

most picturesquely, a romantic little wood. A flower garden, a public path to the water, a terrace, and a small fruit and kitchen garden, were the more immediate boundaries of the cottage. As Cathleen approached, a black bird, in a cage of wicker work, which was suspended at the cottage door, gave a cheerful whistle, by way of recognition and welcome to his attentive mistress; and a large water dog came crouching to Robin's hand, claiming the honour of a moment's notice. "Well Carlo," said Robin, "do you forget Bill, your master, as well as Cathleen does?" This was answered by Carlo with a joyous bark, and a bound along the path—and by Cathleen, who murmured out, "deed then uncle, I dont forget Bill, and you need'nt be comparin me with Carlo, any how, I'll never forget Bill, I love him as my born brother." "I'm glad of it," returned her uncle, and for his sake you know you mustn't have any sweethearts, nor be dancin with Mr. Cavanagh so mighty often." Cathleen walked smartly into the house at this little rebuke, and amid all the bloom of health, the glow of conscience mantling over her delicate cheek, was but too visible to her sagacious uncle. The old man sat for a while on the rude bench which is so pleasant an appendage to an Irish cottage door, and the beauty of the sweetly soothing landscape around him, the gambols of his dog, and the animated whistling of his black bird, seemed unable to engage his attention—he sat abstracted and careful, outward objects gave their figures to his retina, but visions on his mind's eye were of more importance, and attraction.

To be continued.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

Hail House of God !

I joy to see thy covering renewed—
 Thy lofty spire directling to the sky ;
 Where all desire to be ; but chiefly those
 That worship at thine unassuming altar.
 How fit to see all things in order ; where
 The worship of the King of Kings is held.
 Lately thine aged covering seemed like
 The remnant of a ruin'd house of Baal,
 Which few or none regarded. Now thy sides
 And windows, glancing back the ev'ning rays,
 Would seem to say, " All glorious within."