

nor could a son entertain a more honourable ambition, or more one meriting the blessing of Heaven.

Taking Louise with him, they sailed from Antwerp, and in a few days arrived in London, from thence they proceeded towards the Borders, and the place of his birth. They had reached Alnwick, where they intended to remain for a few hours, and they went out to visit the castle. They had entered the square in front of the proud palace of the Percys, and, in the midst of the square, they observed a one-handed flute player, with a young wife, and three ragged children, by his side, and the poor woman was soliciting alms for her husband's music.

The heart of Louise was touched; she had drawn out her purse, and the wife of the flute player, with her children in her hand, modestly, and without speaking, courted her.

George shook—he started—he raised his hands—

"Catherine! my sister! my own sister!" he exclaimed, grasping the hand of the suppliant.

"O George! my brother!" cried Catherine, and wept.

The flute player looked around. The instrument fell from his hand.

"What! William! and without an arm, too!" added George, extending his hand to the musician.

Louise took the hand of her new found sister, and smiled, and wept, and bent down, and kissed the cheeks of the children.

"My father—my mother, Catherine?" inquired George, in a tone that told how he struggled to ask the question.

She informed him of their mother's death, of their father's infirmities, and that he was an out door pauper in T——.

He relieved his sister's wants, and, with Louise, hastened to his birth place. He found his father almost bed-ridden—a boarder at half a crown a week, in a miserable dwelling, the occupants of which were as poor as the parish lodger. Old James was sitting reading a newspaper, which he had borrowed, when they entered; for his ruling passion remained strong in the midst of his age and infirmities. The rays of the setting sun were falling on his grey hairs. Tears had gathered in the eyes of his son, and he inquired—

"Do you know me?"

James suddenly raised his eyes—they flash, with great joy—he dropped the paper—

"Ken ye! ken ye!—my son! my son!—my lost George!" and he sank on his son's bosom.

When the first burst of joy had subsided—  
"And who is this sweet ledly?" inquired James, gazing fondly at Louise.

"Your daughter," replied George, placing her hand in his.

I need not further dwell upon the history of the Leveller. From that hour he ceased to be a pauper—he accompanied his son to Brussels, and spent the remainder of his days in peace, and amidst many of the scenes which he had long before read of with enthusiasm.

But, some reader may ask, what became of poor Catharine and her flute-player? A linen-draper's shop was taken and stocked for them by her brother, and in it Prosperity became a constant customer. Such is the history of James Nicholson, the Leveller, and his children.

## THE BRIDE.

Fifty years ago, William Percy rented a farm that consisted of about a hundred acres, and which was situated on the banks of the Till. His wife, though not remarkable for her management of a farm-house, was a woman of many virtues, and possessed of a kind and affectionate heart. They had an only daughter, whose name was Agnes; and, as she approached towards womanhood, people began to designate her *The Rose of Till-side*. Her beauty was not of the kind that dazzles or excites sudden admiration; but it grew upon the sight like the increasing brightness of a young rainbow—its influence stole over the soul as moonlight on the water. It was pleasant to look upon her fair countenance, where sweetness gave a character to beauty, mellowing it and softening it, as though the soul of innocence there reflected its image. Many said that no one could look upon the face of Agnes Percy and sin. Her hair was of the lightest brown, her eyes of the softest blue, and the lovely rose which bears the name of *Maiden's Blush* is not more delicate in the soft glow of its colouring than was the vermilion tint upon her cheeks. She was of middle stature, and her figure might have served a sculptor as a model.—But she was good and gentle as she was beautiful. The widow mentioned her name in her prayers—the poor blessed her.