

royal Mary; the next instant his knee forgot its homage, and he stood gazing, as on a vision, on the form of a young girl, who, herself almost fainting, leaned upon the arm of one of the court dames.

"Your trials are over!" cried Gustavus, advancing with a benevolent smile. "You have refused a bride at my hands; accept one from the hands of our consort; and she shall tell you, when time permits, of her pleading for you. Winlaf gives you his daughter; you must make her baroness to-night, that we may bless the bridal before our departure. What say'st thou, maiden?"

Hepburn threw himself at the Queen's feet; he bowed his face to the ground to conceal the emotion he could not master; then rising, his arms clasped the beautiful, the weeping Irene, who could only hide in his bosom the tears and blushes she would not that the noble circle should see.

"Yet am I shamed in this!" pursued the king; "all the favours I have bestowed have not given him half the joy of this device of my queen's! Well, let it be so! Lead on, to the nuptial feast; for our time presses.—Lead on!"

The banquet was prepared in an adjoining hall. In the balcony were ranged musicians, who welcomed with kettle-drum and trumpet the entering guests. The sea had yielded stores of every variety of fish to deck the board; and all the luxuries of the land were collected. Orlolans, gelinottes, peacocks with their starry trains spread, with boarheads, and game of every description, and dishes we have neither time nor space to describe, constituted the feast.

As twilight came on, two doors on either side of the hall were thrown open, and servitors entered in rich liveries bearing in each hand silver sconces with wax lights burning. When the lights were distributed, healths were drank; and, escorted by the music, the company proceeded to a neighbouring saloon, where a Protestant priest waited on the steps of the temporary altar, to unite the youthful lovers.

"Baron Von Heldensohn!" said the deep voice of the king—"receive your bride at our hands. Her father, who is ill at ease, sends his blessing. Let him never repent his monarch's choice!" The ceremony was performed, and Hepburn led his bride to the Queen.

"And now, my lord!" said Mary, "we all crave a boon. Remain with us to celebrate the bridal festivities. I pray you, deny me not!"

"Nay, mine honoured spouse," replied the king—"it grieves me that I *must*—per force—deny you; no less than for my own sake, that we must part to-night! Yet we leave two hearts

happy. Hepburn, I give you eight days for rejoicing; join me then, in Mecklenburg! Farewell! be happy as you have proved yourself 'fearless and true!' " So saying, Gustavus turned away, and led the Queen from the hall.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

A mighty realm is the Land of Dreams,

With lights that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams,
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy border flow

Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair,

From the bowers of light to that bordering
land,

And walk in the fainter glory there,

With the souls of the living, hand in hand.

One calm sweet smile in that shadowy sphere,

From eyes that open on earth no more—

One warning word from a voice once dear—

How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine with day,

And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,
The Land of Dreams goes stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,

There walk the spectres of guilty fear,
And soft, low voices that float through the night,
Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.

Dear Maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,

Scarce weaned from the love of childish play!
Thy tears, on whose cheeks are but the shower
That freshens the early blooms of May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow

Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams,
And I know, by the moving lips, that now
Thy spirit stays in the Land of Dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet!

Oh keep where that beam of Paradise falls;
And only wander where thou mayst meet
The blessed ones from its shining walls.

So shall thou come from the Land of Dreams,

With love and peace to this world of strife;
And the light that over that border streams,
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.