

lent sorrow. The rapid approach of the mail tore us apart. "Amy," he said, "If we meet no more here we shall meet again in that country where the voice of sorrow is unknown, and where there will be no more sighing and tears. May God bless and protect my child."

"I was encircled in the arms of my betrothed husband; I felt his tears upon my cheek, and his lips trembled upon mine, as he murmured in accents scarcely audible. 'Amy—my own Amy. Farewell!' We parted. But, it was not till the last sound of the wheels died away, that I found myself completely alone. I looked at the stile—but the seat was vacant. I looked up to the heavens—but the glorious light had faded away. I have never seen my dear friends since. I shall never see them again. But I love to frequent this spot, for I never look at the stile or the weeping ash, but I fancy I still see them there. Mr. Ashford's last words ring in my ear. I turn away, with a quick step, and a beating heart. It is too true that my adopted father and sister, and my betrothed husband, have filled the same watery grave."

Here poor Amy concealed her face with her hands and sighed as though her heart would break. It was, however, but a momentary pang, inflicted by a too tenacious memory, and she continued: "The ship was lost in her passage out, and all hands on board perished. The fatal news reached our village too soon; and for some months after, the world was to me a blank, and the flight of time unheeded. They tell me, Arnold, that I was mad—but I cannot remember anything, but the grief I felt for the loss of my friends, during that calamitous period. When I awoke from this horrible stupor, and the memory of the past returned, the increasing debility of my poor father demanded my constant care, and urged upon me the necessity of moderating my grief. My father did not long survive the wreck of his daughter's peace. He died in my arms. We buried him here, and I was left alone in the world, without a comforter. Ah, dear friends, why do I continue to mourn for you as one without hope? Why do my tears flow unceasingly? Dear James and Emma! Ye went from among us in the season of youth, while life was in its first lovely bloom. Your hearts felt but one bitter pang, and death was swallowed up in victory. Why do I mourn for you?"

Amy rose up, and walked hastily away! Arnold respected her sorrow too much to follow her.

"And did Amy Morris marry her cousin?"

"Yes, gentle reader, she did. Only two years after this interview, which I witnessed in the churchyard, I passed a beautiful young matron in the church lane, guiding the tottering steps of a lovely infant, to whose innocent prattle she was listening with intense delight. Her rosy cheek, light steps, and blithesome glance, forming a strong contrast with the then pale and forlorn looking Amy

Morris. Yet it was Amy, the loving and the loved; the happy wife of Arnold Wallace. She had proved the fallacy of that theory which asserts that the warm and devoted heart of woman is incapable of receiving a second attachment; that her first love is her last. Whilst the cup of domestic happiness flowed to the brim, and she met the fond glance of her affectionate husband; she wondered that another man had ever appeared more pleasing in her eyes; that she had ever loved James Ashford better than her cousin Arnold.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE GARLAND.

Again with busy hands
Our Garland we entwine,
Come, bring us flowers by Genius nursed,
To grace his radiant shrine.

Fresh gathered flowers, and buds
That own a charmed power;
Culled from the land of gay romance,
And from the Muse's bower.

The stars of this green earth!
We'll set them in our wreath,
That every month, as swift it rolls,
May of their fragrance breathe.

For brightly shall they glow
Mid Summer's fervid heat,
And to pale Winter's icy breath,
Lend odours passing sweet.

Then bring us flowers of song,
And sparkling gems of wit,
Bring offerings from the ancient halls,
Where learning loves to sit,—

Bring the dim violet blue,
The garden's queenly rose,
Bring, too, the simple four-leaved flower
That on the sweet-briar grows.

Bring all the teeming soil,
Of bloom and beauty yields,—
For oft less sweet the garden's pride,
Than wilding of the fields.

Bring bud, and bell, and flower,—
Each boasts its own perfume,
And all amid our Garland twin'd,
Shall wear perennial bloom.

E. L. C.

December 1st.

Time runs to seed with the fool, but turns to sage
with the wise.