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O love, how exquisite the flow Upon the heart of thy soft rill ; Its sweet sensation well I know, Each time I meet my Nellie Hill.

The third was now occupying the brain-less young cleric's energies ; and, despite the care and thought which he had expeeded in evolving it, it proved, on completion, to be a rekably feeble specimen of postical coming with the other two; and consistency, in baldness, is always something. Iere is the stanza :

I catch her eye; my foolish heart. Bats wildly, then stands strangely still. The very sindow makes me start, Aye, the more thought of Nellie Hill. Having committed these four lines to

ourste looked upon him as uncomfortably severe, and stood in no little awe of him.

and handed to the vicar in the vestry,

at once to rest, without any loss of time.

The church was crowded, as it always

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