

due reception. 'Nay, look not so aghest! the fatted calf is killed already—the well fed beeve is slaughtered; even the butt' of home-brewed, which was left at your own christening,* is marked as destined for the approaching festival. So, cheer up, niece of mine! and mistress of this ancient Hall of yours—as you were wont to do, even when you thought that it had passed forever into other hands!"

He laid his hand upon her shoulder as he spoke. This somewhat roused her from her reverie. She slowly turned her eyes upon his bland and happy face, and asked as earnestly as if she had not heard a word of what he'd said—indeed she did not, for her thoughts were far away—if we should know, and meet, and love, beyond the grave, those whom, while on earth, we loved? Before he could have solved this knotty point, had his wonder and amazement at the solemn question left his judgment free, Dame Bridget Hebson, as her worthy nurse was always called within the precincts of the mansion, now that the guests were gone, came into the Hall, and took her Alice, as she always called her, by the hand, as she was wont to do when Alice was a child. She led her to her room, to soothe her sorrow; for, with that quickness of perception peculiar to a mother's eye, she saw at once, from her pale cheek and quivering lip, that some misfortune had befallen. What it was she could not tell. Perhaps she thought, in her simplicity, reverting back to scenes of other years, that her doll had broke its arm, or dimmed its glassy eye, or scratched its waxen brow. Then, as if at once, the recollection seemed to flash across her mind, that her Alice was not now a child. Perchance—and the air-built castles she had formed all vanished at the fearful thought—perchance, the story she had heard about her reinstatement in her fathers' halls, was nothing but the "baseless fabric of a vision," light and unsubstantial as the breath of air that gave it birth. Before she could give utterance to these doubts and fears and apprehensions, Alice told her to repeat, what she had told her once before, all she had heard from Harry Netherby about his father's will. This, although she could not do, she yet could tell her, that she knew, from his own lips, that Hellbeck Hall, with all its broad domains and fertile farms, must be transferred, according to his father's will, to other hands, if he should wed the heiress of the House of Musgrave.

The next morning, when Alice met her uncle in the breakfast room, they both were startled at

each other's looks. Balmey sleep, the soother of all human sorrow, had evidently been a stranger to her couch the five-long night before. The pallid cheek, the nervous quivering of each muscle in her face, the languid eye, and even the effort to be gay, all told a tale, which many a one, less wise, and less conversant with the various workings of the human mind, than Mr. Winter-ton, could well have read; yet even he, with all his penetration, could not understand it. He knew—he saw—it was a tale of sorrow—of blighted hope—of griefs whose sent was deeper than his soothing art could reach; and therefore he took the wisest course a baffled leech could take, nor asked a question, nor prescribed a cure, nor offered a single word of awkward consolation.

She too, poor Alice, saw that her uncle's brow was clouded with unwonted care—the bland expression of his face was gone; and the brief accents of their morning greeting uttered, both in silence sat there till they parted; Alice to her room, and he to horse, and away to Appleby. He wished to see his friend, the lawyer, to ascertain the truth of some vague report he'd heard, from Billy Stone, of Barley Hindson's death. And yet he did not go, for ere he passed the court-yard gate, some hint was dropped about the tenants and retainers of the Musgraves coming there that day, to celebrate the reinstatement of their mistress in her rights again. This he had quite forgotten; and, as it was connected with the grand sheep-shearing of the Hall, must form the subject of another chapter.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

SONNET.

ON SUNRISE.

FROM POEMS BY EDWARD W. SHANNON.

Hail to thy dazzling presence! How the wide
High heaven seems too straight for thee, O Sun!
Thy unweild beauty every eye must shun!
Arm'd as with blinding levin, in thy pride,
Thou art alone; 'tis thine alone to hide
All radiance with thy blaze, far hemming one!
Such as thou art today, so hast thou shone
Through all the past, and changeless dost abide.
And shall the night of thy great shining fall?
Art thou not everlasting? Can it be
That thou wast born with time, and shalt wax pale,
And perish with him? Is it thy brief doom,
Ere the great dawning of eternity,
To sink as ashes through the boundless gloom?

EXPENSIVE.

THE Affghan war cost fifteen million pounds sterling, and thirteen thousand lives, and produced a harvest of—two old wooden gates!

* At one of the Halls of the North, the author once tasted ale at a christening and grand sheep shearing, which had been left at the christening of the child's father, thirty-two years before.