

of her passion for gaming, to which she gave herself up, when she was no longer young enough for gallantry. She was most frequently found at mass, for, some years before, excited by the romantic poets of the fashionable school, she had thrown herself into the bosom of the only true church, and had become a catholic.

When I visited her now for the first time, I was conducted again into the garden. As I passed through the house, I had seen pictures of the saints hanging on the dusty walls. The garden was like a wilderness, and thorns grew where Augustina and I once enjoyed the marriage feast. The acacias had been cut down, out of economy, to make firewood. The Chinese temple had lost all its outward ornaments, and was covered with honest dutch tiles; little pointed gothic windows of colored glass, like the church windows of the times of romance, and a cross on the top of the roof, made the little house resemble a chapel.

And so it was. As I entered, I saw an altar, a crucifix, and an eternal lamp. Madam Winter, fifty years old, clad in a very simple matronly dress, just risen from her devotions, came to meet me, her rosary in her hand, and the murmur of prayer on her lips.

I stood still before her. She knew me and seemed pleased. I could not conquer my feelings, but without moving I took her hand, and with moistened eyes pointed to the chapel. "Ah, Augustina," cried I, "when the light vine-bower stood here, when we in happy childhood exchanged our pewter rings,—when, ten years after, lover and beloved, we gave and received the first kiss of our innocent love, and vowed before heaven—"

"I beseech you, think no more of such vain children's play," interrupted she.

"Ah, Augustina, it was not well to change the simple vine-bower into the splendid boudoir; still worse that I should see the golden ring of love thrown away at the faro table; and now a chapel!"

"Sir," said Madame Winter, "we are cured at last of the intoxication of the world and its vain pleasures. You wound my heart by such recollections. If your salvation is dear to you, follow my example, learn to forsake a false world, and call upon the saints in heaven for their intercession."

When I returned home, I said to Adela: "No, dearest, we will not go to see her. I no longer know her. She has become a bigoted devotee.—Oh, all-powerful Time!"

A SEA-SHORE ECHO.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

I stand upon the wild sea-shore—
I see the screaming eagle soar—
I hear the hungry billows roar,
And all around
The hollow-answering caves out-pour
Their stores of sound.

The wind which moaneth on the waves,
Delights me, and the surge that raves,
Loud-talking of a thousand graves—
A watery theme!
But oh! those voices from the caves
Speak like a dream!

They seem long-boarded—cavern-hung—
First uttered ere the world was young,
Talking some strange eternal tongue
Old as the skies!
Their words unto the earth are flung;
Yet who replies?

Large answers when the thunders speak
Are blown from every bay and creek,
And when the fire-tongued tempests speak
The bright seas cry,
And, when the seas their answer seek,
The shores reply.

But Echo from the rock and stone,
And seas, earns back no second tone;
And Silence pale, who hears alone
Her voice divine,
Absorbs it, like the sponge that's thrown
On glorious wine!

—Nymph Echo—elder than the world,
Who wist from out deep chaos hurl'd
When Beauty first her flag unfurl'd,
And the bright sun
Laugh'd on her, and the blue waves curl'd
And voices run,

Like spirits on the new-born air,
Lone Nymph, whom poets thought so fair,
And great Pan wooed from his green lair,
How love will flee!
Thou answerdest all; but none now care
To answer thee!

None—none: Old age has sear'd thy brow
No power, no shrine, no gold hast thou:
So Fame, the harlot, leaves thee now,
A frail, false friend!
And thus, like all things here below,
Thou hast an end.