

cheat you into accepting a worthier son-in-law. He has rushed into the adventure on his own suggestion," (here Harry began to laugh again,) "and, I vow, I admire and love him all the better for his spirit."

"It was a villanous deception," said Mr. Brown.

"I declare, sir," said I, "it was an unpremeditated, an accidental one altogether. An extraordinary circumstance" (and here I related it) "threw me into Ellen's boudoir; where, upon mentioning my name, (and James J. Smith—James John Smith—is my name, sir,) she herself hailed me as her cousin; from whom I found her just on the point of running away."

"Oh! James," said Ellen, "don't tell on me!"

"I had never seen her before; I knew not who she was; yet I fell desperately in love with her; and, to improve the opportunity, (which I must otherwise have lost,) I allowed her to remain deceived. I did deceive you, in appearing as your nephew; for I saw that, otherwise, you would reject me. Yet you must give me credit for disinterested motives, sir, and for a true uncompromising affection for your daughter; since I stood up to marry her without knowing who she was, without knowing even so much as her name."

"Very fine, indeed," said the snarling Mr. Brown; "but as you had heard your namesake talk of the 'rich,' as well as 'devilish handsome' daughter of the 'hard-headed Old Rusty,' (confound the jackanapes!) you must permit me to believe you were reminded of her *two* recommendations together——"

"I declare," interrupted I, "I hadn't time to think of anything but her beauty."

"But, sir," continued my father-in-law, sternly, "my nephew forgot to let you, and his rascally associates know, sir, that my daughter's riches,

sir, depended upon the will of her father, sir; and that she will never get a penny, sir, for marrying a man I disapprove of, sir!"

"Then, sir," said I, "I am proud to assure you that fortune has placed me beyond the necessity of lamenting your disapproval; for, thank heaven, I have enough, and more than enough, to secure your daughter's happiness, if love and a handsome competency can secure it."

"Shall have it all!" said "Old Rusty," grasping my hand warmly; "for I was only trying you; and I see you *are* a good fellow. Confound that rascally nephew! what an escape we have had! And it is all owing to his" (this was spoken to Harry and the others) "having the same name, being a better fellow, and not having red hair!"

"And you aint my cousin, after all!" murmured the soft voice of Ellen in my ear.

"No, my love; but——"

"But my husband! Oh! it is very funny. But I shall love you all the better. And I am so glad you deceived us; otherwise father might have never consented."

"And if he had not?"

"Then, perhaps—yes, then—if you had asked me—I should have run away *with* you! But now let us liberate Susan, and give her a scolding."

"Oh!" said the lady of the house, "she, or her Jimmy, has picked the lock, and they have run away together."

"Well, let her go," said Ellen, "fate has provided me a better travelling companion; and I do not care now how soon we start off to Niagara."

Ah! the dear creature! She has not yet ceased to laugh and rejoice over the oddity of our courtship and marriage; and, as for me, I never recount, without a thrill of pleasure, my half hour's Adventures in the Wrong House.

THE CHILD AND THE ROSE.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

WHEN stirring bud and songful bird
Brought gladness to the earth,
And spring time voices first were heard
In low, sweet sounds of mirth;

A little child, with pleasant eyes,
Reclined in tranquil thought,
And, half communing with the skies,
His pretty fancies wrought.

He turned where cased in robe of green
A rose bud met his eye—
And one faint streak the leaves between,
Rich in its crimson dye.

The warm light gathereth in the sky—
The bland air stirreth round—

And yet the child is lingering by,
Half kneeling on the ground:

For broader grew that crimson streak,
Back folds the leaf of green—
And he in wonder still and meek
Watched all its opening sheen.

"'Tis done, 'tis done!" at length he cried,
With glad amazement wild—
The rose, in new created pride,
Had opened for the child.

Oh! had we hearts like thine, sweet boy,
To watch creative power,
We too should thrill with kindred joy
At every opening flower.