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ved Lindan.' A ray of hope glim-
ered in his soul ; but dark distrac-
on suddenly spreading its infatuat-
g wings over her poor mind again,
e flew from him, uttering a scream
terror. This same thing has often
ppened since ; and Lindan spends
hole days near the tomb, in order
catch on this spot, which the ap-
roaching sacrifice seems to have
allowed ; the few bright moments
hich flash through Violante's mind.
"Called to Germany on business
importance, I took leave of him, as

if for ever. Poor Violante will have
found rest long ere my return. Al-
ready her tender spirit strove pain-
fully to free itself of its earthly bonds,
and to fly to where eternal truth and
love for ever reign."

Bernwald ceased, and a melanco-
ly silence prevailed throughout the
company, when something was heard
rustling against the window ; the per-
son nearest to it threw open the sash,
and a beautiful white dove was seen
looking in, and then directing its
flight straight towards heaven.

THE OWL.

There sat an Owl in an old Oak Tree,
Whooping very merrily ;
He was considering, as well he might,
Days and means for a supper that night :
He looked about with a solemn scowl,
Yet very happy was the Owl,
For, in the hollow of that oak tree,
There sat his Wife and his children three !

He was singing one to rest,
Mother, under her downy breast,
He was trying his voice to learn her song :
The third (a hungry Owl was he)
Peeped slyly out of the old oak tree,
And peer'd for his Dad, and said, " You're
long ;"

But he hooted for joy, when he presently
saw
His sire, with a full-grown mouse at his
claw.

Oh what a supper they had that night !
He was feasting and delight ;
Who most can chatter, or cram they strive,
They were the merriest owls alive.

What then did the old Owl do ?
Al ! not so gay was his next to-who !
He was very sadly said,
For after his children had gone to bed,
He did not sleep with his children three.
For, truly a gentleman Owl was he,
Who would not on his wife intrude,
When she was nursing her infant brood ;
Not to invade the nursery,
He slept outside the hollow tree.

When he awoke at the fall of the dew,
He called his wife with a loud to-who !
Awake, dear wife, it is evening gray,
And our joys live from the death of day."
He call'd once more, and he shudder'd
when
His voice replied to his again ;
He was still unwilling to believe,
That Evil's raven wing was spread,

Hovering over his guiltless head,
And shutting out joy from his hollow tree,
" Ha—ha—they play me a trick," quoth
he,
" They will not speak,—well, well at
night
They'll talk enough, I'll take a flight."
But still he went not, in, nor out,
But hopped uneasily about.

What then did the Father Owl ?
He sat still, until below
He heard cries of pain, and woe,
And saw his wife and children three,
In a young Foy's captivity.
He followed them with noiseless wing,
Not a cry once uttering.

They went to a mansion tall,
He sat in a window of the hall,
Where he could see
His bewildered family ;
And he heard the hall with laughter ring,
When the boy said, " Blind they'll learn
to sing ;"
And he heard the shriek, when the hot
steel pin
Through their eye-balls was thrust in !
He felt it all ! Their agony
Was echoed by his frantic cry,
His scream rose up with a mighty swell,
And wild on the boy's fierce heart it fell ;
It quail'd him, as he shuddering said,
" Lo ! the little birds are dead."
—But the Father Owl !
He tore his breast in his despair,
And flew he knew not, reck'd not where !

But whither then went the Father Owl,
With his wild stare and deathly scowl ?
—He had got a strange wild stare,
For he thought he saw them ever there,
And he scream'd as they scream'd when
he saw them fall
Dead on the floor of the marble hall.