

on the green vineyards and danced in the broad blue river at a little distance. The sound of voices and busy feet from the cottage might be heard by the lonely stranger, who gazed silently on the happy scene. till the large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. There is something in the very loveliness and peaceful joyousness of a spring day, when nature seems awakening from her long wintry sleep, but to the sad heart, there is something in it inexpressibly melancholy, recalling as it does a thousand recollections of the past, and reminding him that there is a fresh source of happiness yearly springing up to all but him, and making him feel more lonely and desolate than before, but the stranger's grief was deeper than this, for he was Walter, and this was his home.

As he lay there he heard his own name pronounced, and he started from his reverie, and wished to conceal himself, but he was not addressed, though the voice that he heard was that of his own sweet sister Margaret. It was the day before her wedding, and she was talking with him who was soon to be her husband. She only wished that Walter could have been at home to witness her marriage, "but," she added laughing, "he will soon despise us all, for I daresay by this time he is a great man as he wished to be. God bless him; he was always a good brother to me." This one kind word was too much for poor Walter, he groaned audibly, and Margaret and her lover turned and saw him. Margaret shrieked aloud, and the next moment he was in her arms. The whole family were soon assembled, and the poor wanderer was welcomed back more heartily to his home than if he had come laden with riches and honour. Shame and wounded vanity still struggled in his breast for an ascendancy; but better feelings had been slowly winning their way there, and the hard lesson of adversity had not been learned in vain.

It was long before even the tender care of his mother and Margaret could restore his feeble health; but as his strength returned, he felt also the necessity of doing something for himself and others. "It seems strange," he said one day to Margaret, "that I should have been permitted to live, when so many of the truly great and good are dropping off day by day. If I were to die, none would be less happy; and my vacant place, even with those who love me, would be soon supplied, for my life has not benefited even them."

"Ah, Walter," replied Margaret, "live for what we are all made to live—to endeavour earnestly to fulfil the duties of that situation in which God has placed us. We may never know why these duties are allotted to us; it is enough they are ours; and the sum of each little day will be sufficient, if rendered faithfully to our Lord, in that time when our earthly labours are over. Live, dear Walter, to be good and happy, not to be great; were you to attain the utmost you desire, you would not be content; for were you greater than the greatest on earth, you would still be little compared with the angels in heaven."

"Yes, Margaret that is true; and, however slowly, we are still moving onwards and onwards. There is greatness in the thought of an infinite growth in wisdom and goodness, infinite as the Divine perfections. This is indeed glorious."

Walter had not yet been again at Strasburg; he could not resolve to see all his old companions, and to come as their debtor instead of their benefactor; but Margaret was the good spirit who urged him to throw aside that weakness, so inherent in us all, which makes us ashamed of doing that which is right, more than that which is wrong. An humbled, yet a greater man, Walter returned to Strasburg.

His first visit was to his uncle; this was also the worst; for it was hard to stand the prying eyes and curious inquiries of his old aunt, and harder still to feel he could be vexed by them. His old fellow-workmen had heard of his misfortune, and gave him a kind and hearty welcome, asking no questions. His last visit was to his master. He

received him at first sternly, more to conceal his own tenderness of feeling than because he blamed the youth severely. Walter told him all, and his master, taking his hand kindly, spoke as follows. "My dear boy, your experience has indeed been hard, but it has been of more use to you than all the advice of the wisest could have been. You have genius, talent, perseverance, with such qualities, you may indeed hope to rise to the highest position, but it must be by the same road as others who have gone before you. I offer you now what I offered you before; and, whichever you accept, I hope to live to see you attain the eminence you deserve. Walter accepted the partnership gratefully, and, no longer the victim of self-deluding vanity, he led a life useful to his fellow-creatures, and we may hope that he presented his talent with interest before Him from whom he received it.

To OUR READERS.—Mr. Hutton has been appointed collecting agent for the Herald.—Our City friends will therefore be waited upon by and for their subscription, and as the sum is small, we are satisfied, that parties only require an opportunity to pay to one authorized to receive it.

To OUR READERS.—The Canadian Family Herald is published by Mr. Charles Fletcher, Bookseller, No. 54, Yongo Street. It is kindly requested therefore that all communications intended for the Herald be addressed to the publisher, in order to prevent confusion, or delay in attending to them.

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HARMONY OF INTERESTS.

It is impossible to cherish too warmly, or appreciate too highly, the hallowing spirit breathes in the council given by Justus Moser, as coming from the lips of a wife and mother.—"I try to make myself and all around me agreeable. It will not do to leave a man to himself till he come to you, to take no pains to attract him, or to appear before him with a long face. It is not so difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband so that he shall remain in some measure a husband. I am an old woman, but you can still do what you like; a word from you in the right time will not fail of its effect; what need have you to play the suffering virtue? The tear of a loving girl, says an old book, is like a dew-drop on the rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is poison to her husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so: and when you have made him happy you will become so, not in appearance but in reality. The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife, he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity of letting fall an agreeable word. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you; and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed on you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind, and tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repinings." Who that has

studied life in its unvarnished reality will fail to discover that the greater part of the crosses and afflictions under which an happy constantly pine, arise from an unhappy tendency to look to some extraneous source for the comforts and amenities of life. When in the slightest way thwarted in the realization of their—perhaps too highly coloured—anticipations, they vent their spleen in the little circle, which none, of all others, should be sacred to harmony and affection.

"Man never is, but always to be blessed"

was a shrewd and pungent remark of Pope, founded on his acquaintance with the misanthropic sentiment which pervades society in its secret moments. There may be, and no doubt often has been, instances, which to the casual observer might reasonably warrant, a breach of the hallowing quiet that should crown the domestic circle, but instead of giving scope for petulance or morbid feelings, these are of all others the very cases in which the greatest suavity and affection should be displayed. A husband has begun to neglect his own fire-side. He has more business out of doors than he was wont to have, and by and by, when he has no business out, the wandering habit which he has contracted finds some imaginary duties to attend to. The cares of state press heavily on his own individual mind, and he must instruct others in the way of their duty. Thus he absents himself night after night, and it may be, returns with faltering step and vacant look, and rolls himself down upon an unsoftened bed, and is speedily drowned in soporific slumber. But, even this, the most harrowing trial for an affectionate wife, gives no license for all humour, or harsh, ungainly expressions on her part. Man in his happiest moments is subdued by love, and nothing but love in its purest and sweetest aspect will so effectually restore to the paths of rectitude. 'Tis then, that affection in its fondest endearments will exercise a potency, unknown to any other principle in nature. Colton has sweetly sung.—

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow:
From our ourselves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut our home.

This is the true philosophy of life, and so far as it is pursued with an unsophisticated mind, will yield the most healthful, satisfactory, and enduring enjoyments.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

I have never in my journey through life, known of one circumstance to invalidate the truth of this aphorism, or even to leave its verity in the balance, suspended between doubt and decision. At all events the instance I am about to narrate forms no exception to the rule. One afternoon, about the middle of autumn, some years ago, there might have been seen wending his onward way not far from the base of the Ochills, a young lad, not very tidy looking to a stranger's eye; and to those who knew him, with a mind as rugged as his corporeal framework. He was in fact a fitting representative of that class of hard-working individuals whom Dr. Johnson in his northern excursion endeavoured to mystify, when he was so ingeniously defeated by the waggish Dr. Pitcairn. This young lad was in the habit of driving coals from the Coal-fields of Sauchie and other adjoining places, to supply the inhabitants of the little town in which he endeavoured to breathe out an existence. But his horse which a few days before looked as if it had seen better days, and very much in appearance like what Willie Peuley might have been within two days of having finished its lessons, had the day before died from sheer exhaustion and debility. This no doubt was an unlucky affair, as the young lad had no other means of support, and other members of the family depended somewhat upon his exertions for part of their living. The whole family were thus rendered disconsolate, and it was no wonder that the lad wandered on rather ruefully on the day in question. But fate had