

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE
HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION



NOBODY'S CHILD.

NOBODY'S CHILD, AND OTHER STORIES.

BY

MRS. MARY A. DENISON.



PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

No. 22 AND 24 NORTH FOURTH ST.

1857.

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by
LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO.,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Pennsylvania.

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

As a closely reasoning moralist, an earnest teacher of truth for the truth's sake, and a sweet and touching delineator of the good and the beautiful in humanity, there is no superior to Mrs. Denison in the galaxy of female writers that now brightens the American literary firmament. None excel her in throwing around everyday life a charm which elevates the seeming commonplace, and gives it new interest and importance. As a critic has said of her, "She possesses the rare faculty of looking beneath the surface at a glance, and seeing how the heart beats—of drawing aside the veil which our indifference to others' good lets fall before our eyes, and showing us the griefs, the pains, the ardent hopes, the disappointments, and the sufferings of those who are moving side by side with us in the paths of life. Her mission is one of good to the world, and she is ever true to her mission."

There could scarcely be higher praise than this. In the present volume are gathered a few of the choice gems which for some years past she has been scattering around with a prodigal hand. They are re-arranged and reset in a style, that, while it does not touch their intrinsic worth, gives to them a fresh beauty and a higher attraction.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOBODY'S CHILD (FRONTISPIECE).

ILLUSTRATED TITLE.

THE BLACKSMITH'S FORGE	Page 153
THE OLD PICTURE	191
HAPPY OLD AGE	203
THE BRIDAL WINE-GLASS	312

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
What is a Boy?	13
Houses in the Hay	15
Faded Flowers	17
Cora's Miserable Day	19
Little Mary	24
That Angry Word	25
Christmas	27
Like the Angels	28
Dust on the Altar	29
"It's Nothing"	31
Crossing the Streets	32
She had no Friends	35
Little Ulna; or, The Broken Heart	38
Our Father	44
The Little Shrimp Boy	45
Something that should have been a Man	47
Carry Anderson	49
The Old Petition	53
Spring	54
The Three Acts	56
Whose Old Hat?	60
Gone Astray	61
Jonathan and Johnny Bull	62

	PAGE
The one Little Favour	64
The Half Housekeeper	67
Rosy Cheeks	69
Forgive us our Trespasses	71
Jonathon in Russia	74
Peace	78
Nobody's Child	79
The Kitchen	81
Art of Pleasing	82
The Value of a Cent	85
Thanksgiving To-morrow	87
Milly Grey	91
"Kiss me, Mamma, do kiss me, I can't go to sleep!"	96
The Home-Grandmother	98
"Our John"	99
Make yourself Indispensable to your Employers	101
The Way Gossips and Slanderers are made	103
Now I lay me down to sleep	106
The First Fly	109
The Little Bound Boy's Dream	110
Taste for Simple Pleasures	115
Is the Sentinel at his Post?	116
The Old Year	117
How Children are burnt to death	118
The Fate of Genius	120
Restored Affection	121
Nothing is Impossible to him who Wills	127
Keep up your Heart	128
Poor Relations	130
Men and Women	131
The Funeral	132
Artificial Life	133
Poor Agnes	134
Envy	137

	PAGE
Dreams of the Departed	138
Babes of Heaven	140
Coming Home	142
The Game of Barter	144
A Daughter's Devotion	147
Not the right kind of Husband	152
The Old Country Church	153
Then and Now; or, The Old Man's Reverie	155
Birds of Spring	156
Ingenuity	157
The Blacksmith's Forge	158
Amy, the Bird of Innesdelle	160
The Beautiful	171
Can't afford to take a Paper	172
Spasmodic People	174
The Unlucky Blow	175
The Hot-house Flower	179
The Out-door Plant	180
His poor Mother has got the worst of it	182
Awkwardness	184
Brogues	185
Do you suffer more than your Neighbour?	186
The Old Picture	191
Puss	196
The Snow Storm	198
The Sailor	200
The Sacrifices and Recompense of Literary Life	201
Happy Old Age	203
Poor and Happy	205
A Narrow Sphere	206
Advice to Schoolmarms	208
Iron	209
Katie's New-Year's Gift	211
The Wind	217

	PAGE
Don't be afraid of your Carpets	218
What's he digging for?	220
Not Superstitious	221
The Stolen Child	223
The Tongue	229
Are you kind to her?	230
Extravagance	231
Genius	232
The Tea-table	233
Happy and Unhappy	237
Be True	240
A Woman properly dressed	242
"Business is dull—going down at heel"	242
The Fast Young Man	244
Hear Professor Webster	245
Only a few Faults!	246
How Women should do	247
The Storm	250
Hearts and Homes	251
The Pastor's Mission	252
A Pretty Incident	255
Engaging Manners	257
The Old Man	258
Uncle Lemuel	260
Aristocracy	262
Mosses	263
Too much of a Good Thing	265
The Dead Miser	269
The Stand of Flowers	270
The Wise Choice of a Wife	272
The Mother's Favourite	273
Old Time Relics	276
A Genuine Pat	279
Reminiscence of Bunker-hill Battle	282

	PAGE
A Word to Mothers.	284
Suppose	289
The Benefactor	291
The Last Word	296
The Dead Butterfly	297
The Shower	298
A Scolding Wife	299
I am Sick	301
The Sailor Artist	302
The Bridal Wine Glass	312
Debt	316
Test of True Affection	317
A Day of Indisposition	319
The Dead Babe	321
The Coquette	322
The Ceaseless Round	325
The Outward Bound	327
Outcasts	329
Mechanics	334
The Fireside	337
Who are you building for?	339
Murmuring	341
Death by the Wayside	342
Bread and Butter	347
A Name for Immortality	349
Advice for Winter	350
Died of High School	351
To a Libertine	352
Music at Midnight	355
The Rich Child's Guardian and the Poor Child's Angel	356
"I wish I was Beautiful"	363
The White Window Curtains	365
Does he gain much?	368
'Tis pleasant to remember	370

	PAGE
The Sabbath	371
It takes two to make a Quarrel	375
If it wasn't for Pride	377
The Dying Pastor	377
Last Year's Cloak	382
A Drop of Ink	383

WHAT NOT.

WHAT IS A BOY?

"A very uncertain, mysterious, inexplicable creation is a boy—who can define him?"

I WILL try. A boy is the spirit of mischief embodied. A perfect teetotum, spinning round like a jenny, or tumbling heels over head. He invariably goes through the process of leaping over every chair in his reach; makes drum-heads of the doors; turns the tin pans into cymbals; takes the best knives out to dig worms for bait, and loses them; hunts up the molasses cask, and leaves the molasses running; is boon companion to the sugar-barrel; searches up all the pie and preserves left from supper, and eats them; goes to the apples every ten minutes; hides his old cap in order to wear his best one; cuts his boots *accidentally* if he wants a new pair; tears his clothes for fun; jumps into the puddles for sport, and for ditto tracks your carpets, marks your furniture, pinches the baby, worries the nurse, ties fire-crackers to the kitten's tail, drops his school-books in the gutter while he fishes with a pin, pockets his school-master's "spees," and, finally, turns a sober household upside down if he cuts his little finger.

He is a provoking and unprovokable torment, especially to his sisters. He don't pretend to much until he is twelve.

Then begins the rage for frock-coats, blue eyes, curly hair, white dresses, imperfect rhymes, and dickies. At fourteen he is "too big" to split wood or go after water; and, at the time these interesting offices ought to be performed, contrives to be invisible—whether concealed in the garret, with some old worm-eaten novel for company, ensconced on the wood-pile learning legerdemain, or bound off on some expedition that turns out to be more deplorable than explorable. At fifteen he has a *tolerable* experience of the world; *but*, from sixteen to twenty, may we clear the track when he's in sight. He knows more than Washington; expresses his opinion with the decision of Ben Franklin; makes up his mind that he was born to rule the world, and now lay the track of creation; thinks Providence is near-sighted; understands theology and the science of the pronoun I; informs his father that General Jackson fought the memorable battle of New Orleans; asks his minister if he don't consider the Bible a *little too orthodox*. In other words, he knows more then, than he will ever know again.

Just hail one of these young specimens "boy" at sixteen, and how wrathful he gets! If he does not answer you precisely as the little urchin did, who angrily exclaimed, "Don't call me 'boy,' I've smoked these two years," he will give you a withering look that is meant to annihilate you, turn on his heel and, with a curl of the lip, mutter disdainfully, "Who do you call boy?" and oh! the emphasis!

But, jesting aside, an honest, blunt, merry, mischievous boy is something to be proud of, whether as brother or son; for, in all his scrapes, his good heart gets the better of him, and leads him soon to repentance; and be sure he will remember his fault—at least five minutes.

HOUSES IN THE HAY.

ALL day to-day I have noticed that old pear-fragrance that in the first of autumn haunts chambers, and garrets, in ancient farm-houses.

I can remember when it gave me a dreamy sort of melancholy to sit in that room, with its strong rafters overhead, where in brown and white, Time had done his dull frescoping with fingers as clumsy as the beams that boxed in the old door.

I can also remember that particular attic where the sun shone in almost gloomily. The deep nooks full of ancient, worn-out articles. The three unused spinning-wheels, white with dust. The old faded-out bonnet hanging against the wall.

Under that unseemly straw once shone blue eyes, and soft tresses of auburn floated out. The wheel that evolves a shadow-cloud when lightly touched, flew shining and swift to the merry carol of sweet voices. And here is the great chest where winter fruit was kept. Innumerable are its boxes, its sliding panels, its hidden drawers. It has not the smell of decay.

A child again—I creep up to that mysterious attic. I glide dumbly by the antiquarian treasures of other days. The herbs in crisp bunches crumble at the tramp of little feet. The rain-drops chant musically; the swallow twitters in his curious nest out on the eaves. Ah! that great chest! what delicious odour steals out from the crevices! Shall I open it? nobody is near.

Up swings the ponderous lid—for a moment guilt stops the heart's quick pulses—but, a glance within! Delicious pears! with November's touches in gold and red yet gleaming on their cheeks. Unthinkingly, not wilfully, I raise one to my lips. Oh! the ripe sweetness! Can ever nectar be richer than the luscious, melting morsel?

Was that a shadow?—the creaking of a boot?

Down falls the dainty, from four trembling fingers; diving into the great chest, my glances seek for some little hole through which I may creep and dissolve into nothingness.

At last, alarmed by the silence, my guilty eyes look up; and there stands, in all the awful majesty of a Daniel come to judgment, an old withered uncle, whose smile is more terrible to my young heart than the frowns of all the world beside.

Found out! One lesson like that suffices many a sensitive spirit for a lifetime.

Dancing over the lawn—I see her now. Up rings her merry voice—what a lark she is for singing! I am out beside her—shrieking in the very excess of happiness we know not what; away we bound together to the old barn. A wall of hay rears its sweet-smelling stacks to the huge beams overhead; but, thrusting in here and pulling handsfull out there, we make two curious little houses, and there we creep in and sit for hours so cosily. Both fanciful, we are now queenly possessors of golden palaces. Out step vassals at our call. Old enough to read “Arabian Nights,” we summon fabulous slaves to bring us habits of purple, edged with silver. We hollow our hands and drink from crystal goblets, and rapturously gaze at the brown walls opposite, listening entranced to whole bands of music. Then we twine fingers, and gravely tell each other stories.

I never saw a more beautiful bride than Lilly. Whole years I had been away. She was standing, near sunset, at the window of the old mansion. The rich light fell over her bridal robes, and, somehow, just then, there was no shadow about her face. You could look through and see the beautiful soul: the dark orbs were larger, clearer, deeper; the crimson of a floating cloud rested faintly on her cheek. Her eyes glittered, was it with tears?

I crept to her side, and let my arm seek its olden place;

her dear head fell on my shoulder. “Lilly,” I whispered, “*shall we two never build houses in the hay again?*”

How she laughed! the sad fancies shot up as a bird on the wing; off and away, and I laughed with her.

I hurried to the old house—up the rough stone steps—but death had been too quick for love. The dear little creature had just died, and they were shrouding its beautiful limbs. Lilly met me at the door, and, with a shriek of terror, she exclaimed, as tears poured down her pallid cheeks, “Oh! Mary, *don’t* believe them when they tell you little Alfred is dead! *I won’t! I can’t.* He *looks* dead—but, Mary, he was my dear, darling, only one—my first-born.”

She clung to me like one frantic. If hearts can bleed, mine bled then. I strove to soothe her, but, in the first anguish of her soul, she would not be comforted. How she prayed that he might come to life—yes, on her knees, in the centre of that old room, her bright hair dishevelled, she lifted her white arms and her streaming eyes, praying for that dead child.

Well, holy words tell us that it is good to mourn with those that mourn—I tried to comfort her; I held her shaking form when she essayed to imprint those tiny, lovely features for the last time on her heart. I whispered words of consolation, but how could I help saying—the thought came irrepressibly—“Oh, Lilly! how little we dreamed of those sad things when we made houses together in the hay!”

And we both wept as we reverted to those dear old times.

FADED FLOWERS.

THEY lie just as they were pressed when, glittering with dew, I took them from the garden. And some of them are grouped as white hands laid them—little thank-offerings from

pure, childish hearts. Here a violet, there a pale red rose, almost turned Lancastrian upon the fair beauty of the spotless page.

"Flowers, wild wood-flowers,
In a sheltered nook they grew."

Yes, just under the blossoming barberry, twining with the shining strawberry, mixed with scarlet clover and pale-gold butter-cups. There they had been listening to the music of a tiny stream of silver, that sparkled when the bushes were parted and a sunbeam let down to angle for a glance of beauty. It was a pity to gather them, or let them feel the pressure of mortal lips. But the little wild things were so graceful!

Looking upon this folded spike of Lady's-slipper, I mind me of her who gave it. Young Lillian, fresh and lovely, with a brow like a saint's, but a smile full of sweet mischief. She sleeps well in her white shroud to-day—a flower so fair that when we laid the mould upon her, we looked to see an angel break through, winged for heaven.

What fragrance steals out from these old pages, sweet as the memory of love-words, spoken long ago.

Won't you *never* forget me?

That childish voice! so plaintively earnest; those dimpled cheeks and deep eyes! and the rich curls floating over and about them!

Forget-me-nots! the soft tints slumber on your silken leaves yet. But the blue of her eyes! We think sometimes it was stolen to be wrought into the violets that summer winds sprinkle on her little grave. And the red on her cheeks! It was like the crimson on the breast of that sweet bird that sings of mornings on her little tombstone.

Faded flowers! the veins on your petals speak of perished beauty; the fresh life hath died in your bosoms. Not so in mine, the memory of those who slept against my heart, their little hands enfolded upon sinless bosoms.

CORA'S MISERABLE DAY.

"YOU'LL be sorry, Cora, for speaking so—come, take back that cruel word."

"Never; you provoked me to it, and I meant it, beside. I wish it with all my heart."

"That we were not married?"

"Yes; *with all my heart*;" exclaimed the petted creature, looking as fierce as she knew how. But, terrible little fury that she looked, her husband could not forbear a smile, that made her ten times more angry, and she now declared she downright hated him.

"Come, Cora, put an end to this. I'm heartily sorry I provoked you—come—kiss and make up. No? Very well, but remember, Cora, you will be sorry for treating me so unkindly. We know not what a day may bring forth. Suppose you should never see me again?"

"No danger," she replied, half turning away with a saucy toss of her little head. "Chickens are not the only things that come home to roost."

The young man with a look of sudden anger seized his hat and left the house. "If this be wedded happiness," muttered he between his teeth, "either poetry or the law is to blame; I'm in a fair way to find out which, anyhow."

Cora sat down, thoroughly miserable. Reflection but increased her unhappiness, for she knew she had said too much. She knew how priceless was the love she had won—she knew that every pulse of that generous heart beat but for her. She had but to lift her eyes, and the tokens of his lavish love rebuked her. Only yesterday, he had sent her a little note, so loverlike, with a beautiful present of the very book she wished for above all others. And she had been cruel to him for a thing so trifling—a mere contradiction—a puff of empty air.

Wearily the slow hours of the morning passed. More

than once had the tears come to her eyes, and dimmed the embroidery upon her lap, when his parting words recurred—"suppose you should never see me again."

"Such things have happened," she murmured, and then she checked the great sob with the thought,—“he will forgive me. His noble heart cannot hold anger long—besides dinner is almost ready, I shall see him soon—and maybe I,—yes, I *will* ask his pardon."

So she sprang up from her work, bathed her eyes, twisted a flower in the folds of her hair, tied on a pretty white apron, and looking the very picture of a rosy, domestic little wife, hurried down stairs to put a finishing touch to the arrangements for dinner.

One o'clock—and no husband. It was too bad. The roast was done to a turn, and this day of all others the "Irish praties" were just as he loved them—as white and mealy as if Saint Patrick had blessed them himself.

Half an hour she waited with commendable patience, but when the little kitchen clock had whirred two, and no husband, no message came, Cora told Molly to eat her dinner, and left the table to hurry to her room, and like a foolish woman, sit down to weep.

And then she would dash the tears from her eyes. "She wasn't going to make a fool of herself just for him. He shouldn't know she had felt bad a bit," and up went the cologne to her red eyes that two minutes after were as full of water as ever.

"I won't go over to the office for him, that I won't," she muttered, at the same time going straight after her bonnet and shawl for that particular purpose. "He thinks I'll be sorry, he knows I always am; but he shan't see it this time; just as if I became Mrs. Harry Gates to submit to all his whims and caprices."

Ah! Cora, why trembles your voice, little woman? Because you have caught the full glance from that deep, dark eye, looking reproof even from the canvass, upon your naughty

thoughts and actions. Did he ever seem handsomer than this moment? noble Harry! generous Harry! frank, gay Harry! with a big heart brimful of love.

Cora's uncertain steps took the way to the office, *just from habit*. The little place looked lonesome; nobody there but Jerry O'Miles, the errand-boy, who sat kicking the counter with his heels.

What! Harry hadn't been there *at all* since last night! Cora's heart beat quicker than it had for many a day. Had he left no message?

"Dunno," said the boy, with his queer gray eyes blinking in Cora's face. "Dunno, for meester Lane he's done and gone too, sense dinner."

Cora hurried home, and sat down with her hands covering her face. She felt miserably. Her morning's words and actions came like uneasy ghosts before her.

"I told him that *curses*, like chickens, always came home to roost, and he never answered me. I have said just such bitter things a great many times, and now perhaps he hates me. Oh! I wish this temper was broken within me. Harry is too good for me, and I to tell him I wished we were not married."

From below came up the click of the tea dishes. She remembered, now, that she had given Molly permission to go out this evening, and what if she must stay alone in horrible uncertainty? But Harry certainly would be home to supper; he *couldn't* be so cruel.

The outer door slammed, and Molly's retreating form grew beautifully less as she half ran down the street.

Tea was ready to pour out; and there sat Cora, alone. And alone she seemed destined to be, for the gloomy twilight deepened, the dark came down, the street lamps were lighted at the corners, the tramp of feet grew unevenly silent.

It did no good to read, or think; and yet thought most awfully suggestive would come. She paced the floor saying all kinds of incoherent things. She pictured him brought to the door dripping in the slime of the river; she saw him in

the deep woods, hanging under some scarred old tree. She tried to feel how it would seem if he *had* left her for ever, and her attitudes were full of wild and helpless sorrow, as she started forward at the light wing of a drowsy fly; or wrung her hands in the very abandonment of grief.

Fancies the most extravagant possessed her. At one time she determined to fly through the streets and ask of every passer by if he had seen her Harry? and then she would sink upon the couch, weeping like a child.

"I shall never, never, never see him again. It *was* a prophecy; something has happened to Harry; oh, he is dead, dead, and I cannot even ask him to forgive me."

Hark! something sounded on her ear wonderfully little like a dead man's voice. A sharp click, and the outer door was thrown open with *the* peculiar swing. Then up came heavy steps that rapidly neared her chamber.

"Well done! my little lady! are you up yet?" then stopping short, as Cora's motionless form and bloodless face met him with strange welcome—"why, what the dogs—you've been frightened, Cora!"

The poor child sprang forward into his arms, as she cried hysterically—"oh! I thought you was dead, I thought I should never behold you again."

"Now is it possible?" said Harry, after his wife had told him all, "that blundering Irishman never came here? why I sent a note, telling you I was going over to Hoboken on business, and shouldn't be home till ten. And you didn't get it?"

"No—and I have spent such a *miserable* day," said Cora, half inclined to be hysterical again—"I have seen you killed in all manner of horrid ways—and—"

"And now you know I'm here safe and sound—perhaps it's as well after all—for maybe you won't tell me again that—you—"

He hadn't the heart to say another word, for poor Cora's eyes were swimming; besides, just then in came Molly, her homely face frightened all over, saying as she held up the

missing note, "an' to think I should be after kapin what didn't belong to meself. But Denigan brought it, and plaze, you know Denigan is—is—"

"Yes, we know all about it. You thought it was a love letter, eh? and carried it to your friends to read it for you—didn't you?"

"Shure, sir, and I'm obleeged to ye for helping me out of that same—an' it's jist that same I did."

"Well, Molly, all I have to say is, don't try that experiment again; and Cora, next time I send you a note, I'll take care not to select one of Molly's lovers. Come, love, cheer up—it has taught us both a lesson, that we may profit by, always to think before speaking, and never to act without caution."

And so, as the sun sometimes sinks red and glowing after storms, ended Cora's miserable day.

LITTLE MARY.

LITTLE Mary has gone home. Earth with all its flowers and sunlight and starlight, its glorious sky and winding rivers, was not bright enough for her. The angels loved her with a better than earthly love. The Father gathered her among his little lambs that ply by the still waters, in the green pastures.

Her eyes were very blue, and her hair was very golden. As the buttercups spring up thickly in the green, green fields, so friends gathered about little Mary. They praised her fair face, and said that never a garden gave such show of crimson as her cheeks. But gentle friends—and love, and every earthly beautiful thing could not keep little Mary from her native heaven.

Farewell, little Mary. Your chair with its wee arms sits in its accustomed corner. Your little slippers and your pretty frocks lie folded sacredly away. And still the round stocking

moulds to the arched instep. Still the white robe falls full as it last fell over the rarely sculptured limbs. Your books are on their oaken shelf, and whosoever's eye glances that way, some trembling voice says, "they were little Mary's." There is a picture hangs against the parlour wall—it is little Mary. There is a tiny chamber that is seldom opened, save by a pale woman with blue eyes, who goes there to weep; it was little Mary's. There is a milk-white kitten who gambols in the sun with a cherry ribbon tied on her neck—but the dimpled fingers that fastened it there are dust. A fairy tea-set stands in the wide closet—it was little Mary's.

Dear heart—how everything seems blended with memories of her! Wherever the sunlight arches over the reach of a little child's hand in the olden home, Mary's fingers have moved.

Wherever it has woven tendrils of gold through the empty rooms, over the pleasant garden—along the river bank—Mary's feet have hallowed every spot. Wherever it has let down its golden arrows in the old orchard to mellow the heart of the apple, her graceful limbs have swayed like leaves set dancing by the summer winds.

And sometimes, of a starry hour, when the fire-flies light their lamps on Mary's little grave—sometimes in the young moonlight, when the shadows flicker like a spent flame, and the heart of evening beats so softly that the birds sleep over its pulse, something bright gathers in the gloom and takes the shape of a little child's face.

That face with its wondrous eyes—its wavy clouds of amber curls rippling to every arch motion—with its ruby lips and glowing cheeks—its eager love-glances—its coy blushes—its fitful laugh half shrouded in tears—its pure heaven-like brow—that face is little Mary's.

"Angel—she is singing
Where is no more night."

THAT ANGRY WORD.

THAT angry word! What would you give if it could be unsaid! Ah! if you had but "placed your hand upon your mouth and your mouth in the dust," rather than have given those cutting reproaches to that now pale sleeper among the dead! Memory stings! you recollect the day, the hour; it was but a slight provocation, a trifle all too unworthy notice. You heeded not the tremor of the lip, the mild reproach in the blue eye, the fitting, pale-rose red of those veined cheeks, and you spoke that stinging rebuke. You shuddered all over after it was done, *but the power of a throned king could not recall it.* It had fallen upon a sensitive heart, and its rankness had poisoned the fountains of that poor, gentle spirit. You was angry, was you? blush that you dare make this your vain excuse. Was it not criminal, that which made you criminal? You weep, but do your tears fall upon her bosom? You sigh; do your sighs penetrate her heart? you murmur "forgive," but oh! how dull the ear that your voice so sadly wounded. Your tears bedew her grave; your sighs are mocked at by the empty air.

Poor wretch, you are more to be pitied than she, for, even in your moments of serious reflection, one silent, wondering, sorrowing image flits before your vision. It is she, as she looked when that harsh, angry epithet chilled her blood, and led her to doubt your affection.

Maiden, you are very beautiful. You have thrown aside the weeds of mourning. There is holiness upon your brow, as the soft dark hair shadows its whiteness. You are very beautiful, for hope dances in your eyes, and youth has thrown all her treasures into the sunny smile and the delicate tints that brighten your sweet face. Yet does there never come a sorrow, a sorrow not to be told, into that warm heart? Is there never a thought of "one day," when you caused the spirit of that suffering one who called you child, to bleed with

anguish? Was it a consolation that you closed her fading eyes, and hung, with bitter grief, over the inanimate form lying so calmly upon the cold bosom of death? Oh! but to recall the one angry word, the sentence that made the crimson hue of sickness recede to the inner temple of suffering, and painted a strange pallor on the cheek! the retort that gave ten-fold power to the ministers of disease, and hastened that dread consummation that you so wildly prayed God to avert, though you knew it must be. Yes! in all your beauty, in all your high flush of womanhood, in all the pleasant scenes that are dawning upon you, that time is always palpable and real before you, limned in colours warranted never to fade, and by an artist who is deathless as eternity.

"Go," said an angry mother to her child, "and I care not if I never behold your face again. The waters may cover you, or the turf, it matters not which; God forbid I should mourn an ungrateful son!"

And even as a burst of strong and outraged feeling whitened the brow of her noble boy, and stole the deep crimson from his trembling lip, and disfigured that fair, young face, till it seemed like that of a fury cut in marble, the mother's heart failed her. The still small voice whispered, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." But words had gone forth that could not be recalled, for the high-spirited youth had rushed from her presence, his soul steeped in bitterness, and with its gall upon his lips. He roamed wildly over the rocks that jutted above the deep waters at the sea-side, and, stretching forth his hands, called, with mad imprecations, for some swift bark to carry him for ever from the sight of his mother.

He did not want to die, but the unjust anger of a parent made him regardless of danger, and he heeded not his steps.

A thrilling shriek for help when there was none near. A wilder tossing of his arms upward, a sullen plunge, a parting of the waves, and that mother's rash words were verified. "The waters *did* cover him." He had fallen from the jagged rocks. A moment, and he was not of the living.

A frantic woman stood above those same still waters. Without tears she beheld strong men grapple for the body of her child; and, as there came upwards, first, the death-white, upturned face, then the locks pale and intertwined with the sickly seaweed, dripping with a dull and heavy sound that turned her very heart to stone, she reverted to the sunny morning and her fearful threat, when the heat of anger was upon her. What thought she now? Did she murmur, "the waters may cover you or the turf; God forbid I should mourn an ungrateful son?" No, no; but she fell on that motionless body, and strained it, with piercing shrieks, to her bosom. Her fingers dabbled with the uncurled tresses, and pushed up the powerless lids till the leaden eyes shone cold and ghastly. And when they bore them both home, the mother was a hopeless maniac.

That angry word! What would you give if it could be unsaid?

CHRISTMAS.

"Ring, ring, Christmas bells,
Out on the clear air chime;
And gather lovers and maidens,
As they did of the olden time.
See how the Yule log blazes,
Red, red grow the lassie's cheeks,
He that shall not be married this year,
Will the first one be that speaks."

'Tis twelve—and Christmas is ushered in with a merry roundelay. The red lights stream out from the old belfry, where the chimer, with merry companions, joins in the laugh and jest. Yonder the moonlight lies on the headstones in the churchyard, and all up and down the silent streets.

An aged veteran near, with silver locks, says,

"The very cattle in the stall
Kneel down this blessed morn,
And the moon shines bright on the very spot
Where the dear Lord was born."

Such was once the superstition of the times—pleasant times! when the "good folks," harmless fairies, played about the Yule log on the great stone hearth. This singular and innocent belief has no hold upon the people now. The Scottish housewife no longer places the full bowl and the plate heaped high for the fairies, which, of course, the sharp little fellows and their dames disposed of before dawn.

Alas! and shall we see old-fashioned Christmas no more? The myths, the tricks of sweethearts, the brownies, the Yule fire, all, all are fast fading into the past, or only remain stamped on the pages of pleasant fairy books, which we read by the fire, and half wish were true.

LIKE THE ANGELS.

"WHY! you would have us like the angels!" exclaimed a young girl with whom a friend had been talking.

Truly would we have woman like the angels. And why not? Is it any harm to be like an angel? We read that they are very beautiful—full of love, truth, purity—compassionate, sinless. Are these forbidding traits? Angels slander not each other. They have no circles in their glorious home where character, like a worn-out garment, is picked to pieces. Angels never wreath the face with smiles when envy is gnawing the very heart-strings in twain. Angels never rejoice over the downfall of another. Angels lure not with the eye, and then coldly cast off with the lip. Angels suffer not passion to paint the brow, dark with discontent and hatred.

Would you not wish, eventually, to become angels? Or

does this thought never enter with the multitude that cross the mind's threshold? Why not prepare, then, for this high destination? Why not discipline the soul till it grow lofty with sublime thoughts, and beautiful in good deeds? Cultivate your affections, be pure in motive, gentle in spirit. Banish for ever deception, evil speaking, inordinate love of pleasure! Why not become, as near as you may be, angels on earth? Ah! young ladies, believe us when we tell you there is no harm in striving to be like the angels.

DUST ON THE ALTAR.

"MARY, Mary, where are you?" and a light step passed hastily through the rich halls.

Sweeping aside the crimson folds that curtained the entrance to a most exquisite boudoir, the happy-hearted young girl looked within.

The hot sun, shorn of its glare by screens of muslin embroidery, and wide festoons of silken damask, veiled its red eye, and looked in that room of luxury, with soft, quiet glances; tinging the pale marble with a rose-leaf beauty, and giving delicious quietness to the scene and its surroundings.

"In tears!" exclaimed the silvery voice now tuned to softer melody—"forgive me; I have intruded upon your grief;" and she began to retrace her steps.

"Nay, come here, Lina—come and sit down by my side. You have found me weeping—you shall know the cause of my sorrow."

"Sorrow!" thought Lina, gazing at the beautiful being reclining before her, wrapped in soft shining garments, the very air bearing luxurious odours as it fanned her temples;—"sorrow, and never a wish ungratified; luxury kneeling with the ewer of silver at her feet, and pouring costly ointment over those soft tresses."

Glorious gifts of gold and silver showered in profusion around her path—eloquence bending before her loveliness, entranced—prosperity, with never-exhausted horn, lavishing plenty on every side—sorrow!

"You are, doubtless, thinking it is strange that I am not happy!" said Mary, with a smile both sad and sweet. "You have not forgotten how I moved among the throngs of the ball-room last night, the gayest of the gay. You saw laughter in my eye, gems on my forehead, robes of costly lace, diamonds of inestimable value. You noted how I was followed and flattered, moving literally in a shower of compliments; and you think, how is it that Mary can be sad?"

"Draw hither, and let me tell you then—I have bartered my peace of conscience. You start—but it is true. To-day I was looking over some old letters, and among them I found this scrap:

"I am so happy to-day. My home is as beautiful as Paradise. The trees before our little dwelling seem full of harps played by unseen angel fingers. The broad glorious sunlight stretches over field and hill, lying like molten fire on the bosom of the lake, and winding up the steep of the mountain where no human foot has trod. Oh! it is like heaven in our quiet place to-day. Never looked the sky so blue; never seemed the flowers so fragrant, never sang the birds so thrillingly sweet. And this is because I see as I never saw before—God in all his works. For, last night, a Divine voice said to my troubled soul, 'peace, be still!' A shaft of living fire seemed to enter my heart, and let in the light of heaven. 'Great God!' I cried in rapture, 'is this the peace of sins forgiven? Have I lived so long, and known Thee not? Have I walked in darkness in the midst of this shining glory? Why have I never yielded to the sweet will of Jesus before?"

"Lina, every word was like a dagger to me. I went back in thought to that dear cottage—gathered again my infant babes to hear their evening prayers—lingered with my husband to watch the stately stepping of the great day-god from

out his western palace. And then how we used to sing together—simple little Zion hymns, to which the mellow distance gave sweet echo.

"Oh! Lina! I was happy then—humble and happy. There was no gold-canker to eat our pleasure at the core, no frost of wealth to blight our flowers of beauty—we were Christians then, Lina.

"Now behold me! I dare not say what I am—a leaf floating upon the rapid current of life, I know not whither. No longer I love prayer. I have forgotten the closet. There is dust upon the altar, mould upon its steps, withered buds crushed along the path that led to my little sanctuary.

"I have all the world, but nothing of heaven. My heart is perishing in the midst of this splendour. My children, once so fresh and innocent, are growing up around me, more sensitive to the shade of a ribbon, the pallor of a cheek, than the interests of their undying souls.

"Oh! why did I ever leave the quiet waters of the river of God? Why exchange fruit from the Tree of Life for the apples of the Dead Sea?"

"Beauty, wealth, fame—what are ye all to the Christ blessing, that ten thousand worlds can neither purchase nor give?"

"IT'S NOTHING."

Who has not known young men and young women, who, upon every slight variation from rectitude, would carelessly say, "Oh, that's nothing!" Ay! and who has not known some noble friend—some once delicate young lady, whom shame has made reckless, and who has, at last, been ruined by a perseverance in that very injurious habit?

"Why did you speak so harshly to your mother, my boy?"

"Oh! that's nothing."

It's nothing, only the child lives to break the mother's heart; to lay her gray hairs, whitened by his disobedience, in the grave. And he learns, too, that they who honour not father and mother, end their own lives in anguish and dishonour.

It is not well, young lady, for you to spend your evenings in moonlight walks with the wild and irreverend. Home is your sanctuary, especially in the silence and danger of evening. You are doing your good name injury.

"Oh! that's nothing."

Say you so now, poor creature? Lay your shaking hand in mine, as it rests on the scant coverlid, and tell me your history. "Early learned to dislike home—its restraints—its simple pleasures. Sought for companions, the merry, the thoughtless, without consideration of principle. Was lured from innocence, deserted, and all because I used to think it was nothing. Oh! how often I have said, 'It is nothing!' when my best friends warned me of the consequences. Those little words, how many they have ruined!"

Beware, then, and when temptation comes, say not "It is nothing." Throw the wine cup from you—touch not the miserable card—forebear to spend your Sabbath in selfish amusement—remember what that dear old mother said as you left, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Beware how you put your hand to the till of your employer, to take therefrom only a cent—even if you intend to replace it.

"'Tis nothing," says the fool; but says the friend,
"This nothing, sir, will bring you to your end."

CROSSING THE STREETS.

ONE little act of politeness will sometimes pave the way to fortune and preferment. The following sketch illustrates this fact. A sailor, roughly garbed, was sauntering through the

streets of New Orleans, then in rather a damp condition from recent rain and rise of the tide. Turning the corner of a much frequented and narrow alley, he observed a young lady standing in perplexity, apparently measuring the depth of the muddy water between her and the opposite side-walk, with no very satisfied countenance. The sailor paused; for he was a great admirer of beauty, and certainly the bright face that peeped out from under the little chip hat, and the auburn curls hanging glossy and unconfined over her muslin dress, might tempt a curious, or an admiring glance. Perplexed, the lady put forth one little foot, when the gallant sailor, with characteristic impulsiveness, exclaimed, "that pretty foot, lady, should not be soiled with the filth of this lane; wait for a moment, and I will make you a path."

So, springing past her into a carpenter's shop opposite, he bargained for a *plank board* that stood in the door-way, and coming back to the smiling girl who was just coquettish enough to accept the services of the handsome young sailor, he bridged the narrow black stream, and she tripped across with a merry "thank you," and a roguish smile, making her eyes as dazzling as they could be.

Alas! our young sailor was perfectly charmed; what else would make him catch up and shoulder the plank, and follow the little witch through the streets to her home, she *twice* performing the ceremony of "*walking the plank*," and each time thanking him with one of her eloquent smiles. Presently our hero saw the young lady trip up the marble steps of a palace of a house, and disappear within its rosewood entrance. For a full minute he stood looking at the door, and then with a big sigh turned away, disposed of his drawbridge, and wended his path back to his ship.

The next day he was astonished with an order of promotion from the captain. Poor Jack was speechless with amazement. He had never dreamed of being exalted to the dignity of a second mate's office on board one of the most splendid ships that sailed out of the port of New Orleans. He knew he was

competent, for instead of spending his money for amusements, visiting theatres or bowling alleys, on his return from sea he had purchased books and become quite a student; but he expected years to intervene before his ambitious hopes could be realized.

His superior officers looked upon him with leniency, and gave him fair opportunities to gather maritime knowledge. The handsome gentlemanly young man acquired unusual favour in the eyes of the portly commander, Captain Hume, who had first taken our smart little black-eyed fellow with his neat tarpaulin, and tidy bundle, as his cabin boy.

One night the young man, with all the other officers, was invited to an entertainment at the captain's house. He went, and to his astonishment, mounted the identical steps that two years before, the brightest vision he had ever seen, passed over; a vision he had never forgotten. Thump, thump, went his brave heart, as he was ushered into the great parlour; and like a sledge hammer it beat again, when Captain Hume brought forward his blue-eyed daughter, and with a pleasant smile said, "the young lady once indebted to your politeness for a safe and *dry* walk home." His eyes were all a-blaze, and his brown cheeks flushed hotly, as the noble captain sauntered away, leaving fair Grace Hume at his side. And in all that assembly was not so handsome a couple as the gallant sailor and the "pretty ladie."

It was only a year from that time that the second mate trod the quarter-deck, second only in command, and part owner with the captain, not only in his vessel, but in the affections of his daughter, gentle Grace Hume, who had always cherished respect, to say nothing of love, for the bright-eyed sailor.

His homely, but earnest act of politeness towards his child, had pleased the captain, and though the youth knew it not, was the cause of his first promotion. So that now the old man has retired from business, Henry Wells is Captain Wells, and Grace Hume is, according to polite parlance, "Mrs. Captain Wells." In fact, our honest sailor is one of the richest men

in the Crescent City, and he owes, perhaps, the greater part of his prosperity to his tact and politeness in "crossing the street."

SHE HAD NO FRIENDS.

PITIFUL words! sad, pitiful words. They conjure up many a vision of lonely hearths, and breaking hearts, and homeless wanderers facing the cold storms with no beacon light afar off guiding them to safety.

She had no friends! She could look back upon the gilded past, and her memory rested on this one, and that one, whose faces shone with the mockery of love—faded, dim and shadowy in the present, whose hard eyes stared at, sometimes, but never knew her now. The world was dark, dreary, desolate to her; dark and desolate, alas! more than that, cruel! its very action cried out "crucify her!"

The birds carolled in joyous groups beneath the cottage-roof. Little children came along hand in hand, singing snatches of school-day songs, and laughing in each other's eyes. The sturdy labourer could look from the yellow fields wherein he stood, half hidden by the sheaves of gold, and say with an honest will, "all hail, my neighbour." Even the old house-dog, lying by the farm-house door, his sleek coat glistening in the hot, high sun, had often the whitest of white arms folded over his neck, and the brightest of glossy curls mingling with his shaggy locks, and the starriest eyes of beaming blue, looking with a glad joyousness into his own—but she—the poor wanderer, the outcast, the world-weary—*she had no friends*. Avoided by all, she sighed for sympathy, and the low moan of the fitful breeze alone answered her sighing. Little children ran shrinking from her sad, dark face; maidens moved hurriedly by with glances of loathing; even the brute beasts howled as her footsteps met their ears.

The cottage yonder in the bright valley, once beautiful in its green enclosure, all sheltered in the mossy arms of the trees—it is decaying now. How solemn is the hush around it, as the day draws to its close! The red blaze of the setting sun carves shapes of crimson among the sombre shadows upon its broken threshold, and through the dead leaves drifted beneath it, the worm revels. The door, hingeless and shattered, lies upon the ground, like virtue prostrate before the heart she can no longer guard.

Within, how painfully sounds the sharp chirp of the cricket, lone tenant of the hearth; and a faint tremulous echo ever and anon resounds through the empty rooms, like the low, sobbing requiem of departed happiness.

There, was a beautiful infant born;—there, a gentle girl blushed into womanhood, and in all those days of joy she knew not a care. Lovely and full of genius, the doting parents deemed that in all the earth such another could not be found. Praise and indulgence fostered her vanity. She fell, and her mother's heart was broken. She sought the dark haunts of the vile city, and her father went down to the grave, his last days clouded with tears and steeped in sorrow.

Years passed, and who shall dare paint the change stamped upon that brow? and by that token, telling more truly than tears could tell, her great sorrow, she was pointed at as a despised thing. Who now, with sweet words and holy tones of music, would lead her safely to the sheltering temple of hope, where no one could taunt her with the ban of dishonour that bowed her head even to the dust? No one—for *she had no friends.*

The gray clouds rolled together, the mists came up from the sea and gathered around the glittering walls of evening; the stars stole forth from their dim chambers; for a little moment the moon threw her silver sheen upon the slumbering hills; then the gray clouds darkened and deepened—melted one into the other until the landscape and the heavens were veiled. Thicker grew the darkness, and the poor wretch tottered along the

narrow path that she felt, rather than knew, led to the old, dear home of yore. Soon the winds whistled more fiercely; short, sharp blasts came hurtling from the eastern horizon; the leaves were whirled from the trees, and the undercurrent swelled the long maze of grass till it seemed endowed with a heart and pulsation. Drop after drop, drop after drop, fell upon her thin, white features, and then came the pouring rain, beating upon her unprotected form, while the wind wrapped her scanty garments closely about her, but they gave no warmth.

And a group had gathered about the old cottage on the morrow.

The warm sunlight streamed in over the almost inanimate form of a poor, destitute creature, whose faded eyes were up-turned to heaven.

"She is an outcast," said one.

"Corrupt," muttered another.

"She is intoxicated," sneered a third.

"She is suffering," pitifully exclaimed a young girl, upon whose beautiful face burnt the hot flush of indignation. "She shall be carried to my home and attended to, as if she were the best in the land. Suppose her the base thing you think her, what then? does not humanity plead in your bosoms? Have you not sisters who *might* be even as she? Would you turn away from them with a cold sneer? Shame upon you; carry her to my home; whatever she has been, she is in trouble now, perhaps starving, poor creature!" and with her own hand she pushed back the wayward hair from the pallid brow of the friendless.

They bore her instantly to the rich habitation of that pitying girl, and laid her upon a couch of down. But the sparkle of health never revisited the dim eye, the cheek never dimpled or crimsoned again, the light of her life went out. She died sincere in repentance, forgiving her oppressors, blessing those that cursed her, and calling for God's choicest gifts

upon the gentle being who had been unto her, all unworthy as she was, a ministering angel of mercy.

And when the hand of the spoiler revelled amid the brown tresses of her who had pitied the sinning sister, among the many sweet thoughts that held their unsullied mirrors before her pure spirit, as it fluttered in its tenement of clay, not the least consoling and beautiful before heaven was the recollection that she had smoothed that dying pillow, whispered peace to the trembling heart, and made happy the last suffering moments of one who *had no friends*.

LITTLE ULNA; OR, THE BROKEN HEART.

"AND you tell me you can make a romance out of anything?"

"Yes; a chip in the road; a rail in the fence; a grasshopper; a battered tin pan; a forsaken hut; a spider; a broken chair; even a dilapidated wash-tub, would answer my purpose; I would turn it into poetry, or if you please, sublimated prose, give you moonlight, and

'Faint sunshine gleaming
Over a field of snow.'

In fact I would spin you a dozen romances on any subject I might wot of. My brain is fertile, and as *you* know, my tongue *rather* loosely hung, so I do not find it the least trouble to keep it going; come—what will you have?"

The flush on her cheek, her bright eye flashing like a sunlit ripple, how lovely Mary Summers appeared, sitting where the vines twined their tendrils over her beautiful brow, while sometimes as she moved, a fresh rose, or dewy bud, lay upon the folds of her dark hair.

It was twilight; Mary and her companion, a young clergy-

man just ordained, had been conversing on improbable stories; ghost tales, weird and unearthly visions, spiritual rappings, and the whole catalogue of mysterious sights and sounds. Mary, who was a merry witch, laughed derisively at one and all; Howard, whose sombre hue of mind disposed him a little to their belief, occasionally joined in her mirth, though a shade would often pass over his brow.

"Come, what will you have?" asked the gay girl again, tossing her head and folding her hands demurely, unconscious that one bright curl had strayed *among thorns*, and was clinging to a prairie rose.

Howard mechanically turned the pages of a book that had long rested on his knee, and looking thoughtfully down, he lifted a little shred, a bit of bright gingham, with pink and white bars, that had apparently been put there as a mark. "Here," said he, lifting it with the dainty yet clumsy touch of a man's fingers, "make a romance from that!"

He laid it in the white palm of Mary's open hand; she did not speak for several moments, but when she lifted her eyes, tears, that she had been striving to suppress, hung on her lashes.

"I said I would weave you a romance," she murmured, in a tone singularly low and plaintive, "but of this dear relic, I must tell an 'ow'er true tale.' See," she continued, pointing to the red maples across the path,

'The crimson of the maple trees
Is lighted by the moon's soft glow,
O! nights like this, and things like these
Bring back a dream of long ago.'

"And it seems like a dream," she continued, slowly pushing back the soft tresses that rippled over her cheeks, "since little Ulma dwelt with us, as a sweet thought dwells in the heart.

"You will not think any less of my story when I tell you that Ulma was a little Irish girl, a holy looking child, with eyes

of heaven and lips as pure of evil as the soul of a saint. Could you have seen her, standing there as was her wont at twilight, her slender figure half drooping forward, the light short curls just touching a complexion as pure as the marble of this vase, or rather as soft as the heart of this white rose, you would not have dreamed that you were gazing upon aught earthly. Earthly!—there was not a taint of earth upon her; her every look, motion, speech, gave one a strange thrill of pleasure; as though a cherub from the holy country had found the golden ladder to this lower world, and wandering down, bewildered by strange sights and sounds, had lost her way back to heaven. So she seemed to me, from the time I saw her first, sitting with clasped hands and cheeks all wet with tears upon the door-step of our entrance.

"It was just at twilight, and at twilight ever since she died, I have dimly felt her presence.

"I was not much more than a child myself. I remember I knelt upon the marble step by her side, and the first thing she did was to fold her little arms around my neck, as she sobbed, 'I want my mother.' I carried her within, and we all strove to find out who the child was, but she seemed not to know her name, except to call herself little Ulua, and only repeated with an earnestness of grief indescribable, 'I want my mother;' and we could not succeed in pacifying her little heart.

"Inquiry was useless; we heard nothing of her mother; but the child's sorrow never wore away. At the early morning, when the sun flushed the east, and the clouds in their golden glory rolled up the horizon, she would look at them with her earnest, mournful eyes, and whisper, in that sorrowful tone whose pathos I have never heard equalled, 'Oh, I want my mother.' At her sports, which were always, if I may say so, of a melancholy character, she would sometimes stop short, and coming to me, who knew always what to expect, lean her little form on my knee, and caressing my cheek, murmur,—'shall I see my mother soon? I want my mother!' At twilight she would invariably go by herself, to weep; nor

could any enticement draw her from her little retreat. We learned to worship the child, and when her waxen cheek grew more like the lily from day to day, consulted our family physician, for we longed to save her life. 'If you cannot divert her mind,' said he, 'she will die of sorrow; at these periods of grief her heart beats wildly, her eyes seem sunken, her pulse is cold and faint—in all my practice, I never saw so strange a case.'

"We tried every stratagem, in vain.

"We filled her play-room with costly toys. We ornamented a vine-covered arbour in the garden with shells and mosses, till it was like a room in a fairy palace; we bought her a gilded carriage, and drew her along the sea-shore morning and evening. We made little parties, at which every child was merry but her; we brought music, pictures, everything that an ingenious fancy could devise, to our aid—but all, as I said before, failed to banish her sorrow.

"My father, then a wealthy man, with no child but myself, found his heart wrapped up in her being, and I, though I had hitherto enjoyed his caresses and his munificence alone, never knew a pang of jealousy. We both felt as if a rare jewel had been intrusted to our keeping, which we were liable to lose at very short notice, and we prized its brightness and beauty accordingly.

"At last she seldom went out, or if she did, her sweet head laid back upon the pillow of her little carriage, and though, as she grew older, she ceased to mourn audibly, we knew that the want of her mother had become the canker of her life, and was slowly eating its way to her vitals.

"One morning when I would have assisted her to rise as usual, she said, 'I can't get up to-day, dear sister,' so she always called me, 'I feel a pain right here—put your hand here.' I did as she requested, and shuddered as the frail body shook—shook with each heavy propulsion of the blood through her little heart.

"'It beats hard, dear sister,' she murmured, smiling, 'it

beats very hard, don't it? don't you believe it will carry me to my mother?"

"I laid my face upon her pillow; I dared not let her see me weep; in another moment her little hand was gently lifting my head; 'see, see,' she exclaimed, a light of rapture breaking over her pale features, as she pointed upwards; 'see my mother, oh! sister, it is my mother—all in white; oh! beautiful mother—let me come.'

"She sank back exhausted; I sent for my father and told him I believed little Ulna was dying. We sat by her bedside till dinner time, looking fearfully at the rising and falling of the white coverlets, now dull and slow, now rapid and high, as varied the beating of her heart. I went out for a moment, and when I came back, she was lying in my father's arms, awake—and so spiritually beautiful! She called me towards her and whispered pantingly, 'mother came again, and she stood there right by my side, and she told me I might sleep in her bosom to-night.'

"The eyes closed, with such a happy smile that the light seemed to linger upon their borders, making almost radiant the innocent face.

"She cannot live till night, dear one,' said my father as he lifted her again upon the bed; 'the doctor says she will die; her disease is a broken heart. Grief has killed the little one, and if we may believe her visions, the mother that gave her birth is in heaven, and calling her angel wanderer home.'

"She died at twilight; strange, is it not? at the hour when she first came to our hearts; at the hour of her deepest sadness. There had been a beautiful sunset. The faint hues of crimson and the royal glow of the purple clouds yet lingered upon the summits of the blue-hills in the west. We thought she breathed not; when suddenly flinging up her white arms with a gesture of delight, she exclaimed, 'there—through the windows, up, up in the sky—there goes my mother, my beautiful, beautiful mother; and there go angels, angels, angels, all over the golden road, all white and shining—mother—I have

found my mother—' no words can express the triumph of that last shout—no pencil could paint the rapture on that heavenly brow—and alas! no pen could portray the sorrow that fell like a cloud over our household—for Ulna was gone home to her mother and her God."

The young minister leaned his head upon his hand—it was to conceal his emotion. Mary's spiritual eyes—she seemed another being then,—still rested upon the burning stars, as if she were tracing among them the pathway of her lost Ulna. I sat silent, astonished at the depth of feeling called up in my own bosom by this recital of a poor, orphan Irish girl, who had probably been deserted, either wilfully or necessarily, and whose gentle, poetic nature could not survive the rude tearing away of the heart tendrils, into which her own had been twined.

Dreamily Mary turned to me, and then her eye rested upon the fragment of gingham.

"Dear child," she murmured, as a tear fell upon it, "it was a little while before her last sickness, that she wanted a dress like this; I bought it and made it; she never wore it, but persuaded me to give it to a little beggar, who came for charity. This piece she cut off with her own sweet hands; I never knew what she did with it. What book is that you have?"

"A book on theology," murmured Howard, gravely, his glance riveted on her speaking features.

"Oh!" she replied, with something like an attempt to laugh; "no wonder I have not seen this dear relic before; I am sorry to say I seldom look into that kind of reading, but," and a blush stole to her cheeks, for she spoke unwittingly, "I may take more interest in it after this."

We all found it convenient to enter the house just then, and as Howard and I walked home, he said musingly, "the little story of to-night has opened my eyes to Mary's true character. She is not the trifling thoughtless creature she so often seems; there is a vein of pure and noble sentiment run-

ning through her character, in which my heart finds the response it has been seeking. How much one *might* love Mary Summers!"

I said nothing, but kept thinking, "Ay! how much one *does* love Mary Summers, already."

But here comes little Ulua, to snap the thread of my narrative.

How! little Ulua?

Yes, reader, the only daughter of the Rev. Mr. Howard and Mary Summers *that was*.

OUR FATHER.

OFTEN in the morning when we waken, we hear a little childish voice saying, "Come, Robby, let's say our prayer," and then together both little voices offer up that most beautiful of all petitions—

"Our Father which art in heaven."

Wide over the world, in castle and hall, by the prince and by the peasant, is that beautiful prayer repeated—but above all, sounds it sweetest when lisped by the sunny-haired child at its mother's knee. Mark the little bending form—the hair put softly back, the tiny white hands folded, the loving reverent glance bent towards hers, as though it saw a Saviour in its mother's eyes.

Blessed little children! What a dreary waste, what a wide and fruitless wilderness would this world be without them! Often the toiling mother wakes almost despairing—there is no food in the house—her ceaseless labour will hardly buy bread.

As she looks upon the red sunrising, with sad forebodings, and knows not how she shall procure a meal for her little ones—sweetly steal upon her senses the murmuring of infant voices. She listens. Her very babes are looking trustingly

towards heaven. They have hushed their sports, and kneeling together by their poor couch they say—

"Give us this day our daily bread."

Her soul grows strong within her; she knows God will never forsake her—and with tears she thanks Him that she ever taught them how to pray.

And are there little children who never say, "Our Father!" Are there mothers so lost to all that is holy and beautiful in heaven and on earth, that they put their babes to sleep without teaching them upon whose arm they rest? When night folds her starry curtain about them, and the moon looks down silvering the meadows, and spangling the trees, do they not tell them who in His goodness made all this beauty? and how with sweet confidence they should trust in him?

We turn shudderingly from the picture of a prayerless mother. God forbid that there be many such. Parents, if your children have never repeated "Our Father," at their nightly orisons, teach them now. When you are lying in your silent graves, the memory of that little sentence, "Lead us not into temptation," may bear them safely through a world of danger.

THE LITTLE SHRIMP BOY.

THE morning was gray, the sky was gray; a leaden hue pervaded all nature. The grassy fields were heavy with dew that did not glitter in the murky atmosphere. The tree-tops laid like huge blurs against the sky. The birds twittered, but did not sing outright; and in the long, low distance, a murky line of black and yellow girdled the horizon with a smoky fog.

Accustomed to morning ramblings, even this undesirable sort of weather had not the effect to deter me, so off and away I went, treading daintily upon the white powder in the road,

and pitying the dusty-looking springs that seemed imploring for water. Half-way from my house to the hill which formed the boundary of my solitary journey, I was somewhat startled while turning a corner, to observe a little nondescript figure crawling from out a hedge. Springing to his feet, and catching up a frail, broken basket, that he had first thrust through, he stood upright, and with one hand shook the dust from his mean clothing.

He was quite small—not more than seven—but his look was like that of an intelligent and bold-spirited boy. A plaid cap of red and blue, old, but not faded, sat tightly, as if too small for comfort, on the back of his head. His light yellow curls, dripping yet with an excessive ablution, were not carefully combed and arranged, but, rolling outward in all directions as they did—large, thick and glossy—gave a much finer effect than scrupulous nicety. His brow was broad and moderately full, and underneath glowed a pair of the most lustrous, deep set, yet soft and pleasant brown eyes that I think I ever saw in my life. His dark cheeks were tinted with the richest red, and his pouting, yet beautifully-shaped lips, in whatever expression they were moulded, fell into the most arch and winning gracefulness of expression.

There was no collar, no ribbon around his little throat; a bit of clean white cotton peeped from under his buckled waist,—for, poor child, the jacket he wore was, as the expression goes, “a world too large,” and without being fastened by any thing but a strap, lapped over and around him far enough. The sleeves were turned up half their length. The seams were white and worn, but there was not a rag to be seen. Patch after patch was carefully laid on here and there, and his shrunken trowsers rejoiced in a promiscuous selection of colours. As he shouldered his basket and his net, and marched on before me, burying his bare feet in the soft dust at every step, his yellow hair dancing about his shoulders, his merry eyes laughing at care, a beam of sunshine shone in upon my heart. If this poor child can be so contented, compelled as he

is to arouse him from his healthful slumbers before day, and tramp away off to some deep stream, perchance without food—for that he must earn—then toil for weary hours, and catch the happy chances but rarely, when he may sell his little treasures, shame on me, who have every blessing of life at command—shame on me if I indulge in the spirit of repining, and cloud my brow with the dark shadows of an ungrateful heart.

SOMETHING THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A MAN.

“THERE goes something that should have been a man!” I turned at the exclamation.

The poor wretch was just leaving a low grog-shop. A tall form, with a massive chest; a noble brow, with a shock of frizzed gray hair,—eyes, deep, dark, and lustrous once—now, still deep, but sepulchral, and burning like smouldering fires upon red altars—these made the sum, bodily, of that something that should have been a man.

But once to trace his career.

A beautiful babe pressed fondly to the breast of a joyous mother. Clinging to her neck, playing with her ringlets—all innocence—filling the house with the music of his laugh.

A lovely boy towards whom all eyes are turned; his face bright with enthusiasm, his brow curved with intellect—wending his way to the little school, and there winning prizes—perhaps silver medals. So in the play ground, the king among his fellows; vivacious, full of fun and repartee, eager at play. Hear the ring of his glad shout!

A youth, already singling his gentle, blue-eyed partner from the band of school girls; such ardent spirits seek for the frail clinging of graceful, pliant vines—strangely enough. A youth sipping, at small parties, the bright-hued wine, and poetizing upon the frothy pearls that fleck its surface.

A young man! how the words leap to paper. How much of strength, what beaming eyes, what high resolves, and proud startings for fame! What yearnings to be rich! what hopes of happiness! what dreamings of the future! what mines of gold, what heights of greatness? what excess of joy, those three little words conjure before the mind!

"A young man!" do they mean, to be drunken? to be poor? to be dishonoured? to have the nearest and dearest loathe your presence? to have children laugh and point the finger at you? to strike down helpless woman? to deform innocent children? to turn home into worse than a howling desert?

O! assuredly not.

Nor does he think so, while he leans back in the gorgeous saloon, and amid flashing lights, and the bewilderment of beauty, aided by every artifice, takes to his heart, to his soul—hugging it as a miser hugs his treasure—the fiend that desolates.

Well! time has passed swiftly; the brand is burnt out; it is charred and blackened; the star has fallen from the heaven of home.

He bickers, he quarrels; he laughs with silly leering, and kicks at the harmless chairs and tables. He roars, that you may roar him back; and thinks it wit. If his wife smiles he curses her; if she gets him a supper out of her poor earnings, he curses her; and if she cannot get him a supper, or a fire, still he curses her. It is cursing, cursing, and going to grog shops, and coming home to curse again, from morning till night.

Alas! poor drunkard. Wherever you behold him, you will see "*something that should have been a man.*"

CARRY ANDERSON.

"AND so you won't have me?"

"No, that I won't," retorted the little beauty tossing her head. "I'm to marry a rich man, if I live, not a beggar, papa says; and I'm sure you ain't likely ever to be worth anything. You're only good to milk cows, and go errands for your mother."

This speech stung the heart of little Jansen. He loved his school-girl companion with a boyish enthusiasm, that under other circumstances might have ripened into an idolatrous affection. They had been laughingly, innocently telling who they liked best, as they came by the fresh, bright meadows, on their way from school; and Jansen with a blush on his fair cheek, had said, how one of these days, he meant to marry "little Queen Mab," for that was what they called the belle of the school-room.

Now, however, he left her side, his bosom swelling high, and his great blue eyes, although he was a manly boy, filled with shining tears.

Presently he felt something touch his hand, and looking down saw another hand small and white. And by his side there crept a delicate little figure, and a passing sweet face looked up into his own.

"Don't cry, dear Jansen, don't feel sorry any more; I'll be your wife."

Instinctively he put his arm around the little creature—for she was lame, and leaned for support, like a loving tendril upon everything she neared. And every time her gentle dark eyes looked into his own, he was comforted; and every pretty word that fell from her rosy lips, soothed the anguish that to a child, is keener than the sorrow of age.

"I'm going to seek my fortune, Uncle John," said Jansen,

now grown tall and robust; "I thought I must come and say good-bye."

"Humph!" said the old man, looking up with a scowl, "rolling stones gather no moss; better stay at home and peg shoes. You'll be a disgrace to your mother, I say; to your family, to the village. What on airth you'll come to, Providence only knows; but if I had ye, precious little time ye'd git to go strolling round like a vagabone. Want a pair of shoes I s'pose, but I shan't give 'em to you."

"Good-bye, Uncle John," said Jansen, again pressing his hat on hard, and biting his lip to keep his anger in.

"Good-bye, you little fool," growled the old man, never taking his eyes from his work.

"Not so foolish as you think, uncle," exclaimed Jansen, stoutly; "and maybe," he added almost fiercely, "you'll live to see the day when you'll be proud to say, you ever spoke to me."

The old man looked up and rolled his little eyes, but Jansen had gone; so he only muttered a "pshaw!" and went restlessly to work again.

Away rattled the coach, and the little yelping cur that turned a somerset every time the whip cracked, followed on till it gained the highway, and then came trudging back to the white cottage where his master lived, and sat himself doggedly at the gate.

In that pretty white cottage, in its best chamber, lame Carry stood at the window, weeping, yet smiling in the midst of her tears. She had peeped through the half-closed blinds to watch the stage as it passed, and after it had gone, she had turned once again to the little note, folded in her hand, and opening it, read over and over:

"*Dear Carry*:—If I should be gone for long years, forget not that sweet promise that you gave me when we were children. I shall never forget the words—'don't cry, dear Jansen, don't feel sorry any more; I'll be your wife.' Ah!

you never can know what consolation they were to the heart of the poor boy."

Happy, happy Carry. Repaid in the love of one pure heart, for long years of sorrow at last. Many a time had she looked in her mirror, and murmured—"I know my face is fair, but who will love me; for—I am lame." Now she felt in her inmost soul, that her image was treasured by the very being, who of all others, she loved and respected most; and she felt that she could even bear the sneers and smiles of Queen Mab—the brilliant beauty, and heartless coquette. No matter if she did call her "that poor thing," now.

"A leetle the handsomest pair of horses I ever did see;" said old John Grafton, as he hastened to his work with a new pegged boot in his hand.

"Yes, and it's a grand gentleman what's got out and gone into your shop," said the little fellow who stood patiently holding the reins; "and he says if I'll go down to widow Anderson's cottage, there, for him, he'll give me a dollar."

Old John fumbled among his gray locks for a moment, and gave a general shrug to see if he was all right to meet "quality," before he hurried into his shop. A tall personage, with a cloak of rich broadcloth falling from his shoulders, stood near the little window. He turned; smiles gathered round a finely-formed mouth; light sparkled in a pair of proud deep eyes. He held forth his hand at John Grafton's humble obeisance, exclaiming, "Good-morning, Uncle John, I'll take that pair of shoes now."

Words cannot paint the consternation, surprise and pleasure of the old man; he stammered and stuttered, and kept saying, "Well, raly, raly;" and when his visiter left him, after giving him a world of news, all he could do was to pick up his boot and put it down again repeatedly, mumbling, "well, raly, raly, raly!"

And "raly!" wasn't the whole town in an uproar to find in the noble stranger, their poor, despised little Jansen come

back a man? Everybody said to everybody, with sagacious nods and winks, "just as I thought!" Indeed, though consternation was the ruling emotion, nobody was in the least surprised, save Carry.

She knew he had returned—rich, handsome; but ah! he must have forgotten her. She felt as if she would have given the world to see him, yet shrank from the thought of what she had said so many years ago.

A great party at Queen Mab's, and Carry invited! What new freak now? Strange to say, she felt impelled to go, and her trembling fingers eagerly fastened in her pale, soft tresses, the humble white buds broken from her cherished rose bush.

"You look beautiful, love," said the fond mother, smoothing down the snowy dress, and arranging the pretty curls that clung to the blushes on her cheek, "you *do* look beautiful to-night."

"Ah!" sighed Carry, but she sighed it to herself, "but I am lame; and if he should see me there——"

It was late when Jansen arrived. Wherever he moved he met smiles and sparkling eyes; the beautiful "Queen Mab," she who had slighted his youthful love, and repaid it with insult, was ready to bow before him now. Her cheek kindled at his approach, but he turned away, coldly bowing; and in another moment, with a start of pleasure, he was by the side of Carry Anderson, speaking to her in low, rich tones.

Nobody heard them but she, and how they made her heart leap.

"Carry, have you forgotten the promise? I have come to claim you."

And thus childish sympathy was repaid. Carry, the wife of the wealthy merchant, happy in his love and that of her childrer, never now regrets that she is lame.

THE OLD PETITION.

"He now prayed in his usual voice, strong, full, and clear, ending with '*Heavenly Father forgive my sins, and receive me to Thyself for Jesus' sake.*'"*

THAT old petition! how often it has trembled upon dying lips! How fade the triumphs of life before the stern reaper! How pale the banners of earth's glory, when the shroud lies folded by their side!

From attics where decay rots all over the foul boards, and the sunlight seems a mockery to the crime-stained wretch, writhing in the death agony, goes up that piercing cry, "for Jesus' sake."

In mouldy cellars and damp prison cells—in the wards of the alms-house and hospital—upon the wave when the storm blackens it—in dark places where the dripping hand of murder strikes—in the homes of luxury—the palaces of kings, prostrate and helpless, the dying have for ages cried that old cry—for Jesus' sake.

Is it not an impressive sight to behold the man to whom the greatest of earthly honours have been lavishly awarded, leaning at last for his all of hope and mercy upon the name of the humble Nazarene? How truly it shows that true religion far outweighs all the empty honours of the most glorious earthly destiny.

"For Jesus' sake," whispers the sweet young Christian, folding her white hands calmly.

DEATH parts her soft tresses—his fingers are clammy upon her brow—but she fears not, for she feels underneath her head—an everlasting arm.

Not with her blue eyes dimly, but the eyes of her spirit, sees she the golden gates of the New Jerusalem, and celestial harpers harping that old, sweet strain.

* Daniel Webster's dying prayer.

"For Jesus' sake," murmurs the dying child. And he smiles as he whispers, "Papa, a strong man will carry me over the mountains"—"Mother, I see a great shining place—is it heaven?" "Oh! what pretty music"—and the wan, pale hands spring together with pleasure.

Who cannot remember similar triumph strains, when their own little lambs have been gathered to the fold of the Great Shepherd; or when the wisest, the best, the oldest, the most cherished of all their household-loves, have departed hence for heaven?

Readers, young and old, with Daniel Webster let us all pray daily—"forgive my sins through Christ Jesus," that when we come to sleep the last sleep, that dear Saviour will

"Make our dying beds
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

SPRING.

SPRING is coming, flinging first a sunbeam and then a snow-wreath. Season of newness, vigour and hope! how many thousands have sung of thee. And the theme is not worn, nor will be while the human heart loves beauty. The olden story of spring will never grow tame, so long as between the death of the flowers and their resurrection, meek-eyed babes are laid to sleep in snow-covered graveyards. So long as the bride, the wife, the mother, the silvery-haired old man, are laid upon a couch on which Spring will weave many a wild-wood garland.

Spring has come. The river, with its mossy fringe, wears the blue livery of the season. The larch is just budding; large, moist, and waxen, the pink clusters exude a pleasant gum. The path from the door shows its pebbly face, and, in

sheltered nooks, where solitude has nursed them, hide little tufts of soft, green grass. The water trickles pleasantly from the smoking roofs, and glad voices are heard, and warm sun-gushes enter through open doors and windows. How deliciously mellow the azure of the sky! how clear and white the tiny clouds that float by like bubbles, their edges goldened by the sun.

Spring has come to gladden the hearts of the lowly. Sitting by the poor-house corner, yon old man can enjoy the scents of field and meadow, can watch the kine with their brown noses trailing the ground, and see the thin vapours curl up from the dew-distilling hills, with as happy a heart as the poet who sings "they all belong to me."

Every day the sky will gather blueness, and the fields a brighter emerald. From little crevices, invisible to-day, blooms, laden with the breath of May, will spring, and shoot into stems, leaves, and flowers. Thicker and brighter the fairy robes of summer-land will flake the limbs of the pear, peach, and apple tree, all jewelled with blossoms. June will hang tassels on the larch, and embroider the willow till it droops from very weight of beauty, and weeps that it cannot woo the sky.

Spring is here. Come, weary student; come, maiden, pale with heart-sorrow, Spring will breathe the breath of life upon your languid frames, and, with her magical dyes, paint your cheek with health. Come, happy child, seek flowers bright as your youth; come, matron, wearied with winter cares, come out in the broad sun-light, and repent that you have thought life all shadow, because its pulse beat under the frost.

Glorious Spring! exhaustless pleasures wait upon thy presence. Welcome! thrice welcome.

THE THREE ACTS,

OR, BE CONTENT WITH SUCH THINGS AS YE HAVE.

"Is it not strange?" said old Elsie Allison to her husband, "that you, possessing a heart so full of generous impulses, leading so virtuous a life; you who, I am sure, would almost give that life to benefit a brother, should be so constantly defeated in your efforts to get rich?"

"Ah! yes," replied the gray-headed Allison, "I have wished for riches, only that I might, through their means, bestow great blessings on my fellows. Sometimes I feel tempted to repine; but look at our neat cottage, our field, which yields all we require; then, remember, we have a son abroad—and oh! heaven be praised, such a son!"

"Such a dear child," echoed the good dame, while the bright smile of gratitude broke over her fine features, polishing her matronly brow, and resting in the deep of her calm eyes, even after the lips had settled to repose.

"Elsie," exclaimed Bertol Allison, after a momentary pause, "go now, my dame, make a cup of strong tea. I feel dull, and, this evening, as our new neighbour opposite is to call upon us, I would like to keep my eyes open."

The tidy dame arose with alacrity, and went into the kitchen, while Allison still sat, gazing dreamily into the bright coal fire. The remarks of his wife had called up a train of thought that had not of late troubled the calm of his life. He remembered how many well-laid schemes had been frustrated, how many hopes dashed from his fond grasp; how he had toiled and delved for money, *money*, always with purposes of good. In a spirit of distrust, he murmured at Providence, who had made his lot unequal, while those who lived in extravagance, giving nought to the poor, thrived like the bay tree. Suddenly, in the midst of his complaining thoughts, his attention was arrested by a small but singularly luminous

spot in the centre of the room. He started to his feet; his gaze riveted upon the strange object. It shone like the sun; it increased in size; it floated upwards, gradually and beautifully expanding, and, by degrees, assumed the likeness of a glorious form, with its star-like eyes, reading the soul of the old man who stood before him.

"Angel, or fiend?" thought the old man, clearing his vision, to be certain he was not dreaming.

"Angel," breathed a soft melodious voice, and the heavenly face, transparent and lucid as ether, yet tangible, shone and blazed with a wondrous immortal beauty.

"How! couldst thou divine even my thought?" asked the aged man, as a strange thrill, though not of terror, ran through every vein.

"You do not know me," said the lovely being; and the rich lute-tones of her voice sent the blood leaping to the citadel of his heart, as warmly as when vigorous youth guided its buoyant life-boat adown its swift tide.

"Your greatest desire has been—" she continued, bending her queenly form till the old man felt the mysterious searching of those eyes in the inner temple of his soul.

"To be rich," he murmured unconsciously.

"And if you had been rich?"

"I would have founded a city wherein there should be perfect equality; and where right, not might, should be the arbiter of every man's destinies."

"That is noble; and then—"

"I would have founded an asylum for criminals, and spent my life in reforming them; and I would have built a school, where the poor could be educated, without money and without price."

"That is well; but look, old man, and you shall see the three great things you would have done, had Providence allowed you the possession of riches." A pale blue silk curtain, spangled with stars, and diversified with stripes of a silver light, now seemed stretched across the apartment

Slowly, and almost imperceptibly, it glided, on its golden rings, to either white wall of the cottage, while, beyond, was a space seemingly extending much beyond the narrow limits of his house. In the foreground a richly furnished apartment, in which, upon a gilded divan, sat an elegantly attired female. In the background, a lowly cottage chamber, with heavy, whitewashed rafters overhead; on an humble bed in this latter room lay a beautiful, fragile girl, dying. As he gazed, with suspended breath, another figure seemed to glide into life, and, nearing the divan, seated itself beside the lady there, and folded her in its embrace.

"Myself," he gasped, gazing horror-stricken at the new comer.

"And she?" said the angel, pointing to the dying girl.

"My Elsie, the fair girl I wedded."

"Now let me explain this picture. You once expected a large legacy; in a passionate moment the will, bequeathing you a fortune, was destroyed; and soon after the testator died."

"True; it was my first terrible disappointment; it was, and ever has been, a heavy sorrow."

"Not so; you see before you what would have resulted from the possession of that legacy."

"No, no—she, my first and only love, I would not have deserted her."

"You would have neglected, forgotten her; you would have aspired to one more your equal in wealth; Elsie would have slept beneath the sods of the valley," rejoined the angel, sternly.

"And I," groaned the old man, covering his face with his hands, "I should have been a murderer!"

"Ay! *the first time a murderer*; you would have broken a trusting heart; now look at the second great act."

This time he recognized himself, standing face to face with a strange dark-looking man; both held pistols; in another moment, through a cloud of white smoke, he was bending over the bleeding body he had bereft of life.

"*The second time a murderer*," said the angel, solemnly, pointing to the picture. "There you see the man who would have betrayed your honour; with whom your wife would have left your home and babes; and behold! you have increased in riches, but your heart is hardened, for, to the right, you have just turned the widow and orphan penniless from your doors."

The old man groaned.

"Now look on the third great act."

This time, he sat in a massive crimson velvet chair; the room excelled either of the others in gorgeousness, literally blazing with splendour, from the reflection of a massive chandelier that threw brilliancy over every object. Low at his feet knelt a fair, gentle girl, with tightly-clasped hands, and despair stamped on her beautiful young brow. Another moment, and he was sending her from his heart and home, into the cold, dark night-storm, with a curse painted upon his passionate face. Once more the scene shifted, and in a chamber of infamy, the once sweet girl laid, a corpse. Her distorted features bore the impress of want, frequent and burning tears had worn channels in her livid cheeks, her bed was a mass of filthy rags, her clothes clung in damp disorder to her wasted limbs;—oh! it was a sight to make angels weep.

"*The third time a murderer*, though unrecognisable by law, in every case. That young creature would have been your only daughter. She would have contracted a passion for a penniless lover, and an adventurer—married, and been deserted, because disinherited by you, her hard-hearted parent. See her, kneeling at your feet, pleading that you will save her from destitution and misery; behold her, rejected—miserably dead. Mortal, repine no more. God's ways are not as your ways. Learn to be content with the present, lest, unhappily, the Almighty give you the wish of your heart. Do good while you may, as far as your means will allow. I will assist you, for I am your guardian angel."

"Bertol, Bertol; how soundly the dear man sleeps; come, Bertol Allison, wake up, husband, the table is set for supper;

I have made you some nice cake, and such a cup of tea—come, come,” exclaimed the bustling Elsie, shaking the sleeper.

“Be content—content—with—the present,” murmured her husband, in broken sentences.

“He dreams, and a very good dream it is, too; it’s what I’ve often told him; but, Bertol, come dear, I have been calling you loudly, tea is ready.”

“What! has she gone?” asked Bertol, vaguely, opening his eyes; “where is my guardian angel?”

“Why, right by your side—if you please to give me that title; but perhaps I don’t deserve it.”

“Ah; but indeed you do, my Elsie. How many hours have I been dreaming.”

“Hours! why, only little over ten minutes, my love, I can assure you; for see how warm I am, hurrying for you.”

Then Bertol, clasping his wife’s hands, told her his dream; and they both wept.

“Indeed, I think it must have been a vision,” she said, smiling through her tears.

“A blessed vision, then, for it has taught me my error, in not trusting to God for all—in constantly aspiring to that which he wisely withholds from me. Oh! why are mortals so heedless of that most solemn injunction, ‘Be content with such things as ye have!’”

WHOSE OLD HAT?

It hangs, forlorn, rusty, and rumpled, and there it has hung, weeks and months. In the thick dust, which has painted it a dainty gray, might be written, “when this old hat was new.” With equal propriety might the owner, if he were here, say “all around my hat,” for it is covered with a mourning crape of mould. Where is the brain that was under

it? In the wilds of California, mining for the yellow dust, or turning to dust in the great mine of the grave? Thinking, toiling, throbbing with pain and anxiety, or pulseless, formless, has it left nothing but the rotting temple, to tell that it was?

Poor old hat! if we could look behind that faded lining and find a memory there, what a treasury of good and bad might be unfolded! Sometimes, perhaps, Despair, with her iron hand, has planted her dagger deep in the writhing heart, and caused the brain to reel, with thoughts of self-destruction. Then, some winning smile, some gentle voice, has poured the sunshine of love upon the rankling wounds, and “he of the hat” has borne bravely against the rankling sorrow, fighting it down, and keeping it under his feet. Perhaps, at times, passion has mastered that brain, and a dim shadow of murder, with reeking hand outstretched, stood upon the threshold, ready to fashion her work when the tempter should be triumphant. Old hat, I’ll let you hang there still, not as a culprit, condemned, but as a silent monitor of human frailty. Although thy owner has forsaken thee, as though thou wast not worth a farthing, I will not hear thee abused, nor suffer a pitiless hand to wash the dust from thy honest black face.

GONE ASTRAY.

COLD words to fall on a loving heart—he has gone astray. And is this the time to desert him? This the time to taunt him with words that roll like lava from your passion, and only sere his soul? No! he passes under clouds; be his light now—perhaps he has no other.

Many a true heart that would have come back like the dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been banished beyond recall by the angry look and menace—the taunt, the

savage charity of an unforgiving soul. Be careful how you freeze the first warm emotions of repentance. Beware, lest those pleading words, unheeded now, sting you in some shadowy valley of your future sorrow. Repentance changed by neglect or unkindness, becomes like melted iron hardened in the mould. Trifle with it never. Be the first to meet the erring with outstretched arms. Wipe the tear from his eye—pour the balm of consolation on the wounds that guilt has made. Let your heart be the grave for his transgressions, your pity find vent in bearing his burden, not in useless words. O! forgive the erring. Did not He who died on Calvary? Shield him from the contempt of grosser minds—make blueness and brightness and beauty, where all was cloud and storm before in his sad life.

JONATHAN AND JOHNNY BULL.

THE English mind has been developing for centuries; English ruins are covered with the moss and ivy of hundreds of years, and therefore antiquity is the Englishman's hobby. Almost anything, if it is old, is good with him. Give him an old family tree, and the honour of being descended from a lord, and he will be rich with one meal a day. We of America cannot, of course, claim consanguinity with our father country in that respect. We have no ancient poets; and if the earth should turn up some relic of barbaric literature, still it wouldn't be ours. We are a new people; emphatically a *bran new* people, and we have no proof to the contrary that this place wasn't made for us just before we came; for, *à la Dickens*—the stamp of infancy is upon our mountains.

To be sure Jonathan is an urchin, and timid at that; but he is far from being green. Brim full of ambition, he yet shrinks from shoeing his Pegasus, for fear it will kick him.

And he has so often heard of that antique old father of Uncle S. over the water, that he is rather fearful of even his good graces.

England, on the contrary, is a set, determined pedagogue of the old sort; don't believe anybody ever did or ever can do as well as the children he sends out from *his* school. Consequently, when bashful young Jonathan performs some great literary feat, the old gentleman is very particular not to copy Dominic Sampson, and cry out p-r-o-d-i-g-i-o-u-s. He betrays no astonishment; his face is like leather; his muscles are worn into the flesh; he never shows what he feels, and makes his boast of it. So he handles the composition very gingerly; its value grows upon him, and he casts sly glances towards the blushing urchin, who stands trying to bite his lips, but can't because of a finger in one corner, and a cigar in the other. Old Johnny sees that the youngster don't know his own consequence; hasn't got much pride to be taken down, anyway; still as he reads on,

"His wonder grows

That one small head can carry all he knows."

But it won't do to compromise his own mouldy dignity by allowing that he has done *uncommonly* well; it would be bad policy to puff the child up with pride; he don't dare to ask a question for fear his peculiar originality will prompt some answer like the little boy's, who, to the question, "What's the feminine of heroes?" replied, "sheroes, sir." So he puckers up his lips with an incipient whistle, shuts his eyes hard, pushes his spectacles up to his crown, straightens his dumpy shoulders, jerks back his head, taps his foot—oh! he is so unconcerned.

"Umph! well—yes; rather fair, r-a-t-h-e-r fair, on the whole; promising, promising—somewhat A-m-e-r-i-c-a-n, though; partakes of Columbia's wildness, its inexperience—wants pruning, training, culture, some fine thoughts, a few old beauties—taken pretty good advantage of the classics.

Humph! well—yes, fair, fair, lacks the strength of Shakespeare, the sunshine of Spenser, the majesty of Milton, the versatility of Byron, the plaintiveness of Cowper, the *abandon* of Moore, the fire of Dryden, the satire of Pope, the depth of Wordsworth, the ease of Campbell, the delicacy of Hemans, the sarcasm of Swift, the humour and fertility of Goldsmith, the solemnity of Young, the inimitable word-painting of Tennyson. But for all that there is a certain kind of merit, a *certain* kind of merit in them, young man, you're bound to go—if you don't stop—a kind of Backwoods merit here—some original but r-a-t-h-e-r crude ideas."

And the way young America takes this criticism is peculiar. He "guesses" it is "some," himself; whistles Yankee Doodle, dances a hornpipe on one foot, and vanishes singing Hail Columbia, while the venerable John stands solemnly in the distance, wondering if this is a sample of American dignity, but rather excusing him on the whole, because *he hasn't got any ancestors*.

THE ONE LITTLE FAVOUR.

LITTLE Pierre sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes, for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own—one he composed with air and words; for the child was a genius, and a fervent worshipper at the shrine of music.

As the tears would roll down his cheeks, and his voice

would falter at his sad, sad thoughts, he did not dare to let his mother see; but hastily rising, hurried to the window, and there watched a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame M——, then a favourite cantatrice, would sing that night at the temple.

"Oh, if I could *only* go," thought little Pierre—and then pausing a moment, he clasped his hands; his eyes lighted with unwonted fire—and running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"Who did you say is waiting for me?" said Madame M——, to her servant. "I am already nearly worn out with company."

"It is only a very pretty little boy with yellow curls, who says if he can *only* see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he won't keep you a moment."

"Oh! well, let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile; "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With a manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight up to Madame M——, and bowing, said—"I came to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that perhaps if *you* would sing only my little song at some of your grand concerts, maybe some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat; very tall and stately she was; she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did *you* compose it?" she asked; "you, a child? And the words? wonderful little genius! Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought

"Oh! yes;" and the boy's blue eyes grew liquid with happiness—"but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening, and here is a crown with which do you go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets—come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me; my good little fellow, your mother has a treasure in you."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury beside, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her not without tears, of his great good fortune.

Never in his life had Pierre been in such a grand place. The music, clashing and rolling, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks, bewildered eyes and brain. At last *she* came—and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song? Breathless he waited—the band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And oh! how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing—many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and nought could be heard but the touching words of that little song—oh! so touching!

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on air. What cared he for money, now? The greatest prima donna in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madame M——. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman, said, "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount for the sale, little

Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside and uttered a simple, but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

And the memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility, like the world's Great Master, went about doing good. And in her early happy death, when the grave damps gathered over her brow, and her eyes grew dim, he who stood by her bed, his bright face clothed in the mourning of sighs and tears, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.

All honour to those great hearts who from their high stations send down bounty to the widow, and the fatherless child.

THE HALF HOUSEKEEPER.

SHE was only a half housekeeper. Go where you would about her home, there was neither taste nor neatness. She would begin things with great avidity, but lose all her zeal before she got through. Of her husband's new half-dozen shirts—all were partially finished. One wanted sleeves, another collar and wristbands, another bosom and gussets—and so on through the list. Several skeletons of quilts lay unfolded in her drawers, and her tables and trunks were loaded with magnificent promises.

Her bread was always unpalatable, because she forgot this or that—and though she had been married ten years, in all

that time the table was never rightly laid for a meal. Either the salt was wanting, a knife or spoon, or some important ingredient. This afforded good exercise for the family, and there was at all times a continued running to and fro.

She was a half housekeeper. Her meats were never properly cared for after dinner—and then it was “La! throw it away, it ain’t much.” Much or little, it made the butcher’s bill enormous, and her husband half distracted. There always stood in her musty smelling pantry, mouldy milk, mouldy bread, mouldy meat, and mouldy cheese. There always lay about her room a dozen garments, worn out by trampling rather than use. She was for ever tripping over brooms—for ever wondering why on earth work came so hard to her—for ever running up stairs for something she had left down cellar, or flying down cellar for what she had thrown in the garret.

Her children’s clothes came to pieces the second day, because they were only half made; her preserves soured the second month, because they were only half done; and her temper soured quicker than anything else. She was continually lamenting that she ever married, and wondering where some folks got their knack of housework. She loved to clear a corner for herself and sit with her arms folded. She loved to gossip—loved to have some new scheme on hand, for then she was furious till it was begun, always losing her enthusiasm at the first stitch. “O! dear me!” seemed some days the whole extent of her vocabulary, and it would make one sad to watch her listless movements and hear her declare that no woman worked so hard as she, which was partly true, for she had no method.

She never received company without an apology on her tongue, and never sat them down to a decent table. She dragged through life, and worried through death, for which, I fear, like everything else, she was only half prepared, and left six daughters to follow her example, and curse the world with six more miserable half housekeepers.

ROSY CHEEKS.

How inviting the theme! How suggestive of beautiful maidens—the loves of shepherds, with their blue eyes and wavy curls of gold, and their cheeks more red than “any rose.”

They say that American ladies have little colour. If “they say” is an aged gentleman and a traveller, and an Englishman into the bargain, I beg leave to inform him that he is mistaken. I should like to see some of these proverbially pale faces. In what region grow the white-cheeked babies? Not among our granite hills, surely; not in our rural villages; not in our busy towns or bustling cities.

Sometimes I meet with a pale, pinched damsel, with her little bundle of slop work in one hand, and the scant edges of her faded shawl in the other; but by far the greater proportion even of our seamstresses are apt to enjoy rosy cheeks. Is it so in “they say” dominions?

And surely if one walks Broadway in magnificent Gotham, or Washington street in classic Athens, what does he meet but the celestial red on fair and charming faces?

“Oh! they paint!” is the cry.

Not so sure of that. Believe me, it is a very ungenerous thing to accuse every lady of deception, who happens to be a shade or two deeper in colour on the cheeks. People have become so persuaded that American ladies have no bloom naturally, that no one escapes the imputation who can raise a tolerable blush.

That some do use artificial aid, there can be no denial—for the constant and unvarying dye—never relieved, never bordered by pallor, red, still red, sick or well—might seem to prove that such roses are against nature. Besides, they do not look as becoming as the natural complexion, even where disease has laid his sere finger upon the human face divine.

There is but one rose on the hollow cheek, under the lus

trous eye, that no one would dare to point at with the finger of mockery—the hectic bloom of the perishing lily—the rose of the consumptive.

It is curious, but I have never yet seen a person with habitually rosy cheeks, who was not dissatisfied and longed to be pale; and pale cheeks I have as often noticed, wondered why they could not be crimson.

In my humble estimation, bright rosy cheeks are seldom beautiful, except in the flush of excitement. Crimson, blending with the snow of a delicate skin, fading away, or softly deepening, growing lustrous like a shining peach, and again creeping back through its thousand little channels, leaving an “innocent whiteness” there, is much more admirable; and there are some pale cheeks more beautiful than all.

Rosy cheeks are associated with bouncing health—yet I never recollect forming my estimate upon them, but I was sure to be disappointed. Indeed, I have found as a general thing, those who have least of the deceptive colour, enjoy more uniform good health. How this can be accounted for I know not; but certain it is that the brightest flowers grow on the edge of the tomb, and none so bright as that flashing over the cheek of the doomed invalid.

Why ladies should paint, is a very natural question—and very easily answered. They think their beauty enhanced. But somehow, there is a degradation attached to it; for no woman likes to acknowledge that she is indebted to any other than nature’s means. It is not blameable to take all honourable pains to look as well as one possibly can; indeed, it is a duty—and I pity the wife or mother who neglects her personal appearance. But to paint, is it not to deceive? True, in a hundred things, then, we may be said to deceive, but in none so palpably, in none where we are so unwilling to confess, so tempted to deny. “Is it not better,” says one, “to paint than to slander our neighbour?” Yes, but again, is it not better to do neither? Does paint preclude all slander—and do slander and colourless cheeks go together?

It would be well to think of this, and put it to a test of conscience; and it would be equally well for us to suspend judgment upon a sister, unless we are sure that what we say is true, and charity suggests—even then.

FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES.

“MAY I ask a shelter for the night?” said a gray-headed man, pausing at the gateway of a beautiful cottage.

“Yes, sir; I think father will be willing, I’ll call him out;” and the fine little fellow bounded towards the house, soon returning with an elderly man, who said:—

“Sir, you are heartily welcome—I see a storm is gathering: walk in and consider yourself a guest for the night.”

With slow and faltering steps—very slow and faltering—the man with silvered locks, moved along towards the house. They led him into a beautiful parlour, where pretty children with laughing eyes and winning love ways gathered about his chair; and what with smoothing the sunny locks of one, and answering the eager questions of another, he felt himself indeed a guest—and no stranger.

He looked poor, travel-stained, and time-worn; one would judge by his garments that he had known bitter want; but the mother and father and all the pretty children, thought none the less of him for that. They spoke even with kindlier words, as if they could make of them a balm for his poverty. And they gave him an honourable seat at the table, saying silently to themselves these touching words—

“Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days have dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.”

After a supper that seemed to refresh him, as dates found in a desert, they led him round the house that he might enjoy from various points, the gorgeous scenery of autumn; for the threatening clouds had rolled away, and left only the crimson glory of a full-orbed sunset.

It was the hour of family worship. Little faces grew subdued, and only less merry. The piano was opened, and the fairy fingers of the eldest daughter played some sweet home melodies, every infant voice joining in with beautiful pathos. And the prayer was very touching—and the words most fervent—exceedingly so, where he said, "Forgive us, oh! our Father, as we have forgiven those who have wronged us."

After the prayers were ended, the stranger sat for a long time in silence; perhaps he was drinking the silent beauty of nature, for the moon lay broadly over a thousand fields, it seemed, and crowned the mountains with glittering silver.

At last he said, turning abruptly, "Do you hope to be forgiven as you have forgiven?"

"Most certainly I do," replied the host, smilingly; "why do you ask?"

"Ay! but have you ever made trial of your heart? Were you ever deeply, cruelly, bitterly wronged?"

A sudden shadow passed over the calm face, and it was some moments before the reply came.

"Yes, deeply, cruelly, bitterly wronged—so that for a time I gave up all hope in man—I fear in God. But a divine power has taught me to forgive; and I know from my very soul I could embrace my enemy now—were he but living."

"And I," said the old man, "once ruined the hopes of a whole, a happy family—and inflicted a blow upon a loving head for which I have never forgiven myself. For," and he laid his shaking hand upon the hand of the other, and peered closely in his face; "it was the heart of a mother I broke, and the spirit of a brother I made desolate."

His host shrank from his wild look, withdrew his hand

from under that shaking clasp, and gazed at him in wild astonishment.

The old man sorrowfully shook his head; "So all abhor me," he said, pitifully, "for I tell my story wherever I go, and men love me no longer."

"Nay, I hate you not," said the other hurriedly; "but, for the love of Heaven, your name?"

"It is the same as yours," said the old man, his lip quivering.

"And blessed be God, you are my brother!"

"Your brother!" he exclaimed simultaneously, and they fell weeping like infants into each other's arms.

"My poor brother!" murmured the youngest, gazing from head to foot at his shabby habiliments; "thank God you have found a home—live with us always. Wife, take him by the hand; it is my brother, my only brother, come to us needy, that we may give him of our bounty with new delight. A happy man am I this night! Oh! brother, never, *never* doubt but you have been long forgiven; this shall testify," and folding his arms about the aged form, he kissed him fervently on his cheek, adding, "now as when we were infants, let us love one another."

The poor old man sobbed with joy. As soon as he could find voice, he said:

"Bless thee, my brother! I am indeed poor in gratitude—but you mistake—I have a fortune so large, that it burdens me. Take it, it is yours and your children's. For this I sought you, but trembling, lest I should hear the words of hate. Be rich, brother—all is yours—only let me share a corner of your house—let me see the dear faces of your children—I ask no more."

Need I say a happy family gathered round the morning table?

JONATHON IN RUSSIA.

DEAR FARETHER :

When I sot aabout for Eurup I didn't kal'late tu write onet, for in aour papers at hum I got right sick of furrin corrispondence; but, arrived here, tu this *all fired* cold country, whar it never snows, but comes down ker chunk, and whar a man don't know he's friz till a neighbour tells him on't, I thought may be it wouldn't be aabout of the way to rite you somethin of my experience.

Fust then *and* foremost—I've saw the Rushy Bar; saw him, shuck hands and sounded him; I have. He's a Bar what's some, I kalkilate—a Bar what's some—and a leetle more. The way I walked intu his affecshuns—the old feller says he likes me—was as follers. But fust, jest let me say here that I kensider old Ohio the all firedest best state in the hull Yankee nation; and sense I've come ontu here, I've only altered my opinion this much: it's the crackest state in the hull world—for I can't talk Rushy, nither French, nither the other outlandish gibberish things, and I *ken* talk Buck-eye, for it's a Christian's tongue.

I had some fuss with them are sentenials, and guards, and *John Darmys*, as the French calls 'em, but, finully I got my passports fixed beaout so, and entered the Rushy capitol with a rush. I was goin' up one of them long streets with my portmanty on my shoulder,—I'm as independent as the Bar himself—and felt quite crank in my dog-skin suit, when I overheard two fellers, whose faces, as a poick might say, loomed up dim through the har, or mustick, or baird—it's all the same to me—I say, I heered them Rushyons a mumblin' together, and oncet in a while they would say "Kosshute."

Well, neaow, I've kept the duins and sayins of that venerable herow in sight ever sense I left hum; and tu *my* mind, he'll be considerable of a man ef he holds out, and its my pri-

vake opinion that he'll du somethin'. This, of course, as I'm in Rushy, I wouldn't like to hev circulated; but, as I was sayink, when I heard that majick name, I couldn't keep deown my patryotick impulses, so, as I felt quite tu hum, and considered every individwal loved liberty and liberty-makers, I jest patted one on 'em on the shoulder and said, sez I, "That Kosshute is a great trump, yeou."

The feller stared at me, he did; his eyes grew tu look like two full moons.

"Yes; he *ken* cut a figger," sed I, a little kinder sobered by his queer looks; "he's a goin' uv it strong in Ameriky, ef not stronger;" and I giv a knowing shake of the head, and perticeler sign, but I kalkilate them men wasn't odd fellers, for the fust thing I knowed, one of 'em puts his hand on his gun, and says—

"Kodgklamp slonglodgky blandsky mudstler ska," and tother one, he says—

"Clonk, cringlst dladster koppleton ludstadt erdk them."

"I don't understand yeou, gentlemen," sez I, with as per-lite a buck-eye bow as the rustercracks ever made tu hum; but before I could locomote a single sentence more, my arms was clapped daeown tu my sides, my portmanty changed owners, and I was, as Buoneparte would say, *on row* tu prison. Stars and snakes! didn't I give 'em some of my tung? I didn't stop oncet till I got sot rite daown in the middle of that dirty dungin.

"You infunnel critters," sez I, "tu imprison an American soverin; don't yer know I'm a king, you fellers you, with them fox tails curling intu your maouths? I'd lynch ye ef I only had ye, har and hide, daown amung aour buck-eye boys, ye tyraniele Rushianers. Jest yeou go and tell your Empe-rior that you've put a king into prison—d'ye hear? Its agin all furrin curtesy and the dyplomaey of nations to throw a raining monark intu yer old cages at this time o' day," sez I—and they left me splutterin.

Well, bym bye, in comes another fureycious-looking officer,

and brings a leetle pale maniken, who speaks to me in good Yankee style. *Ef* I didn't jump, then I kalkilate—I didn't. And what du yeou think? why! the "Rushy Bar" had sent for me; yes, the Rushy Bar had *sent for me*; much as tu say, "I'm yer humble servant."

Whew! didn't I feel what it was tu be an American suverin? I kalkilate I did. The other prisoners they kinder stared (for I only took it as ef it were due to my karecter and country, and no honour to speak of), when I stood up big as a lord—six feet four inches *and* a half in my buck-skin buits.

As soon as I got to the palace I went through long lines of sogers, who, to du them justice, were mighty civil. Pretty soon I got to his emperial-ship, the "Bar," as some calls him, otherwise a putty goodish lookin' man, for "Bar" is only his nickname, p'raps you know. Sez he tu this little maniken, and this little maniken sez he tu me, "Ar yeou a Yankee?"

"Yes sur to you," sez I, touchin' my har, "part Yankee, part Buck-eye; born in Varmaount, lived every whar, eddicated in old Kaintuck, married and settled in Ohio—and a king into the bargain, as p'rhaps you are awar."

"Most certainly," he answered quite handsomely; "may we ask your name?"

"You may," sez I, with a square-toed bow.

Both he and the maniken smiled; I could see they war pleased with my perliteness; so he asked me my name, and I told him Jonathon Theopholus Slick, fortieth cousin to the renowned Sam—at his emperial service.

Well, we had quite a talk together, and a mighty fine lady came in with black eyes and curls. The Bar he turned to her, and sed,

"Sklonks sklensky, serobbobble selangst selinten skliprip-pen vontch bouch sklensky," which meant, I suppose, "my dear, this is Jonathon Theopholus Slick, a famous Buck-eye, from the United States," for she curtsied with considerable veneration on her caountenance, and then went acout.

Sez I tu the maniken, "What are the condishun of things acout to Hungry?"

To that question the Bar skaowled. Sez he, "We never speak acour mind tu acour visiters on that subjee," or some-thin' like it.

Sez I, "I didn't ask yeou tu tell your mind, but merely tu give us sum news."

Sez he, "Hungry's licked."

Sez I, "Du tell?" pertendin' not tu knaow, you knaow.

Sez he, "Hungry's dead as Chelsy and dedder tu; it won't never be recuscitated, never; and that Kosshute may go thunderin' tu them folks in the United States, and he'll on'y git cord enuf to hang himself with. I know their nater."

I didn't say nuthin tu that, in course; but *ef* he could have seen the inside of my thinkin' box, don't I reckon he'd a hung *me*? or ministered the gout, which I've hearn as an orful discipline.

Sez he, "Yeou are welcum tu Rushy—and I'm glad tu see yeou any how; I've heard about the Hoosiers, and ef it should cum tu sich a pitch that yeou United'n States'n *should* go tu war with these dominions, and yeou *should* happen tu be taken prisoner—"

Sez I, interruptin' his emperiorship, "My dear Bar, don't yaou even *suppose* sich a case; the tallest flights of imaginashun would never presume so far in a buckeye's breast; my dear Bar," sez I agin, growing eloquent, "let me tell *yeou* that the buckeyes aint to be tuck; it's a thing as unpossible as liberty and union is great and undiseparable."

The Bar made a very lofty movement, that answered for a baow, and signified that our talk was tu an end; so I made *my* manners, and passed myself acout—found good quarters in a fine hotel, and here I sit writing tu yeou. Ef yeou should see fit tu publish this excommunicashun, I shall in course kentineue to send yeou letters while I remain in Rushy.

With most Perticular respect I remain, Very respectfully and continually yours,

MR. JONATHON THEOPHOLUS SLICK, ESQ.

TO FARETHER.

PEACE.

"GREAT peace have they that love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them."

What! not the shaft of slander, pointed with unerring aim? Not the mockery of the fiend who has turned joy into gall and bitterness? Not that black ingratitude that has changed life's Eden to a howling wilderness? Not the hot breath of hate that has dried up the one only spring of the desert? Not the malice that would strike you through the beloved of your soul?

No, no; not all these—for "Great peace have they that love Thy law, and *nothing* shall offend them."

But is that possible? When the strong arm that was held forth as we fondly hoped to guide our boat into the calm waters, pushes it over the roaring rapids, where singly we must fight with death—shall that not offend? Yon father bowed with grief has but now closed the eyes of his only son. How many fond hopes he lavished on that boy! He has poured out his gold like water, sparing in nothing that he might be made strong for the life-battle. And now death has hushed his eloquent voice, chained the quick pulses of his heart in fetters of ice—frozen the warm smile, struck the harp from the daughters of music, folded the hands for ever, and given unto corruption the keeping of that fair body.

And how does the Christian? Is he offended that the Giver hath taken away the gift? Does he rebel, feeling that after all his toils and struggles, the prize just won is rudely torn from his grasp?

Never! "Great peace have they who love the law of God, and *nothing* shall offend them." Strip them of home and friends—of every pleasure under the sun; cover their reputation with plague spots; set them away in dark corners of the earth; fill their lips with bitterness; heap misfortune upon misfortune—still nothing shall offend them: secure in the be-

lief that they are God's little ones, whose every hair is numbered, every tear remembered, every sigh registered, and that they, like the blood of Abel, will cry unto Him for vengeance.

Who would not love His law if thus it may enable us to smile, while earthly hopes fade and die? Who would not cherish the peace of heaven that never faileth?

NOBODY'S CHILD.

THE daylight plays in the old alley as well as it can for the dust heaps and tall black houses. Here and there through the tan of wind, sun, and layers of dirt, gleams a white spot like the leaf of a lily, telling that beauty is not wholly banished, even from here. A child has fallen over yonder broken door step. It sleeps, but not unwatched, for the homely mother leaves her suds to steal now and then a quiet look, and wish he may sleep till her toil is over. From little tongues the roll of the blasphemers summons kindred spirits, and begrimed imps play toss-penny and root the dirt deeper into their sallow cheeks.

Nought disturbs this old alley save poverty and crime. Intemperance swaggers and drunkenness staggers, throwing its lean hand against the rattling window panes, and crushing in the old hat crowns that line broken apertures.

Here comes a group worth studying. A boy with sunny locks, leading his sister from the parish school. Poverty may be his heir-loom, but virtue locks hands with its meagre mate, and may carry him safely through a perilous life-journey.

"Well, my boy, whose child are you?"

"Please, I'm Peggy's little boy what takes in ironing and washing. I and sister goes to school."

Behind them, with a slower step, an eye like a hawk, his

short, crisp curls clinging close to his brown forehead, comes another little urchin. His eye has brightened—perhaps at the sound of a pleasant voice—and he nervously fingers his old rags.

Who can but give a kindly wish to the neglected one? So we part a smile between them and ask him too—"And you, my little fellow, whose child are you?"

See! his head droops; the bold light fades from his eye; the joyous curve of his lip changes to grief. He half looks up again, and a tear trembles on his dark lashes—

"Please, I ain't nobody's child."

How often that plaintive voice rings on my ear, like the low cry of the turtle dove! Visions of neglected graves it brings, heaped in the poor's corner; of children clinging to the skirts of strange garments, weeping at the harsh voice of forced charity—crouching from the uplifted hand of the cruel task-master.

Nobody's child!

What if his shrinking limbs stiffen with the cold? Who will tear the tattered garments from her own perishing body to gather about her child?

Nobody!

Who, when the sneer and taunt strike colder than death against the grieving heart, pours the soft balm of a divine love on the cruel wound?

Nobody!

Who, when the vile lay unholy hands upon him, and drag him to the dark haunts of sin, will snatch him from ruin at the peril of her own life?

Nobody!

The poor day-worker may hover like an angel about her treasures—even in the midst of misery and pollution—saving them from all; but he who is nobody's child—

Oh, heaven pity and guard him!

THE KITCHEN.

SHUT up the parlour, with its touch-me-not elegance—who cares? Let its covered magnificence riot in darkness, its red velvet lie in shrouds, its picture gaze dimly through thick crape, its splendid piano, stand dumb in its linen cover, its worsted roses and pinks and gilliflowers remain unplucked in dark corners, its carpets bloom unseen. Let the shutters and double curtains exclude every beautiful ray of light; it is welcome to its darkness and its solitude, while we can have the pleasant, airy, yellow-floored, uncarpeted kitchen.

That is the place for real enjoyment—the kitchen, with its bright shelves and clean white tables—white with time. The kitchen, with its comfortable old easy chair, and broad, shining hearth, and cracking, blazing fire.

I mean not the kitchen in the great house, where lazy servants have entire control, and the lady of the mansion never sets her foot within its precincts; but the homely, comfortable kitchen of the well-to-do working man, where the wife and the tea-kettle sing together, and little children prattle round the mother while her own hands set the table for supper.

There may be snow in the gloaming, or sun-arrows lodging in the tops of the trees—there may be city walls about, or blue water and undulating hills. It matters not—in such a place everything smacks of true comfort.

Come, pretty housewife, with your neat gingham gown and linen apron, make the kitchen attractive and pleasant by all means. How absurd to keep one room in constant state, as it were, for the pleasure of a chance caller, or a few party-going friends! I wish no further evidence of a bad housekeeper than to see her parlour in full dress, her kitchen down at the heel, and her chambers in confusion. Make the home-place the most agreeable, or if your many duties allow not time to attend as thoroughly as you would wish to its adornment and

refinement, throw open the doors of your best room, and let your family enjoy it. Pray who should, if not they?

ART OF PLEASING.

CULTIVATE the art of pleasing. It is easily done, for you need not possess beauty, or wealth, or a great degree of learning, or sparkling wit, or a brilliant fancy. But you must have grace of person, ease of carriage, a correct taste; you must adapt yourselves readily to circumstances; your voice must be low and well modulated, your smile genial, your gayety unaffected, your manner refined. But suppose these essentials wanting? begin with the first and cultivate all. I speak particularly to my lady readers; whatever your station in society, there is no excuse for awkwardness. It is as easy to leave a chair without overturning it, as the reverse; a little practice will make you an adept in that particular matter—not so small a matter either. How many lament over their want of ease in the social circle, yet never take one step towards a remedy!

I always admired the resolution of an uncouth servant girl, brought up in no very gentle way, who went to live with a rich and cultivated woman. There was within her a love of the beautiful, a dim perception of the fitness of things, by which she determined to polish herself, and become every whit as graceful as her mistress. Now here was a herculean labour to perform,—a vast undertaking for a poor girl, whose companions for years had been the pigs and geese around her father's miserable shanty, with a mother whose love for inebriation led her to wallow in filth, and neglect her family for the poison of the still—a girl whose skin was begrimed and tanned, whose elf locks had never been trained to subjection,

and who in all probability was doomed to labour among pots and kettles for the residue of her life.

But that was just what she determined she would not do; and accordingly she set herself to work, and her first lessons were those of observation.

She saw much company; unobserved she watched their manners, some of which her native good sense rejected; the more pleasing she "treasured up in her heart."

Lo! the change! The mistress soon sees, bringing on the breakfast dishes, a comely, interesting girl, with a careful, watchful air, her dark locks put tastefully back somewhat *à la mode*, her dress re-arranged, her answers respectful, and, though hesitating, correct. Next she is surprised at a modest request from the untutored servant, that by some means she may learn to read. Pleased with this mark of intelligence, she devotes a little spare time each day to the accomplishment of this object; and her pupil is no dull scholar.

Almost imperceptibly, by dint of care and cleanliness, the brown skin grew fair and ruddy, the thick locks hung in curls, the brow developed broadly, and many little elegancies betrayed themselves in motion and attire.

This young lady, as she assuredly meant to be, craved an hour for herself, if we remember right, after her work was over, which privilege she was always to retain, and in the peculiar occupation of which she was never to be disturbed. It was granted; and her mistress thought no more of it, until, some months after, when passing by her room, she fancied she heard strange voices. Curiosity prompted her to look in by means of a trap-door, and there she beheld her "help," in all the glory of fancied magnificence, seated near a table, holding in her hand a book, and talking quite eloquently with an invisible captain, whom she was honouring with her patronage.

Presently she would get up, managing her movements admirably, bend gracefully, as if inspecting some work of art in said captain's ghostly hand, receive a compliment with all

the careless elegance of a leader of the ton, respond in a delicate dignified manner, arrange her ebon curls with the tip of her fan; glide across the floor with the tread of a princess, fairly bewildering the good lady above, who could not make out what it all meant. Finally she bowed the captain out with the greatest ease imaginable; then returning, took up Shakespeare, and entertained her mistress—unconsciously, of course—with “To be, or not to be,” read in clear musical tones.

But mark the conclusion of these strange proceedings; the lady's son returned from his travels, and the very first day, not knowing who she was, escorted the domestic home in a rain storm, as any gallant gentleman would have done.

In the evening, he asked impatiently why his mother's visitor did not appear.

“We have no visiter, my son,” she replied.

“And pray who was that beautiful creature that I waited upon to this very door? Am I bewitched? Are there fairies yet? I certainly, in all my journeyings, have not met with one so polished and agreeable; and here she disappeared.”

The proud woman, in anguish, explained to him that it was only their servant girl, and besought him to restrain his rhapsodies; but he declared that she was some divinity, and no more adapted to the kitchen than were his mother's porcelain ornaments to a blacksmith's forge. And he persisted in the idea, married her in spite of his mother's remonstrance—even displeasure—and the haughty woman learned to be as fond of her noble daughter as her son was of his gifted wife.

That girl might have been a scullion and an ignoramus to this day, but for intense application and determination to master difficulties. You who are troubled with excessive diffidence and unpleasant awkwardness, go and do likewise. Improve yourself, if it is only in the matter of walking across the floor. Many persons who enter a room where company is assembled, seem to aim for a bee line to the opposite wall; and look as if a push clean through were “a consummation most devoutly to be wished.”

Not one out of twenty understands, properly, the art of introduction; and how few can manage an unpremeditated bow without appearing to run the risk of dislocation!

Study the art of pleasing, young ladies; improve your manners, not for vanity's sake, or to gratify the false pride of coquetry, but that you may exert a happy influence on all by whom you are surrounded; that your sphere of action may be wider; that through pleasing the eye you may be able to instruct the heart; that your own mind may conform to your outward graces; and all this you surely may do, if you will study the art of pleasing with half the zeal you count the stitches of your worsted lap-dog.

THE VALUE OF A CENT.

WHEN trifles light as air make and mar our fortune, are they not important enough to be noticed?

Suppose a child were starving in the streets—what then? Why! a penny would buy him bread enough to recruit his dying energies. Depend upon it, a cent properly disposed, may, at certain times, do more good than a million at others.

A friend of mine was returning once through a busy thoroughfare to her home. Her intention was not to purchase anything, and she happened to have in her purse but one cent. Passing by a little stand, she saw some very large, rich looking oranges, for sale at a penny apiece. She spoke for one, took the cent from her pocket, when suddenly a thought arrested her; she could not help it, but involuntarily stayed her hand; it was this: “I have just left a luxurious table, I have had all I wanted; how foolish in me to spend even this cent, when I may come across some poor beggar child to whom it may be a treasure.” She replaced the cent, and went on her way.

A long distance was before her, but as she came to the head of a narrow alley, she paused for a moment; something seemed to draw her irresistibly towards the place; she knew a poor widow who lived there, a lady-like woman who supported her children by her own industry, and she thought she might just look in upon her for a moment, to ascertain if she was comfortable.

The widow was sitting by a small fire, her five children ranged around the hearth; the former made her welcome, but in subdued tones; and my friend saw she had been weeping. With great delicacy she inquired the cause.

"To tell you the truth, Mrs. M.," said the widow, while her cheek crimsoned, "I have to-day spent my last farthing for bread for these children, and though I have work, yet my money was advanced, and I cannot get more till it is finished to-morrow. My oldest boy came running home a few moments ago from the upper part of the city, saying that a letter was in the penny postman's box, with my name upon it, and the post-mark of my native town. It may be of the greatest importance; but I am a stranger in this neighbourhood, I don't like to expose my poverty by borrowing, and yet I haven't one cent."

"And I am sorry to tell you that one penny is all I have at present," said my friend; "but that will enable you to get what you wish, and I hope you will find good news in it."

The letter was sent for; it was written by her father's sister, a good and pious woman and a dependant. She begged her to come to her early home, from which her father had long ago expelled her, for marrying a poor man; the old gentleman was dangerously ill, might die any moment; he had spoken of her, he seemed to feel kindly towards her, and if she could hasten there his forgiveness might be obtained, and she and her five children made comfortable.

There was no time to be lost; on foot and alone the widow set out travelling, secure in her poverty, six weary miles.

By midnight, her feet, for the first time in twelve years,

pressed upon the threshold of her father's princely mansion; the good aunt met her with tears. Tired and travel-worn as she was, she yearned to behold her old father before he died; she hurried to his chamber, glided to his bedside, and without speaking fell upon her knees, beseeching only his forgiveness, his blessing. How could the demon of vindictiveness longer rule in that dying man's heart? He looked upon the hollow, grief-worn cheek of his surviving child, and forgot the past; he held forth his feeble arms, and she fell upon his bosom.

Death came with the dawn, but not before the old man had affixed a codicil to his will, making his child and her children heirs to most of his large estate; and to-day the poor shirt-sewer who was stitching herself into the grave, lives beloved and respected by rich and poor. Her children, well educated, promise to become blessings and honours to her. Upon her mantel in the best room is a gilded and transparent vase, containing one cent; and she often reminds her friends, that through the instrumentality of so trifling a sum, she became enabled to do all the good for which hundreds of hearts bless her daily.

So you see, reader mine, that a penny is sometimes of great value.

THANKSGIVING TO-MORROW.

A LITTLE match girl stood at the corner of a public street. It was a wild night, and her fingers were stiff with cold. While, with her mute gaze fixed upon the passers by, she kept her stand uncomplainingly, the blue lights from a druggist's window fell upon her meek face, making it deathly in its whiteness.

"Any matches, sir?" she murmured again and again, in a weak, hopeless voice, for faith she had none; her experience was too beggarly for that, she had seen and known little of

human benevolence in her short life. She had tasted food only once that day, but she was used to hunger; therefore she looked vaguely at the huge quarters of beef, and legs of bacon, and poultry of every description, and long rows of red and yellow apples in the butcher's shop, through the great glass window, and only murmured, "I wonder what God made Thanksgiving-day for? I shall have no Thanksgiving, but instead, hard blows and cruel words, because I haven't sold my matches." So she blew her red fingers, and, lifting her basket, moved reluctantly towards home with her eyes full of tears that fell cold upon her cheek. And when she had entered that loathsome abode, the child heard drunken shouts, and wild laughter, and the hoarse tones of blasphemy. She grew frightened and shrank away in a corner, to forget life in sleep—to awaken on a cheerless morning and face the driving snow-storm that she might sell her matches, or bear the blows and reproaches of a heartless mother. And such was that poor child's Thanksgiving-day!

"Will we have Thanksgiving to-morrow?" asked a sunny-haired boy, pressing close to his mother's side. The artless question had a strange effect, for it seemed as if the woman's heart would break, so violent was her emotion.

"My God! help me to drink this bitter cup," was her stifled exclamation, and then she turned to the boy and said—"no, my love, we cannot have a feast to-morrow, as we did last year."

"But won't father have Thanksgiving-day in heaven?" queried the child; "won't he like it if we have Thanksgiving here?"

"There is much depth in the seeming simplicity of the dear boy's remark," murmured an aged man, "if we could but bring it to bear upon our poor hearts in this season of affliction. If we could penetrate the unseen only for a moment, and behold that blessed spirit revelling in the brightness and splendour of heaven, we should surely deem his death, or rather his new birth, fitting subject for Thanksgiving."

But the old man spoke from the calm experience of age, and a grounded religious faith. The widow only felt that her idol was gone; that the seat was vacant by her side; that the world was black—blank without him. And morning found her bending yearningly above his marble brow, praying in agony that he would speak to her once, only once again, that he would murmur her name as of yore only once, only once—but the passionless dead knew her not. And so by the side of her early love, now shrouded for the grave, passed she her Thanksgiving-day.

"Heap up the coals; heap them upon the glowing hearth, and let us enjoy this cheery blaze. You, my son, draw forward the centre table and the sofa; you, daughter, unloop the curtains and light the lamps. How wildly the wind blows; God help the poor to-night." And in the ruddy red of the leaping flames, with splendour on every side, sat the rich man upon a couch of velvet. Five or six beautiful children were clustered around him; a harp rested in one corner, its gilded frame brilliant in the strong glare of the fire-light; a piano forte stood open with many a smooth sheet of music scattered upon its costly cover; everything spoke of elegance, of comfort.

Across the entry, the wide kitchen, luxurious almost as a parlour, resounded with merriment. Happy children, with bird-claws in their hands, were pulling the ligaments, and shouting heartily, when the lank toes moved as if endowed with life. On the wide dresser lay the turkeys and other fowl all ready for the fire, and stout arms were busy here and there, with mixing, and pounding, and shortening, and sweetening, for puddings and sauces and delicate condiments that were in preparation for the morrow's festival. Row after row of mince and apple, custard and pumpkin pies filled the great pantry, and numberless little pies of almost fairy proportions, were ready for the merry-making of the children.

A black-eyed boy moved uncasily up and down before the fires of sweetmeats. First he inspected one thing, then another, and finally pushing a plump little fowl aside, he bounded into

the parlour and modestly asked his father if he might have one, only one little turkey.

"I have given several away already," said the benevolent man; "I hardly think I can spare another." But the boy pleaded so eloquently, that finally his father consented, and with sparkling eyes he ran back to the kitchen. The little fellow had one confidant at school, and he had told him in secrecy, that they were to have no Thanksgiving, for since his father died many years ago, they had been poor, poorer than any one thought.

So as the child whispered his mission to his mother, she smilingly assented, and, delighted with the spirit of her boy, sent a basket full of luxuries in his name, to the son of the widow who was too proud to crave assistance.

There was but a dim light on the hearth of the scantily furnished room, and the widow sat bending and sewing, while her son plied his books by a faint candle light. A knock at the door, and then it was hastily opened and a great covered basket thrust in.

The boy sprang towards it. "For me!" he exclaimed, as he opened a little note and read:—

"My dear Augustus,—I send you this as a little present;
HENRY."

And as the turkey, and the pies, and the nice cake were pulled forth by the eager hands of the child, the poor widow was almost overcome with gratitude; for a faint voice exclaimed with every accession, "Oh! how beautiful! oh! how good! mother, we *will* have Thanksgiving to-morrow;" and a pale sick face gleamed in the subdued light of the little room, the face of a poor, frail, consumptive child, to whom these delicacies seemed above all price.

And so to many came great sorrow; with many more, chilling poverty was the only guest; and some were right merry, thankful, and happy on that Thanksgiving-day.

MILLY GREY.

"O! ever let the aged be
As sacred angels unto thee."

"HA! ha! ha!" cried gay Bell Grosvenor, "see yonder country gawky; as I live he is beckoning the coachman; now if he gets in there'll be fun, for I do so love to plague these green ones; why Milly, how you open your great blue eyes; you ain't frightened, are you? look at her, Annie; ha. ha! just look at her!"

"But you are not in earnest, Bell," said Milly, timidly shrinking back in her seat, "you would not be so impolite, so—"

"Our politeness is reserved for the city, dear," broke in Annie; "we consider such fellows as that, nobodies; and if they don't want to be laughed at, why they must take an outside place with the coachman, that's all."

"Then you won't catch *me* sitting on the same seat with you," exclaimed Milly, with a look of alarm, springing away from her cousins, and ensconcing herself opposite.

"So much the better," cried Bell, with a merry laugh; "we can have a good time with both of you; hush! here he comes, oh! Annie, what a fright!"

The young man unbuttoned the coach door himself, for the horses were going up hill, and springing up the steps rather awkwardly, on account of a large portmanteau he held, seated himself on the seat near Milly. Bell and Annie exchanged looks, and bit their lips.

Milly hugged the back of the coach, blushing crimson with shame for her cousins; and the county greeny, who wore a very much soiled coat and a shocking cap, over which a light, thin handkerchief was thrown, and fastened under his chin, looked up at them demurely. Once, when he could not but notice that the object of their mirth was himself, he suddenly put his hand to his throat, as if to untie his uncouth cap-

strings, i. e., the ends of the 'kerchief; but pausing, he seemed to change his mind, and let them alone.

"Won't you have my vinaigrette, Milly dear?" said Bell, with an arch smile, and a side glance at the stranger.

"You *do* look pale," chimed in Annie, tossing back her thick curls; and restraining herself no longer, she burst into a rude laugh, for the poor girl's cheeks were distressingly flushed.

"Take my fan, coz," exclaimed Bell, proffering it; "the air in this coach is really overpowering;" and she placed her delicate pocket-handkerchief to her face.

"I thank you," said Milly, with as much dignity as she could assume, while her lips trembled, "I do not need it."

"She certainly is faint, Annie," said Bell in a low tone, "come Milly, you had better sit between us, where we can support you; *you haven't quite room enough on that side.*"

The thoughtless girl started, for a blazing black eye flashed upon her; it was only for a second though, that quick, piercing glance, with the fire of outraged dignity concentrated within.

"If you please, cousin Bell," said Milly, with more spirit than they dreamed she possessed, "don't annoy me any more; I am better pleased with my seat than your rudeness;" and the pretty lip trembled again, and the pretty face looked as if it was going to cry.

The young man turned quickly; the hard expression that had gathered about his mouth, melted into something akin to a pleased smile, while the two crest-fallen cousins were very angry, as any one might have seen.

There was no more comment, until the coach stopped again this time to take up a fat old lady, with a well-worn bonnet, loaded down with innumerable bandboxes and bundles, most of which she insisted upon carrying into the coach with her. Here was plenty of material for the merriment of the thoughtless sisters. Bell declared that the bandboxes must have once

contained old Mrs. Noah's best bonnet, and Annie persisted that if so, that identical bonnet was before them.

No sooner was the coach-door opened than out sprang the stranger, and taking bundles and sundry things from the old lady, deposited them carefully on the inside; all but one, which she seemed very choice about: but just as she had performed the laborious feat of stepping inside the door, down rolled the paper with a crash; something was destroyed, and Bell and Annie, enjoying her real distress at the accident, burst into another impertinent laugh.

The old lady could not avoid looking towards them, and as her hair was a little awry, and her spectacles crooked, she presented a sight appearing to them so ludicrous, that they hid their faces, almost convulsed with mirth.

"Are these your sisters, sir?" she asked, mildly, turning to the gentleman.

"I *hope* not, madam," he answered, in low and measured tones; "*my* sisters respect age; to them gray hairs are too sacred for trifling." He did not wince in the least under their angry glances, for the mortified girls were now completely silenced; but Milly had thrown her thick veil down, and was weeping all to herself.

"I am going to the house of Dr. James. Do you know him, sir?" asked the old lady, after a few moments of silence.

"I should, madam, for he is my father," said the stranger, with a smile.

The flushed cheeks of Bell grew instantly pale—her eyes met those of her companion, on whose face a similar reaction had taken place.

"My son, Professor L——, lectures in Taunton to-night, and as I have seldom the pleasure of listening to him, he is so often and so far away, I thought I would make an effort to visit your father. I am glad he is your father, young man, you do him honour," she continued, with a gratified look. "You have his eyes and his forehead—I should know *them*." The stranger had lifted his cap, drawn off his handkerchief,

and was wiping the moisture from a magnificent brow, above which the jet black curls hung thick and silkily. "I shall have the pleasure also of meeting my son at your house, and acquainting him with your politeness towards a strange old woman, who was the subject of some not very flattering remarks." She did not glance this time towards the young ladies, if she had she would have pitied them; they sat cowering down, thoroughly ashamed. It was, indeed, a pretty awkward surprise they had prepared for themselves. They, too, were going for the express purpose of hearing Professor L——, one of the most brilliant lecturers of the day, and who had almost been bewitched by the sparkling beauty of Bell Grosvenor, when a guest at her father's in the city; so much so that he had been heard to declare he knew not another woman who *appeared* to possess so many desirable qualities for a wife. And strangely enough, they were to stop at the very house of the man they had so grossly insulted; for they never could have dreamed the *gawky* to be the only son of their mother's friend, the rich and influential Dr. James. They knew, indeed, that he had been for some time expected home from his tour in Europe; but his travel-stained attire, and his silence, had deceived them.

Meantime, Milly recovered a little from her trouble; the envious veil was thrown back, the two pouting lips restored to their equanimity, the glad, merry eyes, all the brighter for the little wash of tears, rested, or rather danced over the beautiful prospect of fields, and trees, and rose-lined paths; she, innocent heart, had nothing to reproach herself with, and gladly would her cousins have exchanged places with her.

They sat very silent, trembling, and almost fainting, till the stage drew up near the broad entrance to the doctor's grounds; they were still undecided, when the coachman said, "the young ladies are to stop here, I believe;" and unstrapped the trunk from the huge tongue.

Henry James, after a moment's embarrassment, stepped back to the door, and with a bright smile at Milly, said, as if

nothing unpleasant had transpired, "Will you allow me to assist you out, young ladies?" How daintily he took Milly's little hand, and how tenderly he conducted her to the ground! but as the others descended, there was a chilling reserve in his manner, and a painful confusion in theirs, that told how indelible would be the recollection of that unfortunate meeting.

Bell Grosvenor and her sister returned the next day; they could not endure to meet Professor L—— in the presence of his mother. But they had learned a lesson which they will probably treasure for life—*not to judge by externals, and to treat old age, even in rags, with a reverence as holy as though it moved about in golden slippers.*

"But I am a portionless orphan, Henry."

"You are the same Milly Grey that sat on the back seat of the old stage, and nobly resisted the influence of wealth and fashion, when those rude, proud girls would have laughed down the uncouth countryman. From that moment I loved you; and still more, when I perceived your delicate attentions to my father's aged friend. Believe me, Milly, no true man would trust his happiness with one who would *insult gray hairs*—there is little heart in such a one, however faultless the exterior; and I confess I have such extreme reverence for the aged, that a loathing impossible for me to express came over me, when I witnessed the behaviour of your cousins. They may be wealthy, highly educated, fascinating,—but, good heavens!—I would no more wed one of them than I would play with a rattlesnake. There! God bless you, Milly—look up, love, and let me tell you that, in *my* eyes, you are worth millions—nay, more than all the world."

Bell and Annie Grosvenor are both wedded, but neither of them has a Professor L—— or a Dr. James for a husband. They are, however, very gay and fashionable, if that is any compensation; but Milly, sweet Milly, lives in a beautiful villa in a country town, as happy and devoted a wife and mother as can be found in the wide, wide world.

"KISS ME, MAMMA, DO KISS ME, I CAN'T GO
TO SLEEP!"

"THE child was so sensitive, so like that little shrinking plant, that curls at a breath, and shuts its heart from the light."

The only beauties she possessed, were an exceedingly transparent skin, and the most mournful, large blue eyes.

I had been trained by a very stern, strict, conscientious mother, but I was a hardy plant, rebounding after every shock; misfortune could not daunt, though discipline tamed me. I fancied, alas! that I must go through the same routine with this delicate creature; so one day when she had displeased me exceedingly, by repeating an offence, I was determined to punish her severely. I was very serious all day, and upon sending her to her little couch I said, "Now, my daughter, to punish you, and show you how very, *very* naughty you have been, I shall not kiss you to-night."

She stood looking at me, astonishment personified, with her great mournful eyes wide open; I suppose she had forgotten her misconduct till then—and I left her with the big tears dropping down her cheeks, and her little red lips quivering.

Presently I was sent for; "Oh! mamma, you *will* kiss me, I *can't* go to sleep, if you don't," she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembling, and she held out her little hands.

Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely termed duty. My heart said, give her the kiss of peace; my stern nature urged me to persist in my correction, that I might impress the fault upon her mind. That was the way I had been trained till I was a most submissive child, and I remembered how often I had thanked my mother since, for her straightforward course.

I knelt by the bedside; "Mother can't kiss you, Ellen," I whispered, though every word choked me; her hand touched mine; it was very hot, but I attributed it to her excitement.

She turned her little grieving face to the wall; I blamed myself as the fragile form shook with half-suppressed sobs, and saying, "Mother hopes little Ellen will learn to mind her after this," left her room for the night.

It might have been about twelve when I was awakened by my nurse; apprehensive, I ran eagerly to the child's chamber; I had had a fearful dream.

Ellen did not know me; she was sitting up, crimsoned from the forehead to the throat, her eyes so bright that I almost drew back aghast at their glances. From that night a raging fever drank up her life—and what think you was the incessant plaint poured into my anguished heart? "Oh, kiss me, mother—*do* kiss me, I *can't* go to sleep. You'll kiss your little Ellen, mother, won't you? I *can't* go to sleep. I won't be naughty if you'll only kiss me; oh! kiss me, dear mamma, I *can't* go to sleep."

Holy little angel! she *did* go to sleep one gray morning, and she never woke again—never. Her hand was locked in mine, and all my veins grew icy with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded out in the beautiful eyes, whiter and whiter grew the tremulous lips; she never knew me, but with her last breath she whispered, "I *will* be good, mother, if only you'll kiss me."

Kiss her! God knows how passionate, but unavailing were my kisses upon her cheek and lip, after that fatal night. God knows how wild were my prayers that she might know, if but only *once*, that I kissed her. God knows how I would have yielded up my very life, could I have asked forgiveness of that sweet child.

Well! grief is all unavailing now. She lies in her little tomb; there is a marble urn at her head, and a rose-bush at her feet; there grow sweet summer flowers, there waves the gentle grass; there birds sing their matins and vespers, there the blue sky smiles down to-day, and there lies buried the freshness of my heart.

Parents, you should have heard the pathos in the voice of

that stricken mother, as she said, "there are plants that spring into greater vigour if the heavy pressure of a footstep crush them; but oh! there are others, that even the pearls of the light dew bend to the earth."

THE HOME-GRANDMOTHER.

SHE sits by the fire—a dear old lady, with nicely crimped and plaited cap border, and the old-fashioned spectacles—as pleasant a picture of the home-grandmother, as any living heart could wish to see. The oracle of the family—the record of births, deaths, and marriages—the narrator of good old revolutionary stories that keep bright young eyes big and wide awake till the evening log falls to ashes,—what should we do without the home-grandmother? How many little faults she hides! What a delightful special pleader is she when the rod, held by maternal fingers, trembles over the urchin's unfortunate head!

"Do you get many lickings?" inquired a flaxen-haired youngster of his little curly-headed playmate.

"No," was the prompt, half-indignant answer—"I've got a grandmother."

Love that aged woman. Sit at her feet, and learn of her patient lessons from the past. Though she knows no rule in grammar, cannot tell the boundaries of distant States, or the history of nations, she has that, perhaps, which exceeds all lore—wisdom. She has fought life's battles, and conquered. She has laid her treasures away, and grown purer, stronger, through tears and sorrow. Never let her heart feel the sting of ingratitude. Sit at her feet. She will tell you all the dangers of life's journey, and teach you how to go cheerfully and smilingly to the gate of death, trusting, like her, in a blissful hereafter.

"OUR JOHN."

TEN thousand sympathies with that family that has an "our John." Not a *common* John. Not a John that merely gets up in the morning, combs his hair, washes his face, and fetches a pail of water. No, "our John" is an altogether different and isolated individual. An unaccountable combination of the faults, virtues, and oddities of all other Johns that ever lived or ever will live. "Our John" is *not* a "dull boy," so we should conclude that work and play were pretty well distributed in his case. He is a veritable scape-goat. If mischief has been brewed, his broad shoulders bear the burden; but then he is fairly credited for all the enjoyment he distributes among the thoughtless "young folks." In fine, when he is at home, the ringing cry from garret to cellar is, "our John," "our John," either in commendation or blame.

Now the face of "our John" is unlike the face of any other John in the world. It has a sort of india rubber elasticity by which it can transform itself into a meek face, an outrageously angry face, or a very cunning face; and it passes from these transitions so smoothly and easily, that you are in doubt which character to fasten upon him.

You may likely go from home, leaving "our John" in quiet possession of the domicile. On your return, ten chances to one but you find the best lounge in the house, be it damask or velvet, in the vicinity of the kitchen fire, with "our John" quietly reclining on it, boots and all, while its mahogany frame is peeling and smoking with the heat.

But there's no use fretting! While you are wasting your oh's and ah's, "our John" will stand by, looking so thoroughly innocent and unconscious that he *ever* did a careless action, especially in this instance, by extending his democratic principles to the furniture, that you cannot for the life of you

give him a scolding as you could common Johns. You feel that, of the two, he is the sufferer; so it is very likely he will retire quietly into the yard minus a "talking to;" and the next thing you behold is, a chicken with a string tied round its leg, by which an invisible hand—you well know whose—is making the poor thing perform gyrations more excruciating than those of the polka.

Call "our John," determined to make him pay dearly for his fun, and there will shuffle towards you a forlorn-looking country fellow, his trousers turned up over the top of his boots, his cap pulled down to his mouth, his hands buried in his pockets, his toes overlapping each other—what can you do? Of course all idea of seriousness is at an end, and "our John" makes a rush for the garden tools, and works vigorously exactly twenty seconds. By that time he is invisible; but if you hear somebody singing sonorously on the house-top, you may be certain "our John" is up there, though you are forced to the conclusion that magic had something to do with his ascension.

"Our John" delights, at times, in getting into all the big coats and uncouth clothing he can find, and promenading crowded streets. He thinks one fashion is as good as another, if it is only singular. He has a way of pinning a newspaper to the skirts of his own coat, and demurely asking what you are laughing at, what the news is, &c.; and then he whisks round this way and that, reiterating that he don't see anything funny. In the midst of the deepest silence, he will contrive to place some heavy object near you in such a manner as that it shall fall, and declare that his nerves will be ruined if he is to be continually startled in that way.

If, near the Fourth of July, while our John is busily at work, a whole bunch of fire crackers explodes at your elbow, and our John innocently asks you how they came there, don't look in his eye, or your vexation will vanish like a snow wreath in the sun. That expression, so lamb-like, upsets your equanimity completely, especially if the offender, in a mock-heroic

manner, pompously exclaims, "I should visit the perpetrator of that violent, *unjustifiable*, and *altogether* unlooked for, unexpected, and high-handed outrage, with a *burning* sense of my indignation, or else—I should whip the Yankee that made 'em, that's all."

If you are faint, and wish for a fan, our John will hand you the waiter, or commence fanning you with it. If you desire to read a welcome letter at night, you will no sooner reach the most interesting portion than—whiff, out goes the light, you hardly know how, till you find "our John" at your side. Indeed, it would take all time to chronicle the countless doings of this funny John, to tell his endless tricks, from suddenly asking you what you said, when you have been silent for an hour, to hoping you will not *joke* while you are laughing at his wit during dinner time.

But "our John" is a favourite, notwithstanding all these things; and it is to be hoped he is not the only specimen of the kind, for, plague though he is, we shouldn't mind seeing his oddities perpetuated.

MAKE YOURSELF INDISPENSABLE TO YOUR EMPLOYERS.

MAKE yourself indispensable to your business; that is the golden path to success. Be so industrious, so prompt, so careful, that if you are absent one hour out of the usual time, you will be missed, and he in whose service you are shall say, "I did not dream he was so useful." Make your employer your friend, by performing with minuteness whatever task he sets before you; and, above all, be not too nice to lend a hand at dirty work, no matter how repugnant to your sense of neatness it may be. The success of your business in after years depends upon how you deport yourself now. If you are really good for anything, you are good for a great deal. Be ener-

getic; put your manners into your business; *look* as well as act with alacrity; appear to feel an interest; make your master's success your own, if you have an honest one. Let your eye light up at his request, and your feet be nimble. There are some who look so dull and heavy, and go with so slow and lazy a pace, that it is irksome to ask what it is your right to demand of them; be not like these. Be the arch upon which your employer may rest with safety; let him feel that he may intrust you with uncounted gold.

If you do an errand lightly, you begin to lose his confidence; if you forget twice some important request, you cannot be trusted. If you accustom yourself to loose and untidy habits, you will gain no respect, but rather contempt. Avoid theatres, card-rooms, billiard saloons, as you would the pestilence; little faults are like so many loop-holes in your character, through which all that is valuable drifts out, and all that is pernicious sifts in, to fill up the empty places.

Do you say you want *some* pleasure? Make your work a pleasure. There are two ways of seeing the sun rise—one, with a dull, complaining spirit, that if it could, would blot out the great luminary with its wishy-washy flood of eternal complaints; the other, with a joyous, lark-like pleasure, soaring out and upwards, and seeing all along the western path, gates of gold and palaces of ivory. So there are two ways of doing work; one that depresses the soul by its listless, formal, fretful participation; the other that makes labour a boon and a blessing, and pursues it not only for gain, but the highest exaltation of the mental and moral being.

THE WAY GOSSIPS AND SLANDERERS ARE MADE.

Mother, behold! the seed bursts forth;
'Tis what thy careless hand hath scattered.

"YES, I consider Mrs. Way a very imprudent woman; a *very* imprudent woman; and I've heard say that she leads her husband a shocking life when he is at home, poor thing—its well he's a sailor—and she so meek, and modest, and delicate in company."

Little Marigold—they always called the pretty Lucy Werner Marigold, because of her yellow hair—sat apparently busy attending to her doll, coaxing and scolding it, but every once in a while the careless glance of her great, eager eyes up to her mother's face, proved that the conversation fell not on dull ears.

Presently she took the plaything and carried it into her own little room; there setting it up against the head of the crib, she commenced after this fashion:—

"Dolly, Mrs. Way is a naughty, *naughty* woman, and I shan't let you play with her little Caroline again. I didn't think Mrs. Way was a naughty woman any more than our minister's wife, that I told you about yesterday, because Mrs. Way has got such a pretty face; but mamma says she is naughty, and of course *mamma* knows. Mrs. Way always gives me nice cake and *beautiful* posies; and you remember, dolly, what a large piece of bran-new, white, figured muslin she let me have, that made you a frock, and a cape, and lots of things, but then that's her *company* behaviour; when you're not there, and I'm not there, she acts very badly, and I'm not sure but what she learns Carry; so, miss dolly, don't you *ever* let me see you going over to her house, *especially* without me."

The little creature, after this tirade, sat for a few moments

busily thinking; but presently her face lighted up with an eager look, and she commenced again:—

"Then, dolly, there is another person that you must not go to see, by any means; mamma won't, and she won't let me; and that's the widow woman that lives in the little white cottage, down by the grocery store. The folks all say,—that is, mamma says,—that she isn't a very good woman, and mamma says, that is, *she shouldn't wonder* if she had done some dreadful bad thing, some time or other. And don't you think, dolly, she only gets a cent's worth of milk; shouldn't you be ashamed to go after such a little mite? And she wears a horrid old calico dress; I don't know when it was made, but Miss Jenny said, the other day, it was ever so much before the flood—and in church she cries, too, sometimes, for I see her myself. I suppose it's because she's been so bad. Then there's the new teacher; mother don't believe but what she's very bold, because she goes out so much with young Mr. Hartley, and because Mr. Hartley comes to our school sometimes, and she thinks Mrs. Hartley won't board her a great while longer, and I'm sure mamma won't board her, and then, dolly, it'll be so nice, she will have to leave, and there won't be any tiresome school for you and me, will there?" Then the little face changed from glee to gravity.

"O, dolly, don't you know how beautiful Mrs. Harmon dresses when she comes to church? Well, mamma says that she isn't tidy at home; that she believes she's real dirty, because, when mamma went there one day, she didn't take off her nasty, greasy apron, that she'd been cooking in, but sat right down on a nice chair. And there was dust on the table; mamma said you might write on it: and the sofa was in the middle of the floor, and the broom right in the corner. And,—oh! I forgot,—Mrs. Lee, too, does dreadful things, dolly. Oh! you wouldn't believe what dreadful things Mrs. Lee does. Mamma went there one day, and she said she was sick, but mamma told Jenny that she *knew* she'd been drinking. Only think! *drinking*, dolly—Mrs. Lee! Her eyes were real red,

and she couldn't stand up very well; and she tried to turn it off, you know, and say she was dizzy; but she wasn't dizzy, dolly, any more than you or I are dizzy. But don't you tell anybody, because mamma says she wouldn't dare to say it to any one but Jenny.

"Don't you pity little step-daughters, dolly? Those two little Jessup girls are step-daughters, and mamma says, for all they look so nice and neat, she don't believe but their mother—that ain't their *own* mother, you know—treats them real cruel. And don't you think I asked them to go to the pond yesterday, after some lilies, and Delia said her mother always wanted her to 'come right straight home after school;' and the chatterbox mimicked her voice and manner.

"And then I told her it wasn't any matter, it wasn't her *real* mother; and she said she was a good, dear mother, for all that, and she wanted to mind her. But mamma says, she supposes that crafty Mrs. Jessup teaches them to praise her up. There, dolly, what do you think of *that*? You ought to be thankful, as mamma tells me, that you ain't a little step-daughter.

"Let's see; I can't think of any more, dolly; to-morrow Aunt Sally is coming up from Denton, and then I'll hear lots about folks, and if you mind and not repeat it, I'll tell you every mite. Aunt Sally, you know, is Uncle Peter's new wife, and she's real dressy, and wears all the fashions, and mamma thinks she ain't a going to like her, but she don't know, she may maybe. She *was* a milliner before Uncle Peter married her, and it's kind of vulgar to be a milliner, but then she had lots of money. She's been married before, and her husband used to get drunk, and she's got one child that's worse than a fool, mamma says; I don't know what ails him. So do you sit there, and be a good dolly, and not go spinning street yarn like that Kate Miller, that knows everybody's business but her own; if you do, I'll whip you, and put you into Mr. Baker's family; mamma says she shouldn't want to be punished

worse, for it's a real—I darsn't say the word, dolly, but it means a wicked place—on earth."

Parents, look round upon your delicate household vases, rarer than the costliest porcelain or the richest gold; will you drop within them words of pollution that shall make them but fair receptacles of all that is poisonous and loathsome, or will you fill them with gems that shall make earth bright with the light of heavenly purity? Your children are in your hands.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

WHO that has lived through years of careless gayety, or sorrow, or crime, has forgotten that little prayer so often murmured at the mother's knee,—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The dreamy night draws nigh;
Soft airs delicious breathe of mingled flowers,
And on the wings of slumber sweep the hours;
The moon is high.

See yonder tiny cot;
Its lattice checked with vines; a tremulous ray
Steals out to where the silvery moonbeams lay,
Yet pales them not.

Withir, two holy eyes,
Two little hands clasped softy, and a brow
Where thought sits busy weaving garlands now
Of joys and sighs,

For the swift coming years;
Two rosy lips with innocent worship part,
List! be thou saint—or sceptic if thou art,
Thou must have tears.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Doth it not, noiseless, ope
The very floodgates of thy heart, and make
A better man of thee? for her sweet sake
Who with strong hope

Her sweet task ne'er forgot
To whisper "now I lay me," o'er and o'er,
As thou didst kneel upon the sanded floor;
Forget *thou* not.

From many a festive hall,
Where flashing lights with flashing glances vie,
And robed in splendour, mirth makes revelry,
Soft voices call

On the light-hearted throngs,
To sweep the harp-strings and to join the dance;
The careless belle starts lightly, as perchance
Amid the songs,

The merry laugh, the jest,
Comes to her vision, hours of long ago,
When by her snowy couch she murmured low,
Before her rest,

That simple infant prayer;
Once more at home, she lays her jewels by,
Throws back the curls that shade her heavy eye,
And kneeling there,

With quivering lip and sigh,
Takes from her fingers white the sparkling rings,
The golden coronet from her brow, and flings
The baubles by.

Nor doth she thoughtless dare
To seek her rest till she hath asked of heaven
That all her sins, through Christ, may be forgiven;
Then comes the prayer,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The warrior on the field,
After the battle, pillowing his head
Perhaps upon a fallen comrade, dead,
Scorns not to yield
To the sweet memory of his childhood's hour
When fame was bartered for a crimson flower.

The statesman gray,
His massive brow all hung with laurel leaves,
Forgets his honours, while his memory weaves
A picture of that home 'mid woods and streams,
Where hoary mountains caught the sun's first beams;
The cabin rude—the wide fields glistening,
The cattle yoked and mutely listening;
The farmer's toil, the farmer's fare, and best
Of earthly luxuries, the farmer's rest.
But hark! a soft voice steals upon his heart:
"Now say your prayer, my son, before we part;"
And clasping his great hands—a child once more—
Upon his breast, forgetting life's long war,
Thus hear him pray:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

THE FIRST FLY.

HARK! a buzzing against the window-pane. See yon tiny black object navigating a narrow beam of sunshine! Where can he have started from after his long sleep? From the corner of the carpet—under the red fold of the curtain—or some sheltering crack or cranny in the wall? Was the dark closet his tomb, where old winter laid him snugly on the shelf? Or the faded wreath of evergreen circling the august presence of Daniel Webster? Somewhere about this sunny parlour he has laid, out of sight and reach, tucked up in the dust, keeping his little nose from Jack Frost's fingers.

And does he look longingly out on the little snow-patches, and fancy them white violets? Has he a dim remembrance of last Autumn's sweets? Does he recollect his *tele-à-tete* on the sunny side of the grape-vine, and his perilous encounter with the spider in the parlour? Will he fondly recognise the broomstick that rescued him from his silken shroud,—or the black-eyed child, so tender of heart, who hurried to his release?

The blood leaps warmer through the veins at sight of thee, lilliputian visiter,—the wildering breeze plays more softly on cheek and brow. Thou bringest pleasant visions of flower in bud, and trees in blossom; of ringing child-voices, and fairy forms sporting in the open air. Already I see one with brown curls tossed in glossy waves over a brow of beauty and eyes of heaven. She says it is summer—the south wind puts rich fancies in her little brain, and she half thinks the birds and flowers will be here to-morrow.

That drowsy hum of thine tells of green pastures and still waters; of gauzy curtains dancing on the wings of light zephyrs; of corn in the ear—and out of the ear—smoking like Vesuvius; of ripe fruits of every sort, all in their season, as the good Creator has ordained; of warm showers, and—ice-creams. Of brook music, bird music, and rain music; of cherries shaken from the boughs, and ripe peaches falling in one's lap.

Welcome, little fly! harbinger of spring. We would open the window, and loose thee from this irksome bondage, but, though Spring has come, Winter is frolicsome, and from his huge old retreat, may send us a genuine, snapping, blowing, heaping, freezing, January snow-storm yet.

So, little fly, be content within doors.

THE LITTLE BOUND BOY'S DREAM.

A FAIR-HAIRED child laid its pale cheek against a pillow of straw.

It had toiled up three pairs of narrow, dark stairs, to gain its miserable garret, for it was a little "bound child," that had neither father nor mother; so no soft bed awaited its tired limbs, but a miserable pallet with one thin coverlet.

It had neither lamp nor candle to lighten the room, if such it might be called; still, that was not so bad, for the beautiful round moon smiled in upon the poor little bound boy, and almost kissed his forehead, as his sad eyes closed dreamily.

But after a while, as he laid there, what wondrous change came over the place! A great light shone down; the huge black rafters turned to solid gold, and these seemed all-studded with precious, sparkling stones. The broken floor, too, was all encrusted with shining crystals; and the child raised

himself upon his elbow and gazed with a half-fearing, half-delighted look upon the glorious sight.

One spot on the wall seemed too bright for his vision; but, presently, as if emerging therefrom, came a soft, white figure, that stood by the poor bound boy's bedside.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little, only a little frightened, and his heart beat quickly, but he found breath to murmur, "Tell me, who are you?"

"Look up, be not afraid," said a sweet voice, that sounded like the harps of heaven; "look up, darling, I am your brother Willy, sent down from the angels to speak with you, and tell you to try and bear all your sorrow patiently, for you will soon be with us."

"What, you my brother Willy? oh! no, no, that cannot be; my brother Willy was very pale, and his clothes were patched and torn; and there was a hump on his back, and he used to go into the muddy streets and pick up bits of wood and chips; but your face is quite too handsome, and your clothes prettier than any I ever saw before, and there is no ugly hump on your back; besides, my brother Willy is dead, long ago."

"I am your brother Willy, your immortal brother; my body, with the ugly hump, is dead and turned to ashes; but just as soon as that died, I went up to the great heaven, and saw sights that I cannot tell you about now, they were so very, very beautiful. But God, who is your Father and the holy name of Eternity, gave me these bright garments that never get soiled; and I was so happy that I suppose my face was changed very much, and I grew tall and straight; so no wonder you do not know me."

And now the little bound child's tears began to fall—"oh!" he exclaimed earnestly, "if I too could go to heaven!"

"You can go," replied the angel with a smile of ineffable sweetness; "you have learned how to read; well, to-morrow get your Bible, and find, very reverently—for it is God's most holy book—these words of the Lord Jesus: 'But

I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.'

"Do all these, and you shall be the child of your Father which is above."

"Even if they beat me?" murmured the little bound boy, with a quivering lip.

A flash of light passed over the angel's face, as he replied, "The more you forgive, the nearer you will be to heaven."

In another moment the vision had gone, but still the room was all blazing with unearthly radiance.

As the little boy fell back upon his pillow, his wan face reflected the angel's smile, and he thought, "I will forgive them, even if they beat me."

Suddenly a more musical voice than the former fell upon his ear. This time he was not afraid, but, sitting upright on his miserable couch, he saw a figure that seemed to lift itself to the wall; a ray of intense brightness outlined all its form; its eyes blazed, yet there was a mild beauty in them every time they looked into his own.

"Little one, I am thy father," said the form, in melting accents.

"I don't think you *can* be my father," whispered the boy, timidly. "My father used to look very old indeed; and he got hurt and wore a crutch; there were wrinkles on his face and all over his forehead, and his hair was short and white; not long like yours. And my father used to stoop over, and wear a little black apron, and put patches on shoes in a little dark room."

"And what else?"

"He used to pray and sing very sweetly, but I never hear any praying and singing now," sobbed the child, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry, dear little boy, but listen to me. I am your father, your immortal father; that poor, lame body is all gone now, mingled with the dust of the graveyard. As soon

as the breath left that deformed body I was with the shining angels, hosts and hosts of them bore me up to heaven; and the King of that glorious place clothed me in these robes, white and stainless, and gave me this tall, beautiful body, which shall never feel corruption. And this was the reason, dear little orphan: because I loved Him, and my chief delight was in praying to Him, and talking about Him, and, although I was very poor, I tried to be honest, and many times went hungry rather than do wrong.

"And you, if you will never forget to say your little prayer that I taught you, if you will keep God's holy commandments, and trust in Him always, shall soon be with me in my sweet heavenly home."

Once more the child was left alone, but still the rafters were golden, the walls pearly, the old floor studded with brilliants, and the same soft, mysterious light over all.

A strain of holy music fell faintly upon his enraptured senses; it grew louder, and came nearer and nearer to the head of his little bed. And then a voice—oh! far sweeter than either of the others—sang, "My child, my little earth-child, look upon me, I am thy mother."

In a moment, what emotions swelled the bosom of the lonely boy! He thought of her cherished tenderness to him long years ago; of her soft arms around his neck, her gentle lips pressing his forehead; then came up the cruelty of strangers, who, after she had been put away in the deep ground, treated him with harshness.

He turned towards her; oh! what a glorious being! her eyes were like stars; her hair like the most precious gold; but there was that in her face that none other might so truly know. He had doubted if the first-risen was his brother, if the second was his father, but not once did he doubt that this beautiful being was his own dear mother.

A little while he kept down his strong feeling, but the thought of the past and the present overpowered him.

"O! mother, mother, mother," he cried, stretching forth

his little hands, "let me come to you—let me come! there is nobody in this world like you; no one kisses me now, no one loves me; oh! mother, mother, let me come!" and the hot tears rained down his cheeks.

"My orphan child," she said, in low tones, that thrilled him to the heart, "you cannot come to me now, but listen to me. I am very often near you when you know it not. Every day I am by your side; and when you come to this lonely room to weep, my wings encircle you. I behold you suffer, but I know that God will not give you more sorrow than you can bear. When you resist evil, I whisper calm and tender thoughts into your soul; but when you give way to anger, when you cherish a spirit of revenge, you drive your mother from you; remember that, my little one, your sin drives your mother from you, and displeases the great and holy God.

"Be good, be happy, even amidst all your trials, and if it is a consolation, know that thy immortal mother often communes with thy soul. And farther, thou shalt soon be with me."

"O! mother, mother, mother!" murmured the boy, springing from his bed, and striving to leap towards her. The keen air chilled him; he looked eagerly round; there was no light, a solemn stillness reigned, the radiance, the rafters of gold, the silvery beams, the music, the angels—all were gone. And then he knew that he had been dreaming; but oh! what a dream; how strengthening, how cheering! never, never would he forget it.

The next morning when he went down to his scant breakfast, there was such a beautiful serenity upon his face, such a sweet gladness in his eyes, that all who looked upon him, forbore to taunt or chide him.

He told his dream; and the hard hearts that listened were softened; and the mother, who held her own babe, was so choked with her tears that she could not eat; and the father said inwardly that henceforth he would be kinder to the poor little orphan bound boy, and so he was. The child found his way into their affections, he was so meek, so prayerful, so

good; and at the end of a twelvemonth, when the angels did in very deed take him to heaven, the whole family wept around the little coffin, as if he were one of their own. But then they all felt that he was in the bright heavens with his brother, his father, and his dear angel mother.

TASTE FOR SIMPLE PLEASURES.

EVERY person may be happy. The man who mourns because he does not have the seeming ability to take part in that which others enjoy, is but turning the elements of his own character into discord.

Harmony is in all of nature's laws, complete and pleasurable. The mind can be so trained, that even the events of adverse circumstances, or heavy disappointment, may, in some measure, contribute to happiness.

"A contented mind is a continual feast;" and a contented mind can enjoy with most zest the pleasures that lighten its path, whether they be simple and few, or more complicated, and constantly occurring.

That family in the little unpainted cottage, half hidden by the trees, and most beautifully adorned with a trailing woodbine, is happier, perhaps, than his who dwells in yonder palace-mansion on the hill, divested of nature's adornments, because they would hide its gaudy exterior.

Yet the poor man's family know it not. They hear of magnificent parties, and the rattle of the heavy plate and rich glass falls upon their ears; they behold the fine carriages roll by them, their occupants magnificently attired; and think all this costly pleasure far preferable to their own simple pursuits. But the very reverse is oftenest the case.

The poor receive their few humble friends with honest hearts, and glad faces, and take a real delight in administer-

ing to their comfort, while the rich know not which one of the hundred fawning guests is a real friend, or how many of them turn their backs but to deride the host, and ridicule the entertainment.

IS THE SENTINEL AT HIS POST?

If not, the fort is in danger.

Look out! the morn is slowly mounting the starry slope of heaven. Now a tree, now a whole forest, and then a range of mountains, she tips with her shining, slender arrows. Glorious the scene—but it is no time to watch its beauty; is the sentinel at his post?

Hark! a step on the guard—from the shadow a form. All safe! there goes the faithful fellow, tramp—tramp—his fire-lock flashing when the queen of night hangs a diamond upon it.

How quietly weariness seeks the pillow now! and brave souls sink to sleep with the words upon their lips—"the sentinel is at his post."

But there is a fort, situated on the very outskirts of danger, where, strange to say, the inmates seldom ask,—“is the sentinel at his post?” That too when continually threatened with assaults from the most implacable enemies. No long rows of bristling cannon line the walls, but it may be the strongest fortress in the world for all that. Yet a bloodless struggle might win it, and bring every occupant into the most loathsome slavery.

That fortress is the soul—and are you sure the sentinel is at his post? Does he each hour, as he passes by the entrance of your heart, cry out, “all’s well?” Or has Pride made a breach here; and Envy another there? Have Avarice, Hate, Selfishness, and Ingratitude, made the fortress a ruin in all

but the name? Do foul birds gather in the crevices and pipe their dismal songs?

Call up the sentinel—wake conscience. The fortress is shattered almost to utter ruins; and before long the ivy of death will gather over it; and the sentinel shall have gone before God to answer the roll of Judgment.

THE OLD YEAR.

How shall we tell that the old year is going? By the lines upon our brows, or the weight upon our hearts? By the mere passing of moments, hours, days, weeks, and months, or the shadows that the dial of death has thrown over our household loves?

What is the year just fleeting from our sight? A ship freighted for a distant shore! An angel crossing from star to star! A sand falling from the hour-glass of the universe! A thought dropped from the treasury of heaven! A single note struck on the mighty harp of nature—its echoes never-ending.

What has the old year seen? A question only to be fully answered by Him who keepeth the records of eternity. A thrilling question—a fearful answer. It has seen hearts broken, youth withered, hopes crushed, wrong triumphant. It has looked, in clear, starry nights, through frostbound windows, upon pale women struggling with cold and weariness, that innocent children might have a morsel of food. It has gazed through jail bars in the moonlight, and beheld the prisoner wrestling in his dreams with the bloody phantom of his murdered victim. It has stood by the gallows, bent over the dying babe, sighed with the parting spirit of the bride, moaned over sinking wrecks, watched where orphans knelt, and called upon their loved and lost.

It has counted through its noiseless hours the feeble pulses of the dying statesman, whose loss has cast a deep shadow over the length and breadth of the land. It has beheld princes and queens mourn for their glorious dead. Yet has it noted the humble grief that followed the tiny coffin from a lowly cottage, with brow serene, as that which under costly trappings, with its gilding shrouded in crape, moved in long procession to the beating of a million hearts.

It has also seen the crown of roses unwithered on the brow of beauty, and the light grown purer in holy eyes of blue. It has taken note of many a "good deed" in this "naughty world." Fair forms threading through narrow streets, and jewelled fingers holding the cup of cold water to the fevered lips of the poor man. It has known hearts under silken vestments that have throbbed and warmed to the story of the hapless unfortunate.

And now it is going with its well-filled record, to lay before the throne of the Eternal.

Peace to thee, old year—and welcome, *new*. May we make fresh gardens in our hearts at thy coming; sowing the good seed that drops from between thy leaves, that at the close of thy pilgrimage thou mayst bind up many sheaves of good deeds, and garner them, unhindered by tares, in the granary of the eternal world.

HOW CHILDREN ARE BURNT TO DEATH.

"O! LOCK up the house, give the children plenty of play-things, and go. I wouldn't make myself such a slave. Why should a mother deprive herself of all pleasure, when she might learn her children to take care of themselves? It's her duty—let them learn not to depend on others."

"But, suppose the house was set on fire!"

"Pooh! nonsense! look at that tight, close stove. Look at your children! that great girl there is old enough to take charge of the house, almost. 'Only eight,'—why that's quite a woman's age. How squeamish you are! I wouldn't be such a frightened thing—tell them not to go near the fire—if they do you'll whip them to death. That's the way I talk to *my* children; and I'd like to see 'em dare to move when I tell them not to. Come, go along—and be such a tied down, dragged out slave no longer."

And alas! the mother listens to this false reasoning. For the sake of seeing a play, or going to a party, or gossiping with a neighbour, she leaves her little children alone, taking the dangerous precaution of locking the doors. She thinks she has put all combustibles out of sight; but perhaps the fire goes down—one stray match peeps out of a corner—a few shavings are heaped up, and the little thing, feeling the importance of her charge, anxious, ambitious to have all things found in perfect order, goes singing about the hearth, unconscious that a glowing fang has fastened itself just over her vitals, and that her very breath nurses the flame that is to destroy her.

Shall we paint the progress of the fire? the shrieks and frantic gestures of the poor child? the spread of the fatal flame? the agony of the helpless infant burning in its cradle? the heaps of glowing cinders that were once bright and beautiful? No laughing eyes, no little ruby lips, no innocent faces to greet the careless mother on her return. Ay! it is no wonder they cannot hold her—it is no wonder that with arms wildly lifted, madness painted upon her features, shrill cries of horror freezing the very blood, she flies over the red embers, and searches in vain for the ashes of her children.

Mothers—if you would not for ever feel that undying fire of remorse—leave not those precious little ones alone while you seek your pleasure away from home. Sweeter will be the recollection of your toils and sacrifices for them, when they go out to bless mankind, than all the delights that a thousand worlds like this can bestow.

THE FATE OF GENIUS.

If a room long shut up be suddenly thrown open to the blaze of daylight, all its imperfections are at once disclosed. Cobwebs hang thick from the corners; highways of dust stretch along the sun-slants, and the mouldings are blackened by neglect.

So it is with some persons who are brought from obscurity into notice; many petty failings spring instantaneously into active exercise. With some, a self-esteem that is as dangerous as disagreeable—with others, a spirit of tyranny that seeks to rule every object smaller than its own self-measured greatness.

Of all classes of mind, those that are allied with genius should be the most humble. And in proportion to their exaltation should they distrust their own abilities, and watch well their hearts. Beauty has been called a dangerous gift—but equally as many shoals and quicksands abound, wherever the gifted voyager steers his little vessel. The stamp of "fate" has been affixed to the fair margin of many an eventful life; and the name of poet been deemed an insignia of doom. Wit sparkled in his speech, and the listeners, while they applauded, and set sweet music to his words of inspiration, foretold that he was ruined. They pressed around him with words he was not able to bear, from their excess of praise; and if not forewarned by a purity within, and forearmed by wise resolution, the debauchee dragged him down to his own base level.

If in his bacchanal madness he became more gross than the beasts that follow but their instincts—"Poor fellow! it was the 'fate' of genius." If his crimes against society were such as would shut the nameless villain within four walls, and brand his brow with an uneffaceable stigma—"Poor fellow! it was the 'fate' of genius."

It is mockery to use such terms. If genius must stand

upon the basis of corruption before it can be recognised, it is nothing divine. If it must stagger and rave and leer before it can be worshipped, let us live in pitied obscurity. If it must break hearts, deceive friends, beggar children, and desolate homes with full license because it is genius, and receive pity when it merits disgust, we want none of it.

But there is no need of these "splendid eccentricities." There cannot be true greatness in that mind that while it dazzles destroys. Wine and opium are bad conductors of intellectual lightning, and the freshest, purest emotions are burnt out of the soul that seeks shelter behind them. Is some aspiring genius to-day lifting himself from obscurity, and just rejoicing in the warm sun of popularity? Then it remains to be seen whether he can bear the weight of prosperity. Whether the head bowed down at his approach, kindling eyes and cheeks that are tinged at the very mention of his name, the homage of the heart, the service of the lip, will so intoxicate his soul that he shall prostitute his noble gift at the base altar of the profligate. Of him, should he do so, let it not be said it was his *fate*—rather it was his *shame*. God made him to be great, but he has taken the helm in his own hands, and wrecked and ruined, he is swiftly going down to certain destruction.

RESTORED AFFECTION.

"You don't love my mother," said little Ellen Crosby, slowly retreating from her father with her hands behind her, and her lips quivering as she spoke.

"What do you mean, pet?" he exclaimed, springing after her, and drawing her resisting form towards him; "that is a very strange thing for a little girl to say; what put it into your head that father don't love mother?" he continued,

smoothing back the soft hair from her white forehead, and looking earnestly into her downcast eye.

"Because when mamma went away from the table you spoke cross, and said she was always sick; and she *has* got a headache," added the child earnestly, while the tears trickled down her cheeks; "I have been sitting beside her all the afternoon, and rubbing her forehead; and she is sick and tired very often, and you never tell her you are sorry, nor kiss her as you do me."

Charles Crosby drew his little girl closer to his bosom. Her artless words had fallen like fire upon his heart. He felt instantly that he had spoken harshly more than once to the gentle being who had never given him an unkind word. Seven years of his wedded life had passed calmly and fleetly. Being young and impulsive when he married, he could hardly appreciate the deep, holy love which his sweet bride treasured for him and him only. After the romance of the affair, as it seemed to him, had settled into a quiet, perhaps monotonous reality, his restless spirit yearned for some fresh novelty. To work through the day, to come home at night and spend the evening hours by the side of his wife and infant child, whose beautiful face gleamed like a rosebud upon the white pillow in her little wicker-basket cradle, became tiresome to him. He wished his Ellen had more vivacity, more brilliancy, forgetting that these might accompany a variableness of temperament that would have made his beautiful home unhappy.

Ellen was an excellent wife; hers was that inward purity which stamps upon the features a loveliness far beyond mere beauty. Nobody hesitated to call her handsome; her ways were winning, her form slight and fragile; withal she had so much prudence and was so good a manager, that from the time of his marriage, Charles Crosby had been accumulating riches. But she needed much affection and much care. She was delicate, and so sensitive that a word of reproach from one she esteemed, would sometimes cause serious illness. The language of her full blue eyes, as they were often fixed upon the

noble face of her husband, was "love me; oh! how I yearn for your full, unrestrained love!" then they would fall to the floor, while the chilling consciousness that he was not towards her in manners as he had once been, and oh! she feared, not in heart—would send an icy thrill through every fibre of her frame. Of late, Charles Crosby had often become an alien to his home, until the midnight hour; he had found, as he thought, choice and congenial spirits, and with them "the spirit of woe," that is, "the spirit of wine." His fine manners were disappearing; his home was not an earthly paradise to him now—he had grown very cold and very worldly; indeed he knew not the extent of the change in himself.

He worshipped his lovely child; and called her by the sweet names of "fairy," and "pet," and "darling." She was in truth such an one as few, very few parents are blest with; a child of neither ordinary beauty nor intellect; and but for her mother's judicious care and teaching, her powerful mind might have too swiftly expanded, and ripened more quickly than the growth of this world will allow, unless the rare exotic is to be transplanted into heaven.

Charles Crosby sat with his cheek resting upon little Ellen's head; the dear child once or twice unconsciously sighed, and these sighs were arrows to the wounded spirit of the father.

"Darling, you speak strangely," he said after a long pause, during which conscience had been busy; "father has a great deal of hard work to do, and comes home tired and perhaps a little fretful sometimes, but then he—he—he does—love your mother," he said slowly, and wondering what had become of the glowing delight he had once felt at the mere mention of her name.

"Do you, do you really love her then?" asked the child, sitting upright on his knee, and fixing her full, beautiful eyes upon him; "how strange! I thought by what mamma said, that you hated her, almost."

"By what mamma said!" exclaimed her father hastily, while a feeling of anger shot through his heart at the sudden sur-

mise that his wife had been striving to alienate the child's affections from him; "what did mamma say, Ellen?" he demanded sternly.

"Don't look so hard at me, father," she replied, pressing her snowy hands over his eyes; "mamma didn't tell me, but she told God."

More and more astonished, Charles gazed upon the child without speaking, and after a moment's pause, she continued, "I went into mamma's room this afternoon, before I knew she was sick, but I heard her talking, so I went on tiptoe. She was kneeling down by the bed and praying to our Father in Heaven; and she cried and sobbed as I do sometimes when I am naughty, but I knew she was never naughty—good, dear mamma—was she ever naughty, papa?" she asked artlessly, and waiting for a reply.

"She never was—to you or me," answered the father, choking down his emotion.

"Well, then I heard her pray; I knew she wouldn't care if I did, because she takes me with her sometimes; and she asked the dear God if he would make her husband love her; and said that he went away from his home, and liked other people better; and she said her heart was breaking too; and oh! she cried so bad,"—continued the child, giving such a mournful emphasis to the last two words, that the father's lip trembled and the tears came to his eyes.

"And then she turned round and saw me; and she called me to her and hugged me tight, and said I was a precious child, and kept asking me if I was *sure* I loved her—very, very sure—till the wild light in her eyes almost frightened me. I kept telling her she was my blessed mother, and I loved her better than anybody in the whole world except my father; and then she told me I must love you dearly, for you was a kind father to me, and perhaps she wouldn't live long; and if they did put her into the cold ground, I must make you forget it by my goodness and affection; but I never could for-

get it, could you, father, if they put my own sweet mother into the cold ground?"

This was too much; Charles Crosby started from his chair, and placing Ellen on a low seat, strode rapidly through the room. The tears were raining down his face, but he kept them hidden from the little one, who sat timidly still on her cricket, almost afraid to move for fear she had angered her father. Not so. A flood of the old tenderness had rushed back upon his heart. Instead of the demure and gentle Ellen, his memory pictured an angel of whom he had been all unworthy. A pure, radiant spirit who had sat by her household hearth in loneliness and sadness; with a slowly, surely breaking heart—a heart yearning and dying for love; unappreciated, lightly esteemed, seldom addressed in the language of affection, and yet returning smiles for cold looks; never complaining; oh! had such an one blessed his dwelling and he not dreamed how priceless a treasure he possessed! Bitter was his self-accusation, hot and copious his tears. He paused before her portrait, the young wife in the robes of the bridal seemed so joyous, yet subdued; just as happy as she had appeared on the day he could first call her his own. Now, only one thought echoed and re-echoed through his brain; "should she die—oh! should she die!"

For some moments he stood transfixed, striving to check the bursting sob that was almost stifling him, when he felt a slight pull at his coat, and turning, there stood little Ellen, her eyes all moist, and her pretty lips half parted; "Papa," she half whispered, "mayn't I go up stairs and tell mamma you do love her dearly?"

He caught her to his breast, and clasped her with the warmth of his new love close in his arms; he kissed her again and again, blessing his Maker that "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He has ordained praise;" then releasing the delighted child, he said, "Yes, darling, you may if you wish."

The child flew up stairs, while her father followed more

slowly; "Mamma," she screamed, bounding into the room, "you won't cry any more, nor have the headache now, father says he loves you dearly; he told me so; he loves you dearly, my own mamma."

The poor woman sprang to her feet; she could not comprehend the scene; she was bewildered; her fair cheeks flushed and grew pallid by turns; she looked first at her husband and then at little Ellen, who had expected her mother to laugh outright, and appear as gleeful as she; innocent being.

"Ellen," said her husband in faltering tones, "our child is our peacemaker; she has made me a better man; I *do* love you, Ellen, will you forgive me for my coldness and neglect?"

With a low, thrilling cry of delight, the wife fell within her husband's arms; he was forgiven; he was happy; in that moment old barriers were broken down, old associations forgotten, and he solemnly resolved, with the help of God, to be no more an alien from home; to remember the vows he had taken, and become worthy of his gentle wife.

Little Ellen danced around the room, tossing her yellow curls and clapping her hands as she shouted, "Oh! I'm so happy, I'm so happy, mother won't cry any more"—then under a childish, yet holy impulse, she knelt reverently down and lisped the little prayer she had repeated every night, since she was but two years old:

"God bless my darling mother,
My darling father too;
And may we love each other,
As Christ's dear flock should do."

Think you there were no blissful tears shed in the little chamber, as the petition of the artless babe went up to heaven?

The parlour was a right cheery place that evening; little Ellen sat up later than usual, because she was too happy to sleep. The astral shed a flood of red light over the neat, well ordered room, the table was filled with books, the piano forte

opened and giving forth sweet sounds as of old, under the touch of the now light-hearted wife; and a note was sent to the old rendezvous, in which Charles Crosby declined the honour of being made President of the Loyal Club. He never met with his old companions again.

Little Ellen is now large Ellen, but as happy, and bright, and beautiful as ever. She will soon give her hand to one worthy of her love; and she remembers, as if it were but yesterday, the dark hour when she found courage to tell her father that "he did not love her mother." Still more vividly does she recollect the wild and joyful feeling with which she ran up stairs, exclaiming "Father says he loves you dearly, mamma, you won't cry any more now!"

NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE TO HIM WHO WILLS.

NOTHING is impossible. Strike out a new path—court honour, fame, glory, wealth. All shall be yours if so you *will*. But with the will there must be energy, courage, foresight, prudence. The heart must be steeled either to bear the slanders of malice and envy, or to hear unmoved the sigh of the widow and the fatherless. In many cases the sweet joys of home must be foregone, and the wife considered an appendage, worth the money she saves; the children as only so many incentives to lay up the gold that perishes in the using.

Ask you for fame? Nothing is more easily obtained. Turn your hat inside out, wear a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other; make yourself known by your oddities; get "posted up" about town; you are a marked man—the property of the public; you are famous, do what you will.

Ask you for wealth? Begin your search early. Sleep on your pallet of straw—toil till after the midnight hour—breakfast

on cold water and a crust—eat no dinners—never allow yourself the luxury of a warm supper. Tie yourself to a penny, and be the bond slave of a dollar. Deny yourself the pleasure of a book—consider a newspaper without advertisements a nuisance—forget that you have a soul; turn a deaf ear to distress—time for benevolence when you get rich; then you may sit down with the pious reflection that your earnings are honest—for, good man, have you ever demanded more than your due?

What if a brother perishes in destitution and misery—"art thou thy brother's keeper?" What if that poor debtor died in a prison-house—was not his debt a lawful one? Was your demand more than the strictest justice might warrant?

Then you can take your gilded Bible, turn over its embellished pages, and in its clear, beautiful print, rejoice the sight of thine eyes. But what if, unthinkingly, they should rest upon the following passage:

"Thou hast sent widows away empty, and the arms of the fatherless have been broken. Therefore snares are round about thee, and sudden fear troubleth thee."

Never think to get away from the justice of that sentence. Hedge yourself in with golden thorns as you will, snares are round about you and sudden fear will trouble you.

KEEP UP YOUR HEART.

"BUT, Lady Anne, dinna be vexed for me, for I'm keeping up my heart."

So says little Katie Stewart in the beautiful story of that name. Her lover had been pressed into the king's service, and for ten long years she saw him not. In that time what doubts she struggled with, what bitter tears shed! But bravely she threw off the care-weight from her clouded spirit,

and bravely would she say from day to day, "I will keep up my heart, Lady Anne."

That's the noble resolution for you—I *will* keep up my heart. Sorrow may press sore upon the soul, and the fainting spirit whisper, It is more than I can bear; but No, says Resolution, I will keep up my heart.

A poor, and hard-working woman died some years ago in a town I will not mention, leaving a family of eight children. The oldest was scarce a woman—and how felt she sitting beside her mother's corpse, while from the golden-haired babe, lisping on her knee, to the sturdy boy weeping upon her neck—seven poor orphans were left wholly dependent upon her?

Did she sink beneath the thought? Did she give those little ones into the care of strangers, or send them to the pauper's home? Not she; she kept up her heart—untiringly she toiled after she had seen her dead mother laid under the sod, and with but little aid she reared that family; noble men and women they are to-day, and to what do they owe all they are? Under God, to that sister, who, when the bitterest trials crossed her path, bravely kept up her heart. Heed not, then, the voice that would charm you from duty. However often the cup of pleasure is dashed at your feet, keep up your heart. If the very waters of hope dry at their source, if the well becomes bitter, still keep up your heart. If lovers disappoint, friends prove faithless, and even your own turn coldly from you, keep up your heart. There is always some blue spot in the heavens—some little isle in the ocean, some fresh, beautiful oasis in the desert. Your time of triumph will come in God's time; so till then, keep up your heart!

POOR RELATIONS.

It is trying to the proud and sensitive to be poor—doubly so to be dependent upon more favoured relatives, who, through some fortunate circumstances, have become wealthy.

A young man left to the tender mercies of the rich, can spurn their cold offers, conscious that in his strength and health he can battle with adverse fortune. Turning from the marble halls with a will for a home, he may soon find a way to make one. Not so with the timid girl, left portionless and parentless under the protection of haughty, selfish, unfeeling relatives.

She must endure, too often, the cold glance and the bitter taunt, and feel the rustle of brocade that almost speaks contempt against her common garments. If she be beautiful, seldom is she admitted to the parlour where visitors are present. It is not best to allow her too many privileges; she has a home, and food, and raiment, for nothing! what more can she ask?

For nothing, is it? Who sews from morning till midnight on endless seams? Who makes dresses and caps; and rips, and cuts, and fashions over, for the more favoured daughters of fashion? Who must go into the nursery the moment the baby cries? and who is harassed by the petulant demands of spoiled children till her patience is exhausted, and her heart aching?

On whom are all the little fag ends of busy idleness thrown, when the bejewelled fingers weary of their petty labour? Who endures the insults of tired, yet splendid misery after some fancied slight in the gay ball-room? Who is expected to run on countless errands "beneath the *dignity of a lady* to accomplish?" and who is made responsible for every thumb-mark on a book? every spot upon a dress?

What is it to such an one that she lives in a palace, and

sits down to a board spread with rich viands? Better independence, and the lot of a hired servant.

Only poor relations! There is a world of meaning in that little sentence. Heart sorrows, and jealousies, neglect, contempt, injustice—all have been keenly experienced many times over. It is for poor relations to move timidly in the halls of the rich and favoured children of fortune. They feel that they are looked upon as unwelcome guests, that their coarse clothing, the best they had, but still coarse, displays a startling contrast to the elegance around them. The brilliant lights seem shining only to show the care-lines upon their brows, and the red toil-marks on their hands. They see beneath courtesy an uneasy, repellant manner, that almost says with its forced politeness—"I wish you was not here. Hadn't you sense enough to know that the invitation was only out of compliment?"

Obtuse they must be if they notice not the ill-concealed smile at their awkwardness, should they be unaccustomed to fashionable life.

Never mind, poor relations—your turn may come yet. It is better to be an honest, poor farmer, than a dishonest bankrupt. A high head, and a lofty look, are brought down sooner or later, and those who were too proud to own you in your poverty, may yet share your crusts with humble gratitude.

"Who else but a woman, if she had a purse with gold in one end, and silver in the other, would get hold of the gold end first, to show how rich she was?"

Why, nobody! the question is absurd. Men never do such things. They are very willing to appear afflicted with poverty. Men never dress in the fashion, or look in looking-glasses, which it is said women wear out by constant use.

Men never go to the barbers' to get curled—never talk of themselves. Men never gossip—women save them that trouble, if you only find them in tea. It's a moral impossibility for men to tell secrets; they are perfectly innocent of the sin of curiosity. Were you to tell them you knew a plan by which thirty thousand dollars could be made—they wouldn't ask you how.

In fact, all these minor things are saddled upon our shoulders, though they are none of the broadest.

If a man wear a Highland costume, composed of one gigantic plaid—he is "only eccentric." If you catch one fondly lingering about a glass, he will be sure to tell you he was looking at a pimple on his forehead. If he allows his locks to be twisted by the tonsorial tongs, some sister or lady friend "urged it." If he should tell a bit of news with relish—"he only did it to set the women folks talking." If he should happen to ask a question—"he is not particular about knowing—only—&c., &c."

We don't quite dare allow the gentlemen all the perfection they claim, because—ain't they a little too conceited, at any rate? "We are not particular about knowing—only—"

THE FUNERAL.

It has just past. A gloomy array of carriages and the slow hearse following. Who is wept for now? What know we of that pale occupant who sleeps in the narrow home? It may be a man struck down in his pride and glory; or a maiden for whose brow the bridal wreath was just twined. There are no outward signs of wealth, no glittering pageantry, or slow nodding plumes, to show that to-morrow the eyes now wet with tears will look eagerly over the well-drawn will. Was it a humble Christian who smiled as the dim world receded, and, not yet out of the body, saw visions of surpassing

splendour? Or the daring infidel, who wanted no prayers and expected no heaven?

Were mourning friends bending over his pillow? was his dying hand moistened with the tears of little children? or did one cold watcher catch his last breath, while visions of the poor man beggared, and the orphan ruined, smiled ghastly smiles, and gave a presage of judgment to his troubled spirit?

Was the silver cord loosed amid the howlings of demons whom the fiend of strong drink had bidden to do its horrid will? Was the pitcher broken at the fountain by invisible hands, seen by none but him? And did some poor deserted one bend with dishevelled tresses beside him, the mould of the grave on her garments, and its damps hanging upon her marble brow?

Deceiver! there is a death-bed for thee. And a funeral train will follow thee to the church-yard—but in the dread future thou shalt settle with thy God for the wrong thou hast done thy victim.

ARTIFICIAL LIFE.

THE artificial rose pleases while it mocks us with all but the fragrance of life—a beautiful landscape fresh from the hand of genius, delights the eye because it is so true to nature. There is the very sweep of the river, the gorge in the mountain, the soft harmony of the twilight glow. But an artificial life! What is there beautiful in that? To do this and the other thing because it is the fashion! To admire what every one else admires; to bow to the same old standard in matters of taste, and repeat the stereotyped phrases which have been the coin of polite nothingism for ages past—these! oh! soul, how canst thou stoop from thy high station to such trifles, lighter than air?

In spite of music, and the prima donna's charms; notwith-

standing the splendour of gorgeous scenes, and the soft flattery of the exquisite at her side; many a fair creature feels at times the nobleness of her nature at war with the petty affectations of an artificial life. She listens to the liquid strains that fill the vast hall, and longs to hear some simple ballad of home and love. She looks round the assemblage upon beautiful faces, and knows by the weariness of her own heart that many and many a sad thought sleeps under the mask of pleasure.

And still she follows up this miserable existence, conscious that she was made for something better than to shine in the glare of the ball-room, and minister to the folly of the vain triflers who throng in her path.

Oh! this artificial life—how many noble spirits it fetters, how many hearts it cankers, how much fine gold changes into worthless dross! It blots the sun out, and worships the pale glimmer of gas in its heaven of fashion. It turns the ruddy cheek ghastly, and deadens the fire in the eye of health. It covers day with a curtain, and changes the night that was made for quiet rest into a scene of extravagance and folly. Who would be a pale devotee of fashion? Who would exchange the pleasures of the happy fireside for a season of artificial life? Not I, for one.

POOR AGNES.

THE voice of the charmer—the voice of the charmer—charm he ever so “wisely.”

“What does she mean?” I asked, turning to my companion; but before he could answer, the wild-looking girl took off her bonnet, letting a shower of curls fall over her wan cheeks.

“I’ve wandered through the woods,” she said, “and picked up the dead leaves every autumn to heap on my grave, but the red glory faded away, and my grave is not yet made. I’ve

stood by flashing rivers, and gone down to the moon in their dark depths, but the voice of the charmer, the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely—ah me!” and flinging herself upon the green bank, she lay as motionless as if she were dead.

“Come this way,” said my friend; turning off into a charming lane, he led me to a beautiful spot. A little cottage stood in the midst of a clump of trees. It had a new, yet a deserted and sorrowful look. The blinds were covered with dust, weeds straggled around its base, and one red sunbeam level with our glances, gave an almost supernatural tinge to the gloom within.

“That cottage, strange as it may seem to you, was raised ten years ago, and no living person has ever slept beneath its roof. It was built by Cleary Hale, a young man born and brought up in the village. This poor, crazy creature whom you just saw, was his betrothed. She was beautiful enough to be the belle of the place. Indeed I can remember when with her thick glossy curls, and vivid black eye, she engrossed all my youthful attention. But poor girl! she was the victim of slander. One who was jealous of her influence, and envious of her beauty, sought to work her ruin. The child was as innocent as she was amiable, and just the victim upon whom an artful mind might work, and never be suspected.

“With stories plausibly told, linked together with the little thoughtless actions and speeches of this unsuspecting girl, the base woman succeeded in poisoning the mind of her lover. Yet he did not turn, as she had fondly counted, to her. Stung to the heart, he cast off all allegiance to the supposed false maiden, and left for a foreign land. The wonder of her companions, their suspicions and unspoken taunts, together with her desertion, drove poor Agnes mad, and so she has been ever since. Cleary never came back; he left his house as you see it, not quite finished; and I should not wonder if it stood there uninhabited till it fall.”

“But was this Agnes guilty of any imprudence?”

“Guilty! I wish to heaven my soul was pure as hers;

and if Cleary but knew it, he would condemn himself for ever for his unjust—"

At this moment a gaunt face startled us at the window of the deserted house. We sprung to our feet, but hardly quicker than a man hurried from the threshold, and stood confronting us.

"Cleary," said my friend, almost with a shout. The figure seized his hands, but seemed unable to articulate, though his lips moved.

At last he exclaimed, "Agnes—where is she?"

"You have heard us, then—you heard what I have been telling."

"Yes, every word—only carry me to her—let me see her—let me, on my knees, entreat her to forgive me."

We walked hurriedly to where we had left the unhappy girl. She had fallen asleep. The contrast of her almost jetty curls with her very pale face, was startling. Cleary folded his arms and stood gazing upon her. His form shook like a leaf trembling in the autumn wind; his lips and cheeks were ashy white. Some mysterious sympathy, perhaps, awakened Agnes. She looked dreamily round and began her old strain, "The voice of the charmer; the voice—*his* voice—*his* face," she shrieked, catching the eye of the sun-burnt Cleary—"his face, though altered—oh! Cleary—how could you stay so long? I have been so lonely, and suffered so much," she sobbed, as he caught her and folded her to his breast.

We could not but mingle our tears with his. The great Father had restored reason to her throne, and she looked out from those dark eyes half-lovingly, half-reprovingly, as if she ought, but could not bear to chide the cause of her banishment.

No longer deserted, the little cottage shows its red lights every evening through vines, and the interlacing branches of trees. Strains of music float through the pleasant rooms, and mingle with the summer music of nature's sylvan voices.

Round dimpled cheeks and sunny tresses shine out from the windows, and pretty, childish hands gather roses in the morning to set on the table for father.

Agnes looks young again. The bloom has come back in her cheeks, the fiery glances are sweetly subdued, and her eyes have grown soft and loving.

But she who first lifted the slanderer's voice has grown old and unlovely. Despised for the part she has played in former years, nobody seeks her lonely retreat, and, in all but the name, her miserable home is, in deed and in truth, a deserted cottage.

ENVY.

A MEAN, base, sordid passion. Who would not as soon fondle a live scorpion, as to harbour a feeling so guilty? What an occupant for the human heart! A monster, horrible as Cerberus; a vile chemist, for ever seeking a bane, bending over the alembic of malice, stirring up hatred and strife, till he makes one huge dish of poison, in which he steeps the better qualities, till they are bitter and cruel as the grave.

With what a green eye does he look out over the world! How his hair stands on end, and his fingers clutch at the dagger of detraction, when he meets one better than himself! How he grinds his teeth when beauty stands beside his deformity! and hisses like a serpent stirred in his nest, when fame plucks her laurels for the brow of another! His tongue, sharpened with the venom of black hate, and hot with malice as burning coals, is "set on fire of hell." He would unhinge the door of an infant's heart, and teach its little thoughts to quarrel with perfection, and pick the eyes out of virtue. So foul is his spirit, that he has been known to dig graves for an entire household, and smile, with the exultation of a demon, over the ruin he has made.

Does he dwell with you, or with you, reader? Have you ever felt a sudden pang when she of the graceful form and brighter eye stood between you and praise? Did your soul darken when the college friend bore off the prize, and left you a mortified and disheartened competitor? Have you ever whispered the hint, born of your own jealousy, that turned many a loving spirit from that gentle girl? Or said the little word that all your tears can never blot out, all your penitence never recall?

If so, you have let your heart to a miserable tenant. Warn him out! He pays his rent in bad money. He disfigures the walls of your house, and never does he let the sunlight of truth shine in on his base occupation. Warn him out! Decay follows in his footsteps; he blights the vines of love; he has broken the mirror of conscience, that she may not see her own face. Warn him out! and cleanse the dark rooms with regretful tears. Re-gild the setting of your happy thoughts, and fold the drapery of prayer about them. Then shall you lie down at night innocent of the great transgression; and, though the frost of a deadly sin has gathered thick upon the blossoms of the soul, the good deeds you shall do, smiled on by Heaven, will melt it to streams of mercy.

DREAMS OF THE DEPARTED.

LIKE stars in the dark azure of a midnight sky, are the beautiful dreams that gem the hours of our unconscious repose. Then there are forms that come unto us in the likeness of humanity, through which shine the rays of a divine light; and their presence imparts pleasure unmixed with awe; for the horror that, to some minds, seems inseparable from ghostly visions when imagined in our waking hours, gives place to a more spiritual appreciation of those revered shades that, per-

chance, at times, still hover on the confines of their earthly tabernacle.

It may have been that, before we sought our rest, we leaned once and again above the old arm chair, where, of late, with the seal of holy age making her venerable brow almost luminous, a mother sat. You cannot feel the pressure of her wrinkled hand upon your own, you sigh for the approving smile that beamed on your last birth-day; it has gone for ever. No, not for ever; for, in the hour when veiled night, with her coronet of stars, moves over the shadowy world, there she stands beside you, the eye brighter, the brow fairer, the step lighter, the sweet words as sweet as ever; and, when you waken, is there not a holier feeling at the heart, as if you had been having converse with one of heaven's saints?

We have dreamed of the departed often, but they seldom seemed to us as when in life; they have come with towering forms, and smiles, whose expression was almost overpowering with beauty. They have been clothed with the unearthly splendours of heaven, a solemn majesty in their mien, that awed while it repressed not the spirit.

It is a sweet solace, as we stand over the cold forms of our dead, to dwell in imagination upon that meeting in the spirit world, where all broken ties shall be joined again together; and almost as sweet is the anticipation of a glorious reunion in the unreal life of dreamland. For though unreal, we act, think, and speak; feel all the emotions of delight that thrill the bosom after a long separation; drink in the sad or wonderful stories that the dear lips tell unto us; ask questions of the most momentous import; talk of the absent, inquire concerning them; perhaps press the soft locks from the brow, or imprint kisses there; and when we waken, the whole interview is stamped in glowing colours upon the mind's eye, and we are almost as grateful for this pleasing shadow, as if it were indeed reality.

"Bury the dead from sight;" ay, bury them; deep, deep down, dig their damp graves; launch them off where ocean

rolls full hundreds of fathoms, or where no sounding lead can reach the awful depth; lay their bones to bleach upon the tallest cliff that reaches towards heaven; even then they are not buried from sight, from the inner sight, because there are no tombs in the heart; and the image once stamped there, never fades; often, often they will come back laden with soft memories, and, touching the spring that reverberates to the music of olden times, shed over our dreams the light of rapture that haloes the entrance gates of heaven.

BABES OF HEAVEN.

THERE are some infants who seem destined for heaven from their birth. Over these the mother may smile and weep, and watch the fragile beauty of cheek and brow, in vain.

Old and learned doctors may stand beside their little couches, and count the quick beating pulse; they cannot stay the steady footsteps of death—they cannot wave him back, that angel warden of heaven. Something is written in the blue eyes, the gentle smile, that mortals may never interpret. For them the tiny headstones stand in niches, fresh from the graver's hands. For them little marble urns are already sculptured, and sweet spots in burial grounds lie waiting. Hug it ever so closely to the fond bosom, the favoured immortal is ever in the hands of the angels, and they will claim it.

I have known a few such children. I remember, as I write, a sweet sister who came when the bird pipes his first May song. For fifteen bright months she was spared to earth, but all who saw her gave ominous shakes of the head, and some said even with tears, "She will die."

Of all infant singers, none heard I ever sing like her. From morning till night, from her twelfth month, her sweet, clear voice rang through the house. And she was neither taught this, nor paraded for her gift—but a friend coming in would be sure to hear "Old Hundred" from the singing lips of a babe who might be clinging to the chairs in her first happy essay to walk. "China," and many of the ancient melodies, were as household words to that little creature; and every day at twilight, till nearly the day she died, she would sing herself to sleep, lisping those old words,

"Life is the time to serve the Lord."

Precious angel! her life was holy service. How happy she has been these long years—up there—singing!

I had another little sister, who died at the same age. I remember a still, beautiful night, when I sat watching that sweet face—the pale hands, the labouring chest. Her mother, wearied out, had fallen into a light slumber.

Suddenly, in that dying hour, the old tune of "Sweet Home" rang out, clear, sweet, distinct. How can I describe the feeling that thrilled through all my veins, when looking at the little lips, pale and trembling, I saw them moving to the cadence of that cherished melody! There lay a babe, scarcely more than a year old, disease upon her, her temples whitening in death, singing a triumphal strain with her failing breath. No language can tell how indescribably beautiful, yet how awful was the scene. She sang it through to the last note—and her fragile form sank backward.

In the morning they were laying lightly and tenderly on her limbs the burial shroud.

I once heard a little story, which for pathos could not be excelled.

A beautiful infant had been taught to say (and it could say little else) "God will take care of baby."

It was seized with sickness, and at a time when both parents were hardly convalescent from a dangerous illness. Every

day it grew worse, and at last was given up to die. Almost agonized, the mother prayed to be carried into the room of her darling, to give it one last embrace. Both parents succeeded in gaining the apartment, but just as it was thought the babe had breathed its last.

The mother wept aloud; and once more the little creature opened its eyes, looked lovingly up in her face—smiled and moved its little lips. They bent closer down.

"God will take care of baby."

Sweet, consoling words!—they had hardly ceased when the angel spirit was in heaven.

COMING HOME.

The waters dash upon the prow of the gallant vessel. Yonder a beautiful girl stands on the deck, and the winds woo her ringlets as she looks anxiously for her head-lands of home. In thought, there are warm kisses on her lips, soft hands on her temples. Many arms press her to a throbbing heart, and one voice sweeter than all the rest, whispers, "My child!"

Coming home! Full to bursting is her heart, and she seeks the cabin to give her joy vent in blessed tears.

Coming home! The best room is set apart for his chamber. Again and again have loving hands folded away the curtains, and shaken out the snowy drapery. The vases are filled every day with fresh flowers, and every evening tremulous voices whisper, "Perhaps he will be here to-morrow." At each meal, the table is set with scrupulous care. The newly embroidered slippers, the rich dressing-gown, that study cap that he will like so well, are all paraded to meet his eye.

That student brother! He could leap the waters and fly like a bird home. Though he has seen all the splendour of

olden time, there is but one place that fills his heart, and that spot he will soon reach—"Sweet home."

Coming home! What sees the sun-browned sailor in the darkling waters! He smiles! There are pictures there of a blue-eyed babe and its mother. He knows that even now his young wife sings the sweet cradle song,

"For I know that the angels will bring him to me."

He sees her watching from the cottage door; he feels the beat of her heart in the pulse of his own, when a familiar foot-fall touches only the threshold of memory.

That bronzed sailor loves his home as an eagle, whose wings seek oftenest the tracks of the air, loves best his mountain eyrie. His treasures are there.

Coming home! Sadly the worn Californian folds his arms, and falls back upon his fevered pillow. What to him is his yellow gold? Oh, for one smile of kindred! But that may not be. Lightly they tread by his bedside, watch the dim eye, moisten the parched lip.

A pleasant face bends over him—a rough palm gently pushes back the moist hair, and a familiar voice whispers, "Cheer up, my friend, we are in port; you are going home."

The film falls from the sick man's eye. Home—is it near? Can he be almost there? A thrill sends the blood leaping through his limbs. What! shall he see those dear eyes before the night of darkness settles down for ever? Will his babes fold their little arms about him, and press their cherry lips to his lips? What wonder if new vigour gathers in that manly chest? He feels strength in every nerve; strength to reach home—strength to bear the overwhelming joy of meeting those dear ones.

Coming home! The very words are rapturous. They bear import of everything sweet and holy in domestic life. Nay, more, they are stamped with the seal of Heaven, for the angels say of the dying saint, "He is coming home."

THE GAME OF BARTER.

I HAVE seen a child, with a fine toy in his possession, eagerly exchange it for some more gaudy but worthless show, and appear to feel as much pride and complacency in the transaction as though he had made a shrewd bargain. And that has reminded me that such things are constantly going on in this world of ours; that there is a universal game of barter in operation among every variety of people, in which even whole nations engage with an eagerness and satisfaction not a whit inferior to that of the simple child, who gives up his wheelcart for a bright, coloured marble.

This perverse habit exists not merely in the marts of speculation; not only is its influence directed through the complicated channels of business, for which, perhaps, its purpose is applicable, but its singular perversity is discernible in the transactions of mind with mind. Brought to a stern and true test of the conflict between good and evil, or rather the exchange of divine peace, and great virtues, for sublunary joys and despicable vices—it shows how even the soul, corrupted from purity, eagerly catches at and revels upon the grosser pleasures that have but their exterior glitter to commend them.

Thus, if we look around us, we shall see persons capable of great deeds and heroic sacrifices, narrowing their lives down to the compass of a single, sordid idea; to a purpose calculated neither to benefit the world nor themselves, but rather to curse the former and deteriorate the latter. You will behold here a neighbour exchanging an upright walk, that has made him respected of all men, for a few acres of perishing land. There, a friend exchanging honesty of purpose for a surplus in the bank, and the means of living on a more fashionable street than his neighbour. Another, exchanging a good conscience for a few dimes extra, wrenched from the emaciated

hand of the toiling widow, with which some life-drops, falling from the torn heart, stain the ill-gotten silver with an inefaceable rust. Another, bartering peace of mind for the pleasure of sending to his miserable home the degraded sot, who was once his genteel customer—there to destroy, by moments, the hopes, the peace of some poor, blighted woman, whose whole life has been a funeral dirge. Another, giving up true and tried friends, for the love of saying cutting things; and surrounding himself with fools, who only seek his society for the pleasure of laughing at others, for whose failings he makes himself a buffoon.

But to bring the subject more home, let us direct our steps to the residence of a certain merchant, who resides on Broadway, in the great city of New York. Not a family on that street live more superbly than his—at least so says the world. Are you astonished at the elegance of his mansion on the outside? You would think him worth the income of a prince, to look within. The eye is pained by profusion of gilding, the wilderness of luxuries that line the walls, and stand thickly upon all sides, in the very acme of confusion. Up stairs, down stairs, it is still the same; beauty after beauty, glory after glory, till the brain is bewildered, and the admiration boundless.

Perhaps the family are at breakfast; suppose we go below. Here they are, cooped up in a little out-of-the-way room, as mean in its appearance as every other is gorgeous. It is a cold season, and the stove gives out a meagre heat, for they calculate to use but a limited amount of fuel per day. There they sit, shivering around the table—and such a table! A little broken crockery, a consumptive loaf of old bread, a sort of coloured water they call coffee, no cream, no milk, no sugar; perhaps one herring, cut into innumerable bits. The mother, clad in a dingy, dirty calico, the daughters in the same,—miserably cross, all of them,—for in that beautiful house they know no comforts. At dinner, with discoloured wrappers thrown over their costly dresses, they sit down to a

slight variation of breakfast, for in the place of one herring for six, there may be one apiece.

Go to their store-rooms: no flour, no sugar packed away in plethoric barrels; no casks of oil, no caddies of tea. All these are obtained in small parcels, by—nobody knows who—at some obscure grocer's. Look in their cellar: a little heap of coal, a starveling foot of wood, a strip or two of bark. Go to their wardrobes: no soft, warm flannels; no snug, thick wrappers; everything show—show—show. The very beds are furnished for effect; linen in quantities is a luxury unknown. Comfortables! why, the beautiful fire-rugs have served for them many a time. And why is all this? Merely because they *will* live in a house that rents for twelve hundred dollars. They will appear in gleaming satins and costly silks, if they never enjoy a healthy, hearty meal as long as they live. They must be fashionable, or die.

Now, look at the results of this barter. Domestic peace, real neatness, a pleasant ease, a home of comfort, true independence, cultivated minds, sweet humility, and Christian graces, all exchanged for these contemptible gewgaws of vanity. Endless mortifications endured; the sneers of those who penetrate beneath the surface borne patiently; the smiles of greatness courted by a slavish servility; the poor turned away uncared for; and in the future the prospect of continual struggles, and the dark shadows of a life unblessed, hovering over the bed of death.

Thus the world of fashionable poverty goes, and well if worse exchanges than these do not take place.

"How beautiful she is!" So cries the world, as the lovely young wife comes leaning upon the arm of her husband. Braids, and bands, and ringlets, and jewels, make a grand coronet for her young brow; and her dark eyes flash wondrously, as she listens to the murmurs of approbation bestowed so profusely, so willingly. What! can *she* have bartered any wealth of heart, any holy aspiration, any sweet virtue, for the splendour in her possession? Yes, the peace of mind of her noble husband.

For the glare and shine of a fashionable rout, she will sacrifice his dearest smiles, make light of his most sacred hopes, doom her infant to the cold love of a hired nurse, spend all her time in caring for, and decorating her frail beauty. Oh, woman, woman! how sad, that the sacred joys of home have been intrusted to thy keeping, when thou art such as she!

Change not the heart's fine gold. There are some women would turn from a prospect of heaven, could it be vouchsafed to mortal eye, to gloat upon the lustre of a brocade silk; some women who would rather wear a bracelet of diamonds, than an honest, trusting heart; some men who, were a brother drowning, and a coin of gold shining in the sand, would snatch first the glittering coin for fear it might become another's, and then, if not too late, drag out the perishing man: such, barter away untold treasures; cold, sensual, or heartless beings, they disgrace earth and insult heaven.

A DAUGHTER'S DEVOTION.

THE head of the house was buried, and the widow and daughter resigned themselves to grief. In all the great rooms below stairs was the rich furniture paraded, statuettes of exquisite loveliness that never before felt the touch of rude fingers; paintings, fauteuils, marble tables, mirrors, and the dear domestic luxuries that had been hallowed by love so many fond years.

The ruthless hammer beat all day. Throngs crowded the great stone entrance, silks and satins, and feathers, and beautiful faces flitted in and out. Towards night a plain carriage drew up to the side-door, where the servants had always found egress and ingress. Two forms shrouded in black moved slowly from the house and entered; one of them with the gestures of absolute despair.

The next day a business-looking man called at the poor home which had been offered the dependants, till they could maintain themselves. He placed a box on the table, asked for the young lady, and, subdued by her pale, sweet face, spoke in very low tones:—

"My dear young lady, will you accept these from one of your father's friends; they may be invaluable to you as family relics; or, if you choose to sell them, you may command a handsome sum. We cannot allow you to make a sacrifice of all you held dear."

After he had gone, Helen sat for many moments, her white hands folded, and lids drooping. All day she had held the passive form of her heart-stricken mother. Selfish the latter certainly was, even in her overwhelming sorrow, and Helen suffered thrice the anguish of broken hopes, in witnessing her uncontrollable agony. But, brave girl, she would not despond. She pressed the hot tears back with her trembling fingers, as she murmured, "Poor mother, I cannot wonder at her grief; brought up so tenderly, she cannot, must not live in poverty. She shall at least *imagine* that she knows no want."

Helen had changed her jewels into gold, furnished a small room with some degree of elegance, paid the rent for a few weeks in advance, and had still a moiety of money in her purse.

"Cheer up, dear mamma," she said, "we still have friends. You shall not want. I have even the opportunity of procuring you a little servant, who will come to assist you night and morning. A man will bring the coal up to your door, and I myself will be your dressing maid. You will have nothing more to do than you ever had, and you can finish your beautiful embroidery."

The still elegant woman looked up with a pensive smile.

"Ah! but, my child, you will have no one now to accompany you to and from the academy; you will not even have a carriage: your poor little feet will be blistered with walking."

A flush of delight mounted to Helen's cheeks—her mother did not then even suspect that their means were wholly withdrawn, and she need not communicate her plan—her daring plan, that it would give her so much pain to unfold.

She had tried in vain to find employment as a teacher. Youth, inexperience, beauty, delicacy of frame were all against her. Passing one day, with her green veil down, through a narrow street, she was arrested by a notice at a haberdasher's window. Several girls were wanted to learn hair-working. Good wages would be given, &c.

She entered, was engaged, and immediately set herself down to this avocation. It was a terrible trial to her—ay! and you may call it aristocratic pride, prejudice, what you will—but it is terrible to one who has been accustomed to luxuries, whose coming and going has been tenderly watched; whose feet have never known less rude press than the thornless flowers on the rich man's halls—it is bitterly terrible; and thrice terrible for such an one to bend to the stern behest of manual toil.

Day after day she laboured, and nightly, too, when her mother slept. At the end of every week, all her little earnings were gone—but she contrived to set delicacies on her mother's table, of which she would eat sparingly herself.

A large importer who frequently came into the work-room, noticed this fragile creature, and often asked questions concerning her. He saw how timid she was, how small and white the hands that twined in amid the soft locks of hair, how quickly the scarlet flitted over her cheek whenever she was spoken to, and her refinement of manner pleased and interested him.

It seemed to him that she was working beyond her strength, and once he saw her press her hand to her side, and when she threw a fervent glance upward, her lashes glittered with tears.

When he had heard her story he was filled with admiration. The humble little shop girl, who, for a trifling consideration

had been induced to spend a few hours a day in household labour for Helen's mother, told him all. He resolved that this pure gentle creature should not sacrifice her life, even for the interest of one so dear, as a mother must be. He knew not the whole yet, however.

"I have called to see you, madam, with reference to your daughter Helen."

The lady started, exclaiming, "Nothing can have happened to my child!"

"Nothing, my dear madam," he said, glancing at the embroidery frame, the rich carpet, the beautiful etceteras of the apartment, "only I fear the young lady allows herself too little rest."

"Indeed, I often tell her, sir, that she studies too hard. The rules of the academy are so strict, I fear she will not be able to continue. Since her father's death, poor child, she has walked all the way to E—— street; she always rode before; and as she has the management of what little money was left, I know she seldom affords herself even a cheap ride."

"Her studies—the academy?" exclaimed her visiter, and then he repeated them over, slowly, as if to be sure he had heard the words aright.

"Yes, sir; her father died at the beginning of the last term, and she is unwilling to lose the benefit, as he paid a year's advance. Dear child, I suppose she will have to become a teacher, or some such drudge"—and she sighed heavily.

"Madam—I—excuse me—it cannot be *the* Helen Harding I had heard—and yet—the circumstances! Madam, does not your daughter work in a haberdasher's shop?"

Poor Mrs. Harding screamed outright.

"My dear sir, you do not think my child would descend"—and there she stopped. Her face grew deadly pale—some thrilling thought forced itself upon her mind.

"I remember now," she said slowly, and with an effort—

"Helen never told me she should continue at school—and I—oh! how helpless I have been! how unthinking. If it *should* be—dear sir, describe this Helen."

"It is she!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet, and bursting into tears. "Noble, generous child! self-sacrificing daughter! Oh! could I not comprehend? her pale cheeks—her eyes so heavy—her slow step. Noble, generous child! and she has done all this for me—to spare her mother the pangs of wounded pride—she is wearing herself to the grave for me."

Bitterly she wept for some moments, and her visiter, venturing to speak in a choked, husky voice, only ended by snapping his eyes and flourishing his handkerchief somewhere in their vicinity.

"This shall be no longer," at last she said, rising with dignity. "True, I have never laboured; true I am proud—I shall henceforth be too proud to live thus in idleness, dependent upon the labour of my delicate child. I will go forth into the world. I can do something—the widow's God will aid me—and oh! He will bless me, for her self-sacrificing efforts have put new life within this weak frame."

"Do not apologize, sir; you cannot tell what an inestimable blessing your call has proved to me; and, sir," she continued, looking at him with eyes filled anew, "have I not reason to be proud of my child?"

What had hitherto seemed dross, now proved to be fine gold. All selfishness, all indolence were gone, and Mrs. Harding had become transformed into an energetic woman, willing and eager to take her place in the travel-stained paths of toil. But there was now no need. The wealthy stranger, pleased with her manners, loved, and won her for his wife. Helen, who had tasted both the sweets and the aloes of life, moved again in the brilliant circles to which she had been accustomed. But more than for all her varied accomplishments was she loved and admired for the noble self-sacrifice of feeling, taste,

and even health she had made, that her mother might be spared the pain of even imagining she was poor.

Filial love is always rewarded by the great Giver who hath commanded us to "Honour father and mother."

NOT THE RIGHT KIND OF A HUSBAND.

HE is perfectly punctilious; salutes his wife as madam, and picks up her pocket handkerchief the moment it falls. He is careful to have the carriage brought round after a heavy dew, or if she inclines to walk, consults the wind, insists that she be warmly robed, and her feet well protected. When she asks for money, he generally doubles the amount of her modest demand. Hopes she may enjoy her shopping—begs her not to fatigue herself; brings her home annually several beautiful gift books, and presents them with the air of a prince; never murmurs when the bills come in, furnishes his table like a lord, and his parlours ditto, yet he is not the right kind of a husband.

And why?

Because to him, as she appears to every one else, she is *his lady*. He has honoured her with his hand, and as much heart as he owned; allotted her the head of his household; condescendingly allows his children to call her mother. He is not the one to whom a wife would go, and, laying her head upon his bosom, unfold to him her cherished thoughts.

And when hope deferred, and the silent probing of sorrows that needed to be uttered, have worn upon her frame, he taps very lightly at the sick-room door, and politely hopes madam's illness is not serious.

He sees not beyond his mask of pride that the fountain of her life is drying away, because it is not fed with the springs of his love.

And when she hears him in counsel with the grave doctor, suggesting the infallible watering-place, her very soul cries out, "Oh, do not send me away; take me home—nearer to your heart. Be more human; call me only your wife. Speak to me softly, and let me read love in your eyes. Let me near you without trembling; let me fling my arms about your neck and call you husband, or else let me die. I can never go through life with this cold, spiritless, splendid formality."

And she does die. Then follows a grand pageant—a year of stereotype mourning. The house is light again. He has taken another bride as gentle-hearted as the last—and she, poor thing, is yet to learn that attentive and proper as he may be, he is *not the right kind of a husband*.

THE OLD COUNTRY CHURCH.

ITS gaunt old walls have never pleased the eye with architectural beauty. It sits squarely upon its mossy lawn. No sculpture relieves its rude portals, nor stained glass lets in the sun, garbed in a coat of many colours. But rocks, in the wild, gray beauty of nature, are piled about its foundations, and trees, whose roots were untwined in the mould for the planting of this old oak of Christ, let their leaves softly in between the hot light of day and the quiet sombreness of the sanctuary. Its steeple is square and devoid of all pretension to elegance; but the true-tongued bell that hung up in that grim tower has, how often,

"Swung out and swung loud,
Telling to the village crowd
Standing by the open grave,
God recalled but what he gave;
Sung, swinging free and wide,
Joyous pœans for the bride;

Called from their dwellings lowly,
Maidens fair and old men holy,
On the blessed day of rest,
To their simple hearts 'the best.'"

In that old church the pew-backs were never stuffed; strong, stalwart forms sat there, that needed not the enervating cushion.

How simple the choir-gallery, with its broad, brown moulding! No damask curtains conceal the fair faces of the village choristers. In times that are gone, what triumphs were achieved with that "ungodly fiddle," straitly denounced by strict, but good and conscientious men. Could the shades of our grandfathers enter some grand "Trinity," how would they listen abashed to the prima donna of last week's grand concert, singing the praise of God after the most approved opera style; or hear the rattling notes of Yankee Doodle oddly intermixed with Old Hundred!

Let us enter the sacred place. The dust of a week lies lightly on its altar rail, its little red communion-table, its plain, unvarnished pews. See where aspiring genius, three years old and upwards, has cut awkward letters on the pine panels. Look around—what democracy! what equality! This nor that pew is lined with its crimson or rich ultramarine; the fawn colour of fashion, or the costly green of wealth. Here the poor man felt himself the equal of Squire B——, if the latter *did* have his crickets carpeted. Even the pauper who crept in from the near "work'us," knew that his hob-nailed shoes rested on no softer surface than those of the well-to-do farmer at his elbow. Above, the trunks of trees but rudely squared, cross their huge beams, and roughly fold in their massive grasp, the walls that years have worn gray. The windows, high, and set in deep embrasures, seem dim for the loss of dear eyes that can gather no more light from them, save when the sun shoots through, and leaves golden arrows on their graves.

And the old sounding-board swings above the pulpit, a relic

of the times that tried men's souls, when the truth was clothed in thunder, and the right hand struck without fear the strong desk, that held no astral to shiver, and no bible with too costly gilding to profane.

In the hush of a holy Sabbath, when the doors were thrown wide, when the music of birds came in, and flowers and trees, and river and mountain, gathered together their precious perfumes and offered them up, a glad incense to God, softly arose the village hymn to mingle with their mute worship. And the brave heart in the old desk dared to proclaim in all its fulness, breadth, and beauty, "Ho, every every one that thirsteth, come ye unto the waters; and *he that hath no money*; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price."

Blessed be the old country church; for there the *poor* had the gospel preached unto them.

THEN AND NOW; OR, THE OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

Now my hair is all silvered over—the sun of my age has gone down, and its placid moon lights up my temples. Now the night has come, then the full day was beginning; now I creep silently with trembling limbs and my old staff to my seat in the corner; then I bounded over hills, and, with shouting, leaped the singing streams. Then health painted my cheek—now disease has whitened it; then my eye looked on the sun with the eagle—now, like the dim eye of the wounded bird, it seeks the earth. Then I weighed the ashes of my dead, with silver and gold, and the gold was the heaviest—now I balance a single loving smile with the treasures of Ophir, and the smile outweighs them all. Then none could conquer my strength—now a little one with its dimpled hand may lead me. Then I feared the powerful—now I fear only God. Then

I loved—now I worship; then the gates of fame were open to me—now the gates of heaven. Then sweet human forms flitted about my pathway—now the angels minister to me because I am an heir of salvation. Then I laid my loved ones with tears in the sepulchre—now with thanksgiving I lay them upon the bosom of God. Then I basked in the light of beauty—now I linger in the shadow of the valley of death.

Then was the Genesis of my young life—now I am folded about with the beams of the Revelations—seeing things in the glory beyond, of which my faltering tongue speaks not.

Then was I ever ready to give—now am I ready to be given up: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

BIRDS OF SPRING.

BEAUTIFUL! beautiful creature! Not a blade of grass has turned its velvet cheek to the sun, not a bud swollen from the moisture that gives tint and colouring to leaf and blossom. Perchance the last snow has not yet melted from the hilly hollows, yet on yon bare twig, that quivers at so light a touch, sits a fairy, feathered thing, pouring out, as if he had not enough to give, the first beautiful flute-notes of spring.

Seldom we think how much we are dependent on those tiny creatures for the most delicious happiness. It is a joy that is so quiet—steals upon the senses like the dawn of love upon the night of unconsciousness. Let the mind be occupied as it will, the most delicate thought-reverie, fine as the texture of which dreams are woven, is broken not by that gentle music. And often comes the thought that this wealth of melody is as free to the lowliest as the greatest of God's children. No lord of the manor can bribe those innocent things to sing alone in his beautiful parks, though he hang a golden cage on every branch of his grand old trees. His hedge, though bordered

with flowers of more bloom and brilliance, holds no sweeter honey for bee and bird than the straggling limbs of wild rose-bushes and honeysuckle gathered against the homeliest cottage.

To the untaught ear of the ploughman, as he turns the rich black furrow, the far-off sounds of music flung from every recess of that thick grove are sweeter than the trained notes of the most skilful human voice.

The little rustic, bounding through aisles of the fragrant pine woods, looks up with wonder, and reverently checks her mirth. There, upon the utmost height of the cloud-embracing canopy, sits the feathered warbler; a speck of gold tinged with crimson and blue, with two little wings under which the tiny head is buried at every interval of silence; and from that speck of gold, crimson, and blue, come all those wonderful gushes of song, clear and brilliant, filling heaven with its rich melody.

Sweet birds of spring, ye can know nothing of the deep joy that wakes responsive music in many an humble heart. But He who fashioned you for Paradise, and placed you in the midst of a sinless and glorious world, knew how, in our sadness at the withdrawal of innocence, we should long for something that spoke through nature of the lost Eden. And so, among the lowliest shrubs and flowers, and in the great temples of the mighty woods, He has placed you, beautiful birds, to give blessing and delight to his weary earth-children.

INGENUITY.

Of all the thousand and one talents bestowed upon humanity, ingenuity is certainly the most accommodating. Its like is not to be found for making old things new. It stuffs and covers cast off shoe boxes, converting them into beautiful

ornaments. It turns mother's faded gown into a smart Sunday dress for two or three little responsibilities. It cuts father's worn-out coat into a good holiday suit for little Tommy. It makes out of last year's hack a fashionable opera cloak for the present season. It converts yesterday's dry bones into a savoury stew, and the surplus of broken bread into an aldermanic plum-pudding. It strings meadow cranberries for bracelets on the arm of beauty, that excite the envy of ignorant aristocracy. It makes the country belle the observed of all observers, when she has made of biddy's quills an elegant ostrich feather. It gives the poor exquisite the luxury of stiff dickeys, cut from the whitest paper. It tastefully covers tarnished mirrors in country parlours. It transforms empty barrels into comfortable easy chairs. It invents fashions for deformity, and deforms everybody but the inventor. It makes fortunes by whimsical advertisements. It tests a lover's foibles by a thousand little stratagems. It apologizes for a scanty table with profuse compliments. It says no, in order to learn whether it may safely say yes. It has prepared colds for any musical emergency. It is the stepping-stone to genius, for which it is often mistaken. Finally, ingenuity, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

THE BLACKSMITH'S FORGE.

OLD-FASHIONED things are passing away. The stage-coach might have been champed down the throat of the iron horse, so far as its use is now concerned. Grass grows over the ancient highway, and roads of gleaming iron curve their snaky length through the ancient strongholds of forest trees. Old-fashioned homesteads are but rarely met with; ambitious heirs have built them modern gingerbread houses, and digni-



THE BLACKSMITH'S FORGE.

fied them with the name of villas. Old-fashioned manners are fast disappearing. Who sees now the noble matron, with her strong linen apron, to keep soiling from her neat dress; and, hanging at one side, that badge of good housewifery, the bunch of pantry keys, at the other the pin-ball and needle-book, always well supplied?

Who calls in the morning upon the lady—a pattern of the olden time—and finds her among her servants? No one; our modern lady dances till five, and sleeps till dinner-time; and as to labour, she is delightfully ignorant of a thing so vulgar. The old spinning-wheel is tucked away in garrets, and the farmer's daughter leaves her healthy home for the smoke and clatter of a factory, and some poor genteel husband who spends her earnings in dissipation.

But the old blacksmith's forge has been left untouched. There the giant bellows, the wonder and delight of merry children, pant and blow as they did fifty years ago. The forge over which aspiring minds have thought themselves into greatness, still stands massive and black, only relieved by a semicircle of red hot iron, the famous horse-shoe.

There is not a more cheery sight in the world than that of a blacksmith's shop on a dark night. The little building all ablaze with light; brawny workmen shaping the glowing metal; showers of sparks for ever rising and falling; tall figures flitting athwart the blaze, form a homely but surely an instructive picture of industry.

The smith is always "well posted up," and the sires of the village linger around his premises to talk of crops and politics. The cold villager on his way home from the little market, steps in to warm his fingers, and admires the skill with which young Vulcan shapes the shaft. The traveller drops choice bits of news while his horse is shoeing, and altogether the smithy is a place of general interest.

May the shadow of the forge never grow less!

AMY, THE BIRD OF INNESDELLE.

WIDOW ELLIS had trimmed her night-lamp and was retiring, when the little bell, communicating with her outer door, rang violently.

"It can't be *him*," she exclaimed, springing to her feet; "some one must be sick, for this is a wild night; no traveller could breast the wind; I would not move a rod in this driving sleet save to help a neighbour, and if Louise is worse, or one of my little flock is taken ill, and wants 'the teacher,' why, I must make out to go, some way."

All the time she had been saying this, she was engaged in wrapping thicker garments about her; and in another moment, standing in the cold between the inner and outer doors, she cried out, "Who is there?"

"Oh! for the love of heaven let me in!" cried a shrill voice.

"But who is it?" asked the widow again, drawing hard at the bolts, that were somewhat rusted with the damp.

"Oh! for the love of Jesus let me in, and I'll tell you all; if you won't give me shelter for one pitiful night, we must both die, my child and I, in the storm; we are drenched, and all through the village nobody will take pity on me."

A dripping figure moved in; the widow held the lamp high, but her wet veil clung to the features of the woman; she then stooped down and lifted the bonnet from a meek, beautiful little face, over which pale, golden threads were plastered by the rain. The pretty hands clung to the mother's dress, and the large blue eyes looking up dimly told of fewer smiles than tears.

"Come this way;" and she led the two up stairs into her own little chamber, where the remnant of a glowing fire still imparted warmth; there the stranger sank down in the first seat, and, regardless of her situation, burst into tears.

"Will you let me have a bed?" at last she murmured in a

broken voice, "three times we have slept unsheltered; do not now ask me who I am, for when you know, perhaps you too will turn against me! only let me sleep in comfort *one* night—I shall, perhaps, trouble no one long."

"Surely there can be no danger in harbouring her," thought the good woman. "She is suffering and sick—perhaps sinful; but even if so, who hath made us to differ?" "Yes, she shall stay," she thought unconsciously aloud. "Shan't I make you a fire? are you hungry? won't the little one take cold?" but she was interrupted by a positive denial.

"No, no, if you please; you are very kind, and that to me, who am so unused to kindness; all I ask is a bed, we are accustomed to wet and cold—all I ask is a bed; I do not deserve even that," she added, in a desponding under-tone.

The widow opened a door leading directly from her chamber into a well-furnished room, where in a little recess a substantial four-post-bedstead stood; then adding some few comforts and leaving her own light, with instinctive delicacy she immediately retired.

Many a conjecture did she indulge in, as she laid her head upon the pillow. How pretty the child was! how patient and old in manner, as if, indeed, used to sorrow; how rich and deep the voice of the mother! why should she think that a knowledge of who, or what she was, would bar *her* heart to charity? "Did I ever refuse to minister to the friendless?" she asked, folding her hands and composing herself to sleep; "never, I thank God, never."

In the morning the widow remembered a strange dream, no! it was not a dream, for there stood two chairs before the hearth; and now she distinctly heard a deep, healthful breathing, and again she called to mind the anguish of the poor creature, who had solicited charity.

"Likely as not," she thought, "they had no food yesterday, and went to sleep hungry; oh, dear! what *should* I do if a child of mine were forced to such a strait. I'll go down

and get her a cup of tea and bring it up to the poor thing—it will be at once medicine and food.”

So taking handfuls of the light pine chips that lay every night beneath the stove, ready for the morrow, she kindled a quick, hot fire, and in a few moments more the water was bubbling and hissing from the spout of the kettle.

“Poor thing, it’s almost a pity to wake her now,” she murmured, drawing up softly to the bedside a little old-fashioned oak table, and placing the tea upon it; then a sudden curiosity came over her, to take one look at the sleeper. “Perhaps I *do* know her,” she thought, and unfolding one more leaf of the shutter, she cautiously parted the curtains and looked within.

A fair, and yet a sad spectacle, that mother and child,—the former with one white arm bared to the elbow, thrown back over the pillow, and the golden hair of the child glistening all over it; the little girl, with a tremulous sorrow even now upon her rosy lips, breathed calmly and evenly; but the mother would start ever and anon, while under her fair lids the eyes rolled restlessly.

As she gazed on that suffering face that must once have been very beautiful, the widow bent eagerly down, scanning every care-worn feature; then dropping the curtain, she stood for a moment aghast. “It must be the ‘bird’—it must be Amy,” she murmured again and again, dreamily; “our sweetest singer, the belle of Innesdelle; but she was disgraced; she fled her birth-place, and since then what fearful tidings have we heard! Her parents lie broken-hearted in the grave, and my noble boy who loved her so devotedly, through *her* faithlessness sought a perilous life upon the ocean; and how do I know when the storm-wind sweeps over the bay, but he may perish within sight of home? Oh, it is no wonder, Amy, fearfully as you wronged him, it is no wonder you dreaded that I, too, would cast you off as an unclean thing.”

Inarticulate sounds proceeded from the bed; again listening, the widow drew nearer; the fair features were convulsed

as with agony, and from those wan lips proceeded the cry, “Bread, bread, oh! I am starving!”

A thrill of anguish ran through the widow’s heart; if she is starving, she thought with horror, “It is suffering enough, God knows; here, Amy—woman—wake up; here is bread, here is food;” then before she could recognise her she hastily left the chamber, as the large eyes opened slowly and painfully.

“Where am I?” exclaimed the poor creature, gazing round with a bewildered air; “Oh! I remember; who said there was bread? food? I am so faint, and sick, and hungry!” then drawing the curtain, her glance fell on the table over which the warm viands were tastefully spread.

Eagerly she stretched her hand towards them, then uttering a quick cry, she closed her eyes, and sank back again upon the bed. “Oh! that I should be here in *his* mother’s house,” she sobbed; “and, as if to reproach me, there his portrait hangs. They said I ruined him—that he left his home and kindred, and perished at sea; oh! it is dreadful all this sin that lies upon my conscience; I cannot eat here—the food would choke me—and she, too, she must now know who I am; she will never endure my sight; oh! if I could but die, but die *now*—this moment—oh! God, *let me die!*”

“Amy,” said a trembling voice near the bed—for the widow had again stolen in—“as much as you have wronged my child, I cannot see you suffer in this manner; take this,” and she held some food towards her, while Amy looked up with the hot tears streaming down the channels of her wasted cheeks. “And now if you feel able,” she continued, as the poor creature obeyed her as passively as an infant might, “you must get up and let me assist you—is not the little one hungry, too?”

“No,” murmured Amy; “I have given her my food for two days past; I could not see *her* want, poor lamb!”

“See!” exclaimed the widow, her heart warming, “she is awake and smiling; why! she is a beautiful creature, and how

good and still, to be sure; she lets you dress her without whimpering; and what long sunny curls she has, what soft blue eyes!—these commendations ended with a deep-drawn sigh, for the mother's heart within felt how desolate must be the poor child's future, without even the memory of a father to bless her cheerless life.

"There! let your bonnet be—you must stay at least till I know what you will do, and where you are going to find a home."

"A home," exclaimed the unfortunate, while tears gushed forth afresh, "I *have* no home, unless the Father is pleased to take me to heaven. He would not send a repentant soul away from His presence. Oh! it is so hard to feel every heart steeled against you; to have those nearest and dearest turn coldly away from one they once loved, to know that they loathe your very sight, and though you are flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone, they would rather find you dead upon the street, than tender you a welcome to their firesides. I *have* been wicked, ungrateful; I *am* fallen, but have I not repented even in dust and ashes? have I not knelt even upon the cold snow in the fields, and besought God to forgive me, while the tears were frozen on my face?"

"Poor child!" murmured the widow.

"I was ruined by fraud and artifice," she continued, pressing the fair child's cheek against her bosom; "I was led to believe that by going to the city I might earn an honest livelihood, and add to the comfort of my poor parents. And when I returned with honour, when I had earned a name, and they called me the bird of Innesdelle for my voice, *he* came too, and poisoned my heart against your Frank. Oh, if you only knew to what he resorted, if you could see the letters he wrote, hear the arguments he used till he made me believe what he would! And then I was married with a mock ceremony—that was not the sin—it was in clinging to him when I knew all, and braving the anger of my friends for one so utterly heartless.

"And now coming back to dear Innesdelle, I see not one friendly face; as soon as they knew me, they bid me begone, and look with scorn on my poor little Agnes. If you *knew* how I have prayed; if you knew what strong temptations I have resisted, when wealth would have taken me with stretched-out arms, and the wicked have sheltered me from the world's open frown—oh! if you but *knew* how I have repented, you would not let me go from you in sorrow."

"No, indeed," cried the widow, with streaming eyes, "come to my arms, poor sinning one; come, lamb of my Father's fold, if kindred will not receive you, *I will*, and you shall stay with me, you and your child—I will be a mother to you both; I will love you and care for you, and you shall, with me, become a teacher of my little charge."

But noble as was this resolve, the widow knew not what she had promised; for would not the virtuous aristocracy of Innesdelle, outraged by this *succour of the helpless and homeless*, refuse to send their children any longer to the school of one who would shelter a fallen sister?

A few mornings after, when the pale bird of Innesdelle was warbling one of her old strains, very low and sweetly, working the while with almost a happy heart, and with little Agnes sporting at her feet, May Golden, the sweet child of the only lawyer in the village, came with a slow step to the widow's room.

"What is the matter with my little May?" said widow Ellis, holding out her hand to the child.

"Please," said May demurely, with her usual courtesy, her face growing scarlet, "mother says she must take me from school if you let me speak or play any more with her," pointing with her finger to Agnes.

Amy grew deathly pale; she leaned languidly against her chair, lifting her moistened eyes heavenward; the widow was much agitated.

"Come here, May," she said, striving to speak calmly, "Come here, little Agnes; now, May, look at me; this child is

as good, as pure, and as beautiful as you. If you come to school, you must also sit by her side, talk with her, play with her, or else stay away altogether; will you tell your mother this?"

Instead of answering, the little thing burst into tears; "I love her so!" she sobbed, throwing her dimpled arms round the neck of Agnes.

"I know you do, my child," said her teacher, her own eyes growing dim with tears, "and I regret that your mother feels as she does towards this innocent being; but you must first of all obey her, and if she thinks you cannot come here, submit to her will."

Letters, visits, and threats failed to accomplish the wishes of the Innesdelle Levites; so one bright fair morning when the widow went into her school-room it was empty. She missed the smiling young faces that had so long gladdened her heart; she looked yearningly over the little desks, but she was the victim of a conspiracy; the parents had united to thwart her efforts; so going sadly out, she rejoined her charge, Amy and the now sunny-browed little Agnes.

"Oh! dearest friend," exclaimed Amy, rising as she entered, and struggling with her tears, "I see how it is, they have taken your school away, and on *my* account; let me go; I have brought you only blight and mildew. Let me leave you with Agnes; God will take care of me. Do not fight against their wishes any longer, for such a worthless thing as I; *will* you let me leave you?"

"Never!" replied the widow, compressing her lips; "they shall see at least that one frail heart trusts in God and believes his promises. No, poor child, you shall stay, and if my fare is to be but a crust, that crust you shall share; if my drink is to be but a cup of cold water, half shall be yours. But cheer up," she added hopefully, "I have no fear of being thus reduced, Frank will come home soon; who knows but he will be a captain yet? he said he should; then we shall have plenty and to spare."

But Agnes turned her pale face to hide the tears that almost burnt her cheeks, and mentally she determined to leave with her child that very night, if opportunity occurred.

Alas! that same evening the usual daily paper brought melancholy intelligence; the "Eagle" had been overtaken by a storm off the coast of England, and all hands, save two steerage passengers, lost.

With tearless eyes, the widow read over and over again this terrible news; then flinging the paper from her, she burst into one long, wailing shriek, and fell senseless to the floor.

Agnes left her child and hurried to her chamber; then she raised the poor form and bore it to the bed, nor did she fly when the nearly frenzied mother reproached her in wild accents, as the destroyer of her child. Her cheek blanched, and her poor heart sank till it seemed as if misery could scarcely reach it with his icy finger to imprint a keener agony; but all that night, ay, through weeks of anguish, did her slight, thin figure bend above the wasted form of poor widow Ellis; and amply was she repaid, as often as the latter joined her fingers when the fever had left her, and called down blessings upon her head.

"A judgment on the widow," said the Levites of Innesdelle; would she not see it, and remove the curse from her house?

It was very hard, but the old homestead must be sold. Innesdelle had now a new teacher; there were few who cared to associate with the widow, notwithstanding the worthy pastor had preached three sermons, exhorting to love, charity, and good-will. Widow Ellis had no money, and who could she lean upon, save, indeed, Amy, who worshipped her with more than the love of a child, and was willing to spill her heart's blood for her? She, after they were moved into a little ordinary house, worked diligently to make their expenses as light as possible. She it was who was seen early every morning, with the hectic on her cheek, and the ever-burning

fire of disease in her eye, weeding and planting, and teaching little Agnes to make bouquets, that they might be sold to the city shop-keepers. She it was whose delicate, still graceful form, bent over the washing-bench day by day, to cleanse the linens that some worthy souls sent to the widow's house; and even she it was who sat each evening on the low chair at the widow's feet, and read, with her soft, rich, tremulous voice, the beautiful words of our dear Saviour, or sweetly sung their evening hymn with her child.

Thank God! *oh! thank God!* for His precious love, that can fill with holy joy the most down-trodden and despised creature, when all earthly comforts fail.

One glorious summer's twilight, a tall form strode up the broad, elm-lined path, that was Innesdelle's most frequented highway.

Sturdily he moved onwards, now smiling around him at familiar remembrances, now stopping to wipe his moistened brow. The villagers had gathered at the inn door, and, as he came in sight, all at once a startled cry went round,—“It is he—Frank Ellis—Widow Ellis's son!”

“To be sure it is,” exclaimed the young man, with a firm, manly voice; “what is there strange in that? do I look like a ghost?”

“We all thought you dead,” said the squire, recovered from his momentary astonishment.

“And my mother?” exclaimed the young man faintly, his cheek paling.

“Well, she is living, and getting along, and that's all,” said one blunt speaker; “the women folks have raised the dickens because of Amy Kelson, whom the widow protects—and rightly enough, to *my* mind.”

“Amy, Amy Kelson, what! the bird of Innesdelle? you are surely—no, no, you can't mean it—not her!” and a faintness struck to the strong man's heart, and made him tremble in every limb.

“Ay! your old sweetheart—a pretty thing and unfortunate, but doomed to an early grave, if *I* can read her face fairly; stop, Ellis, don't be in a hurry, they don't live in the old house now; hadn't one of us better go and give the old lady warning? a sudden surprise like this might kill her outright.”

The lamp shone brightly upon the low table; at the open window came delicate perfumes, from the garden beyond. In this humble home, her mild gray eyes swimming in tears of joy, the poor widow sat, with the arm of her boy about her form, and her weary head resting at last upon his shoulder. His great chest was heaving with uncontrollable emotion, and had one looked under the drooping lids, he might have seen big warm tears on the edge of the lashes, and rolling down his sunburnt cheek. The widow had been relating to him poor Amy's story, and at times his teeth would gleam from between the half-opened lips, for the recital of her wrongs stirred his noble heart almost to madness. He forgot his own sorrow in commiseration for the pale young creature, who sat up stairs, shedding her bitterest tears, tears of grief and shame, the recollection of which could never be washed out, even by rivers of repentance.

“It's too bad, mother, too bad!” he exclaimed, rising and hurriedly walking the floor; “I have heard enough for to-night. What! she could not even go to the house of God without being subject to the sneer of scorn! Take that, mother,” and he placed a glittering purse in her hand, “buy yourself and this poor creature some clothes—and next Sabbath you shall both go to church, leaning upon the arm of Captain Ellis; *rich* Captain Ellis the world may safely call me now, for, mother, your boy could buy all Innesdelle.”

And all Innesdelle was astir after the next Sabbath, for, to the astonishment of all the marriageable maidens, poor, pale, sad Amy, “the bird,” came into church with the handsome sailor, and sat in the very best pew in the house; but even

that meek, tearful face elicited no pity; all condemned; it was a scandal not to be forgiven:

"I won't stand it," exclaimed Captain Ellis, angrily, in a conversation with his mother some weeks after; "it makes my blood boil to hear their insinuations; I'll marry Amy, I'll be a father to the child; I'll build the handsomest house in Innesdelle; I'll, I'll"—and while his hand was raised threateningly, Amy entered. Frightened at his look, she drew back like a timid dove.

"Come here, Amy," he said, in his straightforward, blunt way, "come here, child; I think you have suffered enough for one—" the choking in his throat almost prevented him from saying more—"Amy, in old times—I—I loved you; you never knew how well; and Amy, though I have sailed the seas over many times in these five years, and *thought* I'd given you up, I—I find you're in the old place yet—in my heart, Amy." And he turned to dash the tears from his brown cheek.

All the while he had been speaking, the poor creature had stood trembling like an aspen leaf; and when he asked her in softened tones if she would be his wife, and told her that the past was buried to him, she looked up in his noble face, and clasping her hands, said, "For the sake of my child I would *dare* to wed you, but oh! I am not worthy to be your wife."

Years passed; the hue of health never came to Amy's cheek again, but the pure spirit had won for its tabernacle the love of every heart in Innesdelle. And peaceful was the death-bed of the good widow, as the pale, beautiful face of her daughter-in-law hung above it, and, in faltering tones she whispered, "Mother, blessed mother, how sweet to carry the knowledge into heaven, that, through your means, an immortal soul has been saved to meet you there!"

Little Agnes in time gathered *her* home circle about her; and it is pleasant to see the old sailor sitting in the midst of her little family, telling them tales of long ago, or to behold

him, in the soft twilight, hanging wreaths that they have plaited, above the white tombstones of his good mother, and his gentle Amy, the bird of Innesdelle.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

WHO loves not a little child's appreciation of the beautiful? Its innocent eyes see what ours, long trained, always fail to notice; the loveliness and perfectness of humble things. We grown children, full of learning and tricked out with fashion, think that to see grand sights we must go to Europe, gaze on Alps towering over Alps, ambitious for the nearer smile of heaven; muse in the midst of the sombre splendour that haunts dim cloisters in old cathedrals; watch the sunbeams braiding their light into wreaths of gorgeous dyes, and hanging them over the grand brow of some ocean iceberg.

Pity we could not borrow the spirit of the little child, and feel that everything made by the Father, whether it kiss the ground, or gem the sky, is well worth seeing, and beautiful of its kind. Pity we had not the faith of "one of these little ones," to read a miracle in the changing dew-drop.

Go where we will, the broad earth bears the beautiful; it springs like hope from sorrow over the ashes of the dead. It lies nestling upon the bosom of the mother. It is with us when we open our eyes to the morning, and the curtain of night shuts its visions in our hearts. It springs like the flower from the bud, out of a happy thought. It floats down like Elijah's mantle, and angels fold it about us when we kneel at the shrine of prayer.

Oh! tell us where the beautiful is not! Nay! we recall the aspiration. We would have the beautiful for ever in our sight, as was the pillar of fire by night and cloud by day, to the heaven-led Israelites.

And when we come to that last hour, we would have no gloomy fears about our dying bed, but beams many and bright, falling from eternity upon us, making at the last, even death beautiful.

CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE A PAPER.

"Look here, Madam D., you that can't afford to take a paper, what are you doing just now?"

"Why, what I do every week; making a few custards, some doughnuts and cup cakes, two or three mince and apple pies, some birds' nest pudding for dinner, and getting up some little trifles for the children."

"Mercy! and how much of your time do these things consume?"

"Time? why, it is such a pleasure, and I am so fond of niceties, that I don't think how the time passes. I have such low spirits, and this diverts my mind so readily, that I often employ myself in making these things, when, I suppose, I don't really need them. But then husband loves them, and carries a great deal with him, into the city; and as to the children, they would as soon think of going undressed to school, as to go without their doughnuts or their pie."

"Now do tell me what the materials of that birds' nest pudding will cost you? I am curious to know, as I never made one of the kind."

"Cost me? why it's not expensive at all; stop—let me see, the articles I have used to-day, cost—perhaps fifty cents, or may be a little more; my family is large, you know."

"Then you use sauce."

"Well, yes—generally. Husband won't have any but the best, so I make it up cold, with white sugar and butter."

"And do your puddings cost as much every day?"

"Well, I 'most always have one for dinner, of some kind,

sometimes more expensive, sometimes less. Husband will live well, if we don't save a penny. We have always managed to get along, and just keep our heads above water."

"And you can't take the paper."

"La! really, no; two dollars seems so much to give, just for a paltry paper. The children aint fond of reading, and husband's away evenings, most of the time at neighbour Harris's, sitting on his door stoop. There seems to be magnetism there."

"Ah! Harris takes the paper."

"Yes, but they live dreadful common, and keep a mean table."

"O! no; you are mistaken there; they have plenty of everything that is good. To be sure, they have no pies, and seldom cake, and their desserts are simple rice, eaten with the richest of milk, or a plain apple or berry pudding. It is a real luxury to take a good bite of their bread and butter; the bread so delicious and light, the butter so sweet and golden."

"But my husband couldn't get along without such things, and I confess it would come hard to me."

"Yet look at your children, neighbour D. See the sallow hue on that little, pale cheek, when, instead, the red rose of health should bloom there. Not one of your children looks healthy, neighbour D., and you say, yourself, that you are sick half of your time."

"La! food ain't got anything to do with that! it's constitutional."

"Constitutional or not, the manner in which you live is hurrying you all into an early grave. The children of neighbour Harris are bright and rosy, cheerful and intellectual. Take my advice, neighbour D.; talk with your husband, and urge him to give up these luxuries. In one week, by dispensing with such puddings as you are to have to-day, you save two dollars, the price of a year's subscription. By living more simply, your little Anna will not go fretting about you, with unsightly blotches covering her face, the natural outlets

of grease and indigestible food. You will not be obliged to send for Dr. James every little while because Henry has fits. You, yourself, will carry a clearer head, and a lighter heart, and take more interest in what is transpiring abroad and around you. It is this kind of food that makes you at all times so nervous and low-spirited; banish it, and you restore health and happiness. Now tell me, in view of all these things, if you would then be too poor to take the paper. How nice it would be to hear James, or John, reading some interesting story these long evenings!"

"La! you have such a way of talking; I s'pose I *might* take the paper, but as to giving up what we've so long been accustomed to—but la! maybe I will—I'll think of it."

Poor Mrs. D., she little thinks that by "the road of *maybe* one arrives at the house of *never*."

SPASMODIC PEOPLE.

THERE are people who love and hate, laugh and cry, work and play by spasms. If they are good for anything, it is for keeping their families and the world from stagnation. The spasmodic housewife is famous for turning the house upside down, and splashing the soap-suds in your face when nobody expects it. The spasmodic husband brings home love and poultry by the wholesale, one day—the next, love has taken wings and the chickens are spoilt. The spasmodic mother hugs her children with the maternal fervour of a bear, while the fit is on, and then whips them for soiling her collar. The spasmodic fidget goes paddling about your kitchen, bastes your meat with *saleratus*, and tells your friends what a miserable cook you are. The spasmodic Christian reads the Bible through in a week and forgets it for a year. The spasmodic alms-giver puts down a thousand dollars for an improved soap

bubble, and gives a starving man—good advice. The spasmodic student dips into forty languages, and never commits beyond the first letter of the alphabet in each. The spasmodic invalid fancies ice-cream in December, a hot bath in June, and dies of sarsaparilla.

In fine, to enumerate the great family of spasmodics, would take from January to January for three-score years and ten. The only way to rid the community of this, not evil-disposed but evil working progeny, is to take the fits in hand from one year old and upwards when they are tender. These sort of spasms never come to maturity unless they are either nursed or neglected; and the only remedy we would suggest for the cure of young spasmodics, is, the formation of regular habits, and Solomon's rod in small quantities.

THE UNLUCKY BLOW.

"SUBDUED and sorrowful as he looks, ye would never believe he had been guilty of the crime of murder."

"Of murder?" exclaimed Harry and myself in a breath.

"Ay! of murder," said the old sexton in deep sonorous tones, as he leaned on his spade; "his fair face and blue eyes, as sweet for all the world as an innocent baby's, belie the dark passions that, may-be, are wholly subdued now; we don't know—God help us all—we're a weak set at the best."

"But whom did he murder, and why is he at liberty?" I asked, fixing my eye on the old sun-dial that stood by a time-polished and broken gravestone; for its shadow had glided to my feet; the sun was red in its going down, and I had an engagement at six.

"O! I'm no story-teller," continued the little shrivelled figure, beginning to fill up the grave before him, "but I

reckon I've mentioned that circumstance of Dick's unlucky blow twic't as many times as I am years old, and that's sixty-five to-day—pretty smart, sir, for sixty-five," he continued, looking over his shoulder at us, "never lost a night's sleep, and, saving your presence, for I see you're one of the craft, never a doctor's foot touched the sill of my door."

"But about the murder!" I exclaimed hastily.

"Well, gentlemen, Dick was born here, and was a boy of uncommon parts; everybody prophesied he'd be somebody, and there's no question but he might if he'd known how to govern his temper; dreadful temper, sir, white as ashes—strong as a lion—ravin', ravin' when he was mad. You see Dick had a brother, and a mother, and a—yes, yes, Betsey must ha' been alive then—and a sister; but this brother of his'n—one o' these cross-grained lads you know—tricky, too—a torment and a plague he was; however, that wan't no reason I always said—no good reason for such violence. Well, Dick took the head, like, of the family, and his mother was a sort of spiritual creeter, a little too good and gentle for this world—such people always have the luck of it in pesky bad children—she, poor thing, never could take rule after the old man was put down here, and I spose the younger boy would have rode rough shod over all of 'em if it hadn't been for Dick, but then he might have done just as much good with Bible means, 'soft answers,' you know—them's my doctrine. Often has the widow come running to me—I lived next door—and begged me to separate the youngsters, and I tell you, sometimes Ike took hard rubbins! Well, Dick was generally ashamed of himself when he'd got a little cooled, but then he would stan' to it that he couldn't help his temper. Sheer nonsense, sir; a man can govern himself if he's a mind to; a will always makes a way.

"One morning the poor widow came flying up my yard, and without waiting to knock, rushed into the house, crying and taking on, she was, begging me for God's sake to go in, or Dick would certainly kill his brother. I'd heard a rumpus,

for Ike never spared his voice; I pitied the poor widow, so I followed her. When I got in there, Ike looked bad, I won't deny—I felt riled to see him, with his face all blood, and Dick standing ready to give him another blow, his teeth set and his face like dead. I began to talk to him, and Ike tried to explain.

"Don't you say another word, you young villain, don't you dare speak," shouted Dick.

"With that, Ike, taking courage because I was nigh, you see, called him a name. My! sir; in a twinkling they were tussling again; the poor mother ran towards them, tryin' to separate them.

"Stand off, mother," said Dick, and his voice was jest like a yell, 'stand off, or I'll strike you;' but she threw herself on them the harder, and what do you think, sirs?"

"Did he strike her?"

"Ay! and it was her death-blow; I buried her where that thistle grows yonder, a fortnight afterwards."

"And what did they do with *him*?"

"Tried him for manslaughter, and imprisoned him for ten years. But, la! sirs, he was a wreck, soul and body, the very day after. Good larning, too, as ever a college-bred boy had; it come naterally—would ha' been a judge, to-day, like as not. Ah! this temper has blasted many a fine fellow. His sister, a delicate thing, mourned herself to death, and Ike took to the seas. Dick liked a young woman about that time, and I rather think she liked him pretty well. Some says they were engaged; I don't know about that. At any rate, she was our beauty, and he was——"

A terrible groan broke the stillness of the old church-yard. We were all startled, and I confess to some fear, as I turned slowly round. There sitting, or half-reclining on a gray, moss-covered tomb, his eyes wild and staring, looking out from under his shaggy eyebrows, as his head drooped upon his bosom, sat the unhappy creature whom we had noticed for his amiable but melancholy face. He seemed to be fainting,

and I hurried towards him. His long fair hair streamed over his face, that with his great grief had grown prematurely old; his lips worked nervously, and the heavy moisture stood on his forehead; while his breath came with a hurried gasp through his thin nerveless lips. I can never forget his glance, as with my companion I drew near him, and strove to lift him from his recumbent posture. With a voice hollow as the grave he muttered, "Don't touch me, sir, don't touch me;" then lifting up both his long, lank hands, turned outward, he hollowly exclaimed, "Oh, mother, mother, if I did kill you, God knows I loved you." Then, sinking hands and head again, his voice faded into a-whisper, as he slowly articulated, "But you are in Heaven—and I live on, a blasted wretch."

We all stood by, in solemn pity. The old sexton shook his head, and muttered, "Poor boy!" then turning away, worked hard to repress the coming tears. The sun had almost gone down; a rich flush of intense brilliancy crimsoned the western sky; the old grave-yard was wrapped in the mellow radiance; and the bowed and high brow of the poor penitent, seamed as it was with many a line of sorrow, had caught a reflection of the dying glory, and looked almost radiant as the red light played among its shadows.

Again the man's face was turned heavenward; it was more ghastly in its expression. Again his hands were lifted imploringly; they were heavier in their motion, and each word as he murmured it now, seemed forced from a broken heart.

"Mother, dear mother, if I did kill you—if these unholy hands sealed the lips in eternal silence that were never opened but to bless your boy—if my hateful passion hushed the heart that beat so fondly for me, oh! mother, God *knows I loved you!*"

In another instant he had fallen heavily backward; his tall form spanned the gray tomb-top, and his head hung motionless over its mossy side. We all sprang to his assistance; but as we lifted him from his perilous posture, a chill ran through my veins. I shuddered with horror at the meaning glance of

the old sexton, who mutely pointed to the glassy eyes staring on vacancy. The wretched creature before us was a corpse.

A HOT-HOUSE FLOWER.

WHEN Anna began to walk, she was shielded carefully alike from sun and wind. Did she toddle to the door? After her came flying an anxious nurse, to bundle up her head and hold her, that her little feet might not touch the damp ground. Delicate drinks were invented, because water was too warm in summer, and too cold in winter. Cologne essence, diluted, was used for daily ablutions. Condiments of the choicest elements were compounded, and she was allowed no hearty food, for fear she would lose the soft whiteness of her skin, or the spiritual languor of her dreamy blue eye. She was taught to dance while an infant, by an accomplished master, who used a violin or a flute for an accompaniment, but was carefully impressed that it was very rude to run and romp; that she must walk gracefully, and learn to be a little lady. And did the natural exuberance of childhood, which art cannot wholly check, but which, like a fire-fly in the darkest night, will glimmer out in the most sombre characters, ever find vent from between her rosy lips, she was instantly checked by a mild reproof; and everybody said, "What a rare child! how much beyond her years in manner and wisdom! how airy—how slender! She is a little angel." So she grew up paler, fairer, more spiritual; and I have seen her in her soft, delicate garments, slowly moving along the thoroughfare, her tiny foot encased in gossamer slippers, her form as fairy-like and ethereal as if she were some inhabitant of another world. The last time I beheld her I shall never forget; it was on a ceremonial occasion. The large parlours in her father's mansion were filled to overflowing, but there was neither mirth,

nor song, nor dance there. The sun came in, shorn of his lustre by thick folds of black crape, and along the floor the paly beams seemed struggling to reach her coffin. There she lay, scarcely more snowy-white than when in life; just budding into womanhood, the most beautiful traits of character springing up into luxuriant being; but with such unceasing care had she been nurtured, that the first exposure to the rude elements had resulted in death.

There was wild lamentation in that house, and wilder at the grave. Too late the mother saw how worse than vain had been her precautions, though they were the promptings of tenderness. The hot-house flower had perished, while yet the senses were exhaling the first breath of its fragrance.

THE OUT-DOOR PLANT.

WILD and shy, somewhat boisterous, too, was Nelly. She never saw her sister Anna, for she was not born till after her death; but she would fold even her chubby hands with reverence, and stand with downcast eye, when her parents would tell her of her angel sister, who passed away as a snow-flake dissolves in water; and sometimes she wept to think she was not so good; but the yellow wings of a butterfly would dissipate the regret for the time, while the insect scarcely flew faster than she through the uneven meadow. Every morning she would run of her own accord to the bath, and plunge in, with shout and laughter, ducking her head under the crystal like a bird, and screaming to see the silver showers drip from her hair. If missing at breakfast, every one knew that she was searching in the lanes for flowers, or trundling her hoop on a place she called her avenue, and the tinkling of a bell brought her bounding to the window—her hair blown over her face, and through the tangles her bright eyes peeping, spark-

ling with mirth. Water was the hardy drink, and coarse bread, with fruit, her invariable diet. To look at the portrait of Anna, then at the plump form of Nell, one would not be apt to take them for sisters. Anna's forehead was like alabaster, Nell's brown as the berry; Anna's fingers were transparent, Nell's were round and chubby, with spots of mother earth sometimes encircling them in the place of costlier rings. Anna's waist was small and fragile, Nell all of a piece, from shoulder to thigh—a very dumpling; Anna wore the thinnest fabrics, Nell substantial and *necessary* clothing. Anna's feet daintily peeped forth, enclosed in satin slippers; Nell's dimpled pedestals clumped about in thick, large, but not inelegant shoes, such as would not admit the dew in her morning rambles, or allow the water on a rainy day to run in at the ankle.

Anna, at four years of age, could read in the Bible; Nell, at six, had just mastered her alphabet, and shouted with triumph because she could spell cat. Anna, at six, would move with a set step into her mother's drawing-room, and entertain company with her child-wisdom; Nell, at eight, would rather take her book and her little dog for a ramble and a reverie, than sit still for visitors five minutes. Anna, at eight, was a sylph; Nell, at ten, was a large substantial girl, with the slightest shade of awkwardness. Anna, at ten, could recite in four languages; Nell, at twelve, could write a plain English letter, eat with a keen relish, walk four miles and back easily, manage a horse with skill, and do plain sewing. Anna, at fourteen, lay a sweet corpse in her coffin, while Nell lived to take the place of her mother, teach school, be a benefactor to the poor, tend the sick, bless the afflicted, and become the guardian angel of her neighbourhood. Nell is now the wife of a judge, bringing up three embryo statesmen to walk in their father's footsteps.

HIS POOR MOTHER HAS GOT THE WORST OF IT.

On a dark evening, while a drizzling rain was falling, two men, in their working-day clothes, were passing down a narrow street. Conversing in low but animated tones, they did not notice that a stranger was in near proximity to them.

"Ay!" exclaimed one of them, with a half-subdued sigh, "but his poor mother has got the worst of it!"

Now there was a great deal of meaning in that little sentence, much more than reached the ear; and the very manner—half pathetic, half reproachful—in which it was spoken, was calculated to waken the curiosity as well as sympathy of a passer-by.

The words ring even yet in our ears, and bring to our mind a sunny-faced child, who smote his mother's heart daily, from the time he was old enough to speak. She, forgiving soul, called it thoughtlessness, and passed it by as one might an infirmity for which there is no help. She thought there was not such another as that blue-eyed boy in the world. So utterly engrossed was she in her love for him, that she bore with his unkindness, esteeming it rather a solace than otherwise, if she might only keep him in her humble home, and close by her side. His passions grew with indulgence; for that mother was such an one, that, when she chastised her child for wilful disobedience, she was willing to go on her knees the next moment and crave his pardon for every blow.

The consequence may be imagined; he grew up utterly incorrigible, joined a company of sailors, followed the seas for a few years, was a pest wherever he went on account of his wretched temper, mutinied, and was hung at the yard-arm before he was twenty-five years of age.

His connexions were good and wide spread; a lovely wife, who had been but a few years married to him, bowed her head, never again to hold it up with honest pride. His little child bore the stigma of his crime. His only and amiable

brother blushed for his name. But "his poor old mother had the worst of it."

She remembered the angel babe. She could never forget the sinless smile, the cherub face that first blessed her sight with its beauty. She it was who taught him the first lisping word, held his chubby hand, and guided his doubting footsteps. Her bosom was his first, holiest shrine. If a playmate wounded him, the sight of the fresh blood sent the warm current of her own like cold waves upon her heart—and oh! to know that he had been hoisted at the yard-arm with a rope around his blackened throat—to feel that, and still live—what agony! She had wept over him when the exhausted sleep of sickness bore the semblance of death, and shuddered at the thought of a coffin and a tomb. Now, the underswell of the wild waters tossed his dishonoured corpse from deep to deep, till the dissolving element should mar and wash away every trace of beauty and humanity. Yes, his poor mother had indeed "the worst of it."

And now, when we read in the records of crime that are daily thrust upon the observer of events, of some young, ambitious being, who has been led to break the laws of his country, who has put the false stamp upon the false metal, who has robbed the drawer of his employer to avail himself of expensive pleasures, we cannot but think of that plaint of regret, "Ah! his poor mother has the worst of it!"

We never look upon a woman sitting in some obscure chamber, and long after the heavy midnight bell has tolled the central hour of darkness, toiling away upon patched-up garments, adding here and there a sample of faded cloth, and tremblingly waiting the approach of her inebriate child, but we feel to murmur, as we see him in fancy shouting at the tavern bar, "Alas! his poor old mother has the worst of it!"

We never behold a parting, even, where the cherished child leaves for a perilous life upon the ocean, and see, standing around, the brothers, the sisters, friends, companions, and in

the midst of all a bowed-down, tearful parent, but we involuntarily exclaim, "That poor mother has the worst of it!"

And thus it is, in every time of sorrow, when the heart is heavy, and the head bowed down; when poverty and misery vie with each other in crushing the child of misfortune; in every dereliction from duty that involves the mistaken participator in fresh and more perplexing difficulties; in the endurance of every punishment sent by Heaven or men upon the guilty offender, especially in the dark hour of death, and by the open grave where the unconscious child of her affection lies, ready to be placed in his last earthly home, we may say with feeling and with truth, "His poor mother has the worst of it!"

AWKWARDNESS.

PITY the awkward child, and be very considerate for his feelings. The times could not be counted that he has longed for the earth to open and swallow him and his awkwardness together. There is no agony can be compared to that of his sensitive nature.

Pity him and let him alone; his mind is finely strung, and shrinks as much from the breath of applause as at the malaria of harshness. It is like a reed, whose fragile form bends before the faintest zephyr.

The natural polish which, somehow, cleaves to shallowness, and makes a show of intellect where there is none, in mercy is denied him. Infinite Wisdom saw that if he possessed that, he would not seek in hidden nooks to study His works—or choose lonely, verdant spots, where he might watch the glory of the golden clouds, or wonder where the stars were in the day-time, or think thoughts that no language of his could clothe in the immortality they merit.

Laugh not at the awkward child. A spirit burns within

to which you may sometime pay reverence almost holy—an angel lives there, perchance, to whom the Father has given a mission that your soul, with all its greatness, cannot comprehend—only wonder at—and stand reprovèd before its majesty.

Then send him not in lonely hours to weep at your harshness; cause him not to think, by thoughtless comparisons, that he is inferior to his mates—rather guide, encourage him; shelter his little timid ways by your kind consideration. Some day you shall have your reward.

BROGUES.

SPEAKING of brogues, there is a certain softness and sweetness about the brogue of a Scotchman, that always elicits admiring attention from a listener. Who that ever heard a genuine Scotchman repeat Burns's famous

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory."

but felt his whole soul fired with the enthusiasm of martial feeling?

And the more plaintive melodies, such as Highland Mary! with what pensive earnestness a countryman of the immortal Burns will repeat those sweet lines,

"Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your banks, and fair your fields,
Your waters never drumlie;
There Simmer first unfads her flowers,
And there she'll langest tarry,
For there I took my last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary."

Imagine yourself, on a still summer evening, when the roadside is embroidered with flowers, and the sleepy night-music of the woods lulls you to calmness, sitting, as modern novelists say, upon a bank of roses, and a good old Scotch friend by your side. You love, at just such an hour as this, to call up dear and tender memories. Those that have departed long ago, seem nestling by your side.

All at once, softly as in a beautiful dream, she who has been sitting with you, gazing at the glorious heavens, breaks into a sweet, soothing melody—the words by dear Robbie Burns to his wife Jean :

"I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa', to the land o' the leal;
There's na sorrow there, Jean,
There's na cauld and care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal."

Just so we sat and listened once till the tears came to our eyes. The surpassing beauty of the melody, the deep fervent tones of the singer, the soft shadows of evening thrown gracefully from arch to arch of the grand trees, formed a combination of melody and beauty most grateful to eye and ear.

DO YOU SUFFER MORE THAN YOUR NEIGHBOUR?

"WHOSE sorrow is like unto my sorrow?"

Such is the language of the stricken soul, such the outbreak of feeling, when affliction darkens the horizon of man's sunny hopes, and dashes the full cup of blessings suddenly from the expectant lips. "Console me not; you have not felt this pang," cries the spirit in agony, to the kind friend who is

striving to pour the balm of consolation in the wounded heart.

"But I have known worse," is the reply.

"Worse! never, never; no one could suffer more keenly than I now do, and live."

In vain the friend reasons; sorrow is always more or less selfish; it absorbs all other passions. It consecrates itself to tears and lamentations, and the bereaved one feels alone, utterly alone in the world, and of all mankind the most forsaken. Every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and there is a canker spot on every human plant in God's garden. Some are blighted and withered, ready to fall from the stalk; others are blooming while a blight is at the root. What right have you to say, because you droop and languish, that your neighbour, with a fair exterior and upright mien, is all that his appearance indicates? What evidence have you that because you suffer from want, and your neighbour rides in his carriage, that he is therefore more abundantly blessed, more contentedly happy than you?

As you walk through the streets of costly and beautiful mansions, you feel vaguely, that, associated with so much of beauty, of magnificence and ease, there must be absolute content, enviable freedom, unmixed pleasure, and constant ease. How deplorably mistaken! Here, where gold and crimson drape the windows, is mortal sickness; there where the heavy shutters fold over the rich plate glass, lies shrouded death. Here is blasted reputation, there is an untold and hideous grief. Here is blighted love, striving to look and to be brave, but with a bosom corroded and full of bitterness; there the sad conduct of a wayward child. Here is the terrible neglect of an unkind and perhaps idolized husband; there the wilful and repeated faults of an unfaithful wife. Here is dread of bankruptcy, there dread of dishonour or exposure. Here is bitter hatred, lacking only the nerve to prove another Cain; there silent and hidden disease, working its skilful fangs about the heart, while it paints the cheek with the brightest hue of

health. Here is undying remorse in the breast of one who has wronged the widow and the fatherless; there the suffering being, the victim of foul slander; here is imbecility, there smothered revenge. The bride and the belle, both so seemingly blessed, have each their sacred but poignant sorrow.

Have you a worse grief than your neighbour? You think you have; you are poor and persecuted; he is rich, courted and followed; he has talents that have made him world-known; he is a very monarch among men. Ask him if he is contented, and he will tell you a story that shall cause you to weep like a child—about an early love, about broken promises and a seared heart, a heart that has refused to entwine itself with any other, since *she* proved false. Is he what he seems?

Have you a worse grief than your neighbour? You think you have; you have buried your only child—he has laid seven in the tomb. Seven times has his heart been rent open, and the wounds are yet fresh; he has no hope to sustain him; he is a miserable man, and you are a Christian.

Have you more trouble than your neighbour? You have lost your all—no, no, say not so. Your neighbour has lost houses and lands, but his health has gone also; and while you are robust, he lies on the uneasy pillow of sickness, and watches some faithful menial prepare his scanty meal, and then waits till a trusty hand bears the food to his pinched lips.

Do you suffer more than your neighbour? True, Saturday night tests your poverty; you have but money enough for the bare necessities of life. Your children dress meagrely, and your house is scantily furnished; you do not know whether or not work will be forthcoming the following week. Your neighbour sees not, nor did he ever see, want. House, wife and children are sumptuously provided for; his barn is a palace to your kitchen. Step into his parlour and look at him for a moment; papers surround him, blazing Lehigh floods the grate, velvet carpets yield to the step, luxurious chairs invite to rest. Check the sigh of envy—there is a ring at the

bell, hurrying footsteps on the stairs, a jarring sound against the polished door, and in bursts the rich man's son, his brow haggard, his eyes fierce and red. He is a profligate; gambling is his food and drink, debauchery his glory and his ruin. Would *you* be that father? Go back to your honest sons and look in their faces; throw the bright locks from their brows, and bless God that there the angel triumphs over the brute. Be even thankful that you are not burdened with corrupting gold, for their sakes; say not again that you suffer more than your neighbour.

Do you toil, young girl, from daylight to midnight, while the little sums eked out with frowns and reluctant fingers, hardly suffice to provide for you food and raiment? And the wife of your rich employer, who passes stranger-like by you, may sit at her marble toilet table for hours, and retouch the faded brow of beauty before a gilded mirror; may lounge at her palace window till she is weary of gazing, and being gazed at; do you envy your wealthier neighbour, young sewing girl? Go to her boudoir, where pictures and statuary, silken hangings and perfumes, delight every sense, and where costly robes are flung around with a profusion that betokens lavish expenditure; ask her which she deems happiest, and she will point her jewelled finger towards you, and—if she speaks with candour—tell you that for your single soul and free spirits, she would barter all her riches. The opera, where night after night the wealth of glorious voices is flung upon the air till its every vibration is melody, and the spirit drinks it in as it would the incense of rare flowers, is to her not so exquisite a luxury as the choice songs, warbled in a concert room, to which you may listen but few times in the year. Such pleasure palls in repetition, on the common mind, for nature's favourites are among the *poor*, and gold, with all its magical power, can never attune the ear to music, nor the taste to an appreciation of that which is truly beautiful in nature or art. Keep then your integrity, and you need never envy the wife of your employer. A round of heartless dissipation has

sickened her of humanity; and if it were not for the excitement of outshining her compeers in the ranks of fashion, she would lay down her useless life to-morrow.

Mothers, worn out and enfeebled with work, labouring for those who, however good they may be, are at the best unable to repay you for your unceasing toil, unable to realize your great sacrifices, do you look upon your neighbour who has more means and a few petted children, and wish that your lot was like hers? You pause often over your task, and think it greater than you can bear.

"Tell mothers," said a woman, weeping tears of anguish, "who have their little ones around them, that they are living their happiest days; and the time will come when they will realize it. Tell them to bend in thankfulness over the midnight lamp, to smile at their ceaseless work and call it pleasure. I can but kneel in fancy by the distant graves of my children; they are all gone. Could I but have them beside me now, I would delve like a slave for them; I would think no burden too hard, no denial beyond my strength, if I might but labour for their good and be rewarded by their smiles and their love."

Then in whatever situation we are, we should remember that even but a door from our own dwelling, there may be anguish, compared with which, ours is but as the whisper of a breath to the roll of the thunder. We do not say then, let us *console* ourselves by the reflection that there are always those in the world who suffer keener afflictions than ourselves, "but let us feel that though our cup of sorrow may be almost full, there might be added many a drop of bitterness;" and never, never should we breathe the expression, "There is no sorrow like unto mine!"

THE OLD PICTURE.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

It was an old picture, scarred by time, cracked, stained and faded, yet hung in the most conspicuous place, where the mellow light, properly shaded by full, rich drapery, gave me a view from all points, showing alike the broken canvass, and the yet glowing colouring.

It represented a woman of rather masculine beauty, attired, if it could be so, in a style of more than eastern magnificence, gold and jewels upon her brow, neck and arms, costly fabrics draping her stately figure, and lying in profusion at her feet. I expressed surprise to my host, a wealthy land owner, that so mutilated a picture should be framed as it was in massive gilding, highly and elaborately ornamented.

"That painting is an heirloom," he replied, "and, if tradition be true, has been the means of saving more lives than one. I regard it, therefore, with greater reverence than any other in my gallery, and you will not deny but there are some pretty fair specimens of the art here."

"But the tradition?" said I, curiously.

"Oh! you are always looking out for things of that sort. I will give you a little outline—you can do the filling up, and make a respectable romance, if you like. The portrait is that of Guizelenn's wife. Probably you had not the pleasure of Guizelenn's acquaintance, as he only lived three hundred years ago; she, you perceive, was a beauty. Well, thus runs the story:

"Guizelenn was a chief of trained desperadoes, a robber of great notoriety, who kept the travelling community of Germany, particularly in the vicinity of its dark forests, in great awe. He was cruel, reckless, and worst of all, bloodthirsty; sparing neither sex nor age—deaf to entreaty, steeled against tears.

"Well, it so happened one day, that this bad fellow cap-



THE OLD PICTURE.

tured a party of adventurers, among whom were a fugitive count and countess, and an unpresuming, light-haired youth, who had with him his scanty store of artist's materials, with which he designed to fill his sketch book by the way.

"They were carried to an underground cavern, placed upon seats of the most gorgeous description, and beheld themselves surrounded by mirrors, tapestry, costly couches, and a grim array of bearded thieves, who decided that they should die. But here, as the story goes, the beautiful bride of the chief came in, and, struck with the gentle face of the boy-painter, begged with tears for his life. In consequence of her intercession he was spared, and as a token of his gratitude he devoted months to the completion of her portrait, this picture, which was a masterpiece. The painter rose to eminence—but hear further of the picture.

"It was next found in a ruinous hut, where its possessor was literally dying of starvation. He was a son of the robber chief who had fallen out with his brethren, possessed the portrait by stealth, reformed, married, and with five little ones and a delicate wife, found himself unable to labour through an attack of lingering disease.

"An ancestor of mine—by the way a man of genius and exquisite taste, for which I value his memory more than because he was a baron in the old country—on a hunting excursion one day was startled by loud groans, and the wailing cry of little children. Entering a hut on the outskirts of civilization, he beheld a sight of misery indeed. A huge living skeleton laid on a straw pallet; it was the sick, destitute son of the robber. His wife, attenuated and feeble, was striving to hush the wretched children; in fact they were all literally starving. Immediately the baron sounded his bugle, summoned his party, and very soon, plenty filled the little cabin. The children ate and were satisfied; the wife wept her thanks; the husband and father murmured some words with a very grand air—for he was a proud man even in his degradation; too proud to crave assistance—but you see he was helpless.

"By chance the baron saw the picture, and being an amateur, wished to possess it—and when he learned the name of the artist, then eminent, he determined to have it at all events. He offered to purchase it; no, it was sacred, too sacred for barter.

"'You seem to be distressed, my friend; there is no use denying it, you are poor and sick; let me have the picture,' said the baron, 'I will give you two thousand rubles.'

"The sick man shook his head, but a hectic glow spread over his pale cheeks, and the moistened eyes of the poor woman were lighted up with hope.

"'Say then double that; four thousand.'

"The tears slowly forced themselves through his closed eyelids, and his lips quivered. A comparative fortune was in his grasp, but his mother's portrait weighed it down.

"'Come, I make a last offer; take five thousand rubles, and give it to me; and, furthermore, should you never get well, I pledge myself to provide for your family.'

"This was too tempting; the sick man gasped his consent, and the painting was transferred to the baron's old castle. There I only know that the baron's lady took so violent a fancy for it that it was hung in her boudoir.

"Well—let me see—how goes the legend now? O! in some of the old feudal skirmishes, nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, the aid of the forest freebooters was openly solicited. Between the baron's retainers, and a well-armed band, deadly hostile, a bloody fray took place, which ended in the rout of the baron's party. All who were not mercilessly butchered, fled to the mountain fastnesses and concealed themselves.

"In the castle, the lady and her children, with a few female domestics, were gathered in one apartment. The baroness on her knees, her pale face turned towards heaven, was supplicating the mercy of God; the little ones, trembling, tearless, hanging in mute terror to her garments. It was the first day of the year, clear and beautiful; the snowy mountains in the

distance shone in right kingly attire, helmeted with gold, and mantled with the purest ermine; but what a new year to them!

"Suddenly the dreaded shout of the enemy fell like a death-knell on their ears. Nearer it advanced, the shout of vengeance and victory.

"That shuddering group listened, in breathless awe, as the tramp of heavy footsteps came to their chamber, and a mortal shriek of agony rent the air, when their terrible invaders burst in upon them, exultant and gory with slaughter.

"'Kill them all—death to the white-livered wretches;' and they brandished their red swords above their cowering victims—when 'hold! for your lives, hold!' shouted the leader, a powerful fellow, whose grizzled hair hung matted with a ruffianly beard over his neck and bosom; and as half dead with terror the poor women looked up into his stony eyes—they beheld them, fixed, suffused with tears, upon the ceiling, as she sank slowly back into a seat.

"'Death to the aristocrats,' muttered one; 'ay! send them to perdition,' quoth another with a savage growl.

"'Touch them even with a finger who dares!' exclaimed their leader sternly; and he pointed with his gaunt arm, as he continued, 'the heart that has cherished yonder sainted being, even in her mute semblance, no sword of mine, nor of my band, shall ever drink its blood. O! my mother, there is not an eye in the world that could move me to mercy, save thine; gentle being, who nursed me in my innocency on thy bosom, gazing upon thee I forget what an accursed wretch I am! A branded felon, an outcast, with a price upon my head. O! my mother, my mother, I cannot cherish vengeance when I look upon that beaming face. Dost thou see me—a wayward, guilty thing? Dost thou look upon me from thy rest? Then bear witness that the hated outlaw has one spot of tenderness in his hardened heart—the spot where thy name, and thy love, are engraved as with fire.'

"And the gray head of the robber fell upon his bosom, that none might see the tears he could not restrain.

"His savage comrades with unbent brows gazed alternately from him to the picture; their arms had fallen against their sides, their swords rested upon the floor; they revered what little of virtue yet remained in the bosom of their reckless chief.

"'Go,' he said, waving his hand with all the stateliness and authority of a monarch; 'the castle is ours while we remain, but mark you, these apartments are sacred to this lady and her children; act in all respects as if you were guests; let them see that we can be courteous. Madam, my mother was an angel. You may think it a strange assertion, from one of her children, blood-stained, like myself, but nevertheless, it is heaven's sacred truth. My mother's portrait has saved you from a cruel fate, as she, had she lived, might have saved me from ruin. Take this,' giving her a massive and beautiful gold ring; 'wherever you go, none under the authority of Guizelenn, the scourge of kings, will harm you or whoever may be with you, though you should bear untold treasures.'

"That is not all; the terrible chief, who rightly named himself the scourge of kings, died in that very castle. He was brought in, wounded by an unknown arm—it was said by the baron, who was concealed near—and for weeks received the attentions of the grateful baroness. Nay, more, he repented with tears, and died, an humble suppliant, unknown, save by his brother, whom this same portrait, as you remember, was the means of rescuing from death.

"I know nothing farther about the picture, except that when my great-grandfather visited the castle in 1770, he found it with the mouldering tapestry hanging over it, and learning its history, brought it back to this new world. The robber's ring is yet in the family, and is accounted almost as a sacred relic. So there you have the romance of the old picture; do you wonder I prize it?"

Indeed, if I had wondered before, I did so no longer.

PUSS.

No domestic picture is perfect without Puss. No matter how gayly the fire burns, no matter how bright the room, or how cozily the old sofa is wheeled round, if her ladyship, surrounded by the little Miss Pussies, or even alone, be not by the hearth-side, something is wanting. Besides, what lessons are taught by the matronly old Puss—lessons in forbearance, in wisdom and prudence, and motherly affection! For instance, if she infringes upon the rules of politeness, occupying for a brief moment the seat of her mistress at the table, and receives for her temerity a smart box on the ear, you behold no show of pugilistic combat. Dignified as she is, the parent of well-grown children, she would deem such an example derogatory to their moral and intellectual well being, so, with a grave demeanor and perfectly self-possessed, she marches like a dignified grimalkin back to her offspring, and looks around them with a superior air, as much as to say, "You see, my dears, how much lower in the social scale is my aggressor, since she so forgot herself as to give me a slap which I did not even resent; proving thereby that a cat can forgive an injury, while those who pretend to almost divine knowledge, would knock each other about for such an offence, without the least regard for their personal safety. Indeed, I much question whether they would once consider that they might possibly do some injury."

Then behold her with the little red fingers of that remorseless urchin, "deep diving in her throat," she raises no threatening paw, she suffers evil with a stoicism worthy of sage mortals—poor Puss, thou well knowest that to lift that sharp weapon of thine, would only subject thy poor back to blows innumerable; you are wise, Madam Puss, and your conduct is worthy of imitation.

One thing more—oh! ye parents, one thing more. Madam Puss never gets above playing with her kittens. She knows,

sagacious animal, that little children will be little children, and that they need to be treated as such, with regard to their amusements. She is not too stately to unbend when they require it, whatever may be the theme of her meditation, even if gravely solving abstruse problems, such as "if there is one hole in the pantry and six in the cellar, through which may the greatest number of mice emigrate?" the answer to which would be—*categorically*—"according to the bread and butter;" we say whatever may be the theme of her meditation, she is willing to descend into the frolics of kittenhood, and sing, in the well-known opera lines, familiar to all lovers of the pathetic in poetry,

"Once more I feel myself a child."

She will bound, leap, and dance with them, thus keeping them from the baser influence of lawless kittenhood. She will even allow them to pull at her paws, roll her in the dust, &c., and if they transgress, no passionate invectives fill their little heads with angry thoughts, nor does she call them "wicked kittens," "little wretches," and sundry other refined expletives, which her Christian superiors have invented. No; she gives them, perhaps, a gentle tap with her velvet paw, *with the claws drawn in*, purrs only the louder, but with a cadence they well understand, and then gathering them submissive and repentant at her side, tells them—we may suppose—how sorry she is they have been naughty, and counsels them kindly how to act in the future.

So they grow up into good moral pussies, are an adornment to the society they move in, make home prettier and altogether more attractive, teach good lessons, never show unnecessary anger, and never, never use tobacco.

THE SNOW STORM.

COME down, oh! beautiful snow; soft as the fleece of the lamb, white as purity, delicate as a maiden's smile; come down from thy aerial habitation. The young heart bounds to greet thee: the aged say they love thee; gentle eyes are watching thee from many a frosty pane. See yonder that delicate child; how her flaxen curls cling to the crystal; how heaven-like are her blue eyes, shining with the first recognition of thy half-spiritual beauty. "Are they pearls?" she cries; "are they little feathery angels? Is it the rain broken into bits? are they little tiny, tiny lambs, mother?" and the gleeful laugh rings like music from the bird-throated babe; and her waxen hands, all starred with dimples more gem-like than the shining rings on the fingers of a beauty, are pressed like two human snow flakes against the window pane, as with head thrown back and coral lips apart, she sings out, "I know, they are crumbs for the birds; crumbs for the pretty birds, and God made them up in heaven."

So do the innocents regard thee in their pure fancies, oh! beautiful snow, while their souls are like thee, almost without "spot or blemish, or any such thing."

No maiden's delicate foot ever danced as airily as thou to the chime of bells, and the luting of carolling winds and the wild music of the far-off spheres floating faintly down through the dreamy space, and whispering how softly the stars sing together in their bowers of cerulean.

What dainty fingers hast thou! the dull black iron by the roadside, is brodered more choicely by thee than are rich velvets by the consummate skill of the accustomed artisan, with her nicest shades of Berlin wool. The raised and gilded letters on the sign over the way are all jewelled with the kindly frosting—thy most beautiful ornament.

Come down, oh! beautiful snow; merry hearts beat high at the prospect of

"Two feet deep, and a moonlight evening.

Then heigho! for the clear starlight, and a swift race over the crisp roads, when the bells with their silvery "sweet jangling," give to the soberest a sort of madcap glee. When rosy cheeks, and auburn curls, and bright eyes, and buffaloes, and prancing steeds, and dashing sleighs, red, blue, and golden, and the whir of the cracking whip, and the stinging bite of Boreas, and the loud huzza, and firs, and mufflers, and the quick repartee, and the ringing laugh, and shining hedges, and ghostly trees, and draperied meadows, and gleeful thoughts, and busy tongues, and night-capped roofs, and above all, the moon, a sort of calm reflective eye looking approvingly down, seem all mingled in one great, happy confusion, that you could not set to rhyme, and would not if you could.

Come down, oh! beautiful snow;—"well, don't you see me coming?" There! a truce to all poetry now; cold as is thy nature, we did not expect so calculating an answer as that.

Yet still one more picture. A bay window—a wide lawn beyond, lighted mellowly, and sparkling in its sheeny robes. A moon riding in the majesty of its matured loveliness, making a wide, glittering path on the frozen lake over which the shouting schoolboy flies. A dark, motionless forest skirting the lawn on one side, and looming up into white and picturesque beauty, as its tree tops seem to touch heaven; on the other the sloping hills, the quiet cottages of the farmers, the very smoke of whose chimneys is clearly defined in the cold, bright atmosphere.

But that bay window. It is shaded by heavy curtains, and within, in its deep recess, sit two young beings, talking—perhaps to the moon—*perhaps* to each other. They are sometimes speaking of that sweet white cottage to the right; you can see it now, but not in summer, for then the plentiful foliage embowers it. It is all finished, all furnished, from the

neat little kitchen to the pretty and commodious parlours. Now let me tell you a secret; to-morrow is New-Year's and they are to be married; they are to begin wedded life on an humble scale, with happiness for their dower, not gold.

And may that sweet maiden, looking so confidently into the future, realize the hopes that lie dawning into perfectness in her bosom, and may blessings fall on them both, even as this beautiful snow is falling, softly, purely, and brightly.

THE SAILOR.

"Ah! sailor, with your short jacket and rough, hardy hands, what are your thoughts as you so carelessly stand upon the edge of the wharf, watching the sails of yonder slender craft? Not of merriment, for the light of thy blue eye is too subdued for that; not of sorrow, for there is a firm, unvarying expression that sorrow seldom wears; it is like a calm, steady twilight, when the sun is slowly and sweetly gliding to the embrace of his ocean love. Come, what are your thoughts?"

"My thoughts, my thoughts, good Madam? It is said that sailors never think; that they are careless, reckless beings, happy only when swinging from the cross-yards, or listening to long foolish yarns, or singing strange old ballads in the still evening, but it is not so with me; singular though it may seem, I am wholly happy only at home. I've got a little cottage, madam, that I call my own, a bit out in the country, where one can get a taste of fresh air, and not feel as if the sun grudged his light. I've been married but a short while, two years or so, and the last parting was as hard as the first, ay! harder, harder; for you see, my kind madam, I have a bright little cherub in that home, just so high, and one of the prettiest golden-haired little darlings that you might ever wish to see. I declare to you my heart ached when I stood on

board my gallant vessel and realized that I was to leave them, my wife and baby—for the rough sailor loves his home—if it is a good one. But my boat comes yonder—to-morrow I set sail for my native land, and when you asked my thoughts, I was indulging in a day-dream, for I already held my dear ones to my bosom."

It was but a few months after, and tidings came that the noble barque was lost at sea, and all hands had perished.

Poor wife, thought I, sitting alone in that little cottage, rocking her babe to sleep with sobbing music, like the low wailing wind when it sings over the mariner's grave; poor wife, how many a one has been wounded with that same grief that tears thy soul with anguish.

THE SACRIFICES AND RECOMPENSE OF LITERARY LIFE.

THE sacrifices of literary life, what are they? Ask yon pale student, poring over the lamp that has outlived midnight. See him press his toil-wearied hands upon a brow burning with the fever of thought. Hear of his voluntary self-denials—many of life's sweetest pleasures have been untasted by him. Look about his room—the one chair, the one table, the meagre bed, the hard crust—these are his comforts, who, poor and unaided, devotes himself to the welfare of his kind and of his country.

Perhaps he must live in the city; a worshipping student of nature is he—loving the simple things that grow by the way-side—his soul bounding to the leap of the waterfall, his eye kindling at sight of the tiny pool dimpling the rugged rocks, his heart swelling to the musical diapason of the wind as it moves the branches of the mighty forests.

But it is not for him to be a wild, free child of nature.

These sights and sounds must *fancy* bring him in his narrow chamber, and, opening her hands, set birds a singing, and grass growing, and flowers blooming, and, over all, scatter sunbeams in the dingy light, and bring to his ear the music of happy voices, and the tinkling of myriad streams; and he must sing of them as though his home was palaced with their splendour, even while his heart aches for the reality.

And sick days come, but he must not pause to nurse them. On, on, though the heart sets the blood galloping through the veins, and the temples throb to bursting—no rest for him. Gay crowds, with banners floating, move past his dusty pane; up rings the glad laugh from careless childhood; blue-eyed maids turn unconscious glances to where he sits driving the pen, and urging thought, that, like a weary steed, lags at sight of a tempting brook. He knows they are going to some retreat of leafy beauty, where many a “bonny gem” bends “mang the dewy weet”—and it would be so pleasant just to see a modest violet, or a wild, wood-grown anemone. But it is not for him, so, with a sigh, he turns him to his toil, and labours on.

And perhaps his treasured thoughts are lightly met; and fame comes not with smooth tongue to bring him the world's applause, and he lies down as has many a one, to suffer and to die, neglected and forgotten. And “he was only a poor poet,” is written on the few hearts that knew his worth.

But the *recompense* of literary life! Is it worth sacrifice, and toil, and “sorrow of spirit?”

Ay! abundantly. For if thorns do mar the beauty of our roses, we can still throw only their perfume around the paths of others. If we cannot bend the knee at the great altar of nature, we can lure others to worship under its leafy temples; and from its sounding aisles, and wild dim solitudes, confess the grandeur of its matchless architect.

And even in sickness, when the hand moves wearily, and the canvass of our thought seems clouded, and the colours run together, and all things take the hue of melancholy, sweet



HAPPY OLD AGE.

is the assurance, as we shake off the grasp of old disease, that we may send comfort to some lowly home, bid some heart bear its trials more bravely, light up with divine joy some long-darkened chamber, or, better than all, turn some grappling monster sin from the tempted soul, and send it howling to its native darkness.

Yes! the recompense of literary life is truly four-fold. It is to be remembered and cherished by thousands, whose mortal eyes you have never met. It is to be loved for sweet virtue's sake. It is to have your name spoken with tears by many, when the dust falls on your shroud. It is to build living monuments in grateful hearts that shall not crumble to decay, but stand through eternity. These are better than silver and gold; better than the gauds of flimsy fashion, better than the longest life of pleasure; and those who devote themselves with a single eye to the true interests of their fellow-immortals—verily! they have their reward.

HAPPY OLD AGE.

I JUST now listened to a little bird-like voice, singing this refrain:—

“That we may be happy,
That we may be happy,
When we grow old.”

Oh! yes. God grant we may be happy when we grow old. Then is the time we need all the consoling pleasure of memory, all the beautiful thoughts of the past, that, like faint stars, shine upon us through the blue distance.

Unhappy age! oh! sight of misery. A fretful old man stamping about with his cane, finding fault with all the world and his Maker, angry with his gray hairs, cursing his dim sight, and murmuring because his aged limbs bend beneath

their weight. Finding fault with his food, because the relish of youth has departed; sending the little, loving children from his path, when, with their sweet caresses, they might make so much of his joy. Laying a weightier burden upon those whose task it is to care for him, and sleeping at length, querulous to the last, fighting with death, yet wearied with life, and leaving none to sigh, save at the recollections of his profitless example.

In contrast to this, look at the happy old man. His temples are silvered, but there seems a white glory around them. He carries his cane, but, at its pleasant tap, the little children crowd together, for they know grandfather has had his nap, and will sit in the chimney corner, or out on the porch among the roses, and tell them tales of old times. The sight is fading out in his dim blue eyes, also, but he thanks God he can yet see the faces he loves, and tells how once his vision was like an eagle's, when it looks straight at the sun. His limbs bend with infirmities, but their pains lead him to talk of the country beyond the river Jordan, where the blessed angels know no sadness, no sickness. And when the taste of his simple food is gone, he tells how he expects soon to eat the fruit of the tree of life, and drink of the waters of the heavenly river. So he turns everything into joy and blessing. Everybody loves him. The beautiful girl will forego many a pleasure, sweet to youth, and stay by "dear grandfather." The very babe hushes at sound of his aged voice, and holds out its dimpled hands, crowing for a seat upon his knee, where he plays with the silvery locks with mute delight, pressing his rosy cheek against the whitened palm, like a rose bud crimsoning the snow of winter.

And when he lies dying, there is a sorrow too great for utterance; and after years have gathered mould upon his tomb-stone, his memory will be brighter and purer, as children's children shall tell of his virtues.

"That we may be happy,
That we may be happy,
When we grow old."

God grant it; but it lies, also, much with ourselves. We may lay up rich treasures or rotten fruit for our age. Every unkindness of "now," makes a thorn for hereafter. Our bad passions weave us crowns of thistle for a declining reign of ill-temper and misery, and only ashes for our monument and mould for our memory.

POOR AND HAPPY.

THERE is joy in the lowliest home. Contented poverty teaches sublime lessons. Genuine happiness takes up her abode often with those whose condition we most commiserate. The poor Irishman eats his potato in his mud-shanty, and calls the holes in his roof, "dacent manes for vintilation;" and his wife plays with the crowing baby while she can hardly see his face for the smoke.

God has let into many a lowly heart His choicest sunshine, His divinest light. There pleasures spring spontaneously, like fruits in a genial clime. He has given a beam to the eye, and a joy-light to the smile that holds content in its sunny breadth, and drops pearls upon the thorns that hedge up his way. And on many a wealthy man he has bestowed a soul barren and arid—a heart that leaps only at the click of dollars and cents; his face is as yellow as his gold—a parchment face wrinkled up with rich misery.

During one of the hard winters there was a great snow-storm, and heaps drifted together half way up the walls, and buried the fences. From many a circle in windows where the frost was heated away, bright faces looked out from fire-lighted rooms. But the poor, on that terrible night, what did they?

A family of Germans, coarse and honest, lived in a cellar. The snow had built a pyramid over their lowly entrance; so there they were buried alive with a white monument above them. Had they perished that bitter night? Hark! what

sounds of mirth! a gruff ha! ha! and the silvery laugh of little children. It must be fancy; but no! out pops one scraggy head, and as the snow flies in all directions from the red face, another and another—all mightily enjoying the fun.

Looking down, what think you, reader? The good mother sang in harsh German—

“Oh! hagen selager vonner blitzen,”

puffing by snatches at the wet chips, and the children snow-balled each other, scrambling over the floor.

There was a lesson for you, sordid grumblers, who rise from your beds of down, and, in snug gowns and warm slippers, go about your rich palaces finding fault with Providence. And a lesson for you, fine lady, who cannot breathe heaven's air under penalty of a consumptive cough. When your delicate sons are sipping coffee and writing journals about “divine Italy,” and your pampered daughters working frightful bipeds in worsted, these hardy, healthy children, inured to toil, will be the levers that shall move the world of science. And your delicate sons and your pampered daughters will look at them afar off, and rejoice in the faintest ray of recognition that comes to them from their stately presence. Let no poor man undervalue his worth. The most imperishable monuments of fame are hewn from that rough granite that lines the quarries of honest poverty; and yet greater shall arise and point their eternal shafts towards heaven, reared by the Almighty Architect of the universe.

A NARROW SPHERE.

A NARROW sphere! and you say that, who have three or four sweet children clinging to you, watching your lips for love-words, and your eyes for smiles. Do you gaze with a

smile at the jewelled prima donna, and wish that for you rang forth such glorious strains? for you, men started to their feet, and fair women waved their perfumed kerchiefs?

You read the thrilling words of some world-known, eloquent author, and the tears start to your eyes as you murmur, “and must I live in a narrow sphere? Can I not move the hearts of millions?” and you go to your humble duties with sorrowful thoughts, and tacitly blame your Maker for the work He has given you to do.

But listen as we tell you that yours is a more glorious mission than that of the most triumphant artist, the most successful conqueror earth ever saw. Look at those innocent babes. In each, slumbers the power from which your skilful fingers may evoke more transcendent harmony than that of a thousand trained orchestras. There are jewels in those mines brighter than ever shone on beauty's brow, and which you have the high honour of weaving into a crown of immortal glory.

There are pages in those hearts, how pure and spotless now! but which, if you mistake your mission, may be covered with foul blots, evil lies, and corrupt communications, that will assuredly lead thousands to the dark gates of despair.

A narrow sphere! Say rather as wide as eternity itself—measureless—illimitable. No eye can see, save the All-Searching, what wondrous good your daily example in that seemingly narrow sphere, may work upon millions yet unborn. That little child, there, may lead a nation, as one leads another by the hand. That blue-eyed girl, so timid, so tender and delicate, may be the mother of princes in intellect; and yon sturdy boy, under your guiding influence, may become a greater hero than he of Waterloo—a general upon the moral battle-field of the world.

Repine then no longer, but remember that the artist whom gaping wonder worships, the author who gathers laurels in every land, the mightiest of a nation's great, are not worthy as much honour, as that noble mother who fits her sons and

daughters to act nobly life's great drama upon the stage of Time.

ADVICE TO SCHOOLMARMS.

CONSIDER half price about as much as you are worth, because you're a woman. Meekly allow the committee to suggest that you do not look equal to your task, and do not lose your self-command when asked if you are subject to sick headaches. Be sure you can spell Nebuchadnezzar before examination, and you may forget b-a-ba, afterwards. Expect to find the children all angels, and treat them accordingly, at first.

If a great boy in a check apron will persist in sucking his thumb, why! let him; if Johnny is refractory don't punish him, because if you do his mother will call to-morrow and insist upon knowing *why* her child must be *beat to death*; he never had to be whipped at home. After the mother's first visit, if you should be so unfortunate as to commit a flagellation, bear Johnny's impudence with philosophy. Show commendable calmness when you are told to your face that you don't know nothin', because you cannot make a star out of a cinder. Be careful not to smile on the best dressed girl, or you will lose the confidence of all the rest; do not love those who are the most amiable, or the hue and cry of *partiality* will be raised. If you have overgrown boys, let them rule you, because they *will*, whether you let them or not.

Consider sour bread delicious when you board round; be perfectly in raptures with a five foot chamber, because it's so delightful to live in the country. Submit to all the scandal that is poured into your ears, and turn it into some account by writing it down in your journal as a warning to yourself.

If Mrs. D. runs Mrs. C., sympathize passively with Mrs. D., and if Mrs. C. intimates that Mrs. D. is no better than

she ought to be, sigh, say nothing, reserving to yourself, *mentally*, the right of private opinion; in that way you will keep out of hot water. If the squire comes in, and insists that h-o-u-r-s-e is the way to spell horse because h-e-a-r-s-e is the way to spell hearse, do not contradict him, you may get turned out. Finally, do not faint when the committee on examination day asks what makes the water in the ocean, salt, if your best scholar jumps up and cries out, "salt-fish, sir."

IRON.

THIS indurated metal has become at last a familiar household thing. Not contented with girdling the thunder in the mystic days of Vulcan and his forge, it must girdle the earth also; and hence its shining sinews crossed and re-crossed, and intertwined all over the surface of its underground home. And when its triumph was thus established, and it was called the great king of aids to commerce, it made itself more than familiar with the arts and sciences, and, still farther stooping that it might conquer, it has adapted itself to the fashions, and entered the very boudoir like an old and privileged friend. Well, we will welcome it there; genius has moulded it to pliancy, and skill has fashioned it to wondrous machinery, giving it all the lightning of life and the mute expression of thought, and we belles, sober matrons, plodding housewives, and brisk housekeepers, call it to our help, and bless the hand and heart that has given it in so many shapes of comfort and convenience to aid and lighten our labours. First and foremost in the kitchen stands the cooking-stove—a warm old friend that makes little mischief because it is always at work. It is so constantly busy, that Satan, that originator of all things wicked that idle hands find to do, can't ferret out a corner there.

What is this so light and fanciful standing by its side? The clothes-horse, surely, all iron, and so nicely wrought that you might lift it in your hand and balance it. But we have not time to inspect farther in this work-shop of the household; we spoke of the fashions, let us go up stairs; see the fire-frame with its delicate wreaths of roses and beautiful figures bending in postures of grace. Why! is *that* all iron? Every bit of it; and these fairy-like chairs, with their lithe forms, and sprightly patterns, these sofas with their scroll-work and vine-leaves, these tables that seem airy enough for a sprite's parlour, are all of iron. We take up a beautiful ornamental basket from the mantel—the sprays, the curling tendrils, the buds, leaves, and roses, are of iron; we lift a vase that has upon its surface the soft blending of a hundred tints—that is iron, too. Yonder is a magnificent picture—the frame, so profusely gilded, so elaborate in detail, is iron; we inspect the tall mirrors—they are surrounded by a casing of iron; farther up in “my lady's chamber,” stand iron couches, an iron bedstead with ornaments disposed elegantly about it. The toilet table of blue and violet is iron, and many little appliances of the same, are manufactured from this ore, so rude and unpromising in its first estate. By and by it will be not improbable that we have iron millinery, and hats of the best Parisian fashions, warranted neither to break, bend, or wear out; iron goods that will outrival the silks of India in lustre and durability, iron cloth that will last at the least three centuries, and then appear as good as new. In fact, as we are said to contain iron to a considerable amount, it would be no wonder if we in some manner were to become thoroughly imbued with this attractive agent, and, as nerves of iron do exist, imagine ourselves outliving the flexibility of common nature, and slowly being transformed into iron men and women. It would be a funny sight for people to go round boasting of their metal, and expecting to be valued by the quality of their ring.

KATIE'S NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

“RUN to the door, Katie, run quick; it's something for me, I know.”

“A bouquet, Miss, and oh! so beautiful!” said the girl, tripping back to the parlour.

“How rare! what perfume! Katie, don't you wish you could have such things sent to you? There! place it carefully in the vase—to-night I will wear some of them in my hair. That will do; I'll ring for you when I want you.”

“Such great loving-looking blue eyes, and such a noble forehead!” mused little Katie, as she flew about the kitchen, intent upon her morning work. “Such soft eyes, and such a serious, handsome face—oh! how very dearly Miss Julia must love him. If I only—but what nonsense;” and she burst out into a light, clear laugh. “Little Katies that live in kitchens mustn't expect lawyers or rich men for husbands.”

Katie stood that evening behind Miss Julia's chair, her little red hands half buried in the rich dark curls that she, only, had the requisite taste to adjust. The daintiest implements of the toilet lay scattered in profusion upon the marble table, and the mirror, framed exquisitely in bronze and gilt, reflected the beautiful face of the heiress in all its varying moods of expression.

“I declare, Katie,” she suddenly exclaimed, “you are almost handsome. I have a mind some time to dress you up, and see what kind of a lady you would make. How old are you, Katie?”

“Fifteen,” answered the child voice, while a deep blush mantled the round cheeks.

“Fifteen,” mused the heiress; “a promise of something more in the face—figure slight and graceful—hands, oh! the hands are decidedly too large and coarse! see! who is that? quick, Katie. He can't have come yet!”

"A note, Miss Julia."

The beauty read it eagerly, then threw it with an angry toss upon the table. "Provoking!" she muttered; "Frank has been taken ill with a violent headache. Just now, of all times! My dress hurried for nothing"—a satin robe, richly embroidered, laid in a recess—"and this the first ball of the season."

"There, Katie, put the ear-drops down, and just undo my hair again. Is it not ridiculous, mother? just for a slight headache to disappoint me so," she exclaimed, her cheeks reddening with two intense red spots; "I am downright angry. If he had only proposed, I declare I'd go."

"But if he is sick, daughter?"

"Sick! nonsense—he is a schemer, and I *do* believe he is trying me in some manner. Any other than Frank should rue it; but I have too much respect for his fortune to affront him now. Well, I suppose I must stay at home—but the idea is so very ridiculous! disappointing me either for jealousy or some same foolish notion. I'm angry with him."

Katie unbanded and uncurled with trembling fingers. It was a new lesson in life, this arrogant bending to circumstances.

It was a new lesson in life, this fashionable "affection of the heart," this love for the purse, not the person; she could not understand it. For a long, long while she sat musing upon it before the fire, in the pleasant tidy kitchen.

Katie was an orphan. She had wept bitter tears above the dying forms of both father and mother; nay! she had held both dying heads upon her bosom, and closed their eyes with her own hands.

She was a girl of rare natural talents as yet undeveloped. Her brain was that of a woman; her manners partook of the innocent simplicity of childhood. She had been nurtured in poverty, yet by noble parents, who had taught her the meaning of the word, duty. Sweetly unassuming, humble, yet with a natural pride that would submit to nothing dishonoura-

ble, Katie was almost a companion while she was a servant. Had her lot fallen where she could have been rightly appreciated, she would have been taken to the heart as a daughter, by the right of nobility of character, and gentleness of nature.

"So she will not come; and he calls for her so often—oh! it is cruel, cruel;" and the speaker moved hastily through the room, whose splendour was darkened to a twilight sombreness.

"Dear lady, will you let me stay with him?"

"You, child!"

"I know I am young, but I am strong and not afraid; and if he does not see he may—think—"

"It is she; so he may, so he might; he is delirious much of the time; the room is dark, too; but, my good child, remember it is a contagious fever, and one in which the physician gives very, very little hope," she cried, clasping her hands with anguish. "I am myself an invalid; we cannot get a regular nurse for at least a week—and to take you, so young and healthful, to tie you down to a sick-room—"

"Oh! say nothing, *please*, madam," exclaimed Katie; "do let me stay. I know I am only a child, but I have seen sorrow and suffering before now—my father—my mother—both died in my arms;" she faltered, and, overcome by some sudden recollection, sank weeping upon a seat.

The lady arose, and, with trembling fingers, herself untied the poor, neat bonnet, and smoothing back the fair hair, said, "Bless you, my child—you shall stay; and if my love will repay your devotion, you are already recompensed."

"Where did you say Katie had gone, mother?" said Julia, languidly lifting her head from the lounge.

"Over to our neighbour's, to inquire after Frank."

"Oh! mother, you will not let her come near the house again," exclaimed the beauty, springing with energy from her seat; "that dreadful fever! Papa says there are six lying dead with it down town."

"I told her if she went she must stay; but she seemed possessed to go, and even hinted at taking care of him; you know they cannot get a nurse."

"Can't they? Poor fellow! I pity Frank; he thought so much of me; isn't it well we were not engaged, mamma—it would have been so *awkward* in case of his death! He has sent for me, you say; he certainly, if he loves me, does not wish to expose me so frightfully; perhaps it is only in his delirium he calls for me. I hope he'll get well, poor fellow; I am sure I should miss him if he were to die. But it is so strange about Katie! What in the world did *she* want to go there for?" and sinking back gracefully upon the soft cushions, she placed one delicate hand beneath her temple, and, as unconcerned as though there were no sorrow in the world, continued the thrilling novel upon whose page were marks of tears, shed over imaginary woe.

Far different with Katie. Oh, how tireless she was—a ministering spirit in that sick-room. Her hands, "decidedly too large and coarse" though Miss Julia had compassionately termed them, moved softly over the fevered forehead of the sick man. Ever at his side was she, with no thought in her loving heart but how she might ease his suffering. And when the faint light in the room fell upon his closed eyelids, and over that pale high brow and wasted form, she would kneel at the bedside and implore heaven that he might be saved.

Hour by hour, when the fever was high, she bent above him; delighted as a child when he would call her Julia. No romantic affection, no jealousy disturbed her gentle heart; she was doing a good deed for the pure love of goodness—nor once did this humble, beautiful girl think of herself as an equal of either Julia or her noble patient.

Day after day, though her strength grew less, did she continue devotedly by the sick couch, alternating with the feeble mother in discharging her arduous duties. The crisis came—passed.

"He is saved," said the doctor; "but only by the most

unremitting care, under God," he continued, casting a glance of admiration at poor Katie, who, overcome both with watching and joy, fell, weeping like an infant, into the arms of the grateful mother.

"How delicious this tastes!" murmured Frank, in very feeble tones; "but, mother," he continued, pushing slightly away the plate and the orange, "I may surely see Julia now?"

"She is not here, my son," said the lady, softly.

"But somebody is here," and, with a nervous movement, he parted the curtains before Katie could escape.

"Why, Katie, as I live! Come here, child—you are looking pale, Katie," he said, tenderly taking her hand, "you are quite pale, little Katie; your roses are all gone; have *you* been sick, too? Sit down here and tell me; tell me all about Julia—is she well? How kind she was to nurse me in my sickness!"

Katie's cheeks were as crimson now as they were white before. Her lip quivered, too, and she cast a timid look towards his mother. In her bright eyes tears were gathering, and they did not escape the young man's observation.

"For heaven's sake, tell me," he exclaimed; "is Julia sick? did she take the fever?"

"Neither sick now, nor has she been," said his mother, gravely. "It is best to tell you at once, that, while you were ill, she sometimes formally inquired for you—attended two balls—and never came near the house."

"Mother! you would not deceive me; surely I saw her; surely she was here by my side—her hand in mine."

"No, Frank, I repeat it; she has not called—scarcely sent here, since your first attack. Katie has been your good angel for five long weeks."

He glanced once at the sweet girl; his eyes filled with tears, but his lip was grieved. He drew the curtains silently together, and turned his face to the wall.

After that day he said little about Julia. He would lie

watching Katie as she sat by his mother, and very, very often, when they looked up, the grieved expression was upon his lip.

New-Year's morning came, clear, beautiful, and cold. But within the chamber of luxury only the bright sunlight streamed, and the frost changed from forests into little brooks, and wandered about the window panes in silver circles.

Frank, pale and spiritual-looking, sat by the window. Now and then touching the white petals of a tea-rose, or glancing over the columns of the morning paper, he seemed rather restless, and his eye wandered frequently towards the door.

Presently, in came Katie; and as she drew near to wish him a Happy New Year, a clear light came to the young man's eyes.

"I thank you, little Katie," he said, taking her hand and drawing her to his side; "but, my child, have you no New-Year's present for me?"

Katie started, and, embarrassed, looked down. She, poor girl—why should he expect a New-Year's present from her—and she so poor, without parents, without a home.

"Dear Sir," she murmured, after a pause, "I wish I had; but I—I can only give you my best wishes."

"Katie, if I dared ask you—I know you have that which, if you would give me, would make me the happiest of men—but—I dare not."

"Oh! ask it, sir; if I have any poor gift—," suddenly she started—paused. A new revelation flashed upon her soul—his look, his manner! did they mean *that*?"

"Katie," he said again, low and tremulously, drawing her unresisting form yet closer to his side; "is your heart free, my little Katie? Can you give me so priceless a thing for my New Year's present? You have cared for me, Katie, when all but my mother forsook me. In this fevered room, with death threatening, you passed the weary hours, you prayed for me—forsook rest for me—oh! I have heard all—and such

devotion unmans me. Not that I think you did it for any selfish purpose, dear child," he continued, dashing away the tears; "I know you would have gone alike to the poor man's hovel; God bless you, noble Katie!"

"My child, my daughter," murmured Mrs. N—, straining the weeping girl to her breast, "you have a *mother's* blessing; dear Frank, she is worthy of you."

"And now, my child, when you have learned all these things," Frank fondly said, the same evening, "you shall be my own dear wedded wife; but, Katie, before we say good night, assure me again that the priceless gift is mine. Not many have received so sweet a New Year's present, I fancy."

Of all who heard the news, none were so much surprised, so indignant as Julia, the proud and cold-hearted, but ambitious girl, when it was told to her that little Katie had given to Frank N—, the rich and courted Frank whose *fortune* she once loved—a very precious New Year's gift.

THE WIND.

WHIFF! How sharp the wind turns corners! What a whistle he has! Oh! for some old manor house, thick shut in with trees, where his music may float through long corridors and pipe in the key-holes of haunted chambers!

Did you ever dream of such a place, reader? An ancient landmark—full of weird reminiscences, full of quaint rooms littered with musty books, lined with ancient portraits. With its paper-hangings whose castles and courtiers have gathered dust and grimness for centuries—its staircases after the exact pattern of some old baronial hall,—its carved cornices and elaborated ugliness!

One might almost live a lifetime in an hour, sitting in some one of its many rooms—say the snuggest and least ghostly. There with the strange faces of the deed, still holding life in semblance, mute eyes, mute lips, all muteness, looking down, what shadowy trains might be summoned from the dim recesses of memory! The beauty of the child—that beauty matured by manhood, and finally buried in age. The infant, the brave, strong youth, the pale-eyed old man, with troops of sweet girls, and sober matrons, and silver-haired dames—there would they pass and re-pass, each giving us perhaps one view in the mirror of their lives.

And the wind, with its sweet, wild, wailing flute-notes! what symphonies it plays for the music-drops of the rain! Should you chance to rest in a chamber under some low roof, these will lull you to sleep and pleasant dreams.

But should the wind play dirges instead of soothing strains—should it shriek, groan, hallo, rave, and seizing all its trumpets, bugles, trombones, and bass viols for one grand crash at every while, twist the trees by their roots and hurl them against the house to the tune of a thunder-lullaby, while far away you hear it growling and crashing through the dark forest aisles only to gather strength for its return, then wonder not if you dream of spectres, and all the haunted chambers ever imagined by diseased brains crowded into one, with their accompanying horrors.

DON'T BE AFRAID OF YOUR CARPETS.

Who loves not winter evenings, those long, pleasant hours in which rightly regulated families take so much delight! Yet however they may be, shared by loving hearts, and brightened by all the sweet enjoyments of domestic life, we must not forget that out-doors they are prolific of much

misery, much that breaks down the virtue, and destroys the finer sensibilities of the heart. Sin opens all her palaces of pleasure on winter evenings. She hangs out gaudy lanterns, and signs, so artfully worded that they would ostensibly lead the blinded youth into the paradise of innocence; and when once in, his better judgment is overruled by the intoxicating splendour that surrounds him.

No expense is spared by these votaries of mammon to render their resorts beautiful beyond the power of imagination to picture. No viands are too costly, no ornaments too richly or too brilliantly rare. Everything that can tempt the eye of the unwary is brought into requisition. Painting, statuary, gilding, draping, all subserve to this base purpose of leading men astray. Unblushing, or rather for ever blushing girls, decked in gaudy finery, or attired with exquisite taste, stand beside card-tables, or behind counters. Nothing is wanted that can bewilder the youthful imagination.

Parents, think of this. The young, in the exuberance of their spirits, need pleasure, and in a certain measure, excitement. See then that home be made beautiful, its enjoyments varied, its resources numerous. If you do not thus guard the welfare of your children, somebody else will.

Let them invite their youthful companions to spend the hours in merry recreation. Do not veto their shouts of laughter, or check their pleasure by unneeded frowns.

What! afraid of your carpets! Miserable excuse. Rip them up, then, and show your company the bare boards; you had better never have had a carpet, than, for fear of their soiling, driven your child to seek questionable amusements.

There are plenty of places where they are not afraid of their carpets, cost what they may.

In the brilliant saloon the youth may tread upon the choicest product of Persia's looms; no fear that any one will chide him there. He may look at the long line of revellers till he feels an insane desire to risk what little money he possesses in the dangerous game, and not experience that nervous

fear so that he dare not move amid the nicely placed furniture. In dazzling oyster saloons, they are not afraid of their carpets; in elegant gambling hells, as they are appropriately named, they are not afraid of their carpets. There the young man may carry his friends, and smiling faces will meet him. He no longer dreads the remonstrance of an over-nice mother, the grumbling and fault-finding of fastidious sisters.

Don't be afraid of your carpets. What is the expense of renewing them every year, if need be, in comparison with the ruin of your son?

Spare no pains, no money, no time, to make home agreeable on winter evenings. Keep your sons at home, by making home as beautiful as your means will allow. Join with your children in their pleasures, show them that you are interested in their childish games—treat their friends as you would treat your own, and above all, Don't be afraid of your carpets.

WHAT'S HE DIGGING FOR?

"WHAT'S he digging for?" asked a verdant youth, who saw an Irishman working on the public road.

"A dollar a day," was the laconic reply.

There goes the merchant. Care sits on his brow as a jailer at the prison door. His mind is full of stocks and per centage, and he hurries along, half-knocking over the little pale girl that holds out her meagre hand for charity.

"Oh! for sweet charity's sake
Give me a penny;
Pity upon me, take,
Food we've not any;
Father has sailed on the sea,
Mother is dead,
And little brother and me,
Go begging our bread."

But what cares he for beggars? *His* children are clothed, fed, and warmed. His ships have come in freighted with riches; his clerks are waiting to show him the long balance-sheets; his business is his life, love, religion—everything. And what is *he* digging for? only a little over a dollar a day; for he but gets his meals, his clothes, his—rest, we had almost said, but sweet rest none knoweth so intimately as the poor labourer.

Yonder soldier in the ranks of fame, who tries not the poor widow's cause, but exerts all his powers of eloquence for some world-applauded theme, what is he digging for? A little empty honour, that will serve to gild some granite shaft, when his dull, cold ear can listen no longer to the world's praise.

And we are all digging but for little more or less than our dollar a day, from the king to the peasant. Louis Napoleon, though he sits upon a throne, walks on royal carpets, and eats from royal dishes, is obliged to content himself with the plainest fare; some incurable, internal disease prevents him from "living like a prince." If he enjoys not "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," heaven pity him! If he craves rather the pleasures of the table than the glorious sights of nature, and the intellectual converse of superior minds, how hardly he earns his dollar a day! Better if his condition were like that of poor Pat, who sings over his spade, fears no frown but that of God, and goes home to his wife and children, his shoulders guiltless of an empire, contented with himself and his dollar a day.

NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

Not at all superstitious, is the cry. "Oh! I'm not superstitious!" and yet who likes to take an unsolicited look over the left shoulder, at the moon? How few do we find willing

to begin any enterprise on Friday, that poor unlucky child of the calendar, full of mists and omens.

"There," cries the good old lady, with a serious face, when the salt cellar tips over, "there will be a quarrel just as certain as you live, before twelve hours, with *somebody* ;—" a shrewd prediction! "And," says another, "when the dog howls under my window, and the lamp goes out three times, and I hear a pistol in the middle of the night, and I dream that my best teeth fall out, or that I see an empty coffin, somebody's got to die." Alas! for that unfortunate somebody! His shroud is making; his grave digging; his last narrow home sounds under the "rat-tap-plan" of the hammer—if it is stormy, for is it not true that all signs fail in dry weather?

The fact is just this. The stoutest heart has its moments of credulous belief. Ask any aged man of your acquaintance if he ever dreamed a dream or saw a sight that foreboded coming trouble, and he will tell you yes. Ask any old lady—heaven bless the venerable name—if she ever wound yarn over the cellar stairs at midnight, or went to bed backward, after taking a goodly dose of salt, repeating some foolish sort of rhyme about true loves, hearts, darts, eyes, complexion, &c., &c. Nine out of ten will say yes—though, to be sure, they had no faith in it; not a whit, not a particle; they only tried it just—well, just *because*.

Now with regard to dreams, we have had all sorts—we had like to say, all sizes. We have buried our best friends, and wept over them with a grief as hearty as that of a real bereavement; and we have waked up half-laughing, half-crying over the delusion—yet happy to find our household unbroken. We have heard Tray's ominous howl, when he was baying the poor innocent moon, without even taking the precaution of turning our left shoe over three times—and, most astonishing to relate, nobody we knew of died after it. We have broken looking-glasses, and they have served for a twelve-month after to make "nature hideous," by dividing the human

face divine into squares and triangles, and patching the eyes over the nose, and the mouth upon the forehead, without doing any further injury. And yet for all that, we shall not say that we are entirely free from superstition, if it may be called so, for we have never yet found any living mortal that was.

THE STOLEN CHILD.

LITTLE Carry took her pet bird on her arm one morning, and laughing merrily back at her mother, who stood at her washing-tub, ran to her favourite seat near the edge of a meadow, and under a clump of majestic elms. This place was not very far from the humble home, but, owing to a round-about circuit by a little hill, and the prominence of the hill itself, it seemed at a much greater distance. Nothing was to be seen near the child, except dewy meadows spangled with flowers; tall tufts of the lady's-slipper, and sweet beds of camomile, with the bright fox-glove, crimson clover-buds, and wild thyme, grew directly about the place where she sat. A long, wide road stretched by and away in the distance; very little was it travelled, and only one cart, loaded high with fragrant hay, had passed little Carry that morning.

Suddenly a fine barouche with two milk-white horses, and driven rather leisurely, appeared in the distance; Carry allowed her book to drop upon her knee, and sat curiously watching it; seldom, indeed, had so elegant a carriage been seen in that obscure country place. As it came on and neared the pretty natural bower, she saw that it was occupied by one gentleman and a coachman in livery, who managed the two spirited animals with easy skill.

At a gesture of the gentleman, the servant drew up before the child; the former seemed unaccountably affected; he murmured "Emma" several times, in a low, distinct tone.

and then exclaimed, "the very face and form of my dead child—God forgive me the thought," he added quickly, and, pulling his hat hurriedly down, he ordered the coachman to drive on.

Little Carry gazed after them with innocent surprise; she was too young to think deeply, but she felt with her child's heart that the gentleman was in great sorrow, and unconsciously pitied him.

Five minutes had scarcely elapsed before the sound of wheels was again heard, and the carriage swept along, this time more swiftly and in an opposite direction.

It stopped as before, directly before little Carry, who now let her book fall, and stood looking up with a slight expression of alarm upon her features.

"My child," said the gentleman, with a beautiful, winning smile, that put her instantly at ease, "who are you?"

"I'm Carry Elliot, please sir," she answered, with a curtsy, as was her wont.

"And where do you live?"

"Over there;" and she pointed in the direction of the cottage.

"What does your father do?"

"He's dead, please sir, and mother takes in washing."

"You are like a beautiful daughter that I laid in the cold ground last week;" little Carry smiled and blushed; "I wonder if your mother would let you go and live with me, and be a lady?"

"No sir, no sir," replied the little girl slowly, with an expression of profound wisdom; "a great dancing-master wanted me once, and he offered mother ever so much gold, and mother cried dreadfully at the very thought; then a rich lady in London, that hadn't got any little children, said if mother would let me go, she would make me her own daughter, and mother said no; mother loves me, and I love mother, and I wouldn't leave her, if she *was* willing."

"Not to live in a beautiful great house, and have servants

to do everything for you, and drink from a golden cup, and eat from a silver dish, and to have the very richest dresses and laces, and jewels and diamonds, and do just as you like, and have everybody love you?"

The child looked bewildered, but still shook her pretty head.

"There," said the stranger, taking a case from his pocket, and drawing out a flashing chain of brilliants; "see how beautiful this will look upon your neck—these I bought for *her*," he murmured bitterly to himself; "and here are two costly bracelets"—and he clasped the glittering gems around her snowy wrists; "see within this box the bright, shining stones; they shall all be yours, and many, many more—perfect! the resemblance is perfect."

A strange, yet beautiful sight was little Carry, standing amid the solitude of nature, with jewels flashing upon her round white throat and arms, looking with all a child's pleasure, now at one, now at the other, and then turning her innocent eyes to the stranger, she asked, "Did you say these were mine?"

"All, and much more, if you will go with me. You shall have a watch, a bright gold watch; and in my Emma's dressing case at home there are pearl chains, and topaz and emerald, much more beautiful than these."

"Must I go without mother?"

"Yes, but you will never know the want of her care. Kind ladies, those who nurtured *her*, will be to you as a mother;" and he kissed the miniature of his dead child, and sitting upon the rude seat, held it so that Carry might look within.

"O, how pretty!" she exclaimed. It was indeed the counterpart of the washerwoman's child; the hair laid so white and glossy over the pearly brow that it resembled nothing but snow drifted upon the petal of a lily; the eyes, dreamy-looking, large and blue, had just her long golden lashes, and the arms were scarcely whiter than hers; for she was an idol

above God, in her mother's heart, and she being proud of her exceeding loveliness, had taken great pains to preserve the delicacy of Carry's complexion.

For a while the child mused thoughtfully, then she laid the miniature upon her lap, and smiling half-archly, she began to unclasp the bracelets, or rather endeavoured to do so; "I am going to take them off," she said artlessly, "I can't leave mother."

The man arose from his seat—a deadly paleness settled upon his brow, his lips were ashy.

"Children forget, my lord," ventured the coachman with a sly leer. At any other time such familiarity would have been resented, but now the heart of the bereaved parent was filled with wild and passionate feelings. The child of his love, in giving birth to whom a worshipped wife had died, lay in their ancestral tomb; but as if to comfort him, here had unexpectedly sprung up, as it were, on the verge of this wild country, her counterpart; every way as beautiful, if not as stately. As the child of the commoner, she was nothing to him. As his protégée, the inheritor of his wealth, his beloved companion, how she would fill the void in his heart—and just at that opportune moment came the words, "Children forget, my lord."

That night Lord Engel stopped at an inn in a little English town, and he bore from the carriage an unconscious child, whose little breast heaved even now with the heavy sobs of a terrific sorrow; he allowed no one to touch her but himself; and as he walked the apartment wherein she lay, conscience forced him to say, "it was a cruel thing—an unmanly act."

A group of peasants gathered around what appeared to be the body of a dead child. The sun beat down upon her unprotected form, and lay in the tangled masses of her hair. Her little cheeks so wan and white, her eyes half-closed and sunken, her little shoulder, bare from her tattered frock, and her poor, tender feet and emaciated arms all covered with

blood, where briars and brambles had torn them, awakened pity and horror in the breast of the rudest churl there.

"Dead," cried one, as he touched timidly the pale forehead.

"Living," exclaimed another, a father, as he pressed his hard hand against the scarcely-beating heart, and tenderly, carefully lifting the light form, he bore her to his cottage near by, saying to his wife—"Milly, here's a cosset, hardly alive; nurse her up if you can,"—and the woman, looking in those dim eyes as they opened a little, felt all the sympathy of the mother, and laid her carefully upon her own bed.

"They're making a great fuss about a lost child down in Riverdeen," said a farmer casually, as he carried half a cheese into dame Barton's pantry; "two dollars for this, mistress."

"Bless my soul, it's the girl I've got then," replied the good woman, letting a saucepan fall from her hands.

"Why! dame, have you found one? well, bless me, you don't know how glad I be;" and he rubbed his hands; "her mother's nigh 'bout crazy; why! she run round the neighbourhood three days screaming and screeching at the top of her voice, 'I've lost my child!' and there wasn't a soul that see her could keep a straight face; if a bushel of tears didn't fall in them days, then I ain't no judge of good wheat, that's all."

"Yes, there's a poor sick creetur on the bed up stairs, and far as we can find, the little thing—she aint more'n that high—walked fifty mile or more, to get away from somebody that stole her, so *she* says, though the merciful Lord knows best. I can't hardly credit the child. Say, farmer Luke, when you come along in your wagon to-morrow, just bring the woman with you, won't you? I'm a mother, and know what she feels."

"Guess I will, mistress; poor soul, she's hardly alive, for she keeps taking on so that we're afraid she'll go *dement*, now."

It was not a hard task to prepare the little girl for this visit; faint and helpless, she longed to lay her little aching

head upon the maternal bosom; but the distracted mother, on hearing that her child was perhaps found, fell into a fainting fit which lasted nearly through the night, and in the morning, before sunrise, weak as she was, insisted upon going with the good farmer to Elms, to clasp her darling to her heart and then die; so in her strong language she expressed herself.

We will not portray that meeting; how Carry clung to the almost frantic mother, and the mother showered kisses and tears upon the emaciated little form. She was shocked at the alteration in the child. Her eyes were sunken, her fair curling hair was hardly yet untangled, and as she nestled up closer and closer, she whispered, "I did so love you, mother, that I *couldn't* stay, but oh! it was a weary while walking, and my feet ached; but I said my prayers, and I *knew* God would fetch me to you. He did, didn't he, mother?"

The noble (?) lord who had been thus guilty, repented of his crime. His search for the child proved fruitless, and he suffered all the agony of remorse. But when he learned that little Carry was restored to the humble washerwoman, he fitted up a box of beautiful presents, and confessed his fault to her, begging her to accept the gifts for her child, and to be under no apprehension of a similar outrage; promising at the same time to be guardian and protector of so lovely a child.

He kept his word; the mother is now above want. Carry, more beautiful than a poet's ideal, is growing up to womanhood; and she thinks so much of her guardian, that it would not be any great wonder if she lived under the roof of his stately mansion yet; for Lord Engel has a son, who looks with peculiar favour upon the sweet blossom, gentle, beautiful Carry Elliot.

THE TONGUE.

WHEN we reflect with what ease we may injure others, and by a little word cause the tear of sorrow to flow, or engender malignant passions that shall find their vent only in some deed of outrage, we cease to wonder at the directness of these words in Holy Writ, "for every word that man speaks, God shall bring him into judgment." Men of loose morals, cavillers at religion, disbelievers in all truth and goodness, may sneer at the close watch which it is here intimated an All-Seeing Father keeps over those he has created; but well would it be for the world, were it believed strictly to the letter.

A word! think of it. It is but a breath; it has no form—its type only is on the printed page. It has birth, but no death. Once launched from its wonderful source, it cannot be recalled. It may take but two letters to embody it, but there is no power by which it can be destroyed. It may take but a single aspiration to utter it, but that aspiration may prove the death warrant of a loyal heart.

Had we power to call up the sheeted forms of all who have perished by the tongue, what an array, more fearful than the dead hosts of battle, would present itself to our affrighted vision! And could they speak to us, how fearful tales of the past would they tell! What awful secrets would be laid bare to our eyes! In the hollow sockets from which beauty had departed, we should read how a little word deceived trusting innocence, and made its habitation frightful as the gates of doom—a congregating place for every bad human passion.

We should behold the assassin, instigated by a little word, creeping in the black night to the tents of peaceful slumber, and burying the red dagger in the heart that never thought him harm.

We should see how in many a home the sword of separation was unsheathed under the portals, and mother armed against daughter, father against son, fought till death stayed

their hands; and the ashes of hate blackened the very sod that covered them.

If we but thought of these things before we speak the word that may do another injury, how many regrets we should spare ourselves in after life; how many thorns pluck from the dying pillow! But how heedless we are! How seldom we think that every heart has some bitterness—some rankling wound against which the cruel, thoughtless speech smites like an instrument of torture, and opens it till it bleeds afresh!

Would it not be well for us to think occasionally, that "for every word that man speaks, God shall bring him to judgment?"

ARE YOU KIND TO HER?

ARE you kind to her? Think for a moment how she has left everything for you. A home of which she was the idol— hearts that thought not they could love too much. Smooth her way with smiles, for many trials are before her. It is true that woman lives in the affections. Sweet, loving words, make her heart leap with the purest joy. She can bear all things if he whom she has chosen strews sunlight and flowers around her path in the shape of kindly expressions, and gentle smiles. The proudest woman that lives, craves these, and her heart feeds upon them even if it be in a silent, secret communion.

Are you kind to her? She is your mother! Look in her care-worn face. Those wrinkles have been planted there since you was born. Those eyes have faded watching over you; the cheek has been worn hollow by the tears your waywardness has caused. Once how bright and lovely was her face! but she has given up her beauty, woman's rare bequeathment, for you. Ay! and health, ease, comfort, life itself, would she sacrifice for your good, angel that she is! And are you

kind to her? If not, well do you deserve to have the "eagles pick out your eyes." Ingratitude, coldness, neglect—these to a faithful mother? A monster with stony heart and murderous hands, must be he who would thus requite the love an angel cannot feel. Are you kind to your mother?

EXTRAVAGANCE.

EXTRAVAGANCE has reached to an unprecedented height. Pleasure sits on her throne, all crowned with splendour, holding aloft her sceptre of gold and jewels. Ladies appear in the ball-room loaded with emeralds and diamonds, and laces costly enough to build up a city of palaces. We hear no longer of beauty unadorned. That exquisite simplicity about which novelists have so much to say, is no longer passable in good society. To be anybody now you must dress—dress! No matter how much—load on the finery—put "rings on your fingers and bells on your toes," if it is only the fashion. Nothing is beautiful now unless it be inlaid with pearl and over-laid with gold.

All this would be very well—help trade along, benefit thousands of hardworking creatures—if it were not for the misery, the misery and want of the great city.

It would be a rare sight to behold yonder beauty leave her carriage, her slippered feet scarcely touching the ground, her brow radiant with jewels—if it were not for the alloy of noting also, a poor, half-starved, wretched little girl, standing in dumb wonder, pressed up against the wall. Her eyes are blue, like those of the child of wealth, but how sad and dim! Her lips are delicate and softly curved, but how pallid and thin! Her hair is glossy and soft, but the hand of neglect has shorn it of its beauty. Her hands might be white and small, but how numb and frozen they look!

Ah! it would be well, all well, but for these terrible contrasts—those cellars; those foul and living graves; those hearts in living bosoms; those faces of despair gathered in dismal places, and smiling ghastly smiles when the distant shout of the reveller pierces the gloom of their dismal abodes.

GENIUS.

GENIUS will out. There's no such thing as chaining it. Like lightning, the darker the clouds that surround it, the more brilliant its flash. Ridiculous as the process is, it has been tried. They have cramped it on the tailor's board, and set it to measuring tape and sorting needles. But all in vain. Grotesque faces and embryo landscapes have covered the white-washed walls, in spite of them. Fiddles squeaked in the dead hour of the night in some old barn, or high garret; candles burned till the gray of the morning, where sat the determined student with pale cheek on hand, his resolute eye kindling over the wondrous page. And if the Inquisition, with its thumb-screws and unspeakable horrors, were its only reward, genius would shrink not from the torture. So long as pussy sits by the hearth, and the charred coal drops from the embers, we shall not want for a West—a Barry. Anxious mothers may scrub the floors in vain, some aspiring geometers of three years, or less, will chalk it over again with diagrams. Fathers may forbid the use of the pencil; the child-artist, like Nanteuil, will get in the trunk of a hollow tree, and there pursue his delightful avocation. Send the young astronomer to plough the field, and he will seek to measure the heavens.

Pegasus has often been caught and put in the pound, but with the rising sun he was up and away, his wings glittering like gold, his eyes sparkling like diamonds, while, where his hoofs have rested, as Longfellow sings, the turf has grown

like emerald, and the silvery spring leaps out of the arid ground, and glitters along like a sunbeam.

And Pegasus has been yoked with oxen, and starved in meagre stalls, but his proud spirit they could never subdue. Neither would he yield to trappings of gold, or be housed in the most kingly stables, but sometimes he stands pawing and bowing his princely head before some little cottage, where, out comes a child clad in russet garments, and the noble steed yields himself to his innocent will. So it is with the humble that genius finds its most congenial abode.

THE TEA-TABLE.

"COME, and take tea with us," is the form in which invitations are generally given by New England people. In Germany, you are asked to dine in an eating-house; in England, to coffee and steak in the morning, or, in other words, to breakfast; but in America, the crowning meal is the last. We do not speak of those suppers eaten under the brilliant light of chandeliers, at an hour when good and sensible people ought to be in their beds, but of the real Yankee supper at four, five, or six in the afternoon, when work is in a measure done; when the tired mechanic can prattle with his little ones, when the merchant feels that the hurry of trade is over, and the farmer has laid aside the "shovel and the hoe," until the next morning's sun shall find him up with the lark.

In some old families it is made a time of ceremony. On no account must the hour be later than that by preceding generations. As soon as the huge body of antiquity in the corner—the old family clock—strikes five, or six, whichever it may be, on goes the kettle, and the black oak table, with its six legs, marches to the middle of the room, and reluctantly hides its polished face under a cloth of snowy whiteness

One after another the different members of the family enter, punctual to the moment; and it would be a rare thing, out of date in memory, if some bolder spirit than the rest should presume to keep the others waiting by his tardiness. I remember, when a child, being under the trammel and restraint of a very irksome discipline of this kind. It was at an old country-house, one of the oldest in New England; a house, by the way, which Washington, the father of his country, has several times honoured with his presence; not a very aristocratic-looking mansion, being black and unsightly on the outside, and filled with dark nooks and heavy beams within. I sometimes went there to visit, as long as inclination directed, and being a city child, loathing long rows of brick and mortar, and growing poetical over a few blades of sickly grass between two paving-stones, when we met with them, it is no wonder that our leave of absence was sometimes lengthened into weeks. There were no children at the house, and most of its inmates aged; yet there were odd leaves, and mouldy books without covers, stowed away in corners to which none but a child could get access, to relieve the summer monotony of the time; and there were beautiful fields and stores of wild flowers, and fine orchards, so that I never grew weary—except at the tea-table. Then, indeed, was the time of trial; for the chairs, some of them dating back to the manufacture of 1700, were hard, straight-backed, ungainly things, extremely torturing to an active child. I had a great-uncle, then, upon whose solemn face and thin gray hairs I used to look with almost frightened awe, for he never, to my knowledge, smiled upon me, but always with that same sage solemnity chilled my very heart whenever he approached me. At the tea-table I sat opposite to him, and seldom lifted my eyes for fear of encountering his stern, cold glance; and a seat at that tea-table was for me a little martyrdom. First, we must all be ranged, in perfect order, according to rank and age, and then there was a long silence, broken at last by the trembling voice of my good ancestor, who in a long “grace,” the very same

he had spoken for over fifty years, gave thanks for the bounties spread before us. After that was over, the duties of the table were most ceremoniously performed, always in perfect silence, and to any one with a keen sense of the ridiculous, it would have seemed ludicrous to look up and down the long table and behold so many mouths moving, yet no sound issuing therefrom. No one left his place until all were ready, and then came another long, monotonous grace, before the board could be vacated. How tiresome it was! could I have eaten bread and milk in a corner, and then hurried off to play, gladly would I so have done—but no; that was against the rules of the house; not to be thought of.

A cheerful supper-table is one of the pleasantest sights in the world. There, social converse and gentle mirth hold reign; the events of the past day are all told, and plans of the morrow discussed. The wit, if there be one in the family, dispenses his sparkling sayings for the especial benefit of the home circle, and provokes a like return of merriment from brothers and sisters. The father gazes with pride and love upon the olive-plants around his table, and if it be an unbroken family, with thankfulness that all are still spared to him. The matron and mother cheerfully foregoes the need of satisfying immediate hunger for the pleasure of distributing the bounties before her, to the loved ones of her heart; how unselfish she appears, turning to this one and to that, leaving the choice morsel untasted, and the fragrant tea till it grows cold, that she may minister to the little child at her side!

It has been said that, if one wants to get money for benevolent or other objects, he must solicit the donor immediately after the dinner hour; we think the saying as applicable to the last meal, perhaps more so, because the mind has thrown off much of its care, preparatory to taking its nightly rest. Then the slippers are donned, and the comfortable arm-chair occupied, and the good man, with his faithful friend—the paper—in hand, is ready to hear you patiently, and, more

than likely, willing to share with you the contents of his purse.

In one short day, how may the aspect of things be changed at the tea-table! A dear friend has gone, and there is silence at the meal; many miles will soon intervene between the father and the children, perchance they may never meet again. The chain is broken, one face is missing, one cheerful voice is as silent to them as if he to whom it belonged lay low in the grave.

Or, perhaps in the next room, a wasted form lies on a bed of pain, and two are missing from the supper-table—the sick one and the watcher. Or there may be gloom in that room, closed shutters and folded curtains; and in the centre may stand a bier, and on that bier a pale, shadowy creature, with white and folded hands, while the unchangeable smile of death is stamped upon the waxen features. Oh! then, in bitter silence is that last meal taken, and many a tearful glance is directed towards the vacant spot where the eyes of the lost one had shone so often and so brightly upon them. It is a solace to believe that the spirits of the dead are always about us, and if there is one thing more than another which we esteem beautiful in the reputed customs of the Swedenborgians, it is that of placing the chair and the dish in their old accustomed way, as if the lost one was really beside them, holding a silent but spiritual converse with those it still loves. Thus the supper-table becomes a hallowed place, the centre of the sweetest and holiest affections; the bond that unites the absent with the present; and many a thought of beauty is there given birth, that shall shed its sweetness throughout all time, upon this cold, calculating world, and blossom for ever in eternity.

HAPPY AND UNHAPPY.

It was good to get free from the great city, to leave the dusky glare of an almost artificial daylight for the great, full, straightforward glance of the country sun. The hedges were in high bloom, the meadows "in clover," and the large-eyed oxen, looking up quietly from their browsing, now and then scanned me with a peaceable expression, and resumed their cud and their reflections. Birds, with yellow, and blue, and red breasts, darted above me with musical twitterings, but before one could say "How d'ye do" to them, they were off and away.

Hard by the roadside—I like that quaint old phrase—some five miles from the town, I saw one of the sweetest of sweet little cottages. It looked, somehow, happy of itself. The canary singing in the willow cage, the gray cat basking in the sun on the door-step, the old black dog drowsing before the little gate—all seemed so contented with life and its surroundings. Happening, very conveniently, to be quite thirsty just then, I bethought me to ask for a drink of cold water; and going up to the honeysuckled door, I tapped, and presently heard a gentle voice say, "Walk in."

"You'll excuse me for not coming," said a rosy-cheeked young mother, "but I've just laid my baby in the cradle, and I was afraid he wasn't quite asleep." "Certainly," she continued to my request, "or maybe you'd accept a cup of milk? Just as soon as Netty's hands are out of the dough" (glancing at a black-eyed, blushing little maiden) "she will get you some. Won't you sit down; it's a warm day!"

I gladly availed myself of her kindness, and took my seat directly beside the cradle, where I could look upon the chubby little sleeper, and around the neat room. On the white pine table stood a dish of strawberries, as I conjectured, just picked from the vines; and underneath, a basket of spinach. The

floor was painted yellow, and quite clean and shining. In the little pantry, half-open, some five or six pans were ranged, glittering almost like silver, and no doubt filled with rich cream; every article seemed to have its appropriate place, and was so arranged that the small rooms, with their very plain adornings, looked almost luxurious. A soft light came through the green and pink paper curtains, and as often as they were wafted aside, the fragrance of June roses stole over the senses.

After I had taken a good draught at the mug of milk, I said to the young mother, "You must enjoy yourself, living in so beautiful a place as this!"

"I do, I do," she answered quickly, and then added, with a change of voice and expression quite touching, "if only we knew others that we love were as free from heart-sorrow!" I felt that there was meaning in the pathos of that half-spoken regret, but would not of course solicit her confidence. She pressed me to take some strawberries, and, to please her, I eat a few without cream and sugar, and then, bidding her good-bye, passed the cat who rubbed her fur against me, the canary as he threw forth a most thrilling strain of music, and the dog who lazily stretched himself and trotted a few steps after me down the road.

Unfortunately, when I had walked some half a mile further, I struck my foot against a rock concealed in the road, and injured it severely. Still, I managed to keep on, though the pain grew worse every moment. It was well I came in sight of a house, meagre as it looked; I was so faint and really suffering from thirst, I might have fallen. As I drew near, I saw fences and palings lying on the ground, with weeds growing through their crevices. The garden seemed to have once been laid out with grace and order, but now, thistles and rank flowers waved mournfully and thickly. The doorstep was broken, the window-panes stuffed with shreds of cotton, and a lame child, rather cleanly, sat within the shade of the little entry.

"Is your mother in?" I asked.

The child nodded her head, and instantly a tall, pale, dejected-looking creature came forward and asked me what I wanted. She made me come in when she learned of my injury, and exerted herself to the best of her power for my relief. I knew that something was wrong in *that* house. The table was propped up on three legs; the chairs were battered, though clean; the looking-glass was but a frame, with a bit of mirror adhering to the side; in fact, everything bore the marks of some destructive agent. And that sad creature's grief-stricken countenance! how it smote upon my heart!

"Is this all the child you have?" I asked as the lame little girl came in and stood looking at me, with a face almost as woe-begone as the other.

She answered "Yes," and then mechanically added, "poor thing!"

"I saw a beautiful baby in a cottage hereabouts," I thoughtlessly said; "it was in a sweet place all covered with vines and prairie roses."

"It was my sister's, maybe," she exclaimed, and burst into tears. "I buried one only last week, just like it; and if it hadn't been, if it hadn't been for—oh! but you're a stranger and don't know," she sobbed, while I sat by, my feelings painfully wrought upon.

After a while she grew calmer, and then said, "You might notice, perhaps, that the cottages are built both alike, though they don't look like it now; and I don't look much like my sister, though before my marriage we were almost taken for twins. We married brothers; Susan's husband wa'n't any better than my own, then; but since—since," again her feelings overpowered her, and she sobbed as if her heart would break. There needed nothing more to justify my impressions, than the rough, thick voice of a man who presently entered. I hurried to get out of his way, for the quivering white lip and fiery eyes told of the poor inebriate's degradation. Oath

after oath fell from his lips as he staggered in at the door; and threw himself passionately upon the old broken sofa. The child hobbled into the garden—painful sight—the mother looked in my face with a hopeless, anguish-full glance, that I shall never forget; and at that moment I remembered the words, “if only we knew others that we love were as free from heart-sorrows!”

A few months subsequently, as I went that same way, I called again at the first cottage, and was hardly surprised to see the little lame child, in a tidy frock of white, sitting upon a low chair with red-cheeked Willy on her lap. Her little thin fingers were busy with the yellow locks of “baby,” and his bright, large blue eyes were looking all sorts of tender things in her honest countenance.

I could have said “it is well with her,” when the sister told me in a low voice, and not without tears, that poor Mary was in the church-yard; and the child I knew had a better home, though no mother’s voice would soothe her to sleep nightly.

Alas! for drunkards, and poor drunkards’ wives!

BE TRUE.

TRUE to yourselves—true to each other—true to God. What more abhorrent vice than deception? The face covered with smiles, and the heart rotten as a sepulchre. The hand first blinding your eyes, and then leading you to the brink of the precipice. The tongue beguiling your face with honeyed words, and sharpening its arrows to launch at your back.

Oh! that inestimable jewel of truth—truth in the tongue, in the life, in every manifestation of the reason, the loves, the passions of humanity.

Terrible to the young heart is the first deception. She who

looked all purity, all angelic goodness, betrayed her trust, and left your soul desolate. Heaven only knows through what depths of darkness the bruised spirit struggled to light and joy again. But the light has never been as pleasant, the joy rekindled, burns not like the brighter fires of long ago. The tears, the sleepless nights, the hours of keen despair, when a hand seemed ever on your throat, and a dagger at your heart—for what would you live them over? Death would be more welcome.

We could bear with petulance—smile at unkindness, the assaults of a harsh temper, or the moody silence of a frowning brow; but treachery, faithlessness, trust betrayed—thank God that we have never yet known the full import of those terrible words!

Be true, then, if you would be respected. No power on earth can change the fiat that even the world gives the deceiver. He may weep tears of blood, but the monuments of his shame still stand to testify against him. Once a liar, always a liar. A very child can tell where deception conceals itself; and a casual thought lightly expressed, ferrets it from its foul hiding-place.

Be true, if you would be loved. The heart is like an armory; beautiful and harmless seem the long rows of bristling steel—but every one of those polished shafts may be used as an instrument of torture.

So if you deceive, the heart that beats warmest for your love, your approbation, may be converted into a gallery of deadly weapons, and you will be responsible for the mischief that results through life’s long battle. Let truth be as dear to you as the apple of your eye; and when the blush springs not to your cheek, and your tongue falters not even at the unuttered thought of deception, then be sure that you are neither fit for earth or heaven—for the society of men or angels.

A WOMAN PROPERLY DRESSED.

Is it not a beautiful sight, to meet, amidst the throng of fashionable women, a pretty rosebud of a young girl, with the dawn of womanhood stealing over her fair, open brow, modestly moving along the pavement? Her dress is simple, unassuming; rich, perhaps, but unmarred by folds, ruffles, or buttons. No jewelry offends the sight, in the glare of day. Her eye, now drooping, now glancing timidly, but innocently, upon the passers-by, seems the reflected beam of a pure and happy heart. Her demeanour is lady-like, her movements are full of grace, because so natural and unstudied. Such an one will be observed; not with the impudent stare of rudeness, or the unflinching gaze of libertinism. No! the men tigers, who prowl at corners, dare not offer her their meaningless smiles; but every gentleman of refinement cannot but pay the passing tribute of an admiring glance upon one so fitly representing what all women should be, on a public street—unassuming, modest, and elegantly but neatly attired.

"BUSINESS IS DULL—GOING DOWN AT HEEL."

Who wonders at that? When that poor woman, dressed in a calico gown and faded bonnet came in for a penny's worth of needles, you didn't think it worth while to pick her out sorted ones—so much trouble for a cent! Why, man! don't you know the pennies make the profit? Wasn't there a certain wise old Benjamin, that spoke to the children of another generation, saying, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

And when that clumsy-looking old gentleman asked you for patterns, you eyed his seedy coat and his "shocking bad hat,"

and told him with a counter-jumper sneer, that you never gave patterns.

Indeed! You didn't ransack your shop fifteen minutes after, for the fussy thing in satins and furs and feathers. That old "covey," as you elegantly styled him, had thousands of dollars stowed snugly under his ill-looking clothes, and the fine lady wore all she was worth, and more, too, considering what was borrowed.

Business dull! Well, continue your regular visits to the theatre, crack your jokes, drive your tandem, and smoke with your flash comrades, and you won't be troubled with business. It will betake itself to some poor plodding wretch, who has no soul above wife and children, and had rather read a play than see one. Business! it's a bore. You like very well to lounge into the shop at a late hour, chat with your clerk, and scold your poor little shop-boy, cast a lazy eye over accounts, and not care a fig whether they go right or wrong. You neglect your customers to gossip with some pert sixteen year old little simpleton, about the last ball. You talk politics with Harry Brainless, till you call your cloth an "available candidate," instead of recommending its fast colours, and answer the anxious querist when she asks what's the price per yard, "eight dollars a day and roast beef; good pay, marm."

Wonder no longer that you are going down at the heel—for pleasure, not profit, is the maxim of your life. Don't be surprised some fine morning, if you find a very polite gentleman making himself at home with your accounts and your money drawer, while suspicious pieces of white paper, with suspicious marks of black ink, inform the commiserating public "that this stock is to be sold under the hammer for debt."

Take care of your business, and your business will take care of you. If you act upon any other principle, you will not only find yourself going down at heel, but out of heel, out of elbows, out of pocket, and finally out of character.

THE FAST YOUNG MAN.

HE knows no boyhood; steps from long clothes into plaids, and before his hair is quite grown, cultivates a moustache. Asks the old "Gov." for a "spot," when he wants a dollar, and if he won't give him one, *steals it*. Thinks his mother ought to have been his grandmother, and calls her the "old woman." Loves to come home limping, because it's *such fun* to frighten her. Fond of handling a loaded gun, especially in the presence of women; boasts that he can kill ten partridges on the wing at one shot. When talking of his conquests (?) says he "weally can't tell which one to maw." Thinks a two-forty team entirely beneath his notice; wants a tandem and a "smasher," which invariably smashes him up before he is through, though he never has time to die on such occasions.

Employs four tailors, unknown to each other—all victims. Has learned the exact colour of hair, eyes and eyebrows, of all his duns, and when he cuts them, generally—runs up a bill somewhere else. Thinks nothing of signing his employer's name to a bit of paper; likes champagne dinners; affects to be the heir of some wealthy old gentleman; talks of the "old buck's" demise being certain, soon. Is exceedingly nonplussed when his father comes down from the country and calls him "*Samivel*," before the "bloods;"—more nonplussed when he tells him he's sold all his cabbages; more nonplussed still when he says "The folks are well tu hum, and his mother sent her love and his stockings, and hopes Samivel 'll be a good boy and not forget his poor old parents;" arrives at the height of "nonplussation," when his father meets him and his fashionable affianced, and says, "My son, vat young gal is that?" Feels bad next day when said young lady gives him the mitten. Finally, is indignant when an officer calls him from a ball-room, and politely informs him that he is under the necessity of arresting him for forgery.

Scene in perspective.—Fast young man, four close walls and iron gratings.

Scene in farther perspective.—The father and mother of the fast young man, who in their gray hairs are carried down with sorrow to the grave.

HEAR PROFESSOR WEBSTER.

HE says in his confessions, "a quickness and brief violence of temper has been the besetting sin of my life. *I was an only child, much indulged*, and I have never acquired the control over my passions that I ought to have acquired *early*—and the consequence is—all this." And what is "all this?"

The terrible sin of murder, the awful effects of ungovernable passion; the hurling a fellow mortal, unprepared, into the presence of the great Eternal.

"All this!"

How many sharp pangs of remorse, how many hours of misery, of agony, wound up by the tortures of conscience almost to madness, are comprised in these two little words, "all this!"

"I was an only child, *much indulged*;" here was the root of all this evil. Parents, mothers especially, you who may have but one of these precious heritages, ponder on this little line. The morning of that young life is fair and sinless. A bloody sun may blaze upon his noonday path, a sun that shall set amid black clouds, tears, and despair. Quell the flash of that eye, curb that imperious will, lovingly, tenderly, but resolutely. When the arm is lifted in defiance, or to rashly strike another, do not foster the dark passion by blindly coaxing the child—for the time—from the object of his resentment; but take his little hand in yours, lead him to your chamber, bend your knees beside him, tell him he is in the presence of

the great God of heaven; repeat the story of the first murderer; converse with him till you subdue him to tears, then pray fervently and simply, that God will pardon his offence, and give him a gentle and forbearing temper. It must be difficult for a loving-hearted mother to restrain that excess of affection which would grant the only one every trivial desire, supply every little want, necessary or not. But for your own sake, and for the sake of your babe's eternal welfare, beware of over-indulgence; it is the besetting fault of parents. No hydra-headed monster ever poured so much misery through its thousand channels, as that one varnished, often thoughtless, but almost unpardonable sin.

ONLY A FEW FAULTS!

ALAS! that so many fair young girls are deceived by this specious reasoning! He only smokes a little, and chews a little, and drinks a little,—never passes the bounds of sobriety. He is rather fond of amusements,—what man of spirit is not? True, he is seldom at home—but the idea of a man sitting for ever by the chimney corner—ridiculous! He is fond of dress—but then he is so handsome.

All these little straws that point the way the wind of ruin blows, are regarded as trivial things—only a few faults. After marriage, when the smoking, the chewing and drinking have become confirmed habits, the foolish wife sings a sadder strain. Then her little children want for shoes, but her husband never for segars and drink. Her own clothes are patched and mended—not so the broken windows and his wretched habits. The few faults, like grains of mustard-seed, have grown and increased a hundred fold. Due-bills come in—the rent is unpaid—friends forsake the drunkard's family.

Then comes the miserable expediency of moving into a

miserable house, minus all conveniences. Where the rain pours into the garret, and the rats tramp, tramp all night—where the children get cold—grow sick and die with fever, and the heart-broken woman sits up till morning gray, to stitch her ill-paid work, turning ever and anon with a stifled sigh, to gaze through tears upon the little corpse.

Sometimes she starts. The fitful winds drumming upon the blinds—was it *his* step? And soon she is childless, and sick and dying—and she does breathe her last, while he who had once only a few faults, sings and shouts in drunken brawls at the pest-tavern or the rum-cellar.

This true picture has been a thousand times painted, and its duplicates hang up in the sad chambers of how many thousand hearts! And yet the thoughtless girl, blinded by passion, heedless of consequences, reiterates, "He has only a few faults," and gives herself up to corruption more noisome than the grave, and to a fate the horrors of which no pen can portray.

HOW WOMEN SHOULD DO.

WHEN they see a fair young girl, overstepping the bounds of prudence, listening to the profligate, and bestowing her smiles and attentions too freely, they should go to her instantly, and remonstrate with her, instead of exposing her fault and making it matter of unkind gossip. There are few but will listen to the really well meant and *gentle* warnings of those whose experience, judgment, or station, fit them for the office of reprove.

If they hear, by accident or design, any slanderous reports concerning the character or well-being of an inexperienced and thoughtless companion, they should, first of all, go to *her*, and learn how far circumstances may have appeared against her; then imitating one whose authority might justify the

most cautious—the mother of the Rev. Dr. Aberthny, they should seek out the author of the calumny, nor rest until justice is done the accused. Neither should they think the effort too great, nor grudge the time that such an occupation may consume, but they should weigh against these slight disadvantages, the value of an immortal soul—the well-being of families, the purity of home.

"Mother," said a prudent and amiable young girl, "I think I had better give up Mary G——'s acquaintance."

"Why?" asked the mother; "I always thought Mary an exceedingly lovely girl."

"So have I until these few past weeks; but when a lady receives the attentions of such a man as Mr. W——, proverbially known for his loose habits and glaring faults; what are we to think?"

"But are you sure that W—— is what he is represented to be?"

"Why! mother; he is not tolerated in his native place—Philadelphia; and when I was there, I had proof all too plain of his many derelictions."

"But is Mary aware of these things?"

"I should think she might be; they are in everybody's mouth."

"Have you spoken to her about it?"

"I should look well, interfering! No, no: she would not believe me; she would think me envious, for you see W—— has the reputation of being the handsomest man in town. No, no; I will not provoke her antipathy, but I think her conduct scandalous."

"Hush! my dear, that is no way to judge Mary; she has been very little from home, during the period of mourning for her mother; she has seen but little society; I presume she never heard of W—— before she met him. Naturally very gay and frank, she was pleased with his appearance and manners. Her companions, who knew this man by common report, overlook this fact, and represent her conduct as repre-

hensible, when it is in fact the natural consequence of admiration blinded by ignorance."

"But, mother, she might have seen us girls treat her favourite with marked coldness; she might have known from our changed demeanour towards her that *something* was wrong. *Everybody* was talking of it, and censuring her severely; and I myself would hardly countenance her last night."

"Poor girl! well might she say, deliver me from my friends!" replied the judicious matron; "you should go to her immediately, my child, and represent to her the danger she is in. If the sentiments she entertains towards him should ripen into love, it might be too late to shake her confidence; I am surprised that my daughter should act thus, without just grounds for blame. If you will do as I think you should, you will immediately go to Mary, and state the facts of the case; I remember now your father was telling me of the man this morning, and confirmed what you have said; poor Mary, she is an orphan, and if you will not see her, I shall."

But the young lady, in the light of this dispassionate reasoning, decided to go to her friend immediately. The result was as her mother foretold; in tears poor Mary asked why she had been left in darkness as to this thing; she had not a suspicion but that the man who was evidently seeking to engage her affections, was as pure and good as an angel. She had noticed the coldness of her companions, and knew not what to impute it to. But her informant felt some pangs of self-reproach when the poor girl took her hands, and thanked her with weeping for her kindness, adding, "You are indeed a true friend, and I shall never, never forget this service."

And that is the way for you to do, reader; it is the Christian precept—"if thy brother sin, go to him in *private*." Through the neglect of this duty, more females have fallen than by direct crime, of whatever kind. Neglect engenders pride, pride revenge, and revenge in its dire results falls heaviest upon the devoted head of the one who seeks it for an ally.

Remember these few words of advice, young friends, and you may be the means of saving many souls.

THE STORM.

THERE is a storm to-day. The trees bend to the imperious will of the wind, and moaning voices go fitfully telling of the dark caverns from which they have been awakened. As we sit in our study, listening to the reveille of the rain, and watching the clouds in their solemn marches, we cannot but think how like to nature in its changes is the retrospect of life. An old man pauses by the way to take a backward view of by-gone years. First, the sunny slopes, the brilliant skies, ever beautiful; the rich hues of flowers, the soft melodies of singing birds, visions of clover-fields, dotted with fresh stacks of hay; pleasant smiles, loving tones, steps impatient to do his pleasure, hands ever busy for his welfare, and often smoothing his golden curls—these, like some swift vision, passing sweet, tell of that happy childhood which Time has locked away, hanging the key high on the golden gate of eternity.

Rapidly the prospect darkens; the sunshine pales, the flowers fold up. Dust drives along the highway; clouds obscure the path of heaven. Then comes the memory of the first wild impulses, checked in their spring, frosted even in their summer-time. Drop after drop patters against the windows of the soul. The wind deepens to a dirge; it is the funeral hymn of hope. Mists gather on all the hills; the first ardent joys wither, and the romance of young life seeks sadly the refuge of stern reality, as the fresh, beautiful girl the cloister of the convent.

The storm increases; fiercely the wind beats against the casement of the soul; the recollection of many a misspent hour, many a heartless deed,—wilder yet grows the tempest;

an oak is uprooted. The son, stricken by dishonour, shrieks as he dies, "Father, you have made me what I am!"

Oh! how the legions of darkness howl and rave! deafening as thunder, the warring trumpet of the winds. Wave after wave, each more furious than the last, rolls to the very brink of the soul, and threatens eternal destruction. But, thank Heaven! before despair comes, a holy voice whispers, "Peace, be still." Sullenly the winds and the waves obey. Smiling through the gloom appears a patch of blue sky. The flowers unfold their petals, the birds their wings. Like silver glitter all the streams. On every little twig some beautiful bird trembles with the melody that gushes from its slender throat. And over all comes pouring the glad, bright sunlight of repentance, while angels whisper, "Become as a little child, and very soon, with the key that hangs upon the golden gate of eternity, thou shalt unlock heaven, and enter in."

HEARTS AND HOMES.

WHAT magic in the words! Hearts and homes—the wife, the lisping babe, the pleasant fireside, the holy haven of hope and love. Travel over the broad earth, with its glorious sunshine and its flowery meads; catch the first fresh breath of the morning from the reddening top of some hoary old mountain; gather the gorgeous flowers from trailing vines that grow beside blue Mexic rivers; watch the gold deepening upon the cheek of the orange; pluck the purpling grapes from the hills of German fatherland—what are all these pleasures, exquisite though they be, to the scenes, the sounds, the loves of happy home? Ay, turn your mind's eye longingly back, and if tears will come, it is no shame to your manliness.

Here, you move through old feudal castles, and gather up the ivy, trailing through windows, from which romance and

beauty have looked, hand in hand. There, away back—and you gaze as if spanning a river in the dusk of twilight—is a little “sweet home,” where candles are lighted; where pictures hang on the walls, and sunny faces are about the hearth, reading and listening to father’s last letter.

Here sits art on dusty shrines. Ages have written their dull ciphering upon the yellow sculpture—once the glorious dream of genius. *There*, are forms and faces beautiful to you, and some of them fresh from the great Life-Giver.

Here stands the lifeless marble—*there* move live and loveliness; and a thousand graces, shed over home from the hearts that dwell therein, make it a paradise of trust and holiness.

Travel where you will, all things of beauty take colouring from the soft light of homes and hearts. In yonder lovely being, with her deep eyes, and the hair so meekly folded back—even though it be but a statue, mute, yet wonderfully real—some limner of the heart gives likeness to the dearest being you know on earth.

A group of happy children at play! They may not be beautiful—but how the heart springs back to home, all its pulses beating to the steps of love! You are with your own again: fold them to your bosom. Though it was but fancy, your eye has brightened, your soul grown stronger. Ah! to the distant one, that dear thought of hearts and homes!

The heart! The home! Never, never let the dark angel of distrust, the demon of discord, blight the one, or make the other as a howling wilderness, through which wander the wrecks of former joys, hollow-eyed, and stooping to the grave.

THE PASTOR'S MISSION.

It is a sweet ministration, that of giving comforting hopes to the child of sorrow, and pouring balm upon the wounds that earth can never heal. It is a holy office to stand in the

presence of immortals, and portray the glories of the future world, to unfold lofty visions before the repentant transgressor, who fain would lift the veil of sin from before his inner tabernacle, and gaze upon the revealed beauty of a risen Redeemer. Little the pastor realizes the extent of the blessings which God permits him to scatter on all who move in his path. Eternity will unfold them, and then he will smile as he murmurs, “How often did it seem to me a hopeless task to convince the stubborn heart, and subdue the strong will; could I have known all this——”

And an angel may whisper in tones softer than those of his harp—“*There would not then have been so much joy for thee in heaven.*”

The pastor’s mission is a laborious one, and yet fraught with more real joy than any other that can be delegated to man.

He may enter his pulpit with a downcast eye, throbbing temples, and weary spirit; he may feel, as he opens the lid of the great book, as if God had withdrawn His presence from him, because poor humanity faints by the way, and the cares of earth have left some shadows on his soul. Perchance an unkind word from a brother yet lingers in his ear, or the listless faces that meet his glance, tempt hope and faith to sink down nerveless beside the altar of prayer.

He does not know how eagerly some humble wayfarer waits till the holy words shall fall upon his ear. He cannot raise the mask from all the careless seeming around him; he beholds not in those so outwardly clothed in smiles, deep and abject self-condemnation; that his appeals may quicken into more active life; he cannot see the unspoken griefs that, like children bereft of speech, telling their sorrows to their own hearts and Heaven, bear all things uncomplainingly, yet love the soothing of a tender spirit.

There may be, sitting by the altar-steps, like Washington Irving’s “poor widow,” whose chiefest consolation, after the death of her only son, was in tottering to the house of God,

and hearing His message from sympathizing lips, some bereaved one, who has laid away in a lowly place the light of her eyes, the hope of her old age. Could the pastor know how that withered heart leaps with joy as he paints the blessed reunion of friends, and how the warm tears rush to her dim eyes, and her fervent prayer is borne up to the throne of the Great Eternal for him, what better reward could he wish?

Did he know what resolutions will henceforth be put in practice; how many a brave young man listens with convictions of the importance of duties never before recognised; how many an earnest-hearted mother looks upon her child with new emotions, as she is made to feel that his destiny is in her hands, that she can train him to virtue, or—dreadful thought—lead him to destruction; how many a father resolves that he will set before those committed to his charge a better example—his whole life would seem a lightened labour of love.

When the young wife bends in utter agony over the shrouded beauty of her dead babe, her only one—her first born—whose voice comes soothingly over the storm of her soul, calming the waves of sorrow to peace, and bearing her thoughts with his own to the unending joys of heaven, where, by the eye of faith, he beholds her little one mingling with kindred angels continually? Whose but the good pastor's? The mother listens, believes, and sheds no more repining tears.

In the dark hour, the pastor's prayer is the last sweet sound that lingers on dying ears; he prepares the doubting mind to meet its God in peace, breaks the bread of covenant and bears it to the quivering lips, quoting the while rich promises from the mine of imperishable treasures. The greatest, the wisest, the best, long, in that time when the last enemy triumphs, to feel the warm clasp of the pastor's hand. He it was who taught them the way to heaven; and shall he not go

with them to the threshold of eternity and mark its dawning splendour already reflected upon their dying brows?

Then, what faithful minister, in view of these sweet offices, will not feel refreshed and strengthened when he knows that the little rill of pure love poured into the fainting bosom of the wayward one, may swell to a mighty river, bearing upon its tide thousands of souls who shall in eternity point to him as their crown of rejoicing? How can he but say, If my cares are burdensome, my joys outweigh them all?

A PRETTY INCIDENT.

"THERE is a little story connected with that plant," said a friend, pointing to a pretty, fragrant geranium.

Instantly, we were all attention; how quick the commonest thing, which before seemed merely pleasing, becomes an all-engrossing object of interest, when the spring of sad or tender emotion is touched, and its presence calls forth the low sad tone that dwells on some tender recollection of the departed!

A darkened room and a dying bed; these are the usual preludes to those heart sketches, that, flowing fresh from memory, stamp kindred hearts with their beauty, or their gloom.

In this little instance related, a young girl in her fresh womanhood was serenely gliding into the brighter world. The angels had deputed their pale-browed brother, whom mortals tremble to meet, with his white robes and his cold deep eyes, to summon the gentle spirit, and pass with it over the swift tide of the dark, rapid river of death. Beyond that river, it is sweet to fancy, stand forms of loveliness; and pure hands, with no earth stain to mar their fairness, array the disembodied soul in beautiful garments.

There was no longer any encouragement that health would

return, though love still nursed the flickering flame of hope, and the weeping eyes gazed yearningly as though they would stay life with their earnest glances upon the paling cheek, and send the red tide once more to the white, quivering lip.

The hand of this young girl grasped a blooming branch of geranium. Perchance its sweet fragrance was grateful to her failing senses, or some cherished memory gave to the frail, delicate leaves a beauty, brighter to the dim eyes of the dying than others could find; but even till the parting breath, the pretty plant rested within her icy hand.

Hours passed, and the dead was shrouded; yet a little longer, and the heavy sods pressed upon her young bosom, and the mourners went back from the silent home in the churchyard, to one almost as silent, and, to them, even more desolate.

We may imagine that the mother often lingered in that still chamber, often smoothed down the snowy covering of that deserted bed, and gazed mournfully upon the lone pillow that had been pressed by the dear brow of her child. A day or two after the funeral, a little wilted sprig of green was found in the room, and the mother recognised it as that her child had clung to with so tenacious a grasp in the dark hour. It was a dear relic, though all its beauty had departed. The twining fingers, which so often in infancy had been clasped together around her neck, which in childhood's years had clung to her own, and which had, in maturer age, often cooled her heated brow, and ministered to her wants—the touch of those dear fingers had, as it were, sanctified the withered plant; and as she looked mournfully upon it, she wept, as only mothers can weep.

She moistened it with water, and after a few days placed it within a pot of earth. She hardly knew why she did this, there was no promise of life—it was, apparently, dead as the poor hand that was mouldering in the grave. Day after day the bereaved one watched the delicate sprig, and to her surprise it gradually enlivened, the dead-looking stem put forth

tiny leaves; they brightened, deepened, and enlarged, new branches shot forth, the roots spread, and now that little, wilted, drooping branch, is a large, luxuriant bush, a tree in miniature.

This renovation embodies beautifully the idea of the resurrection of the dead, and leads the parent to think of her child as glorious in beauty, shining among the seraphs, with mind and intellect enlarged, quickened, and strengthened, made meet for the companionship of angels.

It is a sweet, impressive lesson to us, a type of that immortality to which the soul aspires, and to taste which, it would fain burst the earthly tenement and wing its way upward. The little plant, which called forth the incident, is a slip of that identical tree, and highly prized and tenderly cultivated by my friend who gave me these particulars.

ENGAGING MANNERS.

THERE are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways which every person may put on, without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the quiet, cordial bow; the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially, a stranger whom one may recommend to our good regards; the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession; these will insure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all, there is a certain softness of manner worthy of cultivation, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty. The voice can be modulated so to intonate, that it will speak directly to the heart, and from that elicit an answer; and politeness may be made essential to our nature. Neither is time thrown away in attending to such things, insignificant

as they may seem to those who engage in weightier matters. We should be careful to practise consistency, and treat the humblest menial with courtesy as delicate as we would show the children of affluence and honour. So shall we transfuse in *them* a corresponding refinement which will tend eventually, perhaps, to make them purer in morals, and more elevated in mind.

"I am poor," says an honest labouring man, "and I wear a green jacket, and carry my wood-horse and saw on my shoulder; but the gentleman in yonder splendid mansion bows with as much deference to me as if I was covered with velvet; and, bless him, I love him for it, and would go to the ends of the earth to serve him."

Truly, nothing is lost by the practice of those little attentions which cost us no trouble, but may do our neighbours incalculable benefit.

THE OLD MAN.

"*THAT'S* right, boys! I like that. *That's* genuine old time politeness," thought I, as I saw two little boys bow to an aged man. That one act shows where the mother's heart is, and what the fireside circle may be at home.

There is something under those yellow curls, in the flashing of those bright, blue eyes, that will make more than men of you, if great ye are to be—that will make you good; for without goodness there is no true honour.

God bless the aged man. There are a world of memories clustering in his bosom, that send oftener the tear than the smile to his dim eye. He has folded babes to his bosom; he has dreamed over infant beauty that dream that Hope weaves in the soul of every parent. He has kissed the white lips, and twined the golden ringlets around his hard fingers. He

has felt that glow of which sometimes tears are born, when the innocent lips first said "Father."

He has bent over the little pallet at night, with that true-one at his side, and read immortal dreams in dimples. He has woven a path for the unconscious sleeper that should be more brilliant than diamonds, softer than beds of roses; for would it not flush with the radiance of his love? would not his love be a wall of adamant, over which no danger, with glaring eye-balls and fiery breath, could leap to destroy his heart's own darling? And O! woe! he has held out his arms to fence back the cold angel that, with his gleaming scythe, has glided over those walls of love, into the beautiful path, and spoiled the thornless flowers. He has sunk sobbing by the little still couch, all curtained by angels; he has laid his hand on the throbbless bosom and wondered at its waxen loveliness—but O! such a dumb, chilling wonder! He has shut out the sunlight from his home, and shuddered to behold it glaring full into that dark grave, that long, narrow cradle for his babe, in which the beautiful body would never be rocked to wakening, though the very birds sang their most thrilling melodies all day by its side.

God bless the aged man! Sorrow, with folded hands and drooping brow, has taken her abiding-place at the very threshold of his heart. There is a wreath of hyssop bound about her forehead, and she holds in one hand the faint flickering torch, almost inverted, and in the other the cup of life, with but a few drops of dregs at the bottom. Under her feet lay meek-eyed angels, the hopes of this world—but they have lost their wings; they are helplessly abject to sorrow; yet like him whose soul they have brightened, waiting for the change which shall make them immortal.

And beyond the vision of that old man, though not beyond the outstretching of his arms, hangs the glittering veil that his last feeble breath shall rend asunder; and beyond that, O! who has ever yet painted the glories of heaven?

God bless the aged! Children, bend your heads at their

approach, lift your hats reverently, speak to them as you would to God's messengers, love them dearly, and never insult their gray hairs by one irreverent word or thoughtless smile.

God bless the aged!

UNCLE LEMUEL.

UNCLE LEMUEL has not exactly a vinegar aspect, but his face looks like a human corkscrew. He has a habit, when perplexed or in ill-humour—which latter often occurs—of twisting his mouth to the left side, so that wrinkles are planted profusely on that corner, and, like young, untrained twigs, spread out in all directions. Of course his nose, a long and rather unsightly one, has a sort of hankering after, if it is not anchored on that precise locality. His eyes are bright, but not twinkling; there is a cold, polished, steel-like glow upon their surface, and they are adorned by very few crows' feet, the latter having walked off or shifted their position to his mouth, over the left.

Uncle Lemuel has a high forehead—a very high, spare forehead—upon which he rather prides himself, judging by the pains he takes to brush upward and aside the lean, grayish locks that, spike-like, stand stiffly about. He thinks that he was born to be a great man, and had he followed the bent of his inclination, which was most unfortunately crooked, he would have fulfilled the destiny marked out for him by the fates. As he cannot receive homage from the world in general, he enforces it in his own family. Woe to the unlucky urchin who comes with covered head into Uncle Lemuel's presence. Before he can say "boo" his hat is whirling from the point of his slender cane over chairs and tables, and if it does not fall into the fire it is not from lack of Uncle Lemuel's good (?) will.

His wife, little trembling soul, has gone patiently up three flights of stairs, for lo! these thirty years, every morning, with a cup of warm water, that Uncle Lemuel's dear gray chin might not suffer from the cold during the process of shaving. And if she lives, she will probably go for thirty years more, for the nice little body thinks it is the whole duty of woman to take care of her husband, to the utter exclusion of her own comfort; consequently Uncle Lemuel is not only an ugly, but a selfish old man. We beg his pardon, but we can't help it.

Uncle Lemuel's friendship is limited to men who know when to say, "yes," "no," and "indeed!" at the proper time; and if they chance not to laugh at the seventy-seventh repetition of his ancient puns, he cuts them. He is not *very* particular; but if his wife was making bread, and should happen to sift one grain of flour upon the table, he would take it up on the point of a cambric needle, and tell her, with lengthened visage, that "wilful waste makes woful want." They say he has gone so far as to amputate a mosquito's foot, when it chanced to light on the surface of the molasses-cup, because "many a little makes a mickle."

Uncle Lemuel takes one morning paper, and that one confined, in the strictest manner, to the straitest jacket of his political creed. Weekly papers he abhors, and the only way his daughter can read one with safety is, by inviting the child of Uncle Lemuel's landlord to spend the afternoon and bring the paper with her. The poor thing is afraid of her father, and her mournfully submissive look is a great drawback to her pretty face. She has never worked a chair-cover, or a pair of slippers; *she* do worsted work! Once, when she was not more than eight years old, she humbly asked permission to learn how; no sooner had she done so than she wished, though, perhaps, not in so many words, for the mountains to fall down upon her and cover her. Uncle Lemuel stood for a moment in portentous silence, looking at her over the rim of his enormous glasses, while she twisted her apron into knots

round her fingers. For the space of a moment did he all but annihilate the poor child; then taking her little spare shoulder between his great ugly thumb and fore-finger, he led her into the kitchen, placed a little stool at the tub where her mother was washing, lifted her upon it, took a bundle of dirty flannels, and, throwing them into the suds, exclaimed, "There! that girl wants to learn worsted work—show her how."

The blinds are always shut in Uncle Lemuel's house, and his wife has very few visitors. When visitors *do* come, they are sure to be wanted at home at six—the time Uncle Lemuel returns from work; so the poor wife gets supper an hour before, glad enough that her guest cannot stay till her lord and master comes.

Uncle Lemuel is very fond of saying his time is short, especially if he vexes his wife and tries her temper—that he shall not trouble anybody long; he shall go where there is no ingratitude, &c., &c.

But the acts and sayings of Uncle Lemuel, are they not written on the records of two human hearts, viz., the living tablets of his poor wife and daughter?

ARISTOCRACY.

ARISTOCRACY assumes different positions, and a multiplicity of forms and prejudices. For instance, aristocracy is a dapper little man with a moustache, who curls his lip whenever he speaks, and never notices farmers. Again, he is a tall, fierce fellow that can talk of nothing but his ancestors and their deeds, and condescends to eat his food only from silver, with a silver fork—abjures knives, calls them barbarous, &c. &c. And he is a very nice, genteel figure, that never allows a speck of lint to come near his clothes—carries his coat of arms, painted in very small proportions, in his vest pocket, pulls out

his watch for the purpose of saying, "an old relic, sir,—belonged to my great grandfather, Sir Timothy Beelzebub,—brought over from the old country, sir."

Again, he is a broken down individual with pompous air, and very seedy coat, who condescends to accept a dinner from you; who, no matter when you meet him, has just lost by that miserable concern a "cool thousand;" who knows lady this and lady that, has dined with Louis Philippe, who despises butchers, who adores a lord, who worships—himself, and finally who hasn't a cent in his pocket, "from dewy morn to eve."

And lastly, aristocracy is a young lady who faints in the street, and is carried home by an honest, hard-working man—and who says when asked about her accident by her mother—"Oh! that was nothing! but the mortification of being brought home by a *common mechanic* (hysterically)—it will kill me, mamma!"

MOSES.

MOSES! emerald, golden, and gray mosses, clinging to the sterile rocks, their little fairy cups filled with one gem of bright morning dew; soft and beautiful they are, shining under the rising sun. How often the passer-by gives them but a careless glance because they are so common, when a minute's inspection would reveal beauties as wonderful, if not as brilliant, as the choicest gems of the garden. We love the moss because it thrives where nothing else will live; and its thousand leaves and tiny coronals, the former folded over and over each other, and speckled with green and bluish tints, are well worthy enthusiastic admiration. We can compare this delicate vegetation to nothing but a gentle child, sleeping upon the breast of a stern father, whose heart is callous

to all other emotions save affection for that one light of his being.

In olden times it was believed that the fairies made their thrones of moss, and plucked the light down from the trunks of huge old forest trees, that they might twine it with tiny wild flowers, and make themselves luxuriant couches, upon which to repose.

Even as

"Hoary-headed frosts

Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,

And on old Hyem's skin and icy crown

An odorous chaplet of sweet summer-buds,

Is as in mockery set,"

so the downy moss ripens and blooms out from the heart of the gray-ribbed rock.

The mosses found in woods, though sheltered for ever in the shade, are more beautiful and rare than those growing in the garish sunlight of day. These may often be seen interwoven with the roots of trees, or grafted upon their branches; of all imaginable colours are they, rich red, tinted with emerald green, pink, and violet: their branching cups lined with the softest shades of crimson, with beaded tops, sometimes a bright yellow, rimming their edges. Then there are the ground mosses; one variety smooth and velvety to the touch, green as the July fields; another, presenting in its tiny fibres, miniature branches of beautiful trees; and some of these grow by the wayside where we forget that much beauty may be sheltered.

In the forests of the south and west, there moss grows in great luxuriance. The swamps abound with it; in thick and living drapery it hangs from the branches, curtaining the massive trunks of trees that have stood for ages. When the winds stir it softly, and the sun glows upon it, making its thousand rainbow tints glitter like fire, and when the webs of silken tissue, woven by the insect weaver, float lightly across it, covered with dew so brilliant that it seems like beds of dia-

monds, it is a gorgeous spectacle. Arches and temples, wreaths and pillars, festoons and floating mantles, looped and spangled, hang suspended from bough to branch, beautiful and glowing, like quivering masses of ethereal tapestry, wrought by immortal fingers. So when the moon comes shimmering down, she checkers the shaded aisles with lines of white light, kisses the leaves, and silvers the fanciful pagodas of the creeping moss, till you would look breathlessly for bands of sylphides trooping with lute and song from between the brown columns of shadows, that are clustered on every side of this fairy scene.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

MR. HUBBUB was such a proper man, and such a quiet man! which his name didn't signify. He never saw a thread on the carpet, but he called for tongs and a servant. A chair out of place placed him in jeopardy of the fidgets.

"It's no use, Mrs. Hubbub," he would often say, throwing down his pen; "I can't write with these children screaming in my ear."

But Mrs. Hubbub only smiled sweetly, or replied, "My dear, you couldn't write without it;" which quiet rejoinder always made Mr. Hubbub almost angry. Farther than the borders of a fit of passion, he was never known to get; and so with the benevolent wish that children were born without tongues, Mr. Hubbub would get up—*after he had finished* his writing, and go to his office.

"My dear, the room never looks fit to be seen; I wish you had a little of my neatness. If you observe, madam, the sofa is far from straight, and the tongs are where the shovel ought to be, while the shovel is vice versa. Now these things do seriously annoy me, being as you know a *particular man*. Here is your spool exactly in the centre of the apartment,

madam, on the lower shelf, which is carpeted. I thought the place for these things was in ladies' pockets; my dear, with pleasure"—and he presented the thimble with great ceremony.

Mrs. H., though naturally one of the most amiable ladies, felt rather tried on this particular day. She had prided herself on reducing everything, even to the cat, to the most complete order. She had untied the chairs with which Willy had played horse, picked up every paper-baby, besides hosts of mutilated arms and heads, untied Maggie's bonnet from the sofa cushion, put the tongs and shovel up precisely, and worried the poor infant into a profound slumber, which she regretted, merely because the little unconscious thing would rumple the pillow, and throw the coverlet into wrinkles.

And to have him find fault when everything was so nice—it really was too trying!

"If Mr. Hubbub was so excessively particular, why did he not go into his own neat little study?" she asked. And she was sure he could not be annoyed by the children, for she had fixed their playhouse in the fifth story, to the imminent danger of necks and ribs.

No! Mr. Hubbub wanted to write just there, in his wife's sitting-room; and Mr. Hubbub wanted the children about him, too—didn't believe in sending them out of the paternal and maternal sight. But he also wanted them to learn how to control themselves, and be quiet at such times as he wished. *He would have it!* As to the room, the least disorder was a blemish to him; she knew it, and why couldn't she try to correct herself?

Mrs. Hubbub sighed, but smiled directly after. She had thought of a plan, and the next day she put it in execution.

As usual, Mr. Hubbub came home at three. Profound stillness waited upon him to the door of his wife's room.

"My dear, you will observe a brush there, please to be very thorough in its application, as I cannot allow a speck of dust on my clean carpet."

What rapturous music was this to his nice ear! Mrs. Hubbub was then really growing particular.

Long did he scrape and scrape, and rub and rub, till with as much care as eggs might warrant, he ventured on the carpet.

Sitting at equal distances, his five children met his gaze with a motionless stare, only hugging their five folded arms closer home, and pressing their five hired pairs of lips more firmly against their teeth.

"Well, really this seems something like it," he said with broad satisfaction, as he took a chair.

"My dear, please not to draw the chair out; don't you see it destroys the symmetry of the room?"

"I declare! so it does," he replied with a puzzled look, taken on his own assertion. "I will bring my desk up."

"Horrible! Mr. H.; that clumsy desk is bad enough in its corner; you will disfigure everything, and I am trying so hard to be neat! you might at least help me."

"Oh! to be sure," said her husband, rubbing his head—"yes, yes; but then I don't really know how I'm going to write."

"Perhaps you had better just turn round and use the side-table. I am sorry that you must have paper, pen and ink, because you scatter them about so unceremoniously, and you know the 'least disorder is a blemish.' I wish you would put your feet on a line as you observe the children do; there, that is better; now, my dear, you can write. The children shall be perfectly still;" and evening the rockers with the seams in the carpet, she squared herself opposite the row of silent juveniles, and folded her hands.

Mr. Hubbub put his pen on the paper; queer! it wouldn't budge an inch. In vain he tried to think, to write—not a word would come, and he folded an empty sheet, enveloped and directed it to "silence, order," &c., and put it in his pocket.

Every day for a week the result was the same. The five

still children sat in their five even seats; Mrs. H. was a statue, all but her tongue, and that was so eloquent in defence of perfect symmetry, that her husband—but we won't say anything more *here*.

One day he came home in a brown study, frowned on the children, and even on his wife, and sat down moodily with his knees crossed.

"Do be more particular, my dear," expostulated his triumphant partner; "your feet should be parallel. As you know your favourite remark is that 'the least disorder is a blemish,' and I am sure a more ungraceful sight than a gentleman—"

"*Hush!*" exclaimed Mr. Hubbub, with a degree of energy and sternness unusual with him.

Mrs. H. started and stared. The little H.'s opened their mouths and their arms; but before a word could be spoken, the senior Hubbub deliberately arose, and turned every chair in the room upside down.

"There!" he muttered with a smile of satisfaction—"and I ain't done either. I'm going to set you all to crying or laughing; so first, here goes;" and he pinched the sleeping baby, who replied by a terrific scream.

The poor children, fearful of losing their long-coveted bribe, and altogether unnerved by this unusual and unfatherly exhibition, burst out into cries of terror that grew every moment more musically discordant, while the satisfied father stumbled about among the overturned chairs, snapping his fingers, and shouting at each furious outcry—"delightful, enchanting! Sing, louder, boys! I like it. Hurrah! Richard's himself again!"

Mrs. H., half distracted, knew not whether to laugh or cry, till her husband shouted above the din, "Wife, hand me that pen; if I don't write one of the most glorious articles that ever set the public on fire, then I've raised this general and particular hubbub for nothing, that's all."

But when she saw him dashing away as if all the ink in

creation were after his ideas—filling a sheet in no time, and only pausing to beseech the children not to keep quiet, she laughed till the great round tears tumbled down her cheeks. And the baby, after an attempt at indignation, caught the "malady" and laughed too, joined one after the other by the young Hubbubs, and finally by the magnificent basso of Hubbub the elder, till the walls echoed and re-echoed to the screams of mirth.

Suffice it to say that henceforth and for ever after, "as far into the future as this deponent knoweth," Mr. Hubbub was contented with a wife as neat as a new pin—after the children were asleep. And he found that it had been owing more to their innocent enjoyment than his own inspiration, that he had gained the reputation of being a remarkably clever writer.

I overheard Hubbub saying to a newly wedded benedict, "Now, Fred, if you expect a perfect paradise, a perfect wife, and *perfect* neatness—hope you may get it. But I tell you what! I wouldn't stand in your shoes if you do, for you'll only be fit for petrification, and a niche in Barnum's museum."

And that's a fact—ain't it, reader?

THE DEAD MISER.

OPEN the creaking door as carelessly as you may, you will not disturb him. Revolting scene! where is his bed? There is none here. He lies in an old chest, his parchment face shrunk, his eyes stony, and almost glaring with the passion that tore his soul from his body. He was a miser—wretched, old, uncared for; despised by many, loved by none. Like the trunk of an old tree, without a single leaf hanging from its withered limbs, wrenched away by the storm, there he lies.

And here in this gloomy den he has starved himself day by

day. For sixty long years he has lived all alone, nor has he known the luxury of giving kindly words. He locked sympathy within his icy breast, and flung the key into the ocean of avarice. No sweet smiles have lighted up his heart, no childish voice called him father. That holy smile that sits on wedded lips, never brightened at his approach.

Miserable old man! he was alone with his gold—slept on it, feasted upon it with glutton eyes; it was his meat, food, raiment, friend, acquaintance, child, wife, home, God, all. And when he died, as though his soul could hover yet above his gains (however got), none were to share in that ill-gotten, ill-kept treasure.

A singular phase of the mind diseased, is presented in the case of the wretched old miser. There seems not one redeeming trait in his nature to brighten the gloom of his life and death.

THE STAND OF FLOWERS.

"Oh, Miss Mary! I believe they're almost killing the little lame boy in the red house over there," cried my good Maggy, wringing her hands. "Do go over and see, for they're the coarsest, lowest creatures, and the poor little boy's an angel."

Without waiting to hear more, away I ran, cap and bonnetless, for the shrieks of the poor child smote my heart. I had never been inside the house before, but had often seen "lame Willy" sitting upon the broken steps, his sweet face all dimpled with smiles.

"What has he done?" I cried, holding out my hands to stay the progress of the cruel stick. "How can you find it in your heart to beat a poor helpless child?"

The old woman eyed me with a scowl, and a brutal-looking man, smoking by the fire, cried out—

"Let him alone, Moll—the lady has given him money."

So she threw the stick in a corner, and went muttering about her work.

I was never more surprised in my life, than on looking round, to see a stand filled with delicate plants—some flowers in bloom—shedding sweet perfume upon the smoky atmosphere around them.

I looked at the woman again. Her stolid face gave no evidence of sentiment. The man had horrid features. The old grandmother was nearly blind, and betrayed no indication of sense whatever. Vulgar and ignorance seemed to hold reign over their besotted minds. Whose, then, were the flowers? For I believe, wherever you find those little messengers of nature, you are sure to meet refinement and a tender heart; but indications of either were surely not here.

"Are these pretty roses yours?" I asked of the still sobbing child.

"No, they're hers," he said, pointing to the door; and at that moment entered a slight female figure, dressed in poor mourning; but whose sweet, sad face was very touching and delicate. She blushed at sight of a stranger, and lifting off her hat, there fell upon her shoulders a wealth of soft, light curls.

"I heard this little fellow crying," I said, "and I took the liberty of coming over to see what the matter was."

In a moment the child was on her lap, his hands clasped over her neck, and his sobbing frame resting against her bosom. She held him tightly; cast a quick, timid, yet indignant glance at the coarse woman and her partner, and then, without turning to me, she murmured, with a grieving lip, "We're orphans;" and kissed the pale forehead of her brother.

I was right, then. Those beautiful flowers were emblems of gentleness, sweetness of heart—intellect.

Willy sleeps away down under the pale violets, and his beautiful sister has a lovely home of her own on the banks of a winding river, and flowers—emblems of her purity and love—

liness—grow in charming profusion on every side of her cottage dwelling.

And so I feel ever, when I enter the lowliest habitation, that gentle flowers growing upon the window-sill, even in the city's murky gloom—or a simple picture on the wall, illustrative of taste and loveliness—are unfailing indications that the hearts by which they are loved and cherished, see "beauty in the summer cloud," and love the better, not the grosser things of life.

THE WISE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

HE that findeth a true wife, findeth a treasure whose beauty and lustre not even the shadow of death can dim. It has often seemed strange to me that men are so blind in their choice of companions. In this, men sometimes seem to be the weaker sex, for they yield to deliberately planned schemes, and in the face of an unhappy lot, take painted dolls or artful women to share the "better or worse."

And yet, after all, as the responsibility rests more on man, it may be a harder thing than we are aware of, to find one whose price is above rubies. There exists such an artificial state of society! Beauty is ranked so high, and the graces are so indispensable, that homely in-door life loses its chiefest charm; and woman becomes a creature of waywardness and prettiness, that must be dressed up and petted, in order to keep her in smiles and decent humour. Most young men think of "an establishment," and somebody must preside of whom they may be proud. They love to hear their friends say—"Well, L— has a fine wife—a woman worth having; she plays and sings, she talks agreeably, and altogether, makes a sensation."

But when trouble comes, where is the strong helper—the courageous spirit? Those modest home-bodies, who seem so timid and backward—who oversee the humble household, and

ask no praise but that of the husband's heart—who shine but little at parties, but who are the stars of home,—those are the wives for the trials of earnest life. Their love is the rock never shaken by the tempest.

THE MOTHER'S FAVOURITE.

"HEADACHE again!" said a beautiful girl, checking her hasty steps, as she entered a darkened chamber; "how unfortunate; every time we are going to have a right grand time, our poor mother must have a headache. I am very sorry."

"It need not interfere at all with the party, Augusta," replied her mother, raising her eyes languidly—"I am always best alone. You have arranged your hair, have you? you will look very lovely to-night; shall you wear your diamonds?"

"How can I think of going, my dear mother—and you sick? O! no, no; no matter for diamonds—and though my dress fits most exquisitely, and Harvey Miner will be there to-night—I wanted to set my cap for him, you know," she added playfully, "yet, I will on no account go—I cannot think of it."

"And I shall insist that you do," said her mother, decidedly. "My head is no worse than it has been a thousand times—I am delighted at the prospect of your pleasure, and this is the first part of the season—say nothing, Augusta, I command you to go."

The beautiful creature placed her hand upon her mother's lips, and stooping, kissed her repeatedly.

"Say no more, mother, I see you will not let me please myself, and share your loneliness with you; dear, dear mother, you shall see how well I look; good-bye till I come back dressed for the ball," and away she glided, the most graceful creature in the world.

"Dear child," murmured Mrs. Aubrey, pressing her thin hand on her temples that were hot and burning, "how lively and loving she is, and so beautiful! Oh, I wish Mary was like her. I cannot bear favourites, and yet how can I avoid it—Augusta is so affectionate, Mary so cold and quiet?"

At that moment a slight figure, robed in white, came noiselessly into the room, and stood by her mother's side. She seemed in full, though simple dress; a white bud in her braided locks, and a fan of exquisite workmanship hanging from her slight wrist.

"You are not so well, mother," she said softly; and gazing round, she darkened the twilight of the room to a deeper sombreness, and taking a vinaigrette in her hand, lightly pressed back the dark locks, and bathed her mother's forehead.

"Thank you, Mary," said Mrs. Aubrey, softly, for it relieved the almost intolerable pain; "Are you going to wear only white? You look very sweet, my child—oh! this throbbing! is Augusta almost ready? When will she come in?"

"Here she is, mother;" and the brilliant beauty burst upon her dim sight, lightening up the chamber with the almost regal splendour of her diamonds.

"Beautiful," whispered Mrs. Aubrey, shading her heavy eyes; "you will queen it to-night, I expect, Augusta."

"But, oh! how much rather would I stay at home by the couch of my sick mother, and minister to her wants!" said Augusta, her eyes meanwhile covertly seeking the large dressing mirror. "But you know you *would* make me go, mother, so I have given orders for a nice cup of tea, and some toast, though I am so sorry you must eat alone."

"Here comes the carriage; good evening, dear mother; come, hadn't I better send it away, and stay at home?" she murmured winningly.

"On no account, my love," said her mother, returning her kiss. "Go, and sometimes think of me."

"Sometimes! yes, all the time my thoughts will be here

with my darling mother; now good-bye; take rest; Rose is coming up to sit with you." And she was gone.

"Rose, is that you?" asked the invalid faintly.

"No, mamma, it's I;" and Mary came softly round and stood at her side.

"Why, Mary, are you not at the party?"

"I preferred to stay with you, mother," said Mary, quietly; "I knew that you were used to having papa with you, and when he is gone I cannot leave you alone."

"You are very thoughtful, my child," said Mrs. Aubrey, with emotion; "but still I had rather you would go."

"I have sent the carriage away, mother, so that is impossible now; please say nothing more about it—I shall enjoy myself so much better at home with you. I have been getting you some toast and tea myself—Rose is too careless to wait upon the sick. I hope it will make your head easier;" and she rolled up her mother's easy-chair, and drew up a tiny ebony stand, arranged with such exquisite taste that it could not fail to tempt even an invalid's appetite.

Very cozy was that little supper, with Mary, so sweet and innocent, pouring out tea, and doing a hundred nameless, delicate offices of love. Mrs. Aubrey's heart smote her that she had not fully appreciated the timid, quiet, but strong and self-sacrificing affection of this gentle girl.

After the tea was over Mary again bathed her temples, adjusted her pillows, brought the beautiful bouquet she was to have carried to the party, to her mother's bedside, and then, taking a book, in a voice that was "music rich and low," read to her till the evening was spent. Just as she was leaving the room, her mother called her back.

"This has been a sweet, sweet evening," she said, tenderly taking her hand, "and I have learned how much I am blessed in such a child. Mary, I have not understood you, before to-night, but now I can read your heart. Kiss me, my child; good night, and may God bless you."

That night, the hitherto neglected one prayed with tears, thanking her Maker that she had won at last a mother's love.

"O! mamma, indeed it was delightful!" said Augusta, the next morning. "If it would not be looking vain, I should say I eclipsed them all. Harvey Miner seemed devoted; indeed, mamma," she continued, with a slight laugh, "I think I have won him. The set was delightful, and I danced *every* dance; I had scarcely time to think, except when I thought of you, mother," she continued, blushing; "indeed, dearest mother, I *did* think of you in your loneliness."

"I was not lonely, Augusta," said her mother, with a quiet smile. Just then Mary raised her eyes, and there met those of her mother fixed upon her with such a look of tenderness.

"And I shall *never* be lonely," she thought, "for my mother has learned to love me."

OLD TIME RELICS.

FROM my window I look out upon an old, old house. Cobwebs have gathered about the mosaics, inlaid by time, on its quaint door-posts, and its windows are draped with dust. I have wandered all over its ancient rooms, and wondered whose were the eyes that once gazed on its painted wainscoting. Two chambers denied my impatient touch. What could they contain? Just now I have learned.

At the door stands a diminutive dray cart, and two stout negroes, with many shouts and much labour, bring down stairs and deposit two ancient oak chests of drawers. They are of that kind we find in old garrets, and over whose faded green baize many an aged head, all silvered, has bent in puzzled calculation. Now they are banished to obscurity, and their little pigeon-holes and doors with the brass springs, smell of

must; and the lions' claws are chipped and broken, and stand unsteadily against the floor.

Ebony black are these; their drawers, curiously opened, make show of yellow manuscripts. How many dainty letters, I wonder, are tied up and sealed away in their unbroken silence? They tell of age; for he who owned them slept, years and years ago, his last sleep; and then his forehead was fretted by the dull fingers of care and time.

Now here comes a fire-board and screens. Once they were dainty and new; but the old capital upon the one, and the wreaths of flowers on the other, are fading into dimness. How many fair faces have been shielded from the hot blaze kindled for a winter-night festival—and what of all those who sat secure behind the delicate fire-screen? How many are living? Perhaps not one.

How the chime of the hours, like the voices from white-topped minarets, that *we* hear not, are crying that old cry—"Passing away."

And here are tables with broken hinges and flapping leaves. And they make one think of pleasant breakfasts in handsome old rooms—of dinners where feasted wit and beauty—of suppers with the happy few or many that made up "one family." Ah! could we follow in fancy the history of some who sat there, our heavy hearts would take mirth and sunshine from our own home comforts.

What next? A child's standing-board! A little, old-fashioned, prim-looking concern, whose brown bars once felt the twine of fat, dimpled fingers. Some of the chubby hands that held, as if for life, close to its protecting wood, have hardened and wrinkled and changed to dust. Some lie, at times, amid the soft curls of another generation, and laughing at the agile baby-jumper of modern times, tell of that little dingy standing-board, where they have often tested the strength of lungs and limbs. Now they throw in among the lesser "rubbish" a squirrel-cage. And the squirrel that sat on his perch and eat brown nuts—or whirled like a faint cloud of

gray through the glitter of bright wires—was the pet and the plaything of those long-ago children.

What next? Only an old hat—circled by a deep-mourning crape. Ah, the tender heart feels for tears now. At whose death, at whose burial moved that craped hat in the long procession? Did it follow beauty or youthful sinlessness to its field-broken grave? Was it a true, strong-hearted wife who left his bosom? or the still form of the little one whose ringlets lay there last? Enough that it has shaded weeping eyes; that, under its gloom, has wailed a spirit made desolate.

Here come huge window-blinds, against whose soft folds how many a crimsoned cheek has lain! behind which how many love-vows have been murmured! what hurried clasping of hands and mute signs of constancy exchanged, while heedless feet danced on, and careless eyes saw nothing. A broken clock! time forsaken—hands, wheels, and weights useless and rusted—never more to tell how fast the moments fly while pleasure reigns, or how leadenly lag as shadows gather about the soul and creep along the whole life-path. A worn-out carpet, still flashing out in spots some tints of beauty; baskets that once held dainty cambrics, and were sacred to white hands. Old, shy tables and chairs, and a stove that looks as if it had the first patent-right; papers, ink-stained—perhaps documents of value.

Ah! well, if “these houses of our tabernacle” get to be old, and the reaper, Death, searches their heart-chambers, to inventory the articles there, may there be found no closed doors, locked upon rubbish—but every room cleansed, and emptied of all the useless lumber of life!

A GENUINE PAT.

Genuine Pat, clever Pat,
Homely, and heavy, and funny Pat;
Pat says, “Troth, it’s thrue, sir, I’ll work me way,
Whether on the wather, or on the say.”

GENUINE Pat! You may see him anywhere—everywhere, high-shouldered, long-limbed, lean, but sharp-looking. A brimless hat, or a crownless one; a jacket, or a coat, and either too big; trowsers, or leather breeches, just from the “ould counthrie;” its all the same to him. He’s as full of independence as his shoes are full of holes, or Young America of the Fourth of July. Happy go-merry, with a “pratie” and a “cint” in his pocket, if he have one; happy sitting on the wharf, *looking for work to come to him*; indeed, perhaps a little happier than if he had “plinty to do.”

Your genuine Pat is as proud as a prince—and as rich, barring the money. He knows more than that numerous family of the Burdies; and feels himself fully your equal, if he is a mendicant.

Pat begs with an air.

Pulling off his dusky beaver; originally *some* colour, or no colour at all, elevating his head and shoulders, placing his right arm akimbo, and his right heel exactly at the instep of his left foot, looking for all the world like an Irish Napoleon Bonaparte, he pompously accosts you thus:

“Me frind, I’m a pinniless sthranger on yer sbar, with not a cint to blis meself wid. Me wife, that’s living in ould Ireland, died the day ather we got here, and me twin childers, one o’ thim a baby in its moother’s arms, and the other two seven years ould wid the ship faver, lies in the house at home wid niver a roof to their heads. Praps ye’s wid give sumthin to a pinniless morthal, that hasn’t ate nothin barrin a mouthful of bread and a sip o’ tay that meself gave to the childer to kape from starvation, instead of ateing wid me own lips.

Och! sir, wouldn't yer honour be givin to the lonely sthranger that's come to yer shar, wid three small babbies, and not a soul to bless us, savin yer honour's swate self."

Who *could* resist *such* an appeal? We confess our heart would prompt us to respond to "swate honour's self" with a handful of dimes—if we had them to spare; that *if* being an important consideration to an editor.

When Pat asks for work, he is evidently conscious that *you* are the recipient of *his* favour.

"Would yer honour be afther puttin me to any little thrifling job, that I'd earn an honest pinny by?" And up goes the head more to the perpendicular, the right heel hugs the left instep, the right fingers and thumb are drawn over the chin and mouth, and outspread with all the superbness of a Broadway dandy, while the crushed hat snuggles in a mighty small space under the left arm.

"What can you do?"

"Och!" and the head is tossed knowingly, and kept nodding during his answer, "it's meself can do a thrifle of onything, your honour: it's meself that isn't ashamed to say how that Pathric McLawlin can dhrive a spade, or thrim a tree precisely to the betthermost of any one that iver *dthrove* a spade or *thrimmed* a tra, yer honour."

"Can you take care of a garden?"

"Och! and isn't it Pathric McLawlin that's done that same in swate Ireland, where the gardings were all pratie-patches, and niver the rot took 'em?"

"Can you drive a coach?"

"Shure, yer honour, clare down to a wheelb'row. Aften's the time I've dhriven them in ould Ireland."

"Can you wait on table?"

"Faith, it's meself could stand on a table, if yer honour says it, and wait as long as yer honour liked it."

"Can you wait on the door?" (half-suffocated with laughter.)

"Troth, an if there was the manes o' my gettin' a footin',

and no likes o' me tumblin' off; though, your honour, I'd rather wait on the table."

"Can you groom?"

"Grume, is it?" (hesitating); "a—a—shure, your honour, I can grume ye's as long as ye'd like to be grumed—only wid the thriflin' obligation, if yer honour'd tell me a *leettle* how."

"I mean can you clear out the stable?"

"Is it *that* you'd be afther askin' me? Wasn't Pathric McLawlin (indignantly) *borrne* nixt door to a stable? Does yer honour *immedgin* Pathric McLawlin couldn't clane a stable, and to the very kitchin ov it?"

Exit patron, behind the door, in an inextinguishable fit of mirth, Pat still standing in a high attitude, vehemently stroking his chin. Knowing Pat!

Speaking of their knowledge. A gentleman hired Pat to cut down some obnoxious young trees. Pat *knew* them—"Och! yis, wouldn't his honour suppose it? He *knew* them *forezactly*; hadn't he cut them down many's the time?" So the man put faith in Pat's word; and, on coming home that night, found all his choice young peach trees lying in a mournful file, Pat triumphantly bringing up the procession, and rejoicing over his "day's work." "Och! *he* knew!" But "his honour" wouldn't be honoured about it. He fervently wished all knowing Pats in that country of prodigies, "swate ould Ireland," hoping there were no peach trees there.

But, after all, the sunny smile, the ready wit, the very impudent, know-everything sort of manner of happy Pat, gives one an agreeable impression of the Irish in general. Ah! Pat, many would barter more precious goods than old shoes for a tithe of thy skill at repartee; for a little of that genuine humour that keeps you laughing, even if the rain drops on your salt and pratie through the roof of your mud cabin.

REMINISCENCE OF BUNKER-HILL BATTLE.

THE great-grandmother of the writer was a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Osborne, an orthodox minister in Charlestown, at the time of the battle of Bunker-Hill. She resided in a very large, and, at the time, fashionable house, near the Square; it was surrounded by beautiful trees, the pride of the owner, and adjacent were green fields, over which the cattle wandered at their ease, browsing from "mornlight to dewy eve."

At the time of the revolutionary troubles, she was about sixteen years of age, and strongly attached to her friends and home; indeed, she was singular in the affection she bore the house in which she first saw the light. We just remember her as a tall, stately old lady, of very dignified presence, who never allowed the least familiarity on the part of children or dependants, and yet children loved her, and thought it a favour to visit her, although, if they omitted the courtesy of inclining the head, and asking particularly after her health, she was sure to remind them of it in a manner peculiarly her own.

She used often to express her indignation of the British, towards whom she always felt hostile, and describe her feelings, when she saw the poor dumb beasts, as she said, coming home with bayonets in their sides, to fall down faint and bleeding before the door. She said she could have commanded a regiment herself, against the cruel wretches who could maliciously wound innocent animals, and leave them to perish.

When the fire broke out, she saw that her father's house would be sacrificed, and with tears and in sorrow she prepared to leave it. She stood upon the great stone slab that was sunk into the ground in front of the door, weeping,—well-nigh as angry as she was grieved,—to think she must be forced from the dear home of her fathers by the hated red-coats.

Her father was far from home at the time, we think, and

as the flames spread, she hurried from the scene, and found her way to Boston alone. There, after peace, she married, and there fixed her permanent residence. Years passed on, and her head became silvered over, yet her form was still erect, and though wrinkled, her brow was as commanding as ever. So acute were her sufferings during the time of battle, and so great her indignation at beholding her father's property thus ruthlessly consumed, that she had determined she never would go to Charlestown again; consequently nearly seventy years passed, and she had so far kept good her resolution.

One day she was sitting alone, with her work in her hand—for although nearly 86 years of age, she could sew on fine cambric—when a friend came in, and exclaimed, "Where do you think I have been, Mrs. B——? I went to Charlestown this morning, and near the side of a house just pulled down, I saw a large stone slab, and the name, T. Osborne, sunk in the ground."

The old lady arose from her seat, her bright eyes flashing, and her whole face kindling with pleasure. "My father's step—my father's door stone," she murmured; "I would give worlds to see it; I will see it; I will stand upon it again; will you go with me? The mention of that sacred spot where I so often sat when a little child, that slab which the feet of my sainted father have so often trod, and where my mother has often carried me from the threshold, has overcome all my scruples. I am getting old, and shall soon be with my kindred, but I must press that spot before I die. Come; will you go with me? It will be a great effort, I am aware, and it will tax your patience to walk with an old woman, but you cannot tell how great a favour it will be bestowing upon me."

The lady, though fearful that her infirmities of limb would scarcely allow the aged woman to bear such a journey, consented, and the two moved across the bridge, and along toward the place of the minister's former residence.

Again she stood on the steps of her fathers, and gazed around with wondering eye. "O! could the British come here now," she exclaimed with triumph, "I would tell them that when they burned my father's house, they kindled the great bonfire of liberty. What would they say of Charleston now? Truly, old things have passed away and all things have become new."

Many years the old lady has slept the sleep of death, yet when we go through the once ruined town, we love to think of her as she stood amid the ruins, upon the old stone slab of her father's house.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

If thousands of books have been written upon woman's duties and responsibilities, it matters not to us; there is yet room to write thousands more. If everything has been said that can be touched upon, it will do no harm to say it all over again; good stories bear repetition; good advice does not lose by being often inculcated, and because what we write and say cannot be all original, one need not lay down the pen in despair, and murmur "I can do nothing."

A woman who has a family of children, and who is anxious to do her best by them, to train them up so that they may become valuable additions to the world, is willing to read something every day touching the parental relation; she will pause in the midst of her busiest moments to hear or peruse a simple paragraph that may lead her mind to take new or better views of her responsibilities; she will catch eagerly at any new method that may seem better adapted to the purposes she holds in view.

I have heard the exclamation made more than once, "Oh! it is so difficult to know just how to do." The mother sat

with her blue-eyed babe upon her knee, while clinging to her arms was another, almost a babe, with the rich locks of sunny brown falling over its fair cheeks, yet restless, weary and fretful. Near by, a young and beautiful creature, a little fairy of some seven years, was already perched up at the mirror, pulling at her long curls, and practising little graces that told how vanity had begun to assert its supremacy in her young heart. A noisy boy had just come in with a ready excuse for delaying his return beyond the appointed time, and another, still younger, through a great excess of animal spirits, was constantly trespassing on some often reiterated injunction, and as often sorry, yet repeatedly sinning. Well might the mother exclaim, "it is so difficult to know just how to do."

The influence of woman has never been over estimated; it is impossible that it should be; it has been compared to many priceless things, yet there is nothing but would lose by comparison. In saying this much we do not eulogize our sex; it is but the oft-repeated declaration of the wise and good of all ages; for it cannot be denied that the world has owed many of its greatest men, its patriots, its rulers, its philosophers and Christian sages, to the mothers of enlightened lands. John Adams once and often said, "to my mother I owe all I am;" could a higher tribute be paid by a better man to the memory of a beloved parent?

Thus in her truest and holiest state the province of woman is home; her privileges far outweigh her cares and trials, and if she safely guides the young immortals within her household, to the age of maturity, she is, indeed, blessed among women; she is like one that addeth diamonds to fine gold, each being enriched and beautified by the costliness of the other.

But it is sad to think that through the remissness of one single duty, all may be lost; she may indeed send seeming perfection in form and mind from her side, to cope with the strong besetments of this harsh world. Her children, lovely and loving, may make homes in many hearts, until the ever-poised shaft of sin shall pierce that part of the soul, unshielded

by a mother's warning or advice, and the poor fallen victim, still tender in youth and beauty, feels that henceforth there is no resting-place for her but in the grave, where, sometimes, oblivion covers shame.

We write now especially of woman as mother and daughter; woman, the fairest part of God's creation, but alas! the foulest stain upon society, when crime has laid his blackening hand upon her, and what would be virtue has cast her forth from every gentle influence, as the unclean of old were banished without the walled cities.

It is not so much that contagion is feared; unlike the leprosy, the sight of such a desolate soul does not infect the moral sense; a wretched, ruined creature can seldom gain the ear of an innocent woman; she is rather a warning—a living reproach—an awful monument of degraded passions, that, if it have any effect, will lead the virtuous to shun so dreadful an example of impurity.

In reading of many a heart-breaking case of corruption, one is led to inquire what can be the real cause why so many females in city and country annually go astray from the paths of rectitude? and we cannot but conclude that it is by a sad neglect on the part of parents, who, from motives of a false delicacy—a delicacy that seems to us unnatural to the pure in life, withhold advice, whose importance is only second to, and indeed, should be inculcated with the religion of Jesus Christ. A mother should not be contented with an outward display of goodness; she should not be satisfied if her daughter, unfolding from day to day some new charm in feature or manner, is obedient, sweet-tempered, and as far as she can conceive, without probing the heart, innocent in thought and intention; she should not congratulate herself that she is artless and unsophisticated, for, ignorant of the wiles of the wicked, it is easy to become entangled in their snare.

Too often, through utter ignorance, the cherished idol of the parental hearth falls from her high estate. The example of a good mother may be constantly before her; of friends and

relatives, none are immoral; home is a place of sanctity; she is guarded as sacredly as were the vestal fires upon less holy altars; yet one thing is neglected; one crime and its incentives are never broached; one particular class of allurements is never allowed to defile, as some parents fear it may, the ear of a delicate girl.

This is neglect more terrible than desertion; and the voice of a wild despair, never hushed, cries up from the hillock of many a melancholy grave where nought but faded grass and puny wild flowers bend above the wreck of innocence and loveliness; where the tears that the silent morning and the sad evening shed upon the trembling leaves, are the only tears that the sun has ever kissed from those desolate resting-places.

Does not the light fall to-day upon thousands of such spots? and has not the ocean bleached many a form that once revelled high in hope and glowed with beauty in the lighted halls of pleasure? Has not the foul murderer's knife quenched the beaming of eyes, that all unholy as were their glances, have once looked up, innocent and pure into a mother's smiling face, as an angel might look? Then be careful, mothers; the brightest, the tenderest, the most cherished have fallen, through the neglect upon the part of parents, of one imperative duty.

Some children conceal all their thoughts and feelings; these should be drawn out into unreserved confidence and frankness; others pour all that is told them into a parent's ear; there is less danger that the latter will be corrupted. Fiction is not the only channel through which deleterious knowledge is communicated; the companions that may be thrown in the way of every school-girl, are, many of them, to be dreaded more than hosts of novels. True, not every child is to be suspected; but as one little cloud in the evening-sky covers multitudes of stars, one girl of superior endowments and corrupted mind may sully the morals of a multitude. Such a one will distort what is innocent into hideous vice—she will pour

into the too willing ear of youth that which none but a mother should communicate, and in such guise that the child would shrink from confidence in the parent, even if it is solicited. The parent thinks there is time enough to warn her daughter of the dangers that may beset her, while all the noxious weeds are gathering strength and nutriment from her heart. Should a miserable creature cross her path, she is taught to shrink from her presence, to loathe her sight, but she is not told, gently yet decidedly, how she became the thing she is. Her dreadful abode, where in dim garrets some poor wretch amid loathsome corruption may be gasping and dying, is not painted to the shuddering child, nor is she told how the outcast was once a trustful, happy girl like herself, lured by flattery, by neglecting to confide in her dearest friends, to the brink of the destroyer which is worse than death.

Then is it not woman's all-engrossing duty to watch her daughter with a steady eye? to make not menials, nor yet playthings, but companions of them? to treat them as rational beings, as future wives and mothers? to shield them carefully from ignorant domestics? to ask them from day to day what they have heard?—by whom been instructed?—to tell them how they may become good and virtuous, or miserable and polluted? to point vividly the snares to which they will be exposed, and teach them how to distinguish between the pure and the impure?

Fortified by such advice, the daughter may move in the midst of deceivers unscathed by their influence; the libertine, awed, not encouraged by her smile, will stand upon the other side, nor dare pour his base-born aspirations upon a heart so barred and bolted against his blandishments. Her very gestures, her tones, will all partake of the sweet serenity of her soul; there will stand forth a woman such as God meant woman to be, and she will throw the charm of goodness upon all within reach of her example.

Such should be the women of our country; and God grant that the mothers who read this may be induced so to direct

the minds of their beautiful ones, that they shall not in after-days become a curse and a reproach to the parents that bore them, but rather blessings and ornaments to them and to the world!

SUPPOSE.

"Now what did you do that for? Suppose he should buy rum with it?"

To this querulous exclamation, the beautiful woman who had just given a bit of silver to a poor beggar, replied, "*If we are to suppose anything, why not suppose good?*"

Noble answer! let us take it to our hearts and shrine it there; ye whose lips seldom part but to censure, remember these words, "*If we are to suppose anything, why not suppose good?*"

Why not suppose good of that pale woman who shuns society, and whose face seems ever dark under the shadow of shame? Even if she has strayed from the right path, once, why not suppose good now? Why not give her your hand and your confidence? You have sure proof of her repentance; your character cannot be broken against such a frail reed as she, you are rooted and grounded in the right; and even should you be subjected to censure, what is the whisper of a puny world to the approving benediction of God?

Why suppose, because your neighbour has a row of fine houses, and you have remained poor, though starting in life with him, that he has obtained his wealth by fraud and evil doing? If you are going to suppose *at all*, why not suppose *good*? Why not suppose that he had more tact, better business qualifications, a more mature judgment, a happier faculty of turning knowledge to account—why not suppose *good*?

Why suppose, because your neighbour dresses in more showy or fashionable attire than you can afford, that therefore she is vain and extravagant? How can you tell the depth of her purse? who has inducted you into the mysteries of her weekly expenses? Why not suppose good?

Why suppose, because a girl, in the exuberance of youth and animal spirits, forgets at times that she is among censorious mortals, and gives way to childish impulses of mirth, that she is bold, forward, and presuming; that she is in danger of losing delicacy and reputation? Much misery has the thoughtless tongue created for some poor child, whose boisterous glee, because she was "grown up," has been converted into barbed arrows and pointed against her all her after life, through supposition.

It is dastardly to suppose evil; what does the word mean? "*suspicion without proof; to lay down or state as a proposition or fact that may exist or be true, though not known to be true or exist.*"

How more than insufferably mean is it then, in supposing wrong motives to regulate the conduct of those around us, and yet how prone to the sin is the majority of mankind!

"M. is mean."

"How did you find that out?"

"Oh! I don't know; I have an *impression* that it is so, from some little things I have noticed."

There is a supposition founded on very slight tenure; the listener thinks not of analyzing the nature of the report, but takes it for granted that he is not only mean, but possesses those bad qualities inherent in such a character; and in time, M.'s reputation is established, though he may be one of the most deserving men in the community.

Let us take care then how we suppose; there may be harm and evil enough all-around us, but it is best for us not to suppose defects where we can cut out of every cloud a ray of light.

It will be better for our peace of mind, and we shall assimilate

late more to the divine perfection, if, when we are to suppose anything, we suppose good.

THE BENEFACITOR;

OR, IT IS BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.

"AND so you strip yourself of comfort for the sake of adding to this rich merchant's gains! If you was a man and my brother, I should say you was a fool."

The widow replied with flushed cheek, "It may seem a light thing to you, but the thought that I am slowly and surely wiping every stain from my husband's honour, is my greatest earthly comfort. Mr. Miner is his best creditor, and, God willing, every farthing shall be paid."

Her coarser relative responded with an emphatic "fiddlestick," and, thumping the floor with his cane, angrily left her presence.

"At last I have it," said a silvery voice, and a sweet face, glad and brilliant, brightened up the gloom.

"Only see, mother! ten dollars, all my own; ten more make twenty; so we shall have a nice little sum for Mr. Miner."

Tears trembled on the widow's lashes, and glittered on her pale cheek. "Is it to be the price of thy life, my precious one?" she thought. "Is the canker-worm at the heart of my beautiful flower? *Must* I give thee up to weary, wearing toil, a sacrifice upon the altar of duty? Can it be that God requires it?"

Eva knelt at her mother's feet, where she had fallen with all the abandon of a child, her glance fastened to the shining gold. Already the mocking crimson of her cheek had paled to a shade of sickly white, and the large, drooping eyes looked only deep and dark—the hope-lighted fire-gone out.

Lifting her glance she met that of her mother, full of anxiety, touched with sorrow. A sudden smile broke over her delicate features.

"I was only thinking of the *endless* things this money would buy—don't look so grave, mamma: such a beauty of a warm shawl for you, and a neat crimson cover for that untidy old arm-chair; a bit, ever so little bit of carpet to put down by the bed, that your feet need not feel this cold floor; and a pretty cap, besides coal, and tea, and sugar, and such nice comfortable things. But never mind," and she sprang to her feet, brushed back her brown curls, drew on her neat little bonnet, "never mind, I'll maybe write a book one of these days, that'll make you and me rich. And, dear mother, you shall ride in your own carriage, and maybe those that scorn us now, only because we are poor, may be thankful for our notice. A truce to romance," she gravely continued; "stern reality tells me to go directly up to Madison street, find Mr. Miner, give him this twenty dollars, take a receipt, and then come home and read and sing to my mother. How beautiful it is, that my poor pen will enable me to pay off all my father's debts! Good by, mamma, till we meet again."

Hurriedly Eva passed from her house along the narrow streets. Squalid children fastened their hungry eyes on her pitying face. Wretched women, with babes whose little faces seemed those of withered old men, leaned against the gloomy walls. No blade of grass grew there. Smoke and sunshine mingled, till the dense atmosphere, with its reeking vapours, glimmered a sickly gray, through all the same hours that gave gladness and beauty and health to the wide, free moors, and quiet, green fields of God's blessed country.

Still, as she went onward, street after street diverged into pleasant width and palace-lined splendour. The houses of greatness and wealth glittered in their marble beauty under the golden sunlight. Up broad steps, through portals carved and shining, passed the timid steps of Eva Sterne.

At first the pompous servant smiled a contemptuous denial

—but after a moment, perhaps softened by her childish simplicity and winning blue eyes, he deemed it best not to deny her urgency; and she entered this palace of a rich man's home.

Softly her feet sunk in the luxurious hall-carpet. Statuary in bronze and marble lined all the way to the staircase. The splendour of the room into which she was ushered seemed, to her inexperienced sight, too beautiful for actual use, and he who came in with his kindly glance and handsome face, the noblest perfection of manhood she had ever seen.

"Well, young lady," he said, blandly smiling, "to what am I indebted for this pleasure?"

"My father, sir, died in your debt," said Eva, blushing, speaking very low and softly. "By the strictest economy and very hard work, we, my mother and I, have been able to pay all his creditors but yourself. If you will be kind enough to receive the balance of your account in small sums—I am sorry they must be so small, sir—we can, in the course of a very few years, fully liquidate the debt, and then"—a sweet expression lighted up her blue eyes—"we shall have fulfilled my father's dying wish, that every stain might be wiped from his honour." She paused a moment, and said again, falteringly, "My father was very unfortunate, sir, and broken in health for many years; but oh, sir, he was honourable, he would have paid the last cent if it had left him a beggar."

Very thoughtful sat Mr. Miner, his dark eyes fastened upon the gentle face before him. After a moment of silence he raised his head, threw back the mass of curling hair that shadowed his handsome brow, and said—

"I remember your father well. I regretted his death. He was a fine fellow, a fine fellow," he added, musingly; "but, my dear young lady, have you the means—do you not embarrass yourself by making these payments?"

Eva blushed again, and, looking up, ingenuously replied, "I am obliged to work, sir, but no labour would be too ardu-

ous that might save the memory of *such* a father from disgrace."

This she spoke with deep emotion. The rich man turned with a choking in his throat, and tears glittering on his lashes. Eva timidly held out the two gold pieces; he took them, and bidding her stay a moment, hastily left the room.

Almost instantly returning, he handed her a sealed note, saying, "There is the receipt, young lady, and allow me to add, that the mother of such a child must be a happy woman. The whole debt, I find, is nine hundred and seventy-five dollars. You will see by my note what arrangements I have made, and I hope they will be satisfactory."

Eva left him with a lighter heart, and a burning cheek at his praise. His manner was so gentle, so fatherly, that she felt he would not impose hard conditions, and it would be a pleasure to pay one so kind and forbearing.

At last she was home, and breathlessly sitting at her mother's feet, she opened her letter. Wonder of wonders—a bank-note enclosed; she held it without speaking, or looking at its value.

"Read it," she said, after a moment's bewilderment, placing the letter in her mother's hand—"here are fifty dollars; what can it mean?"

"This," said the sick woman, bursting into tears, "is a receipt in full, releasing you from the payment of your father's debt. Kind, generous man—Heaven will bless him—God will shower mercies upon him. From a grateful heart I call upon the Father to reward him for this act of kindness. Oh, what shall we say, what *shall* we do to thank him?"

"Mother," said Eva, smiling through her tears, "I felt as if he was an angel of goodness. Oh, they do wrong, who say that *all* who are wealthy have hard hearts. Mother, can it be possible we are so rich? I wish he knew how very happy he has made us, how much we love and reverence him whenever we think or speak of him, or even hear him spoken of!"

"He has bound two hearts to him forever," murmured her mother.

"Yes, dear Mr. Miner! little he thought how many comforts we wanted. Now we need not stint the fire; we may buy coal, and have one cheerful blaze, please God. And the tea, and the strip of carpet, the sugar, the little luxuries for *you*, dear mother; and the time, and a very few books for myself. I declare I'm so thankful, I feel as if I ought to go right back and tell him that we shall love him as long as we live."

That evening the grate heaped with Lehigh, gave the little room an air of ruddy comfort. Eva sat near, her curls bound softly back from her pure forehead, inditing a touching letter to their benefactor. Her mother's face, lightened with the loss of carking care, shone with a placid smile, and her every thought was a prayer, calling down blessings upon the good rich man.

In another room, far different from the widow's home, but also bright with the blaze of a genial fire, whose red light made richer the polish of costly furniture, sat the noble merchant.

"Pa, what makes you look so happy?" asked Lina, a beautiful girl, passing her smooth hand over his brow.

"Don't I always look happy, ~~my~~ little Lina?"

"Yes, but you keep shutting your eyes and smiling—so;" and her bright face reflected his own. "I think you've had something very nice to-day; what was it?"

"Does my little daughter really want to know what has made her father so happy? Here is my Bible; let her turn to the Acts of the Apostles, 20th chapter, 35th verse, and read it carefully."

The beautiful child turned reverently the pages of the holy book, and as she read, she looked up in her father's eyes—

"And to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, *It is more blessed to give than to receive.*"

"Ah! I know," she said, laying her rosy cheek upon his

hand, "you have been giving something to some poor beggar, as you did last week, and he thanked you, and said 'God bless you,' and that's what makes you happy."

Lina read a confirmation in her father's smile—but he said nothing, only kept repeating to himself the words of the Lord Jesus, "*It is more blessed to give than to receive.*"

THE LAST WORD.

A SCOLDING husband!

Well, I'm sorry for you, my poor woman—it must be a great trial, especially at a time when nerves are so universal. But there are two things to be considered in this case, as the lawyers say, whether the crossness is ingrained—bred in the very bone and marrow, or whether it has become a habit since his wedding-day. If the former, there's no help—he must keep on scolding the children and scolding you—turning the house topsy-turvy—and you must learn to bear it. If the latter, be sure you've had a hand in the trouble, and helped mix the elements of discord.

Now look back, and see where the trouble originated. You remember the first quarrel, don't you? Well, date from that. "It all began about a very trifling thing;" so do quarrels generally. "It was all *his* fault, and I told him so." Wrong; it would have been more modest to let him find that out, as he certainly would, had you taken the right course. "But I had the *last word*—and I always will!"

Ah ha, madam, you are letting the dark out fast—that "*last word*," then, is the great quarrel-monger. What a sublime spectacle! two grown persons, fighting for the *last word*! It may be a "will" or a "won't;" it may be a "yes" or a "no," but no matter how insignificant, it is worth a chase through the whole vocabulary to obtain. A triumph so glorious may

well be bought with days of anguish, sleepless nights, and all the discomforts of an unhappy home. The children look on, and learn to prize the victory so hardly won; and their little squabbles garnished with the paternal oath, tell how easily the lesson is conned.

And will it never do for your independence to give up that last word? Would it be like the sundering of soul and body to bend your proud neck and confess your conqueror? Woman, if your husband goes to ruin, that "last word" will send him there. Already his eyes are red with the toper-crimson, his gait unsteady, calls for fresh epithets each time he sets foot on the sill of his door. He is learning to love the bar-room, where the cunning keeper is very careful not to dispute the "last word." No; the *last penny* is his ambition—and by and by will come the last loaf, and then the last relic of manhood, and he who stood so high and noble before God's holy altar, calling you bride, with such beaming smiles, will crawl over the streets and gutters, and come to some old hovel, a blighted thing, the unshapely monument of a "last word." Beware, then, of that last word, as you would avoid coals of fire in your path. There is an eloquence in silence that softens the most obdurate temper; try it as did the Athenian woman of old, and see what miracles it may work. Shun the last word.

THE DEAD BUTTERFLY.

Poor thing! it is dead—the glory of its short reign departed. What beautiful gold and crimson wings! and how the shining dust falls off and gems the paper. Art cannot approach this exquisite colouring. Pencil and canvass, and paint, man need not take, in the vain hope of creating these lustrous wings.

Who ever saw a beautiful butterfly, without emotions of de-

light? Who in age, can look back to the time of blithe hearts and fleet limbs—green fields and roadside flowers—the hearty romp and the butterfly-chase, without there comes stealing over his worn-out old heart, a faint perfume from the clover-time of youth?

We believe it was Wordsworth who so sang of his childhood's sports, that men framed them in their hearts, and poetry made them immortal. He, with the heedless fire of youth, ran in hot haste after the glittering creature, hat high in hand, ready to dash his delicate captive to the earth; but she, gentle heart, would not so much as touch it, fearing to brush the "dust from off its wings." How womanly sweet that timid dread makes her appear—indeed, the shrinking delicacy, and gentle, quiet attributes of woman, are her chiefest charm and ornament.

THE SHOWER.

THERE it is again. Those hungry little fellows, the tree-toads—what gourmands they are for rain! A glorious shower we have had. It came like a freshet, and set all the children to scampering. The poor cows out here, under the maple trees, were caught in most laughable plight. Vainly they turned their noses to the trunks, and shook and shivered as the modern deluge tumbled over their brown hides. With all their perplexity, and stupid manoeuvring, they couldn't back out. The rain wouldn't stop coming, and the leaves, and limbs, and branches were all sending so many sluices over their spotted backs, till it ran in small rivers from ears, horns, and noses—so at last they stood still and took it quietly.

And now the wind blows moist and sweet from the river; and the sky, with a clean face, smiles all over. The birds peep out from their coverts, singing that the "rain is over and

go is." Not so fast, yellow-throat; down in yonder cavity sits a speckled toad, and trills out his wants. Again the clouds blow up; the white fleeced things scud like a flock of wild geese before the coming storm. And once more, shining through the sun as they drop, fall the July showers.

Yonder speeds a horseman, sadly drenched—and no doubt uttering maledictions on the storm, for spoiling his pleasure; while we find a rapturous delight in looking on its dark beauty. How the corn yonder drinks up the rain—and the river, dimpled all over with pleasure, sports with her shining sister, and bears her with Undine speed down to her sparkling palaces!

A SCOLDING WIFE.

GOT a scolding wife, have you? Well, it's your own fault, ten to one. Women are *all* naturally amiable, and when their tempers get crossed it's the men that do it. Just look at yourself as you came home last night! Slamming doors, and kicking everything that lay in the way, right and left—because—well, you couldn't tell for the life of you what it was for. Suppose you'd been laying your face under embargo all day to those who cared nothing about you, smiling and nodding, and hemming and ha'ing, and wanted to get where you could enjoy a little superlative ill-nature.

No wonder your wife was cross, getting supper with a baby in her arms! Why didn't you take the baby, and trot it, and please it? "Room was all in confusion"—why didn't you put it to rights? "You want a little rest!" So does your wife, and she gets precious little, poor woman. You are at your shop—walking briskly through the sunshine in this bracing weather—reading the paper—meeting friends and acquaintances—sitting cosily in the office. She is at home with clinging arms dragging about her neck, loving, but still

wearisome. She is dependent upon the call of a neighbour for a little break-up in her monotonous life, or the opening of a window upon a stunted yard for what fresh air comes. Wake up, man alive, and look into this matter! Put on your best smile the moment your foot touches the door-step. Treat the littered room to a broad grin, and your wife to a kiss. Give the baby some sugar-plums, and little Bobby a new picture-book to busy his bright eyes with. Tell that poor tired-looking woman that you've brought her a nice book to read, and that you're going to *stay at home evenings*. Our word for it, apologies will be plentiful, supper will come on like magic, everything will have an extra touch. At times there will be something very like tears in the good woman's eyes, and her voice will be husky when she asks you if your tea quite suits you? Of course it will to a charm.

It may be a little silent that evening. You miss the complaining tone, the scolding and fault-finding; but your loss is her gain; she is thinking of the long-past, but considers upon the whole that she is a happier woman to-night, than she ever was in her whole life before.

Give the new plan a fair trial. Gradually, as you return, you will find the house in perfect order. Old dresses will be remodelled, and your wife appear as good as new. Home will grow more and more pleasant, and the brightest smile upon your features during the day will be a reflection of the thought that evening is coming with its pleasant chat of wife and little ones.

Scolding wife, indeed! If you men did as you should, wouldn't such a wife be an anomaly?

I AM SICK.

"I AM sick!"

The floating curtains are waved aside by fingers white as snow-blossoms; from the pale lips comes that touching plaint, "I am sick."

Scorching the brain and seething the blood, how the hot tide of fever rolls through all her veins! Its red warrant is painted on her cheek. The arms—bare, white, and shadowy as a cloud—palpitate to the heavy heart-throbbing. Hark! you may hear it like the skeleton finger of death rapping at the slender life portal.

Dry and fetid the atmosphere. Luxury can give it not the dewy freshness of health. Rare plants at the windows shed their perfume in vain. Odours in richly-chased vials clouded with gold, shut not out the breath of the destroyer. Pale almost as a lily shorn of its yellow tresses, the sun faintly lies at languid length upon the snowy counterpane. It fain would nestle in her bosom, and ripple through the uncurled masses that loving hands have brushed back from the pure forehead. But it brings no healing on its wings, and they have pinioned them.

An old man, stately in port, but careworn, moves amid the costly drapery, with folded arms and lips firmly locked. Ever as that low moan,—"I am sick,"—smites his ear, he is beside her. Like a holy psalm, his chastened tones lighten her poor heart, and she is content while he smooths the damp tresses, clasping in his her small, hot hands. Beautiful pale faces flit one by one between her and the light; their hearts are almost breaking with grief, as they glide in and out with noiseless footfalls. The white-headed physician enters with stealthy tread, and like a father bends over her. He answers not to the low sob, and the pleading prayer in the mother's eyes as he departs. He understands why his hand is wrung in the pressure of that other aged hand.

"I am sick!" God help you, poor child of want, in your cheerless home. Instead of shining drapery, matted straw and filthy rags. No soft carpet, but rude boards, between whose chinks the mice gambol through the dark night.

"I am sick!" Broad streams the sun in, unhindered by tree or curtain, playing with the tangled hair, mocking the wild glare of those hollow eyes. No mother's breast to pillow the throbbing brain, no father to lighten the death-pang with his caresses. Soft footsteps linger not by that couch of misery. Squalid beings gather there sometimes, and croak of evil. The children hush not their rude sports, as they frolic against the broken door. What if a chance pebble crashes through the old window? The sick one is none of theirs.

In the deep of the night, while mid-darkness takes her solemn march from grove to grove, and from valley to mountain-top—the veil is raised from heaven, and two shining ones, hand in hand, enter into the glory of their Lord.

It is well with the darling of a rich home, who breathed her last sigh upon the bosom that bore her. It is well with the meek pauper, whose worn frame lies upon the straw pallet, unconscious object of rude sympathy. They have entered the land of brightness and beauty together—they have waked upon that life wherein no one shall say any more, "I am sick!"

THE SAILOR ARTIST.

PART FIRST.

"THERE! now I can breathe;" and a tall, dark man flung aside his discoloured brush, and leaned heavily against a hammock swung up "between decks" on board a man-of-war. "Be blessed if I ain't a little proud of that!" he muttered

again, in an under tone, his dark eye kindling as he gazed, and his swarthy face lighting up with sudden inspiration.

Mellowly the soft light streamed down the hatchway, glowing over a small square surface, upon which was sketched, with vivid colouring, the face of a beautiful infant. It was painted upon wood, the surface of which was smoothly finished and polished. But one indifferent to art could not but be startled at the exceeding perfection of the colouring, the sweet repose of the features, and an infant grace which, diffused over the countenance, gave it that rapt expression which the face of an unconscious babe sometimes assumes.

"Holloa, my boy, just in time!" exclaimed the sailor, roughly, lifting his noble head, and exposing beneath the rim of his blue collar a neck untainted by sunbrown. "Now be off with you," he continued, placing the picture in the hands of a small, timid-looking lad, "and see if you can't make a better bargain than you did with my last. I'm going ashore to-morrow, and I mean to have a spree, *and* no mistake."

"Jack, that spreeing will be the death of you yet," said a small, sprightly tar, as he sprang from the hammock where he had been napping; "it's too bad to see a fine fellow, like you, going to ruin!"

A frown and a half-muttered curse, and the reckless sailor turned away. He knelt down, and gathering up the materials of his work, placed them in his chest.

Meanwhile the boy, who had been rowed ashore, took his accustomed station near the square. Through the long perspective of the street, the blue waters of the Mediterranean could be faintly seen by the vivid sparkle of the sunshine on their calm surface. For an hour the child stood patiently with the picture in his hand, holding it forth to every passer by; some gazed curiously, some started with astonishment, and all appeared to be struck with the beauty of the face, but none purchased.

Almost discouraged, little Kit, as he was called among the sailors, was about to give up, and go to his humble home for

his dinner; but he saw in the distance a gentleman walking along, accompanied by a beautiful young lady, and feeling a sort of presentiment that perhaps they would be customers, he placed the picture in the best light, and anxiously awaited their coming. As they drew near, and caught sight of the painting, they moved more slowly, and finally stopped directly in front of little Kit.

"Why, Henry," exclaimed the sweet-looking girl, in slow, measured, and surprised tones, "it is the very image of sister's little Alice! Who could have known her? Who could have painted this?"

"It is, indeed, a most surprising likeness," said her companion, abstractedly; "yet what a holy face! It has the expression she wore just before she died; do you remember?"

"Perfectly.—Little darling!" whispered the maiden, softly and tenderly, while her eyes filled with tears. "It seems as if she was before us now."

"It is a very superior painting," murmured the gentleman, scrutinizing it more closely. "Where did you get it, boy?" he inquired, looking suspiciously at the child.

"Jack Haliday gave it to me to sell for him," replied Kit. "He says he's going on a spree to-morrow," he added artlessly.

"Who is Jack Haliday?"

"Why, a man-of-war's man on board the Falcon, lying out here in the stream."

"How came he by it, I wonder?" continued the gentleman, taking up the picture to examine it.

"Oh! he made it," said the boy, carelessly.

"Humph!" exclaimed the gentleman, "he must be a rare sailor; how much does he ask for it, boy?"

"I sold the last one for five dollars; he wants me to get seven for this, and not let it go under," was the reply.

"Well," said the gentleman, taking out his purse, "if he is calculating on a fine spree out of the money, five is enough; but I'll give you seven, as it resembles very much a little

relative of ours who has lately died. You can come along with us to our boarding-place and bring it; it is but a square off.

"I don't half believe the boy," he continued in a lower tone to the lady, "but Frank is second lieutenant of the Falcon, you know, and as we are to visit the ship to-morrow, I can find out if there is such a famous painter as this Jack Haliday in the service."

Busy preparations were in progress on board the Falcon. Music, banners, and gay, bright streamers alternately attracted and delighted the attention. The crew had been hard at work (for company was expected aboard), and were now "rigged out" in their best attire; the officers wore full uniform, walking the spotless upper-deck of the proud vessel, one of them in close converse with Emeline M'Pherson and her brother. He was the second lieutenant of the Falcon, and cousin to the lovely Emeline; and he had urged them to come earlier than the rest, that he might have their company to himself for an hour at least.

"By the way," exclaimed Henry M'Pherson, after a short chat, "have you a sailor on board by the name of Haliday?"

"Haliday? oh! yes; an eccentric genius and noble fellow, too, in the bargain; only such an incorrigible drunkard. The man has talents that would give him position and influence in the best society. He is a scholar, reading Latin, German, and Portuguese, fluently. He is a gentleman, in manners and habits, when himself, and yet an unfortunate failing cribs him down to a fore-castle and a tarpaulin. Poor Jack! I wish to my heart he had permitted Providence to make him what it designed, a statesman or a hero, one or the other, I am sure."

"I bought a picture that was his work, I suppose, yesterday."

"And if you did, you bought no commonplace daub; our

cabin walls will convince you of his talents. On our last long voyage, he really did wonders in the way of painting. His time is up in a few months; I am sorry, while I am glad; sorry that he will have unlimited freedom for that appetite of his, and glad to see him emancipated from the thralldom of a sailor's life, on board a man-of-war. I wish he was my brother; spite of his failings I should be proud of him."

"I should like to see him," said Emeline timidly, looking full upon her cousin's face with her dark blue eye, and blushing as maidens of sixteen so quickly do.

"You shall, cousin," replied the lieutenant, and turning to the purser, who was just passing, he said, "Tell the boat-swain to order up Jack Haliday."

In a few moments the sailor appeared, and bowing with all the grace of a finished gentleman, he touched his hat to his superior officer, and stood with his eyes riveted upon the fair Emeline.

"Have you any paintings or sketches down below?" asked the lieutenant carelessly.

"A few, sir," replied Jack, his high bold brow flushing, and a transient light glittering in his dark eyes as he observed the interest with which Emeline, almost unconsciously, regarded him.

"Bring them up here, will you, Haliday? or, stay; Emeline, may be you would like to go between decks, and see where the sailors live. Jack, get your drawings ready for inspection, perhaps you will find a market for some of them;" and the three gayly went below.

"Oh! did you draw *that*?" asked Emeline, delightedly, holding up to the light a Swiss Home scene; "why it is much, very much better than one that my drawing-master finished only yesterday; and he is considered an artist of superior talent, too."

Commendation from such fair lips, made the heart of the neglected sailor leap in his bosom. "God bless her," he thought again and again, though he did not dare to say so

aloud; "if I had a sister like that, surely, surely I should be a better man;" and with the tender thought came tears to his eyes. The beautiful girl saw his emotion, and she looked earnestly upon him as if her heart was replying to his thought; and then she exclaimed impulsively, "If you could only study, now, study and travel! Why don't you? you would most certainly succeed; you would make a great painter, I'm sure."

Again that quick, bright flash of intellect passed over the sailor's face, but he could not reply. A strange emotion took from him the power of speech; his blood coursed wildly through his veins, and he was forced to steady himself against the huge chest, that the quivering of his frame might not be noticed. Mists passed before his eyes, succeeded by visions of unearthly beauty, and then came burning thoughts of his own frequent disgrace. Memory stirred up the old yearnings of his boyhood, when he so often sat in his lowly home and dreamed of fame, dreams that when he told them, awakened no sympathy; only derision and the cruel laugh of scorn; and now an angel had said to him, he had heard from the lips of the purest and sweetest being he had ever seen, "You would make a great painter, I am sure."

Almost unconsciously he listened as the lieutenant took some of his graceful sketches, and told him he would bring him back whatever he obtained for them. His eyes followed the sweet girlish figure of Emeline as she left the deck, abstractedly, but his whole soul was with her; she had stirred fountains in its deep, whose waters had never before been troubled; her artless and earnest encouragement had made him a man; had put high and glorious resolves into his strong heart, and he was free from the thralldom of slavish appetite, *for ever*.

All day, Jack Haliday sat listless, and apparently absorbed in thought, when not attending to his special duties. At sunset, some of the crew were making preparations to go ashore, having obtained twenty-four hours' release.

"Where is Jack?" was the universal question as the boat was in readiness and Haliday did not appear.

"Don't know," answered one of the men; "he has been dumpish enough all day, hardly spoken a word; go after him, some of you, we can't get along without 'brandy Jack;' he'll stand a treat longer than any fellow I ever knew."

There was universal dismay when Jack calmly said, "I shall stay on board;" and what made the refusal seem more singular was, he had his hands full of money. The second lieutenant had just procured forty dollars for his sketches, among the company of wealthy families that had graced the splendid dinner-table of the Falcon.

Ah! Jack Haliday made a famous resolve over those forty dollars.

In three months he was free from the Falcon; and in that time not a drop of liquor or an oath had passed from between his lips.

PART SECOND.

"You say you have the original of this painting," exclaimed a gray-haired man, to the tall, stately, foreign-looking artist; "will you do me the favour to show it to me?"

The young man rather reluctantly moved to a side closet, and, opening the door, took from a shelf an ancient picture, the design of which could be just discerned through smoke and the tinge of time.

His visitor reached his hand out nervously, and grasped the painting; "How much? how much?" he eagerly exclaimed, after examining it closely, "will you take for this?"

"I cannot sell it," replied the artist, coldly.

"I will give you four hundred for it," the old man said, hesitatingly.

"Four thousand could not buy it," was the prompt answer.

"Pshaw! I will give you two thousand."

The painter shook his head.

"Four thousand."

"Lord Egin has already offered me five thousand."

"Ha! put it down then at six thousand. I will pay you in cash."

"I know it is of great value," replied the artist, "because it is the only work extant of the kind, and the production of one of the old masters. I am ambitious to keep it in my possession, and although I am not wealthy, as I tell you, nothing will tempt me to part with it at present."

"Very well," exclaimed the old gentleman, bending his tall figure to scrutinize the painting again, "then I suppose I must be contented with the copy. You will do me the favour to call on me this evening as you promised; my niece, who is by birth an American lady, has often wished to be introduced to her talented countryman."

The artist bowed assent, and his patron left him.

Edwin Alger strode rapidly back and forth in his richly-furnished studio. His mind was far from his occupation, although every few moments he would cease his walk and change the position of a statue, that the light might fall upon it more softly, or trace some imaginary line of beauty with his finger upon the half-covered canvas that stood in the centre of the room.

"Yes, I am exalted—I, the once neglected sailor; the poor man-of-war's man," he murmured audibly; "the great and the powerful court my company; I am comparatively independent, and, had I some object for which to labour, I might coin wealth. But I am alone, and destined to be for ever, for I cannot love;—and yet my dream," he exclaimed suddenly, "why should it not be *all* fulfilled?"

A gay party in Pemberton Square awaited impatiently the entrance of Edwin Alger, whose few but choice productions in the late exhibition had elicited almost extravagant admiration. Sir Edward Perkins, the old baronet in whose house they were assembled, sat near the blazing fire, and beside him stood his lovely niece, simply yet richly attired, with one soft

hand resting on the back of his chair, while she was eagerly listening to his description of the old picture.

"I declare to you, my love, I would give almost my fortune to possess it, for I see by an ancient illuminated manuscript which I have, that it is by a Flemish master—his name has passed from my memory now; by the description, I am certain I must be correct. I only hope young Alger will not be bribed by Lord Egin to part with it to him, he has already a superb collection."

At that instant the door was opened, and the expected artist announced. The young lady was introduced; a glad, frank smile lighted up her features as she held forth her hand. Alger turned deathly pale; for a moment the room swam round and his brain reeled; in this beautiful being he had recognised Emeline M'Pherson, but she had forgotten him. Nevertheless she was struck with his appearance; more interested than she had ever been before in a stranger; and when they parted there was a sweetness in her "farewell," and a sudden tinge on her fair cheek, that gave glorious dreams to the slumbers of her worshipper.

Weeks and months passed by. Alger had won the fair American; it only needed the consent of her proud uncle to make them the most blessed of mortals.

"So you are still stubborn," said the old baronet one day, alluding to the picture; "you will not part with it."

"Give me the price I ask, and it is yours," said Alger.

"Name it, young man!" exclaimed the baronet, eagerly grasping him by the shoulder.

"The hand of your niece," whispered Alger, hardly above his breath.

"An unexpected honour, truly," said the baronet heartily; "my dear sir, take her; I shall be proud of the connexion; so young, so successful, who knows to what height you may attain? She is too republican to marry a title, and if you love her—why wed her; but wherever you go, remember, I claim the picture."

It was not long before there was a wedding at the baronet's princely mansion, and Alger, being strongly pressed to prolong his stay in London, consented to pass a few years more among those who had so well appreciated his genius. Riches poured into his coffers, his wife was "a fortune," as it is termed, but to him a fortune in *herself* alone.

"Why do you wear such a puzzled look, my dear?" he asked Emeline one day as she sat gazing strangely at him.

"Why, ever since I knew you," she replied, "there has been at times an expression on your face that reminds me of something, I can't remember what, if you can make that out," she added, laughing.

Her husband smiled mysteriously.

"Something that must have happened when I was very young, is connected with that singular yet joyful expression—there! that is it, now your eyes flash; I wish I could think."

"Be thinking, my dear, while I leave you for a few moments," he replied, as he left the room.

In a short time a servant came to tell her that her husband wished her to come into the little East room. It was a favourite, cozy place, where the newly-married pair often sat together, overlooking the Thames, with its burdens of treasures.

As she opened the door, she stood dumb with astonishment; the room had been fitted up so that it resembled a portion of a ship. The great oaken chest was paraded with open lid against the wall, and there stood Jack Haliday, a tarpaulin on his head, and a navy collar, worked with white stars, thrown from his finely moulded throat.

"My husband! can it be possible?" exclaimed Emeline, springing forward, and falling upon his bosom; "now I remember all."

"And now, my precious wife, I can truly tell you how much I love you, and the great work you have done for me. But for your beautiful smile, but for your sweet encourage-

ment, I might to-day have been living a dishonourable life, or filling a dishonourable grave; but those dear words, 'You will make a great painter, I am sure,' have been my excelsior from the day I met you."

"But your name, Edwin? I remember now they called you Jack Haliday."

"It was not my real name; I would not disgrace that which has never been dishonoured by my ancestors. Emeline, are you sorry you married the poor sailor?"

"Not the poor sailor," said the fond wife, looking up lovingly into his face, "but the real and true nobleman; the man to whom God has given wonderful genius; one that can create beauty where chaos existed before, and stamp his name imperishably upon the scroll of his nation's fame."

"Thank you, my wife, for your eloquent compliment; I will strive to merit it; and with such a companion, how can I but reach the high standard of excellence which I have long ago marked out for myself?"

And Emeline never regretted her choice; her husband is one of the gifted of the land, and poets have sung his praises. Has she not reason to bless the day that she gave one lofty soul such an impetus by a word of kindness, that he rose from real degradation to immortal honours?

THE BRIDAL WINE-GLASS.

"PLEDGE with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; "Pledge with wine!" ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder.



THE BRIDAL WINE-GLASS.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge, in a low tone, going towards his daughter; "the company expect it; do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home act as you please; but in mine, for this once, please *me*."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but, of late, his friends noted the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was still very pale, though more composed; and her hand shook not as, smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh! how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together; for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes; "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly, pointing one jewelled finger at the sparkling ruby—"a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen—I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot; tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist, that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of birds; but there—a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form—but his cheek, how deathly, his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever! One friend stands beside him—nay, I should say kneels; for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins—oh! the high, holy-looking brow! why

should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name—see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his *only* sister—the *twin of his soul*—weeping for him in his distant native land!

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat—"see! his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlour, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little, troubled, red waves came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and its beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place, then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster, and

her voice more and more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only, the idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my *father's* son—my own *twin brother*! a victim to *this* deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge seemed convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child, in God's name—no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and, instantaneously, every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying, "Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve—will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer. The Judge left the room, and when, an hour after, he returned, and, with a more subdued manner, took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and for ever from his princely home.

Those who were present at that wedding can never forget the impressions thus solemnly made—many, from that hour, forswore the social glass.

DEBT.

No doubt it is a terrible thing to be in debt; but when fairly there, the next worst thing is to get discouraged. Debt forms strong "attachments;" his hug, though, is that of the bear, his grasp like a vice; and when he clutches a man, his fingers leave marks. He will mock his victim to the face, though he be starving; and if the latter offer him his coat, yea will he take his cloak also. He is closer to a man than his shadow; and unlike the shadow, always goes before him, continually crying, "Pay me that thou owest; pay me that thou owest." You cannot shake him off, you cannot throw him from you, you cannot deceive, pacify, or appease him; he chains down your arms, your very heart, your very thought to his slightest exactions. You must run after him, and acquiesce with him, and bow down to him, and look up to him as an arbiter whose yea is yea, and whose nay is nay. The wrath of a cloud ready to burst in ruin upon your head, shadows his brow; the light of a thunderbolt, playing before it strikes, shines from his eye; in vain you dodge him—in vain you fly—his boots are seven-leagued; you can neither cheat nor outwit him.

Well, then, what is to be done when once fairly in his iron arms? Why, look him right in the face, and *keep up your heart*. If he threatens to destroy you, work the more. If he frowns because you are still happy, tell him you might as well laugh as cry; only strike the forge harder, drive the plane quicker, use the quill faster, shape every energy to business, get up sooner, go to bed later, live cheaper, unbend that pride, and do any *honest* thing that will bring in money. The larger your debts, the more do you put to your determination; there is something stronger than a tyrant's grasp, firmer than valour at the cannon's mouth, readier than wit, merrier than laughter, something that with one loud signal of defiance

will make of the heart an impregnable fortress—and that is the *human will*. Stand it right in the door-way of your soul, and determine that it *shall do impossibilities*; that it shall not give place to despondency; that by God's help the uttermost farthing shall be paid.

Be thus minded, and there is no great thing you may not attempt; the hill that looms darkly over your head, shall, with every rising sun, be a shovel-full less. The hand that molds you fettered to the exaction of a merciless foe, shall become soft as velvet. The eye, now wrathful at your very smile, shine with that fawning with which a lesser shows favour to a greater mind. The lips that coupled your name with disgrace, shall dip every word by which your virtues are measured, in honey. Throw off the load of debt by unremitting exertion, by well-timed and constant labour, by care and self-denial, and you have proved yourself as superior to the common herd, as mind to matter; a man that poverty cannot daunt, trouble cannot overcome, and calumny cannot kill.

TEST OF TRUE AFFECTION.

WHAT is the best proof of true affection? It is not contained in those three magical words, "I love you." Sweetly and softly as they fall upon the inexperienced heart, causing it to throb with a wild and new delight; the well of mysterious depth, upspringing in every human soul, cannot be fathomed, by either their fervour or their repetition.

The true eloquence of love is seldom spoken. The actions—not the eye, the voice, the vow—are the best tests of real love. These are the crystal vases, wherein the choicest gems of love glitter, like diamond and ruby.

The eye, with its silent language, may *talk* love, but how know you the expression is not that of passion, love's base counterfeit? The voice may be softly modulated, and, like rich harp notes, touch a vibrating chord in the fairest bosom, yet they may be the result of a cold and long-studied art. The vow! Ah! ask yonder mourning maiden, kneeling by the sad grave of blasted hopes, with more of gloom in her rayless eyes than earth can gather to its burial places; with no longer the crescent of purity haloing her brow; with a broken spirit, and a longing for rest, not of this world; ask her "what of vows?" And she will tell you that they can be broken, and lightly broken; scattered like chaff, before the blasts of falsehood; forfeited for ever.

As the sun, shining through the transparent roof of a conservatory, matures and beautifies the tender plants and rare exotics, so the light of love, spiritualized by the delicacy of a thousand little attentions, falls warmly upon the trusting heart, calling into life holier purposes, and ripening fruit for immortality.

It is hard for most men and women to disguise their real purposes; and if they do act false, the mask must, sooner or later, fall from their warped visages. Especially is this true in wedded life. One who really loves will strive, with might and soul, to please; he will not be above the most trivial courtesies;—another, who has flattered only to win, for some fancied excellence, while before strangers he may still breathe the honeyed word, and wear the smiling lip, may be at home a domestic arch-fiend.

In the actions, then, may be displayed the most attractive eloquence of love.

A DAY OF INDISPOSITION.

It is, in some respects, such a pleasant thing to be a little "under the weather," as it is called; too unwell to be out of doors, not indisposed enough to keep one's chamber. Perhaps a little over-exertion at the store, a plunge into the cold air, from an atmosphere reeking with the hot breath of your Lehigh, may have caused a sudden cold which affects you both bodily and mentally.

You arise somewhat later the next morning, which is unusual, and you are tardy at the breakfast table.

Three or four pair of anxious eyes are suddenly directed towards you, and you feel that you are of more importance on this particular morning than you have been for a long time previous. All at once, as if to show your appreciation of this pleasing compliment, you become exceedingly fastidious; the bread is tasteless, the butter disagreeable, the coffee surely was not prepared by Mary—"My dear, it is really quite bitter; I cannot abide it."

"My dear" looks worried, and inquires very tenderly if you slept well, remarking that you look badly around the eyes, and don't seem like yourself.

You cannot tell; feel somewhat heavy, yawn, rise from the table and throw yourself into your arm-chair.

Before you know it, a pair of soft arms steal twiningly around your neck, and a sweet voice asks if father is sick.

Then comes wife with the morning paper, and says if she was father she wouldn't go to the store to-day,—father has worked too hard some time past, and he ought in justice to take a little rest.

You reply, rubbing your face, that you do feel queerly, your head aches, your temples burn, your frame is languid, and on the whole, as it is a sort of dull day, you believe you will remain at home, and nurse yourself up a little; that

"nurse yourself" is cunningly put in; you rogue, you know just how lovingly you will be cared for.

It begins to snow. With what exquisite pleasure you sit by the cheery grate, lulling yourself with dreamy thoughts, and watch Mary, the good-natured girl, clear off the breakfast dishes; turning your sleepy gaze occasionally to the thickening snow flakes, so pure and soft they look.

You shut your eyes; you are inclined to doze. Children and wife creep round on tiptoe; presently a pillow is brought and tucked back of your head, a soft little cushion is gently insinuated between the carpet and your feet, and you are really "mighty" comfortable.

After a while you start from your doze; "Bless me, is it dinner time?"

The white cloth spans the table; wife's knitting basket sits in her chair, to keep you company while she has gone down to superintend the cooking.

Ah! you feel better for your nap; now only for a cup of good, warm tea; you can almost smell the spicy beverage, but then you know you never have tea for dinner.

The door opens, and in comes wife, smiling so sweetly, and in her own dear hands that coveted luxury, a cup of tea for "father."

And toast and butter; well this is nice, and the butter—can it be the same you had in the morning? it really is so sweet and relishing.

Wife says you look better; you are almost unwilling to acknowledge that you are so, it is too good to be so delightfully nursed.

After a light dinner you think of going to the store, but wife and children protest against it, and you are quite willing to acquiesce.

A gentle voice reads to you from a favourite book or paper until tea-time, and you sit with nearly shut eyes, studying the pretty countenance, and half doubting after all if you are

really so blessed as to be the father of such a dear, beautiful girl—you with your seamed face and hard merchant's brow.

But so it is, and your heart at times swells with thankfulness (it is not often you sit yourself down to think of your mercies); and if you would let them, the warm tears would fill your eyes brim full, and likely as not run over, too.

For supper you take only a glass of cold water, and feel so much revived that you romp with the little ones,—that sends the remainder of your headache away.

You retire early, half inclined to be indisposed on the morrow; but by that time your vigour has returned, your limbs are active as ever, and nothing could tempt you to remain again in inactivity, so you hurry off to the store.

Nevertheless, the memory of that sick day is wondrous pleasant.

THE DEAD BABE.

Do not bend over that little cradle so hopelessly. Curb your passionate grief. See; a tear has fallen on the marble cheek, and dimmed its whiteness; think thee, bereaved mother, no stain of sin shall ever wring a drop like that from those gentle eyes. Better the pallor on the velvet cheek than the blush of shame that might—God knows best—paint it a fadeless red, hereafter. Better the chill of that fair brow—because in heaven, the spirit brow wears a crown of glory—than the manly forehead, stamped with cares, crossed with toiling thought, or, mayhap, branded with dishonour. Better the helpless, passive folding of those little hands, than the uplifted arms that might smite a brother to the earth; for think, mother, every Cain has once been as pure, as lovely as that dead babe of thine!

God takes in mercy; he gave thee an angel, and he has only called it home a little before. Around thee, there will hence-

forth be a spirit-babe, folding its little wings by thy side, and comforting thee when thou art in affliction. How sweet, when thy soul is loosed from the bands of earth, to feel the soft arms of a little child, wafting thee to the eternal mansions!

THE COQUETTE.

"I CAN hardly believe this story they tell, Ned. You, a strong, hearty, jovial fellow, always up to fun and mischief—dying for love? Bah! it's all moonshine!"

Spite of his forced mirth, the voice of the speaker grew tremulous. The mournful glance of that dark eye unmanned him. Was this but the wreck of what had been so noble, so beautiful? The sunken cheek, the claw-like hands, that flickering death-light, that unsteady dance of the death-bloom—could this be all that remained of so much manly beauty?

"You never knew me, Marshall."

His voice was low and broken.

"I never knew myself. I was an orphan; no one loved me—sister, brother, I had none—and when my heart first learned the meaning of that mighty passion which makes earth a paradise, or dries its living springs and greenness to desert-barrenness, I feared for myself. But was I not happy? Dying for love you say; it is not that. The bitter consciousness that where I looked for truth—for every divine virtue, I found but duplicity, art, deception—a withered heart buried in a whited sepulchre—oh! heaven!" and he hid his face in his wasted hands.

"My dear fellow, be a man; bear up more bravely; do not, I pray you, *die* for the love of a silly girl."

"She was so beautiful!" continued the sick man; "and she taught me to hope. She tuned every string of my heart till it would vibrate but at her touch; she led all my pulses till

they beat only for her smiles. I know—I know it was all wrong for me to love her so, and yet isolated as I had been from infancy, how could I help it? When the bolt fell it crushed me. May you never know what it is to be deceived—and by one so lovely as Helen Murray!"

Again he had covered his face with his hands. He did not see the convulsive start, the death-like pallor of his friend. And when he said good night, twilight was falling, so that they parted, and neither knew how blighting the words that had fallen upon the other's heart.

"I *am* beautiful!" said a queenly girl, as she stood before her mirror; "beautiful without all these"—lifting a pearl spray, and brightening with it the rich gloss of her brown ringlets, and circling wrist and finger with gems of untold value.

"I shall be the queen of the ball-room to-night. Envied, and courted, and yet not exactly happy. How exquisitely rich this lace—poor Ned! heigho—somehow what *he* said seemed so real. I wish he had been rich, poor fellow! I half believe I love him better than I think, even now."

"Miss Helen, are you ready?"

"Yes, coming, Linda—how do I look? Is Harvey waiting? Here, take my bonnet and shawl—carry them down, I'll be there in a minute. Poor Ned! what makes me dream of him to-night, I wonder? When I think of Harvey's proposal, and my brilliant prospects for the future, I seem to see his ghost. Can he be dead? Was it not very cruel in me to treat him so? I wish I could see him; will he be at the ball, I wonder?"

Thus soliloquizing, the fair, proud girl hurried down to meet her lover. Resplendent as she looked, bewitching as she knew herself, she was startled at his coldness.

He came forward, took one white hand, gazed at her from head to foot, and with a smile that seemed, even to her

mockery, he said, in measured tones, "How beautiful you are!" and turned abruptly away.

For a moment he seemed to have forgotten himself; then hurriedly performing the office of gallant, he assisted her into the carriage and they drove off.

Not before the brilliantly lighted ball-room did they stop. No streams of amber light checked the dim pavement—but all was still, dark, solitary.

"For heaven's sake, where are we going?" Helen exclaimed, as her lover made a motion to leave the carriage.

"To see a friend, my love," he answered in the same freezing tones; "you whose heart is so tender that it bleeds at sight of human misery, will not, I am sure, deny me your company on an errand of mercy."

Through a long, dimly lighted entry, the young man led her, silently and hurriedly. "Pray God it be not too late!" he murmured, as he stood hesitating before a half-closed door. Suddenly it was opened to its utmost, and a shadowy figure passed out, starting as it met the intruders.

They stood beside the dead.

Helen shrieked, and falling beside the couch, hid her face in her shaking hands.

"Look on your work, woman!" exclaimed her lover. "Murdered by your cruelty, there lies one of the noblest of his kind. Ay! start at the fallen jaw, the livid temples, the dull staring eyes—you will never again with lip, voice, or smile, beguile that great heart to its ruin. He died with the mantle of his pure, steadfast love wrapped about him; he laid him down with the music of that love breathing in blessings from those cold lips.

"Ay! sob and shudder! well you may, for you are as truly his murderer as if you had pierced his heart with the cold steel, or poured the poison from the chalice of death upon his lips. Miserable coquette, I spurn you!"

"And yet forgive me," he added, passionately, relenting at sight of her agony—"Vengeance is mine," saith a just God,

and the arrow of eternal remorse is lodged in your soul. I pity you, from my very inmost heart I pity you. Rather would I be yonder poor senseless clod, than you, bright, beautiful, brilliant as you are, with the murder of a fellow-creature heavy on your conscience."

"Mr. Harvey, will you take me home?"

Her brow was as ghastly as that of the corpse before them—and the shining baubles, mockers of her sorrow, flashed and flickered like grave-lights about a pall. Relenting, as that pale face looked so imploringly in his own, he would have supported her, but she shrank from him, and motioned him to lead the way.

Turning only once, she uttered a smothered cry, and pressing both hands over her heart, followed Harvey as the criminal follows the executioner.

"Take me home," she said, and once there, she tore off her glittering ornaments, never to wear them again.

True, years afterward she did become the wife of Harvey; but first a subdued, broken-spirited woman, ever feeling but that for her, a long life of brilliant usefulness might have been vouchsafed one, whose heart being too tender, broke in striving to forget her. She has four beautiful daughters, but not one of them will ever be, in the remotest degree, that heartless thing—a coquette.

THE CEASELESS ROUND.

THE sun is out again! the ceaseless miracle lights up the west. We come into the great city, lifting itself from uneasy slumber. Through dusky shop-windows peer anxious faces, bearing the legible impress of trade; and the stout mechanic—God bless him!—cheerfully trudges on with his tools in hand or over his shoulders.

As usual, the store-boy is lazily sweeping round piles of gray dirt from the sidewalk into the gutter; in by-streets the shoemaker hangs out his little, familiar sign—

“BOOTS AND SHOES SOLD HERE.”

The calico merchant mounts his window-sill, and festoons his goods of various colours and qualities, with an eye to ten thousand different tastes, all of which expect to be suited to-day.

The jeweller lifts the cloth from the dainty treasure in his show-corner, and countless ornaments of glittering gold flash alike upon glad and weary eyes.

The baker throws his steaming bread into the gay cart, honoured above all others, inasmuch as it bears the staff of life to hundreds of eager families. To the miserable home where tearful poverty can afford but a little loaf—to the back door of the palace, where many a Dives sits at his sumptuous feast, and “throws the crumbs to the dogs.”

That too, while the pampered domestic thrusts from off the marble steps the famishing child of want, whose meek face, and hands folded over the scanty shawl, tell how the spirit is inured to bitterness, and how harsh words can scarcely wound it any more.

The casual rattling of wheels has deepened to incessant and heavy rumbling. Busy hands have been throwing up archways of lace and pyramids of ribbons. The hues of rich silks multiply; rainbows of gorgeous colours span the wide plates of gold.

Now a tempting display of fruits; next comes brilliant confectionary; and again, the delicate colours and outlines of porcelain.

Some shops are bright and cosy with the new sunlight stealing through; others look like the entrance to Hades—black, forbidding, and repulsive.

The passers-by grow animated; the throngs increase. Anon will come from their comfortable homes the daughters of ease,

long after the blithe work-girl, and the poor, crouching slave of toil have hied them to their respective labours.

Then sets in the tide of fashion. A hundred dollars are smilingly given for an embroidered handkerchief—a penny grudgingly dropped in the poor beggar's hand. The rich Mrs. R— meets with a thousand glances of pleasant recognition; but shining dresses are held away from the child of poverty, as if the touch were contagious. The easy libertine, with debauchery written on his brow, returns nods from beautiful young girls; the unpretending student in his threadbare coat, passes unrecognised to his humble room, and with an aching heart throws forth thoughts that shall burn and blaze in fadeless splendour, when his scorers have passed from the very memory of their kindred.

How many of these bright smiles are like flaunting banners hung out from empty auction rooms! How many of these sunny faces are gilded sepulchres, wherein lies cankered grief!

Could we bear a knowledge of the crimes that rustle by, hidden under the bright trappings of luxury? Of the oppression engendering despair and madness? Of the grief wearing many a heart out?

Wisely the Master hath hidden these things.

And as goes on this ceaseless round of business, of pleasure, of sorrow—the strong man, the babe, the frail mother are dying; the hearse is dragging on to the ground of burial; mourners weep and follow—weep unwisely, though weep they must, for the good man begins in heaven a *ceaseless round* of holy, undying enjoyment.

THE OUTWARD BOUND.

A THOUSAND spectators crowd the wharf. Red glows the sun upon the blue waters. Swiftly and nobly, with an air of majesty befitting her mission, the great steamship glides

out of the harbour. And many a white 'kerchief is loosed on the air; shouts, huzzas, and gleeful tones are heard, till she fades into the dim distance, leaving the sight still uncertain of her departure.

But sorrow is silent. It shrinks from the busy crowd as the timid hare from the hounds. Aching hearts are there—oh! how many! Little know we of the griefs borne away by that ship. Little we reck how many stand dumbly on the shore, cheating themselves with a vague belief that the beloved are still beside them.

Ah! we watch with smiles the grand sweep of her prow, calculate lightly the weeks and days she will ride the ocean "like a thing of life;" but do we for a moment conjure up before the vision, the many parting scenes, the strong, silent agony of tender hearts giving to the treacherous trust of wave and wind, their all of life and love?

No, we see not in that humble home the anguish of the aged mother, as she folds her arms around the neck of her only son. She alone knows how, in that distant land, he will long for the home-comfort in vain. She sees him on the restless couch of pain, burning with fever. She will dream of nights that the great ship is sinking; that her boy, reared so tenderly, lifts his arms to her from the surging waters—and, alas! goes down shrieking her name.

Did you mark on the deck of that vessel a fragile, blue-eyed girl? A young wife is she, forsaking all, and cleaving unto him who is her next to God. That act of trust and faith tells more for woman's devotion than volumes of elaborated argument. But think you not it was sorrow, the deepest, the wildest, to part from ties than which she will find none more tender?

Many a free, proud step pacing the deck of the outward bound, never before left the sacred aisles of the home temple. For fathers, little children weep; for husbands, devoted wives; for the memory of sisters and brothers, how many bands sit silently, joining not in laugh or song!

Yet we think little of all this, when every day some outward bound steamer leaves our port. We care little for all this—until *our own* go down to the sea in ships. Then in the midst of the agony of parting, we find room in our hearts for all the sad souls of the universe, and wonder that we have never wept for them before.

OUTCASTS.

APART from the children of earth, a haggard, squalid wretch brooded in sullen silence. The mark of shame crossed his cheek, the glare of hate fired his eyes, and sin shone branded upon his forehead in ineffaceable characters. Fierce, hated and hating, his soul heavy with the guiltiness of unuttered thoughts, his fingers for ever clutching at some invisible enemy, his brain tortured with visions of unrepented crimes, he slowly dragged his clanking chains from the pillar to the damp walls of his dungeon, or, flinging his worn body upon the hard floor, uttered the agony and remorse of his dark spirit in groans that shook his body almost to dissolution.

In vain the thought that but a few feet from him grew the bright grass, or that a hand stretched from the outer walls of his living grave, might touch the branches of the glad trees that drank daily and nightly God's air and light, and heaven's pleasant dews. Between them and him there were, for ever, rocks of adamant, and bars of iron; yes, iron and adamant were his light and air, sun, moon, and stars, joyless, rayless, fixed in an eternal blank. That round cell was his contracted earth—heaven he had long ago rejected—and that earth was peopled with such companions as crime forges out of solitude and despair; beings that the pure never behold.

Love, and sorrow, and pity had all been poured upon him, and all alike rejected; he had derided the former, and laughed

the latter to scorn, and now they were dead to him. His dreams—God of mercy!—what were they? Incarnate fiends writhed around his iron couch, and mocked him to madness in his sleep. Dull and cold, the heavy eyes of murdered men glared upon him, and shrieks such as only a broken heart, bent down by grief to the very earth, can utter, tortured his brain, until he would leap from his bed of horror, and bound with yells and oaths across his prison-house, wakened rudely by the contact of the pointed rocks with his shrinking flesh. In his waking hours, what had he to look back upon?—fearful, fearful pictures. A long career of crime, in which the boy dabbled with shaking hands, and the man plunged recklessly exultant, stretched through the dim arches of his memory, whose shadowy cloisters changed to haunted chambers, whence the shrill voices of his victims yelled their ruin upon his soul.

"What am I?" he would hiss between his clenched teeth. Then, snatching up the heavy chain that manacled his limbs, he dragged it with all his strength above his head, and when it fell again, there appeared written upon the jagged walls, "an outcast—outcast;" and every day the word multiplied and grew, until, as far as his feeble arm could reach around the whole circumference of his cell, that fear-fraught word stared down upon him, "outcast—outcast!"

Look upon this picture, young man; look until your eyeballs ache—it will not harm you; look until the warm tears start—it will do you good. Would *you* be an outcast? There is desolation in the very thought; it sends a creeping thrill through all the veins, and the warm blood chills as its significance touches the heart. Would you be an outcast? You answer, No; so he thought. Would you be a murderer? With horror you shrink from the bare possibility; so did he, once. But his foot touched the threshold of ruin. He looked beyond into the space of sin. Faces and forms whirled by him; music and mirth sounded in his ears. He knew that the motley crew was made up of the elements of discord—

that the mirth was mad, the beauty deformity. Still, knowing this, he plunged in, and sought his own destruction.

For an hour of guilty passion, for a moment of unreflecting madness, would you tempt such a fate as that of the poor outcast we have described? If not, stay the oath upon your lips; back from the haunt of the reveller; leave that companion with whose tongue the strains of vice are familiar; away from your nightly bandings, where the sneers of the bacchanalian at the "godly ones" banish from your memory the soft voice of that mother who, with her lip on your brow, and her hand upon your sunny locks, taught you to lisp "Our Father," in the young days of your innocence.

We shrink from painting another scene—one over which angels might weep, if tears had their fountains in immortals. How can we speak of woman—fallen woman? She, to whom are delegated duties so holy and delightful—woman, who has been called the crowning glory of man, the finished perfection of the Creator's handiwork? Alas!—that we must say it—how often is she an outcast!

Deserted, despised, loathed, treated with inhuman cruelty, behold her in a worse than prison-cell, her eyes literally almost washed away by the floods of bitter tears she has shed. And yet, despite her resolves of repentance, which may have marked here and there a halt in her career of wickedness, she is still hardened. Her lips, once so ruby and delicate that every word seemed to melt into music upon them, are bitten into thinness; her face, once the sweet reflection of a happy spirit, revolts the beholder with its brutality. Bloated, darkened with evil reflections, full of malice, it seems more the incarnation of a fiend than the countenance of a woman. She can curse, where she once blessed; she glories in the miseries of others, because she is herself so miserable. She would mock a starving beggar, she would strike a grieving child. Yes, she who was once so modest, so timid, that the recital of vice would distress her beyond measure, now mingles in the street-brawl, gives blow for blow, oath for oath, and stands often,

unabashed, before the tribunal of justice, gazing unblushingly upon the rude throngs assembled there, and seemingly glorying in her shame.

What mother, father, or brother, but shudders at the thought that the loving daughter, the sweet sister, who is cherished as something too holy for other companionship than theirs, may yet be, even as this sad wreck, an outcast? Let them then beware how they lead that pure one into forbidden paths.

Do you start, fathers, mothers, brothers? And well you may, in view of your responsibility. Many an outcast woman, to-day, upbraids her parents for their neglect of her holiest interests.

"Why did they not tell me that there was such woe in the world as this? Why did they load me with finery? Why were they proud when I was flattered? Why did they praise my beauty till I deemed it their god? Why did that brother, lifting his head high with pride, the brother by whom I am forgotten, bring to our home,—that should have been from threshold to roof a sacred temple for me,—the man, the polished stranger, whom he knew to be a profligate? How could he endure to see him touch my hand? How endure, in his presence, that I should sit beside him?" These are questions that strike eloquence dumb; but they will be answered with horror at a mightier tribunal than ever human justice convened.

There are those who are outcasts from themselves: they have wronged their natures, and they know it. No other soul below heaven dreams that they are burdened with crime; even the eye of curious scandal is satisfied with the placid serenity of their exterior. Years have passed by them that might have been bright and unclouded, had not the shadows of early sins darkened their whole life. But memory—memory, is their bitterest curse; for her records of guilt are imperishable, while her sweeter recollections dissolve from beauty into beauty, leaving behind but the whiteness over which they

have passed, unsoiled, ready to receive other and yet brighter impressions

How careful, then, should we be to keep that great regulator of memory, the conscience, clear and clean, that we may not in truth be outcasts while all the world praise us!

There are others not recognisable by law, yet guilty in the sight of God, as the poor chained rebel whose sins have found him out.

The libertine is an outcast from love; he may not kneel at that holy shrine, and pour his false vows in the ear of purity; for, even as the broken pitcher holds no water, his trifling soul, pierced by passions that are swayed lightly as the forest leaves by the north wind, cannot retain emotions that crave, for their safe keeping, the shelter of walls delicate as the tissue entwining the fibres of the heart, yet firm as the enduring rock.

The traitor is an outcast from his country. Who shed a tear when Arnold died? who followed to his grave with mourning and lamentation, the base minion who had vainly hoped to stand beside the huge funeral pile of a ruined nation, and heap high, with his treacherous hands, the blazing fagots upon the prostrate and bleeding form of liberty?

The infidel is an outcast from religion. He would blot the name of Jehovah from every record on earth; he would blast all nature, because, morning and night, its million audible voices murmur, "There is a controlling power; there is a God!"

Examples might be multiplied indefinitely, but we would only add, that we trust no one who reads this will ever fall out by the way, and become, through one false step, that dreaded by-word and reproach among men, an outcast.

MECHANICS.

ANOTHER homily on mechanics! Why! is the subject not exhausted? No; nor will it be while there are cities to rear, mines to explore, and oceans to traverse. The idea is now pretty nearly exploded, even among the silly ones, that a man is less to be respected than a name; and with the sensible portion of the masses a profession cannot cover a multitude of sins. Even young ladies—we will so call them for politeness sake—who demur at acknowledging the acquaintance of a mechanic, are treated, now-a-days, with the contempt their foolishness deserves.

We cannot think why the term "mechanic" first came into opprobrium; since it is certain that that toil that shall bead the manly brow and weary the athletic frame, received the sanction of God the Father in the beginning; and

"Working men, whate'er the task,
To carve the stone or break the sod,
They wear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God."

What is oftener said of the Deity than that He is the framer of worlds; the great Architect of the universe? He condescended to make perishable things, for the earth was destined to destruction. The Almighty constructed the first temple; a human habitation, a dwelling for the soul. He took clay and made man after His own image; this surely was mechanical. He did not think man into being, but fashioned him as an organized structure, using materials and combining Divine skill with infinite perceptions of taste and beauty in His glorious production; does not that give dignity to physical labour?

Not only will and sinew are essential to the success of the well-skilled mechanic, but mind, talent, and discrimination; and that many hard-working men have won imperishable

names, is proof that intellects of no common order bend over the fashioning of such things as the necessities of life demand, whether soldering the little porringer for the tiny child, forming the delicate slipper for the maiden's foot, or moulding the huge ship from the heavy timber of the forest.

The mechanic enters upon his allotted task of acquiring a trade, as seriously and with as high motives as one who studies for a profession. In order to make a good workman, he must commence in youth, and devote much time to the consummation of his purposes.

The professional man, after years of application to his favourite science, would, of course, be wholly unable to compete with a mechanic in his particular line of business. He could never, it is to be presumed, bend his energies, after manhood had fairly set in, to the making of a particular edifice on mechanical principles; and yet it is a masterly undertaking to construct a perfect building; a great accomplishment.

But give to the rude, strong mind of the unlettered mechanic, the initiatory principles of intellectual study, and he will master it without further aid. Wake up his slumbering imagination, and you have roused a giant that will uproot mountains from their caverned beds, to find material for thought. He will rise to eminence; he will be a doctor, a lawyer, a preacher, whatever you please. The fires of his forge shall gild some bethumbed and tattered lexicon with lustre brighter than that of shining gold; and while the strokes of his heavy hammer bend the angry ore, the pliant machinery of his wonderful mind shall shape the strange hieroglyphics of a foreign language into gems of priceless worth and images of beauty.

Men who have the physical strength to wield the anvil and shoulder the heavy beam, will yet evince superiority in mental power over those who early wear out the freshness of life and soul by the too intense application of but one set of faculties. It seems to us that the former, when they devote themselves to science, have wider scope for fancy, a more vigorous and

healthy imagination. To them, many of the hidden peculiarities of society are unveiled; they see all classes, and can keenly discern the hollowness and emptiness of etiquette.

The facility with which they construct gives them sprightliness of wit, while the inventive faculties, which new improvements constantly put in requisition, by their electric influence upon the intellect, call forth originality as well as versatility of genius.

Do some say that mechanics, as a general thing, are awkward in manner and uncouth in appearance? It is not so. And if it were—are we to respect a man for the style of his address, the grace of his bow, the elegance of his speech, the extent of his social capacities?

Not *only* for these—God forbid! As soon would we crave possession of a jewelled casket, whose thousand mimic suns might beguile the sight and enchant the fancy with their flashing rays, but whose precincts contained a deadly viper. There are very demons under the garb of fashion, and the sanction of a sounding title, the more wary and villanous, because they practise the alluring arts of conventional society, that they may fascinate where they intend to poison.

We have known, and we now know, mechanics of whose esteem we are proud; gentlemen as refined in the courtesies of life, as delicate of perception, as “genteel” (that much abused word) in their deportment, as fashionable in their habiliments as—we would like to see them, and that is fashionable enough; we do not fancy extremes, nor judge worth by the perfection of a coat, except to award the tailor merit for his skill in its production.

All honour to mechanics, they are the bulwarks of our nation.

“The noblest men I know on earth
Are men whose hands are brown with toil,
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the woods and till the soil,
And win thereby a prouder fame
Than follows king or warrior’s name.”

THE FIRESIDE.

“Go shut the door, and the shutters bar,
Within is peace, though without is war.”

It is a dark night; the wind howls along under the heavens, bending the strong-limbed trees, careering its gusty way over the whitened fields. How sweetly now can we appreciate the beauties of the fireside! This may be appropriately called the fireside season; the time of the heart’s communion; the time of the harvest of thought, when the mind ingathers its stores of precious fruitage, and selects at will, dainties for its intellectual repast.

We envy not the denizens of that clime, where ceaseless summer reigns, talk as they may of their magnolia and orange groves, their skies of fadeless azure, their crimson-covered forests, and ever-laughing, leaping rivers. True, the mantle of summer there is gorgeous and very beautiful. The lithe tree, in circumference but the thickness of a lady’s wrist, and fibrous, knotty trunks of the giant upon the hill-top, exhale fragrance from every branch and limb, so heavily are they crowned and draped with the vines that spring spontaneous at their roots, all covered and loaded with sweet-smelling flowers. True, the winds, like tender lovers, kiss the cheeks softly, nor ruffle the silken locks of the most fastidious beauty; and the birds trill their wooing music to the time of dripping fountains, or zephyr-trembling leaves.

But all these could not compensate us for the loss of the dear fireside. Here, our pride, our joy, our chiefest earthly blessings are concentrated. The grandsire, with the fleece of a calm, holy age shining on his furrowed brow; the good dame, whose years make her like a temple beautiful in decay, radiant with the light beyond the portal in whose shadow she is sitting; the manly brother; the cheerful, light-hearted sister; the prattling babe, whose egotism would be unpardonable

were it conscious; all these make the fireside a more delightful resort than the crowded revel, or the lighted hall.

It seems reasonable to suppose that where there are no severities from a rigorous atmosphere, nor contending elements that

Bend the North wind as a bow,
Through which to shoot the arrowy frost,

the ties of home can hardly be felt to be as binding as in our hemisphere, where the cold, harsh winter drives families into closer bonds of union, unfolding to them the joys and the blessings of the fireside. In those climes they sit in their marble halls, languid and nerveless, unable to triumph over the oppression of spirit which a burning mid-day sun engenders; and when the meridian heat has been somewhat dissipated, they seek the drive, the theatre, the masquerade, and in senseless, sometimes brutalizing pleasures, pass their aimless lives.

But in our homes amid the snow-clad mountains, we hear the birds warble, wander by meandering rivers, pluck the red rose, the white rose, and the lily from the fragrant way-side, and wander in our gardens amidst exotics rarer, but not sweeter. We behold skies akin to Italian gorgeousness, rove through forests cradled in mossy turf and starred with wild violets, and withal, at the stern season, when winter holds court in his sky-palaces, enjoy the luxury of our glowing fires, where the anthracite heaped high in crimson splendour, gives to our evening dreams a beauty that bewitches while it mocks. How can we better express the gentle and refining pleasures of the fireside, than by quoting these exquisite lines of Cowper's:—

"But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom."

"The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose concord of sweet sounds

The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice, symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry; the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds."

WHO ARE YOU BUILDING FOR?

ASK yonder merchant so proudly surveying the structure he calls his own, who he is building that house for.

"Myself, to be sure," is the reply.

"Ah! and for whom else?"

"For my wife and children, certainly."

"And then for whom?"

"A strange question! My heirs, of course."

"And when they are gone?"

"Their heirs."

"And when they are gone?"

The man stands perplexed. For the first time, he puts the question to himself, "Well, after all, who *am* I building for? I may not live to inhabit the house—my family may be scattered—whom am I providing with a home? It is a curious thought."

It is a curious thought, and one that a man may profitably reflect upon. It may lead him to skim off the base scum from his ambition; it may lead him to feel that with all his dignity, wealth, pretension and presumption, he is a very little, insignificant man, with no sure earthly home but that narrow one under the sod of the burial-ground. It may lead him to make preparation for a mansion eternal in the heavens, a mansion that shall be his, in God's right, for ever and ever; that no underling can wrest from his possession, that no profligate heir can squander away in riotous living; that no damp can

mould, no rust deface, and where there is no thievish Time, with his corroding fingers, to mar its beauties, and destroy its pleasant habitations.

We love old houses, as who does not?—and we have wondered often and often, while wandering through deserted homes, what their original proprietors would say, were they alive, on beholding the ravages committed upon—once—objects of so much complacency and pride. In our own city, how many mansions there are full of miserable hordes, through whose rooms of splendour, beauty, fashion and wealth have moved hand in hand! Now the costly marbles are broken and defaced, the cornices stained and crumbled; apartments in which the grandee of Europe and the aristocrat of our own Columbia conversed together of England's glory and America's coming greatness, are littered with filth, their ornamented ceilings obscured by dirt, their corners filled with rubbish and offal, their glory from base to roof departed.

The march of progress—and every step taken towards freedom is such—is strangely enough shown in the old, decaying castles of the European world. Little did the Doges, the ducal despots of Venice and Genoa, think when they erected in those glorious cities the palaces that now bear their name, little did they dream that many an humble traveller from the land of freedom would yet inhabit them for so much per diem. As they stood apparently secure in the power of titled freedom, their feet upon the necks of an oppressed people, and saw their crimson banners glittering with gold thrown from the balconies, and their barges with triumphant music, and throngs of gilded slaves floating regally upon the bosom of the waters, did they imagine the time would come when the moth would be the banner-bearer, when the poor poet would sing of their departed grandeur, as he walked alone through the neglected halls?

No; the firm tread of liberty was the last they wished to hear upon their floors consecrated to tyranny; the form of

Liberty they thought to keep for ever without their bolted doors.

The same may be said of the old feudal grandeur of Germany; the same *will* be said some day of Albion's princely palaces. Meanwhile, in an humble sense of this view, let the ambitious man, as he beholds the nimble fingers of the mechanic rearing heavenward the walls of his new home, ask himself the question, "Who am I building this house for?"

MURMURING.

WHAT! murmuring! Have you forgotten how brightly the sun shone in this morning,—stamping its beautiful colours upon everything around? Were you not thankful for the sweet rest of the night? Did you not think, as you arose, renewed body and mind, how many poor wretches have passed the hours of your refreshing, in sleepless misery? Ponder but a moment. Your children are about you, healthful, happy—how many a poor little child wakes to-day but to weep over its mother's corpse? The wind roamed like a restless spirit last night, and dashed the rain against your windows, while you slept, nor listened even in your dreams to the shrieks that went up from the great ocean. You saw not, in your night vision, the billows crested with foam, lifting their mountain forms, and sweeping over the frail vessel, while the mariner sunk down, breathing the names of his children and his God.

You slept sweetly, with your household treasures by your side, and knew not the agony that rent the mother's heart as she bent over her poor child, brought home from under the carriage-wheels, bruised and bleeding.

There was a fire yesterday, and one man fell into the flames, and to his wife was denied the sad pleasure of seeing him in

death—only his bones were found. Do you think of that wife as you go murmuring around?

Ah! if you knew the misery not far from your own doors, you would place your hand upon your mouth, and your mouth in the dust, nor dare murmur. Could you look into every house where there is "weeping and wailing," and that among many who yesternight joined in the song and the dance, nor knew that death danced with them, you would shrink back to some retired corner of your household, and ask forgiveness for your sinful murmurs, and each morning teach your heart to say,

"This day be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let Thy will be done."

DEATH BY THE WAYSIDE.

"O! THIS breeze, this breeze from the hills, how delightful, how refreshing!" murmured an invalid, as he sat, almost buried in pillows, by an open casement, upon which the woodbine lovingly laid its green tendrils.

"I knew you would be better soon, my love; that pain was the result of over-exertion yesterday; and now I think of it," added the hopeful, beautiful young creature, "you have not coughed once this afternoon; and your eyes look so different, and such a delicate little flush upon your cheeks. Bless the good, gentle west wind! I love it because it is so grateful to my dear sick husband;" and she bent over him tenderly, kissing his pure, veined forehead. With a mighty effort, the sick man forced back the tears that welled slowly up, making the brilliancy of his deep eyes almost painful. He knew, and every one around

—save that trusting, gentle wife—knew that his days were numbered. None had the courage to break the sad tidings to one who had never felt aught of sorrow, who had been nurtured as delicately as the dew-pearl is cradled in the bosom of the rose.

But the young invalid forced the tears back, and his lip only slightly quivered, as his soul-glances, with a whispered prayer, were lifted up towards the rich azure arch that spanned the green hills on all sides of his valley home.

"I would like once more," he murmured, turning to her radiant face, "to visit our private haunt;—the wild rose is blossoming there now, and the thyme, and the heart's ease you planted, Louise—but I am afraid our little path will be hard to find; how sweet it would be to go there once more!"

"Once more, Charles? yes, indeed, and indeed you shall go there a dozen times. O! this is the beginning of better days; my prophetic heart whispers so—my husband. For months, you have not expressed such a desire," she exclaimed rapidly, her eyes overflowing with blissful tears. "Yes, love, Doctor Wade said it would do you *so much* good, if you could only bear the fatigue; and do you, do you *really think* you can? John shall get the carriage round, and I will line it with the *softest* pillows, myself, and you shall lay that dear head upon my shoulder; yes, I will bear you in my arms, but what you shall go;" and away sprang the young creature, wild with delight, to make every needful preparation. She was the wife of a year, almost a child in simplicity of character and innocence of heart, and but little more in age. An idolized and only daughter had she been; everything that wealth could lavish upon its favourites was showered upon her; her young husband was heir to an immense fortune, and possessor already of great riches; but alas! death was ever by his side, moaning into his dulled ear, "These go not with thee to the grave."

"There, my own Charles, you *do* look so comfortable,

snugly ensconced in the dear old carriage, and John has promised me to drive so carefully. Do you know, I was never so happy in my life as I am this very moment? I could shout with excess of joy. If you had seen me dancing through the hall just now you would have thought me frantic—but this hope of your recovery—no wonder I am like one distracted. Your hand; give me your hand; why! it is as delicate, nay, much more so than mine—and small too, but it shall not be much longer emaciated—dear hand!” and thus, chattering gayly, wilfully unheeding the abstracted gaze of him who was dearer than life to her, she beguiled the pleasant moments.

“My Father, my blessed Saviour, give me strength to tell her all!” mentally ejaculated the invalid. “Louise, if I should”—his voice was choked with emotion.

“Well, if you should what? get well? what would you do, love?”

“If I should—die?”

“My God! Charles,” she almost screamed, starting forward, “you look strangely white. Where is it? where is the pain? tell me, tell me quickly.”

“There, Louise,” he faltered, spreading his slender fingers over his heart.

“Ah!” she moaned wildly, sinking helplessly back against the seat, “you are faint, only faint, my blessed husband, and yet we are from home—alone—far from home. God help us!”

“Far from home,” he murmured in reply, “and in this heavenly spot, Louise; the angels are all around me, but not here; not in this close carriage; only help me to the ground; let me breathe God’s air by the wayside—out there—among the flowers. The angels are there, dearest, so don’t fear—they will bear me up in their hands.”

With wonderful self-control, the despairing girl checked the shrieks that trembled on her lips, and calling the coachman, wound her slender white arms about the loved form, and lifted

him tenderly towards John, who stood motionless with wonder and affright.

“Take him carefully, John,” she sobbed, convulsively; “hold him till I bring the pillows; lay him here, where the breeze will fan his forehead.”

On the green bank, with the red wild roses, and the drooping elm branches waving above him, while the air, laden with a thousand perfumes, swept the silken veil from his dreamy eyes, disclosing a glittering pathway heavenward, where the angels were awaiting him,—calmly, sweetly, the youthful husband lay, breathing his life away. The sun gleamed on the red fruit, the birds, the tiny wood birds, trilled their joyous mocking notes from amid the rich foliage; all things were radiant with life and beauty, all things animate, save the frail humanity of the dying one.

“You will be better, my love; you are better,” murmured Louise, with a strange mingling of hope and despair, while her brow, a little before flushed with pleasure, was whiter, more corpse-like, than that of the dying. “Nay, don’t shake your head, dear Charles, if you wish me to be calm; my soul is so dark with apprehension, and I believe my heart is breaking. Go, John,” she exclaimed, springing up with energy, “drive back, and bring the doctor—bring mother, any one—all who are at home. Oh! for *his* sake, John, do not delay a moment!”

“Louise, Louise,” whispered the dying man, as the carriage rolled rapidly away, “Louise, my beloved, the valley is not dark here; the shadow of death is lost in the exceeding great light that, like the waving of white wings, floats above, around me. The path is luminous with the effulgence of heaven; and, oh! there are such flowers here, such rivers, such flashing rays of something brighter than the beaming sun!

“Louise, I see you here; but do you know, love, do you know,” he continued, with a rapturous movement, “that my soul is embracing already spirits whose perfection your eyes,

my dear one, could not endure to gaze upon, pure and tender as are their glances?"

"O, my God, my God, support me!" murmured the poor girl, lifting her head in agony.

"Yes, my Father, support her: Thou knowest how well I have loved her. Ah! this is the pang, to part; to part with you, sweet wife, whose dear head how often has lain pillowed upon my heart! You will be lonely, Louise, but we shall not be separated. Even as I see the shining ones all around me here, love, so will I be around you, Louise, watching your every footstep; loving you with a deathless affection. God be with you, my wife!"

Kneeling beside him, how Louise watched those beautiful features, already tinted with the hue of death. Large drops of sweat stood upon her pallid brow; her brain felt stunned; there were shadows before her eyes; her ear was strained to catch the first faint sound of carriage-wheels; the awe of death had fallen upon her young spirit.

"This is a sweet spot, Louise, and here I shall die. My last glance shall be on the boundless sky, and the perfume of flowers will bless me till I enter heaven. Farewell—come closer to me; we will be alone in this hour, even as when we plighted our vows in this self-same spot. Farewell; there—lay your head close by mine, and I will think we are falling asleep together; for there is nothing terrible in this, Louise. Death is not ghastly—oh, no. Fainter—fainter—more slowly the life-wheels are turning; faintly they press the cold and sluggish waters around them—my sight fails me. Will you take my hand, Louise?" He knew not that his poor wife had fainted upon his bosom. "It is sweet to die here," he murmured, at intervals. "Farewell, Louise—farewell—sweet to die here." His pale lips ceased their trembling; the angels were bearing him along the golden path to heaven.

The loud, rapid approach of a carriage; and its terrified inmates, with exclamations of horror, sprang on the green sward, and bent above the two inanimate forms. A holy smile yet

lighted up the features of the dead, but a stern sorrow sat upon the delicate and pallid face of Louise.

Years passed. Louise, happy again, and more beautiful, lived in the love and light of the treasured past, holding communion with a purer spirit, who walked invisibly ever by her side. She forgot not the sweet words of her dying husband. Morning and evening, as her innocent prayers ascended to the Eternal, she would murmur, rising from her bended knees, "Even as I see the shining ones all around me here, love, so will I be around you, Louise, watching your every footstep, loving you with a deathless affection." And may we hope that when her gentle soul bade farewell to earth, she was reunited to that spirit-husband, listening with rapture, as heavenly accents breathed, "Immortal, there shall be no deaths by the wayside here."

BREAD AND BUTTER.

It is a homely subject, has a homely air, is found on the homeliest tables, is eaten by the homeliest people, and altogether is a homely affair; but its very homeliness constitutes one of its chief attractions. We can all look back to the days of our youth, and—bread and butter. We can remember with what impatience we sat on the hard school-benches as the hour of dismissal drew near, the tumbling down stairs, the burrah, and the scamper home; the first earnest exclamation, as our feet touched the door-sill, "A piece of bread and butter!" And memory pictures a handsome—mothers are always handsome—thoughtful-faced matron, checking our childish eagerness, but all alacrity to comply with our ardent request. And has *anything*, in after years, excelled the relish with which our palates greeted the wholesome meal? The snowy slice,

cut from the favourite side; the golden butter, spread to just the consistency; the general longing with which we were inspired for another piece? We wot not.

Now, suppose bread and butter banished from our family communions! what a dearth should we find in our accustomed meals! Golden fruit might stand heaped on silver dishes; the most delicious preserves; the richest condiments; delicacies from the spicy East, and compounds from the sunny South—all might tempt us to an epicurean banquet, but imagine the staff of life alone wanting. We might manage tolerably without it, till satiated with sweets; but how quickly, then, would we give up all for a little morsel of this common but choice blessing. Other food we could banish, without regret, and certainly with gain to both body and soul; but bread and butter seems as necessary as the water we drink, or the air we breathe—we must have it.

But still there is one great thing essential to the keenest enjoyment of this precious food—we must earn it. Childhood earns it with its constant exertion, its light-heartedness, its innocence; it truly eats it in the sweat of its brow, and truly with thankfulness, and at peace with the world. So must we, if we would know how really a luxury bread and butter is. If we carp at our neighbours over the social meal, if we hate our brother in our hearts, if we come yawning to the table, wearied out with inertness, body and mind prostrated, because neither have been sufficiently exercised, then, like the benevolent Jarndyce in *Bleak House*, to whom the wind was always east when surrounding circumstances were unpleasant, we shall imagine the bread and butter sour or tasteless.

We never can expect to eat in maturer years bread of that relishing flavour that graced the supper of boyhood and girlhood; we shall never see butter so sweet and golden. Time, that takes a few drops of honey out of everything; Time, whose impatient fingers cannot be easy, unless committing some ravage or other, has been at his old tricks with us sober men and women, changing colour, and consistency, and every-

thing; but he can't *banish* bread, although he may spoil the butter; he can't destroy that staff of life, or our liking therefor, till he has overturned all things. So, till then, all hail, bread and butter!

A NAME FOR IMMORTALITY.

WHY all this useless prattle about a name for immortality? Does it matter to the cold dust in what channel his precious thoughts are freighted, whether they are bound in gilded covers, or within the more enduring enclosure of the human heart? Is it not the same to him if they go silently from father to son rich in good fruits? If we worthily fill our places now, what need we care for the future? Others will spring up and fill our places; others better qualified for the broader field. Our work is with the present; the present misery, vice, and crime, we are to counteract as much as we can. To lead the erring to virtue, to find where the heart is wounded, and apply the balm; to

"Shoot at folly as she flies,"

and give her a mark by which she shall be known; to brand villany on the brow.

And in coming years if our names are never mentioned—what matter? The good we do is not dependent upon our memory. It has a divinity of its own, apart from any earthly medium. If the hand that put yeast in the flour were to wither the next moment, the leaven would still work till it leavened the whole lump.

So with our influence. Let the name perish, it is nothing but vanity; but the principle that animated virtue, and gave impulse to deeds of greatness—that shall survive, like the marble shaft, from which time has worn away the record of its foundation.

ADVICE FOR WINTER.

HARK! hear the shrill whistle of old Winter's bagpipes! Up street and down he goes, like an itinerant organ-grinder.

There is no getting rid of him with pennies, or silver or gold. Still he has been known to leave the miserable cottage at sight of all three; and if you would keep him dancing attendance only on red coal fires—at a distance—or warming his toes at lighted window panes, or rubbing his stiff fingers into crevices that let the warm out, put a little of this magic preventive on the sill of every poor man's door.

Our word for it, old Winter will tune his bagpipes to the sweetest music.

And now for a little advice, which we give free of charge. Or you may reward us in that pleasant coin, yeleft sunny smiles; we'll take any quantity in exchange for our marketable goods.

The cellars are hungry about this time, and should be fed; so lay in a good stock of potatoes, coal, and wood, and a large share of good nature. They go together, grandly, especially on a bitter cold winter's day. Get just as many apples as you can possibly afford, and store them up with any quantity of cheerfulness. You will appreciate them best when the old bagpipes play under your window, and the grand machinery in the upper air is weaving shawls and wrappers, and ribbons, and caps, and great-coats, for dame Nature's shivering children.

If you have a merry company around you, if eyes sparkle, and cheeks glow, and mother sews, and grandmother knits, while you hold the newspaper, snuggled down in that cosy arm-chair, and enjoying the small talk generally, what a happy being you are! How good the roast apples smell! Down come the crimson coals—showering all over them. Quick, Johnny! mother, hand us the shovel. There! all right!—look at the baby's eyes; they are full of roast apples. You shall have some, Charley, if mother don't say no.

Mother don't say no, if it is baby's first introduction to winter luxuries; so a bit of the yellow apple melts on his rosy lips. He laughs and makes faces, and everybody else laughs and makes faces at him, just for fun.

And outside, old Winter gives a flourish with his bagpipes.

Hang up your golden squashes by their crooked necks, at the same time hanging up discontent by *his* crooked neck. Don't cut the latter down till he is needed for use, then quarter him and throw him to the vultures.

If he should strangle, so much clear gain, for have you not heard, "Better is a dinner with herbs, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith?"

List your doors and shut out the wind; at the same time shut envy out of your heart. Mend your gates, and mend—your manners we were going to say—there is room for improvement in everything. Lay in your sugar and molasses, and as much sweet temper (warranted not to ferment), as will keep till spring.

Preserve your peaches and your equanimity.

Keep the mould from your cheese, your pork-barrel, and your memory; the two former by being careful, the latter by being virtuous. Look over your apples and potatoes occasionally, and overlook your neighbour's faults.

Give your attention to your business—give of your abundance to the poor. By following these rules, we will insure you a happy winter.

DIED OF HIGH SCHOOL.

THERE was a beautiful child in one of our villages. A more brilliant scholar was never known. "Give me books! give me books!" was his constant and eager cry, and his parents paraded him before admiring company, as parents too

often do. They sent him early to the best school in the state, and attributed his thin face and delicate figure to "growing;" he *grew*, it was true, too fast. At sixteen he was laid in the family vault, at Cambridge; "he was never well," said his sorrowing parents. He never had the chance to be; he died of High School.

How many sweet young creatures have we known, growing up into the fairest promise, who have "died of High School." And the victims increase; studies that should never be attempted till the age of thirty, are thrust upon poor pale girls of twelve and fourteen—and ambition is the goad that urges them to their death.

Parents, be careful that your beloved ones do not die of High School.

TO A LIBERTINE.

COME with me; I know the night is dark, but not so dark as your soul. A faint lamp-ray guides us up to the gloomy portals. This way; do the loose steps rattle under your feet? There is no danger—give me your hand; no, no, I cannot take it—it is stained with blood; grope for yourself, and feel along the damp wall on either side. Now we have gained the door—a rough and heavy door, hemmed round by slimy beams; push it slightly—hark! a groan, as it opens. There is but a little flame here, two little flames; yonder life, and the broken candle.

Oh, God in heaven! what lies here? Look! a woman, frail, fair, wasted and dying. Yes, there is life there, but like the last drop in the shattered vessel, a finger's touch will spill it; like the failing taper, a motion of the lip, a puff of air—and it is gone, to be re-lighted never again.

Come nearer; ay, lap your fur collar, draw your thick cloak,

so shining, over and over your arms; it is cold here—the wind whistles fitfully through chinks in the windows, in the wall; no wonder those lips before us are blue! Now bend close—closer; ah! you start; a livid hue spreads over your face—you are ghastlier than she; your face is more horrible than the dying, for there is some peace there.

"Mary, Mary—can it be Mary?"

Yes, it is that Mary that was once so good and beautiful;—a sweet hope—a crown of joy—a wealth of love—something to be proud of. It is she who sang old songs to the music of an innocent heart. Betrayed, ruined by *you*, foulest of those foul creatures that wear the semblance of man!

She pants for breath; her eyes glare upon you; that agonizing look! you never will forget it!

It will haunt you in nights when the storm rides wildly forth, and every sharp rattle of the rain upon your casement shall be like an accusing voice. When the thunder rolls through the gloomy archway of heaven—shrinking, you shall implore that it may not blast you; and the flaming wing of the lightning flashing against your bedside, or striking out from the clouds of the tempest, streams of scathing fire, shall fill your soul with a torment so terrible, that every beat of your heart shall be as the thrusting inward of a sword's point. Randolph felt that sword, when he cried "*Remorse, REMORSE, REMORSE!*" with his dying breath.

And in calm nights, when the moon looks down upon whispering corn-fields and emerald meadows, when her yellow beams drift faintly into the hollows, like snow swept by the breeze, and the eyes of good angels shine from every star; when you can count the blue stones in the hedge, and the folded morning-glories that climb on their twining ladders of leaves from your window—never shall you see all these, save through the pale shadow of the being you have destroyed.

With her "wan eyes and ghastly," you shall look upon them, and turn with an aching spirit, saying, "Never more will anything be beautiful to me."

Do you walk the floor? do you groan and wring your hands? Not for her—for behold, she is at rest. Lift the light; its pale glimmer plays on peaceful features—the struggle is over; the heart-achings, the longings for one kind word, the battle with sin, the reviler's curse, the hypocrite's sneer, the good woman's unconscious reproach, the hunger, the cold; she will never feel any of them again.

Ay! put down the light, and pace the loose boards; clench your hands; beat your breast; groan with that awful emphasis, that in the fallen Lucifer made the regions of darkness tremble to their foundation,—because full of sin and remorse, and the agony of a misdirected life, and the terror of the just. You have thought yourself happy—you will never be so again; you have ruined the innocent; *can* you ever do so again?

Few like you see the last of their poor victims; the loathsome homes, the livid features, the fallen jaw, the sunken eyes.

Now go; in the years before you may be room for repentance—that smothered sob is the germ; go on your knees, alone to your God, and if there can be mercy for those who trample on purity, and live on breaking hearts, there is mercy for you.

MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT.

I HAVE been startled, at the hush of midnight, by the full, plaintive strains of some passing band, pouring its concord of sweet sounds upon the silent air, and have felt as if there was nothing more heavenly than music at that hour. And before the echo of silvery sounds has died away in my heart, some rude voice, or chorus of voices, joining in the Bacchanalian laugh, have sent a strange horror through the veins, dissipating the pleasant reveries, awakened so gently and beautifully.

But, one night I had retired early to rest; slumber was

induced by me, and pleasant dreams blessed a healthful repose. Quietly and gently I was awakened by the most seraphic-like notes floating somewhere near me. A bright light shone through the windows, almost as white but purer than that of day, and its glory and calmness seemed Elysian. Still chanted on that clear sweet voice, like the soft breathing of a lute, yet filling all the soul with its melody, till I thought that surely an angel must be in the house. And so it proved, for the quiet tones that so charmed me almost from earth to heaven, were those of a tender mother, soothing to sleep a little restless child, upon whose cheek the fierce crimson burned, and within whose eyes shone the unnatural fire of fever.

Once more was I awakened by a clear voice at midnight; a clear, gentle, and musical voice beneath my window. I arose and looked out with a sensation half fear, half rapture, for I thought again, that an angel was there. And so there was; for in white robes, fluttering loosely, a sylph-like form was wandering beneath the moonbeams. A face, serene and innocent in its shadowed beauty, shone out like a vision of light from amid clusters of golden hair. The fields beyond were full of ripened grain; the shining silk of the corn glittered to and fro as the bending sheaves whispered to each other; the hills, radiant with a holy light, and the stars, watching over all slumbering things, painted upon my vision a scene I cannot forget. And amid this loveliness wandered that sweet young creature, but not alone; a manly arm was passed around her, and one of her hands was locked in that of a sick and suffering brother.

And both of those dear voices that had awakened me in the calm, moon-hallowed midnight, were voices of tenderness; the mother and the maid, both were singing love songs.

THE RICH CHILD'S GUARDIAN AND THE POOR CHILD'S ANGEL.

AN angel's wings trembled in the blue azure. They shone with a white lustre that exceeded the brightest rays of the morning, before the sun transforms them into gold. The stars were pale, for it was just evening. Earth-dwellers gazed at the rising moon with rapture, the full round moon, as its silver disc floated over the high brown mountains, so richly brown, except where the deeper shadows, taking all forms of beauty, glided up their mighty sides to the slow march of the great orb, as if endowed with life.

This angel wore a serene and beautiful smile upon a face of superhuman loveliness. From the head and the wings, and the delicate, floating drapery, there emanated an ethereal halo that melted invisibly into the luminous atmosphere. Her hands, pure and wax-like, were folded together, not in supplication or anguish, but with the consciousness of a heavenly peace, an immortal serenity.

The smile yet lingered on the holy lips; the large, liquid eyes, whose depths shone clear and gloriously with love, drooped as if to the whisper of a sorrowing heart, when a voice of musical clearness uttered softly, the words "Luzena, beautiful sister, what of thy errand? Didst thou really find some sweet vision upon that sorrowing world beneath us, in which there was no alloy of sin? some heart uncalloused by splendour amidst the luxuries of an earthly inheritance? tell me what thou hast seen."

Luzena twined her arm around the neck of her twin angel, as she replied, "I beheld a sight which almost repaid me for my sacrifice in leaving our beautiful home. Come with me, and tell me if earth can afford another such."

Threading the paths of air, they paused not until they had neared a princely mansion, surrounded by parks in which were fountains throwing their jets of spray over the rarest

exotics. Perfume filled the air; temples of snowy marble lifted their slender shafts and graceful columns from amid dark groups of stately trees; naiads and dryads, fawns and sylphs, and the fabled gods of heathen mythology, glittered in their mellow beauty, dispersed here and there about the walks.

"This is the abode of wealth," murmured the twin angel, while a shadow crossed her brow.

"Yes; of wealth and loveliness; but come, the moon is high; it shines in the chamber yonder, where I would lead you; I know you love best the haunts of the lowly and suffering, but there is also *much good among the rich.*"

As she pronounced these words, the two glided within a gorgeously furnished apartment. A tiny couch, covered with fine embroidery on a ground of pale rose silk, rested by the gilded wall. The moonlight streamed in from the high window through curtains of lace, and in its white radiance the fair locks of a young child shone like amber as they twined over his pillow. The dreamer was a boy of few years, and of much beauty; with his innocent lips parted with smiles, and his small, white hands locked together upon the delicate coverlet, he looked so holy that his celestial visitors murmured in the same breath, "he is like the little children in heaven."

"I was here at twilight," said the first angel, "and the boy had come up from his play, flushed and wearied. His mother held him by the hand, and after she had pressed his golden locks all smoothly back from his brow, and arrayed him in the simple robe, ready for his slumber, she took from her bosom a little book bound in gold, and read some sacred words from our Father. Then she knelt down by the cherub, and told him to look upward, for the good God was above them, and while the blue eyes of mother and child rested in sweet confidence upon the unseen Eternal, and their hearts pleaded with Him, I shadowed them with my wings, and the peace I brought from heaven fell upon their souls."

"I behold," said the twin angel, "that in the heart of this child no temptation can abide unto sin; his future is not unchecked by trials, but the influence of a praying mother will guide and guard him from every unholy presence. Beautiful child, he shall be as salvation to those who gave life to his mortality; but, Luzena, I have a sight to show thee also; come with me to a spot, like, yet unlike this;" and together they emerged again into the perfumed air.

Over the tall princely mansions of the proud they wafted their way, hand in hand, until they came to a broad, brown common, spotted here and there with sleek lazy cattle, and little lambs with their mothers, late out of the fold. Here and there a dingy house rose on the outskirts, some with meagre gardens attached, many with slimy and disorderly yards. They journeyed on, and reached at last a little hut remote from any residence, standing in the midst of a few stunted oaks, and black with age. Some choice flowers bloomed under the small windows, a little brook ran upon one side; all else was solitude—solitude in grandeur; for in the distance towered magnificent mountains, and on either hand were stately old woods painted in rich masses against the calm evening sky.

There was but one little room tenantable in that lowly dwelling, the rest had fallen to ruins. It was inhabited by a poor young widow, an humble woman, whose husband had long been dead, and who now sold herbs for a living. Poverty in the extreme marked every part of the neat dormitory, for neat it was in spite of rents and cracks in the plastering. A little heap of shavings, over which was spread a coarse brown linen cloth, occupied one corner, and there also lay a beautiful child, a little girl, infantile in years, the bright bloom of health crimsoning her clear cheeks, and her eyes large and finely shaped, traced beneath their snowy lids and silken fringes.

"I, too," said the twin angel, smiling at the surprise of her sister, "came to this isolated dwelling at the soft hour of twi-

light. By the poor window yonder I saw this lovely child, gazing enraptured upon the mountains flooded in the glory of sunset. She was awaiting the return of her mother, and her little hands were folded upon the frame as gracefully as were those of your young dreamer upon his silken quilt. Her brow—you see how waxen and pure it looks—seemed haloed with a crown of innocent thoughts. I folded my wings beside her, and encircled her in my arms. Then she said in her artless language, 'Well, mamma, I must not wait here any longer for you, because the sun has almost gone.' So she glided from my embrace and ran to the little cupboard, but, opening it, there was no bread there.

"Well," she said again, meekly, 'mamma will be home by and by; she will give me bread in the morning; I must say my prayers, and the good angels will keep me. So mamma says;' and kneeling all by herself, she lifted her dear hands heavenward, and breathed a petition to our Father.

"Such indescribable joy as rushed through my heart at the sight, I have never felt before, and I hurried away to you, that we might share this emotion together. But, see! why is this? why come the neighbours hither? Dearest Luzena, this is earthly sorrow; the mother has died on her way, and the babe is an orphan."

"Alas! poor little one," whispered the angel, but the child, in its sleep, broke into a low musical laugh.

"Do you see," murmured the twin angel, "that shadowy vision bending above the coarse bed? It is the spirit of the mother, not yet attained to the brightness of celestials. She is strengthening the soul of the infant, by commending it to our Father."

One by one tall forms gathered about the sweet sleeper; a dark-eyed dame raised it in her arms, and, imprinting a kiss upon its forehead, bore it out into the solemn evening.

"She will suffer and perhaps be lost," said Luzena, in a mournful tone.

"She will suffer and be purified," answered the elder angel,

hopefully; "her heart is as like that of the beautiful boy as echo to sound. I will be her constant angel; you, my Luzena, shall be to the rich child a guardian spirit. Both will grow more lovely in mind and feature, both shall be free when they meet in long years from now, and then shall love bind their gentle hearts together. Be true to your trust, sweet Luzena, I will be true to mine; now let us go upward, for the atmosphere is losing its brightness, and our wings must not be dimmed by earthly dew."

The lights and shadows of eighteen years had played upon the paths of the rich heir and the lowly orphan; the shadows had only nestled in the waves of their golden hair, the light had lingered and grown brighter in their bosoms, but they had not met.

One wild evening, a tall young man, attired in clothes of the richest broadcloth, and folding his wide warm cloak tightly around him, walked hurriedly towards the eastern part of the city. He had been in the midst of a fair company, with the young and the lovely, but his gray-headed pastor had sent him a note, which ran in this wise:

"Dear Henry:—My presence has been called for by a sick man, well known in our locality, who is supposed to be dying. I cannot venture out, for I am overtaxed and unable to leave my bed. I know of none to whom I would intrust the charge of guiding a failing spirit to its Maker, sooner than yourself. Go, my dear boy, you have seen little suffering, and may the interview be a blessing to you, and make you stronger in Christ.
M. DELENO."

The youth neared a tall, frowning, gloomy block of houses, situated in an obscure street, and gently rapped on the door of the one nearest the centre.

A child answered his summons and conducted him up to a dreary chamber, whose black hearth had just been replenished, for a blazing fire sent a grateful warmth throughout

the room. He entered silently; the trembling accents of a sweet voice arrested his attention; and turning towards the tall bedstead upon whose ebony posts the fire-light flickered, he suddenly paused in rapt astonishment and admiration.

For, kneeling upon its opposite side, a lovely girl, with clasped hands and shut eyelids, was petitioning heaven in behalf of the dying man. Her hair hung glittering as if pearls were strewed amidst its curls, upon the coarse serge-like garments that clung to her rounded throat. From her parted and beautiful lips poured forth a strain of such pleading, heart-felt eloquence, that it must have entered the ear of the Merciful. Holy light and infantile purity were stamped upon her white brow; and as she ceased, and moved from her posture to smooth the dying pillow of the fainting one, solemn as was the scene, the young man felt an undefinable thrill of delight as he watched her.

Suddenly her cheek crimsoned; she noticed the stranger; she could not mistake his glances, but a moan from the sufferer again turned her attention; she laid her cool hand upon his forehead. The strife was over; with that last sigh the spirit had departed.

"Is he dead?" whispered the young man; and an unseen hand led him opposite the maiden.

"He is dead," was the low response, "and in heaven, I trust. He has suffered, poor child of sorrow, much remorse and much pain. Did you know him?"

The young man shook his head, and wondered who this fresh, lovely creature could be, ministering beside the haggard corpse. It was a strange time to indulge curiosity, but in this case it was not idly that he thus speculated; an invisible band was cementing each young heart to the other.

A wrinkled woman thrust her head in at the door and called, "Lena," saying at the same time, "Maurice will watch till the undertakers come—supper is waiting for you;" and as the graceful girl glided from the room, the little lad who

had ushered in the stranger, came half-reluctantly and sat down by the fireplace.

"I will stay with you, my lad," said the stranger; "your sister probably needs rest, and—"

"She is not my sister," said the boy.

"Who then?"

"She is—I don't know whose sister, but everybody's friend. She lives with old aunty Lennox, and lets poor little children come to her house, where she teaches them everything. She goes to all the sick poor people, and gives clothes away and nice things to eat. She is Lena, the good angel; that is what old Mr. Lee, that's lying there dead, called her."

"Who was Mr. Lee?"

"A very wicked old man, who used to curse and swear; but you see Lena read the bible to him all winter, and talked to him till he grew better, and so he died a Christian. Nobody could have spoken to him but Lena, and everybody loves her."

"Will you be my wife, Lena? I know I am not worthy of you, although I can give you a brilliant home. I need you, Lena, with your gentle heart and pure intellect, to guide me in the high career I have chosen; you shall use my gold as such an almoner should; God has given me much. Plead not your poverty, your lowly home—you have been purified by your trials—you are the best, the most gifted, the most beautiful woman I have ever known; and these are not idle compliments. My mother waits to call you child; my father smiled when I told him who I sought for my bride, and blessed me for my choice; will you be my own wife?"

The maiden replied not with her lips, but placed her hand in that of her lover; that mute answer was eloquence itself, and her dark eyes swam in tears, tears of delicious happiness.

Could the spiritual eyes of the youth and maiden have been that moment unsealed, they would have beheld two angels with white wings, bending above them; they would have heard

them whisper to each other, "Have I not worthily fulfilled my trust?"

"I WISH I WAS BEAUTIFUL."

AND why? Maiden, why do you wish to be beautiful? Because now and then you meet with some fair creature in your daily walks, who attracts attention from the thoughtless passers-by? Do you, too, long to be gazed at and looked after? *can* you be influenced by such grovelling desires? If so, it is well you are not beautiful; for depend upon it, if you were, you would be but a vain seeker after notoriety.

Now there is a kind of loveliness which has in itself no merit. A pearly skin, a bright eye, a rosy cheek, soft hair, and all the little etceteras which make up the sum total of beauty, are nature's gifts. They are born with one; they need little cultivation, little adornment. A person is not a whit better for possessing them, no more amiable, no more loveable—perhaps, accompanied by the undue vanity too often allied to such charms, they may cause her to be despised in the little world of which she is the orbit, or worse, make her a fallen star, a mournful wreck of what once was passing bright.

Neither can such beauty be retained; a little wearing pain and a few passes of the mesmeric hand of time, dim the radiance of eye and brow, and it can *never* be restored. Then, if all that the poor victim depended upon was her beauty, if all she loved was her beauty, if all she cherished and all she gave in return for affection was her beauty, she is indeed bankrupt. Through the veil, rent and torn, that shrined the temple of her spirit, there shine no sweet virtues, winning more by their intrinsic worth, than all the glory of queenly charms. The eye turns loathingly from the face stamped with selfishness, and only dressed in smiles on occasions of caprice,

or to win a foolish admiration—the eye that sees through guile, has penetrated the utter falseness of the dark angel within the temple.

But there is a beauty, not told in words, not painted with the pencil, upon perishing canvass, but upon the invisible soul, impressed—as the Almighty stamps his own true image—upon the very tablets of the heart. This beauty, like an essence, permeates the whole being; it rests like a cloud—a cloud always lighted by the sun of truth, and transparent as crystal, upon the person, attracting everything good and graceful, and harmonious, to itself. It is an ark of refuge, and blessed is the refugee within.

A love of truth, a delicate regard for the feelings of others, a simplicity of speech, an inherent and retiring modesty, a regard for God and religion, a *real* love for what is *really* virtuous, these constitute a beauty meritorious and worthy of possession. The sick-bed will test it, but it will shine brighter there; Time, with his itching fingers, cannot steal it, for it is locked within a treasury that never yet was robbed while all these were its safeguard, and it can be improved every hour, yes, every moment, till it shall shine in the glory of perfection. Stand before your glass then, maiden with the plain features, and see if there are dark lines there, graved by discontent; look closely within that eye, gentle, but neither large nor brilliant; has no envy darkened its softness? Does harsh anger often curl the lips to scornful shape, or thoughtless and foolish words wreath them with unmeaning smiles? Does the hectic glow of passions unrestrained, mantle the cheeks? or has sullen disquietude stolen the gloss from your locks of banded hair?

If you can safely pass this ordeal of trying questions, and answer them as an angel would, depend upon it, you are beautiful enough. You will gain an enviable share of love, admiration, eulogium. Seldom will men speak of you but to praise; and to a few chosen hearts you will be a boon of exceeding

value, to be cherished and cared for with that heart devotion, for which many a petted belle sighs in vain.

Be good—and lo! behold your talisman of success—of power—you are beautiful.

THE WHITE WINDOW CURTAINS.

So I name my little sketch because the snow-white muslin hanging at one window, and but one, in a very old, rickety dwelling, first attracted my attention to the house itself. It was a repulsive affair. Shingles and clap-boards hung here and there, black and rotten. Shutters, broken windows stuffed with countless odd things, told of age, dirt, misery, destitution.

But in that single window every pane was mended, and clear shone the glass, and neatly the white curtains were looped up. Somebody lives there, thought I, both physically and morally better than all the other inmates of that crowded house together.

Day after day I came to look with a deeper interest upon the white curtains; and sometimes I saw them drawn aside just enough to admit an honest-looking face, bordered with a white frill.

At last I came to the determination of entering the filthy front doorway, and finding out the occupants of the room who had so strongly and unconsciously appealed to my sympathy. By the aid of a little Irish girl, I reached the second story, and found my unknown paragon in a room scrupulously neat, as might have been expected. She wiped her hands, came forward from her washing-tub, and gave me a clean pine chair, evidently wondering all the while what I could want of her. I told her frankly that curiosity had brought me there; that seeing crowds of dirty children and squalid women around

the house, drinking, smoking, and swearing, I could not but wonder who lived in the room—the only room with the white curtains.

She was pleased, and smiled as she answered, "Shure, ma'am, it's no more than a Christian woman's duty to keep clane and comfitable."

I asked her if she got her living by washing.

"She's clane kill'n hersel'—that she is, an' for the sake of an ould miserable crature like me."

Starting, I turned at the sound of that hollow voice. A cadaverous face met my eyes; the face of a thin, consumptive-looking man, who sat doubled up in a corner.

"She's not in the laste obleeged to do it; she would be betther aff ef she'd a put me poor old body in the poor 'us—thru for you she would. I've did her harm, and not good all my life."

"Oh, whist, Dennis, whist!" exclaimed the woman as she went briskly back to her tub; "you're a good man, now, and let the other things go."

"But I will tell the lady how yees been like the blessed angels in heaven. Oh, the times I've been dhrunk! not intil the house till the morning, and thin abusive to the wife and—"

"Oh, whist, whist, Dennis, don't be afther makin' yourself worse nor the headthen; you was always the good man when ye'd no the liquor in ye—then you'd be no yoursilf ye know."

"Yes, I know I'd be no meself—wasn't it Dennis M'Maile that ud take the bit of mate from yer very mouth—an take the Howly name in vain—and wasn't it Dennis that same, that 'd break up the furniture, and curse the wife, and sell his own clothes for the crature? And wasn't it Biddy M'Maile nor ever said the black word, but gave the smile when ner heart was breaking? And onct—oh! onct meself raised this very hand—and sthruck—"

"I'll be afther thinking he's no in his right mind," said Biddy, quickly turning to me with a smile, and a tear in her

eye; "there niver lived a thruer or honeste man, an' it's Biddy M'Maile says it—his own wife, an' hadn't she ought to know I'd like to know."

"He's sick and wake now, and talks too bad about himself intirely—och Dennis, dear—don't now," she continued, turning with a look of appealing affection that completely mastered my feelings, and sent tears brimming up to my eyes.

"It's Biddy never'll go through purgatory, shure, an' it's meself desarnes it," continued the man, returning with full interest the glance of his wife; "here she's took the care of me for five long years, and I not able to turn the red copper. Mornin' an' night she's up wid the smile, and when the pain tears me sowl from me body almost, it's Biddy is by me side, comfortin' me wid our i owly religion, and tellin' me how the saints suffered, and our blessed Jasus with his crown an' his thorns, an' the vinegar and the cruel nails, and the ini-mies that struck him wid the cussed spear. Biddy minds me that the blessed Jasus suffered tin times tin thousand more, nor ever poor Dennis M'Maile, wid all his cough and his terrible racking pains. But I'm not warthy her care and attention, indade I'm not."

"Dennis M'Maile," exclaimed Biddy, leaving her washing, and the tears running down her cheeks; "Dennis M'Maile, you'll tear the heart out ov me talkin' that—an' the lady here. It's jist the best, kindest man in the wide world ye are, Dennis M'Maile, and the howly one knows I'll be niver restin' when you're gone, till I find ye up in heaven again, Dennis M'Maile."

"Sure the lady 'll excuse me the minnit she will—and shure she'll not belave him when he tries to make himself so bad—that he niver was, the poor crature—an' if he'd been twice as wicked, it's Biddy M'Maile 'ud stood by him as she ever will, having God's help."

"Woman's devotion!" thought I, rising to leave this affecting scene; "like a star it lights the lowliest heart."

I looked at Dennis; the fire that shone in his eye told too

fatally of death, and as I left them with a tearful good-bye, I saw Biddy stoop down and kiss that hectic cheek. Turning for a last glance, he held her hand fondly in his own, and his eyes, burning with love, were riveted upon her face.

DOES HE GAIN MUCH?

Look at yonder youthful man, hurrying through the crowds of a fashionable street! His eye, how kindling, though absent in expression! A bow of deference meets him at almost every step; his cheek is flushed, his bearing erect, his dress, though not studiously elegant, fits him with grace. Soon he enters the wide-flung doors of some public hall, already thronged to repletion. Beauty lines the long galleries, grave and reverend men have been assembled for hours, anxious to hear this young aspirant for fame—and put their honoured seal upon public approbation. How they listen! Eyes kindle, expectation changes to delight, plaudits resound. Borne on the wings of adulation, the speaker takes wondrous flights through the realms of fancy. Earth, sea, and sky, send invisible artists to the chambers of his brain, and quickly as they flash their thought-pictures on the walls, he draws aside the curtains, and the audience sits breathlessly entranced.

All honour to the young and gifted; shower your smiles upon him—take him by the hand—tell him you are lost in admiration—ask him to your homes—fete him—exalt him with praise to the very skies—but stop!

While within these sumptuous halls, kindled into eloquence by the magic of beauty, and strains of entrancing music, lifted above himself with intoxication of delight—there is another place far more sacred, that seems gloomy and sorrowful to-night.

It is his home. His home? how can that be home where

a man goes but to shut himself in the four walls of his study, eat his meals, sleep to recall the flattering unction of the public crowd, and wake but to seek it again? How can that be called a man's home, I wonder? Because of his wife and children? It is home to them, for their hearts are there; but to him only the cage where his choicest thoughts are prisoned to set free for the pleasure of the gaping crowd.

Day after day it is the same old story.

"You will sit with me to-night?—it is so long since!"

"My dear, you will occupy yourself with the children. I am expected to speak at the so-and-so society—couldn't get off. Have tried to see you all day, but my lecture has taken every spare moment—hope to have leisure soon."

Hope to have leisure soon! How often the gloomy knell of that thoughtless speech has struck at her heart! Oh! why can he not give her a few moments of his many? Because fame has absolutely grown dearer to him, than wife, children, home. Fame has swept away all his tenderness, and left only the coldly brilliant, but fatal fire of intellect, unshaded by the mellow light of love.

Does such a man gain much? No! though he gain the whole world, if he lose the soul of home, affection—not to be bought with the empty tinkle of praise—not to be bribed with the gleam of the yellow gold—he is a beggar indeed. And in years to come—when he has laid his wife away under the mould, and his sons and daughters write cold letters with pens that were never taught to trace the breathings of love, he will look back over a life-path, strewn indeed with flowers, but from which every trace of freshness and beauty has long faded out, leaving only heaps of dust, withered leaves, and thorns that never lose their power to sting.

Unhappy one! what has he gained?

'TIS PLEASANT TO REMEMBER.

AY! pleasant to remember. Who would blot out recollection? Although, in looking along the misty paths of by-gone time, we meet many a shadowy sorrow crossing our footsteps, yet it is very pleasant to remember even the griefs, the blights, and the mildew of time.

Is it not pleasant to think of some good deed, done without hope of reward, yet bringing such peace and joy with its performance, that the very heavens have seemed to open and smile upon you?

There was once a little voice in your home; pretty smiles, snow-white hands, and pattering feet made it always sunny; dimpling cheeks, rosy with baby blushes, that you kissed morning, noon, and night. Where are they now? Happy laughs that rung up like music bells from the joyous heart—how long have they slept in silence? It matters not; they all move, live, and are beautiful, still, in the halls of memory.

Is it not pleasant, though not unmixed with sadness, to remember the young being who first taught your wayward heart to love? She has gone to the tomb. Many years her fair form has lain in the keeping of earth. Yet, as if it were but yesterday, you behold her, listen to her words of gentleness. You part her fair tresses from her brow, and look your last again into her living eyes. Sweet thought, that such angels minister unto us!

In some sweet solitude sits the weary traveller. The tinkling of sheep-bells, the sunbeams that are wrought like rubies upon the blue of far-off waters, the drowsy hum of bees, the low drone of forest life, the soft murmur of rippling streams, are all around him; sights of beauty, and sounds of holy nature.

But though the blue sky of a fair land smiles gladly and broadly upon him, his brow wears a shadow, and his heart a

gloom. He is thinking of that bright, distant home; and though a man now, his lip wreathes in smiles when he remembers the careless, joyous thoughts of his boyhood.

"Oh yes, to-day his soul hath backward been,
To many a tender face and beauteous scene:
The verdant valley and the dark, brown hill,
The small fair garden, and its tinkling rill;
His grandame's tale, believed at twilight hour,
His sister, singing in her myrtle bower;
And she, the maid, of every hope bereft,
So fondly loved, alas! so falsely left;
The winding path, the dwelling in the grove,
The look of welcome, and the kiss of love,
These are his dreams—"

Beautiful dreams of memory, it is pleasant to wander through your bowers—even though the touch of decay has blasted many a fair rose, and the leaves lie withered around.

THE SABBATH.

HALLOWED be the Sabbath, for ever! The air, the sky, the earth beneath our feet, the very flowers, all seem more sacred on that holy day. Peace is written upon the walls of the buildings. The busy mart is deserted, the shining tools of the artisan lie untouched beside the planing board. The plough and the harrow stand together on the fragrant floor of the hay-scented barn. The deep murmur of iron tongues is hushed, and in the silent factories throughout the length and breadth of our land repose the mighty engines that but yesterday clashed and vibrated, and lifted their thousand arms obedient to the will of that yet more wonderful machine, man, whose thought alone, caused those toiling ministers to do his duty. No heavily laden train, with its human burdens, flits

over the gleaming tracks that thread the world's great avenues to-day. The white sails of the mills in pleasant villages obey not the voices of the wind; beautiful and shining they stand, mute vouchers of that great command, "*six days* shalt thou labour, but on the seventh day thou shalt rest—in *easing* time and in harvest thou shalt rest." The leaping stream still gathers, and folds about the spokes of the water-wheel that stands quietly, gemmed by the sparkling drops of the river. To-morrow it will lash the calm waters to foam, and send them scampering madly over the stones in their bed, till they fall in bright cascades into some lower depth.

Early on this morning, in the dwelling of the pious farmer, the bright-eyed boys and red-cheeked girls, after their first meal, sit silently and cheerfully down, and reverently listen while the good man reads from the book of God. Have you often beheld a more calmly sweet scene? the pine floor has been nicely sanded, neatness and order are visible in every arrangement; beyond from the cheerful window slope the grain fields, and still beyond, the sun falls upon the brows of the high hills, lifted as it were in unspoken veneration towards the Author of their being. No sound disturbs the low murmur of the old man's voice, save now and then a chirping note from the yellow-throated canary in the cage above his head. The kitten purrs contentedly upon the lap of a loving child, whose eyes now slyly talk to her pet, now turn consciously upon her sire, bending over the Bible.

The hum of the bee has a quiet content in its music, which is on no other day observable to you; in truth, if the mind is right, everything animate and inanimate wears an aspect of peculiar beauty.

Come to the city while the majestic music of the church bells floats on the breeze. Here we grant you is more show, and less true devotion; but let us mark the passers-by, and see if the index of the day is written on their foreheads. Yonder old man toiling along, heavy with the burden of years, gray with the touch of time, wearied by the battles of life;

he looks indeed as if the sanctuary might be to him a welcome place of rest. His clothes are patched here and there; his old hat, napless and rusty, has, no doubt, been scrupulously hoarded for years; his shoes are clumsy and ill-fitting, and his cane is but an indifferent stick, valued for nothing but its strength and steady companionship. His white hairs almost touch the lappel of the old blue coat that was made long before the present era of fashion. We feel inclined to say with a look of pity, "poor creature"—but there is that in his face which forbids us. Each care-worn lineament speaks of the Sabbath day; each upward glance of his dim blue eye reveals a heart longing for the eternal rest. The index upon that furrowed countenance is "prayer and worship," and to-night he will have made truly, a Sabbath day's journey towards heaven. And here we pass another, a venerable figure, likewise stooping, likewise supported; but the seams in the rich cloth of his garments are fresh; the hat, for its fine outline and glossy finish, might but yesterday have left the hands of its fashioner; the head of his cane is solid gold, and of elegant workmanship; his whole appearance betokens the man of finished taste, of leisure, of means. But what of his face? We cannot tell: it is passive, yet not calm; the eyes are restless, and widely observant. The lines seem hard and rigid, yet they but impart an unusual determination to the countenance; he leans confidently upon the arm of a young man, a son perhaps, and as he nears us, his lips move more rapidly; his theme may be the Sabbath—the blessed Sabbath. Would that his face was more holy, but—the illusion is dispelled; for, even as he walks slowly by, we can distinguish that he is talking of bank-stocks and dividends, prices current and European news. The index of his Sabbath day is, rest for the body, but not for the soul; a corner in a snug pew, and a nap during the argumentative portions of the discourse that may fall upon his drowsy ear.

Again, approaching us, is another old man; he can see but dimly, for his step is uncertain and faltering, while his eyes,

almost sunken away in their sockets, look cautiously forth. It would seem, by his appearance, that almost a century has passed over him; his garments hang loosely about his shrunken limbs, and fall over his wrinkled boots; extreme poverty, yet extreme neatness, marks his dingy apparel. Poor aged one! no doubt thou art also wending thy shaking footsteps to the tabernacle, where thy inner eyes shall gaze unshrinking upon the full glories of the Messiah.

His high, care-worn brow, has once perhaps borne honours of state; how know we but it has ached beneath the care of a million of gold? but there is not much peace upon it now; and see, he has pushed a little child out of his path, and a curse falls from those shrivelled lips. Age and blasphemy; horrible sounding! a foot on the grave, an oath on the tongue; hoary hairs upon the temples, and black sin in the heart; so, the poor are not all blessed, thought we as we passed him by, and turned our attention to others.

Here go mourners, husband and wife with sorrowful faces; some fresh affliction has befallen them, for they shrink from sight, and seem communing with their own hearts. Before the sun goes down, may the influences of this Sabbath day have given them light and comfort! How strangely the loud laugh of that gay girl sounds on the sacred stillness! Ah! she is too vain of her beauty to care much for the holy time; her rich dress is uppermost in her thoughts to-day. Well! time may teach her humility, and then will God give her a love for the Sabbath. Here, again, is another old man; his cheeks are ruddy, and his expression as joyous as that of a young child. That he is rich, his manner, his dress, his high-bred ease betoken; that he is good, we know; for long has his face been familiar to us. He is called the friend of poor people; the protector of orphans; blessings follow him, attend his up-rising and down-sitting; tears of joy are almost all the only tears he beholds, and the thanks of hearts he has healed, sound constantly upon his ears.

Happy, benevolent one! humbly will he bow his head, and

listen gladly to the good pastor; he is one of heaven's priceless jewels; and may he, in that home where he will soon join a glad and glorious company, open his eyes upon an endless, a beautiful Sabbath day!

IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A QUARREL.

JUST remember that. It takes two to get a quarrel fairly going, so hold your tongue the moment the storm is brewing, and you are without the pale of discord.

"What! allow my husband to tyrannize over me, and in a fit of anger, regardless of my feelings, accuse me of neglect, when I am striving my very best to please him?"

Well, let us see. He comes home—maybe worried with business that has gone all wrong; for, notwithstanding some spiteful bodies would fain teach that men never have any trouble, or any hard work to do, a few of the sterner sex are industrious, and sometimes, even they get as tired as poor persecuted women. He notices, unnecessarily perhaps, some little break in the domestic arrangement, which his wife, with a slight dose of good-nature, might make all right. Instead of that, she "snaps him up," in modern vernacular, which "snap" does not sweeten his temper at all, nor provoke a very amiable answer. Retort follows retort; quick and angry recriminations succeed; one taunt is paid with another; the fiend of ill-temper flings his vinegar into their faces, and every feature seems screwed out of place. The tea is upset upon the toes of one ill-fated urchin; another tips over the kettle, and the squall commences. Each one sets up private crier on his own account. The wife stands scolding with arms akimbo, while the foul smoke of burnt biscuits lends its odour to the scene. Husband boxes the baby's ears, and springing hastily to his feet, upsets the supper-table; Madam raises her voice

above the din, fierce, terrible, and shrill; Mr. jerks on his overcoat with such violence as to jerk out a sleeve; Billy crawls on to the broken crockery and cuts his hand; Sally essays to take out the suffering biscuit, and burns her fingers; Jimmy runs in a corner to get out of the way, and down he sits upon the hat of his paternal parent, which is immediately transformed into a squash.

But, after all, these unlucky incidents have one good effect, they break up the father's projected visit from home, and as Jimmy slinks away, casting doleful, sidelong glances at his achievement, the ridiculous predominates over the wrathful, and after the mischief is all done, the parties set about a restoration, which is almost equal to fastening the pantry door after the thief has gone off with his booty.

Now behold, and see how much misery the joint efforts of two can effect. It began with a mere trifle; a little cloud which the breath of a pleasant word would have scattered from the domestic sky; no triumph has been enjoyed, no pleasure, no satisfaction except of giving as good as was sent—and that is mean and pitiful.

It takes two to make a quarrel; one can't possibly scold himself, because self is a dear little darling that rarely provokes one, let it do what it may. So we hope this little sketch may stop some good wife's, or good man's tongue, that might otherwise cause an unlucky catastrophe; and if they should feel any disposition to assert their rights, in defiance of each other, let them remember that it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong; above all, just bear in mind that it takes two to make a quarrel.

IF IT WASN'T FOR PRIDE.

BUT for pride, many a man who sits in the poor-house porch to-day, might have rested in the shadow of his own household tree. But for pride, many a miserable woman in the purlieus of vice might be now as happy and respected a wife and mother. But for pride, that youth who sneers at patches and lets his mother carry his bundles, might grow up a useful member of society, instead of dragging along a wretched life, and dying infamous. But for pride, that foolish girl might be the companion of a *man*, a high-souled, intelligent mechanic, instead of the worthless, brainless creature, with his moustache, his airs, and his ignorance. But for pride, the inhabitants of yonder princely dwelling might pay their honest debts, quarrel less over extravagant bills, eat more wholesome food, sleep sweeter, and live longer.

But for pride, the consumptive girl, dying as it were by inches, worn night and day by a racking cough, might be healthy, hearty, and happy—loving life, enjoying the society of dear friends—but those thin shoes! Ah! comfort, and love, and joy, and life, and everything that makes life beautiful, does pride strip from us.

THE DYING PASTOR.

"BETTER to wear out than rust out, dear Alice," said the pale young minister, lifting his face, on which was a sweet, sad smile; "better to wear out than rust out."

"But, Henry, I cannot bear to see your health failing thus. What *shall* I say to you, how convince you that it is your duty to give up this vocation? it is killing you."

"Ask me to resign all, everything but that, Alice. Even if I went from my parish as you suggest, my soul would travel back and linger here—I could not be happy. But in this glorious work, with you and our little ones by my side, feeling as I do that God is abundantly blessing my labours——"

"Henry," exclaimed Alice, tears coming in her sweet blue eyes, for her husband suddenly contracted his brow as if with a spasm of pain, "you are very sick, my love—oh, do not try to conceal it from me. Do not tell me that your arduous labours are not taking the light from your eye, and the bloom from your cheek. I do feel, dear husband, as if any other occupation, something that you need not follow so absorbingly, would make you yourself again. You *must* agree with me that the exertion and confinement of study are sapping your life away."

"Sit down by my side, Alice," said Henry, gravely and tenderly; "I have long wanted to talk with you upon this subject. True, my health is failing—do not weep—meet the fact firmly, and even rejoice that I am going where there shall be no more pain. But my duties, my profession! I should sink without the comfort they afford me. To know that for the time allotted me, I am to be instrumental in saving precious, immortal souls! This it is that makes me willing to suffer. You are mistaken, my love, when you think an entire change in my calling, my circumstances, would save me. It is a sweet hope, born of tenderness, but a false one. Had I been a merchant, a physician, a lawyer, I could not have lived even as long as I have. A heavenly influence has sustained me. Often when sinking under this wearing disease, the thought of my mission has poured life and light, and hope into my heart—and I have gone forth, mighty to do my Father's will. Alice, you would not deprive me of this sweet, this heavenly solace? You would not embitter my last days by causing me by my strong affection for you to acquiesce with your wishes, would you, Alice?"

"Never, my husband!" exclaimed the devoted woman, lifting her head from his shoulder; "forgive me that I have so unguardedly pained you. From henceforth let me uphold you, strengthen you, if my weak will can do so; I am so selfish, I want you all for myself; I cannot bear the thought——"

Again her fortitude gave way, and she sank sobbing upon her husband's bosom. Presently he lifted her head gently; she looked tearfully upward—a holy triumph sat upon his face, a divine light shone in his deep, bright eyes. They were raised heavenward; he slowly lifted his hand as he said with a beautiful, impressive manner—"for ever, and ever, *there*—for ever and ever—my own, my blessed wife!"

Every Sabbath, Henry Warden entered his pulpit with a slower step. All his parishioners marked the change. His words spoken with such solemn emphasis, the languor of his manner, his angel-like serenity, the wrapt fervour of his eloquence at times, as if he already saw the brightness of that upper world, prepared them for the dread mystery which was to make him immortal.

At last he came no more. It was pleasant summer time. Birds flitted through the interlacing foliage, and sung as sweetly in their Northern home as if the sultry breath of the South floated through orange groves. The skies were as blue as Italia's—the yellow bee, the red rose, the loaded cherry boughs, the crimson clover and starry buttercup, each told the sweet story of the season. Beauty, fragrance, and love nestled close together, and the sun shone over all, and gathered them under his broad, happy light.

Some days the young minister moved about his little garden, leaning on the arm of his guardian angel, his gentle wife Alice. But at last the cough became so frequent that he sat still all day in his great easy chair. And they gathered sweet-smelling roses and brought him, till the room looked like an Eden. Fresh fruits, too, lay always beside him, and a cage full of canary birds hung above his window. It did

seem as if their melody was wilder, sweeter, and softer in his presence than it was wont to be; and everybody who went to that sick chamber, said it was like standing within sight of heaven.

Without a murmur sat the patient invalid, waiting till he should be called. When he had been well, the eloquence of his tongue had charmed thousands; now that he was sick, the *eloquence of his silence* wrought a deeper work. None who called upon him were denied admittance; and the young, the thoughtless went from his presence to pray God silently, it may be, but fervently, that he would give them the grace to bear affliction that seemed vouchsafed to this young servant of the Most High. Those who had listened to him for years unmoved by anything like genuine contrition, melted into tears when he took their hands into his, so thin and wasted, and burst out in such expressions of rapture, while from his face beamed forth a glory that was never of earth.

"Put back the blinds, love, and let me see all of earth I may; for my Father may call me to-night. The bitterness has passed, Alice, the exceeding bitterness of parting, leaving you and my precious babes. I am, as it were, almost transformed; I seem to be bathing in an ocean of light, and the whole way of heaven, thronged with angels, is open to my vision."

A slight sob was heard.

"It is Mary," said his wife, "she has come to tell you that she has found peace in believing."

A sudden joy flashed from his beautiful face. "Come here, Mary," he said; "lamb over whom I have wept and prayed, receive my blessing. Tell me what has wrought this change; you so gay, you who said you *hated* serious things, can it be that I see you thus? Oh! God be thanked!"

"Dear minister," said Mary, checking her grief, "when I have heard you preach Sabbath after Sabbath, though your words often touched my heart, I would not believe that you did more than talk because it was your profession. I said,

and thought, religion is nothing but a name: it bars us from pleasure; it makes us moping and sad; and while you have been sick, oh! how I have watched that I might say you was but as others. But it has not been so. In pain, that same light shone on your brow; you praised and glorified God. You said—how happy—how happy beyond all power to tell, this beautiful faith makes me! You have talked of heaven as a reality; your very smile was a sermon. I could not rest; I knew I must die sometime; I too wanted to rejoice. I have given up all; my Saviour has accepted me, even me;" and she bowed her head upon his hand and wept.

Henry turned to his wife. "These words make a pillow of roses for my dying hour," he said, smiling faintly. "Oh! Alice, has my short life been in vain?"

"No," responded a manly voice, and the oldest of three brothers stood before him. "Dear sir," he continued, "if it will afford more peace in your last hour, know that my brothers and myself, with whom you have so often laboured, have at once and for ever renounced our scepticism. We have seen your faith tested. Astonished have we entered your room and listened, while you told of the eternal world. In your face we have beheld a brightness and beauty that we knew must be more than mortal. Your very voice melted into our hearts; oh! sir, we knew that this religion could not be vain. And now, with the help of God," he continued, solemnly, "we will rest neither night nor day till we too have an interest in the revealed religion of the Most Holy Saviour of mankind."

Never was seen a sweeter smile than now played about the lips of the dying pastor. His hands gently unfolded, his meek eyes closed softly and tremulously, his head rested against the bosom of Alice, who bent closer to that dear form.

"It is their music—they call—they beckon—I bear sweet news to them," he murmured, and his lips were still, his heart at rest. The faithful pastor had gone to his reward.

A long train of mourners wended their way to the little village churchyard.

"There," said a pompous, world-wealthy man, pointing to the hearse, "there goes one, who has thrown his life away; he was a minister—worked himself to death, and what reward has he?"

Reader, judge thou.

LAST YEAR'S CLOAK.

MANY a snug little fortune has been saved by wearing last year's cloak. What if the material and shape are out of fashion—the trimmings a little faded? How much better this than to meet your husband with your costly velvets and rich laces, and feel by the gloom on his cheek and brow, that you are taxing his health and energy too severely, that he may minister to your wants!

What have you married for? To train your children for immortal beings? To make home a second Paradise—to lighten your husband's cares and his expenses at the same time? Or to show how much better you can dress yourself and your children, than your neighbour? If not for the former motives, you are no true wife.

Hundreds of men had not to-day been poor in purse and feeble in mind, but for fashionable cloaks and costly bonnets.

And what are the parties that "we must give if we would keep our standing in society?" Miserable concerns, to say the best—where folly meets to flatter, and alas! sometimes, friendship to dissemble. Where paint and feathers, smiles and envious hearts, fawning lips and covetous thoughts, satins and seared consciences, treachery and unhallowed passion, breeding anger and full-grown hate, mix and make merry—and the gaudy crowds think themselves happy because the world deems them so. Then there is the expense, for which sometimes weeks of voluntary starvation will hardly pay.

Again, the wear and tear of health, the vexations and difficulties that must occur in order to have such a complicated mass of fashionable machinery work exactly right, the neglect of family comfort, and at last the cheering reflection that somebody, next week, profiting by their mistakes and oversight, will get up a more elegant, costly, and unique entertainment, making the former shabby by comparison.

But what has this to do with wearing last year's cloak? More than might be thought. The woman who practises no such denial when it is needful, will upon the least opportunity to make a show of fashion, plunge into the extreme of folly before she is aware. A new bonnet must follow a new cloak, a new dress a new bonnet—and then there is so much incompleteness, if some other favourite and fashionable luxury is wanting. These lead her insensibly to form gay habits, to choose gay companions, and to make her mind a mirror for their follies, until their sayings, thoughts, and wishes, gain complete ascendancy; and ruin or no ruin, life or death, the race is begun, too often to end in disappointed hopes, bitter regrets, the more terrible because unavailing.

Let the wife of the poor man, who would respect herself, encourage her husband, guide her children to honour, make home happy,—have the independence to wear last year's cloak, if by so doing she can save one pang of pain, or, what is more essentially important, if she can but minister to the wants of the poor, feed the hungry, and clothe the naked.

A DROP OF INK.

A DROP of ink has fallen upon my desk, spread upon my papers, and bids fair to roll over and find lodgment on the carpet. I put up my hand to stay it; my fingers are foul with its impression; hastily removing them, in the act a sheet of un-

sullied paper is pushed towards it, and ruined for ever. Some valuable document is effaced; it has streamed over the page of a fairly written letter; the gilding on this beautiful book is nearly spoiled; this delicate embroidery has but touched it, and see how it spreads—besides, it has made an ineffaceable stain upon the polished mahogany, and discoloured its soft lining.

Now it is removed—but alas! what a wreck has it made! everything near it is contaminated; purity is sullied, and beauty defaced, no matter what it cost.

What shall I liken it to, that one drop of ink? Is it like a soiling word from a corrupt heart? It is spoken in haste; the cheek of woman turns scarlet with resentment; the child speaks it innocently till it becomes familiar; till his heart knows sin, and learns how to apply that guilty word. The youth repeats it to imitate the man; and the servant because his master did. The sister tolerates it in others; she is accustomed to hear it from the lips of her brother; the Christian is distressed, love is weakened, crime strengthened; it is the drop of ink that blackens whatever it touches.

THE END

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE
HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION