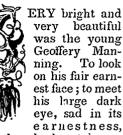
GEOFFERY MANNING.

BY ANNA LEMAN.

"The beautiful are vanished, and return not."



-what we will --frame, brings tears into the eyes, and makes us

long for that purity which in our best moments we thirst to have for can't?—Mayn't I write you one?" ours - such as the deep swelling organ brings; a landscape bathed in autumn sunset, every sound of of the simple, the clear, the untintmelody, 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." tating for an intelligible answer, we said ---

"You blushed, Geoffery, when bor's." you whispered so low to me the other day, and told me who was the little him, but he ever shrank with loa-

girl you loved the best."

cheek, a beautiful smile wreathed and sick when in the transactions his lip, and the merriest light we of buisness he marked the swervhad ever seen shone from his eye ings even of "honorable men." as he said, "I shall never forget," and turning away to dream of the young a spirit were all his passions

new thought that met his consciousness.

His love of truth was very beautiful in its simplicity and its ERY bright and strength. "Do you think I know very beautiful as much as Horace Beman? he was the young one day asked;—Horace was one Geoffery Man- of his school-fellows; a boy of un-To look commonly "bright parts," and sevon his fair earn-eral years his senior, although they est face; to meet | were playmates-"No, Geoffery," his large dark we answered, "I think you are as eye, sad in its bright a boy as Horace, and will earnestness, know as full as much as he if you though almost joyous live to be as old, but I don't think in its gleam of affec- you know as much now." Deep tion, produced upon disappointment was pictured on the spirit, heart, brain his face, and with an almost agonized earnestness he said, "will he that excitement which always know more than I do? sends a thrill through the Shall I never catch up?"

After thinking a little while he spoke more calmly: "Horace Beman can write a letter - think I

We have the letter now — a sweet record of his childish love ed 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," Hesi- he replied, "and I had made that o when mother said it was not ours that did it, but one of the neigh-

And that love of truth never left thing from the least odor of false-A burning crimson mantled his hood, and would turn away faint

Too strong for the health of so