GATHERED WAIFS

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BY

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KENNEBUNK, MAINE,
1892.

BOSTON, MASS.
J. E. FARWELL & CO., Printers, 45 Pearl St.
1892.

To my dear friends living and to the memory of my beloved dead, I dedicate this volume.

A. W. C.

The author of this volume selected from her writings the "GATHERED WAIFS," and directed that they be published, not for general circulation, but especially that they be presented in her name to her more immediate and long cherished friends and associates, as a memorial of her sincere friendship, which was constant through the lights and shadows of life's scenes and continued true and unabated to the end.

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THE NEW MINISTER.

"APELLES boasted that he painted for eternity. It was a bold figure of speech that far outstripped the sobriety of truth, for no mortal eye for long centuries has seen a line of his pencil. But that same empty boast, with slight modification, is but the plain, literal truth concerning the minister's work."

The old minister had grown feeble and was not equal to the labors which his extensive parish required.

He was a strange old man, but honored and beloved; and unusual indeed must have been the sway which the simple force of mind and heart exercised, for he owned no influence won through external means.

As he went forth on the week day, clad in a camblet morning-gown, which however served him the day through, and girded about the waist with coarse twine or a piece of split rope, with wide brimmed felt hat and rough stick, he walked abroad the honored and beloved pastor. For however much we may reason upon it, how conscious so ever we may be, that it is the thinking, cultivated, polished mind; the feeling, noble, generous heart alone that makes the true man or the true woman; yet so subject are we to our external senses; so much more readily does the eye

recognize than the mind perceive or the heart appreciate, that it rarely happens that external appearances can be so disregarded without reputation in a measure suffering from it.

But they were proud of their old minister; proud that a rural district like theirs might boast of one who was eagerly welcomed to the pulpits of the city. Pleased were they when they had heard that the most eminent minister of Boston had said of him, "When I walk up the pulpit stairs with him, I feel ashamed of him; but when we come down, I always feel ashamed of myself." If there was anything of which the old man was proud, it was that he owed none of the respect which he possessed to anything external, but to weight of character alone.

Instead of being offended, he was much pleased, when on one occasion, while attending the "general court" of Massachusetts, being invited to dine with the governor, on presenting himself at the door, he was led by the servant into the kitchen to await His Excellency's leisure, where, unnoticed, he frequently heard his own name mentioned among the eminent men who were to be guests that day; and greatly he enjoyed the confused looks of the servant girls when they discovered who it was they had so unceremoniously entertained.

Keen was his reply to a foppish young preacher whose powdered wig seemed his special care, when asked, "Why do you not dress better? People mistake you for an old plow-jogger!" "I dress comfortably," said the old man quietly — "It suits me —

But I know there are those who bestow 'abundant honor on that part which lacketh.'"

We doubt if his people would so readily have borne with his eccentricities and uncouthness had he not been so honored and sought for abroad. So much are we subject to the opinions of others, especially of the rich and influential, and so much do we forget to judge from our own powers of reasoning and consciousness of truth.

Before the colleague who had been called to assist him in his pastoral labors had arrived, the old man died, having ministered to his people for more than fifty years.

From far and near they flocked to his funeral; and when the text was pronounced, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" all felt that in the whole Bible no more appropriate words could have been found than in that wail of sorrow and shout of triumph.

To the younger members of the congregation a new minister fresh from the honors of his college was a theme of delight.

The Sabbath morning on which he was to appear among them was hailed with intense interest, and they were early in their pews that they might have a full view of the young man as he walked up the long aisle.

A sense of disappointment came over them as he appeared; so plainly clad, so simple and unpretending in his appearance, it seemed as though it might have been the spirit of their old minister come back in another form.

He rose in the pulpit; the hymn was read in a deep, rich voice; the prayer offered with solemnity and fervor; and the sermon, founded on the words, "I ask therefore for what intent ye have sent for me?" full of deep and serious thought. And as he spoke of his own intent in coming, of his desire of knowing nothing among them but "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," they felt that he was not the gay young clergyman they had hoped to meet, but verily a minister of the everlasting gospel.

More than forty years had passed since that young clergyman had appeared among that people, when one, who in her girlhood had been of his congregation, spoke to us of him and of his ministry, and especially of the afternoon of that first Sabbath; and it was with a freshness of thought, a vividness of expression and a warmth of feeling, which it is possible for the memory of few to excite who have slept for forty years beneath the sod.

It was with a less eager step than in the morning, said she, that I approached the old meeting-house; but it was at that time that the "arrows of the Almighty" were appointed to pierce me. "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" were the first words he uttered as he rose. Often and often had I heard those words before; then why did they send such a thrill through heart and brain, as though some new and fearful truth had been revealed?

I have ever thought that that sermon must have

been written with a soul bowed in prayer — such prayer as Jacob's was when he wrestled with the angel, or Elijah's when he called the fire from heaven — and that it was in answer to some such fervent prayer, that those words arrested my thoughts, and I listened, eagerly as prisoner at the bar, to every sentence that fell from his lips as he spoke of the Plan of Salvation through a Redeemer. And more than forty years have passed since that Sabbath afternoon, and from that time life has had a new aim, a new object, a new purpose; from that hour a softened halo was imparted to it; I saw the beauty of holiness, the loveliness of the gospel, and the blessedness of the Bible as the chart to guide to heaven and to fill the mind with those dispositions and affections which may make earth a fitting prelude to it.

It was, she added, after a blessed ministry of two years that he was taken from us. He was but twenty-eight when he died, and though I am so old now that men of that age seem to me as striplings, still I think of him as my father in Israel.

And this influence, thought we as we listened, has been, is, and will be extending to the end of time; and that minister may yet look upon souls given as seals to others which shall be counted unto him as though set in his own crown of rejoicing.

Verily, we said, do such men paint for Eternity, but they paint imperishable truths upon an imperishable substance.

THE OLD STORY.

"And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be—the old, old story
That I have loved so long."

IT was a one-storied farm-house—old and unpainted —*black house*, we called it in the parlance of childhood. There were neither carpets or nice furniture in that low-roofed dwelling; but it was the home of culture and refinement—of rare religious and scholarly attainments. Child as we were, the memory, the picture, of the beautiful brother and sister who dwelt there, has hung, almost unfaded, on the old walls of the past.

Again, the sister takes me in her arms and tells me of the Saviour who loves little children; or, I stand beside her in front of the great kitchen fire, where flitting flames make moving shadows on the wall; while the fair, white fingers pick the chaff from the flax seed, which is to be steeped for medicine, and, dreamily, as if partly to herself and partly to me, she asks: "What means 'A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench'?"

A little while passed, and her earthly life was ended; and the brother stood beside the fair clay, not mourning, but erect, almost glad, because he knew

she had entered the Celestial City. And now, among old things put away, I find a record of that brother's last days. More than forty years have passed since his mortal remains were committed to earth, and more than forty years since a hand which I know not transcribed his dying words from dying lips. It is an old story, and nearly all who knew, or cared for, or loved him, have long been lying in their low graves. It is a story as old as Ararat, where the ark rested; old as Sinai, where God gave His testimony to Moses; old as Tabor, where Christ was transfigured; as Calvary, where He was crucified; and I may not throw to the flames, for no other eyes than mine to see, another evidence of that same old faith which "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

He died while in his Sophomore year in Brown University. One day he asked, "How much longer does this term continue?" He was told, "Four weeks." "Then it closes with the month of March," he said, "I shall be in Heaven before it closes."

Dr. Wayland called, and, being about to engage in prayer, asked "if there was anything that he wished him to pray for in particular?" "Pray," he answered, "that I may be perfectly patient and endure all my sufferings with entire resignation, and that I may be so prepared as that if I should die now it may be my gain, and if I live it may be for Christ." "That is enough, my son," said Dr. Wayland.

On a Sabbath evening, being asked how he had enjoyed the day, he replied, "I have had a glorious time." When asked if he was ready to die, he answered, "I know not why I may not, if it is the will of God, as well die now as hereafter. Heaven is a more pleasant place than earth. Still, I have sometimes a desire if it consists with God's will, to be restored to health, that I may go forth among the people and testify to His goodness and speak of His great mercy. Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine, O God, be done." "My only refuge is in Christ," he said. "O, what a refuge—what a rock—what a Saviour!" His last audible expression was, "God, even our God can save us."

"He died within the walls of the College; and in the very room where he had been wont to investigate the principles of science his pure spirit passed to the awards of immortality. Thus passed away, in the spring-tide of his being, a distinguished scholar and a most amiable man. It is, however, grateful to reflect that his life, though short, had answered life's great end; that in youth and in health he had remembered his Creator, and that in sickness and in death he looked forward, with humble hope, to that crown of life which Christ hath promised to those who put their trust in Him."

UNIFORMITY.

"IF the unity of the Church is ever manifested to the world, it will not be by the unanimous subscription of believers to a formulated creed, but by their fraternal intercourse as brethren in Christ."

Not many months ago there was a convocation of Divines of different religious denominations, the ostensible object of which was to attain to a uniformity of belief.

"Who can visit," said a prominent city clergyman among them, "a village of one thousand inhabitants, with its three churches, and not confess that these divisions are unchristian?"

To us the thought would come: Among these people are those who care enough for their religious creed; for that which they consider the doctrine of the Gospel of Christ; to be willing to exert themselves, to make some sacrifice to maintain it.

When Cardinal Wiseman, grudging to the poor little Sandemanian church the great name of Faraday, arrogantly asked him, "if in his deepest conviction he believed all the Church of Christ, holy, catholic and apostolic," was shut up in that church, Faraday replied: "Oh, no; but I do believe from the bottom of my soul that Christ is with us." And in that courteous, noble answer was revealed a strength and

beauty for which the Christian character is stronger and more beautiful to-day.

In churches of every name we recognize men and women of the noblest type, and, almost invariably, they are those who hold firmest to the principles of their own denomination and give the best of their talent, their influence and their means to sustain them.

Want of strenuous principle on the part of members of churches: so-called unsectarianism; indifference, shilly-shallying, usually culminates in such members ignoring the church to which they belong, whenever their lot falls in a place where that church is not the richest and most fashionable. Their church home is determined wholly by their latitude and longitude.

The whole thing was put in a nutshell by a woman whom we knew, more simple and honest, but with no less principle, than most of her class, who, on entering a new place of residence, said: "I think I shall prefer Blank church, the steeple is the tallest."

Let us not believe, let us not be taught that it matters little what church we attend, or what doctrines we hear inculcated. Let us cling closest to that church which, in our inmost heart, we believe to be nearest to the teachings of Jesus. Let us love it best as our own spiritual home; and let us each build, as the walls of Jerusalem were built, over against our own house.

And there is nothing in all this to take from the love and interest with which we may regard those of other denominations, any more than a man's loving his own home and family better than any other, pre-

vents him from being a good neighbor. Neither does it prevent us wherein we are agreed from walking "by the same rule" and from minding "the same thing."

In no way does it detract from that beautiful, all-embracing, though bewildered, answer of the dying soldier, who, when asked, "Of what persuasion are you?" replied, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus."

IT COULD NOT BE.

"But He who being gave,
Sharing with me thereby His infinite,
Scorned that the phantom of a vain delight
Should make His own its slave,
So from my forehead took joy's blooming crown,
And to the dust threw those fair idols down."

THE words of the Judge and Maud Muller have been echoed from a thousand hearts, and a thousand tongues have repeated them with a wail of anguish wilder and more hopeless than Poe's raven cry of "Nevermore." "It might have been"—it is a whole volume—the epitome of a lifetime—the despairing wail of an agonized heart.

"We are only what might have been," is the mournful expression which Charles Lamb gives to his "Dream-children." Only what might have been; and he gazed upon a grief-painted picture, and remembered the fair hair and eyes of Alice W——n.

Moments in life stand out in memory which we now know determined our earthly destiny. We see where the road diverged, and when, it seemed, we might have taken either way. Those moments appear in an almost preternatural light: the spot where we stood; the way the rain came as it splashed against the window, and the size of the drops upon the glass; or

it may be, where the sunbeams fell, and the motes that danced in the beams. We look through the intervening years, as sometimes, we are told, down, down through clear water, a sunken ship may be seen with every rope and spar clearly defined; or, as in some Swiss lake a lost city, sunk ages ago.

I cannot conceive why I carried Charlotte Cary to ride on that June afternoon when I was on my way to invite Fanny Lee. Had Fanny gone my life might have been joyous as it has been otherwise. My self-love would bid me think that there is sadness lying in her heart and hidden in her eyes; but that, and memory, and the wailing dirge of *might have been*, makes me an unfit judge of her happiness. Her husband is a good man and rich, and noble in look and mien; and sometimes I stand before the mirror, and while I cannot help acknowledging in my heart that his is a better face than mine, my pride is gratified to believe that my features had once to her a charm which his had failed to awaken; and had I gone in that evening when I passed her gate—had I spoken to her then—she would now have been my wife. Mine, mine—a regret, not for yesterday, not for to-day, but for all time. Will it be for Eternity? So linked is that regret with every thought, that sometimes I can scarcely believe in my soul's immortality without the immortality of its sorrow.

But do we not believe too much in "It might have been"? Is it not truer, better to say, "It could not be"—God did not will it? Yes. Those obstacles, those *impedimenta*, that rising in the throat, the

hysterica passio, which prevented us from speaking when the joy of life, all but the hopes of eternity, hung upon our lips; the want of the one word, the breath to turn the balance whereon was laid all that made life for us—all this could not be changed; nor could we have turned our steps in another path, any more than with the uplifting of the hand, we could prevent the fall of the sparrow which "*He noteth.*"

Something hindered us on our way, and the steamer had gone ten minutes before we reached the wharf. The steamer is lost, and all on board perish. Then we believe in special providences. We think of our unaccountably lingering steps, and know, and believe of a truth, that "all the hairs of our head are numbered." "It might have been" rises fearfully before us. "It could not be" wells up from our heart in a psalm of thanksgiving. We beheld no obstacle, but the angel standing in the way with his "sword drawn in his hand," shut up our path as effectually as he did that of Baalim.

We have read of the artist standing on a platform in St. Paul's Cathedral and gazing upon a picture on its walls which he had just completed: gazing admiringly upon his work—the embodiment of his genius—the earnest of his fame. Moving backward step by step, with every thought absorbed in the gaze; a brush, drawn rapid as the lightning's flash across the picture, destroyed all its beauty. He sprang forward with a cry of mingled wrath and anguish; but the hand of him, who had thus destroyed the work, pointed to the spot where he had stood a moment

before. It was at the very edge of the platform, a fall from which would inevitably have destroyed his life. The artist was answered, and he knew truly that the destruction of his picture had saved his life.

And those pictures, dreams, visions, "might have beens" of life, were perhaps to our immortal interests what the picture of the artist was to his mortal being.

A fortune with its charms of taste and elegance was almost within my grasp, but it eluded my touch: had I but lifted into the carriage my boy, who was playing in the yard as I rode out of it, he would not have wandered to the pond, where, an hour after, we found his little body floating among the lilies; and had I only been half conscious of my love for Fanny Lee she might now have been my wife. Absorbed in my wealth, self-indulgent, doting on my boy, or loving Fanny with a love too deep and wild to give to mortal woman, I might have forgotten the land beyond the stars, "a soul to save, a God to glorify."

The doing, or the not doing, on which has so unwittingly hung our mortal destiny, though it may bring a regret for all time, should not cause the soul to faint. If there is in it no sin against God, let not "It might have been" sound in the chambers of the heart like clods upon the lowered coffin. And even where sins are remembered, to the penitent there is no place for despair. The words of Jesus to the repentant woman, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," were not spoken for her alone, but were a legacy to us all.

THE RIVER JORDAN.

THE River Jordan, regarded in its actual, and especially in its symbolical character, is a stream of all absorbing interest: it is the Mount Zion among waters. Mountain and river are each made types of great and mysterious truths. Jordan is the name we give that stream whose current is stronger, deeper, swifter and wilder than all torrents, from the vortex of whose whirlpools none can hold back; and where there can be safety in no other bark than where Jesus Christ is seen seated at the helm. It is the type of that river where the "burdens of the camel must all be lifted off" and left upon the shore; and we may take with us nothing but our "hearts unmantled and unmasked:" it is the land viewed from the tops of Shenir and Hermon: it is the passage "from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards."

The river Jordan from its rise in the mountains of Lebanon—Lebanon itself a type of Christ and his church, and whose cedars were the symbols of glory and strength—till it loses itself in the waters of the Dead Sea, washes shores made holy by the footsteps of our Lord.

It was from the heights of Nebo that Moses gazed across its shining waters upon the land that lay stretched between it and the "utmost sea;" and glorious to his sight were the mountains and the trees: beautiful the waving palms, and the glancing waters of the Mediterranean. That longing gaze was his last, and Joshua became the leader of the people. It was for him first that the waters of Jordan were divided; divided, not where it is first formed by the rivulets of Lebanon, but where, after having received all its tributaries, till it was about to enter the sea, the waters stood, and rose heap upon heap, and were to them firm as walls of adamant, till that mighty host had reached the western shore.

It was as they walked on Jordan's banks that the "sons of the prophets" whispered to Elisha low and trembling, "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?" and he, wishing only for the sympathy of silence, shrinking from the thought of bringing into words a subject so sacred, only answered, "Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace."

And again was the stream divided: the hermit of Carmel smote its waters with his mantle, and a dry path appeared. But Jordan's bosom was that day to reflect a scene as strange as the parting of its waters; strange those crimson lights, bright and wild, that danced upon its surface; strange far up in air a "chariot of fire and horses of fire;" and as Elisha caught the floating mantle the neighboring hills all echoed that startling cry of triumph and of anguish:

"My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."

It was when John was baptizing our Saviour in Jordan, that from out the hovering clouds that voice proceeded, saying, "Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

About seventy miles from the source of the river, the lake Gennesaret is formed—Gennesaret, sleeping among hills made holy by the miracles of God. It was on this lake, when its waters were surged by a midnight storm, that the bright form of Jesus appeared and spake to the trembling Peter those words of promise and of trust, which are a legacy to his people for all time, "It is I, be not afraid."

And who are these seated on its shore, partaking of the humble fare of fishermen? Asia's sun, or the snow-capped heights of Lebanon, or its mighty cedars and waving palms never again looked down upon such a company. It was Peter, the impetuous, angry, repentant, and finally martyred Peter; Thomas, doubting, yet loving; Nathaniel, on whom Jesus pronounced that best eulogium, "An Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile;" and James and John were there and other of the disciples. But most of all, He was there: "He whom Plato longed to see, and Aristotle died ignorant of;" He, the "Prince of the house of David," the "Lion of the tribe of Judah;" a crucified Lord; an ascended Saviour.

Even the tributary waters of this river are brought from hills of sacred interest; Hermon sends her dews in a sparkling stream, and Tabor and Gilead collect their rivulets to swell the holy tide.

Jordan! blessed by a Saviour's footsteps, made glorious by his baptism—Jordan! beautiful and sad, with melody in its every ripple, hope on its every wave—pre-eminent among rivers, it flows, and ever will flow, till "death shall be swallowed up in its own river."

THE BROOK CHERITH.

AMONG the thousand streams that spring from the mountains of Judea, the brook Cherith rises from the midst of rocky, shelving crags, where only the wild goat wanders, or the proud eagle builds her nest. Through dark and tangled forests in which the lion, coming up "from the swelling of Jordan," makes its lair, and the fierce and beautiful leopard roams, the deep, wild brook finds its way past the solitary dwelling of Elijah.

These heights were strange to him, and these were not the waters of which his childhood had tasted. Far yonder to the north is Gilead, where the snow-capped heights of Lebanon rise; and cedars, such as never grew in any other soil, wave their unfading leaves. Beneath these was the tent his father pitched; and he, now the grave and solemn prophet, whose word made King Ahab tremble, and the glowing cheek of the beautiful but wicked Jezebel grow pale, was a boy, with the wild, joyous glow of childhood in eye and cheek, hunting the partridge on the mountain, or chasing the wild roe from cliff to cliff.

It was a fitting home for the boyhood of such a prophet. Not the murmuring of a rill, or the song of the bluebird, was the music to which his boyhood had listened; but it was the eagle's screech and the roar of the wild cataracts that leaped among the hills.

Though God performed mighty miracles by Elijah yet, in the formation of character which made of him our highest conception of a prophet of God, he used no miracle—nothing save the ordinary circumstances and surroundings which go to make up human character.

The calmness with which he had stood in his father's tent in Gilead amid the clear sunshine, and watched far off on Lebanon the storm clouds flying wild, and heard the rushing of mad torrents down its shelving sides, seemed to have in it something of that stillness with which he afterward watched on Carmel the "fire of the Lord that fell" and consumed his sacrifice; or the fearlessness with which he answered Ahab when he said: "I have not troubled Israel; but thou, and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord and hast followed Baalim."

And here, alone beside this gushing brook, the old man dwells in the vast solitude. Here the dark winged ravens bring him food and lay it at his feet; and to him their strange and doleful cry, as they again raise their wings and float away like a black cloud, has become as an anthem which tells of the fulfilment of God's promise, and the clear waters of Cherith are welcome to his lips as the red wine. And when, partaking of the general drouth, the waters of the brook

fail him, an angel hand points toward Zidon; and far away over the hills and plains of Judea—away till Lebanon again appears—he follows that directing hand.

Before Elijah's weary steps had reached Zarephath God had there provided for him a home. Strange did it seem to the wavering faith of that destitute widow that the Lord should send a guest to her. But when, by a daily recurring miracle, her handful of meal and her little oil did not fail, and finally, when the prophet had taken in his arms and borne away to his chamber her dead son, and brought back and laid him in her arms a living child, with clasped hands and gushing faith, she cried, "By this I know that thou art a man of God."

Mysterious was his departure from earth; strange and glorious was his burial—that chariot, those horses of glowing flame, burning ever like the bush that Moses saw, and like that bush ever unconsumed—and then that host of horsemen, "such as earth saw never, such as heaven stooped down to see."

Cherith! Does it still flow from Judah's holy hills? Does it still pour its clear waters into Jordan's ever flowing river?

The running brook may be dry, its mountain springs pour its waters into other streams, but never shall its name be spoken but there shall come, as by a conjurer's wand, the image of a brazen sky, and parched earth, and dry water courses; and sitting by one flowing stream and drinking of its cool waters shall be an old and solitary man, and ravens, changed from carrion

birds to ministering doves, laying at his feet his daily food. And then, following on, shall he be seen till the flaming horses bear him away, and there shall be heard the far-off echo of Elisha's voice as he grasps the floating mantle and cries, "My father, my father, the horsemen of Israel and the chariot thereof."

THE BROOK BESOR.

THE brook Besor, springing from the hills of Judea and flowing westward into the "Utmost Sea," crossed the accustomed route from Palestine to Egypt, and was a sort of boundary line between the two countries—the place beyond which a wild, unfriendly region lay, inhabited by the fierce Amalekite.

Joseph, sold by his brethren to the Ishmaelites as they journeyed from Gilead, "with their camels bearing spicery and balm," crossed this brook, leaving behind him the home which he was nevermore to see. Little thought those "merchantmen" that in the youthful captive whom they bore from his native country, they bore the hope of Israel; one through whom was to be preserved that nation from whom the Shiloh was to come. Each time that Jacob's sons crossed that boundary stream, as they journeyed for the corn that their starving families might not perish, they must have remembered Joseph, and thought how his young heart must have fainted for his father and his home as he entered into the wilderness.

It was at the brook Besor that two hundred of David's men, "so faint that they could not follow," sunk by the way in their pursuit after the Amalekites, who had just borne away captive their wives, their sons and daughters, and taken all their treasure. It was in a neighboring field that an Egyptian was found, who, like so many of themselves, had sunk exhausted by the way, and whom they bore to their camp, and who, refreshed with timely food, guided David to the spot where the Amalekites were feasting and dancing in their joy. Returning, laden with spoil, and bearing in triumph the beloved captives, they were met by those who had been lying on the borders of the little stream, and who, refreshed, went forth to meet the rejoicing company. And then men, grasping, selfish—"men of Belial"—such as there are in every army, in every great assembly, thought to take advantage of those who had been unable to pursue the enemy. Their narrow souls gloated over the thought that their own share would be all the greater because of the misfortune of their fellows. And then David, with his voice of authority spake: "Ye shall not do so, my brethren, with that which the Lord hath given us." "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike."

Across this brook Joseph, with "the young child and Mary his mother," fled from the face of Judea's murderous king; and then again they crossed it when Herod was dead, thereby fulfilling the prophecy: "Out of Egypt have I called my Son."

Waters, dividing the land of light from a region of darkness; crossed by Israel and his sons; upon whose banks was first set forth the just and beautiful principle of division which, for soldier and for sailor, is still recognized as law among all Christian nations; passed over by Joseph, by Mary, and by the Saviour's youthful feet, become a sacred stream.

THE BROOK CEDRON.

IN the hills about Jerusalem—those hills so often mentioned in the prayer of the Christian: be round about us "as the mountains are round about Jerusalem,"—in those holy hills the bright streams are collected which form the brook Cedron. Full of memories of her kings, of her prophets, of Jesus and his followers, every drop of its waters becomes sacred as the dust of the streets of Zion itself.

We look into the flowing stream, and we think of the tears which David and his people wept as they passed over it, fleeing into the wilderness from the face of the aspiring Absalom. Absalom—the light of his father's eyes—the joy of his heart; whose rare, strange beauty he had watched with all a parent's pride; that he should have raised a banner against him. That he who should have been ready to have "met his enemies in the gate," should have been his shield on the battle-field; that he, with his bewildering beauty and his "fair spoken words," should "steal the hearts of the men of Israel."

Different—bitterer far—were the tears that David shed that day than those he wept over Bathsheba's dead boy for whose life he had fasted and wept, but over

whose cold clay he had pronounced those words of Christian triumph and eternal faith: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

Aye! There are sadder tears than those that are shed above the graves of the dead. There are living sorrows—sorrows which find no graves, which the withered leaves of time may never bury from the sight.

Weeping he passed the brook, and "weeping and with his head covered and bare-foot," he ascended the mountain, at the base of which Cedron flows—the mountain whereon Christ preached the sermon of the Beatitudes—of glorious hopes, hopes which make the Christian heart rejoice like that river, "the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High."

Cedron the Saviour's footsteps passed when, away from the multitude, he so often sought retirement among the low-spreading trees of Olivet, or in the garden of Gethsemane which lay between it and the mountain. On Cedron's banks was the agony—the mysterious passion—the anguish of a world of sin, and on its waves it bore the thrice uttered cry: "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done." Here the disciples lay when Jesus found them sleeping for sorrow, and, stooping down, whispered in their heavy ears those words which were for them and for us, which were an admonition for all time: "Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." Here Judas betrayed our Lord, and these waters listened to the clashing of the Roman arms as they gave back the wild glare of their

torches, and like a "lamb to the slaughter," he was borne away from the garden which he loved, from the olive trees beneath which he had prayed, and from the stream whose waters to him had made an anthem.

Close to Rama, and having heard the dying cries of her murdered children, and the wailings of those Rachels, who would not be comforted, having reflected the bright star that guided the shepherds of Judea, Cedron at length falls into the waters of the Dead Sea —waters still heavy with the curse of God.

With its holy surroundings, springing from the hills of Zion, passing the foot of Olivet, flowing through the holy garden, the roots of whose olive trees it moistened, receiving David's tears, bearing upon its waves a Saviour's groans—waters so holy to pour themselves into that polluted sea, seems almost as a type of Him, who came down from heaven, from heights which angels never trod, and walked with fallen man.

THE RIVERS OF BABYLON.

FAR away to the east of Judea lay the land of Chaldea. Through its plains flowed the Euphrates with its tributary streams, rendering the whole land luxuriant as a garden. Babylon, its capital city, lay on both sides of the river, and was famed among the nations for its magnificence and beauty.

Thither the sons and daughters of Israel were borne captive. Having seen the walls of Jerusalem broken down; the house of the Lord, the king's house, and "every great man's house" burnt with fire; the victorious army of the Chaldees had borne them—king, priests and people—triumphantly to their homes, leaving behind only "the poor of the land to be vine-dressers and husbandmen."

Though they were bidden in the name of the Lord to "seek the peace of the city," whither they were carried away captives, and to pray for it, and though the Lord inclined the hearts of the Babylonish rulers toward them, so that they were treated with rare clemency, yet they could not—the Lord did not ask that they should—forget the land of their birth and the city of their love.

The "Utmost Sea," stretching along her whole western shore; "Tabor among the mountains, and

Carmel by the sea;" Olivet and Jordan and Gennesaret, with their foreshadowed glory, and Jerusalem, "whither the tribes went up," all these could never be forgotten, and were fairer to them than all the plains of Chaldea and Babylon, though she sat a queen. In these proud palaces, filled with spoil brought from their own fair homes, their rulers dwelt; and there the consecrated vessels, which they had looked upon with shaded eyes, careless hands bore to profane lips.

By the quiet streams the captives were wont to sit and talk together of their captivity and of their vanished glory. Thither their captors followed them, and required of them mirth, saying: "Sing us one of the songs of Zion" Sadly they replied: "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" And, as the thought of song came to them, and the name of their holy city brought her walls and her sacred temple more vividly before them, half to their captors, half as if talking to themselves, in low, rapt words, they added, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

So often did the sad captives retire beside the streams of Babylon — come thither to "lave their bleeding feet"— that at length those streams became the type of Israel's sorrow.

And they are still the type of sorrow. Not of all sorrow, but of sacred grief, of sanctified affliction. The merchant, who mourns the miscarriage of his

schemes of wealth; the politician, who fails of political aggrandizement, sits not by the streams of Babylon. The shade of its bending willows, the sound of its slow-flowing waters are not for him. It is for those who "remember Zion."

Beneath the shadow of those willows David walked when, mourning for his dead son, he came forth from the chamber where he had wept, and uttered those words of Christian faith and triumph: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Job was there, when in anguish he cried: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

God help us all in sorrow to sit beside the streams of Babylon, so to receive from His hand every change that may come to us, that it shall draw us nearer to Him;

> "That not one throb of grief, one dart of pain,
> One burning throb of anguish, pierce in vain,"

and grant that when the days come, when we shall no longer walk among men, better harps than those that have hung upon willows may be given to us, and that we may join in the songs of praise to Him who "ascended upon high," who "led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men."

THE WATERS OF THE WILDERNESS.

IT is as serious as interesting to think of the immense importance which is often attached to affairs in themselves trifling. The little coral has been the architect of mighty islands, and seeming trifles have decided the destinies of armies and of nations. When Israel was watching with an old man's childish interest, the making of Joseph's coat, marking the brilliant beauty of its colors, and fancying Joseph's pleased surprise when he should present it to him; he deemed it only an affair of his own, a demonstration of his affection for his son with which none else had to do. But what was it? It was the beginning of that long train of events which make up so large a portion of Bible history. It made Joseph the second ruler in the kingdom of Egypt. It made his father and his brethren emigrants, and their posterity slaves in the land. It made them a deliverer in the person of Moses, and it formed the background of those miracles which the Lord performed by his hand.

Wanderers from Egypt, they had passed by a miracle the waters of the Red Sea, and their progress had been a continued miracle, but experienced so often, "all was miracle in vain." It had begun to be no

wonder that their garments waxed not old, and their shoes failed not; that manna fell fresh from heaven for their food, and that quails came in strange numbers, and brought themselves as offerings to them. That pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, seemed no more a miracle to them than the daily brightness of the sun, or the pale moonbeams. They had reached Rephidim, and had pitched their tents beneath the towering heights of Horeb — Horeb! What memories were awakened in Moses' heart as he again looked upon those hoary cliffs! Again was he a simple shepherd, climbing with his crook those rocky, shelving heights in search of wandering lambs; or, reclining on the ground with his faithful dogs and quiet flocks, was trying to catch upon his reed some of those Hebrew tunes which he had so often heard Miriam sing, when, in his young boyhood, he would steal away from his palace home to his mother's humble dwelling. He thought of that burning bush —burning ever, but unconsumed—out of which the voice came consecrating him for his work, baptizing him for his mission. And now, with wearied heart, he stood again beneath its shadow, surrounded by a murmuring people. But the voice that he had heard of old, had bidden him go on, and had promised to stand before him upon Horeb. And He was there; so that when Moses touched the rock, the waters leaped out as if eager to obey; and to those who had asked, "Is the Lord among us or not?" He replied, "Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee: I

answered thee in the secret place of thunder: I proved thee at the waters of Meribah."

For three days had their parched lips longed for water, and the little children had looked up and begged it of their mothers, eagerly as Hagar's child. At length, before them, a silver line appeared, and the foremost shouted back to the lagging, fainting company the one word—*water*. The talismanic name seemed to infuse strength into their failing limbs, and young boys, who, but a moment before, had been ready to sink exhausted on the sand, now bounded like roes towards the running stream. With eager hands they scooped the water and raised it to their thirsty lips, but scarcely could they taste from its gall-like bitterness. And then, a simultaneous murmur rose like the low rumblings of thunder; and the cruelties of their task-masters, and the deliverances which they had received at the hand of Moses, were alike forgotten in the memory of Egyptian springs. And now Moses prayed, and the Lord pointed him to a tree, which, when he had cast into the waters, they became sweet as the fallen dew. That stream was prophetic of their journey; long and weary their way, but terminating at last among the shadowy palm trees and the gushing springs of Palestine. Marah! Marah! Waters of which many deeply drink; streams of which every human soul must taste. Blessed are they to whom the waters of Marah become sweet; to whom, tasting of its bitterness, it becomes medicine to the soul. The promise, "Blessed are they that mourn," remains ever firm as the bulwarks of Zion.

And now appears Elim, with its groves and fountains. Elim! And to how many does the future seem glorious as its palm trees, beautiful as its springs, but proving only as the mirage painted against the sky! Or often, when the hopes for the future have all been realized, and longings satisfied, when an Elim has been reached; lo! the palm trees cast no shadows and yield no dates, and the springs of its fountains are forever dry. Happiest is he, whose eye is fixed most steadily upon the Jordan beyond; who, finding an oasis, rests there but as a wayfarer, thankful for a night's repose; and, dipping into the fountain his scallop-shell, or tasting of Eschol's grapes, remembers that he is only a pilgrim.

IMMORTELLES.

"——— 'Tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternity shall tell."

"FRAIL as a flower;" "withering like a leaf," are expressions which well convey the ideas of weakness and transitoriness. We pluck the delicate anemone, and it withers almost as soon as the stem is broken; we touch the leaf of the mimosa, and it closes itself shrinkingly; and all the flowers of rarest beauty and of most delicate perfume, begin to wither when they have reached perfection. But there *are* flowers which live always—live in the perfection of their bloom, have been transformed by the alchemy of memory and of love into flowers of fadeless beauty and of immortal fragrance.

"The roses do not blush so deep as when I was a girl," said a lady as she stood looking at a beautiful pink rose-bush. But we knew that she was comparing the flowers that were blooming there, with those which had been dipped in the dreams of her youth; and which had there caught a depth of coloring, which, for her, would never be equalled on earth.

The pond-lilies which the boys brought to school and scattered with a free hand, are blooming still.

Neither are their white leaves and their rare fragrance alone preserved; but with them come men from every land, from marts of trade and from all professions; and foreheads, crossed and seamed with accounts of business and of care, become smooth, and they are to us boys again; while "the burial places of memory" give up their dead, and from long covered graves appear bright young faces among the lilies. Aye! The loving hand that gives, the word, the smile, embalms beyond all mystery of art.

Douglas Jerrold, in the fulness of his fame, and encircled by multitudes who loved him and gloried in his genius, tells us that he stood once a bare-foot boy at the fence of a poor wood-cutter's garden in his native village, gazing longingly at the flowers that were blooming there. "The owner," said Jerrold, "saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now here, at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms afresh."

We are told that on a Sabbath evening, many years ago, a reckless, dissipated young man was lounging beneath the trees of a public square in Worcester. A stranger came along, kindly laid a hand upon his shoulder, and asked him to go with him to a temperance meeting at the town hall. He went; and from

the simple words, the kindly act of that good, old man, sprang ten thousand "immortelles;" for the young man was Gough, through whose efforts so many of the fallen have been raised.

Few have ever won friends, given or received happiness from the performance of any great deeds of self-denial or of generosity; but one who watches carefully the path he treads, will find many a flower to give to those he meets; attentions so trifling that they scarce seem worth the offering, but which has sometimes lighted up a spirit itself scarce conscious from whence the sunshine has come.

Such a sunlight now we feel, though since first it shone,

> "Many a daylight's dawned and darkened
> Many a night shook off the daylight."

There was an Irish woman — a peddling Irish woman — who brought sunshine so strangely on a darkened heart that it made the light gladness of girlhood circle eyes and lips that had long forgotten the expression of joy. She had for sale pretty linen handkerchiefs which she had herself woven, and she took from about them one of the bright, worthless pictures that usually come round such goods. It was of a village, in Ireland, and she gave it, saying it was her home; and we asked her to write beneath it her name, and that of the village—for neither were easy to be remembered, and we have long forgotten both—but she shook her head, and smiled regrettingly. Yes: we were indebted for a feeling of quiet pleasure then,

and of remembered happiness now, to a woman, who could not so much as write her own name.

Whoever improves his every opportunity of doing good or showing kindness, is on the alert to help his brother on the way,—has a mind attuned, ready at the moment, for any great emergency; and the silent influence which such a character exerts is interminable —immortal.

It was only a farthing which the poor widow whom Jesus commended, cast into the treasury. It was no great thing which Dorcas did; and it was only the poor women of the neighborhood who wept about her coffin, showed their garments and smoothed down their aprons, saying that it was she who had made them. Doubtless, many rich in that city had never heard her name till the day she died, if indeed, they heard it then; but, now, for eighteen hundred years, her name has been the watchword of charity.

However poor or feeble, all may add something to the sum of human happiness. Gardens of flowers are ever ready for the gathering; fields, ever white for the harvest. God help us all to be reapers, who shall bear at last to His feet the many sheaves.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man!
—*Shakespeare.*

FOR three hundred years the name of Sir Philip Sidney has been regarded as the type—the exponent — of all things high and beautiful in human character. History has furnished us with examples not less noble than his; and men, great and good and self-sacrificing as he, have been cast into nameless graves. Many such heroes there were in our own civil war. Some, known to God alone; some, remembered only in their old homes, or by grateful comrades; and others, who, then, perhaps, received a passing notice.

We think of such an one now—a New England boy —John B. Marsh by name: forced into rebel ranks, deserting to our own, recaptured and led to execution, he managed to get into the hands of a fellow prisoner a farewell to his friends. "I am to be shot," he wrote, "for defending my country; I love her and am willing to die for her. Tell my parents I am also happy in the Lord. My future is bright." And standing beside his coffin, he removed his hat, and looking at his executioners cried, "Three cheers for

the old flag and the Union!" then, waving his hat, shouted, "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" and fell, a Christian martyr.

And another—a missionary's son—young Schneider, dying of wounds, bright and cheerful to the last, and sending to his brother the parting message: "*Stand by the flag and cling to the cross of Christ.*"

But Sidney; standing on the pinnacle of society, with rare beauty and talent; the idol of Queen Elizabeth and her court; surrounded by bad examples, by sin in most alluring and fascinating guise; by that prosperity, more tempting than adversity to have made him selfish and unprincipled; yet, daring even the displeasure of the despotic queen, in speaking what he believed to be true, and doing what he thought to be right, became the marvel of the age in which he lived, and poetry and history immortalized him.

Sidney was born at the castle of Penshurst in November, 1554. This castle was a gift from Edward VI to his grandfather, William Sidney, who had been his tutor, and who had distinguished himself for bravery in fighting against the Scots. To Henry Sidney, the father of Sir Philip—a man of excellent character—this beautiful manor had descended.

His mother, Mary Dudley, was the daughter of that Duke of Northumberland, whose attempt to place the crown of England on the head of Lady Jane Grey, the wife of his son, Lord Guilford Dudley, repudiating alike the claims of Mary and Elizabeth, brought his own head, with those of the guileless Guilford and

Lady Jane, to the scaffold. Another son—uncle to Sir Philip—was that handsome, fascinating and wicked favorite of Elizabeth, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, whose crimes Scott reveals in his "Kenilworth," in colors no stronger than sober history warrants.

The mother of Sidney in no way resembled her brother, unless in personal graces and accomplishments; and the religious principle of his father was exemplified in a Christian "walk and conversation." In a letter to his son, written in "quaint old Saxon" when he was about twelve years old, he says: "Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer. Be courteous of gesture and affable to all men. There is nothing winneth so much with so little cost. Above all things, tell no untruth, no, not in trifles." And after much other good advice, signs himself: "Your loving father so long as you live in the fear of God."

At the age of seventeen he went abroad for the improvement of foreign travel. He was a guest at the "Paris Wedding"- the massacre of Saint Bartholomew —and found refuge, till the danger was past, at the house of the English minister, Walsingham. Here he first saw Frances, the daughter of Walsingham, "then a beautiful child, whose passionate grief for the Huguenots called forth his sympathizing and tender regard," and who, eleven years later, became his wife.

About this time, in deep distress, he writes to his beloved tutor, Languet, announcing that Count Louis, of Nassau, had been defeated and mortally wounded,

and his brother taken prisoner. This was that Count Louis of whom Motley says: "It is difficult to find in history a more frank and loyal character. His life was noble; the elements of the heroic and the genial so mixed in him that the imagination contemplates him, after three centuries, with an almost affectionate interest." And sadder than Sidney's letter stated, the two brothers, Louis and Henry, perished together on the battle-field, and their bodies were never found.

During an absence of three years on the continent, his love and sympathy for the Protestant cause was deepened. He longed to leave the flatteries and emoluments of Elizabeth and her court, and fight with the Nassaus the battles of religious freedom, but the queen continually refused her consent. Sent by her, however, on an embassy to the court of Vienna, and returning through the Netherlands, he made the acquaintance of William of Orange, and, though nearly twenty years younger than that prince, a warm friendship sprang up between them, and though they never met again, they corresponded many years.

Soon after his return from abroad, he desired to marry one whom he had known and loved from childhood, Penelope Devereux, the "Stella" of his verse. She was the daughter of that Earl of Devereux, whom the Earl of Leicester is supposed to have taken off by poison, in order that he might marry the beautiful widow; and sister of that Earl of Essex whose death upon the scaffold brought to Elizabeth a remorse and grief to which some historians attribute her death. Like her unfortunate brother, and no less unfortunate

mother, she possessed rare beauty and accomplishments, and the marriage, apparently, would have been every way suitable; but from mercenary considerations of her own, or her relatives, she preferred a man whose wealth was enormous, but whose personal character was a perfect contrast to Sidney's. Her marriage was a most unhappy one. Sidney's wife is represented as a lovely woman — better worthy his affection than she who won his first love.

In 1585, Elizabeth sent forces to assist the Netherlands in their struggle against Spain, and giving Leicester command of the troops, allowed "my Philip," as she foolishly and fondly called Sidney, to accompany him, and appointed him Governor of Flushing. Here the true character of his uncle seems first to have dawned upon him. Whispers had reached his ear, which he had rejected with all the warmth of family pride and affection; but now, with his own eyes, he saw him levying unlawful taxes, altering the coin, and cheating the English troops out of their pay. In vain he remonstrated; but with a free hand, from his own private purse, scattered his bounty among the faithful soldiers.

Side by side with the gallant Prince Maurice, who, upon his father's death, had become the recognized leader of the Protestants, he fought the battles of religious freedom with the skill and valor of a veteran.

A hero among heroes, he fought on the field of Zutphen. Wherever the fight was fiercest, Sidney spurred his steed. Two horses were shot under him, and he had mounted a third, when he saw his friend,

Lord Willoughby, surrounded by the foe. Dashing into the midst of the affray, he rescued him, but, at the same moment, received a mortal wound. It was when being borne from the fatal spot that the beautiful incident occurred which has become a classic story:

"Being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him; but, as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle, which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head, before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'"

For sixteen days he lingered, watched over with devoted care by his wife and the friends who loved him. Lying on his couch of pain and death, brought suddenly from the scenes of earthly ambition to look upon the realities of a future world, he expressed entire resignation to the will of God.

The night before he died, with that strength which faith in Jesus alone could impart, he said: "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world."

Just before he breathed his last, he called for music. His thirty-two years of life were not quite complete, when, October 15th, 1586, "amid the harmonies of earth, the benedictions of love, and the incense of prayer," his soul went up to heaven.

HENRY OF NAVARRE.

WE cannot find in history a character more lovable, attractive, and, alas! more dangerous, because so attractive, than that of Henry IV, King of France and Navarre. The first of the Bourbon race of kings, there could hardly be a greater contrast than that which appears between him and his descendants: a king beloved as deeply as they were hated.

The traditions of his kindness, of his generosity, of his courage, which made "the white plume of Henry of Navarre," the type of everything gallant and chivalrous, had so floated down the current of time, that in the French Revolution the insane multitude, who were desecrating the tombs of royalty, for two days paused in reverence at the coffin of Henry, before it could be persuaded by its mad leaders to fling it into the common ditch.

And even in our day the name of the "white plume of Henry of Navarre" is the synonym of all that is bold and generous in human action. It is always the "white *plume;*" for, by a strange contrast, the name of the white cockade, the "white *feather*," worn by the grandson of his daughter Henrietta, has come to us as the emblem of cowardly fear.

It has fallen to the souls of few to be so fiercely tempted as was the soul of Henry. He loved the

faith of the Huguenots. He loved it for the sake of his princely uncle, the "Great Condé," who, falling at the battle of Jarnee, covered with wounds, had cried: "It is sweet to die for Christ and country." He loved it for the sake of his noble, persecuted, dead mother, who, when Catherine de Medici had urged her to renounce it for the sake of her son and of her alienated husband, had declared that neither for her son, nor for all the kingdoms of the world together, would she peril the salvation of her soul. And he must have loved it for its own sake, when, in reply to a prisoner of distinction, who had expressed surprise at the small number of his troops, he said: "You do not see all of them. You do not count God and the right."

Every argument of a worldly sort; the ability to protect from persecution and to allow freedom of worship to the Huguenots, brought out strong, though specious, reasoning for him to embrace Catholicism. And, though it was "a cruel disappointment to the noblest and best among the Protestants to lose their beloved and magnificent chief," there were of them, even, those, who, tired of the long struggle, fearful of the repetition of the terrible scenes of the night of St. Bartholomew, were glad for him to yield: glad to feel assured that the lilies of France would continue to be worn by a secret friend.

But, in spite of that "white and upright plume," the thread of his Bourbon father ran through his character; and for the tinsel of a crown, he became "the eldest son of the church." Moreover, it has

been said that "he never recovered from the corrupting effects of those early years," when, in spite of his agonized mother, he was kept by his father and by Catherine in that wicked, voluptuous French court.

He had not by nature, and the grace of God had not imparted to him, that iron firmness, that unshrinking integrity, which brought from William of Orange his reply to Philip of Spain, when that monarch had given him to understand that there was no desire he could express—freedom for his imprisoned son, liberty of worship for himself, restoration of his confiscated estates—that should not be granted him, if he would abandon the cause of the republic: "Neither for property nor for life, neither for wife nor for children, will I mix in my cup a single drop of treason."

That Henry became a Catholic only for the peace of France and its blood-stained crown was well understood. Beside, his nature was so frank, so free, so open; in many respects, so akin to that of his sainted mother; for so many years had he breathed a wild freedom amid the shadows of the Pyrenees, that it seemed impossible for him to conceal from friend or foe his real sentiments and prejudices.

Entering into a treaty with Spain, he pledged himself to give no assistance to the Provinces; then furnished them with thirteen hundred thousand crowns, saying that he "was under great obligations to his good friends the States, and nothing in the treaty forbade him to pay his debts."

Jestingly, mockingly, he called himself a Catholic, with the same subtle wit with which he declared that

"with his Chancellor, who knew no Latin; and his Constable, who could neither write nor read, he could go through the most difficult affairs."

It was in vain that the Duke of Sully, who truly loved him, urged him to secrecy and discretion. The generous and naturally truthful king could not so act a lie but that the whole kingdom knew that his heart was with the Huguenots; and it was because of this that the murderous hand of the fanatical assassin sought his life.

"Next Tuesday," said the king, "I shall cause the queen to be crowned at Saint Denis; the following Thursday she will make her entry into Paris. Next day, Friday, I shall take my departure." And he did take his departure, but not whither his plans were directed. That day, May 14th, 1610, he was stabbed to the heart by Ravaillac.

His rule, so kind and tolerant to all, was succeeded by that of his weak and bigoted queen, who, for a time, guided the counsels of her son; a son so unlike his father — cold, hard, relentless, and hated by his people — that his widowed queen said to their son, Louis XIV, then a child: "My son, strive to be like your grandfather and not like your father; for when Henry IV died, the people wept; when Louis XIII died, they rejoiced."

The time-serving policy of Henry availed but a short time for the peace of France. It was an apple of Sodom, fair to look upon; but opened, its ashes were scattered down the ages. The edict of Nantes, the glory of his reign, was revoked; the land well nigh

covered with the slain of its people; and his own blood, in the persons of Louis XVI and his sister Elizabeth, shed upon the scaffold; while the rest of his descendants fled ignominiously from their native land.

Nor was it alone on the soil of France that the warfare was renewed; that the "hurt of the daughter of my people" was opened afresh. As if personating the warring elements of his own soul: exponents of opposing principles; the grandson of Henry—James II—and the grandson of his daughter—Prince William—fought anew on the banks of the Boyne the battle of freedom and of faith, till the Christian world rejoiced to see the bright orange flag of William wave triumphant in England.

Alas for the memory of Henry of Navarre! with all his magnificent capabilities; with a great and holy trust committed to his keeping; of whom it was said, referring to the men, who in his day sat on thrones at Madrid, Vienna and London: "There was but one king in Europe."

He failed, because he could not say with the great Netherland Prince: "Before I ever took up the cause of the oppressed Christians, I entered into a close alliance with the King of kings; and am firmly convinced that all who put their trust in Him shall be saved by His almighty hand."

RICHARD CROMWELL.

I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.
—*Shakespeare.*

A PERFECT contrast to his ambitious, unscrupulous and wretched father, Richard Cromwell appears on the page of history, occupies a little niche in the royal walls of the past.

He had seen his father standing on the proudest heights which his aspiring ambition could covet—the head of that government of which he had said: "I wish the world to respect the English republic as much as it once respected the Roman republic." And what had it all availed; the humiliation of Holland, the conquest of Spain and the precedency of every European nation? In the midnight watches he had been awakened by his restless step; he marked his furtive glances; noted the quick, nervous grasp with which he would clasp his sword at an unexpected sound, and he knew that to him every shadow came clothed in the garbs of those he had murdered, and that he saw on every jewel in the royal diadem drops of King Charles' young blood.

In the perfection of his manhood — at an age when the pulse of ambition beats strongest in the human

heart, when the consciousness of power is best enjoyed, he had silently and sadly received from his father's dying hand the bequest of a blood-stained sceptre, and, with the name of Protector, had ascended England's vacant throne as peaceably as though he had come from a long line of kings.

His blameless life, his irreproachable honor and the openness and sincerity of his character, caused him to be respected even by the most devoted adherents of Charles II; but the army over which his father had held so powerful a sway and had made subservient to the great puposes of his ambition, excited by a few restless and ambitious leaders, revolted against his authority.

"He might," says a historian of the times, "have preserved the heritage acquired by the exertions of his father, had he been willing to have sacrificed three or four principal officers of the army who opposed themselves to him." But to Richard Cromwell the heights of ambition were not dizzy, nor was the cup of human glory intoxicating. To him the voice of fame was not a melody half so sweet as the far-off music of some cottage home, and he turned away with unspotted hands and a peaceful heart from the blood bought domes of Whitehall, desirous only to perform the duties and to enjoy the happiness of a private citizen. The sons of Oliver Cromwell seem to have lacked neither the talent or bravery of their distinguished father, but they seem to have soared above the fields of ambition, to have been able, while the hopes of youth were fresh about them, to realize the nothingness

of fame and cheerfully to resign the power which an ambitious father had unjustly acquired.

"I would rather," said Henry Cromwell, the younger brother of Richard, upon resigning the government of Ireland, which he had managed with singular ability and success, "I would rather submit to any suffering with a good name, than be the greatest man on earth without it."

The restoration of Charles Stuart to the throne of his ancestors was a measure which the brothers appear to have regarded with satisfaction.

It was an act which their just and virtuous mother had endeavored to induce their father to perform when Charles had offered to agree to any terms if he would place him on the throne; and to which, loving ever the proud heights where he trembled as he stood, he answered in words which implied an acknowledgment both of guilt and of cowardice: "If Charles Stuart can forgive me all that I have done against him and his family, he does not deserve to wear the crown of England."

Nothing perhaps was so trying to the sons as bravely to bear up against the knowledge that with most, their motives of laying down the power which had been thrust upon them, would be misunderstood; that their conscientious regard of right, their forgetfulness of everything but duty, would be attributed to cowardice and inefficiency.

"Oliver Cromwell was a great man; but his son Richard is a contemptible one, not knowing how to enjoy the fruit of his father's crimes," said the Prince

of Conti to Richard Cromwell, whom he met while travelling in France soon after his abdication, and without knowing him, entered into conversation upon the affairs of England.

To the honor of Charles II he never attempted in any manner to molest the family of Cromwell. Once in hunting, not aware of whose residence he was approaching, he rode to the house of Henry Cromwell to obtain some refreshment; Cromwell recognized him and and was at first a little embarrassed, but they parted mutually pleased with the interview.

Richard Cromwell resided upon the continent for nearly twenty years after his abdication. He then returned to England and passed the remainder of his days in quiet seclusion among the sunny hills of Hertfordshire. With the snows of nearly ninety winters scattered among his hair, we see him sitting peacefully by his own hearthstone, having outlived the reigns of Charles, of James and the Prince of Orange.

He died in 1712, it being the eleventh year of the reign of Anne. Passing his life in retirement, he laid down in an humble grave amid the groves of Cheshunt. But did he rest less quietly there than his father rested laid with funeral pomp in the sepulchre of long lines of kings? The ashes which the hand of vengeance scattered to the winds reply.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

AS a man of science, a philosopher, a "prince among the aristocracy of intellect," comparatively few are interested in, or capable of appreciating, the character of Michael Faraday; but as a good man, singular for his truth and simplicity, he is a subject of interest and affection, capable of being understood by all. We value him as we value our friends; not for rank, not for wealth, not for intelligence even, but for goodness.

How infinitely higher he himself regarded character than all the acquisitions of science, is shown in a remark addressed by him in a letter to a scientific friend: "After all, though your science is much to me, we are not friends for science sake only, but for something better in a man, something more important in his nature, affection, kindness, good feeling, moral worth"—

Faraday was born in London in 1791. His father was a blacksmith, poor in purse and feeble in health, but rich and strong in those moral qualities, which were so beautifully developed in his eminent son. At thirteen years of age he became an errand boy for a bookseller, and soon after, his apprentice. About the

same time he attended lectures on Natural Philosophy, the money for admission being given to him by an elder brother, who earned it at his father's trade.

Amid all his successes and the honors that were showered upon him, he never outgrew the society of his humble relatives and friends, or forgot his love for them. As equals they ever met and mingled, giving heart for heart. He remembered the days and friends of his boyhood with fondest interest. He visited the shop where his father had worked, looking about it earnestly and affectionately as though it were an "ancestral hall." Once when sitting for his bust, the sculptor, in giving the last touches to the marble, chanced to make a jingling with his chisels; and, noticing an unusual appearance of absence and reserve in his sitter, and fearing that it had annoyed him, apologized: "No, my dear Mr. Noble," said Faraday, placing his hand kindly on the artist's shoulder, "but the noise reminded me of my father's anvil, and took me back to my boyhood." When journeying in Switzerland, he wrote of visiting a nail factory and said, "I love a smith's shop and anything relating to smithery. My father was a smith." In walking the streets of London, he would look with kind interest at the newsboys, because, he said, he used to be a newsboy himself.

Early in life he became interested in religion, but did not make a public profession till he was about thirty, when he united with the Sandemanians, perhaps the least known and humblest of any sect. It

was the church to which his parents belonged, and where he had received his first religious impressions. But reasons stronger than these—the belief that its doctrines were most in accordance with the teachings of Jesus—doubtless decided his choice. The Queen and the Prince Consort might sit as learners at his feet, but the establishment presented no allurements to draw him away from the humble church in which he had chosen the home of his soul. When asked by Cardinal Wiseman, "If, in his deepest conviction, he believed all the Church of Christ, holy, catholic and apostolical was shut up in the little church in which he bore rule," referring to his being an elder; Faraday replied: "Oh, no. But I do believe from the bottom of my soul that Christ is with us."

And this was enough for him. Enough, that there he might sit with Jesus at the well, and drink of those living waters which alone can allay the thirst of an immortal mind. He was, says Gladstone, "one of that long line of scientific men, beginning with the *savants* of the East, who have brought to the Redeemer the gold, frankinscence and myrrh of their adoration."

With all his humility and meekness, Faraday knew how to value himself and his own acquisitions. When Garibaldi was visiting London at the time his fame was highest, some member of the Royal Institution remarked to him: "We must get Garibaldi to come some Friday evening;" Friday evenings being the regular time for lectures. His quiet reply was: "If Garibaldi thinks he can learn anything from us, we

shall be happy to see him." As a statesman, a warrior, and a patriot, he might do honor to the distinguished Italian; but as a man of science, standing in the rooms of the Royal Institution, he could regard him only as a pupil.

It has been said of Sir Godfrey Kneller, that having expressed a desire not to be buried in Westminster Abbey, and being asked, why he wished that such an honor should be declined; replied, "Because they do bury fools there." Expressed in a very different manner from the sarcastic painter, but scarcely less cogent, were the reasons which Faraday gave, why no attempt should be made to reward intellectual achievement by conferring titles of nobility. On this subject his opinion had been desired by a Parliamentary Committee. He replied, in a letter expressing his gratitude for all the kindness and attention, which he had received from his "sovereign downward." Referring to the honors which had been conferred upon him by princes and learned societies of foreign lands, he wrote. "I cannot say that I have not valued such distinctions; on the contrary, I esteemed them very highly, but I do not think I have ever worked for or sought after them." But in regard to titles of nobility, he said: "Instead of conferring distinction, they confound the man who is one of twenty, or perhaps fifty, with hundreds of others. They depress rather than exalt him, for they tend to lower the especial distinction of mind to the common places of society." "The distinctions," he added, "being rendered very desirable and even en-

viable in the eyes of the aristocracy by birth, should be unattainable except to that of science."

The marriage of Faraday was a singularly happy one. It satisfied his whole heart, and home was to him the dearest spot on earth. "After all," he said, "there is no pleasure like the tranquil pleasure of home."

At length the powers of body and mind began to fail. "The fastenings of his earthly tabernacle were removed one by one." His memory gave way, and the strength of his great mind declined; but through the dimness, the faith, and hope and joy of the Christian, shone with unfading brightness; and, on religious matters, he expressed himself with his wonted clearness. To his niece he wrote: "Out of the view of death comes the view of the life beyond the grave, as out of the view of sin comes the glorious hope. My worldly faculties are slipping away day by day. Happy is it for all of us that the true good lies not in them. As they ebb, may they leave us as little children trusting in the Father of Mercies, and accepting his unspeakable gift." He died August, 1867, at the age of seventy-five.

He was buried by his relatives according to the simple rites of the church to which he belonged. But the honors which he had not sought while living, and which his family had not sought for him when dead, were offered to his memory. Resolutions, expressive of honor and affection, were drawn up by learned societies in all lands, and eulogies pronounced upon him. Nothing seems better to describe the earnestness

and excellence of his character than an expression of his friend and biographer, Bence Jones: "On every occasion and in all the varying circumstances of life, he always endeavored to seek and say that which he believed to be the truth, and to do that which he thought was kind."

EDELWEISS.

A STORY told in the quaint and beautiful style of Germany, represents a mother parting with her son as he leaves their home for foreign travel. She throws her arms around him and cries, sobbing: "I have nothing more to say to thee; the father has said everything. Only, when thou findest on the Swiss mountains the little plant, Edelweiss, bring it home to me." She asks him not to bring wealth; nor, with the proud enthusiasm of that mother who bade her son return to her with or upon his shield, to win fame; she only asks him to bring to her that pure, high-blooming flower – the Edelweiss—honor white.

The boy—Warren Hastings—lying on the bank of the stream which flowed through the old domain of his family, made the resolve, never abandoned, to recover the estate which had belonged to his worthless father.

We remember well an old woman of rare brilliancy, one whose very energy and ambition seemed to hold age and infirmity at bay. It was just as the great California gold fever broke out, and thousands of the young and strong and ambitious had gone thither to seek their "Castles in Spain." And her sons, inheritors of her beauty, her energy, and her ambition,

were with the first who found those, then, far-off shores.

"I have sent my son," she said to us, naming one of them, "a dozen pairs of socks that I have knit for him, and I sent an *odd one*, which, I wrote him, he might return to me filled with gold."

And in those sons that mother's wish was fulfilled. They held the wands wherewith some men conjure wealth, and the children of many generations dwell in ceiled houses. But among all their names, known in marts of trade, seen on registers at the resorts of fashion, not one is recognized, either by the public at large, as philanthropist; or, by those who know them in private walks, as men of generous and kindly deeds. Among them, sons, grandsons, all,—not one is known as philanthropist, scholar, or Christian.

Aye! What a wealth of strength, and energy, and fine capacity was there devoted to winning gold: winning it for its own sake, and with no thought of any noble end. How different might it have been had that mother, as her gallant sons went forth, asked, wished, prayed that her sons might bring home to her that for which the German mother asked—the Edelweiss.

And there was another mother, in homely guise, of whom we have been told by one, who has lately and forever laid down his gifted and consecrated pen, who, when her wild, reckless boys were at their revels, plead with God for their salvation: "Constant—constant—constant. When they're startin' out, an' when they come home roarin' drunk; when they're blas-

phemin', and when they're sleepin'. Sleepin'? Yes, when them boys—great, big, grown men now—are sleepin' in the other room, I often an' often steals in an' kneels by their bedside—sleepin' so peaceful 'minds me of when they was babes an' children. I like to be near 'em, touchin' 'em while I pray. *This* one Lord, I say, or *this* one—only *me* to pray for them, Lord! O, if it be possible! And behind the butter-beans, too! Seems to me the Lord *must* hear!" And the Lord harkened and head her pleadings, and the mother saw her sons clothed and in their right minds.

It is, for the most part, what we ardently wish for, that is given to us; what we steadily look to as a goal for ourselves, or for those over whom we have an influence, that is reached. We may not attain to that which we wish to be in our best moments, in moments of high enthusiasm, but we may reach to that which we *uniformly* wish to be; what we are willing to deny ourselves for the sake of being; what we are willing that our friends and those we love best should blame us for, if we feel sure in our own consciences that we are following the voice of the Great Shepherd.

In the glitter of the world, in the pride of life, amid the allurements of beauty, and the songs of sirens, may the words which the Psalmist pronounced of those who "lusted exceedingly in the wilderness, and tempted God in the desert," never be spoken of any one of us. "He gave them their request; but sent leanness into their soul."

Happiest he, who stretches his hand most eagerly

for the Edelweiss; who longs most for "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are of good report."

HENRY MARTYN.

IT is an old forgotten book, laid away almost with centennials, its pages time-stained and lonesome looking, but it contains that "eternal sap" which keeps for ever green, like the leaves of that tree which John saw in vision, and which was given for the healing of the nations.

Henry Martyn was born in Truro, among the rocks of Cornwall, in 1781. His father, Mr. John Martyn, was a laborer in the famous mines of that region; but by improving every hour saved from toil in the acquisition of useful knowledge, and by a force of character like that by which Hastings recovered his ancestral domains, he soon placed himself in a very different and more lucrative situation. Understanding the value of education, he provided for his son the best that England afforded. At the age of eighteen young Martyn entered the University of Cambridge. The advantages which he there received were rather the result of his father's efforts and anxiety than of any exertion of his own. He had much talent, but his earnest wish to improve seemed to spring mainly from the desire to please his father. The very sudden death of that father was blessed to his conversion. "While I mourned the loss of an earthly parent," he

said, "the angels in heaven were rejoicing at my being so soon to find an heavenly one."

The influence which turned his mind to the work of a missionary was, to a large extent, wafted from American shores. The reading of the life of David Brainard, and the "apostolical zeal and success" with which he labored among the North American Indians, first called his attention to the work of missions, and filled his soul with "a holy emulation of that extraordinary man." From an overpowering sense of obligation and love to the Saviour, after an intense conflict of soul, he resolved to obey that Saviour's last command. On the altar of Christian devotion he laid all that he held dearest,—his country, beloved relatives, and one so strangely dear to him that he never trusts himself to utter her name, except as "the person dearest to me upon earth." To be a missionary at that time, and especially for a member of the established church, was almost a new thing. Before leaving England, friends obtained for him the situation of chaplain of the East India Company, it appearing "peculiarly eligible, as offering singular facilities for missionary exertions amongst millions of idolaters." He did not wait to leave the shores of England to do "the work of an evangelist," but labored earnestly, especially among the poor, the dying, and the friendless, to bring souls to Christ.

On his way to Portsmouth, whence he was to sail for India, his mental sufferings were so acute that "he fainted and fell into a convulsion fit." "My heart," he says, "was sometimes ready to break with agony."

He went forth to preach the gospel to the heathen, and it was his fixed resolution to live and die amongst them. *When he left England, he left it wholly for Christ's sake, and he left it forever.* He was then twenty-four years of age, and, had his purpose been a worldly one, his position as chaplain of the East India Company was most eligible. But, in accepting it, he turned away from all he held dearest. More precious to his heart would have been the humblest home among the rocks of Cornwall than the proudest palace in India. It was nine months from the time he left England before he reached his destination. The voyage had been crowded with incidents. At Cape Town troops were landed from their ship, and a battle ensued. Six miles he marched over the burning sands to the fatal field, and ministered to the dying; and wherever the ship anchored and on board of the ship, he ever sought to work for the Master. In his work, too, he had found consolation. Jesus had walked on the waves of his soul, and had said, "Peace, be still."

In March, 1808, after a residence of less than three years in India, he completed the "great work for which in the ages yet to come myriads will gratefully remember and revere the name of Martyn,—the version of the New Testament into Hindoostanee." At the close of 1809, he commenced his public ministrations to the heathen. As chaplain of the East India Company, he had performed with singular fidelity the duties of his position; on field and in hospital, with officer and soldier, he was ever breaking the bread of life and offering water from the wells of salvation.

He preached to the lowest class of the heathen, while he labored still for his regiment and his "little flock of Europeans." To a beloved fellow-missionary he writes: "We are shepherds keeping watch over our flocks by night. If *we* fall asleep, what is to become of them!"

Unremitted labors and an enervating climate acting upon a delicate constitution, forced him to leave Cawnpore, where his regiment was stationed. For the last time he preached to the natives, telling them of Jesus, and exhorting them to believe on him. Mrs. Sherwood, author of the once well-known story of "Little Henry and his Bearer," was one of those who listened to his last sermon to his English friends. She says: "He seemed as one inspired from on high. Never was an audience more affected. The next day this holy and heavenly man left Cawnpore, and the society of many who sincerely loved and admired him. He left us with little hope of seeing him again, until, by the mercy of our Saviour, we meet with him in our Father's house."

He sailed down the Ganges still scattering the eternal seed, and after reaching Calcutta, though with a feeble voice, continued telling the story of Jesus and his cross. Not long after he went to Arabia, partly in pursuit of health. "I now pass" he writes, "from India to Arabia not knowing the things which shall befall me there, but assured that an ever faithful God and Saviour will be with me in all places whithersoever I go." For a year he dwelt in Shiraz, Persia, and, being endowed with remarkable aptitude in the acquisition of languages,

in that time translated the New Testament into Persian. Martyn had hoped to present his translation in person to the King of Persia, but was prevented by dangerous and prostrating sickness. The English ambassador, however, promised that he would present it. Accordingly, it was laid before the King, who publicly approved of it, carried the manuscript to St. Petersburgh, where it was printed and put into circulation. Joyfully he says: "The way of the kings of the East is preparing. . . The Persians also will probably take the lead in the march to Zion." Thus he went forth, telling to Arabians, to Medes and Persians, to Mohammedans and Jews, the wonderful things of God. And in his work he received exceeding joy, nearness in communion with his God, and a peculiarly sweet delight in the companionship of friends, whether among clergymen, in the army, or elsewhere.

Hoping for the restoration of his health, and thinking to return to England, Martyn commenced the long journey from Shiraz to Constantinople. It was through the land of ancient story, a way deeply interesting to him as a scholar and a Christian. There was Persepolis, there was the "garden enclosed," there was Ararat. But in that journey his sufferings from fever, heat and deprivation, were too great to allow him little more than a consciousness of the regions through which he was passing. It was not from beautiful scenery or classic memories that his heart received consolation; but he saw a better country, "even an heavenly;" he remembered the story of

the cross, and knew that for him there was a better home and a dearer friend than earth had ever given. Attended by a hard, merciless Turk, Hassan by name, he had reached Tocat in Turkey, where, sinking under the weight of accumulated sufferings, or, as some thought, from the plague which was raging there, he died Oct. 16, 1812, not quite completing his thirty-second year.

Great has been the harvest, and not yet all gathered, which has sprung from the seed sown by Henry Martyn. His preaching, his translations of the Scriptures, and his example, are still bearing fruit.

THE ELDER'S HOME.

It mav be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.

Byron.

"Awake but one—and, lo! what myriads rise!"

THERE are scenes and places that lie in the memory, dim like a landscape in the haze, or the sea seen through the mist: memories so faint, that we half count them among our dreams, or stories read long ago. So to us appears a good old man of whom we were reminded in finding, as we thought, a strong resemblance to him in the engraving of a likeness of Thomas Jefferson, taken in his old age. He was a pioneer Baptist of New England, "Elder Henry Smith;" and the notices of his death in the time-stained "Minutes of the York Association," of more than forty years ago, read with the ring of truth; the church call him "their aged, beloved and faithful pastor;" the ministers "resolve." "that we sincerely feel the loss we have sustained in the death of our aged and venerable father and brother, Rev. Henry Smith, who was one of the little band that cherished this Association in its infancy, has been a firm pillar and supporter of its interests about half a century, . . .

faithfully and ably preached and defended the doctrines and ordinances of the cross as they were first delivered to the saints, and has been a successful pastor of an affectionate and grateful church many years."

There are legends of his gentleness, and of his firmness as well. The "Shakers" — the original "Spiritualists"—were dwellers near his home, and in his youth, thinking they perceived in him a yielding spirit, made some effort to bring him into their faith. One of them said to him, "Henry, your mother appeared to me last night and said, 'Go to Henry and tell him I wish him to unite with your people.'" "The next time she comes," said he, readily, "tell her I shall do no such thing."

He had no salary, no presents, only that the blacksmith used to shoe his horse for nothing. Verily, "without money and without price," he broke unto his people the bread of life. The memory and the traditions of the good are fragrant and long lasting. The favorite perfume of the Empress Josephine is said still to linger in the palace where she dwelt; but the memory and the influence of the good are immortal, and will live when the walls of Malmaison have long crumbled into dust.

With the pictured face, there comes the "Elder's" fair home—the farm, which his own hands tilled. A grove of white oaks reared their stately heads on an ascending slope in the rear of the house, and there was a great ledge of smooth rock, which was beautiful to lie down upon, while the sun glinted through the leaves of the oaks and across the tops of the firs,

whose roots lay below, at the foot of the ledge. And there were "ivory leaves" and plums and wild honeysuckles growing there, which made a paradise for a child; and breezes laden with their fragrance, touched cheek and brow, on which neither care nor sorrow had made its writing.

Near the edge of the wood, where, in the afternoon, the open sunshine fell, there was one large stump where we always sat down to rest, or paused, and thought of the lofty trunk it had once supported. It had a story of its own—a story which broken hearts never forgot. It was the mainmast of the ship "Isadore," which, one December afternoon, almost forty years ago, for the first time left her moorings, and that same night laid her stately mainmast, and all the timbers that seemed so staunch, and the frozen bodies of fourteen men—all who sailed in her—broken among the cliffs of "Bald Head."

And then, we remembered the funeral, the old-fashioned meeting-house and the old-fashioned minister. We remember, he said, "they met the storm, and they met it to win its fury." And there was one among the mourners who there mourned his only son; and, as he passed along the aisle to follow him and others to their graves, he turned, and with a beseeching look to the congregation said, "My friends, this is very hard for a poor old man to bear." That old stump brought it all: the ship, that seemed so gallant; the men, most of them in the strength of young manhood; and that grief-stricken old man, long since gone home

to the Saviour whom he loved, and in whom he trusted.

In front of the dwelling lay a bright, sunny lake. They called it *pond*—perhaps lake seemed pretentious; and then, "pond lilies" grew there. Again, in a frail boat, we cross those deep, quiet waters. And beside us is he—my brother—in the first glow of his young, beautiful manhood, loving and strong, good and true.

Soon we ascend a hill, and come to the "Shaker Settlement," and stand beside a newly digged grave, with sides irregular and all caving in, and he turns, and, in tones so low that our guide might not hear, whispers: "Wretched barbarians, who know not how to dig a grave,"—words spoken in imitation of a Polish patriot, who, just before he fell, a victim to Russian vengeance, looked into the ill-made grave prepared for him, and uttered that expression of contempt—again we feel "the touch of a vanished hand, and hear the sound of a voice that is still."

Between the dwelling-house and the lake, enclosed from the meadow where the meek-eyed cows grazed, was a square of land where the dead lay. The earlier graves had headstones, "home-made"—smooth-faced rocks with chiseled inscriptions, some of which told of the old faith, "old and beautiful as the stars," or the everlasting hills. And here, among his kindred and his flock, was made the aged minister's grave when he went to that heavenly home,

"Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest."

A REMINISCENCE.

Days, weeks, and months but seem
The recollection of a dream,
So still we glide down to the sea
Of fathomless Eternity. —*Marmion.*

WE are looking from our west far back where the sun shone so brightly on our eastern morning. It is more than twice twenty years since we spent a beautiful month among the hills of New Hampton. We have not seen them since, but we can close our eyes, and look again upon those hills and see the bright river flowing near.

With the love for rambling which belongs to early years, we wander to the river and step warily from rock to rock till we sit amid the stream—glad young girls, and one exceeding fair—with life in its beauty spread before us. Or, where the tall, dark pines are growing and a brook gurgling through, we walk with slow step beside another, and talk more seriously, dwelling on life's realities. She, with her dark, bright face full of energy and earnest purpose, has long been a dweller in an Asiatic city, where, we doubt not, she sheds the light of a cultivated intellect and a pure Christian character over its benighted people.

Every Sunday, during our stay among the hills, a long walk brought us to the meeting-house, an old,

unsightly structure with, we think, un-cushioned seats and un-carpeted floor. But from its uncouth pulpit, Sabbath after Sabbath, we listened to the preaching of that saintly and gifted man of God, John N. Brown. His gentle beauty, rare polish, poetic gift, and wide-spread scholarship, added to his deep, earnest Christian character, would have honored any pulpit in the land. But he was one who seemed to have risen above ambition and desire for earthly good as the bird of paradise rises above the region of darkness and of storm. The fine face, the beautiful polish of manner, and the poetic gift were the endowments of nature. Learning he loved and lived on as his daily food; and all his gifts, like the shepherds who followed the star, he "laid at the Redeemer's feet."

His wife—she so strong and brilliant, with her raven hair and lustrous eyes—was a wonderful supplement to him; a help-meet indeed, aiding in intellectual pursuits, helping largely in his "Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge," but, especially, bearing for him the cares and burdens of daily life. Loving him greatly, but with an affection which, from need, was rather a sustaining than a clinging love.

We remember the little white house where they dwelt; full, though God had never given them children of their own, full to overflowing, with young life. Among them was one happy girl, taken, when but a few months old, from a home of wretchedness and nurtured as their own. Opening a book of hers one day, on the fly leaf we found, written in a clear, open

hand, the words, "Louise, from her own father." More than all the others, they called her their very own, because in the wide world she had only them to care for and to love her; and when borne to an early grave no other parents mourned her loss.

It was a marvel to all how much good in their quiet, independent, unobtrusive way was accomplished by that noble and gifted man and woman. One who knew them well and loved them much and was often in their home, entering one day, found Mrs. Brown sitting in a litter of straw and braiding with swift fingers. "What *are* you doing, Mrs. Brown?" was the exclamation. "Well," said she, "Mr. Brown has just subscribed twenty dollars for (naming some mission) and he has not so much in all the world; and so I have learned to braid straw and make hats, and Mr. Burpee at the village store has engaged to buy them of me."

She did not complain—never thought of such a thing—for was it not an outcome of the sympathy and interest of the noble, generous, yet unthinking, impracticable being whom she so loved! She asked no one to help her out; no one to share the burden and care. He had himself pledged it; and, proud, independent, and honest to the core, he should not be credited with anything that he did not do; and she, alone, was one with him.

While absent at the South, he wrote to his wife letters of which any woman might well be proud, and sometimes containing little poems, which probably, never saw the light. One of these, held for the long

years in our keeping, we think too beautiful never to be seen:

' ON LOOKING AT MY WIFE'S MINIATURE.

Do I not love thee, vision of my soul!
Whose pictured beauty now before me lies;
With power my inmost feelings to control,
And draw deep tears of pleasure from my eyes?
Thy rich, dark hair, in its luxuriant wreaths,
Thy polished forehead, throne of noble thought!
Thy smiling lips, where sweet persuasion breathes,
And thy dark eyes, with night's deep beauty fraught!

Do I not love thee, Mary! dearer far
Than when in youth, in love and beauty's pride
I wooed thee by the light of evening's star,
And thy voice promised to become my bride?
Do I not love thee more to-day, far more,
Than when I clasped thy trembling hand in mine,
And by thy side stood up, with joy to pour
Love's mutual vow at Wedlock's holy shrine?

Nigh twice nine summers since have passed away,
Some tender memories each to thought endears;
And pure affection, nourished day by day,
Grows with our growth, and strengthens with our years.
Ah! little know they of its holiest power,
Who talk of Love as but the Dream of youth;
The Passion-flush, the Iris of the hour,
That fades before the touch of time and truth.

Far otherwise I find it. Love's calm glow
Sunlike shines on, gilding the stream of life;
And as I gaze on thy dear face, I know
Earth has no name so dear as thine, My Wife!
But thou art absent! 'Tis not thou, my love,
'Tis but thine image on this ivory scroll!
O when shall I see thee thyself and prove
How much I love thee, vision of my soul?

A wave of earthly ambition seems sometimes to have passed over his mind, for in one of those letters he writes; "Would that I could say to you what the dying poet Monti said to his noble wife—"Remember that Monti cannot wholly die! Think, O think! I leave thee dowered with no obscure, no vulgar name! for the day shall come, when among the matrons of Italy it shall be thy boast to say: 'I was the love of Monti.'"

But better and more enduring than all the fame of the Italian poet, is the incense of grateful love from many hearts, and the unfailing influence of a high example.

The devoted wife outlived for many years the beloved husband. Both have now entered into rest; have doubtless heard the Master's words, the "Inasmuch;" the "Well done."

REV. OLIVER BARRON.

These are slight remembrances; but it is to little familiar things suggestive of the voice, look, manner; never, never more to be encountered on this earth, that the mind first turns in a bereavement.—*Dickens.*

ANOTHER of the fathers has been called home; another laborer finished his "vintage task;" another soldier won his field.

For years we had not seen "Elder Barron," for he long ago removed to another State, but the notice of his death renewed a youthful memory, brought vividly back the bright, cheerful face, and frank kindly ways of that honored man of God.

A minister of the type of Amos, he might have said with that ancient seer, "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son, but I was a herdman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit; and the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and said to me: Go prophecy unto my people Israel." As we sometimes pass the cultivated plant unheeded, while the wild flower, or the forest oak brings a joy, so sometimes we love to meet the man of sense and intelligence, who has never stepped within the shade of Academic walls; whose mind has not been trained in a "school of the prophets;" and it seemed to us that he might have lost something of the originality, independence, and natur-

alness of his style and manner, had he been "through a course of instruction." But perhaps he himself might have felt the want of early advantages, for he was ever warmly interested in the cause of education, and according to his means, gave with a liberal hand to aid others in obtaining its advantages.

His parish was many miles from us, but matters of business, or Sabbath exchanges, made him a frequent guest at the hearthstone of our home; and we remember the cordiality with which he was welcomed by the older members of the household, and how wide our childish hearts opened to receive him; for he was one who kept his heart young, whose youth lived not alone in memory, but seemed transferred to the feelings and enjoyments of other generations. With the intuition of youth, we knew that his interested manner was not *put on* to win influence, or steal our hearts, but that it emanated from him naturally as the morning song from the birds. His cheerfulness could not have been that which sometimes rises to the surface of a great sorrow; it had a lightness, grace and beauty not to be found where shadows fall.

He was possessed of that rare power of touching secret springs of feeling; gaining confidence, we know not how. A power which seems most like the gift supposed to belong to the diviner, in whose hand the twig bends above water springs, or the witch-hazel betrays the place where treasure lies hidden.

In thinking of him, we call to mind one sweltering Sabbath day in summer, when as he was preaching, he stopped in his sermon, drew off his coat, and lay-

ing it beside him, repeated in a quiet unaffected way, "the Lord desireth mercy, and not sacrifice," and continued his discourse. And this he did so naturally, so unconsciously, that no one felt his sense of propriety offended.

A man full of impulse, warmth and earnestness, he never failed to express his views of religious doctrine, or of political opinion with unequivocal openness. He knew that as the minister of an everlasting Gospel, none had a better right than he to be a man. And yet so frank, so true, with his "heart upon his sleeve," even those with opposing views never seemed to love him less.

His salary never could have been thought large, but he always seemed satisfied with it, and never appeared to think, that the difference between it and the largest income of any man in his parish, was something out of which he was wronged. And often as we have listened to him in the freedom of familiar conversation, we never heard him complain of any one, or betray a particle of envious or jealous feeling.

Generous and noble-spirited, his soul yet craved a portion of the blessing which saith, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" and, with a liberal hand, as God prospered him, he gave to every benevolent or religious object which came before him. To his friends, to the people of his charge, to all who came within the sphere of his influence, he manifested an unaffected sympathy. He dealt largely in the "small passing civilities—the decimal coinage of daily life;" that which costs so little, which gives so much.

And now his true, joyous spirit has departed. He has gone to that Saviour to whom he early gave his heart, and at whose altar he loved to serve. He is doubtless resting "among the sheaves" which God gave him.

We know little of his life; and of his death have learned nothing but the simple record: "In Woodstock, N. H., August 29th, Elder Oliver Barron, 77. He was injured from the fall of a tree the 26th, and died the 29th. Although death came suddenly, it found him prepared for the summons." But we trust that some "In Memoriam" of him may be prepared, that his name may not be forgotten; and that the fragrance of his memory may be preserved in the denomination which he loved and served so well.

THE PHANTOM WITNESS.

IT was afternoon in April—April with its changing light and shade, its sunshine and its rain—and its fitful light shone cheerfully in the many happy homes of Devonshire.

In one such home, surrounded by comfort and beauty, was seated a lady of about thirty-five. She was a woman of most pleasing appearance. There was something about her that at once imparted the idea of strength of character, honesty of purpose and gentleness of disposition. Seated near her and engaged on the same piece of embroidery was her step-daughter—a girl of nineteen.

It was a fair picture: the mother with her commanding presence, her dark complexion and large deep blue eyes and almost black hair; and the young girl—the very personification of the Saxon—fair, with sunny eyes and light, wavy hair, and the look of trusting love which ever and anon she turned upon her mother, showed that she loved and was beloved even as she might have been by her that bore her.

Emily Harcourt had gone to the widowed home of her husband with a heart full of love for his orphan child, not only because it was his child, but also that the mother of the little girl had been the chosen friend

of her youth; and with all the warmth, the clinging love of a childish heart, did Mary Wilde return that affection, and as years passed on, strove by many an act of kindness and of care to her little half brother and sister, to repay in some measure the debt of gratitude she owed their mother.

"It is William, mother," said the young girl, as a shadow passed the window and a step was heard in the hall, and joy circled her sunny eyes — but the mother's look was very grave though kind.

William Burton was certainly handsome enough to make a young girl's heart beat quick, and her cheek flush with a deeper glow, and hers especially, to whom he had professed his love.

With fine form and features faultless, his dark hair curling about his white temples, his eyes large and bright, and his winning smile revealing teeth perfect in form and whiteness, no wonder that he had won a young girl's heart.

But those large eyes, so dark and bright, too often shone with such a light as that a fallen angel's might have had, and the expression of that winning smile would change to a look clouded and sinister. But this the girl never noted. She only thought that William's smile was beautiful, and knew that she was happiest in its light.

The father, too, was pleased at the thought of having the handsome and enterprising Burton for a son-in-law; but the mother had from the beginning shrunk from him with an indefinable dread, perhaps the

deeper and the sadder because it was so ill substantiated.

Burton had inherited from his maternal grandfather an estate lying a few miles from Tiverton, and it was in his brief and occasional visits to this estate that he had made the acquaintance of Mary Wilde.

To her husband Mrs. Wilde had unhesitatingly spoken of her aversion, her half dread of young Burton, and had expressed a belief that mercenary motives were influencing him in regard to Mary, since she had received from her mother a considerable fortune. But Mr. Wilde, well satisfied both with the appearance and position of Burton, regarded his wife's feelings of suspicion as wholly uncalled for, and thought them so entirely unfounded that Mrs. Wilde had ceased to speak of a want of confidence for which she could give no definite reason.

As the marriage day drew near, her feeling of dread — the presentiment of evil — rendered her absolutely melancholy, although she made every suitable preparation for the festivities of the occasion, and endeavored to appear cheerful and happy.

There was nothing on that bridal morning that seemed portentous of evil; no dark cloud in the sky, no threatening storm, no blight upon the flowers that were scattered in the way, and no sudden faltering in the voice that pronounced the mystic words of the marriage ceremony. The sunbeams shone upon the stained glass of the church, and painted with its varying tints the long aisles and marble slabs, hiding with its uncertain light the ravages of time on the brow of

the aged, and lending a richer glow to the fairness of youth, while they seemed to fall with a brighter light where Burton stood in his bold, strong beauty, and Mary in the trustingness of her love.

Was it not a morbid fancy that would dream of anything but happiness on that morning, with its glorious flood of light shining on so much youth and beauty? And Mrs. Wilde began to reason that all must be well, and accused herself of morbidness, even when that presentiment of evil had taken the strongest possession of her.

London was to be the future home of Burton and his bride, and immediately after the marriage they left in a one horse carriage for that great metropolis.

A year passed away, and April came again. Mr. and Mrs. Wilde had occasionally received letters from Mary, but, though the father noted nothing of the kind, Mrs. Wilde continually spoke of a constraint and lack of freshness in her letters which seemed most unlike the freedom and frankness that had ever marked her character. They all appeared as if coined in the brain alone,—there were no little home incidents—no bubblings from the heart; and Mrs. Wilde answered them with forced cheerfulness and a heart full of a strange pity.

"I know," said Mrs. Wilde to her husband one evening after a late return from business, "I know that you have little sympathy in my boding thoughts for our poor Mary; but to-night as I sat here alone, it is true with thoughts full of sadness and foreboding on her account, suddenly it seemed to me as though her

presence filled the room, and as I raised my eye toward the entrance, she stood there just as she looked on the morning of her marriage, save that she was deadly pale, and that the smile that played around her mouth and the light that circled her eyes was very sad. Her wreath of orange flowers too was broken and partly torn from her hair, and her white robe was all stained with blood which was still trickling from her side, while she raised her arm and pointed toward the old Burton mansion, and then her eyes met mine with an imploring gaze. I know you think I was dreaming, but surely it was no dream; it was a communication sent me from the world of spirits, telling me that our poor Mary is murdered."

The next morning, to gratify his wife's entreaties and with the hope of removing the strange idiosyncrasy which seemed to have taken possession of her mind, Mr. Wilde went with her, accompanied by two workmen to whom he had imparted his purpose, towards the Burton estate.

As they approached an old, ruined summer-house, Mrs. Wilde suddenly paused, and turning deadly pale, said, "I believe it is here."

The men listlessly proceeded to the work which appeared so idle and vain, while Mr. Wilde regarded them with painful indifference, and his wife looked on with an expression of agonized suspense. Raising a board in the last layer of the floor, the workmen started as they saw the soiled end of a ribbon,—another board was raised, and there lay Mary, her fair hair still floating around her, though her sweet features only told of the

earth mould and the worm. Her white bonnet, worn for the first time on the morning of that fatal marriage, lay near her, and the wedding ring still circled her skeleton finger.

Then the strong man bowed himself, and a burden was laid upon that father's heart too heavy for passing years ever to remove; while as the mother saw the realization of her dread forebodings, she turned away with a heart scarce sadder or more certain of evil than when that fair girl left her home a bride.

Was this a home for crime? Would it turn away from the lanes and alleys, from the dark and loathsome cellars, or from the gorgeous saloons of the gambler and drunkard, and come to this suburban cottage home, with its jasmines and roses, its air of taste, elegance and refinement scattered everywhere; and the fairy child—a girl so beautiful—resting in a fair mother's arms. And there was Burton, so bold, so handsome, and alas! so bad.

As the officers of justice came upon him, he had just entered the room, and leaning his hands on the back of a chair, was regarding with a look of fond affection his wife and child.

Could crime darken a picture so fair? Even those stern men, so used to the deceptive forms of guilt, started back as though it were impossible that a criminal could form one in a tableau so touching. But the evidences were too strong against him, and Burton was made a prisoner.

His wife, innocent and unsuspecting of his crime,

had loved him with a sincere devotion, and had little dreamed on her marriage day that the hand that so fondly held her own was scarce washed from the blood of a victim as full of hope and beauty as herself, and that many of his wedding gifts to her had been purchased with the gold he had so coveted.

But hers was a fate to be deplored with even greater bitterness than was that of Mary Wilde, for Mary had died, as the confessions of Burton revealed, unconscious that it was his hand that had dealt the fatal blow; while she lived to see the husband she had loved a condemned felon, and even her innocent babe looked on with suppressed horror as the child of a murderer.

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
They kept the even tenor of their way.
— *Gray.*

"DON'T you think it is time for Richard to be here, mother?" said Margaret Manning, as she dropped upon the spindle the yarn that she was spinning, and walking to the window, looked earnestly along the path that led to the cottage.

"He will soon be here, for it is nearly six o'clock," replied her mother, laying down the cards with which she was preparing rolls for her daughter to spin, and picking up the broken brands beneath the tea-kettle, that hung on the crane in the huge fire-place.

Their home — the brown gable-roofed cottage — was situated on an eminence in a wild, hilly tract of country, on the sea-coast of Maine. The morning sun rose from out the mighty ocean, and set at evening behind rugged hills covered with pines and firs. Dwelling houses were sparsely scattered over the region, and not even one could be seen from Mrs. Manning's cottage, not so much because of distance as of the intervening hills and woods.

Mrs. Manning had come with her young husband from the "Province of Massachusetts Bay," twenty-

five years before, and careful industry and patient toil had reared for them their comfortable cottage, and reclaimed from the waste their little farm. The early advantages of Mrs. Manning had been of a superior character, and it was necessary for her to bring into exercise all the energies of a strong heart and cultivated intellect, when she was left a widow with three children, and no other resource than their rather unproductive farm.

Robert, her oldest son, now twenty-three years of age, was a person of energy, manliness and decision; and though but a boy of twelve at the time of his father's death, he had at once assumed the almost entire care and management of the farm. His character early matured in the exercise of those faculties which are seldom called into play in the midst of affluence. The spirit and activity of boyhood were not crushed or depressed in him, but they were diverted from their usual channels. Fishing, skating or where hazel-nuts grew thickest, were no longer subjects of absorbing interest; but he would listen with eager and careful attention, whenever he heard the neighboring farmers talking of the best time of sowing grain, planting vegetables, or cutting timber and firewood; and his mind thus became strong and thoughtful, and he was early looked upon by all around as a person of sound judgment, sterling sense and much intelligence.

Richard, the youngest of the family, had from the age of nine to sixteen, been an invalid; and for this reason had been able to gratify and cultivate an ear-

nest thirst for study. The number of books that had fallen into his hands had been limited, and therefore the better mastered. He pored, and dreamed, and thought over them, till he seemed to inhale their essence, and incorporate them with his being. Books of English study—grammar, mathematics and history —their own cottage had afforded; while their minister —a strange, silent old man—had always been ready to lend him what few books his library furnished, and had been to him a kind and able instructor. But "Shakspeare," "Pilgrim's Progress," and the works of Swift, were almost the only books of recreation that had fallen into the boy's hands, and on this strong food the powers of his young mind expanded; while his interest and, as far as he was able, participation in the cares and labors of the family, imparted to him an early character of thought and energy.

Margaret was one year the senior of Richard, and from his having been so much confined by sickness, had been his constant companion. There was between them a beautiful sympathy of mind and heart—a consciousness as it were of each other, derived not so much from words, or direct communication, as from a sort of intuition. They possessed the same strong and delicate feelings, and the same deep and absorbing sense of the beautiful, whether found in the pages of the poet, or seen in the sunshine and shade of the actual world.

Beauty and Genius! As often does it dwell at the cottage hearth as in the princely halls of affluence; and it seems to spring in greater strength, and more

perfect loveliness, through the stubborn soil of poverty, than when surrounded by the fostering care of wealth. The aspiration is higher, the struggle deeper, the success more glorious.

For more than two years, Richard had been in the employ of a mercantile firm in the town of Portsmouth, ten miles distant. He had entered upon his new duties with the earnestness and ability consistent with his character, and, perhaps, the more eagerly, that during the years in which he had been an invalid, the idea of his inability to share in the labors of his brother, had constituted his one trouble.

Walter Hayne, the only son of their nearest neighbor, whose house, however, was three-quarters of a mile distant, was employed in the same firm with young Manning, and they "took turns" in visiting their homes, each coming every alternate Saturday, and returning on Monday.

It was now the evening for Richard's return, and the hour had long past, at which he usually reached the cottage. The shadows deepened around, and the firelight gleamed more brightly. It was a home for comfort: that broad stone hearth, the ample fire-place, in which now a pitch wood torch, placed upright, sent its bright, fitful gleams, and made the shadows dance around the room; and the little bright grains that were mingled with the sand brought from the seashore, and scattered in tasteful figures over the white oaken floor, glistened like tiny diamonds; while "the pewter plates on the dresser caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine." On the old

fashioned round table, covered with a pure white cloth, was spread the evening meal, ready for the little family to partake, as soon as he arrived.

CHAPTER II.

Maybe without a further thought,
It only pleased you thus to please,
And thus to kindly feelings wrought,
You measured not the sweet degrees;
Yet, though you hardly understood
Where I was following at your call,
You might—I dare to say you should—
Have thought how far I had to fall.

—*Milnes.*

It was one of the changing days of April, mingling in its character the different seasons of the year. Great patches of snow lay scattered among the brown hills; the brooks leaped and gurgled beneath their thin icy glazings, and the brown and withered leaves of the preceding autumn, lay scattered beneath the trees, whose buds were swelling for the leaves of another summer. The sunlight fell upon the sea, and the foamy crests of the waves sparkled, as though from their deep troughs they had caught up diamonds. To the north, the faint blue of the White Mountains was seen through the clear atmosphere, mingling with the deeper blueness of the sky, where the light fleecy clouds were floating like ships drifting upon a waveless sea; while to the west, the tall pines and dark firs seemed to set the landscape as in a frame-work.

Richard Manning stood there alone upon the shore —alone in the pride, the glory, and the happiness of

youth. The sea, the sunlight, the rugged hills, the waving trees, and the ocean breeze, as it came up and mingled with the strongly scented air, that swept through the pines, all seemed to breathe into his soul, that high enthusiasm, that thirsting for beauty and truth, which is at once the hope and the prophecy of youth.

It was to him one of those days that mark a lifetime; the emotions of which remain forever stamped upon the soul — fossilated, as it were, within the inmost recesses of the being — and give form and strength to every sentiment of love, and truth, and beauty.

Manning had, through the recommendations of his present employers, a few days before, received a lucrative offer from a mercantile house in Boston, to become its agent at Cadiz. It was proposed for him to go at once to Boston, and make himself familiar with the business to be entrusted to him, and then proceed to Spain the ensuing September. He received the proposal with the utmost pleasure, and would at once have accepted it, had he not felt that there were others than himself to consult. He therefore promised to give his answer as soon as he should have visited home, at the same time expressing his inclination to accept the offer.

But it was not alone the thought of his family that made him hesitate: he thought of another—of Mabel Grey—the bright vision that had floated into his soul, and tinged every purpose and feeling, like the blush-

ing hue that touches the leaves of the white rose when first they open to the sun.

Mabel Grey was indeed beautiful enough for a poet's love; and even a stranger could scarce have looked into those soft brown eyes, and marked the sunny brightness of the smile that played so often about her sweet rosy mouth, without feeling toward her a sense of irresistible attraction. Her manners, too, were fascinating as her beauty; and she had received all the advantages of education and polish, which her position, as the child of wealthy parents, afforded.

Her home was in Boston; but she had been in Portsmouth for several months, on a visit to her cousin, Mary Weston, to whom Walter Hayne had been for some time engaged. From being clerk in the same house, as well as from much that was congenial in character and disposition, a strong friendship had sprung up between Hayne and young Manning. Manning had sometimes called at Mr. Weston's with his friend, and there he had first met Mabel Grey.

Every facility had been afforded to their intimacy: and she had awakened in his soul all that love, of which, a deep and earnest nature is capable; while he rejoiced in the consciousness that his affection was returned. He knew it from the increased brightness of her smile, and the loving light that filled her eyes, whenever he drew near her; and he heard it, when, in addressing him her voice murmured a softer cadence, than when she spoke to others.

The father of Walter Hayne, as we have said,

resided about a mile from the cottage of Manning's mother; and Mrs. Hayne, wishing to receive a visit from Mary Weston previous to her marriage with her son, had extended the invitation to Mabel Grey, partly to supply her with a companion in their retired home, and partly because she knew that Mary could not otherwise well leave home, while Mabel was visiting at her father's, and both of them were now spending a few weeks at the fine old homestead of Mr. Hayne.

Of Mabel, young Manning thought, as he stood there, upon the seashore; and of every bright vision, she formed a part.

Hitherto, he had felt that there had been little need of words between them; for both were young, and it seemed to him, that their beautiful consciousness was sweeter than words could make it.

Now, that he was about to form so important a decision, involving his absence for several years, he felt that she should be at once consulted; and before going to his mother's house he determined to call for a while at Mr. Hayne's, that he might in words, exchange with her the pledges of a love, which each had silently acknowledged, and unfold to her all his plans and purposes.

With eager step, a cheek flushed with strong emotion, and eyes radiant with the light of youth, and hope, and love, he entered the dwelling.

He came out with pallid face, and his large eyes looking cold and stony.

A few hours before, and he was a boy, bright and joyous as the sunshine of spring; now, that which

had made existence beautiful—the ethereal essence of joy—had vanished, and might never more be gathered to fall upon his heart.

Mabel had received him with that air of fondness which left not a doubt of the success of his errand; and her voice lost none of its loving tones, as she told him that she had long been engaged—engaged, she said, before she had ever had the happiness of knowing him.

In the anguish and confusion of the moment, he forgot, or heeded not, the way that led to his mother's cottage; but after wandering, he knew not where, he at length reached it.

"Richard," exclaimed Mrs. Manning, marking, as soon as he entered, his wild and haggard look, and the paleness which the flickering light rendered the more ghastly, "what has happened? are you ill?"

"I am well, quite well," he answered, in a hoarse, constrained voice; and then, at once, made every home inquiry with an appearance of usual interest.

Margaret, aware of her brother's feelings towards Mabel Grey, immediately conceived that his strange manner was somehow connected with her, and forebore to make any remark which could possibly embarrass him; but before retiring to rest, she stole softly into his room.

He was sitting silent and immovable in his chair, and gazing fixedly on the lengthening wick of the candle, that was burning on the table before him. He heeded not the approach of his sister, nor turned his eyes toward her, till, bending over him, she whis-

pered, "Is anything the matter with Mabel, dear Richard?"

He started suddenly; then turning his head slowly toward her, he looked up and said, "Mabel is soon to be married to another. Do not talk of it, Margaret. Good night." And they spoke of it no more; save that on the succeeding Sabbath afternoon, when leaning over his shoulder, she read on a scrap of paper that was lying in a book which he held before him these lines:

> My boat is on a stormy sea,
> The breakers wild are chasing me;
> And rocks, and shoals, and sands are near
> O, whither, whither shall I steer!

She took the pencil from his hand and wrote beneath them:

> Look, there is a light 'mid darkness gleaming,
> See, there is a star from Heaven beaming:
> I know, I'm sure, that light will safely guide,
> That star, it points beyond this whelming tide.

And with a look of sorrow that went to her heart, he looked up and said, "the clouds are too heavy, I cannot see the stars through them."

A few months later, and Manning stood on the deck of the vessel that bore him from his native land.

It is strange, the power of a breath of wind, a ray of sunshine, a strain of music, or a gleam of beauty, to awaken to high endeavor — to revive forgotten hopes.

He leaned over the vessel's side, feeling that for him life had no longer any purpose — the wealth of his affections had been frittered away — his manhood insulted. A breath of wind stirred the hair about his temples; he slowly raised his head, looked at the sea, reflecting in its calm beauty the Tyrean colors of an autumn sky. He removed his cap and as the light breezes played upon his forehead and among his hair, a new inspiration stole over him; and he resolved that however blighted to himself, his life to others should not be a failure.

CHAPTER III.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath."

It were hard to tell which is the happier — those hearts that are deep as mountain wells: whose every strong emotion becomes an ecstasy or an anguish, and where love — the one love of the heart, is strong as its own fibres; or those which are capable of no intensity of feeling, and dream not of the depths which they have never fathomed.

Mabel Grey was not, perhaps, really an evil-minded woman, but there were no depths in her soul. Never had she met with one whose society had been more pleasing to her than young Manning's, or one for whom she had exerted more her powers of fascination; and yet she had no purpose to injure him permanently, nor would she have done so, even for a brief period, had not her own pleasure and vanity been concerned.

She kept her engagement to another, neither from love or truthfulness, but because it secured the wealth and luxury, which, she well knew, the bride of Manning must, at least, for a long time forego.

Receiving a love as light and volatile as that she gave, she married — married as thousands, as ten thousands marry everywhere. Both were pleased, and the world said, it was a "good match." And when, after a union of several years, death made her a widow, for a few days she seemed inconsolable, and then her tears were dried, and she never thought to weep more.

CHAPTER IV.

"Like a still serpent, basking in the sun,
With subtle eyes, and back of russet gold,
Her gentle tones and quiet sweetness won
A coil upon her victims — fold on fold,
She wove around them with her graceful wiles,
Till, serpent-like, she stung amid her smiles."

Dwelling in the beautiful home of his childhood, Walter Hayne had been for many years married to his early choice — Mary Weston, when they received a visit from their widowed cousin Mabel. They welcomed her to their home, and saw no serpent coiled at their feet; no "shrinking Mimosa" closing its leaves "at the hoof-beats of fate."

Mrs. Hayne was a woman of open and unsuspicious temper, and thought as little, when engaged in domestic affairs, of leaving Mabel to be entertained by her husband, as she would have done of leaving

her to listen to the prattle of her boys. But at length a sorrow, such as in her life before she had never experienced, stole over her — first, like a shadow — then, darkening her whole being.

She saw intuitively that Mabel was more silent in her presence than when left alone with her husband. If she unexpectedly entered the room where they were seated, the tones of her voice would change, and she would conclude an unfinished sentence in a manner different from what she believed it would have been had she not entered. Still, her deportment was of that character which can only be felt — so little tangible, that, brought into words, it seems like jealousy; and she shrank from speaking to her husband of what might appear like a want of trust in him. She knew, moreover, that he was unconscious of Mabel's artful and enticing ways; and unconscious, too, of that which her own aching heart saw too well — the silent admiration which he was bestowing upon her.

Happy in the heaats of those who loved her, Mrs. Hayne had never before longed for beauty — for those rare charms, which everywhere attract the heart. But now, as she gazed on her beautiful cousin, with a sense of anguish, she would contrast the delicately tinted cheek with her own flushed with the heat of over-exertion; and from the fair white hand would turn to her own, "brown as an oak-leaf in winter," and then with a struggle she would *wink back* the tears that came unbidden.

As weeks faded into months, she kept hoping

that Mabel would say something about returning to her home. And she would, indeed, sometimes mention it, but never except in the presence of her husband, and, as it seemed to poor Mrs. Hayne, only to elicit from him renewed invitations to lengthen her visit, till she almost begun to despair of ever ridding herself of her guest.

Mr. Hayne had for several weeks been engaged in getting ready for sea, a vessel in which he was concerned, and therefore had remained in Portsmouth, from whence the ship was to sail for Liverpool, only returning home on Saturday and remaining over the Sabbath.

Much as she loved her husband, this was a great relief to Mrs Hayne; while Mabel consoled herself in his absence by getting up a flirtation with a young man, named Stanley, a stranger in the neighborhood, but who, as agent of a firm with which Mr. Hayne had dealings, had frequently called on him for purposes of business.

Mrs. Hayne had, from the first, felt for him an irresistible repulsion. It seemed to her that there was something evil and sinister in his expression; and she was ill pleased, when she found him made a constant and welcome guest at her home, by one who had little right to assume the liberty. She could, however, easily enough have born this, had not Mabel continued her fond and devoted manner to her husband whenever he returned home.

Worn out with her own outraged feelings, one evening when Stanley's visit had extended into midnight,

she said to him with a manner as polite as the words were freezing: "Mr. Stanley, if it would be as convenient for you, I prefer that your visits here should be made on evenings when my husband is at home. I shall then be happy to receive those who may choose to honor us with their society."

The words were spoken *for* Mabel, for she felt that in some unaccountable way, she always contrived to keep Stanley away on the evenings of her husband's return. Taking Mabel by the hand, and bidding her "good night" in a low tone, and bowing coldly to Mrs. Hayne, he at once left the house.

The next Saturday night came — Mrs. Hayne walked to the garden gate, hoping to meet her husband alone. But she had stood there only a few moments, when Mabel came gliding toward her with some light excuse; and, then, as Mrs. Hayne replied only in monosyllables to all her attempts at conversation, she turned and began to cull the flowers which Mrs. Hayne had cultivated beside the path.

She picked the choicest rose-buds and all the sweetest flowers, and then, coming again toward Mrs. Hayne, remarked: "I have gathered some of your most beautiful flowers to give Mr. Hayne. As you have cultivated them, he ought to enjoy them."

How these words mocked her; and Mabel knew that they mocked her, but stood too much in fear of her cousin to offer the bouquet to her husband, in her presence, without some plausible words for a prelude.

Oh, how Mrs. Hayne's heart burned as she saw the flowers—her flowers—and listened to the low witching

sound of Mabel's voice. Then she thought if she had only remembered to gather them for him herself; but Mabel had been such a distraction to her, that she had almost forgotten how to think.

She listened now for her husband's step with a sense of dread, rather than of longing. She kept waiting on, Mabel ever flitting near, till she thought that he had been unexpectedly detained, and would defer his return till morning. But not once, while the two were waiting there, was the object of their watching named, and they entered the house without a word.

Mrs. Hayne dragged through the long hours of the succeeding Sabbath, till late in the afternoon, she sent for Robert Manning, and telling him her anxiety, requested him to go at once to Portsmouth, and ascertain what kept her husband.

He came back with the strange intelligence, that Mr. Hayne had, himself, sailed for England. That unexpected events had prevented the captain of the ship from fulfilling his engagement, and as she could not be detained without much damage to the owners, Mr. Hayne had, at the moment of departure, determined to take passage himself and manage her financial affairs; while the mate, who was a good sailing master, assumed the office of captain. But he had left no letter, nor even a message to his wife.

Burning with anger and the desire of vengeance, Stanley had, on leaving the house of Mr. Hayne, met at the door Robert Manning, who had come to request Mrs. Hayne to accompany him to his mother, who

had been taken suddenly and alarmingly ill, and whom he thought it not safe to leave alone with the inexperienced young girl who lived with her, while he went several miles for a physician. Each started in surprise at meeting the other at so unusual an hour; but Stanley passed on without a word, and at once conceived the thought of forming from the unexplained circumstance, the dagger wherewith to strike.

Early the following morning, Stanley proceeded to Portsmouth. He found Mr. Hayne on board the ship, and taking him aside, exerted all his art and cunning to excite in his bosom suspicion towards his wife.

Mr. Hayne, with an open and generous temper, a stranger to art himself, and blind to its existence in others, was a man of quick and violent passions, and was at once roused into fury. The vessel was ready to drop down the bay; while at the same moment, occurred the uncertainty and confusion occasioned by the captain's unlooked for detention. Thus, the plan of going himself to manage the financial affairs of the ship, was no sooner suggested to his mind than he eagerly seized upon it, and was far away on the ocean before he became conscious of his rashness and folly.

He thought of Robert Manning — of his honorable and unblemished name; of Stanley — a stranger, whose character was entirely unknown to him; and for the first time, he now perceived the wiles by which Mabel Grey had lured him, and he thought of them with bitterness and scorn; while in his contrition and pity, his wife — his gentle, patient, loving wife, seemed dearer to him than in all his life before.

It was the morning of the day that the ship sailed for Cadiz, whence she was bound, from Liverpool, that Mr. Hayne encountered on the wharf a poor, haggard and wretched looking being, in whom, however, he immediately recognized Stanley.

Stanley had, a few days after Mr. Hayne set sail from his native land, been dismissed by his employers on account of his dishonesty; and the same night, reckless and half drunk, had shipped as a common sailor, on board a vessel bound for England. Disease, dissipation and poverty had reduced him to the condition in which Mr. Hayne now met him.

"Stanley," said he, grasping him firmly by the shoulder, "tell me why you lied about my wife."

There was something in that determined grasp and firm, noble look, which made the wretch fear more to evade than truthfully to answer the question; and trembling, he told in what manner Mrs. Hayne had incurred his hate, and how revenge had caused him to fabricate the tale with which he had deceived her husband.

Not once while Mr. Hayne listened, did he relax that firm grasp, or open his lips, save once, when the name of Mabel Grey occurred, unconsciously, and with a bitter sneer, he repeated it through his closed teeth. But when Stanley had finished, the sense of his own folly was stronger upon him than resentment at the man's villany; and he stopped short his words, when bowing low, he began to beg forgiveness with, "Stanley, you are a poor sick wretch, and I am not

the man to revenge myself on you. Come with me to the hospital, and you shall be well cared for."

He procured his admission into one of the best hospitals in the city of Liverpool; accompanied him to his ward, and turning to an attendant, while he pointed to the bed on which poor Stanley now lay, said, with an earnestness that startled the young man: "There is a villain; but, if you do not treat him like a Christian, it will be the worse for you; and take that for your pains;" and he threw down a twenty pound note.

A few hours later, and Mr. Hayne was sailing down the river Mersey.

CHAPTER V.

——Why do *you* look so pale?
I have seen a ghost, father, Clive answered —— The ghost of my youth, father, the ghost of my happiness, and the best days of my life, groaned out the young man. I saw Ethel to-day.
—*Thackeray's "Newcomes."*

"The trees of the forest shall blossom again,
The song-bird shall warble its soul-thrilling strain,
But the heart Fate hath wasted no spring can restore,
And its song shall be joyful — no more, never more."

It was a happy moment for Richard Manning, when he welcomed to the shores of Spain the chosen friend of his youth. The warm clasp of the hand, and the familiar tones of the voice, came back to him as the echo of his boyhood.

And it was no less a comfort to Walter Hayne, with his soul longing for sympathy, to meet a friend with

whom he could freely converse of the unhappy circumstances that had caused him to leave his home. But when he spoke of Mabel Grey, dwelling with bitterness on the thought that she was the secret spring of all that misery, Manning was silent; while, whispering low, he thanked God that he had been saved from taking to his heart the frail, light thing.

Ten years had greatly changed young Manning. A boy no longer, he stood erect in the full glory of his manhood; while over the firm lip, the smooth calm forehead, and the soft earnest eye, was thrown that mystic spell of intellect, which imparts a strange charm even to features the most rugged and irregular.

In the conflict of life he had met the full tide of battle, and had come off conqueror. Forgetting himself—struggling to do good to others, to create around him an atmosphere of happiness, unconsciously he had breathed the air into his own soul. A wanderer in many lands, hearts had blessed him everywhere.

And wealth—the wealth that the world loves, had poured in upon him like rolling seas. Every enterprise in which he had engaged had been freighted with success.

He had long thought of returning to his native land, and had placed his affairs in a position to leave Spain though he still lingered, as if loath to quit that beautiful land. But the sight of his friend, and the idea of having his company in a voyage across the Atlantic decided him to take passage in the ship now bound for Boston.

No sooner had they landed, than Mr. Hayne, eager to reach home, took passage for Portsmouth, in a schooner, which was about leaving the wharf. Manning remained in Boston, to enjoy, for a few days, the society of his sister, who had long resided there with her husband — a man capable of appreciating her high-toned and beautiful character.

It was the first evening of his arrival that he met Mabel Grey. She was among the guests in a small party that had been invited at his sister's before she knew of his arrival. She was beautiful as ever, and no sooner did she recognize in Manning, the boy that she had held captive, than she again brought into play all her powers of fascination.

Once the perfection of his ideal, the embodiment of that mystic dream which can steal over the soul but once, he gazed upon her with a sad and mournful interest. But she had blighted his youth; she had darkened the hearth-stone of his friend; and her every blandishment, her every softened tone, fell on his heart coldly as moonbeams on flowers.

A week passed away, and Manning was returning to his early home. The coach road, now passed close to the dwelling of Hayne, and he could not resist the impulse of running in for a moment, even before he reached his old home, to congratulate both Hayne and his wife on their restored happiness.

"Where is Walter? my husband?" exclaimed Mrs. Hayne, the moment Manning presented himself. She had not before heard of the ship's arrival in Boston, and when she learned that a week had passed since

her husband sailed from there, she knew that some other terrible calamity had befallen her.

There had been a severe storm upon the coast; and they had heard of a schooner having been wrecked, and several bodies washed ashore, at the "Isle of Shoals."

With sad forebodings, Manning, with several others, proceeded to the island. The bodies had been buried for several days. They were disinterred, and Manning at once recognized in one of them the features of his poor friend.

It was no ordinary grief that overwhelmed the stricken widow. Letters, indeed, she had received from her husband, teeming with love; but the longings to hear once more from his lips the accents of affection, were lost in the wailings of despair.

The care of everything now devolved upon Manning. It was for him to be the friend of the widow, and the guardian of her boys. For years he watched over her interests with unchanging kindness. There was in their intercourse that confiding freedom, which, perhaps, could not have been, had either ever thought of regarding the other as anything more than a devoted friend.

But five years from Mr. Hayne's death, the friends were married — a strange, mysterious marriage, indeed — scarcely love; but a friendship so deep, so confiding, so sublimated, that it was near akin to that holiest passion. And gradually even the image of Mabel Grey faded from the husband's soul, and the ideal of his early youth became merged in the form of his wife.

THE REQUITED.

CHAPTER I.

The solitude of childhood is not so much the mother of thought as it is the feeder of love, and silence, and admiration.

—*Charles Lamb.*

THOUGH but a few miles from town, the mansion of Colonel Willey was a retired and lonely dwelling; beautiful indeed in summer, surrounded as it was by magnificent shade trees and broad gardens, where every natural irregularity of the ground being allowed to remain, gave it a peculiar appearance of wildness and beauty. On a low hill, or rather broad mound, was a small grove of beech trees, just as they had sprung spontaneously from the soil, while around the hill, there wound a wide gravelled walk from which little foot-paths in the grass led, some toward the house, and others to arbors whose age and brownness were concealed by the grape-vines and honeysuckles which hung over them, and which made a welcome shelter from the summer sun.

A mile away was the ocean; and though in storm the sound of its wild roar and dash of the surf upon the rocks, or the peculiar "rote," which comes when the storm is over, like the sobbings of a hushed child, might give more loneliness to the place, boating excur-

sions when the weather was fine, and the sea smooth, made it a still more attractive residence.

But in winter, it looked dreary here and desolate as such lone dwellings cannot fail to do. A band of joyous children — of bright, glad boys and girls — had long ago made those broad gables and wide halls echo with their gushing laughter and bounding tread; and now they had all gone forth from this home; the daughters as brides; the sons, to places where they might find scope for genius and enterprise.

One child alone remained — Marion, the youngest — the lamb of the flock. Some said it was because she was the youngest that she seemed so among them the dearest of all. She was the sunbeam of the old house; and the children from afar came home longing even more to look upon her golden hair than the silvered locks of their parents.

Younger than the rest by seven long years — their pet and their darling, she had, as to companionship, as to the flow of mutual thought and feeling, been as an only child. And thus, partly from circumstances, partly from natural constitution, she had been a solitary and dreamy child — sitting alone among the dead leaves that lay beneath the beech trees on the hill; creeping into the shelter of overhanging rocks; or watching the waves and sea-birds on the shore.

Wandering so aimlessly — dreamingly, was she inhaling from those dead leaves, breathing from the salt air that came from the sea, finding among the moss and sea-shells that essence which helps to make the immortal mind?

Those hours were indeed, though she could not comprehend it, and those who loved her and watched her with a curious smile might not know it, those hours were educating her character, sounding depths in her soul, giving a power and intensity to her emotions which only such dreamy solitude has power to nurture. Yet for this she was a happy child — happy as the birds in the wood; glad as the foam that danced upon the waves.

Marion was nineteen now; a woman, beautiful indeed, but not strikingly, brilliantly beautiful; not a queen that one half fears to approach. A sense of beauty was not the first impression which one received in looking upon her; it was a feeling of confidence and affection. The light from her soft brown eyes, the golden hair parted across her white forehead, and the mingled expression of strength and gentleness which lay about her beautiful mouth, formed a countenance to excite love rather than to arouse ambition or admiration.

Her soul was free — free as the eagle that soars high in the blue sky. The past was a joyous memory. The future, far away, seemed as beautiful as the sunset clouds which she had watched so earnestly, and whose flaming glory, when she was a child, she had believed she could touch with her hands, if she might only climb the hill above which they floated.

O, the joy of free girlhood! The happiness of the child is too evanescent; that of the woman, often serious in its intensity of joy. But the girl's — it is light and sparkling as the foam that plays on the top

of the sea wave; glad as the lark that sings in the morning; bright as the sunbeams that fall among flowers.

And yet hers was a sleeping soul; and those draughts of Lethe which she had inhaled when alone on the sea-shore, which she had breathed when wandering among the scented pines; would make for her a more startling awakening. Aye! The waking of a long sleeping soul and of a matured intellect; intense, overwhelming in its joy, or terrible in its thrilling anguish!

Yes, she was a woman; with a still joyous soul; with a world of passion and of love lying all quiet and unappropriated down in the depths of her heart—so still and quiet that she dreamed not that they were lying there.

CHAPTER II.

Strange that Destiny should often come creeping like a child to our very doors; we hardly notice it, or send it away with a laugh; it comes so naturally, so simply, so accidentally as it were, that we recognize it not. We cannot believe that the baby intruder is in reality the king of our fortunes, the ruler of our lives. But so it is continually.—*John Halifax.*

It was a February day, and the bright sunbeams fell upon the cold white snow like the soft halo which envelops the forms of aged saints in the pictures of the old masters.

The old house was still. The stillness of winter in the country! The city dwellers do not dream of it; the watching of every snow track; the wondering of who is every passer-by; all that community of interest

in little things which springs up where there are no great general subjects as reservoirs for the mind's activity.

Marion had been in the city considerably with her sisters, but she was not contented there. Her heart's home was the country — the old house among the beech trees. Little dreamed she that on that still winter day she was to meet her destiny — that the first leaves of the future's unread volume were to be cut.

It was afternoon as she watched from the window the approach of a powerful black horse and marked with interest the fearless skill of the rider. The fiery beast seemed to act — to be used, as it were, as an exponent of some ardent and exuberant nature; and it was with a feeling of pleasure that she saw the horseman dismount at their door, where, with the eager hospitality of the country, he was met by her father.

Frederick Merton had, within a few days, arrived from his southern home at the neighboring city in order to complete there a course of study in the legal profession. He had called upon Colonel Willey at the request of his father who had been an intimate friend till the wide separation of their homes had made them as strangers. It was with much pleasure and cordial freedom that the old man welcomed to his hearth the son of his early friend, and introduced to him his wife and Marion.

As they entered the room where Marion was sitting, a ray of sunlight streaming in from a western window fell upon her, investing with singular beauty her golden hair and white forehead. The young man too

was strikingly handsome, with his regular features, the dark, deep bloom of health mantling his face, black wavy hair, and deep blue eyes lighted up with the hope, happiness and animation of youth.

They met each other with conscious pleasure; with that sentiment of prepossession, that magnetic attraction of soul which we can never explain but which we know does more than anything else in bringing about a friendship. Even that ray of light which fell upon the young girl's hair, shed a fascinating influence upon Merton's ardent imagination and crowned her with the beauty of an angel; while to Marion, he seemed as the ideal of her dreams. Was this love? No: love — true love, long as life, strong as death, is not the birth of an hour. Such a sensation may prove its germ, but is no more itself than the acorn is the oak, or the little coral the island which it forms. As unlike as the gourd which shaded Jonah to the cedars which grew on Lebanon.

From that day Merton was a constant and welcome visitor at Colonel Willey's. There was his rest, his place of happy repose; and soon Marion learned to listen watchfully for the sound of his horse's hoofs. Now for the first time, she really had a companion; one who could understand her character, enter into her moods, and rightly construe even her silence.

The spring days came, and he wandered with her to the beach to listen to the rolling of the surge; or in childish fashion, hold to the ear those peculiarly formed shells which seem so well to remember and mimic the roar of their ocean home. He walked with

her to the grove and watched the sunlight and the floating clouds; and he caught the spirit of her solitude and brought into words all those thoughts and feelings which had been coined in the recesses of her spirit. Thus months passed on, and Marion Willey loved. Her soul awakened from its sleep. She loved with all the intensity of a silent, earnest nature; and she loved too before she was bidden.

And is it true that in a woman's heart the spell must only be awakened by the power of a word, and that till that word is uttered, there must be no consciousness of love, and if never spoken, the whole world of a past must be to thought and memory as though it had never been?

Frederick Merton knew that he himself was happy and that to Marion's life he was a joy. Beyond that he looked not, he thought not; or, if the thought sometimes forced itself upon him, he pushed it away impatiently.

CHAPTER III.

Parting is death, at least as far as life is concerned. A passion comes to an end; it is carried off in a coffin, or, weeping in a post-chaise, it drops out of life one way or other, and the earth-clods close over it and we see it no more. But it has been part of our souls, and it is eternal.—*Thackeray.*

Nearly two years passed on in that mystic maze of happiness which youth and love alone may know; and they parted. A strange parting. They whose souls had mingled as "kindred drops of rain," who had seemed as twin spirits, parted almost as strangers might have parted; and they met no more.

Merton removed to a distant part of the same State and in less than a year married a proud and beautiful heiress. It was not perhaps wealth, considered as wealth, that so enticed him. Heaps of gold, piles of stock certificates, might have been of no value beside the fair, sweet girl, whom he perhaps loved as well as his nature was capable of. But that which gold had brought — the noble mansion and splendid appointments, the rich jewelry and costly fabrics with which beauty was adorned, enchanted and bewildered him; and that bewilderment he imagined to be another sentiment and called by another name.

Aye, it is not always the flippant, the shallow-brained and the foppish who are most taken with fashion, dress and beauty; but men with broad foreheads and oftentimes deep hearts — men conscious of their vanity, and knowing not that they themselves are affected by them.

And day by day Marion wilted "like fern in the frost." Her step grew feebler, and her brow paler, till they made her a grave below her wrecked hopes.

* * * * * * * *

It was a strange coincidence that brought Frederick Merton to the house of Colonel Willey on the very day of Marion's funeral. The coffin was placed in the room, the old familiar parlor, where he had first seen her; and as he entered the room, the sunlight came in through the same western window and fell upon the fair head pillowed in the coffin, just as three years before he had seen it fall in her young, joyous beauty.

Merton was not a bad man; nor would he have

wantonly harmed one lock of her golden hair. But such men as he, there are and ever will be, so long as there are souls to suffer and hearts to break. In *words* he had never betrayed her; he had only broken her trust; and standing beside her coffin, he tried to consider himself an innocent man. He did almost consider himself so; and had the story of that wronged girl been told to him, he would have listened indignant as David did when, in a parable, the prophet Nathan set before him his own sin; and would have been astonished as David was to have heard it said, "Thou art the man."

CHAPTER IV.

"'God is great,' say the Mohammedans; God is *just*, also, as every page of the history of mankind would teach us if we could or would read it aright."

In the beautiful mansion which he had inherited from his deceased wife, Merton dwelt with his only daughter and her husband, Charles Harding, who had been his favorite student and whom he had received as partner at the completion of his studies.

In the circle of Mrs. Harding's acquaintance, her most intimate friend was Catherine Grey, a young widow of much personal beauty and of singular powers of pleasing. At their home she was a frequent and welcome guest. But Mr. Merton had never liked her, although he did justice to her beauty, sprightliness and intelligence. There was a light in her eye which he had never fancied; and to his deep seeing judgment, she was gradually obtaining a preponderance of

power over the minds of his daughter and her husband which he felt to be especially dangerous to the latter.

Terribly startled as he was, he was scarcely surprised, when late one evening, pale as death, his daughter entered his room and gave him an unsealed note from Mrs. Grey to her husband, which had been placed in her own hands through the innocent carelessness of the child that had brought it. It contained the closing particulars of a concerted arrangement for their leaving town the next evening, never to return.

It was perhaps well for Mr. Merton that the necessity for immediately deciding on what course of action to pursue, afforded him no time to yield to the agony of his feelings.

Mrs. Harding was his only child, and in her all his earthly hopes were centred. Harding too had been his favorite student, his beloved friend, and the son whom his own proud heart had chosen. Nor did he now think him to be a bad man. He believed that the strange, winning beauty of Catherine Grey had made him forget himself; and in striving to stretch out an arm to save, he felt as he might have felt were he snatching a child from the charmings of a serpent, and knew as well that the rescued one would afterward bless him for it.

Scheme after scheme for removing Harding from the poisonous atmosphere which he breathed, presented itself to Mr. Merton's mind and was abandoned, till he remembered that a few months before, while journeying together through a town about sixty miles distant, Harding had expressed great admiration for

the house and grounds belonging to an estate which was for sale, and the disposal of which was in his own hands. He had even said that had he the means, he would purchase it for his own residence.

Desirable as the property was, the large price required for it had hitherto prevented it from being sold; and the moment Mr. Merton thought of Harding's remark, he fastened upon its purchase as the surest and best plan for bringing about the immediate separation he desired.

Early in the morning he entered the parlor to await the appearance of Harding; but he was already there. With his back to the door, leaning his arm upon the mantel-piece, and gazing thoughtfully into the fire, he did not notice the entrance of Mr. Merton till he laid his hand heavily upon his shoulder. "Charles Harding," said he, with a face of ashy paleness, but with a voice clear and firm as when in the vigor of his days he pleaded at the bar, "Charles Harding, three months since I heard you say that you so much admired the Horton estate that nothing but the large sum demanded for it, prevented you from purchasing it. The purchase, Charles, I will make for you, present to you as a free gift, and only ask that for your honor's sake, your children's sake, and if it may have any influence with you, for your wife's sake, you will take immediate possession. The business here I will arrange satisfactorily."

Harding looked up. He started almost in terror. Had his friend grown old so suddenly? That ashy paleness and the thrilling earnestness of those words,

roused him from the enchanting spell; and he remembered his own honor, and the claims of those who loved him.

The evening which had been fixed upon for his elopement with Catherine Grey found Harding leaving in the company of his wife for the new and beautiful home which the careful affection of Mr. Merton had provided for him.

CHAPTER V.

Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper. —*Shakespeare.*

It was night, and Merton was alone in his deserted mansion. Boxes of such goods as were to be removed lay piled about; a few embers were burning dully on the hearth; and he was sleeping upon the sofa. Suddenly he was awakened by the howling of the wind as it swept through the trees and rolled over the chimneys. His first consciousness was that of deep depression, but without recollection of the cause which had produced it.

Collecting his thoughts, he lay and looked into the dying embers. As he looked, they moved back into a far off distance, till, through a vista, miles and miles away, he saw there the ocean tossing its white foam; and walking on the shore, one in whose features he recognized himself—not himself as he now was, with sorrow at his heart and frost upon his hair; but him-

self in the glory of his young manhood. And by his side, and listening with him to the dashing of the surge upon the shore, was a fair girl, and she he saw was Marion. He watched the two breathlessly; till the sea, the shore, and the faces familiar to memory, changed like the figures seen in a kaleidoscope; and a grave appeared with a moss-grown stone on which he could read no name, till a sudden gleam of sunlight—the very ray it seemed that he had twice seen crown her golden head—fell upon the stone, and he read, "Marion."

He could look no longer. He shut his eyes, and memories came faster, stronger than the surges on the shore.

A person whose mind had been differently constituted, one of less strength and intelligence, might have referred all that had passed before him to a supernatural visitation; might have believed that he had seen a vision. But Merton, whose business in life had made him an adept in tearing away specious appearances and looking upon facts alone, knew, as he lay there in that still agony, with every faculty of his mind clear and awake, that the scenes upon which he had gazed were created by the concentrated power of a remorseful conscience and a present anguish. And "the burial places of memory gave up their dead;" and such thoughts as had never been his before came to him. No longer was he an actor in the scenes of his youth, but an unswayed judge. He thought of her whose life but for him might have been

bright and beautiful, and of the hearth-stone whose light he had darkened; and with his own sorrow at his heart for his only child, now struggling with her pride and grief, he bowed low his own head in sympathy with the aged parent, whose locks so long ago he had whitened.

And then, though he knew it was but the wail of the storm through the trees, there seemed to come to his ear, clear as the voice of Samuel to Saul, "The iniquities of the fathers shall be visited upon the children — I will repay saith the Lord."

They are all gone now. Even she who told us the story of Marion Willey, whose purity and beauty she quaintly compared to the spotless ermine; she whose aged cheek flushed so with an indignation which for seventy years she had kept in her heart, when she told of Merton appearing at the funeral with crape upon his hat; (a fact which we have not incorporated into this story, because it seemed so unnatural) she too has gone to her last rest.

Frederick Merton died full of years, and men whom their country honored bore his coffin pall; and above his grave a shaft of pure marble recorded his virtues and his high standing; and there was nothing to tell of the fair girl, whom his heedless selfishness had lain beneath the gray sunken stone in the village churchyard far away.

Once, when an old woman, we saw Catherine Grey. Even then, she was beautiful; but her expression was sad, gentle and subdued, for she was a penitent, and had been reconciled to and forgiven even by the woman she had wronged.

AUNT RACHEL.

Give me no steady centre to these mighty mutations—no stable throne amid these rocking kingdoms and shaking orbs; no clear and controlling mind to this wild chaos of ideas and passions; no great and glorious result to all this mysterious and awful preparation, and Reason herself would become as wild and confused and aimless as they.—*J. S. Headley.*

I think there is some reason for questioning whether the body and mind are not so proportioned, that the one can bear all which can be inflicted on the other; whether virtue cannot stand its ground as long as life; and whether a soul well principled will not be sooner separated than subdued.—*Dr. Johnson.*

WE remember as it were yesterday the first time we saw her, though it was a brief glance, and she was so quickly forgotten that most of us had passed into the supper-room and the rest had reached the door, heedless of the stranger, when one of our party, perhaps more thoughtful than the others, cast her eyes on the quiet little figure that stood near the fire as if irresolute whether to follow or remain. With lady-like politeness she received the excuses which one of the gentlemen offered for having preceded her, and entered the room.

She was very slight, and thin, and pale, her eyes were of a light gray and her hair inclined to redness, but her forehead was broad and smooth and about her

thin lips there hovered an expression of sweetness and repose.

We have forgotten now what first led us to feel that beneath that unprepossessing exterior were concealed the pulses of a warm, generous heart and the powers of a strong and cultivated mind, but we remember well the morning that she set her seal upon our heart.

It was a clear, cold, brilliant morning in March. The whole broad country was covered with a thick crust of hard, glittering snow and every tree was encased in ice. The oaks and elms and chestnuts and beeches from their trunks upward and outward to their minutest twigs, and the pines and firs with their greenness shining through, sparkled like diamonds and emeralds in the brightness of the sun.

O, it was a glorious morning, and we have seldom since been so young in feeling, as never we are sure in years, as when we walked forth into its bracing air.

And Aunt Rachel—she enjoyed it; the broad, icy fields, the difficult ascent of the steep, slippery hills and the "duckies" down them, and the crackling of the icicles as we thrust our way through the bristling underbrush of those diamond-crested woods. We loved even to eat the icicles that hung from the pines with their pungent flavor, strong as though their pointed leaves had been steeped in boiling water. It was a pleasure to taste as well as see the trees.

As we entered the "Main Road" and were passing along by the "Asylum for the Insane," a clear, pleasant voice from one of the cells in the upper story accosted us: "Good morning, ladies." We looked

up and bowed in reply to the salutation. "It is a beautiful morning," he continued, "and I should like myself to take a walk down on 'Main Street,' but my folks have sent me here to be shut up because they say I am crazy, but I am sure I am not crazy, and I can't see why they should think so." And we thought the same as we listened to the calm, pleasant tones of his voice, till he added, "It will soon make me beside myself to be with this wild, screaming set; and it doesn't do them any good either to shut them up here. What they want is the Grace of God, and I'll put the Grace of God into them."

His voice grew wild and excited, but we knew that a whole volume of truth had been uttered in those simple words; "What they want is the Grace of God."

The Grace of God! How many has it saved — rescued — from madness; how have prayer and watchfulness been blest in conquering self, in subduing rampant passion and the wild, disorderly vagaries of the brain.

As we listen to the low whispered prayer of a Hall when he felt the billows of angry passion about to sweep over his soul — "O, Lamb of God, calm my perturbed spirit," — we feel that but for such interceding prayer and that watchfulness which accompanied it, the insanity to which he was temporarily subject would have won the same mastery over the mighty powers of his mind as over those of Swift, and the glory of his "wide fame" as well as the peace of his "humble hope," would have been exchanged for the

vagaries of the mad man or the drivellings of the idiot.

The Grace of God! We thought of John Randolph, with his sway over the minds of others, with a "wit and eloquence that recalled the splendors of ancient oratory," yet with so little command over himself that his weak frame sometimes sank beneath the excitement of his temper, and gusts of passion were succeeded by fainting fits; and when the one desire of his heart was denied, when a love, mighty as every other passion of his soul failed him, his grief, ungovernable and frenzied as his rage, overwhelmed him, and the "taint of madness which ran in his line," flooded his brain. But when the atheist became a Christian; when, in his own words, he felt "the Spirit of God was not the chimera of heated brains, nor a device of artful men to frighten and cajole the credulous, but an existence to be felt and understood as the whisperings of one's own heart;" his prayer of "Lord! I believe, help thou mine unbelief," was answered in calm and peace to his soul.

"The saddest thought," said Aunt Rachel, as we turned away from that gloomy edifice, "the saddest thought connected with that building is, that so large a number of its unhappy inmates have brought their misery upon themselves, are the victims of their own irregular and indulged passions."

As we turned and looked upon her smooth brow, her serious and serene eyes and her sweet, calm mouth, we marked a look of subdued suffering mingled with an expression of Christian triumph; and we knew

that she had felt "the ploughings of grief;" that she had learned "how sublime a thing it is to suffer and grow strong;" but, though we wondered deeply, we never knew in what form she had been called "to pass under the rod," but we heard a voice that said:

"Fear not; when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

Nay, fear not, weak and fainting soul,
Though the wild waters round thee roll,
He will sustain thy falt'ring way,
Will be thy sure, unfailing stay.

And though it were the fabled stream
Whose waves were fire of fearful gleam,
He still would bear thee safely through
The fire, but cleanse thy soul anew.

THE FIRST AND LAST GIFT.

CHAPTER I.

Her hour came—the hour that comes only once: her star rose in the horizon—that star that rises so often in vain, to be remembered as a thing of dreams; and it rose for her in vain.

—*H. B. Stowe.*

IT was an assemblage where a few aged guests were looking backward, through the long, dim lapse of years, to their own youth, and love, and bridal — something so like a dream that they could not feel it had ever been a reality. And there were those in middle life, feeling much younger than the young felt them to be. And there were youth — young men and maidens — quaffing the bright-red wine cup of joyous hope, fresh love and wild passion. And there were the bridegroom and the bride just risen to receive the marriage rite.

The bridegroom was a frail, slight man, in whose deep, calm eyes the fires of intellect seemed quietly burning, as in a resting volcano, rather than flashing in the over excitement of an untamed genius; and the calm, cold and intellectually beautiful face was pale and attenuated.

And the bride was very lovely with her wavy brown hair, and bright sunny eyes, and lips just ready for a

smile, and from whose cheek, study or midnight vigil, had never stolen its roundness.

When all was stilled for the solemn rite, another figure lightly entered, gliding like a spirit till she stood near the clergyman.

She was a lady of elegant form, and whose face must have been exquisitely beautiful, had health and happiness but given it one glow. Her cheek and brow were white as Parian marble, and round her finely moulded head her black, glossy hair was wound in wavy, graceful folds; her eyes were large, and so darkly blue, that at a first glance they seemed most like the liquid black common to the daughters of Italy. But her chief beauty lay in her mouth and chin — red-lipped and dimpled beauty still rested there.

She was attired in a closely-fitting black silk dress, and over her shoulders was gracefully thrown a velvet mantle of the same color. Her black attire was entirely unrelieved, save by a small pearl pin, placed in the neck of her dress, and a diamond of great beauty on one hand, and on the other a white kid glove.

She stood near, like a statue — her ungloved hand laid across her bosom, and the diamond on her finger glittering there like a star.

Even the bridgroom turned his eye upon the figure. He met her calm, bright, unchanging eye. He saw the diamond. Its brightness seemed to flash and dim his eye, while memory came back to him, and brought the moonlit evening, years before, when he had placed that same diamond on the hand of the bright, joyous girl, whose sad, unearthly beauty now made

her seem to him like a spirit from the grave, and said — "This is for my bride." His pale face flushed like wine, and then more than its wonted paleness came, and big drops of perspiration oozed from his forehead; but not a feature changed.

The ceremony proceeded. Those large eyes turned not for a moment from the bridal pair, till at the close, when the prayer was offered, her eyelids closed, her long black lashes fringing them like a pall; and with palm to palm of white hand and glove, she seemed as if praying with strange fervor.

She noted for a few moments the greetings that were showered on the bride; then softly moving toward her, drew the diamond from her own finger, and placing it on that of the bride, turned to the bridegroom, and in tones low and clear murmured, "This is for your bride."

CHAPTER II.

—It may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.
—*Byron.*

Hubert Lansing was a lonely widower, and with health and fortune ruined. He sat alone in his room, conscious that the sands of life were ebbing fast away. The past and the present alike oppressed his soul. His children — his daughters — to leave them friendless and penniless; and the image of Maria Wilder — his early love, his discarded bride — vividly was she pict-

ured to his mind as he last saw her on the evening of his marriage, and the tones of her voice seemed again to fall upon his ear as she parted with his sacred gift.

Of all whom he had counselled and served, of all on whom he had showered benefits, his heart turned to her as the only one to whose truth and benevolence he could, with unwavering confidence, intrust his children; but could a mind delicately strung ask her to take them to her home and heart.

Thus wrapped in agonized thought his daughters entered. The younger was especially *his* child — the inheritor of his intellect; and she bore, too, the name of Maria. The mother had chosen the name in memory of a sister, but each time the father murmured it, it had been fraught with another memory. This child, too, was the object of his greatest anxiety. There was in her a depth of feeling, an intensity of emotion, a capability of suffering which he well knew required the guidance and sympathy of a strong and affectionate spirit, and to whom could he commit so holy a trust?

He stretched his hand toward the child, and said, "Maria." The word fell upon his own heart with strange power. There came back to him all the faith and unreserve tinged with a glow of his early love, and in the fulness of his heart he wrote her:

"Maria, I am a stricken man — the Lord has laid his hand upon me. My wealth is scattered, and that energy of character, that strength of intellect which first won for me your undying love, has waned and is fast waning with my life. Yes, I know that I am

dying, that the decree is irrevocable, nor can I, like the ancient prophet, pray that it may be prolonged.

"For seventeen years, Maria Wilder, your name has never passed my lips, nor has my pen traced one word to you; but now the 'waters of the great deep' are breaking up. I will not attempt to palliate the past, but with my dying lips I affirm that it was not the prospect of the great wealth which I received with my bride that caused me to break my faith with you, though I know that I was dazzled with the luxuriousness, the gems of art, and the brilliant gayety by which she was surrounded, and the high position which her father occupied in a nation's trust.

"Yes, Maria, forgetful of you, I pledged myself to her; and you were almost lost to me in the whirl of excitement which followed, till, like a spirit from another world, you appeared before me on the evening of my marriage.

"Then I became myself again. It roused me to consciousness, as the force of a sudden calamity will sometimes bring to instant reason those made mad with alcohol.

"The enchanter's wand was taken away. What was luxury, or the works of art, but that which sordid gold might purchase? And legislative fame, was it not as often won by cunning and low cabal, as by intellectual worth or moral power? And my bride — deep pity filled my heart for her, and she became dear to me as a sister.

"I was glad when I heard of your marriage. I knew

that love could never more bloom in your heart — that the fire had gone over your soul and left it too 'scorched and seared for the flower of a second love ever to find resting-place' there; but I thought the path would be very lonely, and might be long, and that it were better thus than to walk the valley all alone. Thoroughly I understand your nature, and knew well that your tents were not easily struck, or readily pitched elsewhere — that your love was such as planted a 'terribly fixed foot.'

"Think not that in this I had a secret satisfaction; for glad would I have been to have known that you had hated me, could it have given back to you the joyous love which I had blighted, and enabled you to have placed it as a fresh gift upon another altar.

"And now years have gone over us, and to you alone can I commit my dying trust.

"Maria, when I am dead, will you receive from me the only legacy which I have to impart — my children? My last gift to you was a ring of betrothal — the next are children who called another mother. Tell me that your home shall be theirs, and that your heart will receive them; and I die in peace.

"HUBERT LANSING."

CHAPTER III.

Either the human being must suffer and struggle as the price of a more searching vision, or his gaze must be shallow, and without intellectual revelation.—*De Quincey.*

Though the bloom of life has been nipt with a frost, yet the soul must not sit shivering in its cell, but bestir itself manfully, and kindle a genial warmth from its own exercise, against the autumnal and wintry atmosphere.—*Hawthorne.*

Qui n'auroit pas souffert, n'auroit jamais-senti ni pensé.

—*Corinne.*

True as it is that there are great sorrows that overwhelm the heart — sorrows from whose stunning power the soul is never wakened; that many there are who live with "heads above water and with hearts beneath," walking the earth with firm step and unruffled brow, yet bearing a heart that looks for no rest, hopes for no joy on the shores of time; so true is it, that for such consolations of a peculiar character are prepared. To such is given a power, strength, and depth of character, and even an intense capability of happiness of which they have never conceived who have not known the force of a great sorrow. It is an alchemy which creates a new attribute, or rather changes and refines every other principle. To them a new book is opened; to them a strong angel is sent and lifteth a seal; to them *faith* becomes a word of mighty meaning; not something far off, but near; it is Jesus walking upon the waves of the heart, and saying: "Peace, be still;" and fulfilling in the soul His promise "I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Such had been the influence of sorrow upon Mrs. Carlton — the once light and joyous Maria Wilder.

From a dream which had made existence beautiful, and robed earth in the drapery of heaven, she was suddenly awakened to a life which she knew must forever be to her a failure and an abortion.

And then evil spirits came to tempt her. Despair, with its madness; misanthropy, with its bitterness; and gayety, with its heartlessness. But they won not the victory. Strength from heaven came; hope, born from above, beamed in her soul; our common humanity she loved again; and she gathered the little wild-flowers of peace that grow in many lowly, hidden spots, and are found but by those who seek them.

She waited not for opportunities to perform great deeds of self-denial or of generosity, for she knew that those who would make others happy, who would have a "daily beauty in their lives" must, like Naaman, learn to bathe in other streams than those of Damascus; and her ever ready kindness and genial smile sent sunshine into many hearts.

It were at least doubtful, whether such a marriage as hers with James Carlton were wise and well. But if that deep confidence which never veiled a thought or feeling — if that sympathy of taste and affectionate regard which made the society of each grateful to the other were enough for such a union, it was theirs; and when, after many years, in which they had grown very dear to each other, death entered their dwelling and bore hence the generous and noble-minded husband, Mrs. Carlton mourned for him, not, it is true,

with the wild and untamed agony with which she would have mourned the chosen of her youth, but with a deep, earnest and quiet sorrow.

Unhesitatingly, and rejoicing that even for him she would not have lived in vain, she answered the letter of Hubert Lansing.

"Hubert,—With a gladness akin to that with which I received your first gift, do I accept from you your last legacy; and the love — the passion — the agony which in my youth I gave to you shall be distilled into an intense affection which shall ever fall, faithful as evening dew, upon your children.

"I cannot tell you what consolation God has given me in my own children. It has been through them that He hath 'tempered the wind to the shorn lamb,' and remembered His promise, 'the bruised reed I will not break.'

"With gushing joy — with more than a mother's wonted tenderness, have I gazed upon my eldest, my noble son, my Walter, with his glorious intellect written on his brow, and his loving heart traced upon his lip. I have felt that had he called you — the beloved of my youth — had he called you father, my love for him could not have been greater.

"And now a new source of consolation you offer me in the gift of your children. I had not believed that in the arrangements of Providence it would ever be given me to do you another kindness, though I knew that to you or to yours as freely, as frankly, as when you knew me in youth and in happiness would I minister to your pleasure.

"I cannot come to your side. The effort would be too painful both for you and me. Receive my boy as my own representative; trust to his care your children till my own arms shall embrace them.

"And now, Hubert, beloved, farewell; and rejoice with me that Heaven and Love are immortal — that the star whose brightness the vapors of earth have not dimmed, will only set in death to rise in heaven.

"MARIA."

CHAPTER IV.

Death is a black camel that kneels at every man's door.
—*Turkish Proverb.*

Death had done its work. Hubert Lansing had yielded to that "tremendous necessity" that awaits all living.

The young Walter Carlton had, with his daughters, stood at his bedside, and mingled with theirs his tears of affection and sympathy; and so much was he the representative of his mother's youth, that in the dim, shadowy fancies of the dying man, he was the Maria of his youth, and with glazing eyes fixed upon him, among the last words his failing lips had uttered had been her cherished name.

The home of Mrs. Carlton became the happy home of the daughters of Lansing, and with her children they mingled as sisters, and became dear to one another as those of the same hearth-stone, while her own heart owned no difference in the love she bore her own and the children of her adoption.

"I SHALL BE."

"Before the memory has a tomb in it — before it becomes the cemetery, the 'Greenwood' of the soul — 'I shall be' is beautiful as an old ballad. When graves are digged therein, and willows are planted, and hopes are buried, and no light breaks out of the cloud, then 'I shall be' is as grand as an old pæan. When

'The battle is done, the harp unstrung,
Its music trembling, dying,'

then 'I shall be' is as sublime as an old prophecy."

A CHILD stood alone on the bank of a little river. She was hardly beautiful, but as she stood with her bonnet hanging on her arm, the wind blowing back the dark hair from her broad, open forehead, the bright hue of health lighting up her dark complexion, and her large gray eyes, full of thought and intelligence, watching the rippling of the stream, none could have failed to call that face singularly interesting.

Thus thoughtful she stood for several minutes, till gradually, as though wind or tide were infusing her with some unseen influence, a smile full of hope and joy played about the mouth and circled the large eyes, when, with a spring of joy, she flung her arms above her head and stood still nearer to the stream.

Suddenly a few lilies, stretching their long stems and floating close to the margin of the water caught her eye. In a moment she held them in her hand and

riveted on them a look intense as that she had cast a moment before upon the waves; but the look of intense joy still lighted up her face — and then she pressed them to her lips, earnestly — lovingly, as though they had been something with life and consciousness; then looked again, and seeing that her light touch had dimmed and bruised the delicate leaves, glanced at them half sorrowfully for a moment, kissed them again, and flinging them into the water, said, clear as though a living thing were listening, "take them water, I'll not hurt their pretty leaves."

Two or three light springs, and she stood on a rock in the middle of the stream.

Wooded hills rose on either side and every shade of green which early June presents was painted from the low shrubbery on the river's edge up to the tallest tree on topmost hill — and O, above the sky was gloriously beautiful.

And the child stood in the midst. She looked around, drank in the glorious beauty, till — her heart swelling with its tumultous joy, with its intense sense of beauty — she burst into tears: smiles could not express it, nor clasped hands; tears alone might utter it.

And then came thoughts, hopes, aspirations and high resolves. She would be a scholar: she would read all books of all times; such as she had heard her father read and talk of, which now indeed seemed dim and uncertain, but somehow very beautiful, and which she loved much to hear, though scarcely knowing why; but as she grew older, she felt it would all un-

fold — Aye! She would be a scholar; and she would try to be good, like children she had heard of — good and true and generous and meek and loving, as she had heard her mother often pray to God that she might be, and as she had sometimes tried to pray for herself — O, she was so happy.

The little foot was put forward for another spring; she was almost there, but a strong grasp held her back; she turned; it was Rover, their faithful Newfoundland. She looked fondly on the noble animal. She saw that he feared for her and knew that that grasp bade her take care.

She reached the opposite shore; and wearied, though she knew it not, more from strong emotion than from bodily fatigue, she threw herself upon the ground, resting her head confidingly on the shaggy breast of the dog.

She clasped her little hands and began in her soft happiness to repeat,

"Now I lay me down to"——

"No, no, I mustn't say '*sleep*,'" she murmured, "I'm not going to sleep now; 'Now I lay me down, I pray the Lord my soul to keep;'" and her eyes were closed, not indeed to sleep, but to rest from very happiness. God keep thee child — strong in thine innocence — careful in thy truth — humble in thy trust.

* * * * * * * *

She stood again beside that stream — a woman — such a woman as the high aspirations and the meek trust of her childhood had promised.

It was no simple wish, no feeble effort of the will

that had made her an accomplished, intellectual and noble souled being. Often and often when drawing deep from the wells of abstruse science, that in which she might find no immediate delight, but which she knew was disciplining and strengthening her powers, teaching her to think, to coin intellectual wealth from the depths of her own soul; had she heard a syren voice bidding her come away and be satisfied in gathering the bright and shiny moss which blooms so bright and beautiful around the wells of learning, requiring no labor, and where pleasure comes at once. But she had not heeded that voice; and diligent, earnest, patient study had done more for her even than native genius.

Nor had there been, nor was there now indeed, no temptation to her moral nature. Many and mighty had been her struggles, and alas, sometimes had she failed; for what mortal life has been one of unsullied purity? She had felt the double power of wrong-doing in dimming the soul, and in discouraging from further effort.

It is not indeed wrong-doing, itself considered, that does the worst for the human soul; it is its degenerating influence; its tendency to crush all effort to do right more, as though the beauty of life were forever marred and its brightness might never more be restored. Remorse does not, cannot do the work of repentance; the one debasing, the other elevating the soul; and though the failure, the sin, be ever so great, we may remember the guilty woman whom men

would have condemned, but to whom the Saviour said not, thou art lost, but, "Go, and sin no more."

And now she was not alone; another stood at her side, one fit to match with her own nobleness — a twin spirit — a kindred soul.

And a new sense had been developed in her; love had been born, the love of which childhood is not conscious, and it had enveloped life with a new charm.

It was such a love as few souls experience, long as life, strong as death, sacred as holiness, and it made to her the future more ravishingly beautiful than had even been the "I shall be" of her childhood.

* * * * * * * *

Again she stood by a river, but this was the river of death, and its cold waves swept from her sight her only son. Then there was a struggle fierce and terrible; for in place of the bright picture of a son bearing to other generations the name dearest to her on earth, and living over again, as it were, in him her own happy existence, appeared a dark and chaotic future; it was "beauty for ashes and the oil of joy for mourning." But faith triumphed, and she heard a voice saying, "Thy dead shall rise again."

* * * * * * * *

And other years passed over her, and a voice came to her also, "Go ye out to meet the bridegroom."

O, she was now in the full glory of her womanhood, and her earthly bridegroom, her chosen love, he had satisfied the whole desire of her heart, and why, O why, should she be summoned to meet another! And her children, so strong and beautiful; must she go

hence to the land of darkness and meet them no more; must "the places that now know her, know her no more forever;" must perhaps another take her place at the hearth-stone. But hope again became glorified by faith; and that Star which she had sometimes seen but dimly in the broad sunshine of life, shone fuller and more glorious than ever before in this night of darkness, till she gazed on it joyously as the shepherds of Judea; and dying, faith heard her say, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."