

Arthur, looking up in her face; "so do not cry, dear Amy;" for her eyes had filled with tears, which she was endeavouring to conceal, when this unfortunate remark of the child overcame her fortitude, and they burst forth copiously. The Earl was much distressed, but by an extraordinary effort he conquered his feelings.

"Come this way, Amy," he said, leading her to the end of the balcony, from the observation of those who were in the room; "a few months will soon pass, when again we shall all meet—I intend to reach Devon in time for your birthday, if you do not forget me in the interval."

Amy looked at him through her tears—her sweet, sad smile, and the expression in her dove-like eyes, went to his heart, and he dared not trust himself to say more.

Mr. Martyn at this moment joined them; "Mrs. Somerville has just been saying," he said, "that if she is pleased with the neighbourhood of Falcon's Nest, she will fix her residence there; how like you that idea, Amy?"

"If you were coming there, I should say, very much indeed."

"Then you do not wish to lose your guardian. Yes, my child," he continued, as she mournfully shook her head; "it is hard to bid adieu, amidst all the evils of human life; the separation of friends may be considered amongst the greatest, yet it is, alas necessary, since it prepares us for the heavier loss of their eternal departure, and leads our hearts to dwell on that state of bliss where it may no more be spoken, but when all we have loved in life shall again be reunited; if summer were always here, we should cease to value it, wisely therefore is it decreed that nature's varied garden should lie waste for a season, and that winter should spread her white mantle o'er the earth; yet, let it be remembered, that under all this apparent desolation the germ of many a future blossom is nourished, which, in due time, will burst forth, and amply repay us for our temporary losses. Then cheer thee, my child," and he folded her in his arms; "it is not my intention to thus easily relinquish my interesting charge; some future day will again see you wandering over the confines of Eloudeville Castle, or conning many a lesson in the study of your preceptor, Henry Martyn."

"Or reading Metastasio with your friend Harold," added the Earl, playfully, as he repeated the following lines with much feeling:

"Oh, cruel hour that bids us part,
Oh cruel word adieu,
That tears my fond, and bleeding heart
From all it ever knew;
Where'er you go, believe that I
In still pursuing thoughts am nigh;

But oh, while thought would cleave to thee,
Who knows if thou wilt think of me,

Each fairy lawn, and silvan grove
How often shall I tread,
Sacerd to sympathy and love
Where there with you I strayed?
To those blest scenes fond memory clings,
And back the airy vision brings—
But oh, while memory dwells on thee,
Who knows if thou wilt think of me."

"Bravo, my hero of the water lily," said Mr. Martyn, drawing Amy away, and endeavouring to laugh; "your lessons in Metastasio may be postponed with advantage."

"But not forgotten I hope," added the Earl in a low tone, Amy replied not, for her heart was full, but there was an eloquence in her silence as she turned towards him, which addressed itself far more powerfully to his feelings; he beheld her re-enter the room with Mr. Martyn, then descending from the balcony he walked with hasty steps towards the lake."

To be concluded in our next.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE SOLDIER AND HIS BRIDE.

Morn shed her glories o'er the field of death,
And many a heart that yesterday had throbb'd,
With the full tide of life and love, now lay
Stilled in its beatings there. Above—around—
The tenants of the air, which late had fled,
Affrighted from the din of war and woe,
Wooed by the stillness back, now filled the boughs
With their low warbling music. The gentle breeze
Played over the waters, and with soothing breath,
Essayed to still their billows into rest.
All Nature wore her sunniest autumn smile,
Save where the desolator's arm had swept,
And left the trace of human rage behind—

A wounded warrior, stooping, bent to lave
His throbbing temples in the limpid stream,
But back recoiled, as if an adder lay
Embosomed in its waters. Well might one,
With heart more skilled in desolation, turn
From scene so rich in woe. The stream that erst,
Within its glassy surface mirrored back
The golden sunbeam, while its ray enriched
The gorgeous trappings of its woodland shore,
Now ran with crimson. Noblest hearts had poured
Their life-stream forth, to mingle with its tide.

The warrior's eye
Was in its lustre dimmed—his cheek was pale
And the wan lip told fearfully how soon