

Charles Leslie's wife! Had a stroke from Heaven oblituated me down, I could not have felt more overwhelmed. I sank into a seat breathless, whilst my tumultuous thoughts overcame me. What—she, the rightful inheritor of the wealth which supplied my own and my wife's extravagance, by menial labour supporting a scanty maintenance. Conscience, remorse; could no longer be silenced—all my injustice stared me in the face, and I loathed, I detested myself. What, she contending with want, with sickness, whilst we indulged in every luxury! Oh, what would I not have given to have exchanged my costly abode for the meanest hovel—to take from me the load of guilt which crushed me. I tossed the five hundred dollar shawl to the furthest end of the room. My agitation was so great as to alarm Cornelia—she gazed at me with a look of anxious astonishment. I clasped my hands over my face, whilst deep and bitter groans burst from my oppressed breast. All I had suffered through so many years seemed concentrated in the agony of that moment. At length I raised my head—Cornelia had seated herself opposite to me—her eyes were fixed on mine.

'My husband,' said she, in a tone of determination, 'some secret grief has long oppressed you, which you have ever refused to communicate to me. The time has come when I must know it—whatever it is. It is right, it is necessary for you to unburden yourself to me. I am your wife, I ought to know it—I desire to know it—I must know it.'

She ceased speaking. I felt impelled to obey her—for in her I seemed to behold Truth personified—a power I could not resist.

'I will tell you all, Cornelia,' I said, 'but the tale will annihilate you—will kill me, for you will spurn me. But my agony is so great, that I feel now as if even your contempt could not bring an additional pang.'

I then rapidly, concisely told her my tale. She listened with calmness, for she had wrought herself up to bear it, whatever it might be; but as I proceeded, her features were fixed, she became paler and paler, until she assumed a marble-like whiteness, and she looked like a breathing statue. I finished—a long pause ensued. She stirred not—spoke not. At length, starting up, she said, and her voice was deep toned and hollow:

'A great wrong has been done, Henry, and there is but one way to act now. Reparation must be made—full, complete and immediate.'

'I wish it,' said I, 'from my soul I wish it. Cornelia, but how—how?'

She was hastily putting on her bonnet, and proceeded to wrap her cloak around her.

'Where are you going, Cornelia?' I asked, gasping for breath.

'To Charles Leslie,' she replied.

'To expose me?' I cried. 'To blast our children with their father's shame—just as they are entering life.'

Her lips quivered at the name of her children, and an expression passed across her countenance which revealed the agony of her spirit.

'It must be done,' she said, whilst her voice faltered—'there is no alternative; but I will trust to Leslie. If it can be, the world shall not know the circumstances for our children's sake; and you, Henry, you will feel better, happier when all is over, than you can ever hope to do, if you go on thus.'

'It is almost dark, Cornelia,' I said, 'it commences to snow. I will ring for your carriage.'

'No, no,' she replied, 'it is better for me to go thus. Oh, Henry, how I reproach myself for my unthinking extravagance. It is I—it is I, who am the cause of this! It is the value I placed on the baubles, which surround me' added she, casting a glance around her apartment, more fitted for an Eastern Sultana than an American matron, 'that has brought this upon us. Yes, yes—I see it all now. The scales have dropped from my eyes, and how poor, how valueless, do these outward trappings of life appear, now I know the sacrifice they have cost you.'

She departed. I was left to my own reflections. Need I describe what I suffered during her absence? I remained motionless in the same seat; but how much I lived and endured in that hour. Many may pass through a long life, and their all of sensation and suffering would not be equal to what I experienced then. They may speak of the agony of the rack, but what corporeal pain can compare with mental suffering?

Cornelia returned at length! 'Leslie is all that we wish him,' she said, 'he will arrange every thing, so that they may possess their own, and the world not know the circumstances. Our children will be spared from inheriting a tainted name.'

Two years have passed, and what an alteration in our situation since last I penned my thoughts. We are now residing in a small two-story house in Brooklyn. One female domestic is our only servant. My wife divides her time between household affairs and instructing the girls, and their progress is greater than when they were at a French boarding-school, at an expence of eight hundred dollars each. We are happier: as for myself infinitely happier, since I have surrendered principal and interest—yes, to the last cent, of my ill-gotten spoil. The world the gay and fashionable world, have deserted us; but Cornelia is left to me, and I have nothing more to wish. She made every arrangement for the change in our life. I was passive in her hands. She sustained my often faltering resolution, and strengthened me from the wild suggestions of despair. She supported every thing with unshrinking fortitude, though she could not give up at once, all those luxuries and elegancies, she had long prized so high, without some womanly feeling of regret, and above all, she could not be insensible to the coldness and heartlessness with which she was shaken off by those who had once worshipped her as a 'bright particular star,' by those too, to whom she had given her warm affection, without many a bitter pang. It is, however, all over now.—Her spirit is too noble to cling to the earth—she has found a consolation in the only true source of happiness.

Something is left to us—and I have obtained a situation which brings me in a salary of twelve hundred a year: my spirit is calm, for Cornelia has led me to the path of peace—has taught me the consoling power of religion—has shown me the purity and beauty of virtue. But this calm, this peace was not procured at once. No: The soul cannot pass at once from a state of guilt to a state of innocence. Many were the dark moments, the hours of agony I passed through, before I could hope for forgiveness from that power on whose immutable laws of justice I had trampled—from whose suggestions of conscience I had turned, so long. Now I am happy, there is peace within, and I can glide serenely to my grave, by the 'world forgotten and the world forgot.'

E. S.

#### HOW TO PROMOTE RELIGION.

The modes of doing good in society are various. We should sharpen our discernment to discover them; and our zeal to put them in practice. If we cannot open men's eyes to the truth of religion by our arguments, we may perhaps open them to its beauty by our moderation. Though he may dislike christianity in itself, he may, from admiring the forbearance of the christian, be at last led to admire the principle from which it flowed. If he have hitherto refused to listen to the written evidence of religion, the temper of her advocate may be a new evidence of so engaging a kind, that his heart may be opened by the sweetness of the one to the varieties of the other. He will at least be brought to allow that that religion cannot be very bad the fruits of which are so amiable. The conduct of the disciple may in time bring him to the feet of the master. A new combination may be formed in his mind. He may begin to see what he had supposed antipathies reconciled, to unite two things which he thought as impossible to be brought together as the two poles—he may begin to couple candour with christianity.

But if the mild advocate fail to convince, he may persuade, even if he fail to persuade, he will at least leave on

the mind of the adversary such favourable impressions, as may induce him to inquire farther. He may be able to employ on some future occasion, to more effectual purpose, the credit which his forbearance will have obtained for him: whereas uncharitable vehemence would probably have forever shut the ears and closed the heart of his opponent against any further intercourse. HANNAH MORE.

#### STUDIES OF GREAT MEN.

Observe whether the great lights of the world, of whatever age and nation, have not united the things of the spirit with those of the senses in their contemplations. Zoroaster made the study of the elements subservient to worship. Pythagoras came down from contemplating the starry skies to expatiate on the immortality of the soul. Solon founded his moral on natural law; and Moses used the learning of the Egyptians as a qualification for the service of the God of the Hebrews. It was his broad gaze over the expanse of nature, and his penetrating glance into the intimate connexions of things, that made Socrates the sun of the heathen world, and enabled him to intimate what invisibly exists from what visibly appears. Plato studied geometry and poetry in conjunction,—travelled into Sicily to examine its volcanos, and into Egypt to master its mathematical sciences,—and then returned to discourse of the realities of which these were the shadows,—of the eternal principle which dwells alone, and sends its emanations hither and thither, through the universe. His stern pupil, at whose feet the world lay for centuries, founded his logic on his search "after every star that heaven can show, and every herb that sips the dew." The Stoic philosophy was based on the observation of the immutability of the laws of the universe; and it was this harmonious flow of the tide of being, which filled the soul of Epicurus with serenity and love. Archimedes united metaphysics with his deepest researches into matter. The service which Bacon rendered to mankind, was the furnishing philosophical principles to the pursuit of physical science; and Newton spiritualized his mighty discoveries by a perpetual reference of all that is, to Him who made it.—*Monthly Repository.*

#### GOD IS LOVE.

God is love: all his perfections and procedures are but so many modifications of his love. What is his omnipotence but the arm of his love? What his omniscience but the medium through which he contemplates the objects of his love? What his wisdom but the scheme of his love? What are the offers of the gospel but the invitations of his love? What the threatenings of the law but the warnings of his love? They are the hoarse voice of his love, saying, "Man! do thyself no harm." They are a fence thrown round the pit of perdition, to prevent rash men from rushing into ruin. What was the incarnation of the Saviour but the richest illustration of his love? What were the miracles of Christ but the condescensions of his love? What were the sighs of Christ but the breath of his love? What were the prayers of Christ but the pleadings of his love? What were the tears of Christ but the dew-drops of his love? What is this earth but the theatre for the display of his love? What is heaven but the Alps of his mercy, from whose summits his blessings, flowing down in a thousand streams, descend to water and refresh his church situated at its base.—*Dr. Waugh.*

HYPOCRISY.—The mask will one day be torn from every deceiver. Ottocar King of Bohemia refused to do homage to the Emperor Rudolph, until, being chastised by the armies of the latter he yielded so far as to agree to do homage in his private tent. The emperor agreed. Just as the king knelt before him, the tent was suddenly drawn away by the cords, and Ottocar was discovered on his knees to the whole army.

A CONSTRUCTIVE COMPLIMENT.—An Arabian having brought a blush to a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her. "My looks have planted roses in your cheeks; why are we forbid to gather them? The law permits him who sows to reap the harvest."