

strangers came to the gates, and spoke to me; some of them came often, and spoke to me then gratitude led me to the gates to speak to them; and Friendship was at my side, and they kissed her tiny hands, and deeply and her soft eyes were dimmed when they departed. I was half inclined to leave her behind the next time she came, for she is a sensitive creature, and I was like to see her weep. But Hope whispered they would soon return. And then she and I kissed the tears from her cheek, and I smiled and danced to the sound of his

there was one of the young strangers frank and courteous manner, easily gained access to the gates, and his praise was in all ears. I sometimes feared that if he sought me it, there would be few to resist him; eloquent, and they listened to him with attention; they praised his genius, and pointed to the laurels he had won, they were kind and generous, and I knew he was for the poor blessed him. He must have been so kind, for I saw that the timid ones drew to his side when danger was near, conscious he would protect them.

had Ambition entered. Young Love was there. What had he to do with the bright and beautiful flower that was to cheer us in this dark and gloomy world, to shed around our path, a slight, rare ray of the joy and brightness of that place where indifference can never enter!

Prudence, wearied with watching, was fast asleep. She waked up, and rubbed her eyes, but gave me no advice about the matter. Wisdom smiled and said she saw no harm in the matter. She believed he was honorable, but it might be better not to let him get acquainted with my attendants.

What could I do now? they had listened to the voice of the charmer, and I could not keep back. Besides Friendship was an enthusiast, when the youth spoke to her, her eyes were shining with admiration. She was mistaken for my English brother, while he with a demure look never step had passed the guards. It might have been so, for they are twins, it is not for strangers to distinguish them, and I must be always watching.

And the moon shed her calm silvery light

upon the bright happy faces, as they stood together and listened to his low whispered words.

And winter is when those we love have perished,
For the heart ices then.

PART III.

THEN the Storm came and passed over the citadel but not without withering some of the flowers, and one, the fairest and brightest of them all, one whom I had loved since childhood, was drooping and dying. Love and Friendship were clinging around her weeping and trying to get Hope to come to them for the invalid loved to hear the sound of her sweet voice, but she was lying at a distance dangerously wounded, the physician had almost given her over, she smiled sadly, saying, "when the cold winter passes away the warm genial sun will revive us all." But alas! the summer sun comes not to revive the flower when the winds have torn it from its stem. I bent over her and pressed my quivering lips upon her pale cold brow, but she heeded not my touch. Grief was rending her garments and weeping aloud.

The whole citadel was in mourning.

Joy had taken up the timbrel and harp, and left the citadel offended, because Friendship and young Love had hung down their heads and wept at the sound of his glad voice, and Prudence said he had better not play, for the chords of his harp were broken, since the day that Grief had taken it to sound the funeral knell, over the grave of my favorite flower.

Alas! my eyes ached to look upon my sweet flower, but she had gone to bloom in the garden above.

Soon Resignation came and with her calm low voice hushed the tumult, and stilled the beating of the rain against the windows, and drawing down the long sable curtains over the citadel, left it to sleep in peace.

And in the morning Hope the day-star from on high, who had so long been a stranger in the dwelling, came and drew aside the curtains, and wiped the dewdrops from the long silken fringes, and fanned my feverish cheeks with her soft wings.

Friendship was again smiling by my side. I too looked up and smiled, when I remembered my father's promise; though sorrow should endure for a night, yet Joy cometh in the morning. And lo! he was peeping in at the windows.

A.