

Foulha's Department.

THE WOOD ANEMONE;

ON, "FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES AS WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US."

"My dear Frank, how tall you have grown!" said Aunt Margaret Earle, as she tenderly embraced her nephew, on her arrival at "Torridale." She held him out at arm's length, and surveyed his fine figure and smiling face, with an admirable expression upon her own.

"I am so tall that you can take my arm now, when we walk, aunty."

"Yes, Frank, thank you; and you, my little Richard, shall take my arm on the other side; for you shall not be slighted because you happen to be shorter than Frank;" and aunt Margaret extended her pretty hand to a smaller and plainer looking boy near her.

"I am slighted for everything in which I chance to differ from Frank," said Richard, with an angry colour and flush of the eye. "I don't want your other arm when Frank has one."

Miss Earle put her hand on the frowning brow, and the lines of irritation disappeared under the soft touch; she bent and kissed the flushed cheek, and caressed the fiery hair in a loving way, very peculiar to aunt Margaret. Richard's face brightened; he turned and kissed her with an eager, glad manner, saying—

"Oh, it all loved me as you do, aunty, and as they love Frank, I, too, could be loving and good; it would be easy, then, but now—"

"Richard, don't you remember the old proverb, 'He that would have friends must show himself friendly'?"

"It isn't of any use; all say I am a bad boy, and if I do try to be good, they only notice it to laugh at me."

"We shall see," said his comforter.

Frank was Richard's senior by only one year, though so much taller, but he was avowedly the family favourite. He was finer looking than his brother, slower and less impetuous in disposition, less independent of others' opinions; hence more conciliatory and pleasing. Richard was nervous, quick, "incapable of doing a small, mean act, or of concealing a great misdemeanor." Frank was polite, and Richard abhorred anything "underhanded." Yes, Frank had most friends, and Richard was the bad, disagreeable boy of the family. Aunt Margaret alone discriminated justly in her treatment of the lads.

The boys had each a small plot of ground, where they cultivated a few vegetables for the table, and some flowers of divers kinds. Richard, who had much taste and skill in horticulture, had transplanted several kinds of wild flowers into his garden, and the latter had so much improved by the change as to enhance its attractions considerably.

The morning after aunt Margaret's arrival, they dressed early to gather and offer her a bouquet of their own culture. Frank had his nearly all arranged when Richard came down.

"Frank, where did that beautiful anemone come from? It came out of my garden, I'm sure, for you have none, and have been envying mine for a week. Give it up, you mean fellow, you."

"Get it if you can," shouted Frank, running along the walk.

"I can and will, or you shall pay for it, Frank Torridale," and Richard started in hot pursuit.

They brought up under aunt Margaret's window, where Richard gave the unfortunate bouquet a fatal blow, which snapped from their stems some of its finest flowers; "and take that for your meanness," he said, as he doubled his hand to give Frank also a blow.

But aunt Margaret had now reached the window, and she called out, "Richard! Richard! Frank! why, are you fighting, boys?"

"I am not fighting, aunt Margaret," said Frank, in a quiet way. "It is master Richard, who has ruined my flowers, when I had them all fixed for you, and who was just going to strike me."

"And you deserved it, you arrant coward, you," said the angry impetuous Richard, as Frank demurely walked off.

Miss Earle came down in a few minutes, and found Richard in his garden, making ready his offering for her, and muttering to himself in anticipation of the reproof he expected for his conduct. "No, you didn't fight, you milk-sop, so you won't be blamed for it; but you could *snatch* my flowers because you knew no one would punish you for that. Frank is the *smallest* fellow in his ways, and I am always blamed for the quarrels, somehow, just because I won't be put upon always and forever. I fight for him at school, I learn his les-

sons for him, I find his books for him, and now I must raise flowers for him to give away and get the credit for, while I get just the credit of being the most quarrelsome boy in school and in the world."

"What are you talking about, Richard?" said Miss Earle, quietly.

He blushed, and did not answer. She came nearer, and said—

"Two wrongs never make a right, Richard, dear. Do you say the Lord's Prayer when you go to bed at night?"

"Yes, aunty; but as I am, I never can go to sleep till I have said my prayers."

"Do you say, 'forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us?'"

"Yes."

"And do you know what you pray for, then? Suppose you prayed thus to-night, and God were to answer the prayer—how did you forgive Frank's trespass this morning?"

"Oh, aunt Margaret," said Richard, with a crimsoning face, "I see what you mean. You think if my prayers were answered, I should be cursed instead of blessed. Yes, I pray to be forgiven as I forgive others, and in place of forgiving others I return all their wrongs and what I fancy they intended for wrongs, in the worst way I can."

"If you were to begin now, this morning, to do what was right, and as the Bible teaches you, to do as you would be done by, don't you think you would deserve some other name besides that of 'the bad boy?'"

"I wish I could, I do indeed; but if I do right no one minds it. No, they think I can't do anything but wrong?"

"That is rather discouraging, my dear boy, but still it is no reason for giving up the effort to do right. God and your own conscience are to be your judges, and in well doing there is a sure reward of peace, such as you must be a stranger to now. Think, while we are at breakfast, of some way of proving to Frank your sorrow for what you have done; begin now to forgive as you would be forgiven?"

After breakfast, Richard was missed by Miss Earle, who asked the servants where he could have gone, and was told by Tom, the groom, that he saw him going towards the wood. Knowing she would not be considered an intruder by Richard, whom she really loved and appreciated as he deserved, she followed in the pathway pointed out to her. In the shadow of an old trunk of a tree, where the soil was rich, and vines grew luxuriantly about him, was Richard on his knees, his hat off, and looking very intently at some fine anemones of which grew there. As she came nearer, she saw he was loosening the earth about their roots, as if to remove them.

"What now, dear Richard?" she said in a pleasant tone.

He looked up. "I am making up a bouquet to give Frank in place of the one I destroyed this morning and I am thinking of putting these fine roots in his garden."

"Right, Richard. What were you thinking of, as you looked so earnestly at them?"

"I was thinking that these flowers were 'my first fruits.' I shall never see the anemone without being reminded of my wrong, and I hope 'right,' too, aunty. If I had not commenced fighting this morning, but had run out here at once, and got these for myself, and carried the roots home for him, as I shall do now, then I might have prayed to-night to be forgiven as I forgive others. But, oh! it frightens me to remember how I resent everything. My prayers have been calling down curses instead of blessings!" said he, shuddering as he spoke. "Pray for me, dear aunt, that God will forgive my past sins, and keep me from future transgression."

"Yes, my love," said the good aunt, "but still, you must try to pray for yourself, and when you go to bed try to look into your conscience, and find no reason for repeating this prayer."

"Does not the Bible say, 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath?' I shall never dare to close my eyes again with angry, resentful feelings in my heart, or with the memory of revengeful feelings or actions through the day. 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us,' is so very solemn—awful, indeed, in its full meaning—I wish I had known sooner what I prayed for, when I repeated it."—*Pleasure and Profit.*

The Hospodar of Wallachia, following the example of Prince Ghika in Moldavia, has just caused a bill to be prepared for the abolition of the slavery of the serfs on his territory.

Selections.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

The maxim that honesty is the best policy is not a very respectable motive to right action. Genuine honesty is a thing of principle, not of calculation. But yet the maxim is nothing less valid than a statement of fact. There was reason in Wolsey's exclamation, at the end of his tortuous career, "Corruption wins not more than honesty."—All human experience, in all grades of life, confirms it.—It has always been so, and will remain so, for the moral world is not less steadfast than the natural world, nor are its laws less powerful or less sure. That which is false either in word or action cannot have solid endurance, for it rests, not on that which is, but on that which is not,—not on that which is in harmony with God's universe, but on that which is at variance with it, and the whole tenor of which is to bewilder and delude and disquiet and degrade and destroy. Dishonesty is always a losing business. Want of principle is a want of judgement. A knave is a fool.

Three men are now on their way to Van Diemen's Land to serve out fourteen years of penal sentence, who last year ranked among the most sagacious, and responsible and respectable bankers in the British kingdom. They did business together in an honest way up to 1852. Embarrassments then began to press upon them. To meet these, the substantial resources of their bank were first drained; then their private property was pledged; and finally, to save off impending bankruptcy, the securities of their customers were plundered. Their difficulties arose originally from making advances to speculators without obtaining tangible security; but what began in indiscretion ended in recklessness; what originally was an irregularity, finally became a piece of monstrous turpitude. It is difficult to trace the first deviation from the line of moral rectitude in the history of their business; but that deviation, wherever, or whatever, it was, sealed their fate. They are utterly ruined men. There is not an honest pauper in any workhouse in England, whose condition is not preferable to theirs. The sooty collier who is delving far, far, down in the deepest darkest seam of the Island, would be a fool to exchange places with Sir John Dean Paul, on the convict ship. The very rage of the beggar, shine like regalia when seen by the side of the felon's garb.

The history of Robert Schuyler after the commission of his fraudulent acts, and the circumstances of his recent death are another memorable illustration of the short-sightedness and infatuation of dishonesty. If there was ever a man in this city who was pledged by every earthly consideration to a life of integrity and honor, it was he. But in an evil hour to save himself, as he thought, from difficulty, he yielded to temptation, he committed himself, unwatched, and unobserved, to a dishonest course, and his very concealment with its attendant success led him on, till he reached exposure and infamy. He escaped the law, but he did not escape the consciousness of his disgrace, or the compunctious visitings of remorse. He died a wretched exile, stripped of everything which makes life worth keeping. Mr. Schuyler was a man of great energy, and, it was thought, uncommon sagacity. But never was there a more egregious or a more fatal act than his in thinking that the devil could help him in the prosecution of his business. From the day that was concluded upon, ruin was inevitable.

Intelligence has just reached our city of the death of James C. Forsyth, under an assumed name, in England—a fresh instance of dishonesty brought to ruin. Not many men have started in life with fairer prospects than he. Well descended, educated, talented, and honoured—a member of our State Constitutional Convention in 1846, afterwards the candidate of the Whig party for the high office of Secretary of State—he had every inducement to keep true to the line of integrity. But he gave way to a passion for gaming, became involved, and undertook to extricate himself by raising money with the forged signature of his father and father-in-law. Exposed he fled, and was a wanderer over the earth, until life became an intolerable burden. He has died, ere he had seen forty years, a blasted, ruined man.

Illustrations of the infatuation of trusting to wrong doing for acquisition of gain, or for deliverance from difficulty are constantly occurring, and it behooves every young man of business to note them well. The present generation is undoubtedly a very enlightened and smart one, but it is neither enlightened nor smart enough to set aside or get around the homely old Scripture law, that "The way of transgression is hard." The man who, in his lust for gold, digs a pit, one of