EDITH YORKE.

CHAPTER 1X .- Continued TWO YEARS AFTER.

If the President of the United States, a that time General Taylor, had sent Daniel Webster as his ambassador to invite Mrs. Bowar to preside over the White House for him, she could not have been more aston-

lehed.

There was nothing amening in the manne of the proposal, howevers, Mr. Williams had, just been reading an editorial on the Wilmot proviso," and, having finished it took his pipe from his mouth, glanced across the table on which his elbow leaned, and said quietly, "I've been thinking that we may as well get married, as we shall probably always live together. Helen and Dick will some time build nests of their own, and they won't want either of us. I shall treat you as well as I always have, and I hope you will be satisfied with that, and I shall do something for Dick. I'm rather in love with the fellow. I really cannot see why you should object, though I give you credit for being surprised. If you had expected me to ask you, I should have disappointed you. Suppose we should be married before Dick gets home, for a pleasant surprise for him!"

Mrs. Rowan had dropped her work, and sat staring at Mr. Williams, to see if he were jesting.

"I am in earnest," he said. " How does the idea strike you?" "It strikes me"-she stammered faintly,

and stopped there.
"So I preceive," was the dry comment with which he put his pipe between his lips again. "Take time. Don't be in a hurry to answer; I am not a frantic lover of twen-

Mrs. Rowan sat with her hands clasped on a pile of handkerchiefs in her lap, and tried to think. It would be good for Dick, it would be better for Dick, it would be best for Dick. On Dick's account she could not dream of refusing; indeed she would not have presumed to refuse, even had there been no Dick in the case. But, for all that, Mr. Williams' last sentence rang in her ears and made her eyes fill. Once upon a time-so long agol-she was young and pretty, and then there was somebody handsomer, better educated, more talented than this man, who was a frantic lover of twenty when he asked her to be his wife. If she had known better then, been more earnest and serious, that blossom day of her life had borne good fruit, perhaps, instead of an apple of Sodom, and her husband might have been still living. If she had loved him less weakly, she might

have saved him. "Well?" said Mr. Williams, having given her ten minutes by the clock.

She started, and came back to the present. In the pain of the pas she was momentarily strong. "I suppose you know best for yourself," she said quietly; "and I have no objection for Dick's sake.

Mr. Williams had been a little afraid of a scene, and her quiet and the tears in her eyes touched him. "I don't believe you will be sorry for it, Jane," he said kindly. "I have heard that you have had one sad experience, and I can promise you that you shall have nothing like that from me."

A slight shadow, almost a frown, passed over her face. "You are very kind," she said in a cold voice. "But as to the past, no one is to blame but me. I stand by the man I married when I was a young girl. I loved him then and always, and I hope to meet him again. He was too good for me."

"All right!" replied the merchant cheerfully, but with some surprise. He had not thought that the widow possessed so much spirit. "We need not disagree about him We can enter into a partnership for the rest with Mr. Rowan when we get there, I won't run after you. May be somebody else will be claiming me. I'm satisfied, if you are. We are too old for sentiment."

So saying, he turned again to the Evening

Post, and pursued his reading.
Too old for sentiment! She looked at him with eyes in which, for a moment, a high and shining wonder dilated. Why, if Bichard had lived and prospered, and she had made him happy, she could have run to meet him with roses of joy in her cheeks, though she were half a century old. She could have been as watchful of his looks and tones as when she was a girl. Too old for sentiment! Well, it takes all sorts of people to make a world, she thought.

An hour of silence passed, the woman sewing, the man reading. At ten o'clock Mrs. Rowan rose to go to bed. Mr. Williams looked up. "Let's see, this is September first," he said. "Suppose we call in the parson about the tenth ?"

She stopped—she and her breath. "You know we need not bother about a bridal tour," he said. " And I think we may as well keep our own counsel. When it is all over, I'll introduce you to Mrs. Bond as a new sister- n-law. Don't be afraid: I will make her keep the peace. lam a justice, you know."

"Very well," said Mrs. Rowan. "Do as you like," There was no more said that night: but

the next morning Mr. Williams gave the widow a short lecture on the manner in which he wished her to conduct berself toward those about her. "You are too bumble and yielding," he said. "Of course, I do not expect you to change your character : but recollect, you have me to stand by you. If Sarah Bond should annoy you, stand your ground. If the servants are impudent, dismiss them. If anything whatever pappens displeasing to you, toil me the minnte I get home, and I will set the matter right."

With that he went.

An hour after, a carriage drew up at the door, and a woman came into the house, and friend. asked to see Mrs. Rowan. She was a woman of middle age, and looked nervous and wor-

"I am Miss Bird, Miss Clinton's companion," she announced. "Miss Clinton wants to see you right away. She has sent the carriage for you."

"Who is Miss Clinton?" Mrs. Rowan asked ; "and what does she want of me?"

The companion looked at her in astonishment. Not know who Miss Clinton was! But it must be true that she did not, or she would not have presumed to ask the other question.

"hiss Clinton is one of the first ladies in Boston," Miss Bird said, with quite a grand sir. "When you go to her she will probably: tell you what she wants." "Cannot she come to see me?" Mrs.

Bowen seked. This last piece of assumption was from the future Mrs. Williams, not from Mr. William's housekeeper.

"Why, what can you be thinking of?" the but they hate me, and so I can aff woman cried. "Miss Clinton must be eighty sincere. It raves trouble, besides." years old, if not ninety. I am not sure but

fashioned one in a most respectable locality -entered, and went upstairs to a sunny parfor with windows looking into a garden. The four walls of this room were entirely covered with pictures, the central places being occupled by four portraits of a lady, the same lady, painted in different costumes, and at different ages. It was a handsome face, not without signs of talent. The original of these portraits sat in an arm chair near one of the windows. The silvery curls of a wig olustered about her wrinkled face, a scarlet India shawl was wrapped, around her tall upright form, and her small hands glittered with rings. On a table at her elbow were her hand bell, eye-glasses, scent bottle, snuff

box, and bonbonniere.
As the two entered the room, the old lady snatched her glasses, and put them up with a shaking hand. "So you have got here at last!" she cried out. "Have you been taking Mr. What's his name's housekeeper a drive on

the Mill dam, Bird? "I was obliged to wait for Mrs. Sowan," Bird said meekly. "She will tell you."

"I came as soon as I was ready, ma'am," interposed Mrs. Rowan. "I did not want to take the trouble to come at all. If you have no business with me I will go home

Miss Clinton turned and stared at the speaker, noticing her for the first time. "I have business with you," she said in a dreamily. "What a pot pourri society is beharp voice, a'ter having looked the widow over deliberately. "Come here! Bird, bring a chair, and then go out of the room.

Rird obeyed. "I want to know about that Yorke girl," the old lady began, when they were alone. "If you wish to befriend her, you had better tell me all you know. As for Amy Arnold, she deserves to be poor. I will not give her a dollar. She was always a sentimental simpleton, with her fine ideas. Not but fine ideas are good in their place: I always had them, but I had common sense too. I keep will hand in her submission to the powers my sentiments, as I keep my rings and that be. They were quite willing to wait; threw mud and stones at me here in the brooches, for ornament; that is the way sensible people do; but she must pave the minds were pleasantly occupied about this alone against the whole. And I never oried common way with hers. Fancy a girl time by several things. Dick's return was but he comforted me. 1 could not tell all with absolute beauty, and money in expecta- the principal joyful event. Besides that, that he did for me, though I should talk a The question came with a faint sense of strain tion, if she behaved herself, marrying Mejor Cleaveland was visiting them. He had week. I won't turn him off now. If he in the voice, and it was not answered impoor artist, because, forsooth, they had congenial souls! Congenial fiddlesticks! his town-house for the reception of a bride. it would be more than crust to refuse. If I had had the power, I would have shut His marriage was to take place in a week or So, Aunt Amy, please give me the cross. I her up till she came to her seuses. I am two at Seaton, and his partner, with his new am going to wear it always." ears soundly. Fortunately, the fellow died down and be present at the ceremony. Mrs. on her. Charles Yorke is a respectable man but I am not fond of him. I was fond of Robert till he treated Alice Mills so. Though, indeed, it was an escape for Alice; for he would have broken her heart. Bobert didn't know enough to love a plain woman.

"The little Pole knew how to make him behave himself. I rather thing for them if Alice had not been my

The door opened, "I won't see anybody!"

Mrs. Rowan looked with eager interest at | he won. this visitor, and saw a lady of medium size, graceful figure and plain face. Was she plain, klesed her cheek tenderly, putting her other to her husband's solicitations. hand on the other cheek, in a pretty, caresaing way, and had asked sweetly of the old lady's health, Mrs. Bowan found her beautiful. So still and gentle, and yet so bright, was she, all harmony seemed to have entered the room with her. Even Miss Clinton's harsh face softened as she looked up at her with a gaze of fondness that had something imploring in it, and clung to her hand a mo-

ment. "You have come in good time, my dear," she said then, in a voice far gentler than she had spoken with before. "This is the person who had charge of Robert Yorke's daughter."

The lady had seated herself close to Miss Clinton's side, with a hand still resting on the arm of her chair. At this announcement she turned rather quickly, but with instinctive courtesy, and looked searchingly at Mrs. house that ever was built; that rat holes Rowan. Then she went to take her hand. "I had a letter from Edith today," she said, and she mentioned you very affectionately. I thought when I read it that I would go to 866 you."

hem " coughed Miss Clinton harshly. Come here, Alice! I have sent for Mrs. What's her name to tell us all about the child, so you are saved the trouble of going to her."

Mrs. Rowan's impulse had been to kies the gentle hand that touched hers, but this in-terruption checked her. Miss Mills went back to her seat and the catechism began. It was not a pleasant one. More than once the widow thought that "one of the first ladies in Boston" was a very rude and impudent old woman; but for the sake of that sweet face, which seemed to entreat her forbearance, she

answered civilly. The questioning ended. "Now you may go," said Miss Clinton, and, turning her back on Mrs. Rowan, began to talk to her

"O my friend! how can you?" exclaimed Miss Milis reproachfully. "You are so kind, Mrs. Bowan," rising to take leave of her. "I

am glad to have seen you."

Mrs. Rowan's tace was crimso. What would Dick say to see his mother so treated? and what would Mr. Williams say? "Why, Alice, she is that John Williams

housekeeper," the old woman said, when Mrs. Rowan had gone. "And what are you?" was the question

which rose almost to the younger lady's indignant lips. But she suppressed it, and only showed her disapproval by sitting silent a moment.

"Did you expect me to get up and make a court courtesy?" pursued Miss Olinton. "Why, I wouldn't do that for you, my dear. And why should I not tell her to go? I had no more to say to her, and I dare say sho was glad to get away. If people fell in love with me as they do with you, you soft creature I then I might be sweeter with them but they hate me, and so I can afford to be

"If every one practised that sort of sincer ity we should soon lapse into barbarism," was Having ventured so much, after a slight the quiet reply.

waited for submission, not to herself, but to right and justice. The time for Miss Olinton's conversion was so short, and the progress had been so slow, this friend was came to the rescue. As her glance flashed almost tempted to despair. "Final impenit swiftly around the circle, it was as though a ence" seemed to be written in those hard old

eyes, on that bitter old mouth. Miss Clinton scolded, then complained, then bemoaned herself, finally submitted. "You know, Alice, I have got so in the habit of ordering people about, and most people are so slavish, I do not think," she said, wiping her eyes.

That was all her friend asked-a sense of having done wrong. Then came the time for soothing, and for bright and cheerful talk. After such a regimen it might reasonably be supposed that Miss Clinton, would treat her next visitor with decent civility; and the immediate happy result of the lesson was that for that day Bird escaped further

When, a fortnight later, Miss Mills told the old lady that Mr. Williams and Mrs. Bowan were married, Miss Clinton was astounded. "That accounts for her turning so red when I told her to go," she said. "Well, Well, I must be polite to Bird. For anything I know she may be engaged to John C. Calhoun."

Mr. Calhoun was one of the old lady's idole. "Married his housekeeper!" she parsued

coming! Though now I think of it, John Williams came from nothing." "We all came from nothing, dear," said the other softly, "and soon we shall return to

nothing." Yes, Mrs. Rowan was married, and quite remember once I hit him with a stick and at home in her new character. Mrs. Bond almost put his eye out; and when I cried he had been met in open field, challenged, en- kissed me and said, 'I know you didn't gaged, and routed. At present she was at mean te, desr,' before his eye had stopped home nursing her wounds; but we may aching. This was the way he always did. come up to superiotend the refurnishing of wanted to die for me I'd let him; for was disposed to go, Dick looked his desire to sequences of yielding. go, Edith had written a coaxing letter, and even Hester Yorke had sent a very pretty note, hoping that they would come. So it

was decided that they should go. Why should Hester Yorkes invitation be liked that girl, and I would have done some. of special consequence, does any one ask? Having been put off as long as was possible, friend. What is the child like? Tell me all the truth must be told at last, though with great dissatisfaction. Miss Hester Yorke is to be the bride. Instead quite disentangle her from her past. Miss Olinton screamed, waving the servant of fixing his affections on Melicent, who was of our lives. As to the other world, I'll ask away. Then, as he was going, she called him | twenty years his junior, or Clara, who was for no mortgages on that. If you run away back. Who is it? Alice Mills? The very one twenty-two, nothing would satisfy this man but Hester,

> But it was a good while before he won the father and mother. Mr. Yorke consented though? That was the first impression; but | first, rather ungraciously, but Mrs. Yorke did when she had taken Miss Clinton's hand, and | not yield till the last minute, and then only

" If Hester is satisfied to marry a man old enough to be her father," he said, "we may as well consent. The age is the only objection."

"Hester is satisfied now," the mother said anxiously; "but she is only a child. We do not know how it will be ten years bence, when her character will be more developed. She will then be twenty-eight and he fifty. Oh! I have no patience with these ridiculous widowers!" And the lady wrung her hands.

"You misjudge Hester, my dear," the husband said. "She b s developed all she ever will. She is no pomegranate in the bud, but a cherry fully ripened. Have you never observed that whatever is hers is always perfect in her eyes? She is ready now to maintain to the world that this is the most beautiful are an advantage; that our furniture is the more desirable for being worn; that our roses are finer than any others, our vines more graceful, our birds more musical. Why, my dear, she thinks that I am a beauty!"

A soft little laugh rippled over Mrs. Yorke's lips. "So do I!" she said.

"That is because you look at me with such beautiful eyes," replied the gentleman gallantly. It was not often that his personal appearance was com-" But, to return: Hesplimented, ter will be the same to her husband. Once married to him. ahe will be absolutely convinced that there is not | to be remembered of his father. to be found his equal. I have no fear but that ten years hence, it Major Oleaveland should be placed by the side of the most magnificent man on earth, Hester would maintain boldly that her husband was the superior. No ; I anticipate no trouble for a long while. The only disagreeable view I take is that when Hester is fifty, the golden middle age for a healthy woman, she will be nursing a childish old man of seventy-four, instead of having an equal friend and companion."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the wife, "I cannot possibly weep over what may happen thirtytwo years hence."

And so the matter was settled; and now the Major was doing his utmost in honor of the event. The house in Seaton had been already put in perfect order, and the house in town was now, as we see, being adorned. They were to come there immediately, after a quiet wedding at Hester's home.

When Major Cleaveland returned to Seaton, a week siter the wedding, he carried two offerings from Mr. Bowan, one for the brideelect, the other for Edith. Hester's present was quite simple, a package of photographic views taken in the city of Peking, and, seen through a stereoscope, almost as good as a visit to that city. But Dick's offering to Edith was an extravagant one: it was a Maltese cross set with emeralds.

This gift created a warm discussion in the Yorke family, who were almost unanimous gainst Edith's accepting it. Carl was especially indignant. Edith is almost a young lady," he said; "and the vibrated with triumph. She were his cross

ins that Dick had no other friend but her, that he had enemies, perhaps; that his teelings were not to be counted, instantly she blade had been swung before their eyes.

"But, my dearest Edith," began Melicent, and then went over the whole argument again in her most suave and convincing mannar.

"I know it all," Edith replied firmly know what people consider proper about presents; but this is not a common case. I would not take that cross from Carl, nor from any other gentleman. He took pains to get the present, and thought a good deal about it, and brought it over the ocean for me, and king Mr. Rowan's acquaintance" in a remarkwas in hopes that I would be pleased; and I will not disappoint him."

Mrs. Yorke took the girl's hand affection. ately, the disputed jewel dropping in her lap. in the morning," he said after a little "I would not hurt his feelings for the world, polite and very constrained talk. "Besides," my love," she said. "Leave it all to me. I he added, with a slight smile, "I believe Pat my love," she said. "Leave it all to me. I will explain to him so that he cannot be of-

"Aunt Amy, no one in the world can explain between Dick Royan and me," said Edith, withdrawing her hand. "You have been good to me, all of you, and I love you, and will obey you when it is right. But this isn't right; it is only what people who know nothing about it think proper. Dick was good to me first of all. Mamma used to have him take care of me when I was a tiny little girl; and, after mamma died, he did everything for me. If I wanted anything, he got it forime if he could; and if I broke his playthings and tore his books, he never scolded me. I And afterward, when the children laughed at me, because I was poor and queer, and they

They were all silent at this first outbreak of her who had often won from Carl the greeting of Coriolanus to his wife, "My graabout accepting the invitation, but it was clous slience, hall!" No one had the heart to urged by the bridegoom-elect; Mr. Williams refuse any longer, whatever might be the con-

Edith took the chain and hung it about her neck, looking down on the cross a moment as it rested on her bosom. "Green means hope," she said.

Carl left the room. No one else gaid suything. Her address had struck too near home. They might forget the time when she had been poor and homeless, but she was not obliged to; and they could not in conscience

"Desrest Aunt Amy, do smile again!" Edith entreated, putting her arms around Mrs. Yorke's neck. "You are not displeased that ingratitude is the vice of slaves?"

"Dear child, you do as you will with me," her aunt sighed; and so the dispute ended. One day of the next week, as the steamer

came ploughing up the Narrows into Seaton Bay, Mrs. Williams and her son sat in a corner of the deck by themselves. Mr. Williams, slightly seasick, was below. There were not many passengers that day, and no one seemed to have recognized these two. They sat stay there till the stage-coach should come leaning on the rail and looking off over the for him. water. It could scarcely be expected that they would not icel some emotion on such a Dick," she said. "I have hardly had a return to their native town siter such a dechance to speak to you yet. We have plenty parture, and Dick held his mother's trembling of time, for they have to go up after their hand tight in his, which, indeed, was scarcely

steady. A low, sandy island lay before them, and seemed to toss on the surface of the bay. "I wish I could go over there before we go home | The lady seemed to find difficulty in uttering again," the mother whispered, looking up

wistfully into her son's face. "No!" he answered. "We shall be commented on and watched sufficiently as it is. Let the dead past bury its dead. It is a that, Mrs. Yorke," he said; "but also, I do shame and disgrace. I cannot have it dragged up again."

He spoke firmly, and his mother was silenced. She feared her son Mrs. Yorke, as she watched the two go down in his rare moods of sternness. They awed her far more than his earlier passions had. Those she had understood, and could soothe; but now he was growing out of her knowledge. Besides, she did not they soon found themselves in a narrow dream what an orderl his meeting with forest track. Over their heads hung Edith's family was to be to him. To her sim- the splendid crimson and gold canopy plicity, Hester's invitation and Edith's allowed intercourse with them seemed an entire adoption; but he knew better. On the whole, from garnet-black up to rose-color, or hung it was a time above all when he least desired

As they neared the wharf, they saw Mejor Cleaveland standing there, with a tail, slim gala autumn dress. A blue mist showed did not know. She maintained a profound girl beside him. She wore a black riding cip and feather, and a glimpse of scarlet petticoat showed as she gathered up her riding-skirt. The disengaged hand was flong out with a quick welcoming gesture as she saw them, and a flush went over her face.

Mr. Bowan drew back to let Mr. and Mrs. Williams land first, and waited till his and they stopped a moment to look. mother had received the first greeting. Then he took Edith's hand, and looked down at her silvered over with mist, that seemed scarcely as she looked up at him. Her eyes sparkled, to rise a foot above it. Through this mist was not, he saw, a cloud over the delight with which she met him.

"Dlok," she said ecstatically, after a minute, "I think that you are perfectly epiendidi" In the old times they had used each other's

eyes for mirrors: why not now? "You do!" said the young man, tossing his head with a slight laugh. "Thank you!" "But you have grown," she pursued, con-

templating him with great admiration. "And

have not I grown tall?" She stood back blushingly to be in spected. "You're a pretty fair height," Dick said with an air of moderation. "Come, they're waiting for us. 1s this your

pony ?" He lifted her to the saddle, then stepped

day, and be hostess lt had been agreed be a pallingsest with To Deum laudamus with that, under the circumstances, no hosten largely over the fading errors; still the pitable cares could be expected from merit of good-will it not all your own. Or their host. His visitors were to use his trip as your dutiful measure may, tangled in house as a hotel and do quite as they pleased that wild song; the fault is not all yours. in it. But in the afternoon Major Cleave- Many a Casalus may claim indulgence on the land insisted that Mr. Rowan should go with score of some rash inherited human him and call upon Hester, who wished to thank him without delay for the pretty present he had sent her. Dick would much have preferred remaining where he was; but he went and was received with the utmost cordiality by all but Carl, who was not visible.

But Carl came up in the evening to escort

Edith home, and had then "the honor of maably cool and ceremonious fashion. "Mother thought you had better come home early, Edith, because we must all be up early

rick does not allow his horse to be out after and pointed her finger, a little shaken with nine o'clock. He lent him to me very grudgingly." The night was one of perfect silence as the

two rode homeward under the stare, and they were not talkative. Scarcely a word was narrow chest. You have left no chance for spoken till they had crossed the bridge and were riding up North street. Then Edith spoke in a low voice:

"Are you tired, Carl?"

"No, thank you. Are you?"

Then there was a silence for a while, till Edith began egain: "Carl, do you think that Mrs. Williams is

pleasant?" "I did not observe," he replied coolly.

said. "Did vou like him?" "Not particularly."

Another silence. They had turned from the public road, and were being enclosed in the forest. "How did you like Dick Rowan, Carl?"

mediately. "I hope you will not expect me to be as fond of him as you are," he said presently. "He may be like a brother to you, but to me he is a stranger."

"But what do you think of him?" she persisted. "He is very handsome," Carl said, in a

quiet tone, "and he looks like an honest fellow. I have no fault to find with him." They turned up the avenue, alighted, and went up the steps together.

"Carl," said Edith wistfully, "are you troubled about anything?" "What should trouble me child?" he asked, with a touch of kindness in his voice. "I do not know," she sighed. "Then are

you voxed with me about anything?" "No. Edith," he said. "I have no reason to be vexed with any one but myself. Good

night, dear !" She echoed the good night, and went upstairs, not nearly so happy as she had ex-The next morning the marriage took place.

For Hester's sake we will say that the bride was lovely, and the wedding a pretty one. But we will not further celebrate Major Cleaveland's anachronistic nuptials. The Williamses were to leave town in the evening. They dined at the Yorkes', and went away immediately after dinner. Edith was to walk down to the hotel with him, and

"And we will walk the very longest way,

l valises While Edith ran up stairs for her hat, Mr. Kowan took leave of the others, and Mrs. Yorke walked out into the portico with him. something which she wished to say. But when she heard her piece coming, she snoke hastily. "Mr. Rowan, Edith is but a child!" His face blushed up, "I do not forget

not torget that she is a child I have many a time carried in my arms." "A very headstrong young man!" thought

the steps together. They went up the road, to strike into East street, instead of down; and as the road, after passing the bouse, ceased almost entirely, of maples and beeches mingled, and vines ran through every glowing tone in deep purple masses. The mountain ash bent to offer its clusters of red berries, and faintly through the long forest reaches, and

rich earth-odors rose on the moist air. The immense conversation which was to have been held seemed to be forgotten : scarcely a word was said till they came out into the eastern road. Then Edith pointed across the way and said, "Is it not lovely?"

There was a tract of low swampy land there and she breathed quickly with joy. There showed a fine emerald green thick with pink and purple blooms, and over it swam a yellow bird, in smooth undalations, as if it floated on a tide.

The two stood there for some time in silence, till that picture was perfectly painted on the memory of each. Then they walked on into the village. In a few minutes after they reached the hotel, the coach came down from Mejor Cleaveland's with Mr. and Mrs. Williams in it. the farewells were said, and they were gone.

> CHAPTER X. A DESPAIRING CHAPTER.

After all, no person's story can be truly told without beginning at the creation of the world. Not that we would invoke Darwinian aid, or inquire into the family peculiarities of the sponge-" O philoprogenitive sponge !" Nor would we intimate that the soulistan passive to circumstances as a rudderless ship to wind and wave, but assert rather that It is

pause Miss Bird went on. "And she is like of the control of the co It was time for an early dinner when they ral? Catch up the strain and repeat reached the house, and Edith was to stay all it as you will, till all your life shall score of some rash inherited humor. Does the reader perceive that we are trying

to excuse somebody? The truth is, Carl has disappointed us. We meant him to be an exquisite and heroic creation, perfect in every way; and we had a right to expect that our intentions would be realized; did not we make him curself? But just as the clay model was finished, and we were complemently admiring it, into our atelier stepped the grand antique mother, Nature. She came with a sound of scornful sweet laughter, which seemed to roll cloud-wise under her feet, and curl up around the strong and supple form, and wreathe the wide slope of her shoulders. "Look you," she said, merriment, "that is not the way I make men. There are no muscles in those limbs, there is no sight under that brow, there is no live heart beating in that a soul to get into your manikin." So saying, she stretched her finger yet further, and mockingly pushed it through the skull of our model; then disappeared, leaving all the air behind her tremulous with mirth.

Let us hurry over the present of this Carl with a hole in his head, out of which all his ideal perfections are escaping, but into which his true soul may some day enter. Outward. ly he is studying law, inwardly he is study. ing choss. What books Mr. Griffeth gave scarcely heard her speak. I do not doubt him to read, we know not; but we that she is pleasant to you." do know that the sentences were "Oh! you talked with Mr. Williams," she like smooth, strong fingers untying from him many of the restraints of his former education. With Theodore Parker, he could call the sacred Scriptures the "Hebrew mythology," and describe baptism as being ecclesiastically sprinkled with water;" and having got so far-"What," said he "is the use of Mr. Theodore Parker?" and so dropped him. The conversations Mr. Griffeth held with him we know little of, but may presume that they were not profitable. We only know that they were frequent. The two were constantly togetner, more constantly than suited Mr. Yorke, who lost faith in the minister. "He has no piety," he said. "He seems to have studied theology only to see how many sins he can commit without losing his soul. But this disapprobation of his step father's had no effect on the young man, who was perfectly fatuated with his new friend. The quiet life of Carl's had produced a mental stagnation, from which arose all sorts of missmata. He dimly knew them as such, but that did not prevent his breathing and poisoning himself with them. Perhaps he also suspected that Mr. Griffeth's wings would melt off if he were exposed to a strong and searching light; but the companionship was fascinating, and Carl fancied that he had found his like. It was not so; they were alike only as sharp six and flat seven are; they had identical moods;

but Carl stoone rose. One of the fine things the young man learned was the use of opium. "It makes you feel like a god while it lasts," says Mr. Griffeth, " puts you into a perfectly Olympian state. But I warn you," he added, with a tardy touch of conscience, "it does not last long, and from Olympia you sink to Hades." "And then," says Oarl "gou go about as Dante did, with your hands folded under your mantle, and people stand aside, and whisper about you. I will take

the dark with the bright." So saying, he measured out the drops, and drank them with the invocation: "Come, winged enchantment, and bear me wherever

thou wilt." Reader, didst thou ever see one dear to thee made tipsy with liquor? and dost thou remember the mingled psin, and pity, and contempt with which thou didst look on his abasement? A man, a king of the earth, a brother of saints, a friend of the Crucified, a child of the Most High, grovelling thus! One comfort, nature, and not we, made this

man fall so. O better comfort! he is earn

ing mountain-loads of self-contempt, which shall one day he paid with interest. Only a few other items have we to record at this time. The young ladies had made their proposed literary venture-Melicent with signal failure, Clara with partial success. Publishers had twenty-five different reasons, each better than the last, why a volume of European travels would not be at that particular time a fortunate venture, and were unanimously unable to say at what future period the prospect would be brighter. Miss Yorke was not entirely blind. She preceived that her book was a failure; and withdrew it. Whether there was no thriest shrub nor leaf but had its she contemplated any other work, her family slience on the subject. They suspected, however, that she was studying out an novel. Clara's first story, read with great applause to the family at home, was modestly offered to a respectable second-hand magazine, and accepted, with request for more. So Miss Clara occupies the proud position of being independent in the matter of pocket-money,

and an occasional benefactor to the others. Of more consequence to us is the fact that Fatner Basic is now settled in Seaton, and building a church there. Something else is also being built in Seaton—a "Native American" society, alies Know-nothing. This society excited much attention, and enthusiasm, especially in Mr. Griffeth's congregation, and among their friends. All the young men joined it. It seemed precisely to suit the

genius of Seaton.
Against this party Mr. Charles Yorke fought with all bis strength. It was contrary. to the spirit of the constitution, he persisted; it had nothing in common with the Declaration of Independence. The views and sime of the party were narrow and bigoted, and their leaders were ignorant demagogues.

But all that he gained by his denunciations was unpopularity, and the party prespered yet more. It had not only the young and the infidel for active members; it had a sly encouragement from Mr. Griffeth, a cool approval from Doctor Martin, and an earnest help from the Rev. Mr. Conway, the gentle-

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