

with admiration, there was not one who ventured to think of her as within his reach. Her purity, dignity, and grace, shed a lustre over her character, which dazzled his eye, and rendered her the object of a lofty worship. None had ever approached her with a word of flattery, or whispered in her ear the tale of secret love. This was the lesson she first learned from George Douglass. It was his artful tongue that first told her of her beauty, that, he said, had stolen his heart, and his voice first breathed the words of love into her unsuspecting ear.

Yet well did George Douglass know that Ellen Gray would not, with the consent of his parents, ever be his wife; nor did he seek her as his own choice. A poor portionless governess was not the girl for the proud youth with a plantation and three or four hundred slaves in prospect. But he whispered love in Ellen's ear, and the sound was new to her, and fell on her heart, and she loved him and gave her heart to him. She believed him; and as she had never been deceived, she knew not the wickedness of the world, nor the dangers that lay in her path.

George told her that his parents were opposed to their plan; and his mother soon gave the trembling Ellen to understand, that if she had any designs upon her son she would soon leave the house. Ellen assured the proud mother that she had no designs upon her son; he had told her that he loved her, and she loved him in return; but rather than interfere with his happiness or the peace of his family, she would return to her own home in the far north, and George should be to her as if he had never known her.

This was the first impulse of the generous heart of Ellen Gray. Yet she did not know herself; she did not know how strong were the ties that already bound her to the first and only heart that she had ever loved; and when George proposed to her that night that they should fly to the nearest city, and be married privately, assuring her that when it was once settled his parents would yield and be satisfied, the confiding girl gave her ready consent, and in an evil hour committed her happiness for life to the tender mercies of a villain.

It was a mere trick of the wretch to get her into his power. The marriage was a sham, in which one of his college companions impiously personated the man of God; and after a few weeks of travel, in which Ellen began to discover the vices of one whom she had supposed to be stainless as herself, George made an excuse to leave her, while he should go home and seek the forgiveness of his parents, and effect a reconciliation.

She never saw him again. Deserted in a strange city, and left in absolute want, she woke to the comprehension of the awful deception which had been practised upon her, and she sunk under the discovery. Nor would she seek comfort from friends of whose love she might be sure, in the village of her childhood. She thought of the mother whom she loved as no child, but Ellen Gray could love, and the burning tears of penitence and shame fell in streams at the memory of those days of peace and bliss when she was a happy girl in her mother's cot—days to come back never to the lone, crushed heart of the deserted one in a friendless land.

Poor Ellen Gray! what has become of thee I know not. The gray hairs of thy mother are rapidly going down with sorrow to the grave. The letter to the minister informing him of thy ruin, was gently communicated to thy mother, and the blessedness of the grace of God in sustaining the heart under the bitterest cup that was ever put to a mother's lip, was never more sweetly displayed than in enabling her to bear up under that dreadful blow.

Ellen is probably ere this in some Potter's field, in the grave of an outcast!

What is the use of telling such a tale as this? The answer is easy, if any one is foolish enough to ask it. It illustrates the deceitfulness of the human heart, the danger to which unsuspecting innocence is exposed, especially where the affections are liable to be trifled with. This is not the only instance which has come to the writer's knowledge of cruel deception and ruin under similar circumstances, and he writes it for the good of those who may read. Let those who are wise consider.

—American Papers.

THE CEDAR OF LEBANON.

(From Sharpe's London Magazine.)

I am going to give the history of what was, perhaps, the first Cedar of Lebanon brought over to Europe.

It grew in the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris, and was such a loved and favourite tree, that people liked to repeat the story of its first being planted, the adventures it had gone through, and the changes it had seen; and these I am now going to tell you.

A Frenchman was travelling in the Holy Land, and found a little seedling among the Cedars of Lebanon, which he longed to bring away as a memorial of his travels. He took it up tenderly, with all the earth about its little roots, and, for want of a better flower pot, planted it carefully in his hat, and there he kept it and tended it. The voyage home was rough and tempestuous, and so much longer than usual, that the supply of fresh water in the ship fell short, and they were obliged to measure it out most carefully to each person. The captain was allowed two glasses a day, the sailors, who had the work of the ship on their hands, one glass each, and the poor passengers but half a glass. In such a scarcity you may suppose the little cedar had no allowance at all. But our friend the traveller felt for it as his child, and each day shafed with it his small half glass of precious water; and so it was, that when the vessel arrived at the port, the traveller had drank so little water that he was almost dying, and the young cedar so much, that, behold, it was a noble and fresh little tree, six inches high!

At the Custom-house, the officers, who are always suspicious of smuggling, wished to empty the hat, for they would not believe but that something more valuable in their eyes lay hid beneath the moist mould. They thought of lace, or of diamonds, and began to thrust their fingers into the soil. But our poor traveller implored them so earnestly to spare his tree, and talked to them so eloquently of all that we read in the Bible of the Cedars of Lebanon, telling them of David's house and Solomon's temple, that the men's hearts were softened, and they suffered the young cedar to remain undisturbed in its strange dwelling.

From thence it was carried to Paris, and planted most carefully in the *Jardin des Plantes*. A large tile was set up against it as a protection and a shade, and its name was written in Latin and stuck in front, to tell all the world that it was something new and precious. The soil was good, and the tree grew; grew till it no longer needed the shelter of the tile, nor the dignified protection of the Latin inscription; grew till it was taller than its kind protector, the traveller; grew till it could give shelter to a nurse and her child, tired of walking about in the pleasant gardens, and glad of the coolness of the thick dark branches. Soon these branches spread so far on every side, that other nurses and other children could assemble under the shade, and play their little games together.

The cedar grew larger and larger, and became the noblest tree there. All the birds of the garden could have assembled in its branches. All the lions, and tigers, and apes, and bears, and panthers, and elephants, of the great menagerie close at hand, could have lain at ease under its shade. It became the tree of all the trees in the wide garden that the people loved the best; there, each Thursday, when the gardens were open to all the city, the blind people from their asylum, used to ask to be brought under the cedar; there they would stand together, and measure its great trunk, and guess how large and wide must be its branches. It was a pleasure to see them listening to the sweet song of the birds overhead, and breathing in its fragrant eastern perfume. They thought of the distant East,—the East from whence comes the true light, their only light; they could never hope to see it with their mortal eyes, but here the East seemed to visit them, and they could touch it.

The blind seemed to call the dumb there; for the deaf and dumb too chose the cedar for their friend. The blind dreamed that they could see the cedar when they heard the murmur of its branches; the deaf thought that they heard the song of the birds as they saw them fly from branch to branch.

Not only on Thursday were the blind and the deaf and dumb to be seen there, but the poor foundlings, those desolate child-