

the reach of law. These reflections of course must have regard to special cases and be modified by the circumstances of each, but by no means let us give up general principles.

No profession or occupation is free from the dangers to which we have alluded. Whatever may be our studies or pursuits, we are in some danger of occupying a mere professional point of view; especially if they lead us into contact with injustice and crime. We are always more or less liable to deceive ourselves, and accepting specious arguments for truth, we may come to regard the eternal laws of right as wavering and uncertain and not as fixed and immutable.

Against such results we cannot watch with too great vigilance; and while we strive to keep our understandings clear, let us keep our hearts fresh also, and never amidst the cares of business or the excitements of pleasure, suffer them to grow callous. We should endeavour to break away from everything that has a tendency to narrow the horizon of our thoughts and feelings. In the more limited brotherhood of our particular profession let us never forget the wider brotherhood of man; and extending one hand to those beneath us and with the other grasping the outstretched hand of the wise and good above us, we may form a telegraphic chain, throughout whose length our influence shall be felt, and whose highest extremity shall reach the skies.

#### THE LADY'S LESSON; OR, HOW TO LOSE A LOVER.

BY MRS. EMMA E. EMBURY.

It was a chill tempestuous evening in autumn. The wind rose in fitful gusts, now uttering a long low wail, like the voice of human suffering, and again swelling into the loud fierce tone of threatening wrath, while the dead leaves, whirled from the dry branches by the force of the tempest, swept by, with the gushing sound of some winged creature, and the sullen bursts of rain dashed with the force of hailstones against the unsheltered casement. It was a night when the poor man's cold hearthstone and scanty spread board look doubly desolate:—a night when the child of fortune gathers around him all the comforts and luxuries of life, feeling their value increased tenfold by the force of contrast. In a handsome apartment, whose rich carpet, silken hangings, and costly furniture bore witness to the presence of wealth, while the gilt harp, the open piano, the

velvet-covered books, and the delicate *bijouterie* scattered around spoke no less of taste and elegance, sat two persons who seemed peculiarly fitted to dwell amid such scenes. The lady was young and very beautiful. Her simple but carefully arranged dress displayed the contour of a superb figure, while her attitude, as she bent over the harp, was one of exquisite grace. In seeming idleness of mood, she lightly touched the strings, and murmured rather than sung the touching words of an old ballad. Her eyes, downcast and shrouded from view by her heavy black lashes, were never once raised to the face of her companion, although the rich color which gradually deepened in her cheek might have betrayed her consciousness of his ardent gaze. It was a subject for a painter—that stately chamber, with its picturesque adornments, visible by the soft moonlight of a shaded lamp, while the beautiful creature who occupied the foreground of the picture, was not more worthy of the artist's pencil than was the noble thoughtful-looking man, who, half reclining on a sofa, watched her every movement with a loving eye. Indeed, charming as was the lady, there was far more for both painter and poet to study, in the face and mind of her companion. Charles Lilbourne had been, all his life, a dreamer rather than a student. A large fortune which he inherited at an early age, had enabled him to shun the sordid paths of worldly business, and the gratification of his intellectual tastes had occupied his early manhood. Gifted with fine talents, he also possessed those strong passions which are ever the attendants on mental vigor, but his noble elevation of soul guarded him from the errors that often await an excitable and impulsive youth. His intellect seemed to purify the atmosphere of his moral nature. Virtue in her homeliest garb was to him "altogether lovely;" and beauty in all her witchery was an object of loathing if the soul of good was wanting. His poetic fancy shed its own rich light over every thing in life. Susceptible in the highest degree, he invested the beings whom he met in society with attributes that rarely exist in the grosser air of worldiness. He opened his heart to them, led them into the vestibule of his affections, and even gave them glimpses of the light which glowed behind the veil, when the sudden discovery of some weakness, some defect, some want of sympathy, would awaken him from his dream and leave him distrusting and desolate. Frequent experiences of this nature had made him somewhat reserved in manners. He had been so often disappointed that he almost doubted the existence of truthfulness in the world. He had indulged in