

discharge it well, that it appears to me an awful thing to be entrusted with a large fortune, while thousands of my fellow creatures, and many of them wiser and better than me, are starving. Oh, sir! believe me, I would rather give up these claims, than have them established. I should be so much happier if I could remain what I am."

"Very likely, young lady, you think so now, but before a year has passed over your head, you will prize the wealth you now despise, as a very excellent thing, and will value yourself more upon it than upon the good sense and fine person given you by nature, and the world will bear you out in your preference."

"Then I sincerely hope that the world and I may never be acquainted," said Rosamond, and turning from the window, she encountered the mild dark eyes of the lad with the dog, fixed intently upon her. She blushed, she knew not why, and secretly marvelled who he was, or if he were in any way related to her aunt, or her. Mrs. Dunstanville did not, however, introduce him, and though he came to the tea table, and the lawyer shook hands familiarly with him, and Mrs. Dunstanville nodded and smiled, not a word was addressed to him during their meal. To Rosamond he was most attentive, proffering to her acceptance the various dainties upon the table, but no word escaped his lips; yet his features were so classically regular, and the expression of his face so intellectual, that Rose was really annoyed at his silence. "How I should like to hear the sound of his voice," thought Rose. But, Rosamond Sternfield, that pleasure will never be thine. The eloquence of that young heart, which speaks so persuasively through those mild orbs, is a fountain sealed. The lad is born of gentle kin, but is deaf and dumb.

The soft accents of maternal love never rang like heaven's own music on his dead ear. The blythe tones of childhood, its glad some ringing laugh, its wild gay shout of uncontrollable glee, are unheard, unechoed by him. The living harmonies of nature, flowing in perpetual melodies round the throne of God, never awoke a thrill of extacy in his silent heart. The bleating of flocks, the lowing of herds, the choral song of birds, the voice of rushing waters, the mournful shrieking of the strong but invisible winds, and the pealing sonorous thunder, never kindled in him sentiments of awe and astonishment, filling his soul with the consciousness of love and power. The boy is solitary—the voice of nature is silent to him—yet is he not wholly alone, or companionless. His language is in the eye, and through its medium a thousand mute things speak to him intelligibly.

The sun pours around him floods of light and warmth; he spreads forth his hands, and with uplifted gaze rejoices in the invigorating beams which afford a faint type of the omnipresence of the Creator. The vast ocean, in its ceaseless tossings and perpetual motion, shews the might of the all-subduing will, which can keep such a stupendous agent in subjection, and appoint to it bounds which it cannot overleap without involving the world in ruin. The animal and vegetable kingdoms reveal to his inquisitive glance, mysteries and miracles which are unsearchable and past finding out.

He hears not the voice of man. The language of unkindness, of falsehood and folly—the loud harsh tones in which he abuses his fellows and blasphemes his God, never have reached his ear. He is happy in his ignorance. The language in which the spirit of the universe makes itself audible to his heart, is that of benevolence, purity and love. He understands no other, and when he turns from the frowning brow and passion-distorted visage, it is with the horror of one who should meet a demon among the glorious creation of God. His countenance, all soul and intelligence, is rendered beautiful by its gentle and holy expression; and that eloquent eye which reveals the unuttered thoughts of the mind-world within.

(To be continued.)

## THE SNOW.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

"The silvery snow!—the silvery snow;—  
Like a glory it falls on the fields below:  
And the trees with their diamond branches appear  
Like the fairy growth of some magical sphere;  
While soft as music, and wild and white,  
It glitters and floats in the pale moonlight,  
And spangles the river and fount as they flow;  
Oh! who has not loved the bright, beautiful snow!"

The silvery snow, and the crinkling frost—  
How merry we go, when the earth seems lost;  
Like spirits that rise from the dust of Time,  
To live in a purer and holier clime!  
A new creation without a stain—  
Lovely as Heaven's own pure domain!  
But, ah! like the many fair hopes of our years,  
It glitters awhile—and then melts into tears!"