

certainly, carefully considered before you adopted it, the proposed basis of a settlement, did you not?"

"Of course I did."

"So the letter which I have prepared for you states. Now, as an honest and honorable man you are, I am sure, willing to grant to him the same privilege which you asked for yourself, viz: that of proposing a plan of settlement. Your proposition does not seem to please him; now it is but fair that he should be invited to state how he wishes the settlement to be made—and in giving such an invitation, a gentleman should use gentlemanly language."

"But he don't deserve to be treated like a gentleman. In fact, he has no claim to the title," said the young man.

"If he has none, as you say, you profess to be a gentleman, and all gentlemen should prove by their actions and words that they are gentlemen."

"I can't say that I am convinced by what you say, but, as you seem so bent on having it your own way, why, here, let me copy the thing and sign it, said the young man, suddenly changing his manner."

"There now," he added, passing across the table the brief letter he had copied, "I suppose he'll think me a low spirited fellow, after he gets that; but he's mistaken. After it's all over, I'll take good care to tell him that it didn't contain my sentiments."

Mr. Trueman smiled, as he took the letter, and went on to fold and direct it.

"Come to-morrow afternoon, and I think we'll have things in a pretty fair way," he said, looking up with his usual pleasant smile, as he finished the direction of the letter.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Singleton," he said, as that gentleman entered his office on the succeeding day.

"Good afternoon," responded the young man. "Well, have you heard from that milk and water letter of yours—I can't call it mine."

"Yes, here is the answer. Take a seat, and I will read it to you," said the old gentleman.

"Well, let's hear it."

"DEAR GEORGE.—I have your kind and gentlemanly note of yesterday, in reply to my harsh, unreasonableness and ungentlemanly one of the day before. We have both been playing the fool; but you are ahead of me in becoming sane. I have examined, since I got your note, more carefully the tenor of your disposition for a settlement, and it meets my views precisely. My foolish anger kept me from seeing it best. Let our mutual friend, Mr. Trueman, arrange the matter, according to the plan mentioned, and I shall most heartily acquiesce.
Yours, &c.

THOMAS WILLIAMS."

"He never wrote that letter in the world!" exclaimed Singleton, starting to his feet.

"You know his writing, I presume," said Mr. Trueman handing him the letter.

"It's Thomas Williams' own hand, as I live!" ejaculated Singleton, on glancing at the letter. "My old friend, Thomas Williams, the best natured fellow in the world!" he continued, his feelings undergoing a sudden and entire revolution. "What a fool I have been!"

"And what a fool I have been!" said Thomas Williams, advancing from an adjoining room, at the same time extending his hand towards Singleton.

"God bless you, my dear friend!" exclaimed Singleton, grasping his hand. "Why what has been the matter with us both?"

"My young friends," said old Mr. Trueman, one of the kindest hearted men in the world, rising and advancing towards them, I have known you long, and have always esteemed you both. This pleasant meeting and reconciliation, you perceive, is of my arrangement. Now let me give you a precept that will make friends and keep friends. It has been my motto through life, and I don't know that I have an enemy in the world. It is,

"A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

PREACHING AND LABOUR GIVEN UP FOR THE PAUPERS.—Owing to the rush of paupers at Bellevue, New York, it has been found necessary to erect some 200 bunks in the Chapel of that institution, and also to convert the work shops into hospital rooms. Two or three sheds are now in course of erection, for the reception of a large number who are now without a shelter over their heads.

THE REVELATIONS OF ASTRONOMY.

(Continued from North British Review.)

When the advocates of the undulatory theory were embarrassed with difficulties, they entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with astronomical theorists. The existence of a rare elastic medium, diffused through universal space, which that theory required, was regarded as the resisting medium which retarded the motion and shortened the periods of comets; and the changes in the period of Encke's comet were pronounced to be the undoubted result of this obstructing force, although the very opposite effect was produced on Halley's comet, the period of which regularly increased at every succeeding return. The theorist, however, is never perplexed, and his resources never fail. Encke's comet and Halley's move in opposite directions—the one from west to east, and the other from east to west; and it has therefore been suggested that the luminiferous ether revolves from west to east, in virtue of a rotary motion communicated to it by the continued motion of the planets in the same direction, thus producing a different effect upon the two comets! When we consider the nature of a comet, the variations in its phenomena during any portion of its period, and the striking differences between its colour, its brightness, and its apparent magnitude, at its successive re-appearances, we need not wonder that a body thus susceptible of change, and actually changed, should not return in precisely the same period of time. If the other comets, like Encke's expand as they enter the colder recesses of space, their tails, which are even when near the sun one million of miles in length, may encounter other objects or come into mutual collision, and thus deprive one or other of the conflicting bodies of a portion of its mass. Our knowledge, in short, of the nature and design of comets, of the functions which they perform during their long residence in foreign climes, is so utterly insignificant, that to make it the foundation or the support of any theory is unworthy of a sound philosophy. Those speculators, who believe that there is a compensatory adjustment in the mutual action of the planets, in virtue of which the solar system will, if left to itself, have an eternal duration, will not readily admit the existence of a resisting medium which must ultimately destroy it, and those who like Sir Isaac Newton, believe that the sun is recruited by comets, and that the vapours of comets, when rarified and diffused through space, may, under the influence of their own gravity, be attracted down to the planets, and become intermingled with their atmosphere, will not consider the supposition unreasonable that a comet does not return to our system either of the same tonnage or with the same freight.*

Having thus briefly surveyed the planetary domains—those glorious spheres of which Omnipotence has given the life to man, and to other beings—his equals, or perchance, his superiors; and having cast a glance at those pilgrim stars which seem to maintain a secret correspondence with our own,—our readers must now transport themselves across aerial steppes, which, uncheered by life or by light, stretch from the outer planet of our system to that of which the nearest star is the Sun. This inconceivable void, measuring more than 21,000,000,000,000,—twenty-one million millions of miles across in every direction upwards, downwards, and around us, separates our system from the sidereal heavens. These heavens, with all their host, once seemed to revolve daily round our terrestrial ball, and ignorant and presumptuous man, believing that they did, imprisoned or burned the philosophers that proved it to be false. To an eye removed from the earth, and at the verge of our system, as ours is supposed to be, the very idea becomes ridiculous. To that eye, the earth is not even visible, and the whole starry creation, and the sun itself, dwindled into a star, stands fixed and immovable. Here reigns universal silence and repose. Nothing moves but the throbbing heart—nothing is heard save the anthem to nature's Lord—great and marvellous are thy works—just and true are thy ways.

Before we enter upon a survey of the sidereal heavens, we should fix in our memory the following measures of celestial magnitude and distances:—

* "I suspect," says Sir Isaac Newton, "that the spirit which makes the finest, subtlest, and the best part of our air, and which is absolutely necessary for the life and being of all things, comes principally from the comets."