Would you learn the bravest thing that man can ever do?
Would you be an uncrowned king, absolute and true?
Would you seek to emulate all you hear in story,
Of the Moral, Just, and Great, rich in real glory?
Would you lose much bitter care in your lot below?
Bravely speak out, when and where 'tis right to
utter, No.

When temptation would you lead to some pleasant wrong,
When she calls you to give heed to her syren song,
When she offers bribe and smile, and your conscience feels
There is nought but shining guile in the gift she deals;
Then, oh, then, let courage rise to its strongest

Show that you are brave as wise, and firmly answer

Few have learned to speak this word when it should be spoken;
Resolution is deferred, vows to virtue broken;
More of courage is required this one word to say,
Than to stand where shots are fired in the battle fray.
Use it filly, and you'll see many a lot below
May be schooled, and nobly ruled, by pow er to
utter, No.

MIRK ABBEY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN UNCHEERFUL PICNIC

By the time Lady Lisgard returned to the Abbey, notwithstandidg that the sleek bays had devoured the road with all the haste of which their condition permitted, it was long past the breakfast-hour, and her absence from that meal provoked no little comment from the members of her family. Nobody was able to allay their curiosity as to what could have taken mamma to Dalwynch, but Miss Aynton did her best to stimulate it.

"She has gone upon Mary Forest's account," said she—"that is all I can tell you. I never knew any one take such trouble about her maids as dear Lady Lisgard.'

"Yes, Rose," replied Letty warmly; "but it is not every maid who has lived with her mistress thirty years. I believe Mary would lay down her very life for dear mamma, and indeed for any of us. When I read those stupid letters in the papers about their being no good old servants to be seen now a days. I long to send the editor a list of our people at the Abbey. Mary, indeed, is quite a new acquisition in comparison with Wiggins and the gardener; but then she is almost faultless. I have heard mamma say that there has never been a word between them.

"Not between them, indeed, Letty," returned Miss Aynton laughing; "for Mistress Forest has all the talk to herself." Sir Richard smiled grimly, for Mary had been in his bad books ever since her attachment to "that vagabond Derrick.

"Good, Miss Rose!" cried Walter—
"very good. I wish I could say as much for this so-called new-laid egg. Why should eggs be of different degrees of freshness? Why not all fresh? Why are they ever permitted to accumulate?"

My egg is very good," observed Sir Richard sententiously; "how is yours, Miss Aynton?" and he laid an emphasis upon the name, in tacit reproof to his brother for having been so familiar as to say 'Miss

"Well, Sir Richard, I am London bred, you know, and therefore your country eggs, by comparison, are excellent." I wish I could think," said the baronet

with stateliness, "that in other matters we equally gain by contrast with Town, in your

"I believe London is the place to get everything good," remarked Walter simply. We are going to-day, Miss Aynton, tinued the baronet, without noticing the interruption, "to offer you something which really cannot be got in town, and which hitherto the state of the weather has forbidden even here "

Ah, for shame Richard!" interrupted Letty, holding up her hands. "Now, that was to be a surprise for Rose. —It's a picnic my dear. I daresay now you scarcely know

what it is. "I can tell you, then," ejaculated Walter with acidity: "it's packing up all the things you would have in the ordinary course at luncheon in a comfortable manner—except the bread, or something equally necessary, which is always left behind-and carrying them about six miles to the top of an unprotected hill-in this particular case, to a tower without a roof to it—there to be eaten without tables or chairs, and in positions the most likely to produce indigention that the human

body can adapt itself to 'I have always been told that being in a bad humor in the most certain thing to cause what you eat to disagree with you," observed Letty demurely .- "Never mind what Walter says. I am sure you will be delighted, dear Rose; we are going to Belcomb, a sort of shooting-box belonging to us, about five miles away, aud built by grand papa."
"Commonly termed 'Lisgard's Folly, added Master Walter.

'Not by his descendants, however. should hope, with one exception," observed Sir Richard haughtily—"I will thank you, Walter, not to cut my newspaper."

Master Walter had seized the paper-knife

as though it had been a more deadly weapon and was engaged in disembowelling one of the several journals which had just arrived I did not see it was yours." returned he.

"Goodness knows, nobody wants to read the Court Journal but yourself. The idea of not liking one's newspaper cut.' "Yes I must say, my dear Richard," said

Letty, playfully patting her elder brother, next to whom she sat, on the shoulder, "that is a most singular objection of yours. I think it certainly proves that you will always remain an old bachelor."

Sir Richard maintained his frowning silence. Master Walter twirled his silken moustache, and looked up at Miss Aynton with a meaning smile.

What is your opinion upon this subject,

said he, "Miss Rose?" "Insolent!" exclaimed Sir Richard, rising so hastily that he knocked over the chair on on which he had been sitting. "How dare you askesuch questions in my presence?'

"Richard, Richard!" cried a reproving voice; and lo! at the open door stood my Lady, hollow-eyed and pale, and with such a weariness and melancholy in her tones as would have touched most hearts. - "Am I ever to find you and Walter quarrelling thus? Yes, I have heard all, and think you both to blame; but nothing can excuse this violence. If I have any authority in this house at all, not another word, I beg.

Sir Richard bit his lip, but resumed his seat; Walter went on quietly dissecting the Illustrated London News, with an air of interest; Miss Aynton very accurately traced the pattern of her plate with her fork; Letthe innocent cause of the outbreak, shed silent tears. Altogether, the family picture was gloomy, and the situation embarrassing. My Lady reaped this advantage, however, that nobody asked her a word about her expedition to Dalwynch.

"Do not let me detain you at table, my dear Letty," said she, breaking a solemn pause. "Miss Aynton was so good as to make my coffee this morning, and therefore it is only fair that she should perform the same kind office now."

Glad enough of this excuse to leave the room—a movement felt by all to be very difficult of imitation—Letty rushed up stairs to indulge in a good cry in her own bedroom, "the upper system of fountains" only having been yet in play. Sir Richard gloomily stalked away towards the stables; Walter lounged into the hall, lit a cigar, and paced to and fro upon the terrace beneath the windows of the breakfast-room, with both his hands in his pockets. Whiffs of his Havana, and scraps of the opera-tune which he was humming, came in at the open window, to these who yet remained. My Lady had much too good taste to dislike the smell of good tobacco, and the air which he had chosen was a favorite one with her; perhaps Master Walter hummed it upon that account. He was to leave next week to join his regiment-although not immediately. It was only natural he should wish to spend a few days in London after he had had so much of the quiet of Mirk, and yet my Lady grudged them. How pleasant everything about him was; how dull the abbey would be without him; what a sad pity it was that he and Sir Richard got on so ill. If she were to die, would they not turn their backs on one another for ever, and be brothers no more; and if something worse than Death were to happen to her -No. she would not think of that. Had not all that could be done to avert such utter ruin been done that very morning? There was surely no immediate peirl now-no necessity for such excessive caution and self-restraint as she had been obliged of late months to exercise; it was something to have breathing-

space and liberty. "I hope you are coming with us to the picnic, Lady Lisgard, now that that horrid

man has gone?" said a cold quiet voice. My Lady, looking out of window at her favorite son, and lost in gloomy depths of thought, had entirely forgotten that she had invited Miss Rose Aynton to bear her company. She did not dare to look upon her questioner's face, though she felt it was fixed on hers, reading Heaven knew what. How had she dared to think of liberty with this domestic spy under her very roof! What should she answer to this dreadful question Something this girl must know, or must suspect, or she would never have ventured thus to allude a second time to the man Derrick after her rebuff in the morning. Above al things she would follow Mistress Forest's advice, and get Miss Aynton out of Mirk Abbey, She had intended to speak to her respecting what had just occurred at the breakst-table: that would also offer an oppor tunity to say something more.

"Yes, Rose, I am going with you to Belcomb. It is a very favorite spot of mine-It was about that expedition, partly that I wished to speak with you. about to ask you to be very careful in your conduct towards my sons this day. It is the last time they will be together for weeks, perhaps. Be kind to my poor Richard. Of Walter knew nothing of what has course passed between you and his brother : but the bow that he drew at a venture sent home a

barbed shot. Miss Aynton bowed her head.

"You were sorry for that, Rose, I know You cannot fail to see how irritable he has lately grown, The fact is, he has overesti mated the strength of his own powers of selfconstraint. Your presence is a perpetual trial to him." My Lady paused, anticipating some reply to a hint so palpable; but Miss Aynton who carried her fancy-work in her pocket continued to develop a pansy in floss silk; and the flower opened in silence.

"Under these circumstances, dear Rose pursued my Lady, "do you think it would be better—I know how embarrassing it would be to you to propose it, and therefore although your hostess, I relieve you of the task-do you not think it would, on the whole, be wiser for you to leave us a little

sooner than you had intended?" The humming of the opera tune, and the odor of the Havana, were growing more dis-tinct, and the elastic footfall on the gravel was coming very near. "If I consulted my own feelings," return

ed Miss Aynton, in firm clear tones, "I should certainly have left Mirk before this, Lady Lisgard. "Hush, Miss Aynton, for Heaven's sake

cried my Lady; "the window is open."
"But unless Sir Richard himself," pursued the girl in more subdued accents, fire-leases me from my promise to remain until after his birthday, I must, with your permission, madam, do so; otherwise, he might possibly imagine that his presence is too great a trial for me, and I should be loath, indeed to have my departure so misconstrued.'

There was bitterness in the tone with which she spoke, but determination too. "I am to understand, then," returned my Lady flushing, "that contrary to my advice

and wish " 'Mother, dear, here comes the Break, cried Master Walter, from the terrace be

hope you have told Robert about the prog."

'Yes, dear, yes," answered my Lady, lovingly even in her haste; then turning to the young girl, she whispered almost fierce-'At least, Miss Aynton, you will shape your behavior this afternoon as I requested There is no time now to discuss the matter. And indeed the butler entered the next moment with, "the Break is at the door, my

Now, the Break was a very roomy vehicle, with accommodation within it for three times the party who were now about to oc cupy it, besides two seats at the back, like flying buttresses, for footmen. Yet Sir Richard chose to sit upon the box beside the driver, a place only selected (unless for smoking purposes) by persons with 'horsey characteristics, who prefer coachman's talk to that of their equals, and among whom the baronet could not be justly classed; but the fact was, the young man was in an evil temper, and desired no companionship but his own. He would have seen the whole expedition at the bottom of the sea-a metaphor open to the gravest objections, but which he need while arguing the matter with himself aloud-if it were not that that fellow Walter was going-and-and-he was not going to let him have all the talk to himself, that was all. True, Sir Richard had given up the idea of transforming Miss Aynton into Lady Lisgard; but still it was not pleasant to see another man making himself exclusively agreeable to her. He was annoyed with him-self at having exhibited such passion at the breakfast table, for the more he thought of it, the more he felt convinced that Walter's remark, although doubtless intended to be offensive, had not been made with any knowledge of his own rejected suit. Still he was in a very bad temper, and listened to the conversation going on behind his back with a moody brow, and every now and then a parting of the life, through which escaped omething the reverse of a prayer.

It was Walter, of course, who was talking. "Inhabited!" said he in answer to some question of Miss Aynton's; "O dear no.— Belcomb never had a tenant but once, and should think would never have another. One Sir Heron Grant and his brother took it two years for the shooting-season: a brace of Scotchmen whose ancestors dated from the Deluge, but so dreary a couple, that one wished that the family had started from a still earlier epoch, and been all washed away.

"I thought Richard rather liked Sir Her-

on," oberved Letty simply. "Yes, because he was a baronet; and birds of the same gergeous plumage flock together, you know. There was nothing remarkable about him but his feathers, and he scarcely ever opened his mouth except to put food in it. It is said that in the old stagecoach times, he and his brother travelled from Edinburgh to London, and only uttered one sentence apiece. At York the younger brother saw a rat come out of a wheat rick. 'By Jove,' said he, 'there's a rat!' The next morning, and after an interval of about eighty miles, Sir Heron replied: 'Ay, f Towser had seen that rat, he would have made short work of him.'

"Well, it appears, they agreed, at all events," returned Rose, coldly. "After all, even a foolish remark is better than an illnatured one.

"The scenery is getting well worth your attention here," observed Sir Richard, turning graciously round to Miss Aynton. "Belcomb is a complete solitude, but for those who are content with the pleasures of the country, it is a pleasant spot enough.' "Can we see the house from here,

Richard ?" "No, not until we reach this wind-mill, on the top of the hill. The private road branches out from the highway at that spot; and the mill is the nearest inhabited house to Belcomb. - By the by, mother, Hathaway must be spoken to about those sails of histhere, you saw how even old Jenny started at them-it is positively dangerous for horses to pass by. He must build up that old wall a foot higher, and put a gate up .-Any stray cattle might wander in and get knocked down-the sails are so close to the

Master Walter had not at all relished Miss Aynton's rejoinder to his story; still less had he liked his brother's striking into the conversation: least of all did he approve of this landlord talk about repairs and alterations, which reminded him of his being a younger son, and having neither part nor lot in the

great Lisgard heritage.
"There's the Folly," cried he suddenly, with a view of changing the subject; on that cliff-like hill yonder above that belt of trees.

"What, that beautiful ivied tower!" ex claimed Rose.

"Yes; without a roof to it." "Well, at all events, it's very pretty," aid Miss Aynton reprovingly. Mr. Walter, you ought to be grateful to your grandpapa for building so picturesque an

"He might have made a road, however, to it," observed Walter satyrically; "a road and a roof, I do consider to be indispensa-

"There's a beautiful winding path through the wood, Rose," said Letty, "fifty times better than any road; and is not the piece of water charming? It is the only one with any pretension to be called a lake in all the

Certainly Belcomb deserved praise. small but comfortably furnished house, embosomed in trees, through which were the pleasantest peeps of hill and dale, and spread before it quite a crystal tarn, with rocky islands so picturesquely grouped that they almost gave the notion of being artificial. It was as though a segment of the Lake country had been cut of, and inserted into the very midst of Wheatshire.

It was as lonely, too, to all appearance, as any Cumberland mere. An old man and his wife, who were in charge of the place, came hirpling out with respectful welcomes, and the latter was about to remove the shutters of the drawing-room, when my Lady inter-

posed "No, Rachel: we will not trouble you to do that. We are going to picnic at the Tower. You seem quite surprised to see us so early. I suppose nobody has been here yet upon the same errand."
"Well, no, ma'an; nor is it likely, after

your orders' "Oh, the fact is, mother," interrupted Sir Richard with a stammer, "I forgot to tell you about it; but Rinkel informs me there has been considerable damage done by parties coming here from Dalwynch and other places and therefore he has put up a notice to prohibit the whole thing in future.

And, indeed, upon the path leading to the Folly," which could be approached by another way than that in front of the house they presently came upon a board recently erected, which threstened Trespassers with all the rigor of the law.

There was a bitter sneer upon Captain Lis gard's face at this assumption of authority upon the part of his brother, and it did not soften when my Lady thoughtfully remarked: "Ah, well? that will certainly make the place very private.

A curious reply, as Letty thought, at the time, for her mother to make, who was always so eager to oblige her neighbors, and who well knew how popular Lisgard's Folly was with the humbler class of townsfolks in the summer months. But she was destined to be vastly more astonished before that day

The little party, so strangely out of accord with one another, took their lunch, indeed, beneath the shadow of the Tower; but all those harmonious elements which are so absolutely essential to the success of a picnic, were wanting. There were no high spirits, no good-humored badinage, and not the ghost of a laugh. My Lady, singularly silent even for her, gazed around her on the familiar landscape, or regarded the shuttered cottage with a mournful interest, as though they reminded her of happier times. Miss Aynton, careful of what my Lady had enjoined, was studiously urbane to Sir Richard, but without obtaining the wished-for result; for while the baronet was thereby only rendered tolerably gracious, the Captain grew intensely irritated. Poor Letty, who was the only one prepared to be agreeable, or had any expectation of enjoying herself, felt immensely relieved when the repast was concluded, and the horses were ordered to be "put to." As for strolling about the grounds, and pointing out their varied beauties to Rose, as she had counted upon doing, that was no longer to be thought of. Sir Richard, as usual, offered his arm in stately fashion to his mother; but Master Walter, lighting a cigar, stood for a few minutes looking down with knltted brow upon the lake, then sauntered after them, without saying a word, and with both hands in his pocket.

"Dear Rose," cried Letty, who watched these proceedings, with little short of terror, "what have you said to make Walter so cross? I never saw him behave like that in my life. He did not even look at you. Would it be very wrong if you just ran after him him, and said a word or two before we got into the carriage? I am so dreadfully afraid of a quarrel between him and Richard. "Just as you please, Letty," returned Miss Aynton, looking pale, and a little frightened too; and forcing a laugh, she tripped down the zigzag path in pursuit or

he exasperated captain.

Letty waited a reasonable time, watching the footman collect the debris of the entertainment, and pack the plate, and then, supposing their difficulty had been adjusted, followed upon the track of her friend and Wal-The path was not only of considerable length, but so very steep, that one little zig-zag overhung another; thus, as she descend-ed, she perceived through the thin Spring foliage the two young people standing beneath her, although they are quite unconscious of her approach. She caught the last words of something Rose was saying; those were: "Walter, dear." She marked the girl stretch her arms toward him, as though she would have clasped them round his neck; and then she saw Captain Lisgard, of Her Majesty's Light Dragoons, put her roughly by, shake himself free of her with a movement expressive almost of loathing, and

turn on his heels with an oath. CHAPTER XIX THE FINESSE IN TRUMPS

It is the Night before the Derby. The West End is thronged with men. The streets are perceptibly more thronged with welldressed males than at any other time in the year. The May meetings brought enough of parsons and sober-coated laity to dull the living tide-to almost make us Londoners a mournful people (which we are, naturally, not, despite what Frenchmen say); but those grave ones have either departed from us, or are now lost and undistinguishable in this influx of gay company. All the new-comers are in their most gorgeous raiment, for is not this the great "gaudy" week of the Wicked? Half the officers of cavalry in her Majesty's service have obtained leave of absence for eight-and-forty hours upon urgent private affairs; and a fourth of the infantry have done the like : they have come up from every station within the four seas to see the great race run, which is to put in their pockets from five pounds to fifty thousand. Over their little books they shake their shining heads, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our mili tary friends have not been fortunate in turtransactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too. of respectable country gentlemen, who rare ly leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the Tavistock, except on this supreme occasion. Every fast university-man who can obtain an exect upon any pretence whatever-from sudden mortal ity in the domestic circle down to being subpanaed by a friendly attorney in the supposititious case of Hookey (a blind man) vs. Walker-is up in town resplendent, confident, Young. Every sporting farmer, save those in the north, who have a private saturnalia or their own in the mid-autumn, has left his farm for two nights and a day, and is seeing life in London. Besides these, an innumerable host of well-dressed scoundrelsfor whom the word "Welches" is altogether too commendable—have come up from country quarters, where they have been playing various "little games," all more or less discreditable, to work together for evil with their metropolitan confreres for four days. Every haunt of dissipation is holding high

est holiday. The stupid, obscene Cider Cellars find, for one night at least, that they have attractions still; the music-halls are tropical with heat and rankest human vegetation; Cremorne, after the crowded theatres have disgorged their steaming crowds, is like a fair. 'The strangers' room at all the clubs has been bespoken this night for weeks. In the card-rooms, the smoking-rooms, the billiard-rooms, there is scarcely space to move, far less to breathe in; yet there is everywhere a babblement of tongues, and the words that are bandied about from feverish mouth to mouth, are first, The King, and secondly, Menelaus. The tout had kept his word -either from fear or nicest honor-until the stipulated week had elapsed, and then the news of the trial-race began to circulate: from his outsiders' place, to that of fourth favorite, then of third, and at last to that of second, had "the French horse" gradually risen. A curious and illogical position enough—but then the turf people are illogical—for if the news that he had beaten The King was true, he ought to have been first favorite; and if the news was not true, he had no reason to find favor at all. As it was, however, The King had come down half a point as if to meet him, to 9 to 2; while Menelaus stood at 5 to I.

And had that trial-race really taken place or not? and if so, was it on the Square! was the question which was just then agitating the Houses of Lords and Commons (nay, t was whispered, Marlborough House itself and all the mess-tables in Her Majesty's service, more than any other subject in this

world. There was also a vague rumor that the favorite's "understandings" were not as they should be; that there was a contraction they should be; that there was a contraction that might be fatal to his prospects; that the idol's feet were of clay. Ralph Derrick had "put the pot on" his Manylaws, and would he a millionaire if he won; but Walter Lisgard had put more than the pot. If the French colors did not show in front at the French colors did not show in front at the winning-post, the captain, still to use the elegant metaphor of the sporting fraternity, would be in Queer Street. So infatuated had the young man grown, that he had absolutely hedged even that one bet which insured him a thousand pounds in case the King should win the race. Notwithstanding his coyness in accepting the first offer of a loan from his uncultivated friend, he had borrowed of him twice since, in each case giving his I.O.U., whereby he endeavored to persuade himself that he was liquidating all obligation; yet, unless he considered his mere autograph yet, unless he considered his mere autograph was worth the sums for which it was pledged, I know not how he succeeded in this. For if *Menelaus* did not happen to win he not only only would not have enough to discharge his debts of honor for nearly two years-when he would come into possession of his patrimony of five thousand poundsbut even a great portion of that would be be-spoker. Thus, of course, he had placed himself, through mere greed, in a most unpleasant position; but at the same time it must be allowed that he had yielded to a great temptation, such as would have probably have made the mouth of any financier water, had the opportunity offered in his particular line; for with the exception of mere outsiders, The King had beaten every horse that was to contend with him on the morrow; and Menelaus, to Walter's certain knowledge, had beaten The King.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Francis Jeffrey, from Macaulay's Description.

He had twenty faces, almost as unlike each other as his father's to Mr. Wilberforce's, and infinitely more unlike to each other than those of near relations often are. When quiescent, reading a paper or hearing a conversation in which he takes no interest, his countenance shows no indication whatever of intellectual superiority of any kind. But as soon as he is interested and opens his eyes on you, the change is like magic. There is a flash in his glance, a violent contortion in his frown, an exquisite humor in his sneer, and a sweetness and brilliancy in his smile beyond any thing that he ever witnessed. A person who had seen him in only one state would not know him if he saw him in another. The mere outline of his face was insignificant; the expression was every thing; and such power and variety of expression he had never seen in any human countenance, not even in that of the most celebrated actors. He could conceive that Garrick might have been like him. He had seen several portraits of Garrick, none resembling another, and he had heard Hannah More speak of the extraordinary variety of countenance by which he was distinguished, and of the unequaled radiance and penetration of his eye. The voice and delivery of mbled his face. He considerable power of mimicry, and rarely told a story without imitating several different accents. His familiar tone, his declamatory tone, and his pathetic tone were different things. Sometimes Scotch predominated in his pronunciation; sometimes it was imperceptible. Sometimes his utterance was snappish and quick to the last degree; sometimes it was remarkable for rotundity and mellowness. In one thing he was always the same, and that was the warmth of his domestic affections. The flow of his kindness was inexhaustible. Not five minutes passed without some fond expression or caressing gesture to his wife or daughter. He had fitted up a study for himself, but he never went into it. Law papers, reviews, whatever he had to write, he wrote in the drawing-room, or in his wife's boudow.
When he went to other parts of the country en a retainer, he took them in a carriage with him. Macaulay was surprised to see a man so keen and sarcastic, so much of a scoffer, pouring himself out with such simplicity and tenderness in all sorts of affecionate nonsense. He had never seen anything of the sort at Clapham, Cadogan Place, or Great Ormand Street. Throughout a journey they made together in Perth, a partie caree, this domestic Proteus kept up a sort of mock quarrel with his daughter, attack ed her about novel-reading, laughed her into a pet, kissed her out of it, and laughed her into it again. Was no wonder that they adored him. His conversation was, like his countenance and voice, of immense variety; sometimes plain and unpretending; sometimes whimsically brilliant and rhetorical. He was a shrewd observer, and so fastidious that many stood in awe of him when in his company. Though not altogether free from affectation himself, he had a peculiar loathing for it in other people, and a great talent for discovering and exposing it. He had a particular contempt, in which his guest heartily concurred, for the fadaises of blue-stocking literature, for the mutual flattery of coteries, the handing about of versde societe, and all the other nauseous trickeries of the Sewards, Hayleys, and Sothebys. Perhaps he had not escaped the opposite extreme, and was not a little desirous to appear a man of the world, or an easy, careless gendeman, rather than a distinguished writer. When he and his guest were alone, he talked much and well on literary topics : his kindness and hospitality were beyond description. Macaulay liked everything at Jeffrey's house in Moray Place except the hours. They were never up till ten, and never retired till at least two hours after midnight. Jeffrey never went to bed till sleep came upon him overpoweringly, and never rose till forced up by business or hunger. He was extremely well, but very hypochondriac, filling his letters with lamenta tions about his maladies. "I really think that he is, on the whole, the youngest-locking man of fifty that I know, at least when he is animated." Such was Macaulay's first pen-portrait of Francis Jeffrey, and such is its life that, after the lapse of nearly fifty years, we will see the man clad in his habit as he lived. The painter, it should be remembered, did not pen this for publicity, but merely to interest his mother and sisters. - Harper's Magazine for July.

By trusting your own soul you shall gain a greater confidence in men.