

secret still kept, in order to test the sincerity of her suitors, and as I was thus enabled to retain the income another year, you may be sure I made no objection. But she is of age to-day, and I must, hereafter, be content with a bare two thousand a year, which is mine by the bequest of her mother."

"Of whom do you speak?" exclaimed Errington, as Lindsay was about to ask the same question, "Jane is surely more than twenty-one."

"Indeed she is, my good sir; your wife will never see thirty-one again, Mr. Errington, but I am speaking of Anna Mountfort, my step-daughter, the heiress of the large fortune, which fame so kindly bestowed on me. Mr. Lindsay, Anna positively forbade me to tell you the whole truth at an earlier period, but I may now congratulate you upon obtaining with the hand of your lovely bride, an estate worth fifteen thousand a year."

"And Jane?" gasped Errington.

"Is entitled to an annuity of five hundred, during her life, which will be doubled at her death. Had you asked me for the hand of my daughter, I should have felt myself bound, by the honor of a gentleman, to tell you the truth respecting her prospects, but you choose to marry without inquiring 'which is the heiress,' and must now reap the benefits of your own folly. Mr. Lindsay, any future inquiries you may wish to make shall be promptly answered, and all the necessary documents shall be put into your hands to-morrow, but you will be so good as to excuse me at present,—dinner will be ready to be served, as soon as I shall have cooked the delicious *canvass backs* which are now awaiting my attention."

Brooklyn, L. I.

Original.

A WINTER'S MORNING.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

PALL'D in the gloom of desolation lies
Valley and plain, rich mead and garden gay;
And, towering with their snow peaks in the skies,
Mountain on Mountain stretcheth far away:—
All wear the impress of stern Nature's sway,
While sparkling are wan nature's frozen tears,
Like beauteous jewels in the sun's cold ray,
Whose bloody front scarce through the welkin peers.
Slow from the hamlet curls the column grey—
The sparrow chirps—the red breast, homely bird,
Peeps from the caves—the dew-lark's lonely lay
By the lake's brim, all mournfully is heard.
Creation lies beneath morn's wintry cloud,
Like lifeless beauty in its funeral shroud!

ALLOWING the performance of an honorable action to be attended with labor, the labor is soon over, but the honor is immortal: whereas, should even pleasure wait on the commission of what is dishonorable, the pleasure is soon gone, but the dishonor is eternal.—*John Stewart.*

Original.
NIGHT.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

"Some who had early mandates to depart,
Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart."—WORDSWORTH.

THRICE welcome, solemn, thoughtful Night,
With the cool and shadowy wing;
For visions, beautiful and bright,
Thou dost to fancy bring—
And then the mental eye I turn,
Thy kingdom, soul, to view,
For higher progress eager burn,
And onward strength renew.

I love thy dim, majestic car,
With no moon lighting by,
When still and hushed is each pale star,
And the heavens look deep and high—
And o'er me seem thy wings to brood
With a protecting love,
And I nestle in thy solitude,
Like a stricken, wearied dove.

I bless thee for each hallow'd thought,
Which thou, oh! Night, dost bring—
Thy quiet, with high teachings fraught,
While round me seems to ring
The music of the better land,
And gentle watch to keep,
The presence of a guardian band
Is round me while I sleep.

And soothingly, oh! Night, dost thou,
Departed ones restore—
I see each fair and peaceful brow
With their loving looks once more—
Alas, the loved and gentle ones,
They pass from earth away,
And pleasantly we hear thy tones,
When the midnight shadows play.

We feel their holy presence near,
Their gentle pressure feel,
Their words of whisper'd comfort hear,
And angel-like appeal—
And every struggle for the right
They smilingly approve,
And arm us doubly for the fight,
With spirit-faith and love.

Oh! holy Night, thou bring'st to me,
Bright visions of the past,
And pleasant dreams are born of thee,
And from thy pinions cast—
No fancies dark, no terrors wild,
Come hovering round my bed,
But peaceful as a wearied child
I rest my aching head.