

GEOFFERY MANNING.

BY ANNA LENYAN.

"The beautiful are vanished, and return not."



ERY bright and very beautiful was the young Geoffery Manning. To look on his fair earnest face; to meet his large dark eye, sad in its earnestness,

though almost joyous in its gleam of affection, produced upon the spirit, heart, brain — what we will —

that excitement which sends a thrill through the frame, brings tears into the eyes, and makes us long for that purity which in our best moments we thirst to have for ours — such as the deep swelling organ brings; a landscape bathed in autumn sunset, every sound of melody, or sight of beauty.

How earnestly would he clasp a new thought; how fondly gaze upon it, till, in his childish consciousness he felt it was all his own — forever written on his brain, or laid upon his heart.

"Blush—blush," murmured he one day—"what is blush," turning his soft, earnest eyes upon us, "is it when I stand on a fence and kind o' tremble lest I fall." Hesitating for an intelligible answer, we said—

"You blushed, Geoffery, when you whispered so low to me the other day, and told me who was the little girl you loved the best."

A burning crimson mantled his cheek, a beautiful smile wreathed his lip, and the merriest light we had ever seen shone from his eye as he said, "I shall never forget,"—and turning away to dream of the

new thought that met his consciousness.

His love of truth was very beautiful in its simplicity and its strength. "Do you think I know as much as Horace Beman? he one day asked;—Horace was one of his school-fellows; a boy of uncommonly "bright parts," and several years his senior, although they were playmates—"No, Geoffery," we answered, "I think you are as bright a boy as Horace, and will know as full as much as he if you live to be as old, but I don't think you know as much now." Deep disappointment was pictured on his face, and with an almost agonized earnestness he said, "will he *always* know more than I do? Shall I never *catch up*?"

After thinking a little while he spoke more calmly: "Horace Beman can write a letter—think I can't?—Mayn't I write you one?"

We have the letter now—a sweet record of his childish love of the simple, the clear, the untinted truth.

The little boy had not got into "small hand," and each letter was about a quarter of an inch in height—round, open, and distinct.

It was the adventure of a cat he told of, and in one sentence he wrote, "out run o puss."

"What is that o for Geoffery?" said we.

"I was going to write *our puss*," he replied, "and I had made that o when mother said it was not ours that did it, but one of the neighbor's."

And that love of truth never left him, but he ever shrank with loathing from the least odor of falsehood, and would turn away faint and sick when in the transactions of buisness he marked the swervings even of "honorable men."

Too strong for the health of so young a spirit were all his passions