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THE SONGS OF HOME.

Oh, sing once more those dear familiar lays, Whose tones measure o'er my bosom thrills! They take my heart back to the happy days...

POMMERY ABBEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR TO ASHLEY."

CHAPTER II.

A lovely spring day. The hedges were clothed in their luxuriant green, the sky was darkly blue with an earnest of returning summer...

months but that he is a Pommeroy who— that I do not believe you," said Guy, in a different tone, as he ran over in his mind the probabilities of her avowal, and could not remember that Rupert and she had been sufficiently intimate for love to have superseded or that they had not, if love had come. "It is false, Alice—you never saw such a Pommeroy, or he of you."

around, it was pretty generally held, that the Pommeroy, like King, could do no wrong. The lord of Pommeroy spoke his farewell and departed; Alice did not answer him, but went on in. Not that she intended any particular discourtesy to him, but her mind was in a chaos of tumult.

He still felt behind her, but her cheeks crimson were gone. The lord of Pommeroy was gone. The lord of Pommeroy was gone. The lord of Pommeroy was gone. The lord of Pommeroy was gone.

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