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her neck, saying, "'Tis she—'tis my poor brother's long-lost child!"

Lucy's heart told her that it was so indeed: Colonel Brandon was overcome with astonishment; but he read in the looks of Reginald and Ethelston that the lost treasure was restored; and as memory retraced in the features of Prairie-bird those of his attached and lamented friend, he, too, was unmanned; and grasping Ethelston's hand, wrung it with an emotion beyond the power of words.

The news spread like wild-fire throughout the house that Captain Ethelston's sister was returned; and Lucy was obliged to run with all speed to her mother's room to prevent a sudden shock of joy that might affect her weakly nerves. Is it possible to describe, or imagine the transports of the succeeding hour in that happy circle or the caresses showered upon Prairie-bird! What word would the pen or tongue employ? "Congratulations!" As well might one attempt to represent Niagara by the water poured from a pitcher!

We will trust that hour to the reader's heart, and will suppose it past, and that Lucy, with still tearful eyes, and her arm still round her recovered sister's neck, was leading her from the room where she had just knelt to receive Mrs. Brandon's maternal kiss, when, in passing a half-open door, Lucy said, "Evy, that is your brother's room; but he is not in it, he is still on the lawn."

"Oh! I must look into Edward's room," exclaimed Prairie-bird; and opening the door, she entered, followed by Lucy. A rifle, a fowling-piece, and a fishing-rod stood in one corner; over them were ranged several pair of pistols, and two or three cutlasses, apparently of foreign workmanship; in the opposite corner, near the window, was a globe, by the side of which stood a case filled with naval charts; on the other side of the room was ranged a row of shelves well stored with books, and the writing-table in the centre was covered with papers all neatly tied and docketed, as he had left them at his last departure.

Prairie-bird's eye wandered with a certain degree of interest over all these indications of her brother's habits until it rested upon a small portrait hung over the chimney-piece. It represented a man of middle age and stature, and, although the painting was scarcely above mediocrity as a work of art, the expression of the countenance was strikingly open and benevolent. Prairie-bird gazed upon it until she thought that the mild orbs upon the inanimate canvas returned her affectionate gaze. With clasped hands and beating heart, she stood awhile silent, and then sinking on her knees, without removing her eyes from the object upon which they rested, she murmured, in a whisper scarcely audible, "My Father!"

It was indeed the portrait of his lamented friend that Colonel Brandon had kindly placed in Ethelston's room, a circumstance which had escaped Lucy's memory at the moment of her entering it.

Stopping over her kneeling companion, she kissed her forehead, saying, "Evy, I will leave you for a few minutes to commune with the memory of the honoured dead; you will find me in the vestibule below." So saying, she gently closed the door, and left the room.

In less than a quarter of an hour Prairie-bird rejoined her friend, and though the traces of re-

cent emotion were still to be observed, she had recovered her composure, and her countenance wore an expression of grateful happiness.

"Come, Evy," said her young hostess, "I must now show you your own room; the cage is not half pretty enough for so sweet a bird, but it opens upon the flower-garden, so you can escape when you will, and your dear good Paul Muller is your next neighbour."

An exclamation of delight broke from the lips of Prairie-bird as she entered and looked round the tented apartment, and all its little comforts prepared by Lucy's taste and affection. Fortunately, the day was beautiful, and the casement windows being wide open, her eye caught, beyond the flower-garden, a view of the distant mass of forest, with its thousand varied autumnal tints, reposing in the golden light of the declining sun.

"Oh, it is too, too beautiful!" said Prairie-bird, throwing her arms around Lucy's neck; "I can scarcely believe that this is not all a dream!"

"There have indeed been some fairies here, or some such beings as dwell in dreams, Evy," said Lucy, whose eye fell upon the guitar lying on the table, "for I left this room a short time ago, and this instrument was not here then. Who can have brought it?—can you play upon it, Evy?"

"A little," replied Prairie-bird, colouring.

"And see," continued Lucy, "here is a scrap of paper beside it, so soiled and dirty that I should have put it in the fire had I seen it before; do you know the hand-writing, Evy?"

As Lucy said this she looked archly up in her friend's face, now glowing with a rosy blush.

"Well, you need not answer, for methinks I know it myself; may I unfold the paper, and read its contents? What, no answer yet; then I must take your silence for consent."

Thus saying, she opened the paper, while Prairie-bird, blushing still more deeply, glanced at it with longing but half-averted eyes.

"Verses, I declare!" exclaimed Lucy. "Why, Evy, what magic art have you employed to transform my Nimrod brother, the wild huntsman of the west, the tamer of horses, and the slayer of deer, into a poet?"

She then proceeded to read in a voice of deep feeling, the following stanzas, which, although without any pretensions to poetical merit in themselves, found such acceptance with their present warm-hearted and partial judges, that, at the conclusion of their perusal, the two girls fell upon each other's neck, and remained locked in a silent and affectionate embrace.

On overhearing Prairie-bird's Evening Hymn. "HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

Yes, hallowed be His Holy Name,
Who formed thee what thou art!
Whose breath inspired the heart's flame
Now kindled in thy heart:
Whose love o'erflowing in thy breast
These vocal raptures stirred—
Whose angels hover round thy nest,
Thou orphan Prairie-bird!

Methinks, I see that guardian throng
Still mirrored in thy face!
Thy voice hath stole their angel-song,
Thy form their angel-grace.
Oh breathe once more that plaintive strain,
Whose every tone and word,
Deep-treasured in my heart and brain
Shall dwell, sweet Prairie-bird!

R. B.

Delaware and Orange Camp, Tuesday night.

* See chap. xxii., p. 77.