

them of happiness they never can enjoy, and picture the despair which awaits them. The spirit of the fair one, who has been called by us from her lover, now lightly descends, flits around and hovers o'er him; like a transient breath awakened in the stillness of a soft summer's eve, she passes o'er and breathes a kiss on his lips, he stretches his arms to clasp her, but ere that can be, he must have become as she now is. So also the spirit lover, with a constancy the grave could not conquer, revisits her, who, had we permitted would have been his earthly bride; he breathes into her ears the vows often before repeated, tells how that he is ever near her, and impatiently awaits her time to come to him. The tears start through the closed eyelids—a sigh—the maiden awakes, and quicker than lightning's flash, the spirits have resumed each their own abodes. Mortal, would'st thou know everything of those whose spirits have just entered our abode? I am thy presiding spirit: to-night when thou sleepest, I will be with thee, I will shew thee all. Think not however, the lenity extended to them is frequent among us. Tempt not thy fate. Abide thy time. We will call when we are ready to receive thee. The trials thou hast yet to undergo, are for a probation, which, if borne with patience and faithfully passed, will fit for and ensure thee a place among us. Ah! dost thou sink to repose?—away spirit!—now I am with thee! Listen, and in fancy, behold.

Look, where rises from among and above the tops of those tall elms, the beautiful and lofty cathedral spire; listen to the chaunt, as accompanied by the pealing organ, the swelling voices reverberate through the long aisles and beneath the pointed arches. Even so, for centuries past, has the daily service been performed. Now enter its portal. Seest thou those youths, who in robes, emblems of purity, are engaged in the ceremonies? Such was he once whose spirit has, this night, been admitted among us. Now look across yonder green. Through intervals of the foliage of those venerable trees, which surround it, thou canst catch glimpses of the residence of a high dignitary of the cathedral beneath the roof of which we now are. There dwelt she whose spirit has also become one of us. Never did sunbeam look upon a fairer or more gentle being than was Margaret De Vere. Born and since her birth, ever residing amidst the natural beauties of the loveliest spot of your world, this gigantic and beautiful monument of art and place of God's worship continually in her view, with

the imposing ceremonies of its service, which she constantly attended, shedding its influence on her senses and hallowing a heart, by nature susceptible of all that is beautiful and lovely; no wonder she should grow up in accordance with the objects around her; no wonder her heart should be susceptible of all that is pure, chaste and admirable. The years of childhood were passed as generally such are, with regard to amusements; but always by her in a manner strongly indicative of her after disposition. Attachment to favourite objects, constant and warm, no waywardness, but ever ready to obey those to whom obedience from her was due. As she grew older, though her friendships were few, and those warily formed, they were remarkable for the constancy and sincerity by which they were characterised. The studies she chose were also in harmony with her disposition; but above all her passion for music was particularly pre-eminent; and often was she melted even to tears, when the sublime anthems of the cathedral service moved her soul, already opened by devotion, to receive and feel the powerful influence of their soul-elevating strains. These also to her, when at home, were a source of delight; gifted by nature with a fine voice, often in the stillness of evening would its melody be heard pouring forth the strains of some of those sublime compositions. About the time Miss De Vere had attained her twelfth year, a youth of about the same age made application, a vacancy having occurred, to be admitted as one of the select number assisting in the service of the church. Being a remarkably handsome youth, well educated, for his age; having a good voice and strongly recommended by influential friends, his application met with no obstacle to its success. His assiduity and attention soon rendered him a valuable auxiliary in the performance of the service, which, added to his general good conduct and disposition, rendered him no less a favourite among his companions, and the high dignitaries of the church; and conspicuous among his friends was Canon De Vere, the father of Margaret. The Canon never failed to speak kindly to Lionel whenever they met, which often was the case, in the church. Generally accompanied by his daughter on these occasions, Lionel became an object of her notice, and a smile was always the greeting he received from her, though seldom any conversation passed between them. About two years after his admittance, as he was one day leaving the church after service, he perceived on the pavement in