

ened shadows fell far across the green-sward, that the blithe revellers arose from their repast, and thought with regret of bidding adieu to that scene of rural happiness. The ladies repaired to Pompey's cottage to resume their riding dresses, which, in the morning, they had there exchanged for garments better adapted to the woods, and all were soon in readiness, and the equestrians mounted for their return. Grace fell into the rear with Mr. Grey, hoping to pique Charles by her coquetry, but he and Clara, happy as affianced lovers always are, or ought to be, rode, together with Miss Grey, beside the children's carriage. It looked almost like a triumphal car, so laden was it with green boughs and wild flowers—every little hat too was garlanded with briar-roses, and even the horses heads were crowned with the bright blossoms of the woods. Some of the merry things, worn out with the day's pleasure, had fallen asleep, but most of them were as gay and as frolicsome as on their first setting out in the morning. They carolled forth their baby songs in full chorus, and little Kate's joyous voice rose shrill above the rest, as they sung that pretty rhyme which is familiar in many a nursery, and cherished in many ripened minds with the fond and happy associations of childhood, and which, as it is now nearly out of print, we shall insert for the benefit of our readers :

"Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,  
The field mouse has gone to her nest,  
The daisy's have shut up their sleepy red eyes,  
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

"Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,  
The glow-worm has lighted her lamp,  
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings,  
Will be wet with the close clinging damp.

"Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,  
The fairy bells tinkle afar;  
Make haste, or they'll catch you, and harness you  
fast,  
With a cobweb, to Oberon's car.

"Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away now,  
To your home in the old willow tree,  
Where your children so dear, have invited the ant,  
And a few cozy neighbours to tea."

Clara was still child enough to join in the song, and when Charles and Miss Grey also lent the aid of their voices, the children were enchanted with the melody. Its last words were concluded, just as the carriage reached the termination of the avenue at Oakland, and as each little foot sprang out upon the piazza, their sad voices were heard exclaiming, "and this is the end of the pic-nic."

But when the long sweet days of another June returned, Charles and Clara passed one of the earliest days of their bridal in that old beech wood—and of

all, who had now returned with them from that pleasant spot, none were then absent except Grace Morley—she had not yet forgotten the humiliations of the last pic-nic, for she had preferred Charles Castleton to all her admirers, and she wished not to witness Clara's happiness—a happiness, which she felt might have been hers, had she early learned the task of self-discipline, and sought to cherish, as peculiarly became her sex, the kindly and gentle affections of her nature.

Montreal.

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(ORIGINAL.)

TO —

"Che cosa è questo amore?"

PASTOR FIDO.

I little thought so soon to pine,  
A slave again,  
And that it should, sweet girl! be thine  
To give such pain.

I little thought, when first I gazed  
On thy young eyes,  
Albeit so glowingly they blazed,  
Like sunlit skies.

I little thought the *brother's* love  
I bore thy name,  
Should after such a little prove  
A softer flame.

Yes! flower of love! my soul's sweet light!  
This breast of mine,  
Once free as eagle's soaring flight,  
Is now all thine!

Montreal.

I. D. A.

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BRITISH LOVE FOR ANCIENT INSTITUTIONS AND NAMES.

It was in vain to remind them of the noble hearted patriotism by which Cromwell was distinguished, or of those high mental qualities which seemed to bespeak him as born to sovereignty; they still dwelt on the conventional blemish of his obscure birth, and that consideration, instead of pleading some excuse for his faults, only served to divest them, in common with himself, of all privilege, and to bring upon them a merciless censorship. There may be more to condemn than to admire in this feature of our character as a people; but those who look upon it with most disfavour will perhaps admit, that, next to the genuine love of country, there is no passion, notwithstanding its usual follies, and its dangerous excesses, that does so much to expel the dross of social selfishness, and to beget a refined generosity of temper, as the passion of loyalty.—*Dr. Vaughan's Protectorate of Cromwell.*