

in the afternoon with as much dejection and disappointment, as he had entered it in the morning with hope and confidence. He was somewhat comforted by the resignation with which his wife bore their defeat, in spite of the hypocritical consolation of their old neighbor Catherine. The least afflicted of the whole family was Clara, who no longer feared the marriage with which she had been threatened, and rejoiced in secret over her escape.

The next day, as they sat together after breakfast, they were surprised by the entrance of our old friend, George Arnold. After some complimentary condolences on their misfortune, which were received silently and uneasily, he begged permission to have the honour and happiness of introducing to them the new Baron of Utternheim, who wished to express his sympathy with them under their failure. Without waiting for an assent, he opened the door, and the farmer saw a young man, in a military uniform, standing on the threshold.

"Ulric!" he cried, at once recognizing him. "Ulric Müller in my house! Has he also come to mock me under my misfortune? or does he hope to profit by my position, to regain my good graces? No, no! Let me never see him more, or I will not answer for the effects of my anger!"

Clara threw herself before her father, weeping and terrified.

"Take care!" said George, with a quiet smile, "you should not thus address a Baron."

"A Baron!" cried Maurice, recoiling in amazement, "of whom do you speak?"

"Of me," interposed the soldier, advancing amid the astonished group "that is now my title."

"Your title! since when?"

"Since yesterday. I am now the owner of the Castle of Utternheim."

"But—where did the money come from?"

"From the bounty money I received on enlistment; with it I purchased the only thirty tickets left by you, my worthy friends. If I had lost, I do not know what I would have done. But I have gained. I have bought my discharge, and am now anxious to consecrate my life to the happiness of Clara—that is," he continued, with a confident smile, "provided you no longer disdain my alliance."

Our readers may easily imagine the scene that followed—the joy of Dame Wagner, the confusion of Maurice, and the happy smiling face of their daughter.

A month afterwards the nuptials were celebrated in the castle of Baron Ulric. One of the merriest guests there was George Arnold, who took advantage of this favourable opportunity to dispose of tickets for a new lottery, to many of

the guests, whom the good fortune of the Baron of Utternheim, readily incited to the purchase.

If any evidence were necessary of the complete happiness of the young couple, we have it in the fact, that old Catherine Keller died of chagrin and mortification, a very few months after their nuptials.

## WINTER.

BY DR. HASKINS.

On! Summer! thou art beautiful; thy glory and thy bliss  
Seem doubly bright to memory in moments like to this,  
When the winter-fiend is howling, and the tempests  
fiercely blow,  
And all around us earth expands a wilderness of snow.

The icicles beneath the eave break with a clat'ring sound,  
The snow-flakes, from the roof by night crash on the frozen sound;  
While howls the wolf with horror, in his cavern, gaunt  
and grim;  
And agoniz'd, the forest writhes each massive, mighty  
limb.

The monarch mountain stands against,—his heart though  
firm is shaken;  
While summer'd by the tempest king the cavern'd echoes  
waken;  
Low in the vale, where lie the lov'd, each in their narrow  
bed,  
Groans o'er the groves the hollow wind—strange mourn-  
ing for the dead!

The wan moon 'mid the shiv'ring stars looks desolate and  
dim;  
All languidly the sun uplifts his brow o'er ocean's brim;  
Glazes with a faint eye shudd'ringly above the lurid wave,  
Ghastly as human face divine that withers in the grave.

The dawn-star, like a sparkle of that mock unreal sun,\*  
Believ'd of old to shine for those whose earthly day is  
done—  
Sun of the dead, whose spectral ray in Erebus gave light  
To show the darkness—opens its eye with cold effulgence  
bright.

Oh! hasten Summer! with thy blush of maiden beauty  
bright;  
Again be earth a paradise with flow'ry verdure dight;  
Let the great sun look down from heav'n with an un-  
clouded eye,  
Again by night the moon be deck'd with silvery smiles on  
high.

Arouse, my soul! though winter's frost hath chill'd crea-  
tion round,  
Though howls the wolf and shrieks the storm, with voice  
of fearful sound;  
Hast thou not better cause for cheer than summer's ra-  
diant bloom,—  
Cannot thy darkest dreariness a Saviour's love illumine?

\* "Sol Mortuorum."