

prejudice him against her than almost any other circumstance.

Mr. Loring had lately returned, and his appearance and manner still betrayed the effects of the disappointment he had felt so keenly. Clara took occasion to speak of this dejection of manner, and feelingly attributed it to Helen's cruel treatment of him, who she avowed, had rejected him after their long engagement, without any apparent cause. She knew Dr. Langdon too well to fear his betraying her falsehood, and she knew Loring was too sensitive on the subject, though he had confided it to her, as the intimate friend of both Helen and himself.

Mrs. Linwood was taken suddenly ill, and, summoned hastily to her bedside Dr. Langdon, and Helen first met him again; yet even there a feeling of restraint affected both; he was cold and distant, and her manner caught the infection from his.

If Helen had appeared lovely and lovable in the pride of dress and beauty, she was doubly so now, when with watchful tenderness she hovered around her cousin's bed, bathing the fevered brow, cooling the parched lip, and soothing with gentle tones the restlessness of the sufferer, with a sister's fondness; and often when thus thrown together the warm impulses of their hearts would go forth to meet each other, to be as suddenly checked by the thoughts so carefully instilled into the mind of each by the artful Clara.

It was a cold autumnal evening; the wind blew blusteringly and the rain fell heavily, but, seated by a comfortable fire, smoking their fragrant cigars, sat Dr. Langdon and Frederick Loring. A degree of intimacy had sprung up between the two, and a strong feeling of instinctive sympathy bound them together.

"Doctor," said Loring, rising from his chair, and pacing the floor with hasty strides, "I am of all men most miserable. I have often wondered," he continued, "why you never married Helen Linwood; certainly I was not mistaken in supposing you loved her; she did not reject your love as she did mine—did she doctor?" he added bitterly.

"No," said Dr. Langdon emphatically, "I never made her an offer of that love."

"She is a noble girl," said Loring warmly, "and is worthy the love of any heart. I did love her, I do love her still, and will ever love her, so long as life lasts," he added with emotion.

"Tell me, Loring," said Dr. Langdon, surprised at his manner, "were you never engaged to her?"

"Never," said Loring; she told me frankly she did not love me, she did not deny she loved another, and I have good reason to believe that other was yourself."

It was now the doctor's turn to show emotion; "I will tell you Loring," he said, rising to his feet also, and speaking in low suppressed tones of deep feeling, "why I have not told Helen Linwood of the love you rightly guessed I felt for her. I was led to believe that she had engaged herself to you, and had wantonly trifled with your feelings; such a woman could never be my wife, and the hardest struggle of my life has been my effort to conquer my love for her."

Loring advanced to the doctor, and taking his hand he said earnestly, "fate has blessed you, doctor; I know that Helen loves you—you are worthy of her love—God bless you both, may you be happy."

With a fervent pressure of the hand, he turned away, and taking his hat left the house. Poor Loring, he did not dare to trust himself to speak farther, for the generous impulses of his soul were at mighty warfare with his selfish yearnings after his own happiness.

The following morning Helen was sitting alone when Dr. Langdon entered the pleasant parlor of Mrs. Linwood. There was something peculiar in his manner that made Helen's heart thrill, and when seated by her side he began to tell her of the past; how he had been deceived in regard to her; how long he had loved her, and why he had suppressed that love. Helen listened

with a beating heart, and as he spoke, light flashed upon her mind, and she saw at a glance that she, too, had been deceived, and when he told her of his true and deep affection for her, and asked her to become his wife, she withdrew the hand he had held, while speaking, to hide the glad tears that came bursting to her eyes.

"Helen," said the doctor, grieved and alarmed at her agitation, "I did not mean to wound your feelings. If you do not love me, tell me candidly; if you do, if you *could* love me"—he paused for a reply—the hand she withdrawn was replaced in his own, and with an impulsive movement the philosophical Doctor folded her in his arms, and his lips rested upon her cheek!

It was a pleasant party gathered at Mr. Linwood's (Helen's father,) at her cottage home. There were many of the mutual friends of Dr. Langdon and Helen, there were Cousin Harry Linwood and his sweet wife; there was Frederick Loring, calm and thoughtful, but enjoying the satisfaction that he had contributed to the happiness of two he most loved; and there too was Helen, lovelier, sweeter than ever, arrayed as a bride and leaning on the arm of her proud and happy husband, Dr. Langdon.

There, too, was Doctor Langdon's young and beautiful sister, and when in after time the love of Loring's manly heart was transferred to her, in her unbounded love and tenderness, she taught him to forget his early disappointment.

Clara Howland embittered by her defeat, turned to one she inwardly despised, and married a man whose sole recommendation was his immense wealth, and when in after years the fashionable, heartless woman of the world, occasionally met the still lovely, and ever beloved wife of the universally esteemed Doctor Langdon, with her bright face and beautiful children by her side, she would keenly feel with a pang of envy and regret, that to her the unhappy and childless wife, wealth could not atone for the loss of the heart's dearest treasures, affection and esteem; but Doctor Langdon, and his happy home, made bright by the sunshine of affection's smile, felt that the clouds that had so long hung over his heart and mind, were all dispelled, and that to him, "Love," was no longer "in a mist."

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CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1852.

MAGIC AND MUSIC.

In the performances of Signor Blitz, amongst us during the last week we had a variety of pleasing entertainment. His ventriloquism is perfect, and is most admirably sustained. His laborious efforts at Canary training have been amply rewarded by the appearance of a well-ordered and obedient family; the very presence of which leads the mind back through the vista of ages to the time when all was harmony and peace; to the realization of the truthfulness of that picture given by Milton of man's primeval state, when.

Each bird stoop'd on his wing,
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
Their nature, with such knowledge God induc'd
My sudden apprehension.

His magical performances display long and unweary'd practise, with an eminent profici-

ency of attainment. But after all while such a performance exhibits the almost incredible skill, which may be acquired by an unswerving perseverance; it is almost a pity to see a man's whole energy devoted to what is but a mere pastime. It may draw the wondering gaze of an audience; but it cannot in the slightest way elevate the mind, or instil one solitary moral lesson, with the exception of that one so powerfully exhibited in the performer himself—that, success always crowns determined and enlightened perseverance. Such pursuits may do well for a little relaxation, but when made the business of life, the energies are surely misdirected.

On Wednesday evening we had a very fine musical display by the Toronto Vocal Musical Society, and ere this sheet has made its appearance, the ears of our citizens will have been delighted by the wonderful musical performance of the Germanians. This Society give another concert this evening, and we are satisfied they will not play to empty benches. As regards the Toronto Society it is very gratifying to state that the whole affair came off amidst the greatest enthusiasm. The three young ladies entrusted with the solos, sang remarkably well, and displayed correct musical appreciation. A little more careful tutoring, from our skillful musician, J. P. Clarke, M.B., will fit them for competing successfully with many of those who make singing a profession. Miss Paige and Mr. Paige acquitted themselves very well, but as our attention will be called again to the subject of music, in noticing the Germanian concerts, we will defer further remark at present.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

On the first of July the First number of the Anglo American Magazine is expected to make its appearance. We hope to find in it something useful and amusing, instructive and pleasing, insinuating by its attractiveness, and riveting by its excellence. From our knowledge of the publisher we speak in the magazine a cordial greeting throughout the province, as we feel convinced that he is determined to make it a grand medium of transit for all that will edify and improve the mind, and at the same time afford that healthful relaxation which active pursuits necessarily require. Time will test the soundness of his philosophy. The undertaking is very heavy, but Mr. Maclear has already surmounted many obstacles, and we are convinced that in this one his energy and perseverance will carry him through triumphant.

THE SNOW DROP.

We were led to believe that this interesting Juvenile Magazine conducted by Mrs. Cushing, and Mrs. Cheney of Montreal, —Editors and proprietors—was to be discontinued, in consequence of the absence of that necessary element—poetically termed,—material aid. For the sake of its Juvenile readers, for the sake of morality, we rejoice that such is not the fact. These two Ladies, impressed with the importance of their mission, have determined to carry on the Snow Drop as hitherto, and for this purpose they have entered into arrangements with John Armour of Montreal—youngeer brother of Mr. Armour, Bookseller, King St., to publish the magazine in future, commencing on the 1st day of July next, and they are determined to spare no efforts to render it in the highest degree deserving of a liberal patronage. The Editors beg most respectfully to inform their friends that the work will for the future be wholly