

"Ah! in that moment what feelings agitate a sensitive mind. Our past lives rise up in judgment against us; our faults and transgressions appear so heinous that we feel almost ashamed to crave a blessing. Alas! if we could recall that good father to life, how changed we would become. What a lesson is there in that separation. As I paid nature her tribute beside that death-bed, some one whispered—'You have one comfort, you were a dutiful son.' I might reply—'Alas, I thought so while he was alive; but now that he is dead, I think otherwise.' These tears, Kate, were not weakness; no, for they sprung from that fount, the holiest in my nature, that stirred up this mutiny of sobs and tears for that dear father whose wise counsels and protecting hand steered me through life."

"And so you are alone in the world?" sobbed Kate.

"Alone, Kate, without a domestic tie, one to love me, to fill up the yearnings of my loving heart, for my kind, gentle, loving mother soon followed them. Father, mother, and sister sleep in one grave. Oh, God! how soon shall I join them?"

"Hush, hush," sobbed Kate; "don't say that, brother, it is sorrowful. God is good; sure we will love you and comfort you."

"You love me Kate! Oh, did you say that?" and he leant up in the bed. "Oh, Kate, if one so good and pure as you would love me, I could almost forget the misery of the past in the happiness of the present."

Kate blushed and smiled, and said—"You forget that we are brother and sister already. Now try and sleep, for you are fatigued."

And did he sleep? No; he dozed away, and visions of the past rose up before him. He was a child again, and played with his sister at his mother's knee; and now tired and wearied with play, they knelt beside her and nestled in her lap, and she kissed them and hushed them to sleep: and his dear papa had come home, and walked in on tip-toes lest he would disturb his little darlings' rest. When they awoke, he had brought with him a horse for Willy and a doll for Kate; and how he laughed and raced with his horse, and Kate fondled her doll, and then when they retired to rest, how his mother pressed her good-night kiss upon their little lips. And then came up his schoolboy days, with crowds of happy children at play; their laughing faces full of smiles, and they lustily shouting in the exuberance of their mirth; and then came up the mournful faces of strange

men crowding around their house; and some, he thought, were eating and drinking and laughing, whilst others were bearing away his dear sister in a coffin, and then came his father and next his mother. He wept and cried, but the heartless men put him aside, and bore away the coffins; and as he wept, an angel came to console him, and she wept with him, and then dried his tears with her wings; and he looked up, and the angel smiled and left her wings aside, and said—"I am Kate O'Donnell." The poor invalid awoke, his heart was full of a sweet sensation, and the brightness returned to his eyes, and the glow to his cheek, for the unerring penetration of the heart told him that Kate O'Donnell loved him. What wonder that these young hearts folded in their bosoms, like a morning flower dripping with dew, that sweetest and holiest of sentiments—first love—that sentiment that so gladdens and beautifies human life as to make a paradise on earth. Willy Shea grew strong day by day; Kate was his constant companion; they feared not the world's censure, for they had pledged their young love to one another, and their hearts were full of joy. The 'Spectator' says that "solitude with the person beloved, even to a woman's mind, has a pleasure beyond all the pomp and splendor in the world." How the hearts of Willy and Kate responded to this sentiment as they built their fairy castles of hope in some retired place, with no other eye but those of God and the angels upon them.

When he took his leave, to follow his studies, for he was a medical student, he promised to return each vacation, and faithfully did he keep that promise, for there were fond smiles from all, and one loving heart to hail his welcome to Glen Cottage.

(To be continued.)

(For THE HARP.)

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

BY W. B. MEENAN.

'Tis sweet, in seclusion, to look on the past,
In life's sober twilight, recall the day dream;
To mark the smooth sunshine and skies overcast,
That checkered our course as we moved down the stream.

Never has the poet uttered sentiments more true, for what a mild, hallowed sensation of sweetest pleasure steals softly over the heart as the mind quickly travels back over the broad expanse of years that have passed since childhood, and lives once again amid the scenes of earlier years. There is a charm in it that drives away all harassing cares of this weary world, in