

of writing him down "a total wreck" (although the term was quite unprofessional), and obtaining for him a full pension.

"Now," said the Major, with quite a business-like air, when these results had been duly laid before me, "I have a favor to ask."

We were in the conservatory, and I was rather alarmed to see Cousin Nannie flit off among the orange-trees, and disappear through the door. I thought of following her; but my other cousin had secured me by one hand, as he whispered: "*Rosa mundi!*—May I say, *Rosa mine?*"

I have no recollection of saying anything whatever; but the Major had the effrontery to assure his sister that I was engaged to him, and this soon came to be looked upon as a settled thing. I did mention something about the unsatisfactoriness of discovering cousins who would not *stay* cousins; on which Nannie told me, with the most charming frankness, that she had

made up her mind, as soon as she saw me, that I should marry Clarence.

Mrs. Coleford managed to mix up some allusion to Dr. Craig's disappointment with her congratulations; but I informed her gravely that I fully intended to complete the documents. As to any other disappointment, it seemed entirely foreign to his comfortable appearance, and fresh, English color. He never told his love, but neither did any worm prey upon his damask cheek; and when the writing was accomplished, I received a fabulous check for my work, which the Doctor assured me I had fully earned, as the rescued documents were of great value to him.

I did not get much of a spring outfit after all, as Cornelia advised me to save up my resources for the autumn, when she seemed to think I would need them particularly; but I had, at least, the consolation of which Dr. Johnson speaks, that I had *endeavored* well.

MAY GROWN A-COLD.

O CERTAINLY, no month this is but May!
 Sweet earth and sky, sweet birds of happy song,
 Do make thee happy now, and thou art strong,
 And many a tear thy love shall wipe away
 And make the dark night merrier than the day,
 Straighten the crooked paths and right the wrong,
 And tangle bliss so that it tarry long.
 Go cry aloud the hope the Heavens do say!

Nay, what is this? and wherefore lingerest thou?
 Why sayest thou the sky is hard as stone?
 Why sayest thou the thrushes sob and moan?
 Why sayest thou the east tears bloom and bough?
 Why seem the sons of man so hopeless now?
 Thy love is gone, poor wretch, thou art alone!