

What the source of this wonderful noise could
then be ;

They saw our young hero low bending in prayer,
Pouring out of his bosom its sorrows and care ;
Lord Thornton and lady were wondering why,
Such sorrows of spirit came up in each sigh ;
His reason has left him or why all this woe,
And anguish of soul that he doth undergo.
This is but the climax of the prayer that we heard,
In the garden last evening, as he cried to the Lord ;
Religion has driven our pet Oswald mad ;
'Tis a pity for he was a beautiful lad.

Nay, nay, answered Oswald, pray let me alone,
To struggle a while for my life at the throne ;
For Jesus can pardon ? I've seen him this hour,
And know I can feel of his pardoning power,
And then I'll be happy and love you the more,
And tell what I saw on eternity's shore.
So Hattie came in, she had dressed in great haste,
It mattered not now about her lofty caste ;
She gazed with anxiety on his sweet brow,
And sympathized deep with its agony now,
For her heart learned to love him with passionate
love,
And with her dear Oswald through the wide world
would rove.

All the pride and the pomp of the Hall would not
weigh,

A straw in the balance with her love that day,
She revelled a while in his great mental powers,
And felt all the force of his heart mid the bowers ;
She knew the nobility born with his heart,
And could not from her Oswald Grey e'er depart.