

—'When one person feels interested in another,' she says, 'that is love and nothing else;—it is love, truly, but like a man who has just begun to ascend a hill, he will never reach the top, if he goes no further: so Jane's theory of love must advance, or it will not do for me. Again, let me tell you, I am not in favour of what are called 'first impressions.' Jane, I would advise you not to determine too hastily, but weigh well and consider; 'look well before you leap,' or you may afterwards feel the consequences; be careful not to attach yourself to worthless persons; such as, I am afraid, Captain C—is."

"Now, Mary, I have not much to say upon your remarks, except that I agree with them generally; but let me also caution you not to attach yourself to all indiscriminately, as you might have to rue as well as Jane.

"I suppose I must now give you my opinion of love, although it is nearly the same as Mary's; as you will guess from the remarks I have made. A picture painted in the brightest colours is not always best; but often far from it: 'tis the equal blending that strikes the eye. So it is with true love; he who paints you in the brightest form, does not always love; nay, generally praises you to accomplish his own ends—while, on the other hand, he who sometimes remonstrates, find fault, and points out your errors, is often your best friend; and, if he do it with good grace and suitable advice, blending your good as well as evil doings together, and making a picture as you ought to be, he cannot fail to do good. But, besides this, there is other love equally good and noble; that which would defend the fallen and the weak; that which would hide the faults it saw in another; that which would cheer the outcast and forsaken; reform the vicious; bring the wanderer from virtue to vice back again to virtue; that which endureth all things, hopeth all things; which setteth forth no evil reports, but striveth to curb calumny, vice, drunkenness, and other evils too numerous to detail. I could dwell on slavery, war, &c., and those noble-minded men, who strive to abolish such fiendish, base, and unnecessary institutions, but my time will not at present admit; however, I may hereafter have an opportunity, which I shall not pass heedlessly by. I must now bid you good-bye, and in doing so, I would

say, that he who sincerely striveth to benefit his fellow-men, no matter in what form, or how, loves them truly; and that is what I call True Love.

The Language of Flowers.

The fair lily is an image of holy innocence; the purple rose is a figure of unfelt love; faith is represented to us in the blue passion-flower; hope beams forth from the evergreen; peace from the olive branch; immortality from immortelle; the cares of life are represented by the rosemary; the victory of the spirit by the palm; modesty, by the blue, fragrant violet; compassion by the ivy; tenderness by the myrtle; affectionate reminiscences by the forget-me-not; natural honesty and fidelity by the oak leaf; unassumingness by the corn-flower; (the cyane;) and the auriculas, "how friendly they look upon us with their child-like eyes." Even the dispositions of the human soul are expressed by flowers. Thus, silent grief is portrayed by the weeping willow; sadness, by the angelica; shuddering, by the aspen; melancholy by the cypress; desire of meeting again, by the starwort; the night smelling rocket is a figure of life, as it stands on the frontiers between light and darkness.—Thus nature, by these flowers, seems to be token her loving sympathy with us, and whom hath she not often more consoled than heartless and voiceless men are able to do.

A GENEROUS HERO.—The deputies of a great metropolis in Germany, offered Marshal Turenne one hundred thousand crowns not to pass with his army through the city. "Gentlemen," replied he, "I cannot, in conscience, accept your money, as I had no intention to pass that way."

SELF-CONFIDENCE.—They who gird themselves for the business of the world should go to it with a sense of the utility, the importance, the necessity and the duty of their exertions.—*Southey.*

Lord Bacon says, "Slander is one of the taxes which excellent persons pay to the public; the best persons are most injured by it, as the birds generally peck at the best fruit.