

ears. He started up,—he hurried to the box where they sat—

"Gentlemen, he exclaimed eagerly, do you speak of the painting No. 210 in the exhibition?"

"Of the same Sir," was the reply. I am the artist!—I painted it," cried Peter.

You sir! you?" cried both the gentlemen at once, "give us your hand sir—we are proud of having the honour of seeing you."

"Yes sir," returned one of them, "we left the exhibition to-day just before it closed, and had the pleasure of seeing the porter attach the ticket to it."

"Glorious!—joy! joy! cried Peter, running in ecstasy to the bell and ringing it violently and as the waiter entered, he added—"A bottle of claret!—claret boy—claret!" And he sat down to treat the gentleman who had announced to him the glad tidings. They drank long and deep, till Peter's head came in contact with the table, and sleep sealed up his eyelids. When aroused by the landlord who presented his bill, his companions were gone, and stupid as Peter was, he recollected for the first time that his pocket did not contain funds to discharge the reckoning, and he left his watch with the tavern-keeper, promising to redeem it the next day when he received the price of his picture. I need not tell you with his head aching with the fumes of the wine he found that he had been duped, that his picture was not sold. The exhibition closed for the season,—he had spent his last shilling, and Paul was as poor as Peter, but the former borrowed a guinea to pay his brother's fare on the on the outside of the coach to—

Andrew Donaldson continued to struggle hard, but struggle as he would, he could not pay the interest of the mortgage. Disappointment, sorrow, humbled vanity, and the laugh of the world were too much for him, and shortly after Peter's visit to Edinburgh he died, repenting that he had ever pursued the Phantom Fashion, or sought after the rottenness of wealth.

"And what," inquired I, "became of Mrs. Donaldson and her sons Paul and Peter?"

"Peter sir," continued the narrator, rose to eminence in his profession, and redeeming the mortgage on Lottery Hall, he gave it as a present to his brother Paul, who opened it as an establishment for young gentlemen. His mother resides with him—and sir, Paul hath spoken unto you, he hath given you the history of Lottery Hall.

THE CRIPPLE;

OR,

EBENEZER, THE DISOWNED.

It is proverbial to say, with reference to particular constitutions or habits of body, that May is a *trying* month, and we have known what it is to experience its trials in the sense signified. With our grandmothers too, yea, and with our grandfathers also, May was held to be an unlucky month. Nevertheless, it is a lovely, it is a beautiful month, and the forerunner of the most healthy of the twelve. It is like a timid maiden blushing into womanhood, wooing and yet shrinking from the admiration which her beauty compels. The buds, the blossoms, the young leaves, the tender flowers, the glittering dew-drops, and the song of birds, burst from the grasp of winter as if the God of Nature whispered in the sunbeams—"Let there be life!" But it is in the morning only, and before the business of the world summons us, to its mechanical and artificial realities, that the beauties of May can be felt in all their freshness. We read of the glories of Eden, and that the earth was cursed because of man's transgression; yet, when we look abroad upon the glowing landscape, above us and around us, and behold the pure heavens like a sea of music floating over us, and hear the earth answer in varied melody, while mountain, wood, and dale, seem dreaming in the sound and stealing into loveliness, we almost wonder that so beautiful, and where every object around him is a representative of the wisdom the goodness, the mercy, the purity, and the omnipotence of his Creator. There is a language in the very wild-flowers among our feet that breathes a lesson of virtue. We can appreciate the feeling with which the poet beheld.

"The last rose of summer left blooming alone;" but in the firstlings of the spring, the primrose, the lily, and their early train, there is an appeal that passes beyond our senses. They are like the lisps and the smiles of infancy—lowly preachers, emblems of our own immortality, and we love them like living things. They speak to us of childhood and the scenes of youth, and *memory* dwells in their very fragrance. Yes, May is a beautiful month—it is a month of fair sights and of sweet sounds. To it belongs the lowly primrose blushing by the brack-side in congregated beauty, with here and there a cowslip bending over them like a lover among the