

about it, the documents could not be found to prove it so.

Now, after the removal of those angels of peace who seemed to have been sent by a gracious Providence to make reconciliation, one of the parties at least, in that spirit of revenge which had actuated their fathers, finding that this mortgager was much pressed for money, and that the remaining instalments of his mortgage upon the Forest-Hall property would be very acceptable to him, Mr. Netherby borrowed the necessary sum, actually mortgaging his own property for the amount, to pay him off at once, in order to get the mortgage transferred to himself, which he immediately attempted to foreclose; and hence the lawsuit, which terminated as has already been stated, in consequence of some documentary evidence being missing, relative to the mode of payment by instalments, which was or ought to have been in the possession of one Burley Hudson, an attorney-at-law, and in the employ of both parties, in their casual routine of law business, prior to this transfer of the mortgage, who, like too many in all professions, adhered to the one who paid him best, when the interests of his clients began to clash. Short, however, and transitory was the triumph of the victor, for in accordance with an old rhyme, invented most likely by some haggard witch of a beggar:

"When death shall visit Forest-Hall,
The master of Hell Beck too shall fall."

he died a few days after the glorious news was communicated to him by the faithless and unprincipled Hudson, who, on claiming the guerdon of his dishonesty, found out, to his cost, the difference between a verbal and a documentary agreement, as the son refused to pay him the amount he claimed as the price of his character and the reward of his villainy, when he threatened, and took steps to carry his threats into effect, to turn the scales yet against the Netherbys; but there were plans and schemes, without reference to quibbles of law or attorney's tricks, which were naturally and designedly leading to results that would set him and his threats at defiance, for while he thought he had both these young people, orphans in every sense of the word now, within his clutches, a powerful and omnipotent principle, of which, in the wildest vagaries of his imagination, he had never dreamt, not even of the possibility of its existence, was at work to counteract all his well arranged and deep laid schemes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There is no disguise in which envy so frequently lurks, as in that of admiration.

LINES

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY, SINCE DECEASED, WHILE SINGING
BENEATH THAT FATAL MALADY, CONSUMPTION, AND AFTER
BOOKS AND HER FAVOURITE STUDIES HAD BEEN PROHIBITED
BY HER PHYSICIAN.

Al! me! and shall the lettered page
No more my studious thoughts engage,
While thirsting, yet forbid to share
The sweets of knowledge treasured there;
And must a weak, uncultured mind
Within this feeble frame be shined?
Must youth forego her vernal day
And flit in idle sloth away;
While vainly asks my heart to be
Thy active friend, Humanity?
Forgive, Religion! shall a worm repine
And utter murmurs at the will Divine?
Lord, at Thy feet submissive let me fall,
Oh, give Thy grace, and take my earthly all!

THE WHITE CLOVER.

BY THE SAME.

There is a little perfumed flower,
That well might grace the loveliest bower;
Yet poet never deigned to sing
Of such a humble, rustic thing!
Nor is it strange, for it can show
Not one bright tint of Iris' bow;
Nature, perchance, in careless hour,
With pencil dry, touched the fair flower,
Yet instant blushed her fault to see,
So gave a double fragrance!—
Rich recompence for glow denied!
Who would not humely garb abide,
If gentlest soul were breathing there
Blessings through all its little sphere:
Sweet flower, the lesson thou hast taught,
Shall check each proud, ambitious thought,—
Teach me internal worth to prize,
Though found in lowly, modest guise.

"SWEET DAYS OF OTHER YEARS."

BY M.

On! happy days of years gone by—
Days of too transient harmony,
Oft ye awake the tender sigh
And tear of fond lament.
As memory dwells on friends loved then,
Whom I must never meet again,
And years since passed in grief and pain
Perhaps too—some mispent!

Like some bright spot the sun shines on,
When all else gloomy is the lawn,
So seem the days of youth, bygone
When led by childhood's sport,
I paced the meadow with delight,
Where grew primrose, and cowslip bright,
And daisy peeping to the light
My playful choice to court.

I'll ne'er forget my joy so sweet,
As I their perfume stooped to greet,
As fresh they bloom'd beneath my feet,
In all their pride of spring!
E'en now that Joy pervades my breast,
To think upon that season blest;
May Time spare it, tho' 'twould the rest,
'Neath his unpitiful wing!