

I again see, a youth so beautiful, so winning, so overwhelming to a maiden's heart, as he before whom I now implore permission to grovel in the dust—Send me away—spurn me from you—let me crawl away out of your presence—I can find my way back to my father's house."

It might have been a trying thing to the pride of this high minded and high born youth to be refused in marriage by the daughter of one of his poorest Shepherds, so would it have been had he loved less, but all pride was extinguished, and so seemed for ever and ever the light of this world's happiness. To plead for her he felt was in vain. Her soul had been given to another, and the seal of an oath set upon it never to be broken but by the hand of death. So he lifted her up in his arms, and kissed her madly a hundred times, cheek, brow, neck, and bosom, and then rushed into the woods. Amy followed him with her streaming eyes, and then turned again towards the beautiful lady, who was sobbing audibly for her brother's sake.

Oh! weep not lady! that I poor Amy Gordon have refused to become the wife of your noble brother. The time will come, and soon to, when he and you and your fair sisters and your stately mother, will all be thankful that I yielded not to entreaties that would then have brought disgrace upon your house. Never—never would your mother have forgiven you, and as for me, would not she have wished me dead and buried rather than the bride of her only and darling son? You know that simple and innocent as I am, I now speak but the truth, and how, then could your noble brother have continued to love me, who had brought dishonour, disagreement, and distraction, among those who are now all so dear to one another? O yes—yes—he would soon have hated poor Amy Gordon, and, without any blame, perhaps broken my heart, or sent me away from the Priory back to my father's hut. Blessed be God, that all this evil has not been wrought by me! all—all—will soon be as before.

She to whom Amy thus fervently spoke, felt that her words were not wholly without truth. Nor could she help admiring the noble, heroic, and virtuous conduct of this poor shepherdess, whom all this world's temptations would have failed to lure from the right path. Before this meeting she had thought of Amy as far her inferior, indeed, and it was long before her proper pride had yielded to the love of her brother, whose passion she feared might otherwise have led to some horrible catastrophe. Now that he had fled from them in distraction, this terror again possessed her, and she whispered it to the pale trembling shepherdess, "Follow him—follow him gentle lady, into the wood—lose not a moment—call him by name, and that sweet voice must bring him back. But fear not—he is too good to do evil—fear not—receive my blessing—and let us return to my father's hut—it is but a few miles, and that distance is nothing to one who has lived all her life time among the hills. My poor father will think I have died in some solitary place."

The lady wept to think that she, whom she had been willing to receive as a sister, should return all by herself so many miles at night to a lonely hut; but her soul was sick with fear for her brother—so she took from her shoulders a long rich Indian silk scarf of gorgeous colours, and throwing it over Amy's figure, said, "Fair creature and good, keep this for my sake—and now farewell!" She gazed on the Lily for a moment in delighted wonder at her graceful beauty, as she bent on one knee, enrobed in that unwonted garb and then, rising up, gathered the flowing drapery around her, and disappeared.

"God in his infinite mercy be praised! cried Walter Harden, as he and the old man, who had been seeking Amy for hours all over the hills, saw the Lily gliding towards them up a little narrow dell, covered from head to foot with the splendid raiment that shone in a soft shower of moonlight. Joy and astonishment for a while

held them speechless, but they soon knew all that had happened, and Walter Harden lifted her up in his arms and carried her home, exhausted now and faint with fatigue and trepidation, as if she were but a lamb rescued from a snow wreath.

Next moon was that which the reapers love, and before it had waned Amy slept in the bosom of her husband, Walter Harden. Years passed on, and other flowers besides the Lily of Luddisdale were blooming in his house. One summer evening, when the shepherd, his fair wife, and their children were sitting together on the green before the door, enjoying probably the light and the noise of the mps much more than the murmurs of the sylvan Lullaby, which perhaps they did not hear, a gay cavalcade rode up to the cottage, and a noble looking young man, dismounting from his horse, and gently assisting a beautiful lady to do the same, walked up to her whom he had known only by a name now almost forgotten, and with a beaming smile, said, "Fair Lily of Luddisdale, this is my wife, the lady of the Priory—come—it is hard to say which of you should bear off the bell." Amy rose from her seat with an air graceful as ever, but something more intently than that of Elliot's younger bride, and while these two fair creatures beheld each other with mutual admiration, their husbands stood there equally happy, and equally proud—George Elliot of the Priory, and Walter Harden of the Glenfoot.

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## CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1852.

### OMISSIONS.

Owing to the space devoted to the interesting proceedings at the Mechanics' Institute Soiree, in this day's number,—Our Literary Notices, Artists' Corner, Natural History, &c., have been excluded. We shall make up lee-way by and by.

### MECHANICS' INSTITUTE FESTIVAL.

The Annual Soiree of the Members of the Mechanics' Institute, given complimentary to the Lecturers of the past season, was held in St. Lawrence Hall, on Monday evening. The attendance was numerous and respectable. Upwards of 300 persons were present. The Hall was well arranged, and the supply of tea, coffee and confections was highly creditable to the purveyor, Mr. Webb, of Yonge Street. Mr. Cumberland, President of the Institute, occupied the chair, and beside him sat several of our most respectable citizens. The Rev. Professor Lillie, asked a blessing, and after ample justice had been done to the refreshments, Rev. Mr. Richardson returned thanks.

The Chairman then said:—

### LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

In pursuance of an agreeable practice you have been invited by the Committee of the Mechanics' Institute this evening to do honor to the Lecturers of the past season, and to join them in expressing a lively

sense of gratitude for services of high value, and to be joyously rendered.—Following the excellent example of my predecessor and friend Dr. Croft, I propose to take this opportunity of submitting to you a brief statement of the transactions of the Institute during the past year. Referring, as is my special duty, to the Lectures which have been delivered, and endeavouring as succinctly as possible to lay their purposes, arguments, and conclusions before you, and finally to submit my own impressions as to the future prospects of the Institute and the responsibility which attaches to those who live within the sphere of its influence. Happily this is a social meeting, a sort of family reunion of the Institute where anything like an attempt at oratorical display would be out of keeping—but what a pleasant talk! (as the Indian would have it—) over our past efforts, and our hopes of the future, may agreeably, and I trust profitably engage our time. I am unwilling therefore, to give to our pursuits this evening an impress of formality by urging upon you the stereotyped plea of inexperience and inability—*its truth you will discover quite soon enough*—but I am content to rely upon that indulgence which you always extend to those who have dug deeply at heart, the interests which they advocate, are, by the very excess of their anxiety that it should not suffer at their hands, perhaps the less able fittingly to promote it. I am besides in somewhat of a dilemma, seeing that during a considerable portion of the period which we shall have under revision, I was absent from the scene of our transactions; engaged it is true upon a duty intimately connected with them, and yet, one which (much to my regret) deprived me of many opportunities of rendering that assistance and co-operation which the Institute has always a right to expect from its Officers. During that absence I was frequently and pleasantly reminded of this Society and its doings, for whilst the Annual Exhibition of 1851 was being held in our Hall I had gratifying reminders of its predecessor of 50 in the many excellencies contributed by Toronto to the Canadian Section of The Crystal Palace.—To that Section, stunned by the excitement of the scene, the magnificence of the structure and the surprising wonders of its contents,—to which (as Brougham has it) "not all the words of all the languages that tongues were ever attended to speak" can render even feeble justice—to that section I was always happy to retire, for it was a link which united me with this Institute, and one to which I was proud to point as illustrative, in part, of its usefulness and its energy, of the skill of its members and of their patriotic efforts to apply that skill as a lever with which to elevate their country in the eyes of the nations. But these Exhibitions were at that time no new feature in the transactions of this Institute, and I regard it as one of the most gratifying circumstances attending our connection with The Great Exhibition, that at the time of its proposal we at least were not found napping—we were not aroused from a slumber of sloth, for we had already adopted its principle, we had already embarked and had successfully accomplished several Exhibitions based on the same purpose.—Our Hall had already been the scene of a generous rivalry betwixt the Manufacturers, Mechanics and Artisans which from year to year had exercised so powerful an influence towards improvement that when they came to take their places side by side with their European competitors, a rank was accorded to them which some of their most ambitious rivals would not have been ashamed to occupy. I have referred to this, because, with the exception of the course of Lectures, the Annual Exhibition, has hitherto been perhaps our most marked and popular measure, and although it may possibly be expedient to suspend it for a year or two, yet it appears to have been productive of so much good that it should certainly be retained as one of the permanent features of the Institute. It is not to be expected that these exhibitions year after year can retain the novelty by which they were at first characterised. Happily we are a practically busy people, and our time is so fully occupied by di-