

ceedingly annoyed by questions she could not, or rather would not answer.

Some one had suggested that it was a present from Mrs. Clifton, and though she did not affirm it, actually, she was glad to admit the idea, as an escape from further persecution on the subject. Still her conscience writhed under the implied falsehood, and she dreaded its detection. To add to her mortification, she overheard some one remark that Clara Stanley need not put on so many airs about her new chain, for it was nothing but pinch-back, and had a strong smell of brass.

She rejoiced when the hour of retiring arrived, and when she reached home she ran up stairs, went to bed, and cried herself to sleep. Poor Clara! she awakened that night from a terrible fit of the night mare, for she dreamed that her grandmother's icy hands were groping about her neck for the beads she had bartered, that the cold grasp grew tighter and tighter, her breath shorter and shorter, till she screamed and awoke. She dreaded the next day her brother's questioning about the mysterious chain; but absorbed in his own deep, over-mastering emotions, he forgot the subject when the glittering bauble was removed from before his eyes. From this time a change was observable in his character. He became as silent and abstracted as he had before been gay and communicative. He no longer talked of Mrs. Clifton, and even to Fanny he was cold and constrained. Fanny preserved the same equanimity of feeling, though she missed Edward's vivacity and smiles, and openly lamented the transformation. She looked rather more serious than usual, but the azure of her eye was undimmed, and the soft rose of her cheek remained undiminished in bloom. Edward turned from the sameness and lustre of her countenance, to gaze upon the changing face that "pale passion loved"—and while he acknowledged the hopelessness of his infatuation, he brooded over it, till it enervated all the energies of his soul. It was fortunate for his mind, that domestic circumstances of a perplexing nature roused it into exercise. Some very unexpected claims were made against the estate. Mr. Stanley had died suddenly and left his affairs considerably involved, but his family now believed every thing was settled, and that the small property which remained was all their own. With the strictest economy it was just sufficient for a genteel support, and that was all. They had no means of meeting this unexpected agency, but by the sale of the house—a sorrowful expedient, for it was endeared by every association connected with a husband's and a father's love—besides it was their home, and where should they look for another? Edward remembered the letter of his grandmother. He wanted but a few months of being of age, and the hour of trouble had arrived. He opened and read it, then gave it into his mother's hands, with a countenance illuminated with joy.

"It is all well, dear mother—more than well—though dead she yet continues her guardianship of love. Clara, where is the trunk whose value I have just learned? It will save us from ruin."

Clara looked aghast.

"The trunk!" stammered she—"what good can it do us?"

"Read that letter—it will explain it."

The explanation may be given to the reader in fewer words. The trunk contained a false bottom, in which the good old lady had placed deeds and papers containing an amount of property which made a rich legacy to her grandson.—Knowing the temptations to which youth is exposed, and knowing too that necessity calls forth the noblest powers of mankind, she did not wish him to know of the existence of this property till he became of age; and being somewhat eccentric in her character, and fond of surprises, she had adopted this singular method of bequeathing to him her fortune. Clara read the letter, and sat like a statue of stone. She wished the earth to open and swallow her, the mountains to fall and crush her to atoms, to save her from the remorse and shame that had overtaken her.

"Clara, what is the matter?" said Edward, sitting down by her side; "can you not go for the trunk, Clara?"

The unhappy girl tried to speak, but only uttered a piercing shriek, and fell prostrate on the floor. Excessively alarmed, they raised and endeavored to bring her to composure, but she continued to wring her hands, and exclaimed—

"Oh, what have I done! what have I done!"

They gathered at length from her broken sentences, the extent of their misfortune. The treasure was lost, irredeemably lost, for it would be impossible to trace the course of one who led an itinerant life, and was probably now in some remote part of the country. If it ever were discovered, it would probably be at some distant day, and the demand was immediate and pressing. Neither Mrs. Stanley nor Edward could aid to the agonies of Clara's remorse, by unavailing reproaches, but they both keenly felt how much it added to their calamity, to think the means their guardian angel held out for their relief, was wrested from them by the hands of a daughter and a sister.

"We must submit," said Mrs. Stanley, with a heavy sigh, "to the will of God."

"We must act," said Edward, "and be not cast down, my mother. If heaven spares my life and health, we shall never know one real want. In this country there is no such thing as poverty, and as to vanity and show, let Clara's bitter lesson prove the emptiness of their claims."

Concluded in our next.

For the Pearl.

TO THE BIRD OF THE FOREST.

Where wakes the murmurs of the lonely wood,
And jutting rocks and pines commingling reign,
And thousand trees, their many winters stood,
Who seem to stretch their mossy arms in vain.

Few are the notes that break its solemn still,
These few how piercing, beautiful and wild;
Not as the strains responding to the rill,
But more the kindred of romance's child.

You little bird that gayly spreads his plumes,
Wrapt in the joys that swell his little heart,
His seat, a waving pinnacle assumes—
His notes alternate o'er the valley dart.

Give me to stray where mortals never trod,
With thee rough songster I would gladly flee,
With buoyant heart would spurn my native sod,
And winnow over wilds unknown, with thee.

With thee would tune and join my rugged lay,
Study thy ways and learn thy harmless life;
Far from contention, that doth day by day,
Involve my kindred in continued strife.

McK.

UNCERTAINTY OF TRADITION.

"It is a fallacious argument which would urge their nearness in time to the age of the Apostles as a proof that no mistakes of importance could be fallen into by the early Christians. Traditional truth, among imperfectly educated persons, does not pass from mouth to mouth, with that accuracy and certainty, even during a very limited period of time, which we are inclined to imagine. On the contrary, at a period when knowledge circulates slowly, and the collisions of well-informed minds with each other are comparatively rare (and such was the period now alluded to) it is surprising how many erroneous opinions, well-intentioned perhaps, but not therefore the less dangerous, may grow up within the space of a very few years. When the short season of actual contact is gone by, mere proximity or indefinite remoteness of time make, in fact, little or no difference in the degrees of evidence, which historical events are capable of receiving from the labors of literary men. A manuscript, for instance, of the Gospels of the date of the fourth or fifth centuries, is as complete a record at this moment, as it was on the day in which it was written; and, if preserved two thousand years longer, will be as completely so to future generations, as it is to the present. A well-informed historian at this moment has a far more accurate knowledge of the events connected with the Norman conquest, than was possessed by nine-tenths of the villagers of this country, who lived at that period. And yet it is upon this very fallacious, though plausible assumption, that knowledge must necessarily grow clearer and more certain in exact proportion as we approach to the fountain, that the argument in favor of tradition almost exclusively rests.

"Why, one is naturally impelled to ask, should the primitive ages have possessed a privilege which our own times have not, of escaping one of the most besetting infirmities of human nature, and of transmitting unadorned truth orally from one generation to another, without any taint or superaddition of mere human speculation? If, with the preservative restraint of a written revelation, our own age has launched forth into extreme notions with scarcely any common centre in which to agree, why are we to measure the simple and unsuspecting Fathers of the primitive church by a different rule, and argue that, because they meant well, therefore divine truth orally transmitted, must necessarily have passed from them pure and unaltered? Dr. Middleton has observed, that learned men have reckoned about ninety different heresies, which all sprang up within the first three centuries. That the Holy Scriptures should have existed unaltered through the whole of that disturbed period, and 'like a light shining in a dark place,' should have served to check, in some degree, the eccentricities of human speculation, and to direct men's footsteps in the midst of so many conflicting opinions, we can well believe, and must feel thankful, that such no doubt was the case. But that person must have much more confidence in the general good sense and judgment of mankind than I am disposed to feel, who can suppose the oral communications of those successive ages to have descended to us equally pure; and yet, unless we admit them to have so descended, the whole argument which would set up their authority as equivalent to Scripture, falls of course at once to the ground.

"Justin and Irenæus, we are told, flourished within the space of about 150 years from the close of our Lord's ministry, and, therefore, their authority on points of doctrine must be far superior to that of the best informed theologians of the present day. Without wishing to assert any thing bordering on paradox, I must again repeat, I doubt the justice of the inference. In their time truth made its way slowly, and with difficulty, through comparatively isolated districts, unaided by that general spread of knowledge, that enlightened criticism, and that corrective good sense, resulting from an almost universal education, which is in our own day the great security against the growth of unsound and eccentric opinions.—Dr. Skuttleworth.

TUSCULAN POLICY.—When the Tuscans perceived that Camillus was coming against them, they filled their fields with husbandmen and shepherds, as in a time of profound peace. They left their gates open and sent their children to school as before. The tradesmen were found in their shops, employed in their respective callings; and the better sort of citizens were walking in the public places in their usual dress. Meanwhile the Magistrates were busily passing to and fro to order quarters for the Romans, as if they expected no danger, and were conscious of no fault. Though these acts could not alter the opinion which Camillus had of their revolt, yet their repentance disposed him to compassion. He ordered them therefore to go to the senate of Rome and beg pardon; and when they appeared there as supplicants, he used his interest to procure their forgiveness, and the grant of the privilege of Roman citizens.—*Life of Camillus by Plutarch.*

This story of the Tuscans exemplifies the doctrine, that among civilized nations, there is little danger that a people who refuse to fight will be destroyed by warriors. No duelist perhaps, would kill a neighbor who should refuse to fight him; and the example of Camillus would probably be followed by any general who has a regard for his character as a civilized man. Had the Tuscans resorted to arms, they would probably have been destroyed. By adopting a pacific policy, they not only saved themselves from destruction, but secured to themselves additional privileges. "When a man's ways please the Lord he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." This is not all, there is something in the nature of a pacific spirit and a pacific policy which generally disarms the spirit of resentment in all civilized men of honor, and often in barbarians.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

I.

To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its woe;
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow;
To meet the meek, uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
Yet can but tell of agony—
This is a mother's grief.

II.

Through dreary days and darker nights,
To trace the march of death;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all be ended with the close—
This is a mother's grief.

III.

To see, in one short hour decayed
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears;
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth—
This is a mother's grief.

IV.

Yet when the first wild throbb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think "my child is there!"
This best can dry the gushing tear,
This yields the heart relief,
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief.

The heart of man, after it becomes sordid and worldly, retains many delicious sentiments of young remembrance, as the withered rose retains the sweet perfume of its beautiful blushing; but of all the gentle affections of generous humanity, there is none that endureth longer, or beareth fresher, so much of the pure, the excellent, and the exquisite, as the gracious largeness of the parental love. It is the artery that supplieth the equality of tenderness in the spirit of man; and all that hath the holy name of charity and mercy, draw some portion of their virtue from its ventricle. But in its flowing, there is a mystery to cause both wonder and sorrow; for often it engendereth but aches and anguish; and yet to those to whom it is a fountain of such affliction, it would seem to give an augmentation of delight—making them cling to their children long after they have outgrown all need of care; yea, prompting them to encounter singular humiliations, and to fondle over them, even while they are fatally tainted by the foul plagues of crime, as if they loved the more because they esteem the less.

BALAM'S ASS.—Bishop Burnet, who stammered, directed his chaplain to examine a young man: The first question was, "Why did Balaam's ass speak?" "Because his master had an impediment in his speech," replied the young candidate.