

forgive her sincerely—fully—but I never will—never can see or speak to her." "And yet you forgive her?" said my dear friend, "that is not the language of forgiveness. It is not the forgiveness which is required from us, in return for the pardon which we all need for our own transgressions. How would you feel if when you solicited that pardon from the Being whom all offend, more or less, the answer returned from the seat of mercy, were, 'I forgive you—but I never will see you—leave my paradise for ever!'" "Your rebuke is just; Mr. Hunter—but admitting that it is so, of what use could it be to renew an acquaintance that would only bring back intolerable recollections to both parties? Our hearts and our persons are both changed now, I suppose I should scarcely know Emily, nor her by her. For myself, I am conscious, that the world, by my own ill temper, perhaps—have altered me strangely; and where Emily might expect to find some remains of the warm and enthusiastic nature that she once said she loved, she would only be shocked to meet a dark and morose temper, a narrow cheek, and broken spirit in her old love. Let us not meet, then, to give pain to each other. We are not very far, perhaps, from the close of all our anxieties; let us then steal quietly from the world. Let us not vex the fallen evening of our days (since fate has made us hurry through our noon) with storms which are only the right of youth and youthful passion."

"If you knew the circumstances under which she expressed her wishes," said Hunter gravely, "it would not be so difficult to prevail on you." Hamond looked keenly into his eyes. "You are aware," the other continued, "that her health had been suffering for many years?"

Ever ready to anticipate the most gloomy posture of affairs, Hamond now listened with a suspense approaching to agony. Hunter too seemed to pause, as if affected by some unusual emotion.

"The fact is," he resumed, "part of my commission is conditional; and as I have the liberty of returning it to myself, in case you should consent to come and see us, I am anxious to prevail on you—for it is of a nature that had rather trust to other lips than—" Hamond here interrupted him.

"If all this, Mr. Hunter," said he, speaking in a hoarse low voice, and almost sinking with apprehension—"if this has been only a preparation to let me know that Emily Bury is—that the worst possible calamity in this world has beset me—it would be better, perhaps, that the conversation should rest here."

"I will only confine myself to my commission," said Hunter. "Our cousin has a message for you."

"I understand," said Hamond, endeavouring to command himself while he gazed on the other with an absent and dreadfully ghastly eye. "I thank you, Mr. Hunter—you have discharged your part well and feelingly."

"I will not leave until you promise to meet Miss O'Brien at our place."

HOPE ON.

(From the Metropolitan.)

Hope on! hope on! God yet may hear thy praying. God yet may mark the wild tears thou hast shed; There may be mercy in the long delaying, A richer, holier blessing for its staying, Poured on thy head.

Hope on.

HOPE ON!

Think thou art watching with thy suffering God; And thro' the long dark hours, sad vigil keeping Thy mourning soul its sin and misery steeping, With him in tears of blood.

Hope on.

Hope on! and think the cup which thou art drinking, The bitter chalice of his agony; Nor deem he loves thee less for all thy shrinking, Like this, His heart's neat grief and pain is sinking, He suffers all with thee.

Hope on.

Hope on! and when thy grief and fear are deep'nig, And all of joy forever seemeth gone, Then with thy agonizing Saviour weeping, Yet still the words of meek submission speaking, Father! Thy will be done,

Hope on.

Hope on! 'tis in the hour of deepest mourning, God sends his strengthening angel from above, The weary heart from earthly comfort turning, Shall know in answer to its passionate yearning, His tenderest love.

Hope on.

Hope on! 'tis but His best beloved and dearest He taketh, thus to share his saddest hour; They who His loving heart lie ever nearest, And they for whom the hope of heaven is clearest, Feel most grief's power.

Hope on.

Hope on! and if all hope on earth should fail thee, And if all peace from thy sad heart be given:

If every grief life knoweth should assail thee, Sit thou not weakly down, and there bewail thee:

There's joy in heaven!

Hope on.

AN EXAMINATION IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Class in Natural History: Take your places. Subject of to-day's lesson?

Answer: The Young American.

Question: Where is this animal found?

Answer: In Uppertown.

Question: Can it exist in any but its native air?

Answer: It cannot thrive, except where civilization is overgrown.

Question: To what other species is it nearly allied?

Answer: The monkey.

Question: Which most resembles man?

Answer: Some naturalists place the Young American next to man, but by most it is considered inferior to the monkey.

Question: Describe the Young American.

Answer: Body and limbs exceedingly slight—head small and very erect, being light—the coat smooth and glittering in spots with the brilliancy of gold or gems—eyes usually mild and gentle in expression, though when the animal is roused, they are capable of a furious glare. A striking peculiarity is the long fur or hair, which, with some, quite covers the face, with others, all but a narrow space below the eyes. Fierce low—teeth small, sharp, and very white.

Question: Is the Young American dangerous?

Answer: Sometimes threatening, but seldom dangerous. They retreat at once when attacked by man. The kind called Fortune Hunters should, however, be excepted. They are keen-sighted and cunning, stealthy in the pursuit of prey, and cruel to their victims.

Question: On what does the Young American subsist?

Answer: On "father's money"—a subsistence well known in Uppertown.

Question: Has the Young American anything like the power of speech?

Answer: When irritated, it gives utterance to a low sound, like "dem-bore," or sometimes "kussid bore," but is usually quiet.

Question: Can this creature be made useful to man, in any way?

Answer: Some attempts to train him for usefulness have been made, but in vain—they have always resulted in a loss of individuality, and have, therefore,

been abandoned. Yet it is valued as a pet by ladies, who are often fond of the creature as a companion in their walks, and they even give it a place in their drawing rooms; merely as a play thing, however, as it is of no use where protection is needed. Still, the Young American fills a place in Uppertown which no other animal in the known world would occupy.

Question: What appears to be the object of its existence, if it cannot be rendered useful?

Answer: The object of its existence is yet to be discovered; although as we are taught that nothing is made in vain, there is doubtless a design in the existence of the Young American.

Question: Is the Young American ever confounded with the True American?

Answer: Never. The True American is quite a distinct species, and is not found in Uppertown.

Perfect lessons. The class may be seated.—New York Knickerbocker.

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New York, August 2, 1852.

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