

of his ideal woman, fair to look upon, lovely in its origin, purity and beauty. Out into the world he gazes for its original, and thinks when she is found his Heaven is near. He seeks with earnest glance, and like Relas cries,—“Where? Where! I love thee, tho’ I know thee not.”

At length, a glorious vision is presented to his view; and this he thinks without reflection is, “His likeness, his fit help, his other-self, his wish exactly to his heart’s desire.” And before he has studied her character, or knows her mind, he has opened his heart to receive her; but he finds there is a place there—a lonely, quiet place—into which she may not enter. At first he is startled; then he turns away from the dreaded reality, and shutting his eyes to the fact which is distinctly rising before him, he walks hastily into his “Holy of Holies;” drags forth his heart’s best treasure; and presents it as an humble offering to the beloved of his bosom—no; to the one he supposes he loves but for whom in reality he cares nothing. His heart throbs hard, his eyes kindle, his cheek is flushed, his hands are cold and tremulous and the burning temples are laced with the blue and corded veins, as he awaits its reception. But, alas! the flush dies away from the eager features and a tired wistfulness—a pitiful sorrow—steals into the face, a sigh escapes the parted lips; one hot tear falls from the sadly drooping eye-lid, and a sharp pain pierces through his heart. And why? His gold is counted but dross, his pearls are trodden under the feet of his divinity, she does not appreciate their true value—their real worth. Well, was it the girl’s fault? Think a moment, and you will see where the trouble lies. You were mistaken. If you will you may take back your gems, and by faithful waiting some day find one worthy to receive them. One who will come into your heart’s most lonely recesses and guard your precious treasures. It has been observed that “any ordinary person may work but it takes a hero to wait;” and there are few (?) heroes in our world to-day, at least this one is not heroic and does not wait, or if necessity compels him to, there is no heroism in the act. His faith once shaken refuses to trust again; his confidence once misplaced refuses to confide; and with a bitter smile, “a smile a thousand times more bitter than tears,” he turns away from all his cherished dreams; and shuts down all those youthful aspirations with this sentence on his lips,—

*“There is no reality.”*