

new to us, nor keeping school, as we have always taught a class of Sunday-scholars.

'You are strange people!' exclaimed Sophia; 'for my part, I should die under such a fate. Tell me, how is it you are thus enabled, not only to endure affliction, but to meet it thus cheerfully?'

'Sophia!' said Mrs. Manly, taking her hand, and gazing solemnly in her face, 'it is religion alone which thus lightens misfortune! Oh, how much of the best, and most efficient is lost to those who have not religion to steer them through the breakers of life! To say the sting of death is taken away, will not affect you, as few think of their death-beds, but if you only know how much of the sting and the bitterness of those earthly evils which we all are daily experiencing is rendered harmless by religion, you would leave all to obtain this priceless talisman. I do not advise you to laugh and brave misfortune with a stoic's scorn; that were not a Christian's course, for affliction, we know, is sent by our Father, for a wise purpose, and we should not render ourselves insensible to it; but let us not complain of 'chance or change' in our destiny, for it is the 'ate of all around, and must be ours. Believe me, dear Sophia, it is not the best wisdom to cling too fondly to a world which is moving away from under us; if we have no grasp above, what woe is ours!'

'I know it is not best to love the world too much,' said Sophia, wiping her eyes, 'but then one must be comfortable. It is very well to talk about it coolly, before hand, but when one comes to live in a small inconvenient house, furnished with common carpets, and no curtains—and poor dinners—and no servants—and, of course, no visitors—oh, dear! my very soul shudders at the picture! much do I fear I shall one day be forced to heed it all.'

'For my part,' said Cornelia, 'I can

"See all these idols of life depart."

without a sigh, for I feel they were growing around my heart. I was loving, too well, the elegancies and luxuries with which I was surrounded; these beautiful, but idle weeds of life would soon, I fear, have impeded the growth of better plants; they were taken from me by a kind Father, who saw my danger, and I bless the hand which plucked me from the precipice!

The face of Cornelia glowed with holy emotion, as if the heaven towards which she raised her eyes, was shining down upon her.

Sophia gazed at the young Christian with a troubled and wondering look; she was perplexed with all she had heard;—a new world seemed opened upon her—glimpses of better things came to her heart—of spiritual life, opposed to her own worldly one, and she could not hesitate which of these two were the better choice. A deep sigh, and a mournful shake of the head, showed she feared it a hopeless thing for her to obtain that envied state of mind, which elevates the children of men to a communion with their unseen God.

'Dear me!' exclaimed young Ella, who had pursued her work in silence, 'what need is there for all this philosophy and fortitude? What have we lost? a little money! Shall we pine for this 'yellow slave,' when we have life, and health, and love?' She threw her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her fervently. 'While I have mamma, and father, and sisters and heaps of relations, and my dear Sunday scholars around me,' she continued, with animation, 'what care I if I live poorly, and labour all day?'

'Ah, Ella, you are young yet!' said Sophia, but she gazed upon her pious friends with a look which spoke her admiration and envy of their noble endurance of the evils of their lot, and firm reliance upon their Saviour. As we rode home together, Sophia seemed sad and subdued.

'Those Manlys are inexplicable people to me,' she said. 'I wish I had their fortitude and endurance. Listening to them, has almost induced me to permit Charles to sell all, and live less expensively, until business revives, and his difficulties are over; but then again, I could not support a life of privation as the Manlys could. I am so very delicate I should sink under it—and so very refined, that my soul revolts at the idea of squeezing up in a small house, with corn beef, or pork, or beans for dinner—disgusting!'

Oh, dear, why will not people reflect! If Sophia would not thus crush down her better nature—if she would reflect a moment, she would see the Manlys, in all their poverty, are a thousand times more happy, and more respectable, thus doing their duty, than she can ever be while living in splendour which she is conscious she does not deserve, and ought to resign. Every one acknowledges happiness does not lie in silver and gold, and yet they cling to it, they fasten their souls to it, as if their silver and gold were of purer metal than that of other people, and they might safely trust in it for felicity. Will they not heed the lessons of sages? Will they not listen to the dying testimony of Cræsus, that *millionaire* of old? No; these things were not written for their edification—they pass them over to their neighbours. As Cræsus called upon Solon, I invoke the wiseman of Judea. 'Oh, Solomon, Solomon! would the world would study thy experience more deeply, that they would not so eagerly 'join house to house,' and 'gather silver and gold,' and surround themselves with men singers and women singers, and all the delights of the sons of men.' They would count thy estimate of these things as true, and with thee would join in wisdom's chorus—

"And all this is also vanity!"

Good bye, cousin—or rather, *amen*, for I have sent you quite a homily.

E. R. S.

A SKETCH OF ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.

From "Ten Thousand a Year"—Blackwood's Magazine.

A DINNER PARTY.

While the lofty door of a house in Grosvenor Street was yet quivering under the knock of a previously announced dinner arrival, one of the servants who were standing behind a carriage which approached from the direction of Piccadilly, slipped off, and in a twinkling, with a thun-thun-thunder-under-under, thunder-runder-runder, thun-thun-thun! and a shrill thrilling whirr-r of the bell, announced the arrival of the Duke of —, the last guest. It was a large and plain carriage, but perfectly well known; and before the door of the house at which it had drawn up, had been opened, displaying some four or five servants standing in the hall in simple but elegant liveries, half-a-dozen passengers had stopped to see get out of the carriage an elderly, middle sized man, with a somewhat spare figure, dressed in plain black clothes, with iron grey hairs, and a countenance which, once seen, was not to be forgotten. That was a great man; one, the like of whom many previous centuries had not seen; whose name shot terrors into the hearts of all the enemies of old England all over the world, and fond pride and admiration into the hearts of his fellow-countrymen.

"A quarter to eleven!" he said, in a quiet tone, to the servant who was holding open the carriage door—while the bystanders took off their hats; a courtesy which he acknowledged, as he slowly stepped across the pavement, by touching his hat in a mechanical sort of a way with his forefinger. The house-door then closed upon him; the handful of onlookers passed away; off rolled the empty carriage; and all without was quiet as before. The house was that of Mr. Aubrey, one of the members for the borough of Yatton, in Yorkshire—a man of rapidly-rising importance in Parliament. Surely his was a pleasant position—that of an independent country gentleman, with a clear unincumbered rent-roll of ten thousand a-year, and already become the spokesman of his class! Parliament having been assembled, in consequence of a particular emergency, at a much earlier period than usual, the House of Commons, in which Mr. Aubrey had the evening before delivered a well-timed and powerful speech, had adjourned for the Christmas recess, the House of Lords, being about to follow its example that evening; an important division, however, being first expected to take place at a late hour. Mr. Aubrey was warmly complimented on his success by several of the select and brilliant circle then assembled, and who were in high spirits—ladies and all—on account of a considerable triumph just obtained by their party, and to which Mr. Aubrey was assured, by even the Duke of —, his exertions had certainly not a little contributed. While his Grace was energetically intimating to Mr. Aubrey his opinion to this effect, there was two lovely women listening to him with intense eagerness—they were the wife and sister of Mr. Aubrey. The former was an elegant and interesting woman, of about eight-and-twenty; the latter was really a beautiful girl, somewhere between twenty and twenty one. She was dressed with the utmost degree of simplicity that was consistent with elegance. Mrs. Aubrey, a blooming young mother of two as charming children as were to be met with in a day's walk, all over both the parks, was in character and manners, all pliancy and gentleness; about Miss Aubrey there was a dash of spirit that gave an infinite zest to her beauty. Her blue eyes beamed with the richest expression of feeling—in short, Catharine Aubrey was, both in face and figure, a downright English beauty: and she knew—truth must be told—that such she appeared to the Great Duke, whose cold aquiline eyes she often felt to be settled upon her with satisfaction. The fact was, that he had penetrated at a first glance beneath the mere surface of an arch, sweet, winning manner, and detected a certain strength of character in Miss Aubrey which gave him more than usual interest in her, and spread over his iron-cast features a pleasant expression, relaxing their sternness. It might indeed be said that, before her, in his person,

"Grim visaged war had smooth'd his wrinkled front."

'Twas a subject for a painter, that delicate and blooming girl, her auburn hair hanging in careless grace on each side of her white forehead, while her eyes were fixed with absorbed interest on the stern and rigid countenance which she reflected had been, as it were, a thousand times darker than the smoke of the grisly battle-field. But I must not forget that there are others in the room; and amongst them, standing at a little distance, is Lord De la Zouch, one of Mr. Aubrey's neighbours in Yorkshire. Apparently he is listening to a brother peer talking to him very earnestly about the expected division; but Lord Zouch's eye is fixed on you, lovely Kate—and how little can you imagine what is passing through his mind? It had just occurred to him that his sudden arrangement for young Delamere—his only son and heir come up the day before from Oxford—to call for him about half-past ten, and take his place in Mr. Aubrey's drawing room, while he, Lord De la Zouch, goes down to the House—may be attended with certain consequences. He is speculating on the effect of your beauty bursting suddenly on his son—who has not seen you for nearly two years; all this gives him anxiety—but not painful anxiety—for, dear Kate, he knows that your forehead would wear the ancient coronet of the De la Zouches with grace and dignity. But Delamere is as yet too young—and if he gets the image of Catharine Aubrey into his head, it will, fears his father, instantly cast into the shade and displace

all the stern visages of those old poets, orators, historians, philosophers and statesmen, who ought, in Lord De la Zouch, and his son's tutor's judgment, to occupy exclusively the head of the aforesaid Delamere for some five years to come. That youngster—happy fellow!—frank, high-spirited, and enthusiastic, and handsome to boot, was heir to an ancient title and great estates: all he had considered in looking out for an alliance was, youth, health, beauty, blood, here they all were; *fortune*—bah! what did it signify to his son—but it's not to be thought of for some years.

"Suppose," said he aloud, though in a musing manner, "one were to say—twenty-four!"

"Twenty-four!" echoed the Earl of St. Clair with amazement, "my dear Lord De la Zouch, what do you mean? Eighty-four at the very lowest."

"Eh! what? oh—yes, of course—I should say ninety—I mean—hem!—they will muster about twenty-four only."

"Yes, then you're right, I dare say." Here the announcement of dinner put an end to the colloquy of the two statesmen. Lord De la Zouch led down Miss Aubrey with an air of the most delicate and cordial courtesy; and felt almost disposed, in the heat of the moment, to tell her that he had arranged all in his own mind—that she was to be the future Lady De la Zouch. He was himself the eleventh who had come to the title in direct descent from father to son; 'twas a point he was not a little nervous and anxious about; he detested collateral succession, and he made himself infinitely agreeable to Miss Aubrey as he sat beside her at dinner. The Duke of — sat on the right hand side of Miss Aubrey, seemingly in high spirits, and she appeared proud enough of her supporter. It was a delightful dinner-party, elegant without ostentation, and select without pretence of exclusiveness. All were cheerful and animated, not merely on account of the over-night's parliamentary victory, which I have already alluded to, but also in contemplation of the coming Christmas; how, and where, and with whom each was to spend that "right merrie season," being the chief topic of conversation.

(To be continued.)

TRANSFERRING OF VITAL POWERS.—A not uncommon cause of loss of vital powers is the young sleeping with the aged. The fact, however explained, has been long remarked, and it is well known to every unprejudiced observer. But it has been most unaccountably overlooked in medicine. I have, on several occasions, met with the counterpart of the following case: I was, a few years since, consulted about a pale, sickly, and thin boy, of about five or six years of age. He appeared to have no specific ailment, but there was a slow and remarkable decline of flesh and strength, and of the energy of all the functions—what his mother very aptly termed, a gradual blight. After enquiring into the history of the case, it came out that he had been a robust and plethoric child up to his third year, when his grandmother, a very aged person, took him to sleep with her; that he soon afterwards lost his good looks; and he had continued to decline ever since, notwithstanding medicinal treatment. I directed him to sleep apart from his aged parent, and prescribed tonics, change of air, &c. The recovery was rapid. It is not with children only that debility is induced by this mode of abstracting vital power. Young females, married to very old men, suffer in a similar manner, though not to the same extent. Those in good health should never sleep with sickly persons.

LEGISLATIVE ANECDOTE.—The following extract is from the speech of Mr. Proffit of Indiana, in Congress, a few days since:

"Mr. Speaker, this passage between my colleague and the gentleman from Pennsylvania, reminds me of a circumstance which occurred in the Indiana Legislature. I had made some remarks, sir, upon a subject of some importance. I was followed by a gentleman in opposition, who immediately commenced misrepresenting my language. I corrected him, sir. He received my explanation apparently in all sincerity, but continued to misrepresent me. I again, sir, with some little warmth, corrected him; and complained of the course he seemed determined to pursue. The gentleman, after a moment's hesitation, cast an imploring look upon me, and with much candour said: "Well, Mr. Proffit, I know that you did not exactly use the language attributed to you; but, sir, I have been for six weeks preparing a speech on this subject, and, in order to give it effect, it is necessary for some person to use the language attributed to you. I know of no person who can stand it better than yourself, and so you must excuse me." (Great laughter.)

CATHEDRAL AT MILAN.—This cathedral is a most astonishing work of art. It is built of white marble, and cut into pinnacles of immense height and utmost delicacy of workmanship, and loaded with sculpture. The effect of it, piercing the deep blue with solid groups of dazzling spires, relieved by the depth of this pure Italian heaven, or by moonlight, when the stars seem gathered among those clustered shapes, is beyond anything I had imagined architecture capable of producing. The interior, though very sublime, is of a more earthly character, and with its stained glass and massy granite columns loaded with antique figures, and the silver lamps that burn for ever under the canopy of black cloth beside the brazen altar, and the marble fret-work of the dome, give it the aspect of some gorgeous sepulchre. There is one solitary spot among these aisles, behind the altar, where the light of day is dim and yellow under the storied window, which I have chosen to visit, and read letters there.—*Shelley's Letters from Italy.*