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From Balcony to Pictorial, ANGELS ARE HERE TO-NIGHT BY H. RICH.

There's a hush in the dusky room, mother,
And a stirring of golden strings,
A joining of angel-tones in song—
A folding of spirit-strings,
Yet I hear in the busy street, mother,
The crowd going hurrying by;
They will gather, and greet, and part the
saw,
When Lettie shall shroud in.

O, hear to my Willie my love mother,
With the news of the hour to him;
Say, his parting look is a treasure now,
As the light of life grows dim.
That I'll come with my olden smile, mother,
On the night we were to wed;
And my spirit will linger near to him,
His bride, with the vows unaided.

Ab, what through my bosom ne'er thrill,
mother,
With the tremor of earthly bliss!
And what through my lips may not feel again
The clinging of passion's kiss!
I will shine on my lonely way, mother,
A star on the fretted sea;
And his heart will thrill with a sudden joy,
And know that it's nearer me.

See! there are angels here to-night, mother,
Now they kneel in the quiet room:
And the harp is swept by a nerveless hand,
But I cannot see by whom.

With the chant of the spirit-throng, mother,
I am borne on lifted wings,
It is ever a harp and angel,
That faith to the dying brings.

ISIDORE DE MONTIGNY: OR— The Smuggler of St. Malo. A STORY OF SEA AND SHORE. BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR. (Continued.)

The men made a simultaneous movement towards the youth. They moved up confidently, for they were seven against one, the eighth man being at the helm. On the instant Henry Fretard felt every nerve and muscle in his body strained, and his hands were like iron. With one bound sideward and backward he reached the heel of the bowsprit, moving back as far as the stem and drew both his pistols, cocked them in a twinkling, and then aimed them at the astounded crew.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he bellowed, "you are a pretty set of fools! Now move a step near me if you dare! The first man who does it dies on the spot! I am not so easily disposed of as you may imagine."

It was a moment of strange suspense, and the only sound that broke upon the air was the air was the straining of the sails, and the dashing of the water. At the end of that moment came the boom of another gun from the pursuer.

Then broke forth the curses loud and long from the lips of the exasperated captain, and the weight of his maledictions rested upon those who had first captured the prisoner and not taken his pistols away from him.

There stood those seven men, and the muzzle of two pistols stared them in the faces. They knew that the first one of them should move a step toward the bowsprit would die.

"Let us rush together!" yelled the captain, and as he spoke he made a spring. He reached the heel of the bowsprit, and then he fell back with a ball through his brain.

"Who comes next?" cried Henry, instantly changing pistols, so as to bring the loaded one into the right hand.

few questions from Montmorillon he was told the whole story of his seizure upon the ship, and his being carried to St. Malo.

Montmorillon did not stop to hear more, but once more bidding the crew to run their vessel where they pleased, he turned to Henry and bade him follow.

The youth went and picked up his two pistols, and then followed his mysterious friend toward the other ship. As soon as they were both on board the grapples were cast, and then the sails were filled, the helm put, and in a few minutes the two vessels were at some distance apart.

Henry and he saw that they were still together upon the quarter deck in the next consultation. It was some minutes before they filled away, and when they did so they stood in the direction they were sailing, but Montmorillon had his hand upon the helm, and kept on direct.

"I have business," he said, "which must attend to, and I must be on the point of seeing you, Henry, before long, and meantime you must be more careful. I mean to return to the chateau."

"Certainly," returned the youth, apparently surprised at the question, "I have an appointment there. I shall return early in the evening."

"Then you had better keep your horse in the trap. You can have him taken care of there."

"Yes. There is plenty of room in the stable of the chateau, and there will be no objection to my occupying some of the stalls."

"Then you may keep the horse as long as you please. I cannot say exactly how long, but you may as well be sure of it."

"All is well, beware of danger, and your eyes about you, and if I mistake your future may be very bright and joyful."

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even then I would have kept it to myself, and would have said from the place, but fate would not let me. In an hour when I could not help it, I confessed my love—not to draw my object towards me—but only to tell her why I was sad, and why I must do from her.

And in that hour, sir, he confessed her love for me. O, I could not go then. I could have done my duty, but I could not have torn out my heart and flung it away now that heavenly impress was upon it. But let it pass now. You capture me from your doors, but do not blame me. I am used to being driven about at the will of a stern cold fate—I am used to knowing enemies, too, so I shall not be suffering for the first time."

The marquis gazed into the face of the youth, and his lip trembled. He was moved—much moved, by what he had heard, for there was something in the manner and tone of the speaker that was common. And then he saw the youth's face, which was so full of power in its truth and manly yet melancholy expression.

"Did you say you had enemies?" the marquis at length asked.

"Do not be afraid of the past two days of my life," returned Henry in a tone of sadness.

"They do, surely. And who can be an enemy to you?"

The young man hesitated. His first impulse was to keep his own counsel, but other thoughts came to him. Arnaud Montfere had found his way to the chateau, and he knew that Montfere knew the hand of his child to the count. Henry knew the marquis to be an honorable man, and at length resolved to tell him all, and he did so.

He told of the suspicions he had entertained—how Montfere had met him upon the road—how he had then raised the youth to the rank of a gentleman, and the revelation which the marquis had made. He told all—all that he knew, and when he had spoken, the marquis sat—for he had taken a seat—like one of stone.

"Sit down," he said, addressing the youth; and after Henry had taken a seat he continued: "You say a woman saved you from death which the count meant for you on the road?"

"Yes, sir."

"It must have been the same who came to inquire for you?"

"It was the same, sir, for Montmorillon informed me that it was she who hunted the evidence up."

"You say she saved you?"

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not say that she shall ever be yours—I do not say myself under any promise; but for the present you will both be happier together. But you need not fear as it is—for rather than see her heart-broken, I would give her hand and bless her still. There—go now, for I will not answer a single question."

"But—my lord—I dream—you do not—"

"I do not send you away, but send you to find Isidore and make her happy. Is not that plain?" And the marquis then spoke he brushed a tear from his eye, and then quickly left the apartment.

It was on the same morning that saw Henry Fretard on his way from the sea-side cot to the chateau de Montfere. Montfere was in the library, and one of the valets had just taken away his breakfast of salt sandwiches and hot punch. The place was well-furnished with books, but some of them had the appearance of having been used lately. The count sat in his great chair, a chair which bore upon its back a cushion, an cushion which was not his—and before him lay an open letter. It was one he had received the evening previous from the capital, and his countenance betrayed anything but an easy frame of mind. However the contents of the letter did not seem to frighten him—they only made him more proud and confident, and caused him to clutch his hands with more fixed determination. Thus he sat when there came a rap upon his door, and in a moment afterwards a servant entered, who informed the count that there were three men below who wished to see him. Montfere went down, and found his visitors in the drawing-room, and a tremulousness was manifest in his frame as he saw them.

One of these visitors was none other than Marco Montmorillon, but the count only knew that he had seen him often in St. Malo, that the strange man had always eyed him with more than ordinary interest. The other two were officers of government, and wore the badges peculiar to the officials of the national police. Montfere knew that badge in an instant, and his mind was filled with apprehension.

"Gentlemen," said the count, as soon as he could find his tongue, "to what am I indebted for the honor of your visit?"

"We have orders to search your chateau," said the first officer, "pointing to Montmorillon; and we will proceed to do so at once."

"Search my chateau?" uttered the count, turning pale. "Orders to search? And whom do you expect to find?"

"O, no one in particular. We are after a prisoner."

"What authority? Who has empowered you to do this thing? Are you aware of your premises you have come? I am owner here, sir, and a noble of the kingdom. Who dares to authorize this?"

"You say you are a noble of the kingdom," answered the first officer, "and you are at the same time showing a small parchment roll."

The count looked upon it, and he saw a scroll upon the bottom of the parchment. He examined it more closely, and he saw that it was the autograph of king, Louis XVIII.

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[From Hitchcock's Religion of Geology.] GOD IN NATURE.

Some may, perhaps, doubt whether in can have been one of the objects of divine benevolence and wisdom in arranging the surface of this world, so to construct and adorn it to gratify a taste for fine scenery. But I cannot doubt it. I see not else why nature everywhere is fitted up in a lavish manner with all the elements of the sublime and beautiful, nor why there are powers in the human soul so intensely gratified in contact with those elements unless they were expressly adapted for one another by the Creator. Surely natural scenery does afford to the unsophisticated soul one of the richest and purest sources of enjoyment to be found on earth. If it be doubted by any one, it must be because he has never been placed in circumstances to call into exercise his natural love of the beautiful and the sublime in nature. Let me persuade such a one, at least in imagination, to break away from the slavish bondage of business or pleasure, and in the height of balmy summer to accompany me to a few spots, where his soul will swell with new and strong emotions, if his natural sensibilities to the grand and beautiful do not become thoroughly dead within him.

We might profitably pause for a moment at this enchanting season of the year (June), and look abroad from the gentle slopes of the hills, which we dwell, now all mantled over with a flowery carpet, waiting its balmy odors into our studies, can anything be more delightful than the waving forests, with their dense and green foliage, interspersed with grassy and sunny fields and murmuring streams, which spread all around us? How rich the grand slopes of yonder distant mountains which bound the Connecticut on either side! How imposing Mount Sugar Loaf on the north, with its red belted and green-tufted crown, and Metacomb, too, with its rocky terraces on the one side, and its broad slopes of unbroken forest on the other! Especially, the intended summit of Mount Holyoke reposes against the summer sky! What sunsets and sunsets do we have witness, and what a multitude of permutations and combinations pass before us during the day, as we watch, from hour to hour, one of the loveliest landscapes of New England!

Let us now turn our steps to that huge pile of mountains called the White Hills, New Hampshire. We will approach them through the Saco River, and at the distance of thirty miles they will be seen looming up in the horizon, with the clouds reposing beneath their naked heads. As the observer approaches them, the side of the valley will gradually close in upon him, and rise higher and higher, until he will find their naked granite summits almost jutting over his path, to the height of several hundred feet, seeming to form the very battlements of heaven. Now and then will be seen the exalted peaks of some of these rugged sides, and the naked path of some recent landslip, which carried death and desolation in its tracks. From this deep and wild chasm he will at length emerge, and climb the vast ridge, until he has seen the forest trees dwindle and at length disappear; and standing upon the naked summit, immensity seems stretched out upon him, and he feels as if he were standing on the edge of a precipice, and in the distance, and far above him, Mount Washington seems to repose in awful majesty against the heavens. Turning his course thither, he follows the narrow naked ridge over one peak after another, first rising upon Mount Adams, then Mount Franklin, and then Mount Monadnock, each rising higher, and making the sea of mountains around him more wide and billowy, and the yawning gulfs on either side more profound and awful, so that every mountain has interest deepened, and reaches not its climax till it stands upon Mount Washington, when the vast panorama is completed, and the eye seems spread out at his feet. Yet it does not seem to be a people of world, yet no mighty city lies beneath him. Indeed, were it there, he would pass it almost unnoticed. For why should he regard so small an object as a city when he stands upon Mount Washington, when the vast panorama is completed, and the eye seems spread out at his feet. Yet it does not seem to be a people of world, yet no mighty city lies beneath him. Indeed, were it there, he would pass it almost unnoticed. For why should he regard so small an object as a city when he stands upon Mount Washington, when the vast panorama is completed, and the eye seems spread out at his feet. Yet it does not seem to be a people of world, yet no mighty city lies beneath him. Indeed, were it there, he would pass it almost unnoticed. For why should he regard so small an object as a city when he stands upon Mount Washington, when the vast panorama is completed, and the eye seems spread out at his feet. Yet it does not seem to be a people of world, yet no mighty city lies beneath him. Indeed, were it there, he would pass it almost unnoticed. 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