

and he earnestly desired to behold Charles and Constance united before he should be laid in the grave. This thought had yielded him much pleasure, for he would not then leave his child without a protector. He could not but be aware of the love which they entertained towards each other, an affection which had grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength. But Charles and Constance were as yet so young, that years hence it would be time enough to speak of such a project. He also thought that the intervening time could not be better employed by Charles than in completing an education which hitherto had been but desultory.

As these ideas rapidly chased each other through his mind, Fitzgerald's aversion to the proposal of Charles gradually vanished, and addressing him, he said:

"Charles, I need not say how unwilling I feel to part with you, even for a period, no matter how brief; but if you think that such a measure would conduce to your happiness and benefit, I will not withhold my consent. Reflect, however, that you will meet with many trials and difficulties in such a course of life, of which you at present know nothing, and which, seen with the eye of youth and inexperience, appear easily surmounted. But tell me, Charles, to which particular line of study your inclinations lean?"

This was a question which Charles was quite unprepared to answer, although he had already

given it his mature deliberation. He could not decide to which profession his talents were suited. He had engaged in almost every pursuit, and with equal success in each. By turns he had been a painter, a poet and a philosopher, and the masterly style in which many of the paintings which adorned the hall of Ardmore were executed, evinced no small degree of genius and industry in the artist. To his literary talents various metropolitan periodicals bore witness, and the critic had forgot to dip his pen in gall as he analysed the productions of the young author.

Fitzgerald smiled as he observed the disconcerted look with which Charles replied to his question, and immediately said:

"My dear boy, you need not at present decide upon this subject. You can attend the University of E—— during the coming winter. I will give you a letter of introduction to a talented and much esteemed friend of mine who resides there, who will perhaps assist you with his advice in coming to some determination."

Charles gladly acceded to this proposal, and gratefully thanked Fitzgerald for his ready acquiescence in his desires.

It was finally arranged that Charles should immediately depart for the distant University of E——, there to spend the following winter, and that he should return in spring to pass the summer months at Ardmore.

(To be continued.)

IMPROMPTU WELCOME

TO HER EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESS OF ELGIN.

BY R. E. M.

Thou art welcome, Lady, welcome to our own Canadian shore,
And welcome is the gallant barque that hath borne thee safely o'er,
Thou comest with the summer bright, with sunny June's sweet flowers,
When earth is lovely to the sight, and in sunshine glide the hours.

'Tis meet our forests now should wear their richest, brightest hue,
Our summer flowers their fairest tints, our sky its clearest blue,
To welcome her, who, leaving all, hath crossed the ocean foam
To dwell within a foreign land, and mid strangers make her home.

Then gladly do we welcome thee, in speech devoid of art,
No! thine's a nobler welcome, 'tis the welcome of the heart;
And ere the winter's storms have robbed the earth in dazzling hue,
Thou wilt have learned, though cold our clime, our hearts are warm and true.

And He, who's watched thy coming long, with many an anxious fear,
For whom thou hast forsaken home, and friends, and kindred dear,
Who oft, when dreary winter reigned in stern majestic pride,
Has turned his thoughts to England fair, to his young and gentle bride,
Must feel, indeed, he's well repaid for each care that crossed his brow—
For every sad and lonely hour—his Bride is with him now.