upon his lost and early love, and when years had rolled away, and through the intercession of his family, he gave his hand to a lady of their choice, noble and virtuous though she was, his heart still lingered with the dead, and on the daughter which she bore him, he bestowed the dear, and fondly cherished name of Arabella Stuart.

Montreal.

DIALOGUE.

"PAPA, one one of my schoolmates says his brother wears mustachios. What are mustachios, papa?"
 "Mustachios, my son, are bushes of hair worn on the lip by certain dandies, as a substitute for brains."
 "Well, papa, are those who wear mustachios what are called *hair-brained people*?"

IRISH POLISH.

A person who accused the Irish nation with being the most unpolished in the world, was answered mildly by an Irish gentleman, "that it ought to be otherwise, for the Irish met hard rubs enough to polish any nation on earth."

THE WORKS OF NATURE.

Nothing surely can be better adapted to turn man's thoughts off his own self-sufficiency than the works of nature. Wherever he arrests his attention, whether on matter organised or unorganised, there he will discover convincing evidence of his own ignorance: and at the same time the omnipotence of a first cause will be impressed on his mind, and influence his understanding.—*Maud.*