

feel! I, the solitary, isolated old man; thus suddenly enriched, by the gift of two beloved children, blessed by the certainty that I may end my days among you. Truly Alice, may it be said, that out of seeming evil springeth good, and but for that ball, painful, trying as it has proved, I would never have known or loved you half as well as you deserve. Had I come here to you, formally announced, as I had intended, suspicious as I am by nature, I might have mistaken your sweetness, your girlish frankness, for the refinement of art; a plan to secure the good will of an old man, tolerated only for his riches."

"But, tell me, uncle, did you know from the first, I was your own Alice?"

"No, dear, but I had strong suspicions. In truth, from the moment I saw your gentle face, its wonderful resemblance to your mother, struck me. You were just what she was at your age, when I beheld her, on her return from school. When I left you a moment, in quest of refreshments, I carelessly asked Mrs Belmont, who you were. Supposing it was merely an old man's curiosity, she instantly informed me. Wishing to obtain a further insight into your character, I dissembled my secret, resolving to keep the explanation for to-day. You may judge, Alice, whether I was pleased or not, with your appearance, when I assure you, that even, had I found you were in no manner related to me, I would have still found you out, and in as delicate a manner as I could, bestowed on you many, and substantial proofs of my good will."

We will not weary the reader with further details. Better than we can pourtray them, can they imagine the heartfelt gratitude of Mrs. Sydenham, the delight of Alice, and the perfect happiness of Mr. Weston. The latter immediately procured an elegant mansion, in one of the most fashionable localities, purchased a splendid carriage, and superb horses, engaged a retinue of servants, whilst he daily showered money, jewels, the costliest gifts on Alice, who retained in prosperity, the sweet gentleness which characterized her in cloudier days, and which justly rendered her, the idol of her old uncle's heart. The first care of Mr. Weston, to whom she had soon recounted the mishap of the bracelet, was to set out for the jeweller's. He returned, after some delay, and handing a casket to Alice, exclaimed: "There, Mrs. Graham's bracelet cost three hundred guineas—that cost nearly double the sum."

It was a magnificent jewel, surpassing far in beauty, the one she had lost—the opal being replaced by a diamond. Mr. Weston proposed enclosing it, in a sheet of paper, with the words:

"In discharge of Miss Sydenham's debt to Mrs. Graham," but yielding to the entreaties of Alice, he consented to abandon his first project. Taking another sheet, he wrote: "From Mr. Weston, to Mrs. Graham, as a token of his deep gratitude for the care and attention she has displayed towards his niece, Miss Sydenham."

"There! Alice," said the old man smiling, "if that does not bring a blush to her cheek, I do not know what will."

The gift was duly received, and the intelligence of Miss Sydenham's sudden change of fortune, circulated with lightning rapidity. The invitations and the cards hourly heaped upon the table, almost bewildered Alice. First among these, was that of Henry St. John, who immediately decided on abandoning Miss Aberton, who possessed neither the beauty nor brilliant prospects of her rival, and laying close siege to the niece, and professed heiress of the individual he had classically designated as "an old Hottentot." To Henry St. John, however, for a long period, Alice was never "at home," and when at length, constrained to receive him, by the frequency of his visits, and the affectionate attentions of his sister, Mrs. Belmont, the cold civility with which she ever treated him, shewed that she had profited of her first bitter lesson. That lesson proved indeed a blessing, doubly precious, preceding as it did, her sudden elevation to a sphere, where she was the object of unceasing homage and adulation. It taught her to value according to their proper worth, the flatterers, who immediately surrounded her, and when listening to the praises of her grace, her beauty, so often now poured into her ear; she ever found an antidote against the vanity the silvery words might have excited, in the remembrance of the trials and humiliations of her **FIRST BALL.**

APPROACH OF WINTER.

Thou glorious Sun!—come smile again—
 One faint, one mellow beam bestow,
 Ere winter, with its icy chain,
 And drifting showers of snow,
 Recalls unto the heart of man,
 A feeling that he would not know—
 That life, at best, is but a span,
 And fleeting as the winds that blow.
 Ay—smile again upon the changed leaves,
 The now brown earth, and thousand branches hoar;—
 And—oh! in evening, when the sky ye leave!
 That all thy brightest beams the forest o'er—
 One moment then, will leave upon our hearts,
 A holy calm—till winter's gloom departs.