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her former history from view, might we venture to sketch a few scenes in a life, not blackened by deeds of darkness, but lightened by acts of virtue, ay, and of heroism,—heroism, not that which nations delight to listen to, nor that which is trumpeted by the voice of fame, but that which, in the dwelling of poverty, in the sick chamber, and over the death-bed of the beloved, sheds its all-reviving influence; heroism, which, though unknown on earth, shall be made manifest in heaven.

THE PARTY.

We enter the large and well-ventilated halls, pass up a broad staircase, whose velvet carpet gives back no echo to the tread, and enter an anteroom at the west end. The apartment is crowded; numbers are gathered round a table leisurely sipping their coffee, while others are standing at a little distance, with their cups in their hands, discussing the occasion which has brought them together.

"To-day, Miss Dalton has arrived at the age of eighteen, you observed, did you not, Doctor?" said an elegant looking young man to a somewhat staid and elderly gentleman.

"Yes," was the reply; "and on this auspicious night she makes her first entrée into fashionable life."

"Is she as handsome as her sisters?"

"From the few opportunities I have had of observing, I imagine she far surpasses them; but you must judge for yourself."

"I saw her once at a public exhibition," chimed in another gentleman who had been standing near the speaker, "to which she accompanied her sisters, and thought her then the loveliest creature I had ever beheld; but that was several years ago, and she may have altered."

"Well, well, gentlemen," said Dr. Fleming pleasantly, "if she is only half as handsome as reported, with the attrac-