

rather slight; and as she rose from her chair and, approaching her eldest son, stood beside him putting her hand upon his arm and looking into his face, he almost started back from her, and from his own thoughts,—the face was so like Eric's.

"Mother! I will have a horse saddled and ride over to Stettin. There is plenty of time before dark."

But before this intention could be executed, sleigh bells were heard in the court below; and Ernst, running down, was seized in the hall by Eric. Warm greetings passed between the brothers: all the warmer for the suspense Ernst had been enduring.

Eric presented Carl, who was heartily welcomed, and the three proceeded upstairs to the mother—overpowered with the joy of hearing her son's voice—who stood trembling at the door. Eric bounded forward and, embracing her, carried her to the sofa, covering her face and hands with kisses.

"Mother, dear mother, I hope you have not been very anxious about me. The storm detained us; we slept at Stettin that night, and had to wait there till the road was passable."

But the mother did not so soon recover from the suspense she had been enduring for the last two days; and now the reaction was so great that she fairly gave way and burst into tears, as Eric knelt before her. So he looked at Carl, and they said nothing about the wolves and the snow-storm.

"Mother," said Eric, "I have brought you something from Rome, which I know will please you. It is to be hung in your oratory. It will come with the rest of my things in the baggage-sleigh this evening. And see, Ernst," he continued, "what I have brought for you, or rather for your bride."

"How beautiful!" said Ernest, as he opened a case, which his brother put into his hands and an exquisite set of antique cameos met his eyes.

"I hope your bride will like them," he said, "and I hope she will approve of her new brother a little; though, I suppose, she likes you so much that she will have no liking to bestow on me."

"Oh, yes, a sister's love, dear Eric; we never had a sister. Some day you will give me one, as I give you one, now."

Eric reddened, and said, "Perhaps."

"There could not have been a nobler pair of brothers," thought Carl, as sitting beside the

lady of Kronenthal, he watched them as they walked arm-in-arm, and up and down the room. There was a great likeness between the two. Eric was a little taller, though both were tall and well made. There was the same frank bearing, the same noble cast of countenance; but there was a look of fire at times in Eric's eyes, which the calm grey eyes of Ernst did not possess. There was in both the same confiding, loving repose on each other's faith. The love that Eric bore his brother amounted almost to devotion; and that of Ernst for him was that of one who had protected, and humoured, and petted him from his infancy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### YOUNG MEN.

There is no moral object as beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in heaven; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind him, and will beam forth again; the blaze of other's popularity outshines him, but we know that, though unseen, he illuminates his own true sphere. He resists temptation, not without a struggle, for this is not virtue; but he resists and conquers, he bears the sarcasm of the profligate, and it stings him—for that is the trail of virtue—but heals with his own pure touch. He heeds not the watchword of fashion, if it leads to sin: the atheist—who says not only in his heart, but with his lips, there is no God—controls him not; he sees the hand of a creating God, and rejoices in it. Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving counsel; old age is protected by its experience and manhood by its strength; but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower. Happy he who seeks and gains the prop of morality. Onward, then, conscientious youth—raise thy standard, and nerve thyself for goodness. If God has given thee intellectual power, awake in that cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to swell the river of sin by pouring his influence into its channels. We may be shipwrecked we cannot be delayed, whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness, save the infinite and Eternal.