

Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

A gentle voice, a heart-felt sigh,
A gleam of blush, a sparkling eye,
A smile that suffices, and a face
That looks as though it were a grace;
These things are beautiful to me.

Paints and Sketches.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE; OR, THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

CHAPTER I.

However we do praise ourselves,
Our talents are more giddy and infirm,
More longing, more fearing, easier lost and won,
Than woman's are.

SHAKESPEARE.

There is a sense of deep repose in the calm
of a lovely summer's evening, especially when
its shadows throw their softening veil around
a scene of natural beauty, and give an additional
charm to every object of our previous
admiration; something it has which almost
invariably leads the mind to still and gentle
thoughts, as if those that would seek for itself
a place in the great harmony of nature. Should
conversation draw forth such thoughts, it will
be manifest that they run with a slower,
though deeper pace than usual; a stirring
chorus may be struck, and deep intense feeling
excited; but it is not a moment for declaration,
nor will such follow, the ideal will reign
over that which is real, and themes which are
purely abstract be preferred. The scene before
us is peculiarly adapted to give birth to
thoughts such as these; it is one of extreme
beauty, and its charm is heightened by the
hour, which bears the mellowed rays of the
fast sinking sun. Light and gentle waves
ripple upon a shore lined with many shaded
and curiously jutting cliffs. A few vessels,
rendered graceful by distance and the soft
glow around, add lightness to the picture, the
background of which is relieved by thick trees,
and deep shadowy vales, through which the
eye just catches the landing of a stream, that
appears to joy with dancing lightness, as it
approaches the embrace of the mighty ocean.

feature, a pretty doll, would satisfy my con-
ception of the beautiful."
"No; for that there needs something so
ideal that it has probably never yet been em-
bellished."
"Again you are wrong; that a loving heart,
full of pity and truth, may never have the
beauty of its sentiment believed by the form
in which it is enwrapped, is all I ask."
"Little enough, truly," said the other, with
a smile. "Yet, I think that I have seen plain
faces lit up with an expression of love and
truth, which has spoken as eloquently as the
smile of a mouth, lovelier as that in which you
desire to reveal such feelings, or the bright light
of a sparkling eye."
"I grant you this, as a rare occurrence;
but the emotion which can do so much for a
plain face will add an exquisite charm to one
that is already beautiful."
"Undoubtedly; yet I must preserve my
opinion, that you are the last man who ought,
in a companion for life, to regard beauty as
the chief and most essential qualification."
"Then, then, would you advise me to pre-
fer to it?"
"A yielding temper, a will which shall be
only strong in self-denial, a love powerful in
devotion."
"I am hardly prepared to own myself self-
ish to the extent that these suggestions might
imply."
"No; nor did I intend you to do so; but
your tastes are exclusive; your habit of mind
is unyielding; your reserve is frequently the
occasion of your being misunderstood, and the
semblance of perfect indifference you delight
to assume, entirely conceals how sensitive you
really are. To conform to the first, it
needs a love more than ordinarily unquestion-
ing; to penetrate the latter, one of peculiar
self-forgetfulness. I do not say that such
qualities as these have a real existence; but
they have been sketched by poets and novel-
ists innumerable, as forming the fairest ex-
istence of woman. It might therefore be as well
to satisfy yourself that they have written
falsely, before you choose a wife for a charm,
which, if it delight at a ball, may yet fail
to carry sunshine into the prose of every-day
existence."
"We are not arguing fairly, Frank; since
I did not speak of disregarding such of the
qualities you have mentioned as I may find in
moderation, seeking only beauty; but rather
that I am inclined to believe they would fail
to interest me if unembellished by the latter;
it is unphilosophical, I confess, but who applies
philosophy to love?"
"None, except those who have to bear its
disappointments." These words were uttered
with an earnestness which caused the other
some surprise; they had scarcely been said
when the speaker rose from his reclining po-
sition, adding, "We are far from the subject
I wished to introduce when I interrupted your
meditations. You, perhaps, are not aware
that this is a very familiar neighborhood to
me, and that I have many friends in it; I
shall risk offending them if I delay calling
upon them any longer. I had some intention
of preserving my incognito, but that idea must
be abandoned; since it has been my luck to
encounter Miss Willis, our arrival will be
known throughout the whole place by this
time."
"You allude to that lady who addressed
you just now; it surprised me to find you
known in a place which I imagined as strange
to you as it is to myself."
"Yes, when we first came here, I meant to
surprise you with a little very agreeable so-
ciety; but afterwards I found reason to change
my intention respecting this, and I should not
have mentioned my friends to you if I had
not been so unexpectedly overruled by one
who will not rest until she has given every
one in Lawborough intelligence of our meet-
ing. Now, I want to know if you will call
with me to-morrow at one or two places where
I used to be very intimate; you will receive a
cordial welcome, and I can promise two or
three pleasant introductions."
"Before I promise, tell me a little about
your friends, and why you have never spoken
to me of them before."
"I think I have; you remember the names
of Edith Burton and Grace Camble, do you
not? When you were so eager to leave Lon-
don for quiet, I did not think it prudent to
tell you, when recommending this spot, that
it was the residence of these friends of mine,
lest you should oppose it on that very account.
It is at Mrs. Camble's that I want you to
visit to-morrow, a house where I have spent
many a pleasant hour. Mr. Camble and my
father were intimate friends; indeed, there is
some slight connexion between our families.
Edith Burton is his niece, also a distant rela-
tion of mine; she has lived with the family
since the death of her parents, many years
ago. Mrs. Camble has one daughter, Grace,
about the same age as Edith, that is, several
years younger than myself. Her father died
when we were on our first Continental tour;
he was a man of considerable property, and I
suppose they continue to live in very good
style; I used to spend the greater part of my
holidays with them, but that was when they
lived in London, and I have only once visited
them here, but then my stay was a tolerably
long one."
"Is it not Grace Camble whose beauty I
have so frequently heard you admire?"
"Ye, she is, or rather was extremely love-
ly, and I have no reason to anticipate her less
so, accomplished, and, so far as I can form an
opinion, amiable; but I have never been on

such intimate terms with her as with Edith,
who, in almost every respect, differs from her
cousin; she has no beauty, and possesses few
accomplishments; but, I am persuaded, she is
endowed with an intellect of a high order,
although its powers, little understood by her-
self or any around her, lie waste and unprofit-
able in a great measure, at present. Since
her uncle's death, it is not likely that her
home is so happy a one; for the attachment
subsisting between Edith and her uncle was a
very close one, and in no manner would he al-
low her to be treated differently to his own
daughter."
"I wondered," said his companion, after a
short pause, "to find you so able a guide to
all the most pleasant scenes and quiet nooks
of this place. Now I remember that you used
occasionally to write to the Grange, Law-
borough."
"That is the Camble's; and I yet wait
your promise that you will go with me, to re-
new my intercourse with them."
"Certainly, if you wish it, provided you
allow me to confine my civilities within rea-
sonable bounds. There are a good many
tolerably comfortable-looking mansions in
Lawborough; I should not wish to be called
upon to play agreeable in all their dream-
rooms."
"Oh, you need not fear; I shall visit no-
where else, unless, indeed, it be for half an
hour's chat with Miss Willis, and she cer-
tainly shall not invite your attendance."
"Why not?"
"Because she would entertain me with an
account of everything that has happened in
my absence. Whether of great or small in-
terest, to you it would be unportable,
when, to me, with a knowledge of the place
and some liking for the relator, it may be only
tedious."
"By this time the two gentlemen had ap-
proached the declivity which forms a steep
but often-trodden descent to the sea-shore.
Whilst they follow its path, we will record a
few words descriptive of the character and
position of those whom we have thus far in-
troduced into our tale. In part, the dispo-
sition of the elder has been declined in his
companion's remarks; such, too, as we have
described him in appearance, he was in charac-
ter; as a boy, his grave and studious bent of
mind was the frequent subject of remark and
wonder; every surrounding circumstance de-
pend this inclination; he was the only child
of his widowed mother, and for many years
she was his only intimate companion; herself
a highly educated woman, she labored ear-
nestly to direct his mind to the requirement
of knowledge which should expand and elevate
his intellect; he possessed one of a naturally
high order, and unburdened by association
with other children, or amusements of a trifling
kind (for such had never seemed to have
any charms for him), he soon outstripped his
teacher, and obliged her to seek for help to
form a mind which already gave evidence of
so much power and vigor. Still, in an early
education such as this, there is a great want.
It may, and probably will, form an exalted
character, possibly an eminent one; but it
will not make a happy man. Life and gaiety
are as necessary to the right development of
childhood as is the sunshine to the opening
flower; their absence has sufficed at times to
tinge a whole after-life with sadness, and to
blunt the enjoyment of many of its pleasures.
Mrs. Travers acknowledged the truth of this
when she became aware how entirely Ernest
was withdrawn, beyond what his studies re-
quired, from those companions with whom
they brought him in contact; but the regret
it caused her, although the fruit of her own
judgment, was lessened by discovering how
closely the exclusive taste that he thus nour-
ished must bind him to herself. Even when
she sought to moderate it, her mother's heart
could not but triumph at the effect it wrought.

Perhaps the most delightful hour of
recreation for both was when he, abandoning
some more abstruse study, would take his
place at her side, and read aloud from any
favorite author; his mother's glance was a
comment apt enough for whatever subject
might engage him, and in it he often sought
the expression of his own emotion, whilst she
was accustomed to read his feelings in the
deepened tone of that full, rich voice, dearest
on earth to her. Then was he happy, and
heart and mind were both at rest. The read-
ing over his mother would perhaps speak of
those sublime truths, eternally true, which
are drawn from a fountain that has never been
defiled with aught of error, or polluted with
anything impure; and he listening to her,
with a reverence the subject and the speaker
alike demanded, could seldom reply beyond
the sigh, which seemed to regret that such
faith, such unquestioning reliance, were not
his. She had taught him to bow the knee at
the spring of knowledge, to love all the noble
and the good that the page of this life's his-
tory may unfold, and to regard with stern
bated everything of a mean and grovelling
tendency; her inability to go beyond this was
her keenest regret.

It had been her hope, encouraged by the
grave and studious disposition Ernest so early
manifested, to see him enter that Church of
which his father had been a distinguished
ornament; but now, with him, she relinquished
the idea, at least until there should be a
firmer faith and a more active desire. Her
fortune was ample; therefore, no necessity
pressing the choice of a profession, the subject
was entirely waived, with the earnest hope in
her mind that time and her own influence,
with the blessing of God, might dispel the
cloud which, whilst it cast a shadow over his
own life, fettered its operations in the service
of others. When at college, Ernest acquired
high honors, and was regarded with respect
even by those who ranked above him; his
mother's pride grew more intense, yet it could
not be unmingled with grief, that so fair a pros-
pect had received a blight, perceiving that his
mind was becoming more involved in the laby-
rinth of doubt, while the intricacies of human
wisdom wild oftentimes wild around itself. Her
prayer became more fervent that light might
be bestowed upon him from the source of all
light, and that the truth might be made mani-
fest in its own beautiful simplicity.

HUNTED DOWN.

It recounts for Frank's sudden look of going
abroad for such a long time without wishing
any of us good-bye, and also for Mary's pale
looks and evident unexpectancy; but you said
you would ask her about their acquaintance,
if you could find an opportunity; did you?"
"Ye; and her manner with what little
she said in answer to my questions, proved to
me that we had heard nothing but the truth;
still, I do not see how it ought to account for
Frank's neglect of us. Surely he did not come
here unaware of the Lester's removal to Law-
borough."
"Perhaps he did; but, Edith, you will
hear all about it to-morrow; he will be sure
to call now, for he knows Miss Willis well
enough; and most likely he reckons upon our
being fully informed of all that took place
when they met, by this time. I am quite
curious to see this Mr. Travers; when I was
staying last year with Mrs. Bullock I heard a
great deal of him; he was pronounced very
handsome, and extremely clever, but too
fastidious and reserved—almost proudly so—
in his manners; several young ladies were
very bitter against him, who I suspect requir-
ed very little encouragement on his part, to
fall violently in love with him. I think I
should know him from their description."
"And from Frank's said Edith, "I appear
to know him as accurately as if I had been
really introduced to him. Frank has con-
stantly spoken and written of his friend."
"Will, Edith, will he call to-morrow? that
is the question I should like answered."
"And it is one that I am sure I cannot re-
ply to; I rather think he may, though Frank
is sure to press it."
"Edith," said Grace, after a short pause,
"I have a presentiment. Do you see those
two figures yonder? they have just come
down from the cliffs. I am almost certain
they are strangers, and it is from the part Miss
Willis spoke of; depend upon it they are
Frank and his friend."
"Edith regarded them attentively for some
time, "I believe you are right," she said;
"indeed, I don't think there can be a doubt
of it. Let us listen a little that we may see
which way they turn."
"Oh, no! we had better go forward; it
would be so provoking to miss them now."
(To be continued.)

It recounts for Frank's sudden look of going
abroad for such a long time without wishing
any of us good-bye, and also for Mary's pale
looks and evident unexpectancy; but you said
you would ask her about their acquaintance,
if you could find an opportunity; did you?"