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VIOLA.

THE

Rose of Sharon

1857.



EDITED BY MRS. G. W. SANBORN

BOSTON,
W. T. DEMPSEY & CO.

THE

ROSE OF SHARON:

A

RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR,

FOR

MDCCCLVII.

EDITED BY

Mrs. C. M. SAWYER.

BOSTON:

ABEL TOMPKINS,
AND SANBORN, CARTER & BAZIN.

1857.

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WILLIAM A. HALL, PRINTER, 22 SCHOOL STREET,
BOSTON.

PREFACE.

THE flowers of the field have perished ; the beauty of forest and meadow has passed away, and Winter,

“ Sullen and sad, with all his train,
Vapors, and clouds, and storms,”

reigns over our Northern clime. But it is one of the benevolent compensations of a Divine economy, that, as the outward changes and loses its charm, the inward is developed and assumes new attractions. When the streams are locked in ice, and the earth is covered with snow, and all nature is silent and dead, then our people seek by the domestic fireside, in the delights of social intercourse, and in books, those pleasures that are no longer to be found abroad in converse with the scenes of the outward world. Then flowers that are perennial bloom, — flowers of mind and heart ; then fruits that do not perish are gathered and enjoyed, and the soul grows strong and the inner life is deepened and ennobled.

At this inclement season, *THE ROSE OF SHARON* makes its appearance, and takes its place by the social hearth. For almost a fifth part of a century, it has now continued its annual visits, and been welcomed, year after year, by an increasing number of friends, and with a more cordial reception. To what favorable circumstance the *ROSE* owes its healthy and prosperous career,—whether to its true Christian, catholic spirit, its genial tone, or to the generosity or partiality of its patrons,—I will not stop to consider, and will only say that while it has been the steady aim of its editors to make it worthy of patronage, many thanks are still due to the kindness of friends, who, overlooking its imperfections, have awarded full praise to its merits.

To our corps of contributors I would tender repeated expressions of gratitude, and close by uttering the cherished hope that *THE ROSE OF SHARON* may long continue to flourish, and to share, as it has done, the affections of the public.

C. M. S.

New York, 1856.

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THE

ROSE OF SHARON.

THE THREE RIVALS.

BY J. KENRICK FISHER.

I HAVE always disliked fictitious love-letters, or those which, from having in them too many words of Latin origin, seemed to come from the head more than from the heart. This dislike, which may have arisen from prejudice, I sometimes express rather strongly, when I am asked what I think of new works that abound in such effusions.

Conversing one evening with a friend, I relieved myself in this way; and perceived that he was not a little shocked. I explained, that my objection was not to genuine love-letters; but only to those conceits written by authors in their smoking-caps, for the use of the book-trade, with which we are too much vexed. I say vexed, because we are tempted to read

them ; and when we have done so, what is the result ?

My friend and his wife smiled at each other ; whether at my inexperience, and inability to judge of the genuineness, or the truth of imitation, in such cases, I could not divine. So, to exculpate myself, I disclosed my desire, at all times, to read well-written compositions of that kind, especially those which were written not for the public, but for one person alone ; and with no design to dazzle and deceive, but with the honest purpose of telling the truth, and nothing but the truth. I need not repeat the long apology and plea that I made ; the result was, that I was favored with the perusal of a correspondence, which, I was assured, was of the character I desired, at least so far as sincerity was concerned, however deficient it might be in literary merit. I am permitted to publish such portions of it as I think likely to interest those who prefer realities to inventions, in matters of this kind ; being under no injunction of secrecy except as to names.

LETTER I.

FLORENCE, June 12, 184-.

MY DEAR WILLIAMS : — Your account of your journey has almost persuaded me to follow

you immediately; and not to wait, as my judgment constrains me to do, until the hot months of summer shall have passed, so that Rome may be more than merely endurable. I do believe that I should set out on the first moonlight morning, and go at least as far as the Valley of Chiana, were it not for one whom you know; and to whom, I am directed to tell you, you should have bade adieu before you departed. How is it that you can persist in repelling nearly all who approach you, and keeping aloof from those who really appreciate you, and frankly invite you to regard their houses as your home, whenever you are so inclined? I understand your aversion to those who are not careful to avoid that free-and-easy manner which characterizes most young men, especially our countrymen, whom we meet; that practical way of showing that they will exercise their *rights*, without first knowing whether they may annoy you. But, my dear friend, much as I have studied you, I do not understand why you should not avail yourself of the liberty, which your reason, your perception, and your feeling, must have assured you that you enjoy, of visiting, whenever you desire, the most beautiful and most intellectual woman *I* have ever seen; and the one of whom you at all times speak with the admiration of a

worshipper. Do you remember our discourse, as we walked from Mont Olivietto to her house, by the way of the Bello Squardo? how for two hours, while we sate looking over the Valley of the Arno, I talked to you of its enchanting hues — its union of all that nature has given with all that genius could achieve, and taste desire; and you, all the time, answered with your tongue, irrelevantly, as if you were a politician, or a man of fashion; and no word could be got from you, such as you speak when your mind answers, save when you linked with the subject of our discourse some allusion to this woman of genius and taste, whom you have left without a word of farewell? I saw her in the evening after your departure: she showed me your card — its corner folded very much in the usual style; and asked me why *you* should leave a card for *her*, — as if you could not spare a moment, or could allow yourself to imagine that you would be unwelcome, even at ten in the morning.

I tell you that your extravagant stoicism, and your quiet way of retiring, not only are unjust to yourself, but unjust to others, in more cases than you believe. Here is this counterpart of yourself, if ever counterpart could be formed by nature, education, and concurrence of opinion and sentiment: you belong to each other by

natural fitness ; you are like each other — all soul and no heart ; each incapable of the slightest inelegance, or discourtesy, or expression of weakness ; you would admire each other, as much as you both turn heartlessly away from those whose tastes are less fastidious, and who can forgive the foibles and selfishness of those around them, and deem themselves wronged if their imperfections are not overlooked. I do not imagine that there is love between you ; or that a broken heart, on either side, could possibly be the consequence even of retraction of plighted faith, if that were possible ; but it is cheerless for man or woman to move in society, and find *none* to care for them : and it is most humiliating to such sustaining pride as isolates both of you from those who would adore you if you did not keep aloof from them, to fail of inspiring practical friendship in the few who possess the qualities which are invaluable to lovers of the beautiful, whose too refined tastes form barriers around them.

I have watched you, when you have forgotten my presence, in your contemplation of works of art. In the Chapel of the Medici you were like the marble you gazed upon ; the Madonna of Michael Angelo made you forget all else ; and, if the spirit can be unconscious of the body,

I believe you were in that state. So have I watched you when you have forgotten me, and were conversing with our friend: you were in the same rapture — given up to the same influence of genius, of poetry, and the beautiful. I will confess to you that if on either part a questionable sentiment, an inelegant expression, or even a grammatical error, had been uttered, I should have expected to see the charm dissolved, and the spirits coolly withdrawn into their hiding-places, as tortoises shrink into their shells. But you may, or might, rely on each other; and admiration, and such love as you feel for the beautiful in art, would be your bond of union. You could never offend each other; you could never despise each other; you could never *spare* each other; you could be to each other as the world of art, when that world shall have been left behind you. You comprehend me: and you rely on the friendship which we have distinctly pledged to each other. You will at least authorize me to give some assurance of regard that shall remove the pain you have occasioned: and you will, I am deeply persuaded, be unfaithful to yourself, if you do not take measures to preserve the acquaintance you have made, so that when you meet again, it may not be with that impassiveness which is your great misfor-

tune, as it regards yourself, and your great fault, as it regards many others.

Yours,

CHARLES ELLIOT.

LETTER II.

ROME, June 16.

MY DEAR ELLIOT:— You must have assured Miss Ellerby that it was impossible for me to omit any mark of regard that I felt at liberty to offer, or to deny myself the happiness of seeing her personally, when I could do so without apprehension of disturbing her; and this assurance I hope she must have felt, even if you were silent. Nevertheless, as she has had the kindness to say what you have told me, you will not fail to see her as soon as you receive this, and to say that I would gladly have been a more frequent visitor during my stay in Florence, and certainly would not have departed so ceremoniously, had I not feared that my freedom would diminish the friendly regard which your influence had gained for me. Between ourselves, I look forward with the hope of meeting her in Rome, as soon as the season will permit; and, whatever may be your own dispositions respecting her, I rely upon you to favor my wishes. You affect to believe that she has not

that amiability of disposition which we find in thousands of others, whom we may love, but could not accept as companions, unless blinded. You do not deceive me ; you can not so deceive yourself ; you do but sacrifice your own affections to honor and friendship ; and, to accomplish your own unselfish ends, you commit an error that is unjust to yourself, to me, and above all, to her. Your frankness has not been equal to mine ; you did not permit me to discover your feelings ; but, with boyish heroism, strove to confer on me the happiness which, but for your noble friendship, you would have sought for yourself. This I can not allow ; and if I could be guilty of such injustice to you, could I consent that she should have no choice ?

Nor do I do you the injustice to credit your sincerity, when you express the belief that my love for her is such as I might feel for a beautiful work of art, or a mere intelligence. You can not have so confounded the general with the universal, and inferred from my indifference to many persons who have merit, but are wilfully uncourteous, that I have no affection for one in whom I never could discover a moral defect. I did not disguise from you that I was in all respects pleased with her, more than with any one I had ever known ; and from what I said of

her to you, and from the somewhat exclusive attention I paid her, at times, when you were present, you naturally and correctly judged that I earnestly desired to gain her favor; but, my dear friend, did you take me for a speculator? did you dream that I would allow you to deny yourself a great blessing, and to her the dear, undoubted, and, in point of honor, the inalienable right of choice? You loved her, as I now know; yet you deceived her, by endeavoring to gain her regard for me; she naturally concluded that for yourself you sought only her friendship.

Now all this was wrong! and you must amend it! I have come to Rome, in order that you should reinstate yourself as her lover. When you have done this, and are sure that she believes you in earnest, let me know. I will then entrust you with a communication to her, which, without impairing the friendship which ought to endure between us all, shall place her in the position to choose between us. This is a question of principle, which you and I, as men of honor, are bound to consider, and to decide, alike without the low selfishness from which you recoil, and the fanatical unselfishness which might cause unhappiness to all of us. Write to me as soon as you have executed my commission.

Yours, truly,

GEORGE WILLIAMS.

LETTER III.

FLORENCE, June 21.

MY DEAR WILLIAMS:—I have read to Miss E. the portion of your letter which you intended for her. Your peace is made. You are to write to her.

I went farther: I told her you hoped to see her in Rome. She looked as you sometimes look, when your dignity is touched. I could imagine what she did not speak: "See me in Rome! at his convenience!" I trembled lest you should not see her again; or seeing, only see her. But she relented; and I dare not tell you,—nay, I could not tell you, how she praised you; how she dwelt, with unveiled admiration on the long conversations you had enjoyed, when I was a listener.

Shall I confess it? I was in despair for myself. And yet I know not why; for her animated and beautiful discourse was in the voice of admiration, and even of rapture, but not of such feeling as I would wish to excite, were I so admired as you. I do not believe she loves, or can love, any mortal man, with his infirmities and defects; certainly she could not love me; and, my punctilious friend, it is little more than formality for me to do what you require. Not

that I should do it coldly; no! I could adore her, though she could not return my affection. — But what injustice! do not insist! — she is yours; return, and claim her! Why waste in quixotic abstractions the time you owe to her?

And yet I know you will not relent; you will leave no imaginary chance undecided. Were I not also quixotic, I might shrink from inevitable defeat; but, thanks to your precepts and example, I am not unwilling to offer my homage, though it be not accepted. I shall seek all opportunities; — in short, I promise you, I will honestly do my best; she shall see that I love her: and then, I hope, you will be satisfied.

I am to be your footman. Write instantly.

Yours,

C. E.

LETTER IV.

ROME, June 25, 184-.

TO MISS ELLERBY: — My dear friend, when I felt constrained to depart without seeing you, I did not know the extent of your kindness, or I would have forgotten that we were not in New England, where we allow natural feelings to govern us. Elliot is not only talkative, but he writes excessively, yet not half enough: you will comprehend that you and your sayings are

more likely to be his theme than any thing else he can find ; and that his goodness will always prompt him to inform me of all that can encourage me to hope for your interest in my welfare. He tells me that your father contemplates an earlier return home than he intended when I last saw him ; and that your visit to Rome will be in September, instead of November. I shall by that time be familiar with all the works that can interest you ; and I hope to be your guide. If you have not cruelly flattered me, I may trust that I shall know, better than Murray's book, what objects you will like. And I wait impatiently for you and Elliot to help me enjoy them ; for, to steer between saying too much and too little, I cannot half enjoy them alone.

I am not sure that I can promise you more of high excellence in painting than you have seen in Florence ; for you, like me, require truth of imitation and color, such as the Venitians gave us ; and can not be satisfied to exchange it for the superior forms of Raffaelle, while in this element he is inferior to the Greek sculptors, and sometimes even to Guido. We are prone, by prejudice or by necessity, to admire, perhaps to overrate, what is best, and to undervalue what is but slightly less excellent : and if we can find a fault, we too often make it the occasion of con-

demning all that is joined with it. Such, I believe, is the cause of the comparatively cold approval which is bestowed on Raffaelle, and even on Michael Angelo, by the few artists and connoisseurs whom we regard as speaking from their own taste.

Yet you will be delighted with Raffaelle. You have seen him as a youth, and as an inexperienced painter in oil; you will see him as a master, in his frescoes in the Vatican: and, though they have lost much by time and wanton injury, they are still so far effective as to show that nature had done all that was required of her to make this great artist as excellent in coloring as he was in expression. The school of Athens wants but the finishing touches of Paul Veronese to make it worthy of comparison with the best of his paintings of architectural subjects: and had Raffaelle been trained in Venice, and lived to the age of Titian or Tintoretto, I have no doubt that his coloring would have been better than any but that of the three great Venetian masters. Come prepared to be disappointed at first; but be also prepared to blind yourself to defects that were due to the false influences of the time, and you will find much to interest you.

The Sistine Chapel will disappoint you. After

seeing so much of the sculpture of Michael Angelo, and appreciating his depth of expression and exquisite feeling for the beautiful, you will not like the herculean saints in the Last Judgment. But you will grow reconciled; for it was not possible for so great a genius to fail throughout; though in the general effect, and in the general intention, it must be confessed he has been unsuccessful.

Titian has many fine things here. Corregio, of whom you have seen but little, is tolerably represented. Paul has a few good things — one in the Vatican, St. Helena, which you will like. Bassano is fairly represented. And there are a few Dutch pictures of merit.

But you will be enchanted by the sculpture; there are many beautiful works without names, either in history, criticism, or even in guide-books! There is in the Vatican a statue whose expression is like your own; I am curious to see how you will like it. I have made up my mind what you will think of it; but if you pass it without notice, and I call your attention to it, you must tell me what you really feel. Then, as I hardly need inform you, there are the works of Lysippus, and all the rest we have talked of. You have seen casts of most of them, but the opacity of the casts detracts much from their beauty.

You will not be wearied, as most travellers are ; but you may be sad. And yet such sadness may turn to hope. Twenty-five hundred years have passed away since the age of genius and beauty ; and in that long interval the departed spirit of art has not returned ; and Phidias, Praxiteles, Lysippus, Apollodorus, and some whose names are unknown, still remain unrivalled. They discourage artists, but they develop the sense of the beautiful. So the poets of that time remain a wonder and almost a discouragement to us ; and were their language as intelligible to us as that of the sculptors, we might wed ourselves to their works, and take little notice of modern poets.

We are saint-worshippers, great-artist-worshippers, worshippers of men in all ways, resolute to trample on rising genius, and to deify a few, or worship a few already deified, among those who have been so long dead that their sins are forgotten, their vulgarities become venerable. In short, we are afraid, because we find ourselves in a very small minority.

But I fear that I may weary you with talk about what is not before you. It is really not worth while to speak on these subjects, unless they are present. We desert objects and persons for books and magazines, which is our

modern error ; but I feel that I want more of realities, and less of descriptions necessarily weak and old ; and I want with me those who can help me to see and feel. And you, I venture to believe, are not unwilling to accept as a fellow-disciple, one who is devoted to the study of what makes a part of the difference between those whom we admire and love, and those whom we can not admire or love.

Pardon this preaching : and believe me

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE WILLIAMS.



LETTER V.

ROME, June 25, 184-.

MY DEAR ELLIOT : — Did you never observe that birds will go under the feet of horses, oxen, sheep, animals of all but carnivorous kinds, and sit upon their backs, without fear ; but never will go near the carnivoræ, or men ? Did you never observe that this almost universal distrust and fear is shared by men, and especially by women ? They fear treachery ; and expose no secrets ; and cast no pearls before their fellow-men, lest contempt and slander should be the return. Don't expect preassurance of affection from any discreet woman ; you perceive enough

of it, wherever you go ; and, though you may not be ungrateful, nor altogether fail to return unguarded affection, you would be the last man to marry a woman whose bearing towards you should differ much from her bearing towards other friends, until you had unreservedly declared your affection and pledged your faith to her. Miss E. is as likely to love you as any other — more so, I think ; and yet I can not counsel you to make a precipitate declaration ; for your late conduct probably has chilled the affection she might have felt for you. But, since her father treats you with full confidence, and, as I judge, is relieved from a duty not suitable to his age and delicate health, when you escort her to places of interest, you should not fail to press your services upon her : if she hesitates, it is probably from unwillingness to put you to inconvenience, and not from an ill-judged design to spare your feelings. She has too much good taste to reject you, in any way, partially or wholly, until you do something more than to show that you are pleased with her society, and love her as you may love others of equal attractions. I do not presume to claim from you more than this : that you shall not withdraw in my favor, nor neglect the proper means to recommend yourself. As for my dis-

appointment, God forbid that I should repine because a woman is not defrauded of what is most dear to her, and because I have not taken dishonorable advantage of a friend. I perceive that you hesitate on my account; and therefore I urge you to remember your own claims, and hers; you can not with honor neglect either.

I enclose a letter for Miss E. She will probably show it to you. I have endeavored to do all you can require; to keep my position as a friend, until you tell me that you have done all I require of you. Now make proper use of your time; or she will very naturally dismiss both of us from her thoughts. I think, with you, that she is a good hater; and if we provoke her by too much cool and prolonged calculation, she may be deeply offended, and very likely hate us, as certainly we shall deserve her hatred. I can not endure the clumsiness of a long courtship, or worse than that, a long hesitation, which leaves a woman in doubt whether you think her worthy of you, or whether you love her sufficiently. Such a course is painful to her feelings; and though she may never mention it, she never can forget it; and it is for this reason, that first-sight love-matches, though often ill-sorted, are more happy than matches

made with much deliberation, which looks as if there were little love in the business.

Yours, truly,

GEORGE WILLIAMS.

LETTER VI.

FLORENCE, July 2, 184-.

MY DEAR WILLIAMS : — Your judgment seems to preserve its wonted coolness, so much that were I to judge you by the many, I should doubt the ardor of your affection for Miss Ellerby ; and return to my former belief, which you have lately shaken, that you never could love any one, however much you might admire her. I will, notwithstanding these appearances, act as if you and she were both as affectionate as you are refined. Pardon this rather blunt expression of what may be a difference in our conception of what neither of us clearly understands.

She has shown me your programme, with which she is delighted. Were I a tell-tale, you would be intoxicated with the account I should give of her comments. But what encouragement for me ! Nevertheless, I give myself up to her ; I am with her every day ; I take no denial. And though she seems perfectly frank and purely friendly, I am utterly unable to be-

lieve that she does not see that I would gladly say more than I do, if I were not restrained by fear of — of something — no matter what. I do not know why there should be any longer delay; your arguments convince me that something may be lost, — more, perhaps, than gained, — by waiting and manœuvring to remove traces of dissatisfaction caused by past delay. I therefore wish you to make your communication as soon as you would do so if you had no chivalrous scruples to restrain you. I will be guided by you, as to the time of making my own proposal.

Write by the next post to me, and enclose a letter for her. By the time it arrives she will be sufficiently aware of my wishes to leave her as free as you design her to be, in her choice.

And now, for your consolation, she sends her best regards to you, and accepts your kind offer to be her living guide-book.

Your

CHARLEY.

LETTER VII.

ROME, July 5, 184—.

MY DEAR ELLIOT: — The enclosed letter will fully make known to Miss Ellerby what I should have told her long ago, had I not discovered

your disposition to make an improper sacrifice of your own happiness, and perhaps of hers. It is dated one day late, so that you may deliver it at the time you consider best. I advise you to make a full declaration on your own account, and to call the next morning with my letter. But do not allow this advice to bias your judgment.

One word, a last word, before our friendship is put to a test that many might not bear without discontent. I am confident that you will always be my friend; not the less so, but the more so, in consequence of our unfortunate rivalry; and I pledge my honor that I believe myself capable of a like constancy towards you. And one word more, which may be necessary, though I hope it is not, to assure you that your later opinion of my susceptibility is more true than your theoretical view of my stoicism. If I know my own nature in particular, and human nature in general, I am not the less but the more likely to be constant and devoted to one who is faultless, than I could be if I were indifferent to faults. And, as I am conscious that you have misjudged me in this respect, so I believe you have misjudged her; and that your notion, that your affection might not be returned, is a phantom of fear, — fear of the most insidious kind.

I shall return as soon as I can consistently with the object of my departure. I need not say that you will write soon and often. If you can send by any gentleman who goes by the mail diligence, and will engage to call on me immediately, do so ; for neither of us can like the idea of having our letters read by the police spies, at any time, least of all at this time.

Yours,

GEORGE WILLIAMS.

LETTER VIII.

ROME, July 6, 184-.

TO MISS ELLERBY: — My dear friend, I was constrained to depart from Florence, by an embarrassing circumstance, which prevented me from doing what I most earnestly desired to do.

I am now relieved from that embarrassment, and at liberty to speak to you as I would have spoken at the earliest moment consistent with the hope of an indulgent hearing. You must have perceived that I was always desirous of your society, and that my regard for you was more than that of friendship ; and, after perceiving this, you could not but have deemed me fickle, and almost unfriendly, when I failed to see you frequently, and at last departed without

personally taking leave of you. When you know the cause of this conduct, as you will know it as soon as I am allowed to tell you, you will be satisfied that nothing but a sense of duty could have compelled me to the course I pursued. At the time I declined your kind invitations I would have given all things to be by your side ; and no claims of others upon my time could for a moment have detained me from you. If you did not then believe that my desire was to be with you, and that my constrained absence was most painful to me, I pray you now to be assured of it, and to regard me as if I had been as constant in my attentions as I was devoted in my affection.

It would be presumptuous and unreasonable in me to hope that what I now ask can be granted, before I am better known to your family ; but I trust that the friendship which has long existed between Elliot and me, and his favorable assurance concerning me, will justify me in making known to you my desires, and my hope that you will not decide adversely to me, but permit me to attend you until we return to our home ; when, I trust, your father will hear among his friends such report of me as will satisfy his anxiety for your welfare.

The unspeakable happiness I have enjoyed

when we have been together, — the accordance of our opinions and tastes, — the similarity of our intellectual pursuits, — have given me hope that you may return the love you have inspired. If in this dream of felicity I have not been too blind to my own defects, and my trust in your charity has not been exaggerated ; if it be possible for you to find in my society a hundredth part of the delight I have ever found in yours, I may look forward with assurance that nothing will be wanting to me, save the power to confer on you the happiness I earnestly desire for you. I have no hesitation nor shade of doubt, on my own account ; I am persuaded that in all things you will more than realize my most sanguine hope. I only fear that my power to please will fail me, and that the cultivated sense of the beautiful, which wins to you the hearts of others, will not be satisfied with what nature has given me, and education too little improved.

Say that I may hope ; that you do not reject me ; that you will permit me to visit you, so that I may learn to please you. You will be my mistress ; the desire to please you will be inspiration to me. Forgive me, if motives infinitely higher have failed, and I am left to find in love for you the motive for self-improvement. Such is your power ; from the time I first saw

you I have felt new desires — almost a regenerated will ; loving you as excellent in all things, I tremble when I ask myself if you can look upon me as I am, and measure me by your own standard of merit, and yet love me as I would have you love ; and I repress desires and impulses which conscience could not restrain. You are my ministering angel ; whether to be mine for life, or to lead me to repentance for self-neglect, you are still my ministering angel ; and I feel that your influence will deeply affect me. If our characters are developed by the persons and events of this state of our being, I can not but feel assured that to you, more than to all others, I shall owe the strength of whatever good resolutions I may sustain. And from this persuasion I draw encouragement ; I could not otherwise hope.

Of your friendship I feel assured. Let this be my warrant for returning to you, as soon as I can arrange certain necessary affairs ; a few days will suffice for them. Do not give me an answer until time shall have enabled me to conform to your requirement, so far as a perfect will and elevated love can enable me. I shall see you before the end of next week.

Present my best regards to your father. I presume that if you think favorably of my

suit, you will immediately make it known to him.

Devotedly, yours,

GEORGE WILLIAMS.

LETTER IX.

FLORENCE, July 11.

I congratulate you, my dear Williams; the decision is in your favor: and I have the consolation that my best friend has obtained the felicity that I had little reason to expect for myself; and that the woman I can truly say I love for her own sake more than for mine is better mated, and likely to be more happy than I could render her. So, at least, I am persuaded, although, in what has passed between us, no reference to you has been made from which I could infer any thing whatever.

I pursued the course you suggested. I expressed in words what I had long ago made known by my conduct. She was prepared for it, and had made up her mind. It is over; it is as I believed it would be, ever since I saw that you were so much more entertaining to her than I could ever be. Henceforth she is my dearest friend; and with that I should be content. But I confess to you that I could have been better

content had I been allowed to remain in the wavering belief that her refinement of taste had rendered her unsusceptible to affection for any one whose imperfections place him far below her ideal of excellence. It is now impossible for me to console myself with that belief. In trying to mitigate the pain her refusal might occasion, she made me but too well aware that her feelings are as sensitive as her taste is refined. I do, however, console myself with the belief, that preference for you, and not indifference to me, was the cause of my forebodings being so completely realized. And yet, as I have said, it was not from any expression on her part that I could infer such regard for you. But, when she spoke of our companionship, almost from our infancy, and of our recent companionship, where almost none but strangers to both of us were near, I could not but feel that you were present to her mind.

This necessarily determined my own position. I could not do otherwise than to say that I would not pain her by indulging farther hope; and that the permission to remain on terms of intimate friendship would not be abused by pressing my suit. I need not say that the reply was most gratifying to my feelings.

And now for your interest. I called the next

morning with your letter. I felt as if I ought to tell her that I knew the nature of it; but I could not so far depart from your instruction as to say more than that I believed you felt for her as deep an interest as I felt. I remained but a few moments, but made an appointment to take tea. And here I now am, my friend, telling you that your unworthy rival is out of your way, but ready to serve you to the best of his ability. I had reconciled myself to what my perception, more acute than reason, told me was my fate; but you, who could not see in her bearing towards me, what I saw for myself, that she loved me not as I wished to be beloved, allured me to hope again. But it is a trial of fortitude, which, if borne as it should be, will confirm the esteem with which you have both regarded me; and I trust that I may not fail to justify your good opinion and favor. I deposite this in the post, and in an hour I shall be with our friends.

Yours, devotedly,

CHARLES ELLIOT.

LETTER X.

FLORENCE, July 12, 184--.

MY DEAR FRIEND:— Elliot brought me your letter. I had, some time before you left Florence,

felt as if you might entertain such regard for me; and I had oftener judged that I was mistaken: but I did not believe that fickleness or unkindness could have been the cause of the diminished frequency of your visits, or the precipitancy of your departure. I have no reason to feel discontent towards you, on account of what you are so kind as to explain; and the high esteem I entertained for you is still in all respects unabated. I am grateful for the feelings you entertain for me; and, if farther acquaintance should confirm you in them, I do not know that I should find the difficulties you seem to apprehend. I am sensible that my own merits do not entitle me to expect the perfection of your ideal standard. I could be content with one as unworthy as myself, if he could love me as you profess to love. I am indeed glad that you intend to return. We shall be friends, at least; and the proof you have given me of affection will make me the more confident and devoted as a friend.

I have placed your letter in my father's hand, requesting him to read it, and consider it well before advising me. I know his views: you have anticipated all that he can say. But I have no doubt that all will be satisfactory to him. Elliot, whom we have known from childhood, has

assured us of your merit ; and he has anticipated your present views, and spoken in the highest terms of you in connection with intimations that he knew your partiality for me. He is a devoted friend to you, and to us. I know not how far he has made you his confidant in what relates to me ; but he seems to know more of your views than he deems it proper to explain fully.

I hope to see you at the earliest moment after your return.

Yours, truly,

LUCY ELLERBY.

LETTER XI.

ROME, July 16.

MY DEAR ELLIOT:—I have received your letter, and one from our dear friend. You will infer, from its not having been sent by you, that it is encouraging to me. She would not make you the bearer of letters that might possibly give you pain.

I am satisfied with your conduct, and grateful for the friendship that prompted you to sacrifice so much for me. I shall now feel that I have not done her the injustice that I truly feared I should do if I permitted you to withdraw. You are assured that no mere punctilio, nothing but

a belief apparently well founded, could have induced me to insist on the point. Nor do I think I was much mistaken : you had offended, or at least discouraged her, by too long delay, when all was favorable for you. You endeavored to win her for me. She believed that your love was merely that of long cherished friendship ; and she was influenced by you to your disadvantage. My coming to you was too late. Such, my dear Elliot, is my view : hope long deferred dies, and he who revives it possesses it. But her friendship will be yours, and the more surely for your confession that you were not indifferent to her love.

I shall return immediately. Do not write me after receiving this, as I shall not remain long enough to receive your answer. You may look for me on Friday evening.

Yours, dear Elliot,

GEORGE WILLIAMS.

LETTER XII.

ROME, July 16.

To MISS ELLERBY : — My dear friend, your kind letter has just reached me. I am inexpressibly happy. To-morrow at day-break I shall set out on my return, and on Friday evening I

shall see you. I will then tell you the secret that you suppose Elliot is unwilling to tell, unless he chooses to anticipate me. Neither he nor I can wish to keep secrets from you, nor from each other. You may tell him what I now say. When you have heard his confession, or mine, you will know why those who loved you seemed for a time as if they were less devoted than you now know them to have been.

You are prudent, and yet exceedingly considerate and kind, in the reply you have made me. Your father's approbation and your own more careful consideration are indispensable. I could not expect, nor reasonably desire that you should say more than that I may hope, if no objection that does not now appear shall be discovered. Less caution than this I could not ask you to exercise; and yet, my dear friend, I am so confident that you will ever be dear to me, that I can not but feel almost assured that I may be able to return, in some measure, the enjoyment your society gives me. In this age of books we can be silent companions of the men of genius of all ages, and this makes us entertaining companions for each other. We cultivate our taste more than our talents; we are dissatisfied with our thoughts as they arise; and we sit silent because we are conscious of our

inferiority, even if we are confident that our humble efforts to entertain each other will be received in the most indulgent spirit. But you have not faith to exercise and develop your powers, while you have refined your taste: what you can enjoy you can also originate. And more than this: you can encourage others to speak. You may suppose me to be talkative. With you I am so; but rarely so with others, even when I wish to entertain them. I talk with you without fear, even though I am anxious to please, — far more anxious than in conversation with many, before whom I can not divest myself of unpleasant apprehensions. Shall I tell you why, at least my belief why, I am thus free in your presence? It is because I believe you will blame only what is erroneous, and charitably amend what you must blame; because I feel that you love the true and the beautiful, and feel sympathy, and not derision, for the defects of those who love as you love, but have less power to please. I could not be happy with a taciturn companion, however amiable; still less could I be happy with one who is talkative, yet common-place, though she might be highly endowed with what the age worships — common sense. I desire a companion who has reason, as well as sense, who can believe in the intangible, and

perceive the beautiful. It is for these endowments and acquirements that I love you ; and because I can love you for these, I trust that I possess the same qualities, in some degree, and that you may love me for them.

We have sometimes spoken of the inferiority of books to persons, when those persons possess knowledge equal to authors. Persons perceive when they are not clearly understood, and explain ; but books have no such power. We misunderstand them, and they do not correct us ; we remain unimpressed, uninformed, misinformed, and they can not adapt themselves to our wants ; but persons, if they be not book-worshippers, and have faith in each other, can be more instructive to each other. Especially those who are unstudied in their conversation, — who converse, rather than make speeches, — can really be more entertaining than books, if they recognize each other as persons of talent. Now if a loving couple sit together, one reading a magazine, the other a book, and say little to each other, they may be content ; but that is not the society that reasonable persons dream of. And that companionship I would wish to avoid ; and to you I look with confidence for a higher companionship. And if I fear that you will not be satisfied with me, it is because I distrust my

ability to entertain you better than the dead-letter companions of the library can do.

I know that you will not take the view of these repinings that some would take ; you will not say that they are selfish, or next to selfish ; and that the happiness of others should be our concern and pursuit. It is indeed true that we should labor for the happiness of others ; but do we not most effectually serve them, when we develop and improve our higher faculties, our perception and love of the beautiful and the noble ? On this point, my dear friend, we have understood each other from the first, and needed no cold explanations. One person of true refinement is a greater treasure to society than any merely benevolent person could be, even if he devoted life and fortune to feed the poor, and educate them in the utilitarian way. We have material wealth enough ; common sense enough ; enough of all that pertains to material well-being ; but are our spirits created for this alone ?

When we have contemplated the works of genius that surround us here, have we not felt and known that there is a world of the soul, as well as of the body ? Such was our mutual confession ; and in that confession we acknowledged to each other a tie of more than social friendship. There is in art something from a higher

source than human contrivance, — even from the highest source; and they who have received the spirit of art, are in that spirit united to each other. They may fear and distrust, for experience has warned them that to trust is often to sacrifice themselves; but when persons thus made congenial by conformity to a common principle become intelligible to each other, their union is indissoluble; they are agreed, and can walk together.

If in this state of being we find occasion for self-sacrifice, for suffering for the general good, or the good of individuals, and for bearing with fortitude, and without unmanly complaint and discontent, the trials that may be laid upon us to develop in us the great qualities we admire, we are still required to cultivate the less heroic but not less essential attributes of perfect humanity. Such, I trust, will be our mutual pursuit. I hope, knowing my own devotedness and trust, that one who could inspire such love may find or make me a fit companion.

Do not write in reply to this. I shall be with you in three days.

Yours, devotedly,

GEORGE WILLIAMS.

LETTER XIII.

FIESOLE, August 3.

DEAR WILLIAMS: — Not received letters from Lucy! But she has written; I know that! Neither has she received letters from you. All this is just now inexplicable, but if I do not clear it up, you may call me a dull fellow! I have my suspicions. And what is worse, I have my fears.

You talked to me like a very serene philosopher about the effect which too much deliberation might have on the mind of a high-spirited woman. I fear that you, as well as I, may have lost favor by the foolish delay which I have caused. Certainly the unmistakable partiality of Mr. Ellerby for this great man of dollars is well seconded by assiduity on his part. And yet I do not see how such a woman could be dazzled by such a vulgar person as he: if she marries him it will be to punish you and me for our delay. I told you she was a good hater; and, as you seemed to apprehend, she must have felt piqued at your marble serenity, as well as my stupid affectation. I am the worst of the two: I had been her playmate from childhood, until I was packed off to college. We used to go together to see the young ground-birds in their nests, and

to watch the blue flowers in a distant brook, as they budded and bloomed. My taste for the picturesque began to develope itself at this time, as perhaps did hers. I can look back over sixteen years, as if it were an hour, and see the first picture that ever charmed me: it was the reflection of two young faces in a brook too wide for either of us to step across. Imagine the dear child upon my back, with flowers in one hand, and my shoes in the other; her arms around my neck; I in the mean time bending forward, fearing that she would lose her hold. Think you that I can forget the face that peeped over my shoulder, in that brook? And so we were through childhood, only children of most intimate friends, living near together; and so we were until I was sent away, weeping, as my mother thought, at my departure from home; but weeping, as I well knew, for the temporary loss of my playmate.

My father removed to the city, while I was in college. I saw Lucy but once more, until I met her here in Florence. Like a fool I affected self possession. You came. You saw my coolness. You loved her. At last you detected my deceit; and you disguised from her your affection. And what follows? Here comes a pompous and lucky fellow from Wall street, having

won his million at the railway board; the old gentleman is taken with him; he drives four superb horses, that leave everything behind: — in short, he has been prompt, assiduous, urgent, decidedly in earnest; and she may well believe that he loves her. As for you, my dear fellow, you must come hither if you wish to take care of your interest; for the old gentleman will take care not to go into your way. Still, as I tell you, I do not see why the police should have kept from you or from her those letters which you have both written; and I will find out their way of going.

You will receive this by a new acquaintance of mine, a young Swiss artist, whom you may trust with your letters. Enclose to me what you design for Lucy; at the same time continue to write by the post: she will fail to receive the latter, but be sure of the former. As you probably will not come without an invitation from Mr. E., and will not get that until this fellow is broadly rejected, let me admonish you to do your best by letter to keep yourself in remembrance.

Yours, faithfully, until the end of this affair, and forever after,

CHARLES ELLIOT.

LETTER XIV.

FLORENCE, August 4.

MY DEAR ELLIOT: — I am infinitely obliged for your solicitude on my account; but I do not share your fears. Not that I have any assurance that *my* offer will be accepted; but I have seen the person who so much alarms you, and I am satisfied that his success is impossible. She is a lady; he is a snob; nothing more need be said, notwithstanding his unexceptionable horses, and their superfluous number; the more of them the more ridiculous: and Lucy, of all women, is most sure to despise such ostentation. You remember the effect produced upon her by the lion who made an indiscreet display of his learning; — not that he went beyond *her* knowledge, but she disapproved his silencing others who were present. Think you that she will be more tolerant of a fellow who constantly endeavors to outshine others in matters of expensive show?

As for the missing letters, I have taken measures in reference to them. Signor O. has introduced me to an official in the post office, who declares that no examination is ever made of letters addressed to me, or Mr. Ellerby. As to Mr. Ellerby himself, it is absurd to suppose that he would intercept them. But it will be

found where future letters go: you may be sure of that. In the mean time I enclose one for Lucy.

I do not think it necessary or prudent to intrude myself into a party that has not invited me; a party that was invited by a person who is so stupid and dishonorable as to deny a rival a fair chance to make himself agreeable. You are indebted for your invitation to the apprehension that, had you *not* been invited, Mr. Ellerby would not have constrained Lucy to accept. But I have not neglected to write just as I feel; and since I have found that my letters miscarry, I shall make up the loss by others that will arrive. How she feels towards this formidable personage, with the four horses, and whether she discourages me, I think you may judge by her writing, without having received my letters. My dear Elliot, if you had received no letters from me for a year, you would not write me the less; on the contrary you would set all the bankers in search of me, and write to a dozen places. So Lucy presumes that I write if able to write, and that my letters miscarry. Happily, suspicion cannot enter her mind with respect to me. If she does not intend to accept me, she is at least my friend, and is confident of my affection, and, I trust, of my principles also.

All that concerns me is, the over-anxiety of her father to give her an opportunity, if she chooses, to marry a man of great wealth; and to withdraw her for a time from one who has had the advantage of some months acquaintance. I do not think this unfair, nor much to be censured in any way. He knows that Lucy will be influenced by her own taste and inclination as to the personal qualities of her suitors; and that it is proper for him to attend to their worldly standing, and to give opportunities where his judgment approves. He will soon see that it is expedient to make this four-horse jaunt among classic scenes as brief as civility will allow: such, at least, is my confident belief.

Your Swiss friend has shown me his water-color drawings; I like them very much. Those from the fruit-pieces by Rubens I bought after a great deal of persuasion. He wished to sell me such as he could repeat for his own use: but I do not feel that he catches the spirit of the Venitians. I send a couple by him, which you will present, with my letter, to Lucy.

And now, my dear friend, I spend my time in meditation. I think how much better off I might be if I had a million, and four superb horses, and had got rid of a friend who is ready to sacrifice for me his life, and what is dearer

than life! The result of these meditations is contentment.

Yours, forever,

GEORGE.

LETTER XV.

PRATOLINO, August 8.

Hurra! my dear Williams: A police agent is invaluable, when he is in *your* interest! I will explain.

A very civil but rather inquisitive person, whom you dislike because he studies English in *Galignani's Messenger*, when you are waiting for it, in the Cafè Domey, made his bow to me yesterday morning, and stuck to me like a burr. He dropped off, after an hour. At about twelve, he caught me again; and asked whether I was in correspondence with you, and whether the intimacy he had observed still existed. Of course I began to suspect him as a spy. Of this he seemed conscious; and said that he wished to have some assurance that would authorize him to take a step which might affect your interests. It struck me that he might have been sent by the post official. So I told him that I was daily receiving letters from you, and knew your movements, and would give him the proof he required, if he could first satisfy me that he was

authorized to require it. He then said that he knew of the irregularity of your letters, and had been authorized to discover the cause, and had discovered it; and was also authorized to use his discretion as to communicating upon the subject with you, or Signor O., or any other whom you would approve. I then showed him several of your letters, which I kept in my pocket, remarking that if he was not satisfied with that, he could inquire of Mr. E. He drew from his pocket a note written by you, compared the writing, and declared himself satisfied.

He then stated that he had long known of our attentions to Miss E., and had suspected me of taking the advantage of interrupting the correspondence between you; and that his intrusion into my company was for the purpose of ascertaining, if possible, whether such a disposition existed on my part. He had, in the mean time, set spies upon other parties, and had found who obtained the letters; and that, instead of their being delivered to their address, they were kept. If I wished to make use of this information for your benefit, he would, if necessary, name the delinquent, and furnish the proof.

I thought it proper to accept his offer; and, after receiving from him the particulars, I laid my plan.

I do not approve of reporting all the inuendoes I hear against a friend ; but when they take a distinct shape, I do not fail to take a decided step in regard to them. You must know that your chivalrous rival has spoken of you in a tone that tended to prejudice you in the mind of Mr. E., and that repeatedly, in my hearing ; and yet so guardedly that I could not take it up. Yesterday, however, he stepped over the line, just at the moment when I was completely prepared for him. We were sitting at the table after Lucy had retired, and he took occasion to remark that it was a pity that a man of your talent should have but an indifferent reputation, at home and abroad. I promptly declared that I had known you for many years, and that I knew your character as a gentleman to be unimpeachable. To this he replied that he had no doubt of my confidence in your merits, but that so many others held a different opinion that he was compelled to disagree with me.

I believe that I was entirely self-possessed and deliberate in my reply, which I will state, word for word. Addressing Mr. Ellerby, I said, “ I am responsible to you, sir, for introducing to you, and to your daughter, an old and intimate friend, who is now declared, by this witness, to be a man of indifferent reputation. It is there-

fore my duty to you, to my friend, and to myself, to refute this declaration. I have but one means of doing it; and that is by uttering a menace, which, on this ground, you will pardon."

"I cannot consent," replied Mr. E., "that you should say any thing that may lead to a result which the more enlightened portion of those whom we regard as gentlemen, do not allow to be a proper mode of settling differences of this nature."

"This," I said, "can not possibly happen in the present case, as you will see; and you may be sure that I could not allow my friend or myself to take the course you refer to, even if we were not both as decidedly opposed to it as you can be. I shall therefore proceed to say, what I can not justly refrain from saying, that if this person does not retract his words, I will accuse him before the Tuscan police of intercepting letters from my friend to Miss Ellerby, and from her to him; and I will publish the proceedings in all the principal journals in the United States."

Mr. Ellerby was thunderstruck. He looked steadily at me for a few moments, as if to determine what he should say or do. He then looked at this gambler, as if expecting his reply. He

received it as follows:—“*I* intercept letters! No man can prove it! I defy the accusations of this rash young man, who is misled by friendship for a notorious deceiver—.”

“Stop, sir:” said Mr. E. “Additional charges against an absent person are irrelevant. For the present it is necessary to confine your reply to the charge concerning the interception of letters.”

“All I can do is to deny it!”

I rang the bell. The servant appeared. I sent for our studious reader of Galignani. He came in with an officer of the police, and arrested the calumniator. This reduced him to the color of a turnip, and made him beg of Mr. E. that he might not be subjected to a public accusation, in a strange land, where he had no friends to answer for him. I told him that Mr. Ellerby was not a party to the arrest, and that he could not prevent it; that my friend had been slandered; and that the slander must be refuted by nullifying the influence of the slanderer. He then begged for a few minutes private conversation. Our student consented to withdraw, leaving the officer, who could not understand English.

The fellow then made a long rigmarole statement about his “correspondence;” he received

great numbers of letters ; all his letters were brought by his courier, who could not read ; if any letters had been traced to his possession, as he presumed must be the case, since he was arrested, they must have come through his courier ; he seldom looked at his letters until Sunday ; he had a lot of correspondents who were bores ; perhaps his courier had been entrusted with letters for the whole party ; he never thought to look ; — and a great deal more to this purpose.

“ Will you produce your unopened letters ? ” asked Mr. E.

“ Certainly, if I may be allowed to go to my room.”

I consented, on condition that we should accompany him. To this he demurred ; but seeing that I was not to be moved, he agreed. So we went up to his room, where he unlocked his portfolio, and took out several sealed letters, which, he said, he had thrown into it. It happened that they corresponded with the list of missing letters, and were addressed to you and to Miss E., and more of them to him. The evidence satisfied Mr. Ellerby ; who whispered to me that he was relieved of all the doubts that had been excited in his mind respecting you ; and he wished me to let the scoundrel off with-

out a trial, if I could. This I declined, unless he should retract his calumnies. Mr. E. then asked my permission to interpose, which of course I granted.

He then asked the great equestrian what he intended to say as to the charges against you. Oh! he would explain. He had heard complaints; he might have been misunderstood: what he meant was that Mr. Williams was disliked by a good many; not that they knew anything against his honor: but he was deemed too exclusive, and seemed to avoid people. In short, he reduced his charges to specifications, amounting to this, that you did not go with every puppy who wished to smoke in your face, or bore you with his dulness. Nothing *could* have been farther from his intention than to convey the idea that you were not strictly honorable, and so forth. In a word, what I have often said to you, and what others have often said about you, this crafty knave had moulded into a shape that might have delayed your happiness until the arrival home of Mr. E., when, no doubt, you would have satisfied him.

Having gained this point, I consented to let the stock-jobbing fellow off. The secret agent was called in; and the matter was allowed to drop. Mr. E., however, quietly told him that

he was satisfied that he was a slanderer and scoundrel; and that from that moment their acquaintance must cease; and that he should denounce him to the friend who had given him a letter of introduction to him.

In about ten minutes the four horses were on the road. You may have seen them in Florence by twilight. But, if not, I doubt if you have seen them at all: for he is shrewd enough to make up for the time he has lost of late. He probably will "hurry up," so as to complete his "tour" in the usual time.

Mr. E. took the letters, and handed me those which were for you, and took the others to Lucy. I enclose five letters, one of which Lucy has just given me, after reading yours. We shall return as soon as I can manage to bring it about, if you do not come here. Of course you will come. Of course you are summoned by this letter which I enclose. Our Swiss friend says he sees how the land lays, and thinks you are in "divine luck." He says if he can carry letters more safely than the post, he will carry them a thousand miles for such a true lover of art.

Yours, merrily,

CHARLEY.

LETTER XVI.

PRATOLINO, August 8.

DEAREST: — Come to me as soon as you receive this. My father is undeceived. Elliot has unmasked a despicable calumniator. You will know all when you arrive; come immediately; there is now no obstacle between us. I have received your letters that were lost. I blush to tell you that they were purloined by the man whom my father seemed to urge upon my attention; but he instantly repelled his acquaintance, when his vileness was discovered; and came to me, and told me that he had been prejudiced against you solely by the inuendoes of this crafty slanderer. My letters will have assured you of my unaltered friendship, and should have satisfied you that only my father's consent was wanting to make me yours. That consent I now have; and I am happy.

Elliot has shown me your letters — all of them. I am delighted to know of your friendship, and I am deeply grateful to you and him for your unselfishness, and the honorable sacrifice you were willing to make. When I contrast such rivalry with that of the person who has been persecuting me, my conscience is relieved; for I hated him, from the first hour I endured

his impertinence and silliness, and his perpetual talk about matters that I never wish to hear of.

Now, having relieved myself by this scolding of your would-be rival, what shall I say to you, for supposing me to be a "good hater?" or still worse, for deeming it possible that I could "hate" you or Elliot, for any cause of which you are capable? You were wrong: I might be pained, but I could never hate. I might suppose that you had preferences for others, or that you deemed it premature to form a connection that would tie you down among men who could not be companions to you, such as you find among the dilettanti of this world of comparative leisure; and this supposition would have made me resigned, though it might not have made me content. Judge me by yourself, dearest! You would not have hated me, had I preferred another; can you then believe that I could be disposed to such an ignoble feeling? If you do not know me better, you can not love me as I wish you to love. And yet, my philosopher, you penetrated my disposition and feelings, in many things; and I do not know but the causes you assigned for my preference for you over our dear friend were the real causes. We have loved each other in childhood and in youth, and certainly should love each other now; and had I not met with

you, and believed that you loved me, I might have accepted him. Certainly I should have preferred him to another whom you know, or did know.

You two lovers have taught me much, with the help of a coveter. You two have taught me that noble minds are not jealous; and the other has taught me that base minds are jealous by instinct, and deem that deception and cheating in love, and trade, and gaming, and such "business," are all fair. When you agreed that I was a *good* hater, you meant that I hate such persons, if they are near me; but you did not mean that I could not see in both of you a spirit that I could not but love and admire. You see that I am uneasy because of your cruel suspicions.

Papa has been looking over this letter. He says: — "Very well! give him my hearty welcome, as your lover; and tell him to come and remain here a fortnight with us." Shall I add any thing? Yes, by way of explanation: we remain here a fortnight; we then return to Florence for a week or two; we then go to Rome, where you are to be my cicerone; after Rome, we go to Naples; and in April or May, we are thinking to go home. Will all this suit you? Come and tell me!

Elliot, who is sometimes impatient, is teasing me: he says his Swiss friend is waiting for this letter. I certainly must not disoblige one who makes such exquisite drawings as those you gave me. Now I shall do nothing until you arrive: so come quickly. I almost wish you had four "2^d 29th" horses," or a locomotive, or something more speedy.

Your

LUCY.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Suggested by a Domestic Picture from Gerald Massey.

BY REV. NELSON BROWN.

THOUGH sorrows may come, in our journey of life,
 And though pincheth the winter weather,
 We are strong, love, to bear all, as Husband and Wife,
 For we'll bear all in hope, love, together.
 Though the clouds may loom threat'ningly over the sky,
 We will work on, and trust on, since you, love, and I,
 Are Husband and Wife together.
 Dear Husband and Wife !
 'Mid our trials of life,
 The winter soon bloometh to bright summer weather.

I fear for the storms that may darken the skies,
 For thee, and thee only, sweet blossom ;
 But thy love-lighting smile bringeth soon the sunrise,
 As I nestle thee thus to my bosom.
 Heaven out from the clouds will beam by and by, —
 Ah, it smileth already, since you, love, and I,
 Are Husband and Wife together.
 Dear Husband and Wife !
 We will love on through life,
 And hope on, 'mid summer, or chill wintry weather.

It is often that blessings come forth in disguise,
 And redemption comes sometimes in sorrow ;
 While the murkiest midnight that frowns from the skies,
 Bloometh oft to a radiant morrow.

We will trust that the sky will be bright by and by,
As the light of thy smile, since you, love, and I,
 As Husband and Wife together,
 Dear Husband and Wife !
 'Mid each season of life,
We can cull a *few* flowers spite the bleak winter weather.

We will never repine, though so humble our lot,
 Or so scant are our treasures called golden ;
We are rich in God's smiles in our snug little cot,
 While daily his Word lies unfolden.
The angel of peace 'mid each grief will come nigh,
To wipe off the tears, while you, love, and I,
 As Husband and Wife,
 Dear Husband and Wife !
 Will hope ever in life,
And love on for aye 'mid all seasons of weather.

And when at last setteth the dim sun of life,
 And old age thy dark locks shall whiten,
We will cling yet the closer as Husband and Wife,
 And our love every burden shall lighten.
We will love while we live, loving on when we die,
And love up in heaven, since you, love, and I,
 As Husband and Wife together,
 Dear Husband and Wife !
 Through earth's journey of life,
Have loved e'er to love, e'en mid bleak winter weather !

THE BASES OF CHARACTER. *

BY HORACE GREELEY.

THERE are those who insist that Society is so radically vicious and corrupt, that we may not hope to meet men and women who satisfy our conceptions of human character as it should be, until our social relations are radically reformed, rationalized, purified. There are those, on the other hand, who insist that Society is now as perfect as it can be, while human nature remains unchanged.

I do not assent fully to either of these statements. I regard Social Reform and Individual improvement not as competitors, but as co-workers and mutual helpers. Providence has wisely blended, and man cannot well divorce them. A better Social polity would ensure better men; as better men must ever give the impulse to a better society. Yet my present theme contemplates mainly the principles and the laws of individual or self-culture. And, so far a hurried statement may do justice to so vast a theme,

* Extracted from an unprinted lecture on "Self Culture."

I would lay the bases of a true and generous Mental Training in the following precepts.

I. *Utility is the chief end of life, which no one may innocently disregard.* I choose to commence where too many moralists and even divines are content to close, and some of them a little before they reach this point. I hear that this or that eminent citizen has bequeathed at death, or perhaps given during life, a very handsome donation to some laudable enterprise, and I approve the act. But, before glorifying the donor, I must ask, "Did he fairly and beneficently *earn* this money? Was his life one of active usefulness — of downright industry?" If yea, then his gift is indeed a noble one, and his act should be duly honored.

But if he were one who inherited or suddenly acquired opulence, and thereupon felt himself absolved from all obligation to farther effort — if thenceforth he lived in luxurious indolence or miserly seclusion, then is his memory unblest and his gift no gift at all. If he gave only the products of others' toil, his bounty is but restitution, and only deserving of praise in that he might have persisted in his wrong to the end, and transmitted the spoil to others equally undeserving. Heaven smiles not on the grudged offerings of Ananias and Sapphira, even to the

best of undertakings. I envy not the spiritual shepherds of those who live through years in sumptuous idleness, or any idleness at all, yet fancy themselves good men and Christians. Though the ear of Christendom be gross indeed, it cannot long remain deaf to such glaring inconsistency as theirs.

II. I would gladly impress on every young mind, the truth that *Character creates Opportunity, or renders it unimportant*. I know no more fatal error than prevails almost universally on this point. Aside from that pitiable spectacle exhibited by the multitudes of young men who are daily rushing to our cities—to “get into business,” as they say, but really to stake themselves on the chance of finding there some easier means of livelihood,—some more genteel vocation, some shorter road to wealth, than their country homes afford—I perceive among our youth an almost universal expectation, or waiting for, of something different from their present circumstances—some condition more favorable to their advancement or their avarice—something which can only come by working,—never by waiting. It is the canker and blight of our time, this universal jostling for the more advantageous positions—this hanging back in the march of life to steal a ride on the baggage-

wagons or in the carriages for the wounded. To do little and receive much, is the ignoble aspiration of the great majority—as cowardly and base as the footman’s burning desire to strut his brief hour in his master’s habiliments, and give orders instead of obeying them. From every side myriads of youth are turning anxious eyes to the great cities, eager for the expected hour, when they, too, shall have there a foothold. Meantime, the rural valley has no beauty, the lofty mountain no grandeur for them; they loathe the thought of homely labor, and only resort to it as the slave or the convict may do. Of course, Nature rewards no *such* labor with peace and inward joy; they are miserable because they deserve nothing better; useless, because they do not really aspire to usefulness, but only to its rewards. Whether they shall ultimately be punished through the disappointment or the gratification of their wishes, the essential result is the same. Dwarfed in soul by their sordid aims, they live unworthily, and their death makes no void; and if they happen to achieve wealth, and so be buried beneath costly marble, the only enduring product of their lives is the falsehood chiseled on their tombs.

I would say, then, to every youth, “Your

place in the world is wherever your Creator has stationed you, provided you can there be useful, until one of wider or higher usefulness shall plainly solicit you. Whenever such shall present itself, accept it thankfully; but do not waste your most precious years in hunting after it. The best preparation for to-morrow's duties is the faithful performance of to-day's; nay, that is the best possible way of seeking nobler opportunities for the morrow. Though it be ditching or herding cattle, he who has done to-day's work cheerfully and well, because it is to-day's, and because he scorns to eat the bread of idleness, is on the plain highway to some broader field of usefulness, if such be within the proper scope of his powers!"

III. I think, after this, I need hardly counsel the avoidance of Debt as essential to moral integrity and mental freedom. "The borrower is slave to the lender," not merely in the obvious sense; he has no longer liberty to choose his path in life and manfully pursue it. Debt is one of the most debasing features of our perverted social state — the evidence of a second fall from the landing-place of Adam. And I would say imperatively to the portionless youth who passionately desires an education as the stepping-stone to a profession, "You pay too dearly

for the coveted advantages if you consent to go in debt for them. Better be content where you are than incur pecuniary obligations which years will be required to discharge — which many as sanguine as you have carried as a millstone around the neck through life. Do not sell *yourself* even for learning. Plough, team, chop, or do anything to pay your way, and be twice as long acquiring your education, rather than borrow it. Or, better still, adopt and improve upon the example of the young friend of whose course I have elsewhere spoken. This friend found himself at twenty athirst for knowledge, yet without the usual means of assuaging that thirst. He lacked utterly coin and other current values, and, if he had relatives or friends who might have supplied the deficiency by gift or loan, he disdained to barter his independence for their bounty. All he would accept from any man's favor was permission to live on a spot of ground otherwise unused, and convert to his own ends some little of the timber growing thereon — elements, which, in his private thought, were rightfully as much his as those of him whom the law pronounced their exclusive owner, and whom he therefore deferred to as such. Here, by the side of a petty lake, deep in the enshrouding forest, far away from the homes and

the haunts of men, he with his own hands built his small but adequate cabin — sufficient to contain his few but choice books, his simple food, his clothing and himself. By its side he planted the patch of corn and other esculents which formed his principal food ; for no deadly weapon defiled his peaceful sanctuary, and the gentler denizens of the flood and the forest pursued their sports unharmed and fearless within the shadow of his lodge. There he passed the golden summer and the sterner winter, in thoughtful alternation from book to pen, and thence to the scanty implements of his moderate, invigorating toil ; there the few friends who sought found him pensive but not melancholy, modest but not shy ; and thence he would emerge at intervals into the seething world without, to fulfil some social obligation, learn the news of the day, procure some book, or earn, by honest, downright labor in the fields of more extensive cultivators, the cost of his plain clothing and the very few additions to his own products that were needed to supply his simple fare. Thus he improved some two or three years, not alone in labor and study, but in unimpeded thought and deep communing with Nature ; and when at length he came forth to live and strive with his fellows, I venture to affirm that not many

universities had meantime supplied even *one* student with equal opportunities or an education generally comparable to his. His knowledge of Greek and acquaintance with the best remains of the profounder thinkers of antiquity are even now celebrated in no narrow circle ; his acquisitions are eminently real and abiding, and he owes no one a farthing. Nay, more, he had learned, as a part of his education, how to live without a wish ungratified on fifty dollars a year — one of the most important acquirements, for which I cannot hear that Professorships have yet been founded in any college but his. I beseech the early attention of trustees and benefactors to this grave deficiency.

And herein is justified our hesitating and qualified regard for what passes current as liberal education. Our Colleges and miscalled Universities do not educate too much, but too little. We object to our prevailing system of collegiate education, not that it is not practical in its ends, for such it certainly endeavors to be — but that it is not catholic — universal. It addresses itself to a few intellectual faculties, instead of dealing with the whole spiritual and physical being. It makes good implements for effecting a particular purpose — scholars, poets, surgeons, lawyers — not vigorous, many-sided, complete Men.

You readily mark the difference between those and men formed in the rough, sturdy school of practical life — Franklin, Boone, Washington. These latter are always at home — always self-possessed — always equal to the emergency — with a faculty for every need and a front for every foe. They are the men who make occasions and create eras in the history of mankind. * * *

THE WOODEN BRIDGE.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

'T was a sweet spot ;
 You'd seek in vain to find a lovelier one
 For tender meetings, or a fitter scene
 For those sad moments, of which every life
 Has all too many, when the parting hand,
 'Mid sobs and tears and passionate laments,
 Is given, perchance, for the last time, to one
 Whose presence is the daybeam of our hearts,
 Whose absence is its night. The dewy haze
 Of summer morning slept upon the hills
 And murmurous stream, and on the quiet church
 That shot its spire above the village roofs,
 Pointing the way to heaven. Serene and blue
 The river glided by ; upon its breast
 A fisher's bark and snow-white water-fowls
 Were brightly mirrored ; while, upon the shore,
 The rustic wife, her sweet babe on her breast,
 Watching with wifelike love her husband's toil,
 Oft called his name and proudly bade him heed
 The merry cooings of the wondrous babe
 As its plump hands the sunbeams strove to catch,
 And he, delighted, instant ceased his toil
 To chirrup back his love.

Upon the scene,
 As thus the early morning freshly smiled,
 Two other forms with timid footsteps stole.



THE WOODEN BOAT

THE WOODEN BOAT

Downcast and sad-eyed, separate they came,
But met with mien of fond and tender love.
Their young hands quickly clasped; a long, long gaze
Turned, with fast-gathering tears and quivering lip,
Upon each other's face, as if in that
One look of love and sorrow each fond heart
Could stamp itself forever.

Who were they?

One was a maiden in her earliest bloom :
A slender fawnlike girl, with soft, sweet glance,
Fair-haired and fresh, albeit on her cheek
The sun and wind had left a darker hue
Than the blue eye and sunny locks betokened.
The other one, a youth of darker eye,
And sable hair that clustered round a brow
Of beautiful proportions, trod the earth
With bounding step and bearing prouder than
A king. The two in neat but rustic garb
Alike were clad ; both, too, were lowly-born,
And daily toil had hardened the brown hands
Now tightly clasped together.

Thus they stood.

O, in that gaze what memories came back,
From the dim past, of what had been but ne'er
Might be again, — of that sweet soul-bloom known
But only once, when first the young heart pours
Itself into another, and all else
For that sweet dream is bartered ! Unto them
The world had e'er been bounded by the hills
That girt their native village ; nor cared she
Though, far beyond, ambition beckoned on
To honor, wealth, and fame's delusive arms.
Were not the fields, she asked, the flowery hills,

The gentle river by the old bridge spanned,
The rosy sunset hours, the moonlight walks,
And the sweet dreams of youth and hope and health
Enough for such as they? And these they had ;
They loved each other, wherefore seek for more ?
Why leave her for a phantom that might lead
Rather to death than honor? O, if he
Loved as did she, he could not leave her thus !

The young voice broke in sobs ; but Edward's arm—
His strong arm, gliding round her, drew her close
Upon his manly breast where, with fond words
And dear caresses, he her tremblings soothed ;
Bidding her think how soon two years would pass,
When he, with health and plenty, would return
To woo and wed his darling Marion,
And, to his home beyond the Atlantic wave,
Bear her his precious bride to dwell in joy
And comfort evermore.

The charm prevailed.
She smiled amid her tears. She clung to him
With true and loving trust ; and long and calm
Was now their loving converse. But, long ere
Their many plans for future life were formed,
Time came for parting. From his homely vest
A little silver coin young Edward drew,
And, breaking it in twain, one half he laid
Close on his heart ; the other Marion took,
And, turning on her lover's manly face
The strong affection of her tender eyes,
Prest it upon her lips and laid it, like
Its fellow, also on her heart. A curl
Of shining gold and one of jet were then
Fondly exchanged ; their lips renewed their pledge

Of constancy and love, and then with tears
They parted. He for that New World so long
A refuge and a beacon for the sad,
Down-trodden wanderers from the olden climes,
Where kings bear rule and lords consume the wealth
Wrung by the poor man's sinews from the soil
Which, harsh and cruel stepmother, can ne'er
Become his own ; and she to wait and dream
Of a low cot by chestnuts shadowed o'er ;
Roses and jasmynes round its casement twined ;
A glowing hearth-stone with two chairs beside,
And they their occupants. And so, with all
The trust and patience of a woman's heart,
She waited until time and Edward should
Her guerdon bring and her young dreams fulfil.

She trusted not in vain. Upon the marge
Of a fair woodland on the pleasant plains
Where rolls the Iowa, a cottage stands,
Embowered in climbing plants and shaded o'er
By a tall, spreading chestnut ; at its front
A small, neat garden ; orchards bending down
With fruit arear ; and broad, rich fields aflank,
Where cattle graze and sturdy oxen plough,
And stately ranks of corn in splendor wave.
Fair English children, rosy as the dawn,
Play round the door where, plying busily
Her needle, sits the smiling mother, rich
In hope and health, and watching lovingly
To see her husband coming from the field,
His merry men behind him.

'Tis the home
Of Marion and Edward.

LOVE AND LULU vs. FAME AND FORTUNE.

BY SUSETTE.

CHAPTER I.

SUNNY hair, dimpled cheek, and rosy lips; bright eyes sparkling, the sweet voice caroling its morning song; the light feet dancing over the cottage floor, all carpeted with morning sunlight; a pretty straw hat in hand, made to o'er-top those shining locks, — Lulu's "on tiptoe for a flight."

"What calls my daughter forth so bright and early?"

"Has that mother of mine no eyes that she can not see the sun shining — no ears that she can not hear the birds singing, 'Spring is come?' Were there not tiny green buds all over the violet bank down by the brook yestermorn? and does not Lulu always gather the first flowers of spring?"

Down the garden walk, up the grassy lane, across the fields, down the hill to where the brook sings its glad song of freedom, where the green moss looks as bright and fresh as if it had not just emerged from a snowy grave; catching

at every green spray as she passes, at every bright hope of spring that strews her pathway; sending back an echo to the robin's song that makes him pause to listen, then try again — trips Lulu.

So you came to gather violets! did you, Lulu? do they not strew the ground at your feet, and lift up their blue eyes to your face, pleading for a smile of welcome? Yet you heed them not; even now your tiny foot crushes with its impatient pit-a-pat the fairest of them all; and that cluster of green boughs, gathered so carefully as you came hither; see! the rippling waters bear them down the stream. Well, let them go, Lulu; let them go the way of all the bright spring hopes that strew our morning pathway. But, tell me, Lulu, why cast them from you? they will wither soon enough, dear child. Tell me why your song has ceased so suddenly; why your red lips pout so wilfully?

Ah! so that is it. "Edward is not here; never disappointed you so before; has grown indifferent; have a great mind to return, and leave him to murmur sweet words to the brook, and kiss the violets when he does come." No, child, you will do no such thing, for look, even now he comes. But Lulu does not like the

slow pace with which he approaches her; it is not his wont thus to linger; so the lips still maintain their wilful expression, and though a bright ray does glance from beneath the long lashes, the eyes are intent upon the little trifle of moss plucked from the rock at her side. Has Lulu turned botanist that she studies so intently its form and color; that she does not hear the crackling of the dry twigs beneath the foot of Edward; that she does not heed his presence until the touch of his hand — his breath upon her cheek, arouses her from her reverie? He would fain approach with his lips the rose that blossoms there, but Lulu will not; only withdraws from the caress, and prepares to deliver the lecture so faithfully studied for the last five minutes.

Ah, Edward! it is well for you that your eye sparkles not with its accustomed light; that your lip is not wreathed with a joyous smile, else there would surely be no mercy shown to you. But what woman ever loved and resisted the pleading of an eye o'ershadowed by a cloud? not Lulu. The tiny hand is passed caressingly over the forehead scarce a shade darker than itself, and rests lightly, tenderly amidst the brown locks that cluster round it.

“Eddie, dear Eddie, what is it? The shadow

is on your brow; tell Lulu whence it comes that she may chase it away."

"Lulu, if I were no longer the son of the wealthiest man in our village, if I were only a poor lad with no wealth but my own stout hands and warm heart — would you love me?"

"I did not think, Eddie, you could put such a question to me. Is my heart, then, such a sealed book that you have never read therein that 'tis yourself, Eddie, that is so dear to me? — for shame!

"But, Lulu, if I were obliged to leave you; if for a long, long time we could never sit thus together; if when I came to you again the bud should have become a rose, think you my name would still be inscribed upon its heart-leaves?"

"I scarce can understand what has happened — what it is that you would say; but this I do know, Edward, — that I love you. I fear you think me so careless, so light-hearted, that a little thing may chase that dream away. But it is not so. I know, I feel in my heart, Edward, that I shall always love you; now tell me all."

"Thank you for those words, darling, the way looks lighter now. There is little to tell save that yesterday I was rich; to-day, am poor. A short time since, Father invested his all in an unlucky speculation; it has failed. There is

scarce enough left to supply for him the necessaries of life, short as I fear that life will be. So, instead of being heir to a fortune, and passing my life in this beautiful spot with love and Lulu, I must away to the great city, to my uncle the lawyer; shut myself up in his dismal office, and pore over his piles of musty law-books in search of the road to fame and fortune."

Poor Lulu, it is her first sorrow; what wonder that she weeps?

"And, O Eddie, when you have found it, will not Lulu be forgotten?"

"Never, darling! When it is found we will travel the way together; and, O Lulu, promise me one thing; promise that whatever reason you may seem to have, you will not doubt me; that you will take from no lips but mine the assurance that I do not love you." And Lulu promised. The robin still carolled forth his song as she wended her way homeward, but it awoke no echo. The spring blossoms all unheeded were crushed beneath her feet. A few hours since a child had bounded from that cottage door. It was a woman that returned with quiet step and downcast eye.

CHAPTER II.

Alone, Lulu sits by the cottage window. As ever the smile is sweet and joyous, — the needle flies swiftly, as if it rejoiced to do the bidding of so fair a hand. Alone, — yet not alone, for she is happy, and happiness finds companions everywhere. All around, even her own pet rose-bush that clammers up the casement, and the tiny humming-bird that, coming to gather its sweetness, turns up its bright eye at the fairer flower within, half fearfully, half confidently, sympathies with Lulu, — each brings to her heart some gentle thought, some memory of the past, till its chambers are filled with the sweet influence. And the future, — O, that glorious unexplored region, with tower and turret and glittering spire, so shadowy yet so dazzling — seemingly just within our grasp, yet ever receding as we approach. Lulu is gazing upon it now; the needle is forgotten, the tiny hands, still clasping the bit of muslin, are folded upon the window-sill. All up and down the streets of that golden city she wanders, forgetful of all but the shadowy forms of beauty that flit before her gaze, while borne upon the spicy gale; mingling with the streams of glorious music, whispered by each angel voice, is that magic

word, Edward, Edward,—only Edward. It is sunset; and crimson and gold and royal purple tint the fleecy clouds; but more gloriously tinted is the golden dream that Lulu weaves,—and pure and glowing as the fount of light itself, is the love that reflects upon the ever-changing forms its radiant coloring. Lower, still lower sinks the king of day. Fainter and fainter glows the tinge upon you cloud, that lingering near the horizon catches his last farewell. So fadest thy dream, Lulu. But O, dear Lulu! when the golden hues of youthful love have ceased to tint thy dreams, may they still be as pure and beautiful as the fleecy cloud that now floats above the horizon, bereft of its splendor indeed, but calm and lovely as a dream of heaven. * * *

Spring had come again. Summer breezes, Autumn winds, and Winter storms, each and all, had breathed upon Lulu's heart that magic word Edward; but April's balmy breath had borne it with a sigh. Messages from the loved one were less frequent of late. It no longer took hours of Lulu's precious time to peruse their contents; and even her wealth of love could scarce make warm and glowing those few cold words. But she would not doubt,—she would not be selfish in her love. Edward's studies were ardu-

ous, she must not expect him to think of nought but love and Lulu. So she sat upon the violet bank, thought of those last words, — and trusted still.

In his uncle's office, amid the din and bustle of the great city, Edward pursued the studies that were to guide him in the road to fame and fortune. Dry and tedious they were indeed to the young enthusiastic lad, fresh from the green fields, but a clear head and persevering industry surmounted one by one the difficulties before him; and Lulu's bright face was brighter still amid the dismal surroundings, and cheered him on his way; but to the old song of Love and Lulu, a new strain was added, "Fame and Fortune." But Edward's time was not all passed in this quiet manner. He was of too social a nature, — too well fitted to shine in society, to be long an alien from its charmed circle; and being a favorite with his wealthy uncle, and residing in his family, he had every facility to enter therein. Cousin Anna, too, lent a helping hand, for she was not long in discovering the merits of her bright-eyed cousin; her only brother at college, what better substitute could be found than handsome cousin Edward. To be the favored escort of a young and beautiful maiden is not in itself very disagreeable. Our

hero did not find it so. His bark once fairly launched, success attended every step. He had no fortune, it is true, but he had talent and energy. It was plain that, aided by his uncle's patronage, his ascent up the ladder of fame would be an easy and rapid one. He was handsome, witty, gallant; so bright-eyes sparkled at his approach, and sweet smiles and gracious words welcomed him. It was strange Edward had never before discovered what a very remarkable young man he was; hitherto he had scarce deigned to waste a thought upon his noble form and handsome face; but now, when they won him so rich a harvest of smiles and favors, what wonder that they acquired a new importance in the eyes of the fortunate possessor! It was pleasant to be admired — to be flattered and caressed, though he regarded these favors but as the diamonds that glittered in his pathway. He gathered the brilliant gems as he passed, but still pressed onward to the goal, and still in the pauses of the music came that low, sweet strain — “Lulu — Lulu.” Still was his watchward, “Love and Lulu — Fame and Fortune.” But the first, the purest, sweetest strain of all grew fainter, fainter; it did not harmonize with the new elements introduced; and by and by Edward began to feel that it was so;

sometimes it could scarce be heard; and then in the quiet watches of the night it would ring out clear and sweet as of old; but in the morning when he went forth into the world it died away again, until Edward said to himself, it was only a dream — a boyish dream — he had grown wiser since he sat upon the violet bank with Lulu's hand clasped in his.

Then Isabel Grey crossed his pathway; proud queenly Isabel, — and the wise man repeated his boyish folly and loved her; she was a bride meet for one who had chosen fame and fortune as the end and aim of life — the altar upon which slowly but surely, one by one, every pure aspiration, every noble impulse would be offered up a sacrifice. Yet Lulu knows not of all this and still she trusts. * * *

Time passed. Faith had given place to hope, and that so dim and shadowy that Lulu scarce felt its presence: and yet when they told her that Edward had returned; that he had brought his bride to visit his childhood's home — faint and shadowy as it had been, she felt that its presence had filled her heart.

From the merry group that discussed the beauty and accomplishments of Edward's bride, in her mother's little parlor, Lulu stole away; — up the starway to her own quiet room, did she

bear her heavy heart. O how passionately did she pray that its beatings might be hushed forever. Heaven only heard the wild, earnest prayer that went up from that humble room. From many a bruised heart, like thine, Lulu, has that prayer ascended; many a weary one would fain turn aside from the thorny pathway and lie down to sleep by the flowing waters — but it may not be; a sterner task is thine. That golden dream of love, — it has been thy light, thy life, but its glory hath departed; cast it from thee; heed not that it bears with it the buoyancy of thy young heart, the sparkling light of thy blue eye, the bounding step, the merry laugh, the hope so fondly cherished, so interwoven with every thought of thy young heart — crush it; bury it forever. Thy child-like faith and trust — O, crush not that, Lulu! — rather lift it unto heaven, and lay it upon the bosom of thy God. Long and earnestly did she pray for strength to quell the rebellious thoughts of her wayward will. And the prayer was answered. Oh! what power in those words, “Thy will be done.” Already have they brought peace to the heart of that gentle girl. Beautiful art thou, Lulu, kneeling by the low casement with clasped hands and upturned face, bathed in the silvery moonlight! The

light of faith beams in thy clear, blue eye, though the tears of passionate grief still stain thy cheek, and the calm sweet curve of the no longer tremulous lips tells of a battle fought — a victory won. More beautiful thus, Lulu, in this quiet hour, when only the angels look upon thee, than when, upon the violet bank, that bright spring morn, thou gavest unto Edward thy young heart.

CHAPTER IV.

“I know it all, dear one, I know what your young heart has suffered. I know, too, how nobly it has triumphed, — I know the strength and purity of the heart I seek to win. Be my wife, Lulu, be a mother to my children, and my whole life shall prove the sincerity of my words.”

Lulu gazed upon the bright-eyed little ones sporting upon the grass at her feet; cast her tearful eyes upon the distant church-spire, beneath whose shadow slept the mother — her earliest, dearest friend — then lifting them to the noble countenance of her companion, met the deep, truthful eyes that dwelt so earnestly, so tenderly upon her; and there was a quiet joy in her heart as she answered, “Let it be as you will.” And as Philip Manly gazed upon the

gentle, noble-hearted woman at his side, from his heart ascended a prayer of thankfulness that upon him was bestowed the precious gift.

Lulu's second love was blessed indeed; blessed to herself, for she was her husband's joy and pride, revered and loved by his children; blessed to her husband, for his prosperity she made brighter, and in adversity failed him not; blessed to her children, for tenderly did she watch over and guide them till one by one they left the parent roof to form new ties. Then she had yielded up her noble husband to his God.

* * * * *

An aged woman sits in the door-way of her home, in the calm twilight hour, with hands folded upon her breast—alone.

Beautiful even in old age is Lulu, for time has not dimmed the lustre of the soul within—the soul that a life spent amid sin and sorrow has failed to alienate from its heavenly home, and that now, with scarce a tie binding it to its earthly tabernacle, but waits the summons hence.

But now it is a memory of the past upon which she dwells; sweeping over the long, long years, her thoughts cluster around the cottage door, her childhood's home, and linger lovingly round each familiar spot; it is again the spring-

time of life, again she sits upon the violet bank, and listens to fond words from his lips. Long years have passed since she looked upon his face. She had last seen him with his queenly bride by his side, his eye sparkling with triumph, and his lip wreathed with a smile. And as rumor brought upon its flying wings tidings of his brilliant career, she thanked God that his lot had been cast in pleasant places. But she did not know all; she knew not that the honors lavished upon him, the applause of admiring thousands, had fanned the flame of ambition in his heart until it had become a raging fire that nothing could satisfy — that though he had cast into the flames all — even to that most precious gem, the sterling integrity of heart that had been his pride, still it was not appeased; and when all had been laid upon the altar, and the capricious public, like a sated child, had thrown aside her favorite to worship another rising star, — she knew not the bitterness of spirit in which he had turned from the world — knew not that, all in vain, he had sought consolation from her who had shared his day of triumph. With an ambition equal to his own, Isabel chafed beneath the blow thus given to hopes, the realization of which had seemed almost within her grasp. She had been proud of her

husband, but she had never truly loved him. Had he borne his disappointment with more dignity she might perhaps have still respected him; but he had staked all upon his success, and when that failed he had no staff to lean upon. His talents, the resistless energy which had hitherto conquered all difficulties, seemed to fail him in his hour of need; and when the treachery of friends and the malignity of enemies caused his heart to sicken and his brain to reel, he turned to his home and to his wife, and received only bitter words — reproaches that he had disappointed all *her* hopes.

“Oh, if it were not for *her* reproaches — if *she* did but love me I could bear it all,” he murmured; and the once strong man bowed his head upon his hand. Then memory touched his heart-strings, a fresh breeze from the home of his boyhood swept over them, and waked a strain he had deemed hushed for ever. Oh! at that moment all that “fame and fortune” had laid at his feet he would have given to bring back that early dream of “love and Lulu.”

All this Lulu dreamed not even, but she knew that, ere the prime of manhood had passed, the green turf had closed above the form of one she had once loved.

Now life’s “fitful fever” has passed; Lulu

is a child again, and Edward is the enthusiastic boy who loved her, and whose love was so precious to her heart that even now she thanks God for the memory of that beautiful dream. Think not a woman's first pure love can ever be forgotten; no! as 'twas the morning, 'tis the evening star of life.

“O! never another dream can be
Like that early dream of ours,
When the fairy Hope lay down to sleep
Like a child among the flowers.”

THE MOTHER'S JEWEL.

BY MARY L. CLARK.

“I have shown you,” said the mother,
 “Many curious things and rare,
 Shells from distant islands gathered,
 Flowers that bloomed in Southern air.

I have shown you shining jewels,
 Which have lighted ocean's caves,
 Coral branches, radiant mosses,
 Tossed on shore by careless waves.

Yet from our fair home in India,
 I have brought another gem,
 Far more precious than the jewels
 Of a monarch's diadem.

See my treasure !” said the mother,
 And with love and pride she smiled,
 As she drew aside a curtain,
 Showing me a sleeping child.

Golden ringlets softly clustered
 Round its brow of purest white ;
 On its lips and cheeks of velvet
 Blossomed roses, fresh and bright.

“O how beautiful !” I murmured,
 As I kissed the rose-bud lips.
 “Truly does this precious jewel
 All your other gems eclipse.”

HENRY BACON.

BY REV. A. D. MAYO.

THE most moving voices that speak from this Annual are always those whose words no longer adorn its pages, but whose memory has become its inheritance. As we take up this volume of our "ROSE," what sacred associations linger about it. Still does the plant open its buds to the light and sun, and blossom with its old vigor and beauty; yet, hands that have twined its infant stalks are cold, and eyes that looked with love upon its first blushing life now look upon immortal flowers in fields of Paradise. Julia, Charlotte, Sarah, Henry, are now a part of its life; and its fragrance of to-day is theirs no less than ours. So do all things in this world, as they gain maturity, surround themselves with a grace not of their birth-place; put on relations to eternity, and blend the loveliness of earth with the mysterious anticipations of fairer climes and grander occupations. So has our humble flower already become a "Rose of Sharon," watered by angel hands, gleaming with a light from beyond the skies.

It is good for us all to pause amid the noisy strife of our present toil, and contemplate the end of the good man. We are yet in the heat of the conflict; swift rushing thoughts course along the highways of our mind; plans of usefulness fair as cities with golden gates descend before our eyes like the New Jerusalem coming down from above; steady contention against the sin and folly of the world compels us to be warriors whether we will or no. But here is a man whose end has come. His earthly work is finished, and he is promoted to a larger field. His going away does not throw contempt on our remaining, neither does his vaster sphere dwarf the importance of ours; rather do both elevate this world and all that good men do therein to a nearer companionship with better lands and the employments of higher intelligences. We can toil all the more industriously, "fight the good fight" all the more bravely, believe in the results of our service the more certainly, now one that yesterday wrought with us, is seen to-day beckoning from his nobler post in a new heaven. And the thoughts of his glorious departure and his present labors impart a calmness and persistence to our endeavors, which no prospects bounded by earthly limitations could bestow.

All who read this volume will already have known that Henry Bacon departed from this life, on the morning of March 19, 1856, in his own home in Philadelphia, surrounded by his family, and supported in his last hours by the love of a devoted circle of friends and parishioners. He died at the age of forty-two, literally worn out by a ministry of twenty-one years, as faithfully and bravely lived through, as ever was the career of a servant of Jesus Christ. He was born in Boston on June 12, 1813; grew up in the full belief and under the influence, social and ecclesiastical, of the gospel of Universal Salvation; in 1834, with only the advantages of a New England common-school culture, began to preach; was settled the same year over a Universalist society in East Cambridge, Mass.; soon married the estimable woman who survives him, and takes his post as editress of the Ladies' Repository; in 1838, removed to Haverhill, Mass.; in 1840, was settled in Marblehead, Mass.; in 1842, became the Pastor of the First Universalist Society in Providence, R. I., where he remained ten years; in 1851, removed to Philadelphia, Pa., where he accepted the ministry of the new Locust Street Society. His health, already impaired by previous labor, sensibly declined in his last position, and he gradually sank

under the Consumption which terminated his life.

His labors in preaching were constant and arduous, often including week-day services, in addition to those of the Sabbath. He was more active in the social duties of his parish than most men whose sole genius lies in that direction. And in addition to this, from the very commencement of his career, he was an indefatigable reader, and one of the most fruitful editors of the denomination, contributing largely to the newspapers of the order; always ready to help forward any plan of usefulness by his ready pen; one of the founders of this annual; and the editor for many years of the Ladies' Repository. If there were any fault to be found with the man, it was the almost reckless zeal and industry that drove him through his professional life, and broke him down when his best years were approaching. But this was the failing that only a noble soul can be accused of; and doubtless his own instincts were his best advisers. All admired his industry and zeal; but few knew how greatly he suffered all his life from the struggle against a feeble and sensitive body. Amid the confusion of that nervous irritability that is a living death to many a soul as finely strung as his; racked by frequent and excruciating

ating pain; goaded into new labors by a physical restlessness that forbid his soul to pause; he worked on amid the constant apprehensions of his beloved friends; supported by a will that clung to life till nature would no longer respond to its commands. It is very hard for a soul to be pure and true, tortured by a body like his; but gloriously did he beat up against his enemy, and bore off his cross triumphantly singing the song of victory. What he did well, under God, was his own; what he left undone, or did imperfectly, none knew so well as he; and none but those that loved him best understood the life-long endurance which explained much in his character and career.

The most marked feature of his spiritual life was the fulness of his religious affections and the depth of his religious experience. He had a *genius for religion*. His soul accepted and assimilated the love of God and man as the fields accept the summer showers and blossom into flowers and grass and grain. His religion was no poor skeleton of dogmatic theology, wielded like a whip in the grasp of a narrow selfishness and a perverse will over the backs of partisan opponents; no traditions of the fathers divorced from the winning piety and broad humanity that alone made their creed venerable;

no unlearned and ignorant zeal wherewith new converts so often run in the face and eyes of knowledge; but a deep, full principle of life, early awakened, nourished by the associations and experiences of youth, confirmed by the labors of manhood, ever throwing off new and lovely manifestations, and gathering a grander volume and a deeper tone with every added year of his life. His intellect was susceptible, acute and versatile, rather than massive or logical; his imagination fertile in detecting the analogies between the spiritual and the material; his fancy a constant light dancing over his powers, setting old truths in new and startling forms, and sending cross lights athwart his most devout meditations, and often relieving his intensest moods with an irresistible drollery like the humor of a child. But all these faculties were subordinate to his intense and generous affections. His prayers bore up the whole of his mind to the altar—his love like a broad tide swept down all things in its irresistible course. Whatever may have been his services to theology, or to literature, or his success in social affairs, the secret of his power was in this central religious life, which streamed through, elevated, and sanctified his character, and made all his peculiarities of mind or manner somehow characteristic.

His religious energy explains the invariable effects of his preaching. His sermons were generally extemporaneous productions, often uttered as they came into his mind. As works of art, or labored treatises on theology or morality, they are not to be criticised, but as the sincere outpouring of a great, good heart on fire with the love of God and man, and elevated by the faith in the final harmony of the universe. His whole service in the church was but a continuation of his talk about the fireside and in the study, and his larger talk with the world through his pen. As the fire burned at the centre the flame of mingled devotion, rhetoric, logic, invective and appeal, rose or fell. When in good health and inspired by a receptive assembly, it rose pure and clear like a prayer, varying with every hour of the Sabbath-day; when worn and harassed by outside cares and toils, it wandered off into fanciful analogies, and broken argumentations, yet always at some point falling upon the track of a deep and strong religious sentiment. His voice and manner in the pulpit were those of a man anxious to get out what crowded his heart and brain almost to oppression, and were the conductors of his vital power to the people. Thus, although he has probably left comparatively few written sermons, and a vol-

ume of these would fail to explain his great power, he was one of the most effective preachers of his day. His religious fervor, and deep experience of glorious realities, unsealed the doors of the heart, awakened the latent susceptibilities of his hearers, and led them along, they knew not how. He was not a "theological" or a "reformatory" preacher, though theology and reform were a large staple of his material; but he was eminently a "spiritual preacher;" one whose religious life underlies, forms, colors, and permeates all his opinions and forms of utterance.

In his theological system he loved to be called "an Universalist;" but it was in no narrow partisan sense that this deep-souled, generous man wrought in any sect. He was first a Christian, a deeply religious man, and his theology was a growth out of that religious life; and although his position exposed him to constant controversy, his spirit always claimed affinity with the good of every name. If he had prejudices of sects they were of his head, and never rooted in his heart. From such men alone does any religious party derive its right to exist; for we must never forget that only the man whose soul is large enough to comprehend all varieties of human excellence and sympathize with all,

can resist the inevitable tendencies of sectarian controversy and theological difference to narrow and harden the mind, and rob the character of its finest elements of human sympathy and manly grace.

As a pastor he was unwearied in his efforts for the good of his people. His zeal and benevolence never wearied, though often his body succumbed to the drafts made upon its energies. Supported by his faithful wife, he was ever a friend to the poor, a consoler to the bereaved, an arm of strength around the sick and suffering, a lover of little children, a blessing to his people. His name is a household word in many a home now personally bereaved by his departure.

But brother Bacon was most widely known by his labors as an Editor and contributor to religious journals. His own scanty culture in youth was redeemed by an unceasing industry during his professional life. He read with appreciative admiration the best literature of the day, and his knowledge of standard writers of English belles-lettres was extensive and sympathetic. His theological studies were desultory, and chiefly confined to his own language, but he knew the best religious writers of his mother tongue, and assimilated what he read. His zeal for the cause of clerical education was unremitting, and

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

the regret at his own want of early opportunities only sharpened his efforts to awaken a spirit for literary and professional culture in his denomination. As contributor to the *Rose*, the *Quarterly*, the various newspapers of the order, and especially as Editor of the *Repository*, he has done more than any other man to awaken a spirit of culture among the young people in the sect, and has laid the foundations of the growth of polite literature. The best female writers, who have always been the best literary writers of the denomination, were either encouraged to their first efforts by, or associated in various ways with him.

But the productions of his pen were only another illustration of his religious life. Whether critical, poetic, theological, or what not, they were but the medium of his pious fervor, and his genial and sanctified benevolence. He preached through all he wrote; and thus his literary productions have a value far beyond their artistic merits;—they are fragmentary utterances of a godly man striving every day towards new measures of power and love; and their best effects is the impulse they have given to a wide and thorough culture, and a spiritual Christianity. It was a beautiful and significant fact, that his last public act in New England

was a prayer uttered standing on the cornerstone of the new Denominational College on Walnut Hill. His professional life was such a prayer for the building up of a good culture, the growth of a Christian literature, and an intelligent Christianity.

As a day laborer in the great Liberal movements of American life he did his work well. He saw the length and breadth of that movement more clearly as he advanced in years; saw how it is deepening, strengthening, transcending party lines, and breaking out in varied forms of theological, social, political, and literary manifestations. Had he lived he would have grown more rapidly with every new year of life. His position in Philadelphia was an admirable post of observation, and he was not an idle watchman upon the tower. From our intercourse with him there, we went away full of the conviction that his career of usefulness was only begun; that New England had been to him, as to so many besides, a grand college, where principles and experiences had been stored which were to ripen, expand, and enlarge his character and life in a wider field of influence. But he was not to pause here; and a larger field, overlooked by a loftier tower, now fills his eager vision, and challenges his industrious hands.

We cannot speak of our friend here as a man. Only this we may say, that he was better than all he did. Nothing mean, narrow, selfish, or sensual could abide in his heart. Those who knew him best loved him as few men are loved. Neither are we here to shed tears over his departure. The man that could say on his death bed, "*I never preached an insincere word in all my life,*" and who, if that can be said by man, might have added: "I have lived sincerely till this day;" demands not lamentation so much as thanksgiving to God for his residence with us, and lofty cheer, and faithful toil in emulation of his character. May our's be the truth of his life; our's the abiding trust of his faith; our's the serenity of his transition from the fields of service on earth to the larger career of believers in heaven.

DREAMS.

BY MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

I DREAMED : life lay a sunlight path,
 Besprent with flowers of rainbow dyes ;
 Music thrilled all the listening air,
 And o'er me hung cerulean skies.
 Soft breezes fanned me with their wings,
 Coolness came up from crystal streams !
 Not fairer was the heaven of God,
 Than the bright land of my young dreams.

But as I gazed, the sun grew dim,
 Forth from the clouds the thunder broke,
 A storm swooped down from out the sky, —
 Groping in darkness, I awoke.
 No more I see a sunny way,
 With flowers and greenness all o'erspread ;
 Rough and uneven is the track,
 And leading downward to the dead.

I dreamed again : and now came Hope,
 An artist of divinest birth,
 And sketched the future o'er and o'er,
 In colors all too bright for earth.
 And Friendship bound me fast and close,
 To hearts that throbbed against my own —
 Ah, what if weary were the way,
 So now I journeyed not alone !

But from my arms they fell away ;
 Some wearied of the love I gave,
 And some, a-weary of the way,
 Sank heavily within the grave.
 And the dear artist of that hour,
 His pictures shine on me no more :
 Their hues were faded long ago,
 I see them not — that dream is o'er !

Then came the sweetest dream of all —
 We two walked lovingly alone,
 When lo, the sound of little feet
 Pattered along beside our own !
 I held the child with jealous love —
 The hunger of my heart was stilled —
 “ O God ! ” I cried, “ what, what am I !
 That thus with joy my cup is filled ! ”

“ I'll smooth for thee the flinty way,”
 I said : “ it shall not bruise thy feet ;
 I'll shield thee from the tempest's power,
 And from the noon-tide's torrid heat.”
 But while I spake, athwart my path,
 A pair of strong white pinions gleamed : —
 Once more we two walked on alone —
 My child was not — no more I dreamed.

Now do I dream? Afar, afar,
 There lies a green and sunny shore ;
 A glory bathes that land and sky,
 Transcending all I saw of yore.
 Sometimes the mists that hang between,
 A moment lift their fleecy veil,
 And then I see that land of light,
 By which the noon-day waxeth pale.

And there the friends who from my arms
Fell into those of death away,
Await my coming o'er the flood,
Outlooking for me night and day.
And there — O heart, forget thy pain, —
O eyes, forbear your weeping now —
For there, I see my radiant child,
With bliss and beauty on her brow.

Nay, 'tis no dream, what now I see,
That will my unsealed eye-lids mock!
Unfading are the coming joys,
Which the HEREAFTER will unlock.
O night of death! when I shall sleep
A dreamless sleep, to wake new-born,
Draw near, and open on my sight
The effulgence of that endless morn!

DR. PURDIE'S PATIENT.

A SIMPLE LESSON FROM THE LEAVES OF LIFE.

BY MISS ELIZABETH DOTEN.

THE well known and much respected Widow Greenleaf sat in her quiet parlor one afternoon in June, knitting very industriously. Now and then, when she had finished a needle, she would lay down her work just a moment, to watch the bees among the honeysuckles at the window, or the great spotted butterflies and humming-birds that came flitting and buzzing about for their share of the sweets. At the same time she would cast a hasty glance up the main road that led from the village, but seeing nothing satisfactory, would resume her work with double diligence.

It would have been very evident to any common observer, from the good lady's outward appearance, and the fact that this most choice apartment was now thrown open to the light and heat of a summer sun, that this was no ordinary occasion. A black silk dress, of rather ancient mode, but still very precious in her eye, adorned her ample person. Upon her shoulders was spread out in snowy whiteness, a wrought

muslin collar, somewhat large for the fashion. It was confined at the throat by an antique breast-pin, containing a lock of hair, which, doubtless, was a memento of the deceased Mr. Greenleaf. Her cap seemed to be the work of later years, and with its tasteful arrangement of ruche and green gauze ribbon, was really very becoming to the wearer. In truth, setting aside all the advantages of external adornment, Mrs. Greenleaf was well-favored and fair to look upon, although her years were not few. Her exact age could not be ascertained, but it was somewhere on the shady side of fifty. Time had sprinkled her locks with grey, and left a few furrows on her placid brow, but the glow of health still tinged her round, smooth cheeks, and a look of cheerful good nature spread its light over her whole countenance.

Thus she sat in her high-backed rocking chair on this afternoon in June, knitting very busily, when, suddenly, as if she had just recollected something, she put down her work, and turning her head towards a door which stood slightly ajar, she called out,

“Lena! Lena, are you asleep?” But no reply was given. She arose and entered the apartment.

Beside a low work-stand, on which lay an

open writing desk, sat a delicate and slightly formed girl. Her hair, which seemed to have been carefully arranged, was now pushed back from her forehead; her elbows rested upon the desk, and her face was hidden in her hands. A sheet of paper, partly written over, lay before her, blistered in many places by the tear-drops which had fallen from between her long, slender fingers.

“Lena!” said the widow again, as she laid her hand upon the girl’s shoulder, but still she remained silent. She shook her gently. Lena raised her head and looked up with a bewildered gaze.

“Poor child!” said the good lady in a sympathizing tone, “have you been asleep?”

“No, Aunt Patience,” replied the girl slowly, seeming at the same time as if only half-conscious that she spoke. “I’ve only been thinking — thinking — thinking.”

“O dear!” responded the aunt, “I believe so much thinking will certainly kill you. Why, child! your hands are as cold as clay; and you tremble like a leaf. Do, pray, come out into the sunshine and warm you. Dr. Purdie will soon be here, and I mean to have a long talk with him about you.”

“*He* can’t do me any good,” said Lena, in the same indifferent tone.

“Well, at any rate, do come out into the sunshine;” and she looked anxiously at the girl's thin, white hand, in which the blood circulated so feebly that the tips of the fingers were even then slightly tinged with purple.

“Just let me finish this page, aunt, and then I will come.”

“Well, only that one page, and pray do it without thinking.

“The good lady went back to her knitting, but her countenance had lost some of its serenity, and as she picked up a few truant stitches, a faintly whispered “O dear!” showed that her kind heart was troubled. So absorbing were her thoughts that she did not perceive the sound of approaching footsteps. A loud, double rap announced a caller, and the good lady started up in great haste, with visible confusion, to answer the summons.

A short, portly gentleman, of some sixty years, with a brown beaver hat and gold-bowed specs, was ushered into the room. This was the same individual whose name and profession were made known to the public by a certain sign in the village, bearing in large gilt capitals, the inscription, “Pelham Purdie, Physician and Practical Phrenologist,” which accidental alliteration, rendered him an object of great interest in

the eyes of the village children, as thereby he was closely associated in their minds, with "Peter Piper," the famous gatherer of "pickled peppers."

"This is a decidedly warm day, ma'am," he remarked, as he disposed of his hat, and throwing himself into a chair by the window, seized the great palm-leaf fan on the table.

"Very true," replied the widow. She wiped the perspiration from her face with her handkerchief, and observed that the heat overcame her very much.

"Yes," replied the doctor; "all people in whom the sanguine and lymphatic temperaments incline to predominate, — take you and myself for instance, for I think we are similar in that respect, — are sensibly affected by the heat. Where the arterial system co-operates in harmony with the digestive functions, sufficient animal heat is generated for all necessary comfort; therefore, when the heats of summer prevail, such people as you and I, my dear Mrs. Greenleaf, are obliged to suffer a temporary martyrdom. But after all there is an advantage in it, for we can keep cheerful tempers and warm hearts in our bosoms the year round. Yes, Mrs. Greenleaf, warm hearts the year round!" and this sentiment was accompanied by a light

laugh, half stifled in the depths of his capacious lungs, but which added great significance to his words.

“Very true!” replied the lady, and she continued her knitting without looking up.

An awkward silence followed, during which Dr. Purdie unconsciously stretched his hand from the window, and closed up the petals of a half-blown hollyhock. Unfortunately the flower contained a bee, over head and ears in sweets, who, finding himself thus suddenly made prisoner, instinctively avenged the injury by thrusting his sting into the offender's finger. The doctor gave an exclamation of surprise and pain, which was followed by an explanation. The sympathizing lady insisted upon doing up the wound immediately. It occupied her some time, but at last it was completed to the satisfaction of both parties.

“And now,” said the doctor, “where is my patient, that is to be — Miss Helena?”

Upon entering the room, Mrs. Greenleaf found her niece sitting as she had previously, in the same position, with the unfinished page still before her, and apparently insensible to all around. It required some effort to arouse her to consciousness and persuade her to come into the presence of the amiable physician. When

she did, however, she seated herself upon the sofa beside him as stiff and cold as a newly frozen icicle, with her face half averted from the scientific gaze which was bent keenly upon her.

The doctor took her hand. "A very feeble pulse," he said, in a low tone, as if thinking aloud, "languid circulation — great nervous debility and prostration of the whole system — a morbid state of the liver — impaired digestion and loss of appetite — a strong aversion to active pursuits — extremely sensitive, and at times irritable and impatient."

Lena drew her hand from him by a quick movement. She felt that she was undergoing the same scientific scrutiny and critical analysis which he would have employed upon a lifeless subject in anatomy, and therefore she shrank from his gaze as she would from the touch of the scalpel.

"Stop, my dear!" he said, "I am not quite done with you."

He placed his hand upon her head. "Small lungs, with a large and active brain," he continued, "a great inclination for metaphysical reasoning — ideality large, which, combined with the temperament and a most overpowering sense of the sublime and beautiful, would lead to the composition of poetry. That is bad — very bad!

Hope small — a tendency to look on the dark side — great love of approbation — secretiveness pretty full. Bless me, what adhesiveness ! Why, an unfortunate attachment would prove fatal !”

A visible tremor shook the girl's whole frame, but she bit her thin lips nervously and remained silent.

“Very excitable,” continued the doctor. — “Here is this pulse now, leaping like a startled hare. I tell you what, my girl, you are sick — soul and body ; but no one can do half as much for you as you can for yourself. The root of the evil is in your mind, and medicine can't reach it. It is action you want — healthful action — exercise in the open air with cheerful thoughts and pleasant company, and then good wholesome food, such as beef and potatoes, baked apples and brown bread.”

There was an expression in Lena's large dark eyes, as she fixed them upon his countenance, which seemed to say that she thought him a most worldly, gross, and carnally-minded man. In her apprehension the dignity of science suffered greatly, when it was thus vulgarly associated with the common articles of food.

“I don't want to live,” she said slowly. “I had rather die than not,” and a gush of tears prevented further utterance.

“Now don’t,” said the doctor, in a husky voice. “I never could bear to see a woman cry. And yet, Lena, I tell you the plain truth. You have done altogether too much dreaming. There’s no use in trying to be a spirit before you get into the right sphere for it. God placed us here to labor as well as think. He gave us meat and drink for the support of the body, and he who neglects to supply its need or bring its powers into action, must suffer the consequence, for it will be accounted unto him as sin. Lena, you have no right to die. God made you to live, and if through carelessness and indifference you fail to do so, you will neglect a solemn duty.

She regarded him for a moment with wonder and astonishment. “Haven’t I a right to die, if I please?” she asked.

“No;” said the doctor, very decidedly, — “not the least. You are bound to live and do good both to yourself and others, and if this duty is faithfully performed, life will be a real pleasure to you.”

Lena rose from the sofa, and drew herself up to her full height. Her face was white as marble, and her lips quivered with emotion.

“Life a *pleasure!*” she repeated, in a tone of excitement. “A pleasure to stand alone with-

out father or mother, brother or sister! To spend sleepless nights and weary days! To yearn for sympathy and find it not, and smother in the depths of the soul a lava-tide of sorrow, which overflows and withers up all the fair and lovely things in life! Oh! I tell you there is a grief lies hidden here, deeper, darker, heavier than you can possibly imagine."

"Doubtless some unhappy love affair," said the doctor, coolly, "which perhaps exists more in your imagination than in reality. Lena, when you recover from this, you will be perfectly ashamed of such talk."

A flush of indignation kindled upon her cheek, and she cast a withering glance at the doctor.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "how little can *such* people comprehend a nature like mine!"

Completely overpowered by her emotions, she fell upon her knees, and hiding her face in the lap of her aunt, she wept passionately.

"O doctor!" said Mrs. Greenleaf, reproachfully, "you are almost too bad. I wouldn't have thought it of you. Hush, dear, hush!"

"No, no; let her cry," said the doctor, as he brushed away his own tears, "I know such speech seems harsh and unkind, but it is like the sharp instrument of the oculist which removes the film from the blind eye."

Lena soon restrained her sobs, but it was some time before she rose from her kneeling position. When she did, it was with a quiet and humbled expression. She turned towards the doctor, and extended her hand.

“Dr. Purdie,” she said, “you have told me the truth, and I thank you, though it was hard to hear. I hope it will do me much good.”

He seized her hand, while tears of sympathy streamed down his cheeks. “You are a good girl,” he said, “and I was quite sure you would do me justice. It was a bitter medicine, but I was confident you would take it as it was intended. And now, Lena, put on your bonnet and go out for a walk. Not to the cemetery, however, or into the woods, but along the borders of the brook, where it is both sunny and shady, and the ripple of the water makes one feel cheerful.”

“Yes, Lena,” added her aunt, “and if you feel much fatigued, you had best stop at Mrs. Ritchie’s and take tea, she will be so delighted! And then Mr. Ellery will walk home with you, if it is late.”

Lena willingly accepted this advice, for, notwithstanding her reconciliation with the doctor, she secretly dreaded him, and was glad to escape from his presence.

"Thought without action is death, Mrs. Greenleaf," said the doctor, as the door closed after Lena.

"Very true!" replied the lady. "I don't know as I exactly understand you, but I have no doubt it is so."

"It certainly *is*," continued the doctor, "or perhaps I should say that it *leads* to death—the death of the body. Just, for instance, consider those children who are famed for precociousness and piety. See how the little prim things seat themselves in a corner to read one of those extensively circulated tracts about some dear little Ellen or Edward, who was too wise and good to live, and therefore died in early youth, to the inexpressible grief of surviving friends, leaving an example worthy of imitation to the children of all coming generations. Why, my dear Mrs. Greenleaf, such children don't live out half their days; or if they do, the world for them is all east winds and April showers. Now it is my impression, that before the death of Lena's parents she was subject to such influences."

"Very true," said the widow. "Before she was fifteen, she had read 'Young's Night Thoughts,' and 'Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs,' 'Dodd on Death,' and —

“Hold! hold!” interrupted the doctor.—
“There’s quite enough. No wonder she has fallen into this melancholy mood. Besides, in my opinion, it has been no slight injury to her in attending Mr. Ellery’s school. That man is ‘tainted with German,’ and, between you and I, Mrs. Greenleaf, I may venture to say he doesn’t know as much as he might if he knew a little more.”

“Very true,” said the widow, drawing her chair a little nearer, “but Helena seemed devoted to her study, and I can’t tell you how many nights they have sat here reading Schiller or Jean Paul together.”

“They had much better been reading the Apostle Paul,” said the doctor, hastily, “where he declares that he had rather speak ‘five words’ with his ‘understanding’ than ‘ten thousand in an unknown tongue.’ I don’t like this manner of educating the young. It’s all false and superficial. Though I must confess, when I look at my own poor motherless children, I am quite at a loss how to proceed;” and he drew his chair closer to the widow. “I have excellent theories, but find it hard to put them in practice. It needs a woman — a kind-hearted woman for such things. I believe they have a natural tact for managing children, don’t you, Mrs. Greenleaf?”

“Well, I don't know,” said the widow, modestly; “I've heard say so.”

“When my wife died,” continued the doctor, “Edward was just ready to enter college. It is three years since then, and I expect he will be absent several years longer, as he intends entering the Medical School, therefore he is no present cause of anxiety to me; but my two youngest yet remain. They only need care to make them good children, but I have no time to attend to them. Herbert is awkward and careless, and Sarah Jane a perfect elf. This morning she took her breakfast in the top of the cherry tree. Soon after, she was wading into the pond in search of young turtles, and the last I saw of her she was riding down to the village, without bonnet or shoes, on the rack of the stage-coach. I must confess that such things trouble me exceedingly, and at times I feel it my solemn duty to marry again, if I can find any one so kind or foolish as to have me.”

“Dr. Purdie,” said the widow, with a pleasant smile, “it is getting quite late. I shall have supper ready in a short time, and I do hope you will stop and take tea with me, for I should be delighted to have you.”

“Should you!” exclaimed the doctor, springing up and extending his hand, “then I will

have you, with all my heart. So we will consider it a fair bargain and seal the compact.

CHAPTER II.

As Lena walked thoughtfully down the green and shady lane which communicated with the main road, those words of the doctor, — “Lena, you have done altogether too much dreaming,” — returned in their full force. A flush of indignation and wounded pride burned on her cheek, and her step quickened.

“I don’t care for any one’s opinion,” she said, musingly. “Nobody understands me, or ever will; but I know how I feel myself, and I can not help it, while there are so many causes.”

A shout and the sound of merry voices arrested her attention, and glancing through the shrubbery that grew near the fence, she saw Mr. Ellery, the schoolmaster, playing ball with some of the older boys on the village green. Her path lay directly across this little common. She stopped where she was.

“I wouldn’t meet him for the world,” she said. I wish I never could see him again;” and she pursued her walk another way.

It was now six months since Lena had left school. At first, Mr. Ellery had occasionally

come in of an evening and read German with her, which was her favorite study, but ere long his visits grew less frequent, and at last were wholly discontinued. To an imaginative and romantic girl he was a very attractive person, and Lena had become deeply interested in him, but she did not understand character. He was fond of flirting with the ladies, and being fully conscious of his power, used it for his own amusement. When he became tired of one, he turned to another, and—as is not uncommon with such general favorites—was usually successful. When Lena was expecting him to call, she was anxious and excited, and if he failed to do so, a sleepless night and a pillow wet with tears was the result. For a time, she struggled earnestly against these feelings, but at length they gained supremacy, and she spent many hours in dreams of love and happiness, which her sober senses told her could never be realized. Her face grew pale and thin, and her step slow. Good Mrs. Greenleaf marked the change, and was greatly troubled. Through mistaken kindness she would not suffer Lena to perform the slightest household duty. She kept her in from the air, tempted her appetite with various delicacies, and indulged her in every whim which the diseased state of the girl's mind could suggest.

Mr. Ellery boarded with Lena's most intimate friend, Mrs. Ritchie. The time was, when these ladies would not permit a day to pass without seeing each other, but since the coming of the schoolmaster — through a sense of extreme delicacy — Lena had almost wholly refrained from her visits. To-day, as she came in sight of the house, she perceived her friend seated upon the door-step, sewing, while her little boy, a child of some six or seven years, was playing near her.

Mrs. Ritchie was a young, active woman, very pretty and agreeable, and had a peculiar faculty of making every thing go just as it should. There she sat, dressed in a delicately figured muslin, with her glossy brown hair arranged in a most becoming manner, while the long gold pendals in her ears, and the tasteful pink bow that confined her collar, seemed to give the finishing touch to her appearance.

“Why, Lena!” she exclaimed, as she looked up and recognized her friend. Where have you been all this time? I haven't seen you for a long while.

“I have been sick,” said Lena, mournfully, “and perhaps I should not have come out to-day, if Dr. Purdie had not called and urged me to take a walk.”

“Dr. Purdie!” repeated Mrs. Ritchie, laughing. “O the sly old rogue! He only wanted to get clear of you that he might make love to your aunt.”

Lena looked up in astonishment. “What!” she exclaimed, “do you really think it possible?”

“Possible? To be sure I do. Any one must be blind not to see that. Who do you suppose it is that has walked home with your aunt from the Thursday evening Conference, regularly, for these last six weeks? Ha! ha! Lena, you may be quite sure of having the doctor for an uncle, before long, and those two delightful children for companions.”

“O dear! What shall I do?” said Lena, in a tone of utter despair. “That will be the last drop in my bitter cup of sorrow. Herbert is intolerable, and Sarah Jane the worst child I ever saw.”

“So she is,” interposed Master Arthur, whose attention had been arrested by the name. “All the children call her ‘crazy Jane,’ she acts so bad. She gets behind the fences and throws stones at us, and nobody can catch her, for she runs faster than any boy in school.”

He was about to enlarge still further upon the demerits of his sworn enemy, but his mother restrained him.

“You must make the best of it, Lena,” replied Mrs. Ritchie, cheerfully. “It isn’t well to be too sensitive in such a world as this. You must take it rough-and-tumble, just as it comes, and get all the good from it you can.”

“Well,” said Lena, after they had talked over the matter some time longer, “I never shall be reconciled to the match, but I will try to bear it in silence.”

She turned with a heavy heart, and pursued her way along the quiet and shady path by the brook. Ere long, she came to a large rock, which jutted out from the hill-side. Here, wearied by her walk, she threw off her bonnet, and seated herself in the shade of a great pine tree. It was a very secluded spot, and shut out from observation by the thick growth of shrubs and trees around. She longed to relieve her aching heart by a gush of tears, and this seemed the very place for it.

“O!” she murmured, “was there ever such an unhappy creature in the world! I know that I am desperately wicked, for sometimes I dare wonder why God made me to suffer thus, or what I have done to deserve it. O, father! dear father and mother! can you see your poor orphan child and take pity on her desolation? If I have done wrong show me the right and help me to receive it!”

Again those words of the doctor's, "Lena, you have done altogether too much dreaming," were whispered by her troubled conscience, and then all the days and hours she had wasted in idle dreaming and inactivity rose up in judgment against her. She saw in the clear light of reason how foolishly she had deceived herself, by craving in the first place an undue amount of sympathy, and then by construing every little friendly word and attention she had received from Mr. Ellery, into a token of far deeper feeling. She began to grow angry with herself.

"Yes," she said, "Dr. Purdie told the truth when he said the time would come that I should be ashamed of all this, but he little thought how soon. I have suffered these things to crush me down and make me miserable long enough, now I will turn against them, and even could the fondest desire of my heart be granted I would reject it, for I am resolved to 'conquer or die;' I will be a dreamer no longer."

"Lena," said the well known voice of Mr. Ellery, as he made his appearance around a turn in the footpath — "what are you doing? Reciting Shakspeare or Don Carlos?"

"Neither," she replied with great composure, as she arose and put on her bonnet.

There was an expression to her countenance which he had never before observed, and just then he thought she appeared uncommonly dignified and interesting.

“Well,” he continued, “I am a knight errant sent forth by your friend, Mrs. Ritchie, to secure the favor of your company at our evening meal; which request I shall second with great earnestness, as to-morrow I depart for the West, and know not how soon I shall enjoy such a pleasure again.”

“I hardly think I shall accept the invitation,” said Lena, quietly. “I am in rather too serious a mood to make my company agreeable to-night.”

“Wayward one!” said Mr. Ellery, playfully, as he drew her hand into his arm — “you tempt me to say that you are agreeable in any mood, and surely you will not refuse almost the last request I can make of you.”

Thus they walked along together while the schoolmaster endeavored to make himself uncommonly entertaining, but Lena’s quiet, reserved manner was a great puzzle to him, and when, in the course of conversation, she differed from him in opinion, and defended her position with quite unanswerable arguments, he wondered that she had never before appeared so interesting. At

the urgent request of Mrs. Ritchie, who met them at the door, she stopped to tea, and when she returned home Mr. Ellery was very ready to accompany her. Lena was still firm in her resolution, and the perplexed schoolmaster found it quite impossible to understand the singular but pleasing change which had taken place in her manner towards him. His admiration for her increased in proportion to her quiet reserve. As they walked up the pleasant lane, shaded on either side by locust trees, there was a painful silence.

“Lena,” said Mr. Ellery in a low tone, “we must part now, and to me it is no easy task.”

She took the hand which he had extended. “Good-by,” she replied quietly — “and may God bless you !”

She had thrown back her bonnet from her head and the moon shone full in her face. He could trace no sign of deep emotion there, and he was much surprised, for he had flattered himself that she loved him.

Moved by a sudden impulse he threw his arms around her, and pressing her to his bosom with almost crushing force, he kissed her again and again. The next moment he was gone.

CHAPTER III.

That great, and to Helena most trying event, was at length consummated. Dr. Pelham Purdie and Mrs. Patience Greenleaf were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and the seat of government was removed from No. 8 Main Street to the cottage in the lane. The advent of those two unruly children into the hitherto quiet household was like the descent of the northern barbarians upon ancient Rome. Herbert, although he invariably overturned and disarranged every thing with which he came in contact, was possessed of quite a sense of propriety; but his elfish sister ranged the house from top to bottom, like an uncaged magpie, thrusting her head and hands into every sly nook or corner, and freely inspecting all that appeared new or strange. Even Lena's chamber was not free from her depredations. Closets were explored, drawers ransacked and boxes emptied of their contents; inkstands were overturned, sentimental poetry twisted into lamplighters, and gaudy pictures done in Prussian blue and carmine, from a choice box of water-colors, ornamented the window seat and doors. A person of much greater patience and endurance than Lena would have felt themselves tried, as by fire, but she had

resolved to meet the trial bravely, and was not easily discouraged. Indeed, she was glad to find a refuge from her own thoughts, even in the midst of difficulties; for the parting scene with Mr. Ellery haunted her like an unwelcome guest, and many a time she would have sat down and dreamed it over again and again to her sorrow had not the circumstances around her called for constant and energetic action. At first she feared the doctor, for he seemed to keep his eye on her, and she felt inwardly conscious that he could read her most secret thoughts, but at last his unvarying kindness and good will won her confidence, and she talked with him freely. He seemed to know precisely how to understand her, and though at times she winced before the keen, sharp treatment which he bestowed upon some of her mental ailments, she felt that he was a true and faithful friend. In her endeavors for the right, there was a mighty struggle in her soul. Life seemed dark and cold and dreary, but she had resolved to bear it without murmuring, even though she could not enjoy it. Occasionally a paper would come from Mr. Ellery, or a note, claiming remembrance, which would send a thrill of joy through her heart, but it was only for a moment. She put them all aside, and turned her mind directly to her

duties. She had undertaken the education of the children, and it required her undivided attention. In spite of her endeavors, Herbert would shuffle and talk through his nose ; and as for Sarah Jane, it was like taming a March wind, or making friendly advances to a brier-bush. By degrees, however, she secured a favorable influence, and at last became the very centre and main-spring of the children's enjoyment. Herbert would often sit an hour at a time gazing into her face, with open mouth and earnest eyes, as if vainly attempting to comprehend the secret of her goodness, while his sister was almost as overwhelming and troublesome in her services of love, as she had been in her deeds of mischief.

Thus several years passed on, and the precious seed which Lena had sown with weeping began to yield an abundant harvest. Her rosy cheeks and bright eyes seemed to have a magical influence, and all who came within her sphere of action rejoiced in the sunshine of her love.

One summer evening, just as the sun was withdrawing his last rays from the earth, Lena sat with her work by Sarah's bedside. The poor child had been sick of a fever, from which she had not entirely recovered. She had amused herself about the house all day, but growing very weary, had thrown herself upon the bed,

and begged Lena to sit beside her. Although she had become more gentle and tractable, yet she was still ready for action, at any moment. An unknown step ascending the stairs aroused her. The next moment, little Arthur Ritchie's smiling face, half-hidden by flaxen curls, peeped in at the door.

"How are you, crazy Jane?" he asked, roguishly.

"Away with you!" exclaimed the weird child, as she seized a pillow and prepared to launch it at him.

He threw in a letter upon the floor, and, without a word of explanation, beat a hasty retreat. Lena took it up. It was addressed to her, and she recognized the hand-writing of Mr. Ellery. She broke the seal, and read it with a smile. It contained an offer of marriage, urged in a most eloquent manner. He said that he had received such pleasing accounts of her from his friend, Mrs. Ritchie, that his feelings had become deeply interested, and now the dearest desire of his heart was to win her to himself, as his future companion in the pilgrimage of life.

"How strangely people alter!" said Lena, thoughtfully, as she laid the letter on the table. "Once, I could not have craved a higher blessing, and now, I have not the slightest desire to

accept it. Mr. Ellery appears very differently to me from what he did when I was blinded by my own foolishness."

"Lena!" called out the doctor, who had just returned from the village, "will you please come down, one moment?"

She instantly obeyed the summons, and, upon entering the parlor below, was somewhat abashed to find herself standing face to face with a tall, handsome young man — an entire stranger.

"My son Edward," said the doctor, who evidently enjoyed her surprise, "and this lady," he continued, turning to the young man, "is Miss Helena, of whom I have so often written you. Though I, by election, am the head of this household, yet she is the heart, and rules us all by the power of her love; therefore you, also, will be expected to do her homage."

With courtly grace Edward fell upon one knee, and kissed her hand in the most deferential manner. Poor Lena received the honor very awkwardly, and was much relieved, when Herbert, who had just heard of his brother's arrival, came shuffling into the room in great haste, while Sarah Jane, ever on the alert, bounded down the stairs like a ball.

There was a joyful time in this little family circle that night, and they did not retire till a

late hour. Edward had talked himself hoarse, and the children were so much excited they could scarce sleep. When all was still, Lena stood by the window, with her head leaning against the casement, lost in thought, while the time sped on unheeded. At length, the sound of the clock striking twelve, aroused her.

“Is it possible!” she exclaimed, “that I have been dreaming all this time? And so, the old habit is yet strong upon me, and the enemy only waits for an unguarded hour, to enter his former dwelling place. Poor orphan Helena! though you have no foes without, there is a host within you must yet conquer.”

She brushed away a falling tear, as she kissed the cheek of the sleeping child upon the bed, and then with a prayer for strength and patience, lay down to rest beside her.

Edward was to remain at home on a visit of several weeks, before he departed for the town where he was to enter upon the duties of his profession. It was in vain, however, during that time, that he sought the company of Helena. It was evident that she avoided him. If he came into the parlor, she would slip into the kitchen. When he entered the garden, she made her escape to the orchard—ever vanishing before him like a spirit.

The doctor, who anxiously regarded her movements, grew very uneasy.

“Hang it!” he said to his wife, in his usual blunt way, “I am vexed with myself, for an old fool. The girl has learned her lesson far too well, and now she is so much afraid of doing wrong, that she goes quite into the opposite extreme. I wish her no ill, but I hope she will be seized with an affection of the *heart* before another day, and will apply to me for medical advice; I shall render it gratis, and will be most happy to do so.”

But the good doctor was not kept in suspense much longer. One morning, as Lena was alone in her chamber, the door was suddenly thrown open, and Sarah Jane stood before her, with pouting lips and tears of indignation in her eyes.

“I wish you would go down and scold at brother Edward!” she exclaimed. “He is unrolling all the lamplighters I made last night and placed in the parlor vase, and when I threatened to tell you, if he did not stop directly, he said he didn’t care.”

“What is he doing that for?” asked Lena, carelessly.

“Why, he said he wanted to read your poetry.”

“My poetry!” exclaimed Lena. “What *have* you done?”

“Why, I only used those old pieces of paper you threw out of your desk last night, and said you should kindle the fire with in the morning.”

“Dear me!” said Lena, greatly confused, “I shall go down and take them right away from him.”

“I wish you would,” said the child, in high glee, who anticipated quite an active conflict.

Lena threw the remainder of the flowers into the child's lap, and ran down the stairs in great haste. As she entered the room, Edward stood by the fire-place, with his attention riveted upon the piece of crumpled paper which he held in his hand. Lena glanced over his shoulder, and recognized a poem in her own hand-writing. It was the same unfinished page over which she was bending, when we first introduced her to the reader.

“Pray don't read that, Edward,” she said, entreatingly, as she placed her hand over the words. But instead of minding her, he imprisoned the little hand in his own, and, holding the paper above her head, he repeated the last stanza aloud.

“In those few words, my stricken heart
Makes all its sorrows known ;
Unloved, unblest, I stand apart—
Alone ! all, all alone !”

“Lena,” he asked, “how long is it since you wrote this most melancholy poem ?”

“O ! it is a great many years,” she replied, “and now that I have overcome such feelings, I am perfectly ashamed of it.”

She bowed her head to conceal her blushes from Edward’s inquiring gaze. He gently lowered his arm, and as it encircled her waist, he drew her close to his side.

“Lena,” he whispered, “you must stand ‘alone’ no longer.”

“Have you conquered him ?” cried out Sarah Jane, as she flew down the stairs in eager haste, and rushed into the room.

“Yes, little sis,” replied Edward. “She has gained a complete victory, and henceforth I shall become her most willing subject, for only they know how to triumph, who have first learned to conquer themselves.”



THE DROOPING EYE.

LOVE'S ADIEU.

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

Go where the summer dwells far in the islands,
 Where bloom the orange, the citron, and palm,
 Where the vine covers the soft-swelling highlands,
 Where the warm air breathes a heavenly balm !

Go where the willow low droops over fountains
 Whose gentle murmurs it loves and returns ;
 Where the bird, weary of vallies and mountains,
 Bathes its wild wings in the elve-haunted urns !

Where lie the thickest and softest of mosses
 Down in the shadow bedecked with pale flowers ;
 Where not a cloud save the lightest e'er crosses
 The path of the sun-bright and Flora-crowned hours !

Where with the evening so tranquil and holy
 Fragrance steals out on the dew-laden air,
 Go with thy longings the lofty, the lowly,
 Bid them all sleep in the solitude there !

But oh ! if alone in that Eden while roaming,
 Thou dost not forget the true heart that is thine,
 Believe that beside thee at morning, at gloaming,
 My spirit e'er lingers with rapture divine !

THE DROOPING EYE.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

O LADY, from thy dreamy eyes
 Lift up the drooping lid,
 While I, by what within them lies,
 Read all thy heart has hid.

Ah ! little need'st thou shrink from what
 The lesson may reveal !
 No mystery on thy sunny lot
 Has set its fatal seal.

Yet they that scan that gentle face,
 So thoughtful and so pale,
 Need not the sybil's art to trace
 Full many a tender tale.

A soft and visionary gleam
 Sleeps in the eye-lid's shade,
 That, like the pictures of a dream,
 Was not for daylight made.

I almost see a rosy stain
 Steal o'er thy lovely face.
 As light-winged fancies through thy brain
 Each other swiftly chase.

I almost hear the low sweet lay
 That maidens love to sing,
 While youth still keeps its holiday
 And fond hope plumes its wing.

But what of that ! there may be cheeks
And smiles that speak the heart, —
One mark unaltered nature keeps
Beyond the reach of art !

The voice may have a borrowed tone,
The lip a masking smile, —
The language of the eye alone
Is powerless to beguile.

For He who bade the magnet turn
Unwavering to the pole,
As surely lit the eye to burn,
The mirror of the soul.

Then, lady, lift the drooping veil
That shades thy dreamy eyes,
That I may read the tender tale
That in thy bosom lies.

SOCIAL LIFE IN ICELAND.

BY PLINY MILES

AN eminent poet has said, that "the cold in clime are cold in blood," and however true it may be in a general sense, we must not accept it too literally. From its name, its locality, and the fragmentary portions of its history that have reached us, we are apt to associate every thing with Iceland that is frigid, solitary, and ungenial. The conclusions are almost as reasonable as would be those of a traveller, who on first seeing a chest of tea or package of goods from China or Japan, should declare that a people capable of putting such barbarous inscriptions as he there saw on a parcel, must be a most rude and unlettered race. Iceland, from its locality in mid-ocean, within the influence of the Gulf Stream, and from other climatic causes that sometimes escape the ken of the far-seeing philosopher, is not as cold, either in summer or winter, as the denizens of more temperate regions are apt to suppose. From May to October the temperature is agreeable, neither cold or hot, though some days would do no discredit to a New England sum-

mer. Flowers bloom throughout the land, covering the earth with a variegated carpet; birds of beautiful plumage and sweet song enliven the air, and horses, cattle, sheep and lambs are everywhere seen grazing in the fields, or gambolling by the wayside. In July and August the haymakers are at work, cutting the grass and gathering the fragrant hay; and green peas, lettuce, potatoes, and other garden products grace the tables of all who choose to cultivate them, or have the money to purchase.

With a population of less than sixty thousand, scattered over a surface of forty thousand square miles, the Icelanders lack some of those advantages that are found in a thickly peopled state or large city. Extensive libraries, accessible schools, courses of lectures, and some other accessories of civilization are necessarily lacking.

Reykjavik, the capital, on the west coast, is the largest town in the island, and contains about twelve hundred people. Some other places — Havnefirth, Akregri, Isafirth and Stykkisholm — have from one to three hundred inhabitants, and the balance of the population are residents of small hamlets, or farmers and fishermen scattered over the land in solitary huts, from two to ten miles apart. A college at Reikiavik, for the education of the sons of clergy-

men, wealthy merchants, and government officers—having usually about eighty students,—and a small school for females and young children, are all the regular institutions of learning that I could hear of in Iceland. It will be seen that the only means of education for the bulk of the population must be found in the family circle. During four or five months of the year, the dark mantle of night covers the land from fourteen to twenty-one hours out of every twenty-four. Except taking care of the stock, out-door labor is suspended. Reading aloud by turns, writing, singing, playing at draughts, and some other simple games, make up the sum of their intellectual exercises and recreations. In the domestic labor of spinning, weaving and knitting, the men work as well as the women. In reading and writing, the Icelanders excel. Books being scarce and dear, large numbers are copied out entire, and almost invariably in elegant chirography. I have a quarto volume of poetry—in parallel columns of Icelandic verse on one side and Latin verse on the other—that was given me by an Iceland poet, which is engrossed as neatly as if done in the office of a register of wills. I have often had the Iceland children read aloud to me from their books, and with a clear enunciation, and a marked attention to

accent and emphasis, seldom attained by American children.

In their demeanor, the Icelanders are habitually sober, and generally do not appear to be fond of hilarity or amusements. Usually poor, with a rugged soil and severe climate to contend against, they look on life as a stern reality, and exhibit a strong contrast to the gay and frolicsome demeanor of the votaries of folly in the "clime of the East," and "the land of the sun." To this rule of soberness there is now and then an exception. I found one Icelanders — he was a member of their Althing, or Congress — who was one of the funniest fellows in the world. He had a smattering, seemingly of nearly every language known since the erection of Babel, and in these he chatted for hours, and all the time he was dispensing his hospitalities to me; showing me books, making me presents, asking questions, drinking wine and touching glasses — an old Scandinavian custom — with an incessant flow of fun and frolic, inquiry and repartee. The next time he saw me was some weeks afterwards, when we met at Reykjavik. He ran rapidly across the public square, calling me by name several times, and threw his arms about my neck giving me a brotherly embrace and kiss that would have been embarrassing had I not pre-

viously learned the customs of the Icelanders in general, and also seen the nature of this one in particular. When a stranger is entertained at a house, receiving the hospitalities of the Iceland-er and his family, on leaving he is expected to salute in this affectionate way each member of the household, young and old. These primitive customs, however, are observed more in the country than in the commercial towns.

I was taken to the residence of the excellent bishop of Iceland, who lived in a neat stone house, close to the sea-side, and he welcomed me to his home and the country, with that cordiality of feeling and that simplicity for which this people are so noted. He asked me many questions as to the purpose of my visit, and my impressions of the country, and he also inquired about the state of Christianity and the prevailing denominations of Christians in the United States. Refreshments were placed on the table at once — an invariable custom in Iceland on the visit of a stranger. Between two and three o'clock, dinner was served. Being questioned with ingenuous simplicity respecting their country and its customs, I told the bishop that it did not strike me very favorably, in being introduced to their domestic life, to see the females of the family always absent from the table when stran-

gers were partaking of their hospitalities. My cicerone and interpreter, Professor Johnson, of the College, said that was not from disrespect, or a mark of inferior position, but because there were few servants in Iceland, and the culinary arrangements had to be superintended in most cases by the mistress of the house, thus precluding her from coming to the table. Soon after, I spent an evening at the house of the dean, the Rev. Mr. Johnson. His niece, Miss Johnson, who was a fellow passenger with me on the voyage from Copenhagen, her sister, the wife of the host, and some other ladies were present. To correct any unfavorable impressions that I had previously formed, all the ladies came to the table at supper. This was out of their usual custom.

A few ladies of the old school in Iceland, dress in a costume that has come down to the present time from a former age. One of the ladies this evening wore the ancient Icelandic costume. The dress was made of black silk velvet, and from the neck to the waist was almost entirely covered with silver jewelry, of native manufacture. A singular stiff collar stood out horizontally, three or four inches wide, around the neck; and the head was covered with a sort of turban, outwardly somewhat resemb-

ling a helmet, and seen no where but in Iceland, though bearing some resemblance to the head dress worn by the women in Ancient Greece, best represented in figures of the goddess Minerva.

At a ball given at the Club-House in Reykjavik, I had an opportunity of witnessing their fashionable amusements and costume, under the most favorable circumstances. There were about twenty ladies present, mostly the wives and daughters of merchants and others residing in Reykjavik. There were present one or two belles from neighboring towns. A large share of the ladies were in white; and in dress, personal charms and grace of demeanor would compare favorably with similar assemblages in England and America. The music was a violin and a piano forte. They danced quadrilles, waltzes and Spanish dances. In one particular there was a marked difference between the customs at this ball and those that I have attended in other countries. The ladies invited the gentlemen to dance, in all cases, instead of the gentlemen inviting the ladies. The dancing room was not very large, and at first quite a number of the gentlemen were in an adjoining apartment. I had previously been introduced to several of the ladies that attended, and before going into the

ball room was quite surprised to see a fairy in white — a beautiful girl whom I had met the day before — come out into the gentlemen's apartment, look carefully around, select me for a partner, and with the greatest *nonchalance* lead me into the room like a bashful miss just "coming out." Of course I submitted, and after getting over the fright, was decidedly pleased with the whole affair. It seemed like bissextile coming every year, and I really think that such a custom extended to other countries, and beyond the etiquette of the ball room, would be of great utility. How many a match, already half registered, would at once come to a happy reality could a little help be afforded to the trembling hesitation of a bashful swain!

No! I have no fault to find with the manners and customs of the Icelanders. They are a contented, a well informed, hospitable, upright, religious, social and happy people. Devoted to literary pursuits rather than to practical science, they take more pleasure in reading the works of their native bards and historians, than in building steam engines and cotton factories. They find a higher enjoyment in reading the history and cultivating the soil of their own barren island, than in making ships and fitting out expeditions to discover and explore new worlds.

At the time of my visit — July and August, 1852 — the ports of the country were closed to the ships of all foreign countries, as they had been for centuries, by the selfish, mistaken policy of Denmark, but an act was passed at the next Althing, making free trade between Iceland and the whole mercantile world. It is to be hoped that this measure will be the means of introducing many comforts, trades, and practices into Iceland that would otherwise never have reached them, and that a wider and more accurate knowledge will be diffused of the people and the literature of this interesting portion of Old Scandinavia.

VOICES FROM ETRURIA.

BY MRS. L. J. B. CASE.

IN the tombs of Etruria are painted representations of funeral processions and genii leading souls into the invisible world — also feasts and amusements of life. A dancing-girl in gauze drapery and jewels, and a youth, playing on double pipes, also dancing, are seen on the walls of the Grotta del Triclinio, in the Necropolis of Tarquinii.

Pictured form of one who long
 Of this world has ceased to be,
 In the halls of light and song
 Not one vestige tells of thee.
 Why art thou amidst the gloom
 Of Etruria's storied tomb?

Massy locks of raven hair
 Cluster round thy beaming face ;
 Floating vestments, rich and rare,
 Lend thy form ethereal grace.
 Light of step, — of flashing eye, —
 Girl ! Thy smile was sorcery !

Who was he with flutes that mete
 Measures of melodious chime,
 With thine own dark eyes, and feet
 Moving in harmonic time ?
 Flowed your lives in kindred streams ?
 Shared ye childhood's pleasant dreams ?

Nought replies. O'er your repose
 Ages bend with sullen jeer —
 Soars the ilex — blooms the rose
 O'er Etruria's mouldering bier.
 Ye have been — no more appears —
 Centuries count your buried years !

Ceased the dance, and bowed the head,
 At the beck of haughty Rome,
 When she marched with triumph tread,
 Citing nations to their doom ?
 Humbled lie her eagles proud,
 Wrapped, like ye, in misty shroud !

With her lordly legions passed
 Mightier powers — a phantom train —
 Touching all her projects vast
 With a spell that made them vain ;
 Silently they cited *her*
 To the same low sepulchre.

Ye survived, while armies swept
 Round your halls in tempest march —
 While the mould and ivy crept
 O'er Tarquini's crumbling arch —
 Ye have braved each whirlwind hour,
 Roman and Barbarian power.

Ye have turned a solemn page
 In a dead world's history ;
 Nations of a distant age
 Ask ye what their fate will be ;
 Speak, ye prophets, from the gloom
 Of your silent, centuried tomb !

Tell the world that nations feel
 Mightier force than sword and mine,
Bidding throne and fortress reel
 As the tempest sways the vine —
Tell how ancient empire fell
Girt with tower and citadel.

Turn the tear-stained page of man,
 Soiled with sensualism and crime —
Show, how, since the years began,
 Selfish power has transient time —
How its crown is gnawed with rust,
And its sceptre falls to dust.

True the steel, the rampart strong,
 Firm the hands that hold the sway —
There is One, who guards no Wrong,
 Whom all powers and hosts obey,
He, alone, the safety brings,
Lord of Lords, and King of Kings !

THE OLD OAK CABINET.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

CHAPTER I.

WOODBURY.

AMONG the many delightful villages which dot the valley of the Hudson not one is more charming in aspect or more healthy in location than that of Woodbury. It, however, occupies neither one of the conspicuous headlands overlooking the noble river, nor of the green and lovely slopes that, dropping to the water's edge, charmingly vary its outline. It is, on the contrary, nestled among hills and woodlands at a distance of at least five miles from the river, and is unseen by the traveller, until, reaching the summit of a somewhat steep hill, it bursts in all its unique beauty, suddenly upon him. It is not one of those compact clusters of houses, irregularly huddled together and vulgarly obtruded on the very verge of the dusty, unshaded street, which are so common in our country, and where it would seem the sole design of the builders had been to draw together as many of the discomforts of the city as possible, while

they secured none of its amenities, but a village of shaded houses, of trees and gardens, and "magnificent distances." Following the natural sweep of the hills that enclose it like an emerald vase, wide streets rising in graceful terraces one above the other, and dotted by tasteful though simple dwellings, built of the rough stone of the country, each inclosed in its own wide lawn, and all glorified by grand old trees, it is impossible to imagine a more charming amphitheatre.

The meadows at the foot of the hills are cultivated and kept in the best manner, presenting fields whose wheat and waving corn, and whose cattle, wading knee-deep in clover, would fill an agricultural society with ecstasy. Down through the narrow, tangled defiles, hurry sundry rapid little streams which uniting in the valley form a beautiful river, of sufficient capacity to turn the two or three mills which add to the convenience and wealth of the inhabitants, and essentially enhance the beauty of the landscape.

One of these mills, an old stone edifice, built close in against the rocky hill-side, and quite remote from the inhabited quarters of the valley, was, at the period of my tale a mere ruin, and, for that very reason, considered by the children and younger portion of the community, with

whom it was a frequent resort, as the most delightful spot in the whole village. There were no clouds of flour to dim the verdancy of the tall thick ferns and bull-rushes, or mar the freshness of the wild dog-roses and brilliant cardinal flowers that skirted the shining mill-pond. No cross old miller to grumble when they racketed over the loose floors of the empty chamber, or opened and shut the crumbling sluice-ways at their own wild will; nothing in short to interfere with the pleasures of the frequent visitors to this most rural, most picturesque, and delightful resort.

About a half-mile from the old ruin, and much higher up the hill-side, stood a fine, rambling, old stone mansion, built by one of the early, wealthy settlers, and still the property of his descendants. It has, however, stood many years unoccupied, except by two old servants — a man and his wife — whose sole business it was to keep the house and grounds from running to ruin. It was completely embowered in a grove of most regal maples, and from this peculiarity derived its name of “Mapleside.” Its owners, Mrs. Courtland and her son, for many years wanderers in Europe, rumor bruited, were about to return home, and the villagers daily speculated on the chances of Mapleside’s being soon again inhabited.

A quarter of a mile from this mansion stood a little farm-house, once belonging to the Mapleside estate, but some years since sold to a dependent friend of the family, by the name of Estcott. It had been partly paid for when Mr. Estcott died, leaving a widow in delicate health and one beautiful little girl, named Lucy, healthy and fresh as the wild roses that scented the air and sheeted the hill-sides with crimson. For some time after her husband's death, Mrs. Estcott continued to make small but infrequent payments on the place; but feeble health ensued, and now a mortgage of five hundred dollars remained, with the interest of two years yet unpaid.

It was on a hot and sultry day, near the last of July, in the year 1832, that a group of men stood near the ruined mill apparently engaged in some warm dispute. All wore serious and excited aspects, and the old men shook their heads with a strong negative motion, while one of their number, clad in old-fashioned small-clothes and huge shovel hat, swung his arms and standing far back on his heels, urged, in a high, squeaking tone and with swelling importance, some apparently distasteful measure.

“I tell you,” he shrieked, “that the cholera is travelling up the river, and may be here any

day. We must be prepared, I say. Here, this old mill is just the place for our hospital. Plenty of water for baths; plenty of good cool air, and, what is better than all, a safe distance from the village. None of us need be exposed. Only be quick! To work! To work at once! Fit up the mill! Divide it off into wards, that we may be ready, and, above all things, shut up the village! Don't let even a mouse come in; and then, if the cholera contrives to smuggle itself among us, hunt it out — drag away the infected. A dead-cart — a trench half full of lime — iron hooks — hem! what are you all shuddering at? What is that to horrify you? I tell you, seeming cruelty in such cases is the highest mercy! He who in these times would accomplish any thing — produce an impression, reassure the timid, must cast off all human sympathy — he must, so to speak, cease to be a man. Only to work, or the cholera will be —”

“If things could be done as soon as said,” interrupted an old man, one of the sages of the village, “perhaps the doctor's advice might be worth considering. But there's the pinch. Just think; to put this old mill in order would take more time than it would to run up a light frame from the foundation in some more suitable and wholesome spot. This place is damp as death

itself, and it would kill a well man to live here. And besides, if the cholera means to visit us I don't think it will wait until all the doctor's plans are carried out. We might build a shanty up there on that airy hill-side."

"Not there! not there!" shouted the doctor. "Do you want to kill us all? Build what you please, a shanty or a shed, only have it far enough off. Drag every body to it at the first symptom of illness. What are individual sufferings compared with the whole community? Spare no one, or the serpent will creep into every house and destroy us all."

"Well! well!" murmured an old farmer, shaking his white head, "if you are so much afraid, doctor, and have so little confidence in your own medical skill, I think we'll e'en trust God a little longer. He has taken care of us all our lives so far, and, I believe, will do so still. And I trust too, that, come what will, he will guard us against such horrid selfishness and cruelty as you propose. To neglect and desert a poor wretch because he has the cholera, and, for aught I know, bury him alive, as you —"

"You don't know what you are talking about!" wrathfully interrupted the swelling little doctor; "Cruelty! selfishness! mere figures of speech! mere prejudices! Well! well! once

let the cholera come, and we'll see who'll be selfish. At any rate, this mill will answer for a quarantine, and whatever happens, remember I am always ready. My infallible pills, which, I can assure you, have —”

“We'll take time to consider,” said the principal spokesman, moving away, the whole company, to whom the doctor's lectures on his infallible pills were sufficiently familiar, shrugging their shoulders and following.

Their way led by Mrs. Estcott's little farmhouse. As they came opposite, the door opened and Lucy appeared for a moment, but, as the younger men of the party respectfully raised their hats, again bashfully withdrew. It was but a minute, however, before she reappeared, and, dashing a tear from her cheek, looked anxiously towards the doctor.

“A word, doctor, if you please,” she half whispered.

With a smirking, disagreeable smile, the doctor waited until the rest of the company had gone by, and then, taking off his hat, inquired, in a disagreeably fond tone,

“What has my pretty Lucy to tell me to-day?” at the same time making a motion to enter the house. This, however, the young girl evaded by hastily stepping out under a large chestnut tree by the door.

“O, I do feel so anxious, doctor. Do tell me if you have heard how the cholera was yesterday in New York. You know mother was to have come home last Saturday, and now it is Monday afternoon, and she is not back yet. I am so anxious about her. If she should —”

She stopped, her voice smothered by tears, while Doctor Puffer zealously applied himself to paint the sickness of the city in the most appalling colors, assuring her that her mother had in all probability contracted the disease, and, even if she had escaped, would be obliged to endure several days quarantine before she could be allowed to come home.

During this comforting conversation, and while Lucy stood weeping and wringing her hands, a handsome carriage, followed by a wagon loaded with trunks, came slowly up the road, and passed the farm-house just as the doctor's voice had attained its highest pitch.

“It's no use crying; quarantine must be enforced, — severe quarantine. Your mother couldn't pass our *cordon* to save her life. Any soldier would be immediately shot who dared to show the least childish pity or suffer any one to go by without a clean bill of health, or —”

“Are you so sure of that?” cried a clear-ringing, manly voice from the carriage. “Don't

be so much distressed, young lady," he continued to Lucy, "I assure you, that your friend will not be prevented from entering the village and going where she pleases. I have entered."

A look of joy flashed from the tearful eyes of the young girl, completely irradiating her whole face. "O, thank God! I shall see my dear mother again," she exclaimed, clasping her hands and turning with a grateful look to the carriage whence the comforting words proceeded. A handsome young man in a brown linen dust-coat looked out, and, raising his hat, politely bowed to her, while the closely veiled lady at his side looked hard at both Lucy and her companion until the carriage had passed. The doctor started, looked after it with an angry and astonished gaze, and, nervously clutching at his hat, exclaimed, "Mrs. Courtland, as I live and breathe! And that young jackanapes with her must be her son, I suppose! Humph! and they dared to force their way in without the least regard to my quarantine regulations! And now we shall all have the cholera! Abominable contumacy! Abominable contumacy!"

And in the heat of his rage he rushed away, forgetting to torture poor Lucy any longer.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. COURTLAND.

“Was not that old Doctor Puffer,” inquired Mrs. Courtland, turning to her son, as the carriage rolled slowly up the hill.

“Yes, mother,” replied Edward, still gazing back toward the farm-house, “and looking just as he did when we left home seven years ago.”

“Does he not?” laughed the mother; “and just as I knew him thirty years ago, when I was a child. The same shovel hat, the same small-clothes and silver knee-buckles. I declare, I don’t believe he has changed them all his life. I remember how pompously he stalked into our house once when I was a little girl, to pierce my ears. He seemed like an ogre, in his uncouth garb, and I protest I have been afraid of him ever since.

“He is ugly enough for an ogre,” said Edward; “how he did try to horrify that sweet girl.”

“Yes indeed; and by the way, Edward, how lovely she looked in spite of her tears. I never saw such a splendid profusion of yellow ringlets, or such lovely blue eyes. The whole face, indeed, and figure, as well as manner, were quite charm-

ing. I detest romance, Edward, you know ; indeed, I always did ; but really I should not mind your marrying just such a girl as that. I venture to predict that she would make a capital domestic wife ; worth all the dolls we have seen in Europe. Really, I have quite an idea of her for a daughter-in-law ; what say you, Edward ? ”

“ That I know you detest romances, mother, ” replied the young man with a roguish smile, “ and so I think I will not concert one in relation to this pretty girl, at least until I know her name ! ”

“ O, you rogue, to laugh at your mother in this way ! Well, I suppose she is the daughter of some farmer, quite out of our sphere, yet I should like to know more of her. But here we are at home, once more ; and how the trees have grown ! and there is old Peter, looking just as young and just as old as ever ! ”

The carriage rolled into the gate. Edward sprang out, and assisting his mother to alight, they entered their home for the first time in seven years.

CHAPTER III.

THE ALARM.

The sun was just setting, when Lucy, who had been for the last hour standing by the gate, looking with increasing anxiety down the river-road, espied her mother toiling on foot, and with a weary pace, slowly homeward. With a loud scream of joy she flew to meet her, and throwing her arms about her neck kissed her over and over again.

“My mother, my own dear mother, you are come at last! I have been so alarmed! I thought you never would come! What has kept you?”

“I will tell you by and by, Lucy,” she faintly answered. “But now help me in: I am so weary — so weary!”

The young girl was startled at her mother's pale face and tottering steps, and gently assisting her into the house which they had now reached, shook up the cushion of the easy chair, and placing her in it, “there, dear mother, rest yourself,” she tenderly said, “while I make you a cup of hot tea.”

She hurried to the kitchen, and in five minutes returning with a cup of delightful tea and a slice of toast, found her mother fainting. Half dead with fright, and trembling so that she

could scarcely stand, she was endeavoring to restore her, when Doctor Puffer entered.

“O, doctor,” she exclaimed with a long, heavy inspiration, “how glad I am you have come. My mother is quite ill.”

The doctor stood on the threshold, breathing very huskily, and gazing earnestly at the pale face of the exhausted woman.

“Here it is! here it is!” he ejaculated in his sharpest, huskiest tones; “did not I tell you so? Isn’t it precisely what I said? Have’nt I been toiling and sweating myself into an asthma for the benefit of the community, and what good has it done? Here is the cholera among us, and what preparation? Have we a hospital? No! Grappling hooks? No! Dead-cart? No! Lime trenches? No! Nothing ready but my cholera armor, and my pills. There’s no use in crying, as I told you before! No use wringing your hands! Your mother will probably die; yet I’ll see what can be done. First, however, I must go and put on my armor, my gloves, my mask, and compose my mind. It would be in the highest degree dangerous for me to approach the disease in my present perturbed state.”

Struck to the heart with grief and terror, Lucy sunk helpless at her mother’s feet, weeping

and holding her hands and wringing her own, while the doctor hurried away, heaving and sweating, and spreading the cry of cholera and death wherever he went.

“What is the matter with the doctor?” faintly inquired the mother, now a little recovered from her swoon. “What was he shrieking about? Has he gone crazy?”

Before Lucy could reply the door again opened and a lady, accompanied by a young gentleman whom Lucy instantly recognized as the one who had addressed her from the carriage some hours before, entered the room carrying a small box in her hand.

“Is this the patient?” she inquired in a calm, sweet voice. I had just entered the town, with my son, when I heard a fearful report concerning my nearest neighbor, and we have come to see, and with God’s blessing, to cure her.”

Edward, who had some knowledge of medicine, had meanwhile been leaning over the patient’s chair, examining her pulse. Turning to his mother, he said with a smile,

“Some of your strengthening drops and an hour’s rest, dear mother, will, I hope, restore our patient. She is apparently suffering merely from extreme fatigue and exhaustion. Doctor Puffer may keep his infallible pills for himself;

they are not needed here, while he seemed to be followed by the very demon of terror."

Lucy sprang joyfully to her feet, while Mrs. Courtland, taking a small bottle from her medicine chest, administered a few drops, which had the immediate effect of restoring the strength and color of the poor lady, who was indeed suffering only from the fatigue of her journey, long fasting, and the heat of the day.

Satisfied with its effect, Mrs. Courtland sat down by the side of her patient, and, looking her intently in the face, exclaimed, "Why, is not this my old friend, Mary Estcott? And this must be my god-daughter Lucy! Why, where have my senses been that I did not think of it before, when I first heard your name?"

"And this is my kind benefactress, Madame Courtland!" replied the patient, more fully restored to sense and animation. "When did you arrive? If I had only known you were coming! I have just been to New York to make some arrangements with your agent about my interest, which, I am sorry to say, has fallen behind two years. I did not find him in town, however, and have returned as I went."

"Ah, well! But it is all plain to me now. I remember he wrote me years ago that he had sold this house to a Mr. Estcott. And your

husband is not living? Well, we can sympathize with one another on our widowed condition. But give yourself no uneasiness about your interest. We will arrange that by and by."

The two old friends — for friends they were, though accustomed to so different spheres in life — held each other's hand and talked long of the past, while Lucy and Edward, occasionally exchanging a few words, looked on wondering and pleased at the warmth of heart manifested by each.

"And this is your beautiful Lucy?" the visitor at length said, turning to the young girl. "Really, I have reason to be proud of my god-daughter, for a lovelier girl I never saw. Why, this golden profusion of ringlets is fit for the queen of the fairies. And such eyes, and such an exquisite complexion, I really never saw before." And rising from her seat, the proud and noble-looking lady approached Lucy, and, taking her hand, gazed in her face with a look of kind and admiring pleasure that covered the fair girl's cheek with blushes, and brought a rush of tears to her eyes.

"I must see a great deal of you, my child," she said, kindly kissing the blushing cheek. "We are settled down in our old home for a

long time, I hope, and you must help to make it pleasant to me and Edward, whom, by the way, I certainly have omitted to introduce. But, come here, my son, and salute and learn to love your foster-sister. Kiss her. You know I hate romance and false delicacy.”

Travelled as he was, and accustomed to the world, the young man had not forgotten how to blush, as the bright glow which suffused his handsome face as he modestly and smilingly saluted the cheek of the fair girl, thus singularly presented to him, sufficiently proved. Both, however, seemed to understand the kindness of the motive, and they were soon acquainted. After another half hour spent in conversation, and a promise to call again the next day, the visitors took leave, when Mrs. Estcott, who, in spite of her joy at meeting so kind a friend, still felt the exhaustion of her journey, lay down to rest.

The financial affairs between Mrs. Courtland and her debtor were in a few days definitely arranged by the two friends. Mrs. Courtland having on her return from Europe gone over every thing with her agent, settled with him for his services, and resumed the management of her property herself; a task for which she was both by nature and habit eminently qualified.

It was found that five hundred dollars, aside from two years' interest on the same, which amounted to seventy more, was still due on the mortgage given by Mr. Estcott when he purchased the property, and which he so short a time enjoyed; he having suddenly died a few months after the completion of the purchase and the first payment, leaving a thousand dollars still unpaid. By the most arduous and unremitting exertions Mrs. Estcott had contrived to meet the small annual instalments and interest until the debt was reduced to its present amount, when failing health and increasing expenses seemed to forbid, not only any further progress towards its full liquidation, but, even the payment of the interest.

That this had been a heavy burden upon her mind will not be doubted, adding a new cause to the many others which were impairing both health and strength; and it was with a heavy heart and uncertain prospect that, unacquainted with Mrs. Courtland's return to the country, she had determined on visiting New York to quiet, if possible, the recent importunities of the agent.

It was not until after some persuasion, however, that Mrs. Estcott could be induced to concede to the kind proposition of her creditor and receive as a gift a receipt in full for arrear

interests; for, deeply as she felt the kindness of her friend, it was a painful thing to her to incur what she felt to be an oppressive obligation. Gratitude and necessity, however, at length prevailed; the kindness was accepted, and nothing now remained still due but the face of the mortgage, and she rightly determined that her efforts to complete its payment should be immediately renewed.

Meanwhile the intimacy between the families daily increased. Lucy was a constant visitor at Mapleside, until finally, yielding to the urgent entreaties of Mrs. Courtland, most of her time was spent there; her mother's somewhat improving health and grateful sense of kindness rendering this arrangement less difficult than it would otherwise have been.

Thus the summer went by, while very much to the chagrin of Doctor Puffer, no case of cholera, rendering the administration of his infallible pills necessary, occurred during the whole season. And, save in the single case of Mrs. Estcott's illness, no opportunity ever offered for him to try the virtues of his wonderful armor, when, indeed, much to the amusement of the villagers, he went striding through their midst equipped in a suit very like a submarine armor, and reaching the dwelling of Mrs. Estcott just in time to find his intended patient fully restored.

CHAPTER IV.

MAPLESIDE.

The village clock struck eleven. The sound of distant carriage-wheels rolling over the little bridge down in the valley had long since ceased. Darkness and silence were over the whole village. Darkness and silence were also over Mapleside, save in one large and elegantly furnished chamber where a closely-shaded carcel lamp still burned, throwing its soft reflection over a marble table, covered with little vials, standing by the bed of Mrs. Courtland, and a soft, white hand holding a book beside it. The lady of Mapleside was ill, and Lucy sat reading to her. The gentle, sweet-toned voice seemed for a long time to soothe and quiet the invalid, but, at length, turning wearily to the wall, "No further, Lucy," she somewhat pettishly murmured, "your reading fatigues me, I will try to sleep."

Lucy laid aside the book, took up her sewing, and quietly watched the uneasy and fitful slumbers which soon supervened. And in this way had she watched through many a midnight hour already; for Mrs. Courtland had been many weeks ill, and, with the wilful caprice of an invalid, would endure no other near her. And, indeed, few could so gently and skilfully have

nursed her ; for, with a natural tact and quick perceptions, she united, also, experience acquired at the bedside of her father and mother, both of whom had been often and long invalids. She soon became, therefore, as the apple of her eye to her god-mother, who could no longer bear that she should be out of her sight.

To another, also, Lucy's presence was fast becoming indispensable, and that was Edward. He had soon learned to love the young girl, and it was silently reciprocated, — while Mrs. Courtland watched the whole with unfeigned pleasure. This may seem strange, for Lucy was, in fashion and family, certainly his inferior, while Edward was an only son and wealthy, and Mrs. Courtland had a right to encourage high expectations for him. The whole secret lay in the fact that, being an only son, the mother's great desire was, next to his marrying a good and lovely wife, that she should be one, who, instead of desiring to plunge into the whirl of gay and fashionable society, should love the quiet of Mapleside, where she, in fact, wished henceforth to remain herself, and, of course, to retain him. Whether Edward guessed the motive is uncertain ; but he saw clearly enough his mother's fondness for Lucy, and her pleasure in seeing them together, and giving himself up to the

charm of her society, he watched her graceful motions as she performed the thousand little duties about the house, and administered with so much gentle kindness and skill to the often capricious wants of the invalid, until light seemed to vanish when she left the room.

For some days past he had observed that Lucy was growing pale and her eye dim with constant watching, and he had, on the very evening when we find her by Mrs. Courtland's bedside, entreated that she would for once go to rest and allow him to watch in her stead. But his entreaties were in vain ; she would not resign her task while the invalid so much needed her, and Edward retired anxious and disappointed.

As Mrs. Courtland now slept, the remembrance of the tender looks and kind words of Edward came back, again and again, until the hands of the young watcher dropped listless in her lap, and the soft rose on her cheek deepened to crimson. Delicious dreams nestled in her heart, and the present was lost in the future, when she was aroused by the restless voice of the invalid.

“Lucy,” she said, “you must do me a favor ; I cannot sleep. Take this key ;” and she opened a little casket by her bed. “Go into the adjoining room, unlock the old oak cabinet and bring

me the third drawer from the left hand row. It contains some papers I wish to look at."

Lucy immediately arose, lighted a wax candle, took the key and entered the designated room. It was a spacious apartment, filled with rich, antique furniture, brought from England generations ago, and looked lone and dreary to her. The oaken cabinet stood at the remote end of the room, and approaching it she applied the key. But the lock, rusty from long disuse, for sometime resisted her efforts, but yielding at last with a sudden click, the door opened.

"The third drawer on the left hand," repeated the young girl half aloud, but opening it she was startled by its brilliant array of jewelry. "This cannot be the one," she thought; and closing it, drew out another, which, it being filled with papers, she carried to her friend.

"Take it back," said she, impatiently, after a moment's examination. It is not the one. Bring me the *third* drawer."

"I will try the right hand," thought Lucy; and this time the lady was satisfied. She looked over the papers for a few minutes; read a part of one, then replaced them.

"Take it back now, Lucy," she directed. "I have done with it."

Lucy immediately returned the drawer to its

place; locked the cabinet, and restored the key to the little casket, when, with a sigh of satisfaction, the invalid turned over and was soon in a deep sleep. Lucy slept also, and many a sweet dream floated lightly through her still busy brain.

CHAPTER V.

THE MISSING DOCUMENT.

October had come,— that month of many beauties; when the drowsy day sleeps on the broad, warm stubble fields and brown and crispy hills, as if it had nothing to do but dream idly of the past, and weave soft spells for the undiscovered future. The cattle, full of tranquil thought, lay soberly chewing their cud, and slowly winking away the insects hovering between their dreamy eyes and the hazy sunlight, or loitered indolently along the twinkling brookside, or through the gorgeous wood, already wearing its transfigured robes of crimson and purple and yellow, as if life to them were one long day of satisfaction.

Mrs. Courtland was now convalescent. She had for weeks, her son and Lucy by her side, been riding out among the fresh hills and through the still valleys, and along the many

murmuring streams that wind their pleasant way to the Hudson, each day drinking in renewed health with the soft, delicious breath of early autumn.

She had long lain at death's door, and it was to Lucy's unwearied nursing and her own vigorous constitution that, under God, she owed her rescue from the grave. As might be expected under such circumstances, the affection and intimacy between the two young people during all this time had steadily and rapidly progressed. No direct avowal on either side had indeed yet taken place, yet every look and word betrayed the influence each had acquired over the other. In the melting glance and tender tones of Edward, Lucy read with a beating heart his love for her, while her own quick blush and frequently averted eye betrayed to the delighted Edward that his love was not unreturned.

To Mrs. Courtland this state of affairs gave the most unalloyed satisfaction. She was a proud woman, and on many accounts, as has been before said, might have preferred a wealthy bride for her son ; but she was, though somewhat romantic, a sensible woman also, and she felt that in Lucy, both Edward and herself would find a treasure far more precious than gold. She in fact already regarded her as her daughter, and

would have been glad that she should at once have become really so ; but too wise to interfere, and perhaps mar by interference what was already going on so well, she suffered matters to take their natural course, satisfied that they would result to her entire content, and that the wedding could not be far distant.

She was now meditating a pleasant surprise for Lucy. Her birth-day was approaching when she would be eighteen years old, and she determined to celebrate that and her own recovery by a little domestic entertainment. But she loved not mixed companies, and had really no associates in the village ; she therefore intended to confine the participators strictly to Mrs. Estcott, Lucy, her son and herself. Edward was the only one admitted into the entire secret, though of the event itself Lucy as well as her mother could not of course be kept in ignorance.

The day at length came. Every preparation had been made. Mrs. Estcott with her white, unwrinkled brow, her clear, gentle eyes, her mild expression, her bearing, whose dignity inspired all with respect, and her ever neat and suitable apparel, was already in the spacious apartment of the hostess, still from long habit occupied as the sitting room of the family, and

Lucy's cheeks were flushing, and her eyes dancing with the joy that filled her heart.

Seizing the first few minutes occupied by Lucy and her mother in talking over the thousand little nameless matters interesting to both, Mrs. Courtland, unobserved, beckoned Edward into the adjoining apartment, and uncovered a little table, on which were arranged his own and her birth-day gifts to Lucy. It was a bright and beautiful sight. Costly trinkets, rich silks, and all the various elegances of a lady's toilet were there, but Edward's countenance was not quite joyful.

"Is it all right?" inquired the mother, with a beaming smile. "Is it enough? What think you, my son?"

"Dear mother," replied Edward, "I wish neither to prescribe nor to limit your goodness. Do what you think best. But you know, mother," he continued with a blush, "that you look upon Lucy as your daughter."

"Aha!" laughed the mother, "I see! the young gentleman is not satisfied. "Well, then, I will add another article."

And, lovingly pinching his cheek, she approached the old oak cabinet, turned the stiff lock with a skilful hand, drew out one of the little drawers, and took up the topmost paper. It

was not the one she sought. She unfolded a second, a third, a fourth.

“Hem! Where can that paper be?” she impatiently exclaimed, as she unfolded the last in the drawer.

“What paper, mother?” asked Edward.

“The mortgage on Mrs. Estcott’s little property. You know what I mean. I wish to add it to Lucy’s birthday presents.”

“O, my good mother!” exclaimed the young man, throwing his arm around her waist, and with his eyes full of tears, warmly kissing her cheek.

“Well! well! only help me look for it, Edward! I must find it first before I can give it away.”

And mother and son commenced the search anew. Through every drawer and niche and close they sedulously explored. Forgetting dinner and guest, once and again every drawer was removed, every parchment opened, every paper carefully examined, but in vain; the document was not to be found. Again they commenced; and no nook so small but revealed its most hidden secret. No corner of the chamber so darkened or encumbered but was explored as carefully, as vainly, as before. Then Mrs. Courtland closed the doors of the cabinet, turned the

key with a hand that for the first time trembled, and, leaning painfully against its massive front, her face every moment growing paler and paler, turned to her son, saying with a terrible emphasis of voice and gesture,

“No one ever opened this cabinet but Lucy. To no human being save the Estcott family could that mortgage be of the slightest value. Lucy has stolen it!”

As if he had received a violent blow, Edward sunk at his mother's feet. Clutching her dress and almost gasping for breath, he besought her to compose herself; to think; to *prove*, before giving utterance to so terrible, so incredible a charge. Full of a mother's love and pity, for she read all his heart, the muscles of her own blanched face convulsively twitching, she looked down upon her son, yet at the same time repeating the words, “there is no other possibility — Lucy — no one else!”

Fearing from her long absence that something had happened to her friend, the young girl at this moment entered the room, but petrified at what she beheld, she remained rooted to the floor, only able to exclaim, “for heaven's sake, tell me what has happened!”

“Nothing! nothing at all!” answered the lady in a tone so proud and contemptuous it

seemed to freeze into the very marrow of Lucy. Nothing! Here are the birth-day presents destined for you. I had intended to add another of greater value — an article kept here — in this cabinet. But some one who has had access to it — some one to whom the document might be useful, has stolen it!”

“What was it?” faltered Lucy; for a vague perception of something terrible impending over herself almost deprived her of the power of speech.

“It was the mortgage on your mother’s property.”

These words, uttered with appalling emphasis, and the look which accompanied them, in an instant conveyed to Lucy the whole dreadful meaning of the scene before her, and the frightful suspicions attached to herself.

It is impossible to paint the scene which followed. She was reminded of that midnight hour, when, being sent alone to this cabinet for the drawer which contained this very paper, she had remained so long away. She was reminded of the fact, well known to her, that no one but herself and Mrs. Courtland ever, on any occasion opened this cabinet; and she was pointed to the significant circumstance that this mortgage, so important to her mother and herself, yet so utter-

ly worthless to any one else, was the only paper missing.

Lucy heard it all. Every word uttered by Mrs. Courtland went seething to her brain; but, palsied by the suddenness of the blow, by the sight of Edward kneeling, his face turned away and buried on a chair, and by the stern, indignant aspect of her accuser, she could do nothing, could say nothing, but clasp her hands, and with deadly white lips murmur over and over again, "I am innocent! I am innocent! I have not taken it! O, Mrs. Courtland, I have not taken it!"

But the lifeless monotony of her defence, the deadly hue of her face, so easily mistaken for tokens of guilt, only added to the stern indignation of Mrs. Courtland.

"Lucy, be silent!" she coldly, yet vehemently commanded; "you but add to your guilt and my contempt by this useless denial. You wished my death. Nay, you reckoned with certainty upon it, and upon this reckoning you destroyed the mortgage. That document once obliterated, — and you knew that, from motives of regard to your parents, it was never recorded, — no evidence of the debt would remain. O, Lucy! Lucy! I that had cherished such love and such intentions towards you!"

But still the unfortunate girl stood with her cold, white face and lips, and, as if incapable of framing another sentence, still uttering only the same monotonous, "I am innocent!" "I did not take it!" until with an impatient gesture, Mrs. Courtland took her by the arm.

"Come," said she with cold contempt, "we will go into the other room. Your mother will wonder what has become of us."

She led her, like a moving statue, forward through the door and until they stood opposite the sofa, whereon her mother lay, pale, trembling and powerless. She had heard the whole through the open door, and the possibility of the truth of Mrs. Courtland's accusation was like a palsy-stroke to her feeble frame. But, when she saw Lucy approaching and looking so pale and deadly, she struggled to her feet, and with all the dignity and majesty of virtue stood before her daughter and solemnly adjured, "I beseech you my child, tell me, by that God who knoweth all hearts, and to whom the darkness is as noon-day, can you lift your hands pure and unspotted before him?"

"O, mother! mother! you too!" wailed out the poor girl, with a look and voice of such utter agony as chilled the heart of even Mrs. Courtland, and with a painful effort stretching

both hands toward heaven, she dropped heavily and utterly senseless upon the floor.

The noise of her fall brought Edward distractedly to the room. With a cry of deep grief, he sprang to lift her in his arms, when, with the same cold sternness she had throughout the whole scene manifested, his mother gently frustrated the attempt, and led him like a child from the room.

“Go,” she said, “this is no place for you!” when, returning, she assisted the poor mother in her endeavors to restore the suspended animation of the unhappy, and, as she truly believed, guilty girl. It was long ere they succeeded, but the voice of the mother prevailed, and the first sounds that met her awakening ear were the clear, sweet, pitying words,

“My good child! my innocent daughter! I believe you. Your mother knows now that you are guiltless, and all will come well. We have a Father in heaven, who, in his own good time will make it appear. Let us trust in Him, my beloved child.”

“Let me go home, mother!” mournfully wailed the poor girl, clinging fast to her now weeping parent, “I must go home! I can not stay here!”

“You *shall* go home, my darling! We will go now!”

“Wait!” said Mrs. Courtland, kindly, but striving to hide the emotion she really felt under a still cold exterior, “I will order the carriage, and get Lucy’s bonnet and shawl. You can not walk!”

“Now, mother! Let us go now!” again murmured Lucy. But the mother, who too well felt the inability of either to walk, patiently soothed her until the carriage drove to the door, when, without again seeing Edward, Lucy, with a feeling of despair which no words can delineate, left the home and friends that had been so dear to her heart, perhaps forever.

An anodyne, administered by her mother, who, with the full belief in her daughter’s innocence, seemed to have recovered more than her usual strength, procured for Lucy a heavy sleep, and she awoke the next morning weak and sad, but calm. She could not rise from her bed, but she could now think, and, with her mother, talk over all the suspicious circumstances connected with her midnight visit to the unfortunate cabinet, and it was with a feeling of despair that she felt and acknowledged that appearances were sorely against her.

“O, mother, it was not for nothing that I felt a strange thrill of terror, when the twelve great shocks of sound from the village clock

at midnight smote on my ear as I stood endeavoring to replace those drawers. They were the knell sounding the death of happiness and honor.”

And then she remembered the beautiful array of birth-day gifts, still lying near the fatal cabinet, tokens of the love and kindness of friends still dear to her heart, but who had cast her off, disgraced and ruined, forever. Slowly the tears rolled one after another down her cheeks at this bitter thought, and she felt that, with hope and happiness and honor gone, life was now of but little value.

As she lay lost in these reflections her mother brought a letter from Edward. He besought Mrs. Estcott and her daughter to pardon the injurious words of his mother, and ascribe them to her recent illness and consequent nervous irritation. That unfortunate paper must and would be found, and then no one so much as his mother would regret the part she had taken. He concluded with the pressing entreaty that they would, above all things, not for one moment suspect him of entertaining thoughts and feelings similar to those of his mother, “Only with my reason,” he wrote, “could I for one moment lose my faith in Lucy’s innocence and virtue; and rather would I ascribe the inexpli-

cable affair, which has made us all so wretched, to the agency of some malignant spirit, than believe in her guilt."

The letter was written with a trembling hand, and stained with tears. Lucy understood it only too well. She smiled painfully. "Good Edward! Lost! lost! lost, for ever, with my good name! But you meant well! I thank you!"

The first care of the deeply-wounded Mrs. Estcott was to endeavor to raise money for paying Mrs. Courtland in full. This, after great effort and sacrifice of pride and independence, she finally effected among some distant and wealthy relatives living in New York. A friend undertook to settle the affair. But Mrs. Courtland coldly and proudly returned the money with the message, that "when the mortgage was found she would receive the money. Until then she had no legal claim on the Estcotts, and to receive a *present* from them suited neither her feelings nor her principles."

A fresh burst of anguish was the only notice Lucy took of this covert insult. "It is hard," said her mother, "I know, but not unjust. What other answer could she well return?" "None, dear mother; we will bear it."

CHAPTER VI.

CHANGES AT MAPLESIDE.

Great changes had passed over the family at Mapleside. Its old cheerfulness was all gone. Its merry laughter heard no longer. A silent, gloomy spirit seemed to pervade every department of the household. Mrs. Courtland was a proud, high-spirited, but good woman. She meant always to be strictly just in all her intercourse with her fellow-creatures. She had a woman's heart, and all the love she did not lavish on her son she had early given to Lucy; and this love had constantly increased with every new manifestation of the young girl's very sweet and lovely character. As has been before hinted, to her own strong business turn of mind she united a degree of romance not often found in that connection. Of this she was perfectly aware, and it was the most frequent thing in the world with her, when secretly or even openly plotting some little romantic episode, to maintain, in the stoutest terms, that she hated romance. From the time, therefore, when she, vaguely first, but definitely afterwards, conceived the plan of bringing about a union between her son and Lucy, she had directed all her little quiet arts to that end, until Lucy's rare quali-

ties developed in her sick room made her look upon her as already her daughter, as really as if the marriage had been consummated.

It is easy to conceive, therefore, when she found all her cherished plans frustrated by the unworthiness of the very being for whom they had all been nursed, how great must have been the revulsion in her feelings. She had in her life been many times sorely deceived by those she had the most entirely trusted; and when appearances were so clear against Lucy, though all the time her heart spoke loudly in her favor, she had become too much accustomed to listen to the voice of her intellect rather than of her heart, to heed its gentler promptings. Intellect had pronounced the verdict, "guilty," and what more could be done? In passionate natures extremes meet on narrow ground, and from deep and active love to Lucy, the feeling of contempt for her crime and aversion for its obstinate denial were not far off.

But how miserable she became! Day after day went by, and she beheld her only son ruined in his dearest hopes — hopes she had herself been the first to awaken and the most untiring to encourage. Restless as the autumn leaves that were whirling in the blast, he seemed ever moving from place to place seeking something he could not find.

“Mother,” said he, one morning, more wretched than ever, “will you not try to think? Are you certain that on that night you did not yourself take the paper from the drawer? Is not some transfer possible? O, mother! let us search again.”

“Willingly, my son, although I would stake my life on the certainty that I kept out no paper — that the mortgage was in quite another drawer; but yet my dear son, come yourself and search again.”

Not once only, but twice, five, ten times, the unhappy youth sought through every recess and corner of the cabinet for the ill-starred document, whose inexplicable disappearance had destroyed the Eden of his young life. Every paper was again and again opened; cabinet and chamber, his mother’s bureaus, her own chamber, the whole house was daily explored. Every thing else, of the most trifling importance was found, but not the missing treasure. Nowhere from garret to cellar could a scrap of paper be seen, but Edward’s trembling hand clutched it with an almost frantic eagerness. He wasted in flesh. His hand was frequently raised to his forehead, and his eyes assumed a strange, unsettled look.

“Mother,” said he, one day, pressing his hand

to his brow, "did you ever hear of the great mathematician, who, having an important and difficult problem to solve, reckoned 'one and one is one,' 'one and one is one,' and on this fixed idea became insane? Mother, I often feel that I am in his condition."

A horrid fear pierced like an arrow through brain and heart as the mother listened to these ominous words; but she crushed it down as if it had been a poisoned serpent, and coldly replied,

"No, not I! I am of a sound mind, thank God, and I do not intend to think myself insane over one more bitter experience. Let the miserable subject go! we have troubled our brains enough — let us forget it!"

Forget? No! not even she could do that; much less Edward. Every day, every hour reminded them of her. Everywhere they missed her active, orderly hand, — every hour her generous and loving sympathy. Other changes, too, brought her constantly to mind. Mrs. Courtland had endeavored to supply her place by another, and a constant succession of unsatisfying companions came and departed from Mapleside. Edward's nervous restlessness, however, at length subsided into a moody sadness which nothing could lighten or remove. Joy seemed to have died out from the house.

Meanwhile quiet had been restored to Mrs. Estcott and her daughter, and if they were not happy, they were, at least, not wretched. The families never met, and Lucy was satisfied that it should be so. She could not have borne the crushing weight of Mrs. Courtland's contempt, and she waited patiently for the time that would perhaps one day come, when her innocence would be made evident, and they once more meet—all the old love and esteem restored.

So the autumn went by, and winter with unusual severity set in.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRE.

One cold, bright night, when the ice was on all the streams and the snow weighed down the branches of the cedars, Lucy, as was often her wont, lay sadly musing on her early sorrows and watching the sweet moonbeams that lighted her little room like the latter twilight, when she became aware of a rosy reflection on her walls, that gradually increased, and was quite unlike the silvery rays of the moon. Springing to her feet, she ran and threw up the window, and saw over the woods what she was certain was a fire,

and in the direction of Mapleside. At the same moment, the quick ringing of the village bell, the murmur of gathering feet, and the distant cry of "fire!" "fire!" assured her that the village was in motion towards the scene of the conflagration.

Trembling in every limb, and led by an irresistible impulse, she hastily threw on her apparel, and wrapping herself in her hood and shawl, without a moment's hesitation crept down stairs, out of the house, and ran on up the well known road leading to Mapleside, until a sudden turn revealed the object of her solicitude, and realized her worst fears. Mapleside was in flames. But a large number of persons had already collected around it, and many others were hastening by her towards the spot. She hesitated whether to proceed or return home. Anxiety for the still dear family, however, prevailed over her maiden embarrassment, and she kept on. She had stopped near the outskirts of the orchard, where, unobserved, she could stand and watch, when the quaint figure of Dr. Puffer in his shovel hat, and glowing with the firelight, appeared at the open window of a back chamber, his arms loaded with china ware. Shouting to the dense croud below, "take care of your heads, gentlemen, the crockery is coming!" he

dashed it out among them, bruising their upturned faces, and breaking every article to fragments, then instantly disappeared to continue his valuable services.

Amid the noise and confusion and general uproar, an orderly line of dark forms was soon organized, that stretched from the house to a pond about fifty rods distant, and which, in an incredibly short space of time, was with the greatest rapidity, passing from hand to hand through the whole length of the line, a hundred leathern buckets, of which every family in the village owned a pair, each filled with water. The effective manner with which this was applied, was soon manifested by the rapidity with which the fire subsided. The flames had indeed scarcely extended beyond the wing in the rear, the massive stone walls having acted as a barrier against their encroachment.

Meanwhile Dr. Puffer had not been idle. Utterly contemning the deliberate manner in which a number of young men were removing the furniture from the house, he seized an iron bar, and, advancing eagerly to a splendid drawing-room mirror, thrust his lever behind it, and it lay shivered in a thousand fragments on the floor. Its fellow, the next moment, shared its fate, when, seeing nothing more of the kind to

rescue, the doctor darted up stairs. There the first object that arrested his sight was the oaken cabinet, which, with a sudden instinct, he instantly surmised must be the depository of the valuables of the family. But his frantic efforts to open it were in vain. Its key was gone, and its massive doors resisted his utmost strength. He was about giving up in despair, when a lucky thought struck him, and, with a strength supplied by the frantic excitement of the moment, and regardless of the suffocating smoke which still filled the house, he dragged it from the wall, and, behold! a slight split in the back rewarded his exertions. He instantly applied his lever, and, with a loud crash, the lower board gave way, exposing, not the interior of the cabinet with its precious contents, but an inner back and a single crumpled and folded paper. He picked it up, and, with an impatient "pshaw!" was tossing it away, to renew his efforts, when the voice of Edward arrested him.

"What are you doing, doctor? Don't you know that the fire is got under? For heaven's sake don't destroy ——." Here the paper in the doctor's hand caught his eye, and, snatching it like a madman, he darted to the stairs, and, blinded by the smoke, missed his footing, and fell headlong to the bottom.

Meanwhile, Lucy still remained standing by the orchard fence, every nerve, in her anxiety and terror, stretched to its utmost tension, for she had yet seen neither Mrs. Courtland nor Edward, when her attention was arrested by the approach of two men bearing in their arms a third, whom, by the instinct of true affection, she instantly divined to be Edward, and, darting forward, she saw that her presentiments were correct. He lay pale and senseless in their arms, a wound on his forehead, and his left arm broken, but in his right hand a paper tightly clutched. They were turning towards the village, when Lucy tremblingly arrested them with the exclamation, "Not there! not there! it is too far! Come to Mrs. Estcott's!" They obeyed, and in less than five minutes had deposited their still senseless burthen on Mrs. Estcott's bed.

"Good God!" exclaimed the terrified woman; "what is this? How did this happen?"

"The result of unpardonable carelessness, ma'am!" called out Dr. Puffer, who just at this moment entered, covered with perspiration, begrimed with smoke, and laboring with asthma. "But we will soon have this business remedied; my infallible pills —"

"Will not do here, doctor!" said one of the men. "His arm is broken!"

“Ah! Eh? Well, that will require other measures. Let me look at him. Ah, yes! A beautiful fracture, soon healed! But first, he must be roused from this faint.”

The latter task was soon accomplished, and Edward for a moment opened his eyes; when, with a skill hardly to be expected in a character like Doctor Puffer, and the tenderness of a woman, he proceeded to set the broken bone. The operation was completed, the head bathed, an anodyne administered, and Edward, without recovering consciousness sufficient to perceive where he was or who were with him, dropped quietly to sleep.

The room was then left to Lucy and her mother, and they sat silently watching the patient, and recalling the painful past, when a carriage drove to the door, and Mrs. Courtland entered. She was still delicate, and, in compliance with the urgent entreaties of her son, had, on the fire's first breaking out, allowed a neighbor to convey her to the village, where, away from the scene of confusion and disaster, she had anxiously awaited the result of the conflagration. It was, consequently, not until sometime after Edward's accident that she was made acquainted with it, and his place of refuge.

The meeting between the estranged friends was

cold and constrained. Mrs. Courtland would have preferred that her son should have been carried anywhere else, but she was too well bred, whatever might be her feelings, to suffer anything unpleasant, in word or manner, to appear to those under whose roof he lay helpless. A few whispered words passed, a cold expression of gratitude for the care her son had received, and she took the seat by his bedside, resigned by Mrs. Estcott, and sat down to watch him. He slept heavily and long, and while the mother listened to his heavy breathings, mingled with her grief for him, came a stronger and stronger feeling, that somehow the pale sad girl, so quietly gliding in and out of the room and around the bed, was innocent. Could guilt wear so sweet and serene an aspect? It was not possible; she must, in spite of evidence to the contrary, be guiltless. And as Lucy passed her again, led by an irresistible impulse, she took her hand and softly pressed it. The tears instantly started to the eyes of the poor girl, and she gratefully raised the kind hand to her lips. At this moment Edward opened his eyes, and looking about him with a bewildered gaze, —

“Where am I?” he asked. “Lucy here, and with you, dear mother? What does it mean? I thought—”

“No matter now, what you thought, dear son!” exclaimed the mother, throwing her arms about his neck, “thank God that you are alive! Whatever else is lost, you are saved!”

“And one thing more, mother,” he added, drawing out the crumpled paper, which had not for a moment, during all his insensibility and subsequent sleep, left his hand, “a great, an invaluable treasure, this!”

Before Mrs. Courtland could take it in her hand she had intuitively recognized the paper as the missing mortgage.

“O, my son!” she exclaimed, trembling and agitated; “O, Lucy! O, my friend! how contemptible must I seem to you! how you must have detested me! I can never—never forgive myself!”

It is impossible to depict the strong revulsion from grief to joy,—the smiles and tears and caresses which followed. “However much you have suffered,” said Mrs. Courtland, in a voice full of emotion, “my heart, believe me, has bled the deepest,—my home has seemed the most desolate. Can you ever forgive me? Lucy, my child, can you, will you, ever love me again?”

“I have never ceased to love you,” sobbed Lucy, over and over again, as she sunk at her

feet; while her mother, holding the hand of her friend, wept such tears of joy as she had thought never to weep again; and all thanked God that he had in so wonderful a manner brought light out of darkness, and healed the wounded hearts that would otherwise have bled on through life.

Little remains to be told. The fire at Mapleside was found to have been less disastrous than was at first apprehended, and a few weeks sufficed to put the dwelling in thorough repair.

Mrs. Courtland and Edward, meanwhile, remained at Mrs. Estcott's, whose quarters, though somewhat narrow, were pronounced by Mrs. Courtland the most delightful in Woodbury; an opinion with which Edward, from the very bottom of his heart, coincided, and which he twenty times a day both publicly and privately expressed to Lucy.

The mortgage Mrs. Courtland had instantly destroyed, refusing in the most decided terms to receive a cent from Mrs. Estcott. It was finally settled that the five hundred dollars should be kept as a wedding dower for Lucy — it promising soon to be in requisition. In fact Mapleside was no sooner in order again than Dr. Puffer, and with him all the village, was astounded at the announcement that Lucy and Edward were

to be married the next week, and that Mrs. Estcott was to remove to Mapleside to spend the remainder of her life with her daughter and her old friend.

What preparations were made for the wedding I am not definitely informed. Neither am I able to describe the bride's costume, only that it was suited to the loveliness of the bride and the distinguished family of the bridegroom. On another point I can be more definite. They still live happy and contented, as it is possible for mortals to be. Dr. Puffer also still flourishes in his shovel hat and velvet small-clothes. He has, however, retired from practice, but with a divided heart. For having learned the secret of the missing mortgage, and his own agency in finding it, the infallible pills have ever since possessed a formidable rival in the "Old Oak Cabinet."

THE MORNING RIDE.

BY REV. J. G. ADAMS.

UP in the morn, fresh and fair from his slumbers,
 Dressed in his fancy-garb, childhood in state,
 Mounted in carriage, and eagerly waiting
 Passage so speedy to grandfather's gate, —
 See the young dreamer of frolic and freedom,
 Ready his course for the day to begin ;
 How will he revel, by loving eyes guarded,
 Till he is wearied, and evening comes in.

What would the thousands of care-burdened mortals
 Up at this hour, on their course for the day,
 Give, for the innocent joy of that rider,
 Laughing and screaming the shadows away !
 Bless thee, sweet urchin ! and bright be the sunbeams
 Oft in thy morning hours yet to appear,
 Speaking that innocent gladness to others,
 Which in thy face thou art reading me here !



THE MORNING RIDE.

1877

MARION LEE.

BY A. A. STEBBINS.

MY life was stealing
 Away from me,
 While I was dreaming
 Ever of thee,
 Marion Lee.
 I tried to forget
 How oft we had met,
 But memories golden
 Of all the olden
 Time of delight
 That has passed from me,
 Would bring to sight
 Thy image bright,
 Marion Lee.

In life's dim morning
 From out the grey,
 Love's rosy dawning
 Deepened to day,
 Then passed away.
 My yearnings and fears,
 Were beyond my years ;
 I told my story !
 Then in the glory
 Of being loved,

And of loving thee.
 Entranced I moved :—
 A dream it proved,
 Marion Lee.

Thy sire had riches
 And I was poor ;
 Thou wert an heiress,
 So through his door
 I passed no more,
 For I was haughty,
 And thy sweet beauty
 He barr'd with the cold
 Bright glimmer of gold
 From me till scorn
 (Though I worshipped thee)
 For him was born
 In passion's storm,
 Marion Lee.

When I was roaming
 Over the wave,
 Thy form was going
 Down to the grave.
 Was it to save
 Thy soul from the strife
 Of an unquiet life ?
 In the world of light
 Brought they bridal white
 And orange flow'rs
 That fade not, to thee ?
 How pass the hours
 In heav'ns bow'rs,
 Marion Lee ?

My life is stealing
 Swifter from me,
While I am asking
 Of heav'n and thee.
Oh hushed be my breath !
Let me sleep in death,
And wake in the dawn
Of an endless morn,
 Amid the throng
Where awaiteth me,
 With bridal song,
My angel one,
 Marion Lee.

THE SUGGESTIVENESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

THERE are two kinds of unbelief against which the argument for religion is to be maintained: intellectual and practical unbelief,—the philosophical theory, the logical denial of the head, and the indifference and superficiality of the heart and the life. It is hardly necessary to say that the former, that merely speculative unbelief, is rarer than the latter, and requires much less attention. Comparatively few, by a train of severe reasoning, have come to the conclusion that religion is a falsehood, or a delusion; that the universe contains no spiritual realities, and that human life, with all its relations, begins and ends *here*. But whatever they may *think*, thousands *live* as if this were the case. They do not pronounce any skeptical *opinions*; indeed, they raise no serious questions as to life at all; they hold none of its problems in intellectual solution; but, practically, they recognize no higher good than that of this world. The sanctions of their conduct, and all their standards of value, are in the world, and level with it. The

shadow of eternity flickers faintly across their field of vision, and the things of faith are eclipsed by the things of sight.

Now, against this large class, to whom religion is thus vague and unreal, may be urged the absolute *necessity* for it; the argument for religion, which rises from life itself; which comes from the nature and the aspects of the very things which absorb their attention, and with which they are so intimately engaged. This, then, is the purpose of the present essay: the argument against this practical unbelief which rises out of life itself; the *demand* for religion; for certain great truths that religion involves; the demand for these which comes from the phases of existence and of the universe all about us.

I affirm, then, that the movements of the natural world, and the cares and the interests of men, demand a *religious* interpretation. In other words, these things have their end and their significance in spiritual realities; or else, so far as we can discover, all things are aimless and meaningless.

Let any one — as, surely, from time to time, every wise man *will* do — let any one, for a little while, extricate himself from this busy machinery of life, let him shake off his special relations to it, let him put by those interests which seem

so large because they are so close to his eyes, and let him become a mere *spectator* in this universe; and how will it all appear to him? What is the meaning of nature? and what is the meaning of that humanity which is so intimately bound up with nature? This array of things all round about us — this magnificent world in which we live — one thing it seems to illustrate, and that is, the unchanging law of change — the rising and setting sun, the ascension and dip of the stars, the flowing waters, the wheeling wind, the punctual year; and generation succeeding generation, like the waves that heave and break. And human history, human experience, upon its wide stage, presents the same monotonous vicissitude. The same promises, and aspirations, and struggles, appear and vanish from the scene. In the revelations of a common nature — in the profoundest operation of motives and results — in *essentials* — “there is nothing new under the sun.” In the work-shops; on the wharves; in halls of revelry and upper chambers of mourning; is the same humanity, engaged with the same pursuits, striving for the same ends. The stream of life coursing through the streets, may differ in forms and faces and equipage, from those who go there no more; but it runs in the same foot-worn channels; it

pours into the same grave. Or if man seeks after the *new* in the realms of thought and truth — if he explores beyond the limit of what is already attained — it is still the old sadness of knowledge, the old restlessness and discontent. And, assuming that he has no data but what he *sees*, the best that such a spectator of life and of the universe can say is — “All things are full of labor; man cannot utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing.”

This is the best that a man can say, if life really *is* what too many practically make it to be. If the entire scope of our existence is bounded by the horizon of the senses; if it is actually shut in between the two conditions of birth and death; if it has nothing but material relations, and produces nothing but material good; this *is* the best that can be said about it. It is inexplicable and dissatisfying. It is a weary routine; and what is the profit? I re-iterate the train of thought here, in order that I may force the conclusion. If we give to this life of ours only a material interpretation — such an interpretation as thousands practically *do* give — then this entire mechanism of things is an inexplicable monotony. For, consider this being of ours, and the conditions of this being. Here is a stupendous apparatus; and for what end?

Let us look up from these dead walls of matter ; this blunt indifference of custom. Let us consider what we are, and what it is to live. We have been summoned into a marvellous existence. We inherit a rich experience. We are borne up among flashing splendors, and gulfs of mystery. Has this single thought ever occurred to any of us ? What a wonderful thing it is to *exist* — to be sentient — to be a conscious personality among all these forms of being. Marvellous, to feel, to know, to act ; to be intimate with beauty ; to experience joy ; yea, even to suffer and to mourn. Marvellous are life and all the relations of life ; we, and the universe in which we abide. And now, for what end ? Weariness and unrest, dust and ashes, if the limits of sense enclose the scope of our being, and in this outward, material life only we have any hope or good.

But just at this point I take up the argument for religion. I maintain that in all these phenomena of nature and of human life, there is a *suggestiveness* which lifts us above any skeptical conclusion, and which should wake us up from our indifference to the realities of faith.

I will not now refer to the more positive and lofty argument. I do not now urge the grandeur of existence — the conscious powers within us, and the appeal to these which comes from the

boundless universe without. But I take these very aspects of things which might excite a mere spectator of the great movement to skeptical questionings — I take these very aspects of ceaseless routine, and labor, and sadness — and from these I argue the conclusions of faith and the claims of religion.

And, in the first place, all this indicates a *purpose* in existence. These restless wheels of nature — this toil and travail of humanity — have an end beyond themselves. Were the working of things fitful and uncertain, we might infer otherwise. But this vast machinery of change, bound about with eternal unchangeableness — this incessant moving to and fro — this steady swing of order, now and always — indicates *design*; reveals a power and a plan, by which and for which it moves.

For instance, take these incessant processes of the material world. Now, nowhere in nature do we find any class or sphere of being complete in itself, and existing for itself alone. Our solar system is not isolated; it is but the constituent of a larger system, which in itself, it is quite probable, is dependent and revolves around a still more majestic centre. And when we hold the universal array, as much as possible, within the grasp of our imagination, we may still ask:

does it exist in and for itself alone? Is this splendid machinery both the agent and the end? Or does it not suggest an intelligent purpose? Surely, all this movement, this regular working, is not aimless. The sun climbing and descending his daily path, the wind sailing in its circuit, the waters drawn up into the atmosphere and poured back into the sea, these valves and arteries of force do not confirm a dreary skepticism, but they suggest faith in the spiritual energy which moves them, and in the moral ends for which they move.

If we would but clear our eyes and gaze with fresh vision up into the night, this very routine of obedient, silent nature — this incessant roll of worlds — itself would suggest a high destiny; a great object in life; something far beyond the indulgence of the flesh, or the limits of the grave.

Or, turning from these processes of nature, let us pass into the sphere of human action, and, do we not find the conclusions of faith confirmed here, in the struggles and endeavors of men? Do we not, for instance, find suggestions of religious truth in the aspects of toil? Most truly do I recognize the honor and the glory of labor; glorious and honorable in its antiquity, and in its monuments so thick upon the earth. The

long procession of labor!—coming out from the cities which it built in place of the shepherd's tent, and the pyramids which it piled in the desert; while the land-marks of progress spring up along its march, and the implements of civilization glitter in its hands. Glorious and honorable as it is beginning to be recognized, with the destinies of the future gleaming in its lurid fires and murmuring from its million wheels; anticipating time and cancelling space; holding its court in Crystal Palaces, and gathering the nations together in the name of constructive love! Glorious and honorable as it will be, when it shall have all its rights; when the feudal impediments that have clogged it, and the gilded indolence that has flung scorn upon it, shall give way before it; and there shall be no diadem so royal as its sun-burnt brow, no sceptre so potent as its outstretched arm.

But if such is labor, what of the *laborer*? These monuments of industry have absorbed the very sweat and marrow of men. Not only bones and sinews, but hearts and souls have wrought in these conditions of toil. And not only is labor encircled with glory, and crowned with power, but it involves problems too deep for the clearest philosophy; it presents aspects than which none upon this earth are so ghastly

and so hopeless. It shows us not only the noble workman smiting with the strong right arm of independence, or raining his sweat in broad, free furrows, but it musters its legions of the starving and the degraded; it throws open its hideous perspective of dark mines and lurid factories; its homes of poverty and temptation; the rice-fields where labor bows chained and bleeding; the garrets where the cold, dim light falls on the white cheeks of famine, and death's bony fingers clutch the dropping threads. The *work* of the world — *that* is all very well — that endures; but in the eye of a mere worldly philosophy — in the vision of a limited skepticism — what of the *worker*? Is labor the end of humanity, or is it a means? Nay, turn from these extreme cases; let any man ask himself — *Can* this be my entire destiny? to work for my daily bread only that I may continue to work; or at best to toil for some material good, that in a few years will be nothing to me? This incessant labor — this effort of sinew and brain — does it not suggest some end beyond itself? Do not even the best aspects of labor require the explanation that religion gives, namely, that life is a *discipline*; a training and use of our mortal conditions for spiritual ends? For the noblest fact connected with labor is this — that in the

ruggedness of effort the highest qualities of the human soul are brought out and strengthened. If we are spiritual beings, destined to immortality; if this sphere in which we now live stretches into another, and our action holds relation with eternal and unseen things, then there is a great purpose in toil; a moral significance, which takes away from it the aspect of a monotonous and aimless routine. There is, if rightly apprehended, a blessing in it, a priceless good, for the veriest drudge who is crushed under the weight of his daily task. It gives something better than bread to the poorest man who patiently stands in his lot, and bravely answers his call.

I maintain, then, that in these very aspects of toil, there is religious suggestion. The ordinance of labor must have an end beyond itself, and, surely, it is something more profound and more enduring than any material gain. The stars travelling in their orbits, and the earth turning on its axis; the running waters and the ceaseless winds, and man treading the weary round; — is *this* the whole interest and meaning of existence? No. The only adequate conclusion — the only interpretation which explains the phenomena — is the interpretation of religion: that all this travail is for immortal ends, and involves a spiritual result.

And surely, there is religious suggestiveness in the *sorrow* of life. "All things are full of labor." And nothing is more so than the heart of man, throbbing with disappointment and with bereavement, perplexed and torn. And does this saltness of life; do these common aspects of wo; these mourners who go about the streets, support the conviction that there is no higher good than what we see; and that the entire purpose of our being is compressed within the limits of earthly experience, and in the few days that vanish like the leaves? Can the speculative moralist detect nothing in this blight and shadow; nothing in these cries, and failures, and mortal agonies, but a melancholy riddle; — the tantalizing joys, the insignificant sufferings of a being who perishes before the moth? Can he write nothing in the dust of decayed hopes, nothing on the barrier-walls of the grave, but "Vanity! all is vanity!" An irresistible conclusion, if we accept a skeptical version of life; if we look at it only from a material stand-point. If there are no spiritual ends, such as religion teaches, and faith sees, then this burden of sorrow is inexplicable.

But sorrow itself suggests something better. Common experience will testify that affliction does not fall upon us as a final blow; not as an

end but as an agent; opening in us new springs of consciousness and of power. Life assumed a greater meaning for yonder mother — her soul became a more eloquent interpreter — when that babe first rested in her arms, and reflected indefinable love and wonder into her eyes. But still more grand became the meaning of existence — still more emphatic the oracle of her soul — when that innocence and beauty were taken from her sight. For *then* she felt the deathlessness of affection; then she became assured of immortality.

And for how many does sorrow break up the surface of life, like a strong ploughshare, and lay open those depths which are hidden by the calmness of prosperity? It is likely to be such an experience that turns the youth into a man; sets a more serious expression upon the countenance, takes from the world its flush of holiday, and banishes the delusion of an immortality upon earth. Disappointment and care initiate us into the work and the knowledge of life. Through their ministry there comes a profounder vision; more solemn but nobler thoughts; and the blossoming of better hopes. The exposure of finite weakness lets in the conception of the infinite. The sense of dependence leads us to God. In fact, the touch of affliction awakens a feeling

of the supernatural; in its presence frivolity grows still, and the worst men think of prayer. Permanent good may not always ensue from this. But the very waves which shatter a man's earthly trust and sweep away his delights, as a natural tendency, do not drive him to despair, but to faith. He feels around for something that he *can* trust in. He clings *then* to eternal verities. He is driven to the rest of God, and the hope of immortality. I accept the poet's conclusion — that,

“Not to suffer, is to want
The conscience of the jubilant;”

And

“Ignorance of anguish is
But ignorance, and mortals miss
Fair prospects by a level bliss;”—

And, arguing thus, this burden of sorrow, which weighs more or less heavily upon all hearts, does not confirm the proposition that all the significance of our being is enclosed within the circle of our mortality; it does not show itself to be a meaningless travail, but the agent of a nobler existence and a more enduring good. From its lips of anguish; from its blasted hopes, its mourning chambers, and its graves, it suggests that life has a transcendent purpose, and so gives an argument for religion.

And, finally, the entire apparatus of life gives just this argument. The great mechanism upon which, standing apart in meditative mood, we gaze, does not suggest insignificant or purposeless movement. To some great destiny — some end not superficial or visible — such a stupendous arrangement is alone adapted.

Here, then, stands our argument. Either the materialist has the correct interpretation of life, or else it is something far more than thousands practically make of it. We may press him with the question — if all this system of our present being works blindly, as a machine, and yet unlike any other machine has its end in its own working, then to what purpose such an array? To what purpose this magnificent universe, with all its starry wheels? To what purpose this marvel of human existence, with its ceaseless endeavor and its limitless desire? To what purpose this great movement of history, with all its successive generations, and all its evolutions of civilization and of truth? Is it a drama without a plot; and have the actors perished with the masks and the wardrobes? To what purpose the experience of the individual man upon this earth, with all his joys and sorrows? Is all this, indeed, nothing more than the skeptic makes it to be — a mere *spectacle*, with no moral significance

and no spiritual end? Is the upshot weariness and vanity, dust and ashes? These questions are already answered in the religious solution of these problems of our being.

But what answer can *they* make who theoretically accept this solution, but practically deny it? Who hold that life is not a mere surface matter — a plan enclosed between the cradle and the grave — and yet make of it nothing but meat and drink, dust and dollars? Surely, one hour of earnest thought upon the suggestiveness of life, would show them the reality of those religious interests which now seem so vague and far off. At least, the entire character of their lives will change in that hour when they feel compelled to believe *something*, and decide to *live* as they believe.

R E V E R I E

OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, DYING IN THE ABSENCE OF
HER HUSBAND.

BY A. E. REMINGTON.

'Tis past—the hope to welcome him
With kindly words on his return,—
The wish to learn how he has kept
Love's precious dust in memory's urn,—
The strong desire to know if peace
Has led him by her pleasant streams,
If he has scattered to the winds
The ashes of his boyhood's dreams.

I have no wish to see him now ;
And had I, it were worse than vain.
This wasted form, this sunken cheek,
Would cause to him a moment's pain,
And he would turn averted looks
From eyes death-shadows leave so calm,
And, with a man's cold pity, take
My wasted fingers on his palm.
No ; 'tis enough to think that he
Will feel a sense of something lost,
When, filled with hopes of tender days,
The restless ocean he has crossed,—
And in the house, and through the paths,
At sunset and at early morn,
Will steal upon his doubting heart
The consciousness that I am gone.

I love to think how he will hold
The curl, I bade my mother clip
From 'bove my temples, in his hand
And press it, may be, to his lip ;
How he will gather carefully
The simple gifts my fingers wrought, —
The silken chain to guard his watch, —
The torn leaf whose brief lines first taught
His heart how precious had become,
To me, the love he half confessed
When, wandering 'mid the orchard blooms,
We paused beneath the trees to rest.
But still most precious will he deem
The orange bud, so crushed and frail,
His playful hand snatched from the wreath
That fastened once my bridal veil.

He will not mourn as I had done,
If death had come to him the first —
His manly love knew not the woe
In which my own was born and nursed ;
Yet he will miss me and, I hope,
Weave garlands, sometimes, for my tomb ;
But tender eyes, perchance like mine,
Will smile away his spirit's gloom.
And he will tell some fair, fond girl
How much her look reminds of me—
That once he thought no after love
Could to his heart a solace be,
Yet would she share his lonely home,
The sunshine might once more return,
And on the chill, domestic hearth
The fire of love again might burn.

Half won by flattery — half by love —
 She'll yield to his caressing plea,
 And, with an inward wish to bless,
 Strive to become still more like me.

A quiet bridal, haunted by
 The solemn memory of a voice
 That years ago pronounced so clear
 The earnest vow of early choice —
 A hurried service, and a prayer,
 Suggestive of that day of grace,
 When one his heart dares not recall
 Before that altar held her place —
 Then all will pass — the tender hope,
 The longing to behold once more
 The wife they buried, while he mused
 And lingered on a distant shore.
 His heart will find it soothing joy
 To know that she can not come back
 To vex the quiet of his house,
 Disturb his home-life's even track.

Fair children, too, a rosy troop,
 May call him father, with a claim
 For love and favor at his hands,
 And one, perchance, may bear my name ;
 And when the evening prayer is said,
 It may be that his voice will take,
 Unconsciously, while naming her,
 A tenderer utterance for my sake.
 And when she grows to womanhood,
 I hope her face will seem to him
 To wear the beauty he was wont
 To praise, ere death-shades made it dim ;

And that her voice, like mine, will be
Best suited to the saddest songs,
With that sweet cadence, which, he said,
To gentle hearts alone belongs.
In her, his child, I fain would live ;
Recalling, in his later life,
The memory of his first love's dream,
The face of her first called his wife,
And still towards her, unawares,
A deeper tenderness may creep,
And be her name and mine the last
He utters ere he falls asleep.

I feel no pang in dying now ;
Sometimes I think it better so —
He will not see me growing old,
My graceful ringlets changed to snow ;
He will not learn to curl his lip
With hasty starts of wounded pride,
When strangers scan with critic eyes
The faded woman at his side, —
But in his memory I shall be
Forever young, and straight, and fair ;
And in his thoughts time will not braid
With silver threads my wealth of hair.
Fair faces that he praised in youth
With years of pain shall haggard grow,
And care, remorseless care, shall print
With furrowing lines the smoothest brow,
But by the altar in his heart
My image, like a saint's, shall be
The only thing untouched by time,
Unmarred by change, his eye can see.

'Tis well ! For me there is no pain
In any thought that death can bring !
Have I not drank, in panting draughts,
Joy's freshest sparkle from life's spring ?
And shall I faint and shrink away,
And fear the moment's bitter strife
That wins for me a place beneath
The shadow of the Tree of Life ;
That gains for me an entrance to
The city of Eternal Love —
That Heaven from which the Holy Ghost
On Christ descended like a dove ?

'Tis joy to die, to pass from earth,
Ere cares like waves o'erwhelm the soul,
Ere life becomes a time-stained page,
Where sin-black records blot the scroll —
To close the eyes as if in sleep —
To wake amid the cherubim,
And wait beside the stream of life
'Till heaven's gates are ope'd for him.

Warwick, R. I.

THREE PHASES IN A LIFE.

BY AGNES LESLIE.

PHASE I.

“SEVENTEEN to-day! — think of that, Lorraine!”

“Think of what? I do’nt see much to occupy a mind in that fact. What stupendous event hangs upon the completion of these seventeen years?”

“There! It’s just like you to cut me up with your sarcasm!” pouted the young beauty.

The young man, who was in some way connected in the family, though not a whit of relation to the young lady, albeit they called each other cousins, just turned his regal head over on the satin sofa-pillow, and said, with a shadow of a smile lurking in the corners of his fine mouth,

“I crave your ladyship’s pardon for my *brusquerie*, and humbly entreat to be enlightened concerning the matter. What do you intend to do at this grand crisis of your life? write a book, or astonish the world by some splendid achievement in science?”

She reached forward and set her little pink slipper on his toe. He pretended to wince with pain, and then grasped in his hand the offending foot, held it a moment admiringly, and finally placed it gently upon a brioche. She laughed lightly; he, graver in temperament, smiled back; and thus a glance—a motion healed the little wound. She came and seated herself upon a footstool at his side and began:

“I will tell you what comes of these seventeen years’ completion—freedom from school restraints, and entrance into society. Shall I tell you what I intend to do? I intend to make all the conquests I can, break about a dozen hearts, and finally to marry the richest, handsomest, most *distingué* man in the matrimonial market. One splendid achievement I promise myself”—and her brown eyes sparkled mischief—“the complete enslavement of my cousin Lorraine.” O, I shall put my foot, figuratively speaking, on your royal neck yet, *mon ami*.”

He elevated his eyebrows, smiled his provoking, indifferent smile, and whistled slowly an air of Donnizetti’s.

“I hope it is not me you intend to marry,” he said at length.

“Are you the handsomest, richest, most *distingué* man in the market, pray?” and she in her turn elevated her eyebrows.

“That is for you to judge, *ma belle cousine*.”

“Well you may set your mind at rest on that subject — I have no intention of marrying you. I do’nt believe your purse is long enough to furnish all these pretty shoes, and gloves, and laces, to say nothing of an establishment, and a coach and four.”

“Thank you, Miss Constance. I am sensibly relieved; your powers might be too strong for my resistance, and I might find myself led to the altar like poor Bunsby, if such was your will.”

She boxed his ears with her soft, but strong little hand till they tingled, and before he could retaliate she was running with the speed of a young deer up the long broad stairs. Five hours later she floated into his presence, all gauze, and flowers, and fashionable loveliness. He surveyed the faultless perfection of form, feature, and dress, with a coolly critical eye.

“Well, what do you think of me, or rather of Madame Duganne? — she made me up, professionally speaking.”

“I do’nt like so much making up — so many ribbons and bits of lace here and there — ’tis’nt artistic.”

“Pshaw! men never know anything about ladies’ dresses,” she returned in an annoyed tone.

He put out his hand.

“Come, let’s try a Redowa? — Saline will play, wont you Saline?” to the twelve-year-old school girl who was practicing at the piano-forte. Saline, who was not at all pretty and never would be here, already played much better than the beautiful, giddy Constance, her sister, and obligingly assented to his request.

He drew the perfumed fairy to his bosom, and to Saline’s enchanting music they glided round the room. At the second turn, mamma entered, hooded and shawled, and despatched Miss Constance and Master Lorraine for the same necessary wrappings.

“Why do’nt you engage me for a polka or something, before I am all taken up?” half petulantly inquired the beauty, as he took his seat beside her in the carriage.

“Well, let me see; — about the fourth quadrille, and the first waltz — of course you will dance the first quadrille with me; as your attending cavalier, that’s inevitable,”

“It need’nt be inevitable, sir;” was the reply, in haughty tone, with a toss of the head.

“Come, come, do’nt get angry with a fellow for the most innocent thing he ever said. I assure you I meant no disrespect to your royal highness. Wont you make up, as the children say?” and, without waiting for her answer, he

leaned forward in the darkness and pressed a noiseless kiss upon her lips. A little scream of wrath, and a resounding blow upon the impudent lips aroused mamma from her reverie.

“For pity’s sake, children, what are you about? It is strange, Constance, you will be so waspish with Lorraine; you are perpetually quarrelling with him!” Constance held a dignified silence, and Lorraine retreated to his corner and sung “I’m o’er young to marry yet.” The dignified silence was observed for full an hour, and then melted before the unusual deference of the offender. In trifling quarrels with cousin Lorraine — feasts and fetes — moonlight rides with Leander, and moonlight walks with Romeo — dressing, dancing, and flirting, the first season passed, and one phase of Constance Fielding’s life was gone. She had made many conquests; she had broken the dozen hearts — fashionably broken, not beyond healing, however; she had received the offer from the handsomest, richest, most *distingué* man, and singularly enough rejected him for the astounding, unheard of reason, in her May Fair circle, that she did’nt love him. The splendid achievement of Lorraine’s enslavement was yet in the distance.

PHASE II.

“ Papa, dear old papa, say ‘ yes ’ to a request I’m going to make ! ” and Constance Fielding seated herself on dear old papa’s knee, pressed her cheek of fresh bloom against his furrowed one, and put her warm, bare arms around his neck. “ What a baby you are Constance ! ” but he hugged the baby closer to his bosom, and stroked her bonnie brown hair caressingly.

“ Say yes ! ” she persisted.

“ Can’t you trust me, my daughter ; did I ever refuse a reasonable request of you ? ”

“ And did I ever make an unreasonable one, *mon pere*. Can’t you trust me ? ” Another kiss extorted the “ yes,” and then came the reasonable request. Constance wanted to go to Paris.

“ And what has put this idea into your head ? ” inquired her father ; “ because the Vernons and Heywoods, and some others of your fashionable friends are going — is that it ? ” She curved her lips proudly.

“ I do’nt care what the Vernons or Heywoods do. I hope I stand firm enough to set my own fashions of going and coming. No, papa, I’m tired of New York society. I’ve danced and flirted through it. I’ve gathered all the roses,

and there are only pinks and poppies left. I hate pinks and poppies, so I want to go to Paris to find more roses."

"Ah, my pretty pet, you'll find the roses of Paris will cloy as much as home flowers. Try the lilies, dear child. 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'"

"O, I hate lilies, too — the pale *pasée* things." "How metaphorical we're getting, papa," she laughed.

Well, he took her to Paris for more roses — the flowers of pleasure. Lorraine, who was now studying law with more ardor than he had studied society a year ago, came to bid her good-by.

"And so, in a year, you have run through all the gayeties of the city; you have, bee-like, sipped the sweetness from bud and blossom — and at the age of eighteen, sick of ennui, you flee to Paris for relief?"

"I cannot flee to law as you did, O wise and sententious youth, therefore I take what is left to a woman, or to me, and seek enjoyment in that gay capitol."

Supremely *nonchalant* as ever, he played with the charms on her watch chain, — jingling the hearts, and crosses, and crowns, with merciless hand, and watching her face all the while.

"Well, what do you read there?" she asks him at length.

“Weariness — you’ll never find *what* you seek *where* you seek it.”

“Come, do’nt for Heaven’s sake, preach a sermon on the vanities and vexations of this world, and advise me to put on mob-caps, and

‘Go teach the orphan boy to read
And the orphan girl to sew.’

I shan’t do any such thing; you men, self-sufficient creatures that you are, think all a woman’s destiny lies in taking care of babies and concocting a pudding.”

“Some men do, I dare say — all men do not, however. Don’t get bitter and caustic in your second season, *ma chere*.”

“And please, don’t break my gold heart; you have been treating it in a most savage manner for the last five minutes;” and she rescued the toy from his meddling fingers.

“There was no necessity for specifying the material, my sweet cousin. I never supposed that you possessed any other kind of a heart.”

“And is that the reason you have retired from society and hung your harp on a willow, because you despaired, like Pygmalion, of waking the statue you adored into life and love?”

It was rather a sharp turn. He laughed a little, and answered nothing, picking up a pic-

ture which lay on the *etagère*, as if weary of the subject.

“Constance, make me a present before you go?” was the next thing he said.

“Depends upon what it is.”

He held the daguerreotype towards her.

“That!” she exclaimed. He nodded assent.

“What do you want of my picture? I’m afraid you’ll neglect your business.”

“I’ll risk that. I want it because it’s pretty, to put on the what-not in my office.”

“It don’t belong to me — ask father.” But he didn’t ask father; he quietly pocketed it without another word. She made a wry face at him and called him a saucy fellow, and after a few more words he rose and held out his hand.

“Good-by, Constance; be a sensible girl and don’t ruin papa in gloves and laces; and at the end of the year write and tell me if Paris can cure ennui;” and leaving a kiss upon her fair fingers he was gone. She stood a moment just where he left her, and then running to the hall door called out as he was going down the steps, “Lorraine! Lorraine! come back, I forgot something.”

He came into the hall, and pushed the door to.

“I only wanted to say, if any thing should happen to me—if I should go where the mermaids are, or any thing of that sort, please send a copy of that picture to Aunt Jane, in Vermont.”

He promised, without the slightest shadow of extra feeling, and, nodding gayly, ran down the steps again.

Poor Constance! Frenchmen said the same airy nothings that Americans did—French balls, French operas, French parties were the same old story over again. At the end of the year she found her French roses withered and dead. Her father left her in a library, one day, with her mother, promising to call for them in a half hour. Constance wandered about, looked at the curious old books, yawned and sighed, and at last took a book hap-hazard from the shelf—“Descartes Philosophy.” It had a scent of home; she had heard Lorraine speak of it admiringly, and so she sat down and opened it. The half-hour flew by, and still another, and she forgot father was coming, until he looked over her shoulder, and started back in astonishment.

“*Pas possible, mademoiselle?*”

“*Certainement, monsieur,*” was her only answer.

“You are awaking, Constance,” he resumed, smiling.

“Yes, I am finding out there is something else besides the pleasures of ball-rooms.”

Gradually her society changed. Literary men, artists of both sexes, formed now the larger portion of it. She read much and well, and talked better than women of her social standing usually do. The second year in Paris was the most fruitful of any in her life. At its close, her father proposed returning home.

“Ah, wait a bit, dear papa, I don't want to leave all these beautiful studios — the Louvre, and the grand old libraries. I don't care to see the old familiar faces in New York, for

‘ — Now, alas ! I tire extremely soon
Of people, both the stupid and the clever ;
A book, a bust, a picture, or a tune,
Can keep its charms, and somehow charm for ever.’ ”

“Well, my birdie, you shall stay another year. But there will come a time when people, books, busts, tunes, pictures, &c., will all have their true and several charms — when nothing will ennui you, because you will have found out the secret of happiness — to accept the great mysteries of life and use them with prudent care.”

She smiled one of her new soul smiles.

“You talk like a philosopher, papa, and I

believe you are one, and perhaps as great and efficient a one as those whose names are bound in calf and vellum. Is that what makes you always so happy, papa? You are absolutely rich in content."

"I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand, and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakspeare's strain."

Is that ownership not enough to make a man rich?"

"Where did you get that from?"

"Familiar with German and French philosophers, and ignorant of the author of those lines! Oh, Constance!"

"But who is it, father?"

"I will give you his works to read; you shall then know, never to forget."

"Say it again, please."

He repeated the verse.

PHASE III.

"Home again, home again from a foreign shore," softly sung Constance, as she leaned on her father's arm, and saw the shore of her native land, after three years' absence.

"You are glad to see the old familiar faces now!"

“Ay, even the tall spars in the harbor greet me pleasantly.”

“You remind me of a person who has been ill of fever. After recovery, his system is completely changed — purified — like ‘passing through fire,’ in the Scriptures’ figurative language. The disease has not left a scar, though an impress.”

“Yes, I suppose I have grown old.”

“You have grown a woman, my love.”

She realized the whole extent of her father’s words, when she looked in the dressing-mirror of her room and met her own face. She remembered the undeveloped one that had last looked there, with its plump, child fulness and bloom — its radiant prettyness. The flesh had grown finer as it were; there was not so much of it. The awakened intellect had delicately sent its influence through every nerve and fibre. People had said, who had seen her in her first season, “Could any thing be more beautiful?” If they should see her now, they would comprehend that this was rarer beauty. Lorraine was her first caller. He was standing with his back to the door when she entered; and unheard upon the soft carpet she came to his side, and pronounced his name. He turned with his old feeling of superior age and wisdom to her. A thrill of surprise startled the wonted self-posses-

sion, and kept him silent. She had put her hand in his, and he drew her to the window, and gazed a moment in her face.

“Constance, you have found what you sought — you have come back a woman;” he hesitated — wonder of wonders for *him* to hesitate! “tell me, is it love that has changed you?”

Meeting his gaze calmly, she answered, “No, not love as you mean — love for one man. I don’t know — I somehow have awakened to the deep sweet mysteries of our common daily life. There is so much in this world — so much of genius and beauty — so much to think and do and to enjoy. Yes, I am in love — in love with Life,” and she quoted her father’s verse, which was now familiar to her.

The first surprise over, she came to him as the realization of some distant dream. He seemed never to have known her otherwise. Their old relations were changed as silently and mysteriously as a thought, and the new one fitted them like a long-worn garment. They sat and talked in this new-old relation deep into the purple twilight; and when they parted, the moon had risen, and the stars glimmered faintly through the blue. She went out upon the verandah with him, and again he looked at her with the new vision. Her dress was of soft lilac

silk, and flowed away in misty folds from the flexible waist. Moonlight slept in her hair, and touched the fine skin with a spiritual finger. The air was slightly chill with the April wind, and he approached her, saying,

“You will take cold, let me shelter you;” and he flung his ample cloak around her. The touch of her hand chained him — in silence, holy silence, he drew her to his heart. In that hour was born the mystery of their lives — in that hour they awoke to the affinities of their regenerated natures — in that hour, the spirit-marriage — the marriage of their souls — was consummated.

“We love each other,” he spoke at length. “We have always been destined for this oneness — this union. I recognised my half of life at once. You have come back to me — the bride of my soul. God brought you safely to my bosom.”

Mutely her soul answered his, and, with the stars to witness, he gave her Love’s first kiss.

A splendid achievement was indeed wrought, but far diviner than the one she had contemplated in merry sport.

Their days of betrothal passed as quietly as the lives of the unwedded or unmated. People marvelled, because they could not comprehend

the secret. Their love was friendship, and their friendship love, and pure as pure lives, pure hearts could make it. In their oneness, they felt no fears — no disturbances. Such love is “the synonyme of God.”

LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

'Twas a fair, sweet summer day —
 Stillness on the forest lay,
 Like the spell whose subtle power
 Broods o'er youth's enchanted hour ;
 Not a whisper of the breeze
 Murmured through the leafy trees ;
 Not a song-bird's warbling throat
 Broke the stillness by a note, —
 When a quick and bounding tread
 Rustled through the bosky shade,
 And a maiden, lithe and young,
 Lightly on the green shore sprung.

She was tall, erect, and slight,
 With an eye as dark as night,
 And as mournful as the shade,
 By the forest cedars made.
 Down her shoulders, dusk and bare,
 Swept her long, bright, jetty hair,
 Reaching, thick with corals bound,
 To the fresh and dewy ground.
 On her smooth, round, olive brow,
 Slept the sunset's warmest glow,
 As her dark eye slow she turned
 Where its parting radiance burned,
 Lighting up each wavelet's crest
 On th' horizon of the West.

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Waving passions, proud and warm,
Shook her young and slender form,
Love and hate lit up her face,
Heightened by a queenly grace,
As with changing cheek she stood
Gazing on that sparkling flood.

Soon the large drops, one by one,
Down her face unconscious run,
And upon her heaving breast
Tenderly her hand she prest ;
While a wild and sweet refrain,
Full of love and full of pain,
From her young o'erburdened soul
Over lake and forest stole,
Wakening every listening dell
With a sad and wild farewell.

The sunset dies
In the western skies
Bright tinging thy waves so blue,
As it did of yore
When my way I bore
O'er thy breast in my light canoe.
Ah - charay - me !
Shall I ever see,
When the night falls shining or foggy,
Thy fair green shore
Or thy bright waves more,
O, my beautiful Winnipiseogee?

O, I weep for the hours
When these wildwood bowers

Were roamed by my hunter young,
 And he sought me here,
 With the fallow deer
 O'er his stalwart shoulders flung.
 Ah - charay - me !
 'Twas a joy to see
 How he skimmed the low marsh so quaggy,
 Nor cared for toil
 When he cast his spoil
 At my feet by the Winnipiseogee !

O, the wild blast roared
 And the cold rain poured
 One morn as we trod the wild,
 But he wrapped my form
 In his blanket warm
 As if I had been a child :
 Then fast through fell,
 And through dripping dell,
 And through fens that were dismal and foggy,
 He bore me away
 Where my cabin lay
 By my beautiful Winnipiseogee !

Ah - charay - me !
 Minni - neppo - se, *
 Farewell to thy pleasant shore ;
 For a pale-hued race
 Now fills the place
 Where the Indian dwells no more !
 But I shall dream,
 By the Western stream

* Literally, " pleasant lake."

Where the shores lie noisome and soggy,
How the soft winds sigh
And the waves roll high
On my beautiful Winnipiseogee !

Like a dream the sad strain died
O'er the bright lake's glowing tide,
As the maid with lingering look
Now a last, sad farewell took
Of the lake, the wood, the shore,
That her feet should press no more.
Then across her hueless face
With a slow and mournful grace
Drew her long hair, like a veil
O'er a statue stern and pale,
And within the shadows weird
Of the forest disappeared.

THE MODEL FAMILY.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

WE spoke, last year, to the readers of this Annual, of "a model neighborhood;" we have now a few words to say upon model families. If we analyze a model neighborhood, we must, of course, find model families as the groundwork. Each family may not be a model family: one may excel in one thing, another in something else, but, altogether, they make up what we call a model neighborhood.

And it is so in a model family; the members of that family are not all perfect, but the peculiarities of one fit into the peculiarities of another. If one pushes a little too much one side, the one pushed against gracefully gives way till the whole, although made up of what separately looked like very incongruous and ill-shaped material, fits together like a piece of nice mosaic, and all is perfect and complete.

It is a sad thing to think of, but as far as our experience goes, we have not many model families; and this, not so much because the material required is so rare, as that the right pieces for

forming a perfect whole do not chance to get together. There is a puzzle we have seen children playing with, which, could we present it to you would finely illustrate our meaning. It is composed of a number of small, six-sided blocks; on each side of each block is painted part of a picture, so that when the blocks are properly arranged they form a perfect whole; and when one picture is thus formed, by turning it around we have successively six different pictures. But if no care is taken, if we put them together, as the children say, "just as they come," all is confusion — nothing is formed but unmeaning lines and figures; we see no order or design.

So it is in the world: mankind are the blocks, and it is because they are almost as senseless as the senseless blocks without a guiding power, that they seldom form a perfect whole; they take no pains to conform to one another; they do not turn themselves around to see if in any way they can be suited one to another; they forget that they are capable of taking more than one view of themselves or their fellow-beings, — while, perhaps, by a little condescension in this one, a little moving to one side of that one, or the taking a different view of another, they might discover that what little peculiarities they possessed might be arranged harmoniously, so as to be no cause of discord or confusion.

It is in a model family, as in the human body, each member has its place and its duty, but yet must be willing to assist and conform to every other member.

Sometimes the head is deficient in calculation, near-sighted in worldly matters, such as becometh the head to understand ; in this case trouble ensues, improvidence, loss, and perhaps ruin. Sometimes the head lacks its due restraining power over the members, and there is rebellion, recrimination, hard words, and, in some cases, open war. Sometimes the heart is wrong—good feeling is wanting between the different members, love shines feebly, dissensions spring up, there is no sympathy—only discord, dislike, petty bickerings ; and a company of perfect strangers would live together with more harmony than those who are of one blood and one kindred.

It is not so with our model family. Here, the head and the heart are in harmony, and there is no undue indulgence to, nor unnecessary strictness over, any of the members. But do not suppose this model family is a heaven upon earth, or that the children thereto belonging are little men and women.

No ; they are like other children, they are naughty sometimes and noisy often, they tear their

clothes like other children, and they often have dirty faces and soiled aprons, — neither are they all geniuses, they do not like study any better than other children; they often lose their spelling-books; Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are with them a certain cure for the head-ache, and a story-book much pleasanter reading than an arithmetic. But the strong head and the patient heart keep all in order, and, with untiring assiduity, fits each little block into its proper place in the family puzzle.

There is always in this model family a due respect shown by the younger members to the older; the children are taught to give the most comfortable seat in the room to their elders — never to interrupt conversation between their superiors; all these little forms of respect and common politeness, which in some families are totally wanting, are here strictly observed. And as these children grow older they are never heard to speak of their father as the “old man” or the “governor,” or to use any of these slang phrases. They are not ashamed to pay due respect to their mother and to heed her advice; and there is in their behavior to both father and mother a respect mingled with love and tenderness very touching to behold.

There is more regard for comfort than for

show in this model family — there is no foolish pride — no straining for effect — no going to the extent of one's income for the luxuries of life, and a scrimping and ill-advised economy of its conveniences and comforts. The house is rendered pleasant and attractive, so as not to give inducements by discomforts and an ill-arranged and cheerless home for its inmates to seek pleasure and excitement in unsafe and unbidden paths.

And under these influences, guided by the strong head and patient heart, the children of the model family grow up. And, say what we will about the quarrels of children, the quarrels of maturer years are much more serious affairs. How often do we see a family, after arriving to years of discretion, fall away from each other, — the tie which had held them but loosely together entirely broken, and each one going his own way, entirely careless of every other member. It is a sad thing to think of; and why is it that we see so much of it? Is it incompatibility of temper and disposition? Is it want of affection? Is it jealousy? Is it the force of circumstances? Or is it that a new love comes in, and the heart is so narrow, the soul so contracted, that the old love is pushed aside as of little worth? How is it that childhood's innocence

and love can all be soon forgotten? How is it that those who have been brought up together, who have played together, and who are of one blood, can be so estranged?

It is a truth so universal that it has passed into a proverb, that "Of all quarrels family quarrels are the most bitter," as of all wars civil wars are the most destructive. But there must be something wrong in all this — there can not be a sufficient ground-work of love to commence with, or the baser passions would not so gain the ascendancy.

Perhaps money, more than any one thing, causes dissension in families; for a few dollars and cents the love of years is forgotten, and for a mess of pottage, now, as in days of old, many an Esau sells his birthright. Perhaps one member of the family, more shrewd than another, grows rich, while his brother, less calculating, remains poor; one gets into fashionable life, gets bound up with its forms and conventionalisms, pleased with its glitter and sparkle, and unconsciously begins to look down upon his brother — is a little ashamed when he meets him in a seedy coat — does not ask him to his house to meet his wealthy friends. The other brother grows jealous — calls him proud — and fancies a slight where none is really meant; the ill-

feeling grows — they seldom meet — their children grow up without hardly knowing each other, and are certainly not taught to love each other as kindred ; and all this trouble, because they have stood apart, and have taken no pains to solve the family puzzle, and make it whole and perfect.

It is not thus with our model family. Years only strengthen the bond. The sons and daughters marry, but the father and mother lose no children, they gain them ; their hearts expand and take them all in. If the sons and daughters-in-law have faults, the hand of love gracefully turns the faults from sight, and sees only the virtue ; the new children fall naturally into their places in the family circle ; they are not perfect by any means, but the influence which has ever been at work here, is not at fault now. Love is the ground-work ; this all-embracing spirit takes in this new material, works it to its own ends, allows no fault-finding, dwells upon no peculiarities, turns the weaker points out of sight, enlarges upon the good, and, with a noble unselfishness, asks but little, and thus often gets more than is expected.

And so the model family widens and enlarges. The hair of the father and mother begins to be touched with gray, but they are beautiful still.

Children go away from the paternal home, but there are glad meetings in the old homestead; they come home — those children, with their chosen ones, and they bring with them their little leaping prattlers, and it is “grandfather” and “grandmother” now; and in these little ones, with their bright eyes and their curling locks, they see again the days of their youth.

O, these joyous meetings! — how the glad laugh, the merry greeting ring through the old home. How one daughter sits down by the side of the mother and tells her all about her Willie’s sickness; how the dear fellow had the croup, and they thought he would die; and the mother’s voice trembles as she tells it, and the grandmother’s eyes grow dim, and she wipes her spectacles as she says “the dear little fellow.” And another tells of Harry’s pranks, and droll ways, and queer speeches; and the grandmother smiles and strokes the little curly head and calls him “a sad rogue, just like his father before him.” One son sits down by his father and tells what he has done the past year, and how he has prospered, or they talk politics, speculate upon the next President, and the state of the crops, and the money market. And the younger boy, the scholar of the family, sits down by his mother’s side and tells her of his book,

his studies, and all the bright hopes springing up in his heart. O, how kind he is to her, how thoughtful he is of her; how sweetly she smiles upon him, — the son of her old age!

O, those happy meetings! how free from restraint they are! there is no company-behavior here; they talk, they laugh, they jest carelessly, freely; they play like very children, till the mother declares they grow noisier as they grow older; and the little ones look on with grave, mazed looks to see mother and father so wild. For they are children here at home; out in the world they are staid men and women; and there is no telling of how many years every such meeting cheats old time.

But to this, as to all families, sorrow comes, and when it comes to one it comes to all. There is much in human sympathy to sweeten sorrow; much in the love still left to still make us willing to bear life. And to the stricken one this human sympathy, this love, speaks in a kind voice which whispers, “In thy darkness and sorrow there are those who love thee yet, those who will cherish thee and keep thee from evil, and be to thee all that brother and sister can be. Some love is left thee still; through the cloud kind hands grasp thine, and the burden of the cross thou bearest shall be lightened by the many hands stretched out to help thee bear it!”

Sometimes they meet, and one little chair is vacant, one bright head is missing, one sweet voice is silent; and a soft and chastened sorrow falls on all. There is a tender tone in all their voices, and there is a loving deference, a touching attention shown to the bereaved ones; but nought of gloom, or darkness, or despair, falls upon the circle, but a quiet, subdued and chastened light seems to hallow it.

They are united in youth, they are united in after years; they are one in joy, they are one in sorrow. Love adds to their group, and they rejoice. Death takes from it, and though they sorrow, it is a sorrow mixed with joy, for they know the loved have but gone before them to the brighter land; they have gone from their sight, but they are with them in spirit yet; and the reunions that were made glad by their living presence are now hallowed by a sense of their spiritual guardianship.

And so time goes on, and whiter grows the hair of the aged ones, and deeper the furrows on the cheeks of father and mother; and by-and-by those gray hairs are laid softly and smoothly over the sunken brows; by-and-by those hands that have done so much, that have worked and toiled and brought up a family to God,—the noblest work that human hands can do,—are

folded over the still breast ; by-and-by those forms so loved are laid side by side in their last resting place ; by-and-by living hearts write on their tombstone " Our Father, Our Mother," and with their spiritual presence still about them, their children and their children's children keep on the journey of life, till one by one they in their turn shall follow them, and then in God's own time be united — a family in heaven.

CONTENT WITH FAME?

BY MRS. M. C. GRANNISS.

Said a friend, "They," (the Poets,) "must be content with
Fame!"

NAY, not for thee, delusive fame,
The poet strikes the sounding lyre ;
Oh ! not for this — a blazoned name,
Is kindled inspiration's fire ;
The soul to fuller stature grown,
Is ne'er content with these alone.

Oh ! then on childish sports bestow
The glitt'ring bauble — senseless toy ;
But let the bard's pure spirit know
A higher life — diviner joy, —
A life, whose essence sweet distils ;
Joy, that each chord of being thrills.

Content with Fame? As well might day,
Robb'd of the full-orb'd sun-god's beam,
Be cheated with a comet's ray —
Its fitful and fantastic gleam.
Ah ! no, a constant, purer light
Than thine, O Fame, must glad the sight !

Content, the Poet's soul should be,
But not with perishable flowers ;
With its indwelling harmony —
Its own God-gifted, wondrous powers ;
Content with these, to labor on,
Till life's earth-mission here is done.

Content to weave each holier thought
And every gentler pulse of love
With music's glowing strains inwrought,
To raise the soul from dust above.
Content to meet an humble lot,
Where strife and discord mingle not !

Content to soothe the mourner's breast
With words of tenderest sympathy ;
To still the passions' wild unrest,
And set the sin-thrall'd captive free ;
Content to stir each nobler aim ;
Content with these, but *not* with Fame.

Content, to raise an earnest voice
'Gainst rampant wrong, though gilded bright ;
Content, to make sad hearts rejoice,
To bring the darken'd spirit light ;
Content, to garner hopes on high —
To live — to love — to sing — to die !

Maple Cottage, Hartford, Conn.

VIOLA.

A PICTURE FROM ZANONI.

BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

ON the low sill sits the singer,
 Youthful, pale and fair,
 Twining round her slender finger
 Dreamily her hair,
 While above her head the fruited vine,
 Purpling deep the trellised arches,
 Bowers the open door ;
 Twines among the drooping larches
 And, athwart the floor,
 Weaves the shadow with the shine.
 There she sits : her heart a mine
 Ever, evermore,
 Filled with dreamings of Zanoni,
 The Seeker of the Stars !

Scarce is she beyond her childhood,
 With a child's young face ;
 Not a blossom of the wild-wood
 Hath a sweeter grace ;
 Not a song-bird pours a sweeter lay.
 Rich and low, the wild strain gushes
 From her slender throat ;
 Every bird its carol hushes
 As her trancing note

Mingles with the fountain's silvery play.
 Lone, unconscious, thus she wiles away
 Ever, evermore,
 Life in musings on Zanoni,
 The Seeker of the Stars.

Ah, sweet maid ! give o'er thy dreaming
 Of the youthful sage !
 Shun the light forbidden, gleaming
 From the mystic page
 Of his volumes weird and old !
 Waken ! there is peril, danger,
 In his glance, his smile ;
 Wed thee with the English stranger —
 He will not beguile.
 Though his lips be sometimes cold,
 He is yet of mortal mould ;
 But forevermore
 Bar thy heart against Zanoni,
 The Seeker of the Stars.

Rise ! betake thee, silent, lonely,
 To thy chamber still,
 Though thy father's spirit, only,
 Crosses now the sill
 By the living crossed of yore !
 Though no eyes, save his, now meet thee
 By the twilight hearth ;
 Though no voice but his may greet thee,
 Nor, in song nor mirth,
 Friend or lover cometh more,
 Linger there and shut thy door
 Closely evermore,
 Ere glides in the pale Zanoni,
 The Seeker of the Stars.

Warning vain ! thy heart is fated !
 Thine is woman's lot !
 By thy side Love long has waited,
 Though thou knew'st it not
 In thy child-like innocence !
 Now a new, divine emotion,
 Fathomlessly deep,
 Wakes thy bosom, like the ocean,
 Never more to sleep ;
 Never to be banished thence, —
 Never, until thought and sense,
 Lost forevermore,
 Die to earth and to Zanoni,
 The Seeker of the Stars.

When thy song's full tide was filling
 Life's diviner part,
 Like a flash electric, thrilling
 All the thousands' heart, —
 Did not *his* smile wake thy wondrous power,
 When, thy radiant robes around thee,
 All the mighty throng,
 With ecstatic plaudits, crowned thee
 Glorious Queen of Song, —
 In that proud, triumphant hour,
 Like a frail, dew-laden flower,
 Then and evermore,
 Bowed thy heart not to Zanoni,
 The Seeker of the Stars ?

Ay ! as suns in summer's Polar
 Never set in night,
 So, o'er thy young soul, Viola,
 In ne'er fading light,

Pours his spirit its bright, fatal beams.
Haunted by his eyes' dark splendor,
Closer, day by day,
Visions beautiful and tender
Gather round thy way,
Till, through twilight's softest gleams,
Through thy sleeping, waking dreams,
Ever, evermore,
Looks the radiant Zanoni,
The Seeker of the Stars.

Strikes thy doom ! the cloud is creeping,
Closing o'er thy head,
While thy Lares, vainly weeping,
Round thy maiden bed,
Pour their warnings on thy deafened ears.
Underneath the low vines, standing
Glorious by thy side,
He, with voice, deep, sweet, commanding,
Woos thee for his bride.
His henceforth, — thy few, brief years,
Interwrought with love and tears,
Ever, evermore,
Will be mingled with Zanoni,
The Seeker of the Stars.

AN UNFINISHED ARTICLE.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

[The following is, as it purports to be, an unfinished article. It is, in fact, the mere draft of an essay, which the lamented author signified his intention of preparing for this Annual, but which intention, like many other hopes and purposes, has been forever postponed. It has been thought, however, that even in this incomplete state, it would excite a peculiar interest as exhibiting the *processes* of the gifted mind that has gone from us, and as Henry Bacon's final contribution to the *Rose of Sharon*. The train of thought which it contains was suggested by the passage in the fifteenth chapter of the Book of Revelations : " And I saw, as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire, and them that had gotten the victory . . . stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God."]

EXILE may sometimes be the means of attaining the best visions of heaven, as those who were doomed to a residence in Australia, were the first to see its gold and gather its wealth. So with John; all the energy that once made him ask for power to bring fire from heaven on the inhospitable Samaritans, found expression in the glowing imagery of the Book of Revelation. Hardly can we realize that the John who speaks

in the Gospel bearing his name, is the John who pours out the torrent of thought and imagination in the Apocalypse. It shows how new circumstances develop new energies; and how, when religion has subdued the over-zeal and rashness of youth, it then uses this same energy for the holiest purposes. This is illustrated by the waters at Trenton Falls—see them falling and glittering with foam, and then placidly flowing, a mirror for the foliage above them, but soon they are gathered in a gorge of the rock, and leap in splendid chaos down to the channel beneath.

Persecution and exile made a new man of St. John; and all the scenery about him, as he dwelt on Patmos, became tinged with the rays of celestial meaning. Contemplating the Ægean sea at sunset, he had seen its waters all glassy, reflecting from their surface the crimson of the sun-painted clouds, and here and there the boats with their merry passengers sailed on the river, courting the evening breeze. The boats were hidden by the flashing brightness of the waters, and the singers, standing with their instruments of music, seemed to him as though they were standing on the sea itself, and he listened to the sweetest of all sounds—music coming over the sunset waters.

How naturally did this scene come to his mind in connection with the joy of the conquering souls — the victorious Christians ! He was to picture a class who, by fidelity, had escaped the evils which were to bring on others the judgments of God, — the pouring out of the vials of his wrath. His idea seems to be, the picturing of the joy that comes when the soul feels most forcibly the good of obedience. He had, I think, no idea of speaking of any rejoicing incompatible with true benevolence ; but rather that feeling of rapture which springs up in the soul when man, beholding some awful spectacle, is devoutly grateful that he has been kept from such sins as produced that woe. I felt this a little while ago, when walking through the medical wards of Blockley Almshouse. We are too indifferent to the scenes of daily life if we do not see the rapture of present rewards in contrast with the terrors of present retribution.

Those who have gotten the victory do not wait for reward, for they already stand on the crystal sea of purity, with the music of rejoicing from the harp of the soul.

Various applications have been made of the representation of the sea of glass mingled with fire, and of the victors who stood thereon, with the harps of God in their hands. Some have considered it as symbolical in this way :

1. *The sea of glass*, symbolical of the frail nature of earthly things.

2. *Mingled with fire* — of calamity.

3. *The victory* — of the triumphs of faith over evil.

Winchester used it to set forth what qualities were required in the preacher.

1. Sea of glass — clearness of expression; simplicity of speech; words as a transparency for the thoughts to shine through, like light.

2. Mingled with fire — earnestness; energy of expression; “logic on fire;” impassioned speech; the truth delivered as though it were felt to be the truth.

3. He might have added: — harp of God — the truth was designed to give music to the soul.

The great requirement of the pulpit is that the preacher should not only be a good scholar and a fine orator, but should teach religion from the deep experiences of his own soul.

Paul was so. His word was with power, as was said of Jesus. (Luke, iv. 32.) A man that told his own thoughts; spake his own experience; expressed his own hopes; plead for his own master and God. He brought the best energies of his mind and heart to bear on the treatment of matters of innermost concern.

But, after all, I think the Apostle's own application of his imagery is the best, as symbolizing the state of the true Christian, and as such I use it.

1. The sea of glass, representing purity of character and purpose.

2. The fire mingled with it, represents energy and earnestness of action.

3. The victors, represent the triumphs which can be achieved only by energy and earnestness pursuing pure aims.

4. The victors having the harps of God, is significant of the readiness of the heart to burst forth into song, because of the nature or character of the victories of purity and energy.

I. Purity — "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The astronomer must look through two atmospheres before he can reach his object — the atmosphere of the earth — the atmosphere of the stars. The atmosphere of earth many times blinds the vision; and a little telescope in one place, does what the great forty-foot Lord Rosse's telescope cannot do. So with the mind of man in reference to the knowledge of God: "He must be pure who would have a proper view of a pure being." We must clear the films from the eyes, and enlarge the powers of the mind.

“The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.” Love only interprets love. “God is love.” And the more pure we are, the more we are fitted to receive the light of immortality.

“How pure at heart and sound of head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour’s communion with the dead.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience, as a sea at rest.”

Then, to carry out this figure, the dead walk out on the calm sea, and we behold them glorified in the light of heaven, worthier of our love.

But we must never be satisfied merely with the purity of our aims or character, but we must see to the uses we make of the promptings to purity and love. Energy and earnestness are demanded of us — power of action as well as rectitude of purpose. The sea of glass must be mingled with fire.

We must help forward, with all our might, every work that tends to advance the cause of God and of righteousness in the earth. The soul of the genuine Christian is not only pure,

like the sea of glass, but it burns and glows with zeal and effort. He is an electric force in the world. At the antagonism of evil, at the touch of goodness, we feel the shock, we see the spark. There is no more inspiring, no nobler sight, than the spectacle of a good man thoroughly in earnest.

But this energy and zeal are not in their nature sad, nor do they issue in gloom. In the aspiration and the effort of the true Christian, there is a spring of perpetual joy, and there is a glorious victory. The pure heart, and the earnest soul, ever seeking, ever striving, comes out of all trials with a glorious triumph — and the victor stands, as it were, with the harp of God in his hand. Thus Paul exclaimed: — “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.” “Now, thanks be unto God who always causeth us to triumph in Christ.”

Thus, then, does the vision which John saw — the sea of glass mingled with fire, and the victors standing thereon with the harps of God in their hands — thus do the constituents of this vision symbolize the elements which are combined in the condition of the pure, earnest, triumphant and joyful Christian. Be it our

endeavor in our own lives to realize this vision. May the stream of our being be as the clear sea, reflecting the beauty of heaven, mingled with flashes of unquenchable energy. May our instruments of faithful labor, in the end, be changed to harps of victory ; and our song poured out to the glory of God, be the song of Moses and the Lamb, while we

“Triumph in conclusive bliss,
And that serene result of all.”



Hartwell. De.

J.W. Smith. Sc.

FLORENCE.

TO FLORENCE.

SMILE, nor let those bright eyes shine,
 Wondering, on me :
 Face so beautiful as thine
 Smiling e'er should be.

Rosebud-mouth and lips of cherry
 Suit a laughing mien,
 And the young should blithe and merry
 Evermore be seen.

Smile : the day will come hereafter
 When the tear perchance
 Will far oftener look than laughter
 Through thy speaking glance ;

When the cup of life that bubbles
 To the brim with joy,
 With the bitter dregs of trouble
 Will have sure alloy.

Smile, in free and open childhood,
 While the heart is light ;
 In life's long and tangled wildwood
 It will oft be night.

Smile, e'en then : for One is ready
 Gently on thy way
 Still to lead thee, true and steady,
 Turning night to day.

THE FALSEHOOD.

BY MRS. S. M. PERKINS.

EVERY heart has its history. And how many romances could be gathered up from the individuals with whom we daily meet, could the records of their hearts be known.

It was years ago, when life was fresh and glad to me, that it was my good fortune to number among my list of friends the happiest wife and mother whom I have ever known. She was beautiful, accomplished and habitually cheerful, and her heart seemed to overflow with love to God and her fellow creatures. Her home was a perfect little Eden, or at least so it seemed to me. From her whole soul she seemed to love and reverence her husband. He was a superior scholar, and a gentleman of refined feelings, yet taciturn and grave. The sins and sorrows of earth had cast a somewhat gloomy shade over his spirit, yet he gathered light and strength from the ever hopeful wife who presided over his home. It was evident that there existed between them the most perfect trust and confidence.

“I should like to know how your match came

about!" said I, one afternoon as we were quietly sewing in her little parlor.

"What has excited your curiosity upon that subject?" said Mrs. Forrester, (for this was her name,) with a smile.

"O, nothing! only I have been thinking about it since I have been your guest, and I have come to the conclusion that it was a *bone fide* love match," said I, "for the simple reason that you seem happier than the generality of people who are united by the silken bands of Hymen."

"Yes, we are happy," said she; "and no unkind word has ever yet passed between us; but that is because Edward is the best man in the whole world."

"Well, please tell me how you happened to be so fortunate as to secure the best man in the whole world for a husband," said I.

"As you seem so much interested, and as it is possible you may sometime be benefited by my experience, I will tell you. I was spending the summer with friends in the country, when I first met with Edward. When introduced to him I remember thinking him the homeliest person in the universe, and was perfectly astonished to hear my friends praise that pale, timid, and awkward young man."

"Homely and awkward! I am sure Edward is the reverse of that," said I, with surprise.

“I am giving my impressions,” replied she ; “and you must recollect that time, and years of good health, have wrought quite a change in his favor.

“He says,” continued she, “that he disliked me too, at first : so you see it was far from being ‘love at first sight.’ But we were thrown constantly in each others society, and my feelings changed to a profound respect as we became better acquainted, and I listened to the deep, earnest thoughts of his heart, and heard him portray the good he longed to do for humanity ; for he early told me of his purpose of devoting himself to the work of the gospel-ministry. I tried every way to dissuade him from the thankless task of doing any good to his race. I told him the world would repay him with starvation, or the dungeon, as it ever had its benefactors ; and advised him to use his talents in the more rational way of being a lawyer, and going to Congress some day : or, he had better be a physician, and make pills, and get rich, and thus receive the homage of the foolish world, as the wealthy ever did.”

But to all this he smiled sadly, saying, “I shall try to proclaim the gospel.”

“And in spite of my own theories, I liked him better for being so fully persuaded in his

own mind, and when alone I often found myself musing upon the probability of his future success. Still, I fancied he was nothing to me but a friend, whom I highly esteemed; and when the summer waned, and I was about to depart to my city home, and he declared his sentiments and asked me to share his future lot, I quietly rejected him. He asked the reason of my refusal, and in my wickedness I told him a deliberate falsehood, — that I was engaged to another. Foolish child that I was; I thought to spare his feelings, and had not the courage to say frankly, — I do not love you well enough to become your wife.

“ But I was sufficiently punished. He believed my words and thanked me for my frankness; and when we shook hands at parting, he said, ‘ I shall not forget you, and let us at least be friends, and may Heaven grant that your future life may be peaceful and happy.’ Thus we parted; I to return to my city friends, and Edward went in another direction to enter upon his chosen life-work. But how I abhorred myself for that falsehood! Sometimes I tried to think it a little white lie, that would harm nobody; but all in vain. That falsehood haunted me. Conscience, my own reason, and God’s word told me it was wrong. I tried to forget it and

Edward too; but this was likewise impossible. In my closet I asked God's forgiveness, but I could not humble myself to confess it to Edward and ask pardon of him. He had praised me for my frankness and sincerity, when I was a liar. How he would despise me if he knew it! I felt that I never could tell him.

“A year passed away. I saw the name of Edward in the public journals, as a worthy and talented young clergyman. And from my heart I rejoiced in his success, and felt that he deserved it. But that I might banish him from my thoughts, I plunged in the vortex of fashionable society, and the crowds were lavish of their admiration and flattery. But I had the good sense to see how shallow and meaningless it all was, and would gladly have exchanged all their homage for an hour of quiet conversation with Edward. In my hours of loneliness, I examined my own heart, and understood at last that Edward was dearer to me than all the world beside. But I never could tell him unsolicited what I acknowledged to myself. Besides, I had no thoughts of seeing him again. But He who notes the sparrow's fall, and numbereth even the hairs of our head, had ordered that we again should meet.

“The next summer, in company with my

brother and several other young friends, I visited Niagara Falls. We passed two weeks in the vicinity of this wonder of the great Creator. I will not pause to tell you my impressions of this scene, save that I longed to be alone, and muse there in quiet. The light remarks and gay laugh of my friends seemed out of place there, and the lessons I then took home to my heart will go with me forever.

“It was a delightful morning that we left the Falls and took seats in the cars on our homeward route. Nature was dressed in her richest summer robes, the sun was shining gloriously, and our party were very gay. No thought of danger entered my mind, till suddenly there was a crash, then another, and another, and down, down we went plunging with fearful velocity. But in that instant of time every deed of my life passed in quick review through my mind, and the prayer went forth to God to save my life, and the future should be consecrated to his service. And the conviction came that I should be spared. As we reached the bottom of the embankment, shriek after shriek of the dying met my ear; but I was unhurt, yet I found I could not rescue myself from the fragments of the broken car.

“But assistance soon came; and among the

stranger band I soon recognized a familiar voice, that I should have known anywhere. It was Edward's. 'Emma! Is this indeed Emma?' said he, as he saw me. I extended my hand, and asked for my brother, who was in the forward part of the car at the time of the accident. He pointed me to his mangled corpse, which had just been drawn from the ruins, but a short distance from where we were standing. Two others of our party were also among the dead. You may imagine what a world of misery was crowded for me in those few moments of time! It was a scene which I pray our Father may never cause me to witness again. There were parents, with despair upon their countenances, searching for their children, and infants wailing for their parents, who never again would heed their cries. Then there were the good Samaritans doing all in their power for the relief of the wounded and the dying. Foremost among the latter was Edward; but what a fearful time for us to meet again! He placed me in a carriage, to be conveyed to the hotel of a little village which was near; and thither were also borne the remains of my noble and idolized brother. And in the evening, after every thing was done for the sufferers that could be, he came to me. The hours passed in that interview are too sacred to be

lived over again, even to you, save that all pride was then gone from my heart, and I told him all, and was forgiven.

“I learned that he was a passenger in the train of cars going in the opposite direction, at the time of the collision, but he too, had been so fortunate as to be saved from the wreck of human life around him.

“The public journals duly chronicled this scene of horror as an ‘unfortunate accident.’ Society convicted no one of blame, and human hearts endured the desolation it caused as best they might.

“Edward accompanied me home, but remained only till we had borne away the dear departed to repose in the beautiful shades of Greenwood. But when the summer flowers had faded, he came again, and brought me to this our happy home. Thus you have my story, and you will please remember the moral, which is, never, in any instance, allow yourself to speak aught but the plain, unvarnished truth.”

“Thank you, for telling me this,” said I; “but what think you now of Edward’s profession?”

“I regard it,” she replied, “as the noblest employment ever commissioned to mortals, and I would not have him exchange it for any other earthly pursuit.”

AT REST.

BY JAMES LUMBARD.

SHE sleeps that quiet sleep,
 For which earth's weary ones are vainly sighing,
 While flowers, like angels, keep
 Mute vigils round the spot where she is lying,
 And leaves, that quiver in the trees o'erhead,
 Weave low, sad dirges for the tranquil dead.

The grave in silence holds
 The form that moved so lately in our presence,
 While memory still enfolds
 That love which ever made her life a pleasure ;
 Oh, not the shroud, the coffin, and the pall,
 Can clasp affection in their gloomy thrall !

Serenely o'er her fell
 The mantle of the missioned One of heaven,
 As dies the vesper bell,
 In low, sweet echoes on the air of even ;
 No anguished impress marred the voiceless clay,
 As sped the spirit to the realm of day.

How delicate and deep
 The fount of feeling in that gentle spirit,
 So ready eye to weep
 With all who pain and sorrow here inherit,
 Or joy with those who feel the thrilling kiss
 That wakes the soul to purest earthly bliss !

By few, aye few indeed,
Her outer life was comprehended duly,
And fewer still could read
The finer feelings of her nature truly ;
But they who held a place in her esteem
Found friendship full, a clear, unfailing stream.

Sad is the world to view,
Since to the grave in sorrow they consigned her, —
The worshipped of the few
Fond, loving hearts that all too deeply shrined her,
Who built the altar of their human trust
On what could fade, and found their idol dust !

We leave her to her rest —
The poor, tired body to its mother's keeping,
Her spirit with the blest,
Whose courts are saddened with no voice of weeping.
Peace to the dead ! Eternity is fraught
With glories which transcend our highest thought !

GIFTS.

BY THOMAS STARR KING.

* * * IF we reflect a moment, we shall see that most of the property now in the world has been given away, and that the destiny of the whole of it is to turn, one day, into gifts. The generation that preceded us labored hard for all their acquisitions ; they have gone, and their toil is all compacted into gifts to us. And how much more valuable to many of us are the houses, lands and estates that have descended to us, for the suggestions they make of paternal interest, prudence, energy and love ! The money, heaped by shrewd and steady devotion to worldly projects, is ennobled at last with a spiritual significance and value. To the son that lives in the house which sheltered his father, there is a worth in the roof, and halls, and grounds, which the assessors' estimate can not reach. Memory, reverence and love, weave their subtile wealth into its market value, and so the property of one age, made over to another, becomes elevated into a stimulant of the affections, and a friendly influence upon civilization.

And all that we are laboring to acquire must, one day, be given. Whether we heap a million, or barely secure a competence, we must give it all. It is singular, that such slender conventional divisions make such differences in the manifestations of human character. A man hesitates, on State Street, about the payment of another dollar in a trade; he goes home, and sets off a house to his daughter for her marriage portion, or gives a son half his fortune. Providence has appointed our social structure so that men are compelled, in some way, to be princely in their liberality. There may be some of our richest men that have a miser's heart, and worship a dime, but they are so locked in amid the generous relations established by the Almighty, that they cannot completely play the miser; they must live on a scale affixed by the recognized proprieties of affluence; they must give to those that bear their names and are dependent on their hands.

And as we have said, when we die, we have no choice but to disburse our opulence, to the last penny of it. God has beautifully opposed and balanced the relations we must sustain to the world when we enter it, and when we depart. We are born here helpless, poor, recipients. The first thing we can do is to be blessed

from the means and earnings of others ; the last thing we do is to give back, in payment, all our own. Reluctance can not alter that ordinance. Not a title-deed can the miser clutch, to comfort him with its company through the still spaces that divide the eternal realm from the grave. He may tighten his grasp upon bags and bonds as he feels the cold fingers searching for his heart ; but when they close upon that fountain and freeze its tides, he must disgorge all, and stand before the upper bar, as bare of visible possessions as when his infancy uttered its first faint cry.

The wise man said, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." Is not this last ordinance of Heaven a continual and impressive sermon to us that we should quicken and foster the giving spirit in life, so that it may not seem that we sorrowfully drop our acquisitions when the hour of compulsion comes — so that we may not be out of tune amid the generous laws of eternity?

It is not cheering to think of any departed man, that his last testament was more liberal than his own spirit ; that the parchment his attorney wrote, dispenses more charity than his living heart diffused. It is not good that the

frigid criticism should be possible of any dying benefactor of the race: "Well, the grasping and miserly man is gone, and his money will do some good now. He has bequeathed a portion of it to noble objects. While he could gloat over it he kept it, but when the grave yawned before him, his frightened soul threw some of it away." This, surely, is not the relation that should exist between a rich man's life and the gifts which death squeezes from the heart.

Is there not something most touching and elevating in the conception of how a ripened Christian, that has been blessed with prosperity, distributes his gold as he resigns his breath? It is with benignant countenance and open hand, as if he should say to the world, "Take it, for I do not need it more; take it, for the world has been to me a noble sphere and a pleasant home, bringing me to the knowledge of the Infinite Goodness, and to the joyful service of his will. The prosperity that has been vouchsafed me was from heaven, and with it I have striven to serve the Father's purposes; and now, let it go to aid the cause of goodness on the earth, with my prayer that it may hasten its victory." Is it not a beautiful provision of the Almighty, that such a privilege is offered us, as our last preparation for standing in his brighter presence,

— that the robe of charity is laid by every rich man's dying bedside, to be worn, if he pleases, at the marriage feast of the Lamb? With what more desirable introduction could the princely merchant go into the atmosphere of heavenly charity, than the proclamation there that his last will upon the earth was, "good will to men," that the gold amassed by his fortune and toil, was pledged by his pen, as the earthly light faded in his eyes, to the support or establishment of institutions — his gifts of mercy — that should long protect the unfriended, enlighten the ignorant, extend the knowledge of religion, and feed the poor!

THE LAST PATCH OF SNOW.

BY JOHN G. ADAMS.

TINY memento of the winter's reign,
 Reposing in the shadow of the wall,
 Ere thou hast left us ne'er to come again,
 Past scenes and seasons let thy face recall :

Days, when that robe of which thou art a shred,
 Lay everywhere the hills and valleys o'er,
 When winter's hosts were to their war-field led, —
 Her drifting squadrons 'mid the north wind's roar :

When lake, and mountain-stream, and river wide,
 The frost-king's potent hand had gilded bright
 With silver covering o'er the glassy tide,
 That gleamed in day's full blaze, or moon-lit night.

By drifts beleaguered, in the sheltering home,
 How blest the peace and comfort there enjoyed,
 Where the rude blast intrusive cannot come,
 And love's best sympathies are well employed.

And yet, again, I think of want and woe,
 O'er which that fading winter garb was spread,
 Unpitied suffering, or where mercy's glow
 Re-lights the hearth-fire, wakes to life the dead.

Soon, wintry visitant, and thou art gone,
These April rays will give thee flight ere noon,
And in thy sleeping-place shall there be born
The healthful buds and beauteous flowers of June.

Death's winter thus with man must have its reign,
Its cold shroud wrap this perishable clay,
But heavenly spring-time shall appear again,
And its last lingering vestige melt away.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

OH! how eloquently to our hearts does the summer speak of God's abundant mercies, making the wide earth almost too perfect in its loveliness. The unconscious birds bear us on their melody into His august presence, and the rustling leaves seem freighted with the music of his voice. The sea, in its glassy purity, is his fitting mirror, and the holy even-tide sweeps from his earthly temple each inharmonious sound, and leaves it meet for his descending angels.

Sleep is a solemn and beautiful mystery. It seems never so holy, as when it closes the fringed lids of the innocent child, and deepens the roses in its cheek, and pauses upon the half-closed lips that ever and anon break into smiles. But the sleeping infant over whose helplessness we watch so tenderly is no more defenceless than the strong man when slumber has enthralled his senses and his strength. Strange that one can ever commit himself to sleep, without the impressive thought of his utter dependence during the dark, still hours!

Station, riches, fame, are all good, but uncertain, perishing; and the glittering heap must all be left at the portals of the narrow house. If, therefore, there be a treasure of which Death can not deprive us, let the soul, first of all things, be certain of its possession.

The causes of grief are manifold as the stars of heaven or the sands of the sea-shore. They lie in the sunniest paths, blend with the shades of twilight, arise in the still watches of the night, attend upon the bridal, mingle with the dance, and start up by the fireside. Where shall the heart flee that sorrow may not come? Where is the lost Eden of perfect security and peace?

Around the graves that hide the forms of the departed it becomes us to gather all of the lovely that we may — types of the home where the spirit dwells, and whose rest we hope to share. While we guard carefully the sacred relics no longer inspired with the celestial spark, we can not confine to a little spot of earth the loves and sympathies that soar heaven-ward. We honor the form once “instinct with life,” but our hopes and aspirations tend to the immortal, and heaven becomes dearer as the home of our beloved ones, and nearer, as we see how short the step that

lies between. God lent us a casket containing a precious gem, and Death unsealed it, and gave the jewel back to be set in an imperishable circlet. The casket we put away from our sight that it may return to the dust; but reverent affection hovers about and adorns its place of deposit, since for the gem itself it can do no more.

The verdureless mountains, those ancient altars to God's worship, silent save when the winds sweep over them, have their language that the soul can understand. They speak of strength, duration, majesty, and rebuke the petty discords and contentions of men. Horeb and Sinai heard the accents of God's voice, and through them all other mountains became consecrated to His presence. Even as they lift the physical into a purer atmosphere, so do they raise the spiritual above the mists and shadows that beset its ways, and bring it into nearer contemplation of the All-perfect One, whose smiles illumine, and whose frowns darken, their summits. Thus do they become ministers of God to do his holy will.

There is no resisting the gentle influence of the awakening flowers, the soft, caressing breezes,

the music of birds, the lowing of the herds upon the verdant meadow, the hum of bees, and the genial sunshine. These minister not alone to the gratification of the senses, but also to the elevation and purification of the soul. Through them God speaks.

So many years have rolled away since first the voice of man sang praises unto God, that it would seem as if there were no new song in which to magnify His name. From the flower-enamelled sod of Paradise, on which God's eldest-born of earth knelt down in prayer, there ascended the melodies of nature, and blended with them were the aspirations of the innocent and grateful-hearted. Adam and Eve indeed sang a *new* song.

When the far-journeying sun 'sinks behind the western hills, and shadows deepen in the valleys, and, one by one, the birds trill their vespers and seek repose, and the toiling bee goes home with his reward, and even the flowers close their petals, — then, involuntarily, the soul acknowledges the presence of the Lord. The world, with its perplexities, withdraws, and leaves holy ground whereon celestial feet may tread, nor soil their spotless sandals. For the

jarring discord of human passions there is music sweeter than ever floated from Æolian harp, played upon by the summer winds from heaven; for the beloved and lost and mourned, there come precious assurances that "they live and love us yet;" and God is with us on our right hand and left, and, could we cleanse away the remaining spots upon the soul's tablet, we should see him as he is, for we might then be numbered among the pure in heart.

It is a soul rarely governed, purified and exalted, that can bear into the arena of life an abiding consciousness of God's near presence; and such a spirit is rich though its earthly tabernacle be lowly; and it is strong, though its fleshy vestments are crumbling away beneath the relentless touch of disease.

We are told there shall be no more sea in the heavenly country. Its ebb and flow, the soft blue of its bosom beneath summer skies, the pensive melody with which it greets the glittering sands upon its shores, or frets itself to foam around the old gray rocks,—these are all of earth, and have no place in the prophets' vision of heaven. The storms that pile its waters to mountain heights, and "crush the life from out

brave hearts," we feel assured could never disturb the harmony of the safe retreat prepared for the rest of the long-tried and weary-hearted; but, shall we not miss that which has so long spoken to us of the Infinite? Surely, it is a glorious privilege on earth to muse beside those never-resting, never-silent waters, boundless to the eye, and melting into the blue of cloudless skies. And will there be needed no such influences in that exalted state to which all aspire? Will the soul tend directly to its source without interventions and aids? Will it entreat only its Saviour's hand for help — its Saviour's smile for encouragement, nor seek as of old its Maker through his other manifestations?

SONG OF THE LILY-SPIRIT.

BY MARY L. CLARK.

The pale, bending lily is mine, is mine !
 Its beautiful flowers in my tresses I twine.
 Its breath, oh, how fragrant ! Its form, oh, how fair !
 How sweet the low music it rings through the air !
 When the zephyrs breathe o'er it, and stir its white bells,
 On my ear the soft melody tremulous swells.

The pale, bending lily !

The pure, graceful lily !

How music rings out from its exquisite bells !

'Tis Purity's emblem, — which ever remains,
 Although upon earth, wholly free from its stains ;
 No sin-woven fancies e'er mar its repose,
 Like music its life of serenity flows.

“ Oh, live like the lily ! ” the sweet blossom breathes
 With a voice floating up from its beautiful leaves.

The pale, bending lily !

The pure, graceful lily !

How sweet is the lesson it thrillingly breathes !

THE POOR MAN TO HIS BRIDE.

BY REV. G. T. FLANDERS.

YES, I am poor. My hands are worn
 And hardened by long years of toil,
 For I, like all my kin, was born
 To earn my bread from off the soil ;
 But in my bosom, warm and free,
 There beats a heart alone for thee !

I cannot place within thy hands
 The gold a son of wealth might claim ;
 I cannot give thee fertile lands,
 Nor scrolls of honor nor of fame ;
 Naught but a heart that's pure and free,
 Is mine alone to give to thee.

And this alone must be thy wealth, —
 And this alone must gladden life ;
 In hours of sickness and of health,
 In hours of sunshine and of strife,
 The heart, alone, thy wealth must be,
 And this I freely give to thee.

And wilt thou, for this gift alone,
 Desert thy proud ancestral hall?
 Where thou so many years hast shone
 The fairest gem among them all ;
 Ay, wilt thou, for my love so pure,
 The stings of poverty endure ?

Full well I read thy noble heart,
In those soft-beaming, lustrous eyes ;
It needeth not that speech impart
The boon wherein my being lies.
A heart that's true, and pure, and free,
Shall be a world of wealth to thee.

THE PEBBLE ON THE SHORE.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

A WANDERER upon the strand
 Of the wide sea, before him gleaming,
 Held in his open, curious hand
 A pebble, subject for his dreaming,
 Picked from the white encircling sand,
 Smooth as if polished in its seeming.

He gazed upon its perfect form,
 As true as if by art invested,
 Wrought by the force of many a storm
 That with the shore erewhile contested,
 And left, when closed the conflicts warm,
 In humble beauty where it rested.

“ ’Tis but a little stone,” he said,
 “ Scarce worthy of a close inspection,”
 But through his mind the pebble sped,
 And waked a train of deep reflection ;
 Like David’s, in Goliath’s head,
 That brought the giant to subjection.

“ Here is a truth most simply told :
 If this small pebble, idly lying,
 Had never by the waves been rolled,
 Its beauties none would now be spying,
 But in the sand or in the mould
 Its worth in darkness would be dying.

- “ But, dashed by the resistless sea,
It gains its beauty by its action ;
One round of motion, constantly,
Made it a thing of satisfaction,
Teaching this lesson unto me,
My heart will hold with strong attraction :
- “ Man, but a pebble on Time’s shore,
His soul were dead from inanition,
Though battling waves may chafe it sore,
And make its lot a vexed condition, —
It by the trial shines the more,
Needing the polish of attrition.
- “ And all the beauty that it knows,
Drawn forth by toil, in mercy given,
Upon the shoal in brightness shows,
Bright in degree that it has striven ;
At last in God’s own hand it glows
A jewel fit to set in heaven.”

THE SLEEPING BARD.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

WRAPT in deep dreams a sweet-voiced bard lay sleeping ;
His cheek and high brow pale as if with grief ;
When through the tower, o'erarched with flower and leaf,
A fair dame with her maiden-guard came sweeping.
She started — paused — drew near — her dark eye keeping
Fixed on the bard's sweet face, till in her breast
Her proud heart melted, and she knelt and prest
A light kiss on his lips as he lay sleeping.
At this, great smiles and whisperings awoke
Among the attendant maidens, as they deemed
Their high-born lady all too light besemed,
But she rose calmly up and gravely spoke,
“ I did but greet a seraph that keeps wait,
With songs of heaven at an earthly gate ! ”





