Portry.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

A gen le voice, a heartfelt sigh, A modest blush, a sparkling eye, A man mer usufficted, tree; These things are beautiful to me.

A ready hand, a losing heart, A somethy that's free from art, A real tri nd among the few; Tuese dings are beautiful and true.

A mother's prayer an answer mild, An aged sire, a little child, A happy home, a cheorful hearth; These thi gs are beautiful on earth,

A jos ful song, a cherus sweet, An earnest soul and willing feet, Aday of jeace, a night of rest; Tiese things are beautiful and blest.

A sister's love, a brother's care, A spot esa name, a jewel rare, A clearly tongue that will not lie Toese th ugs are beau ifol-and why?

Because they all are born of lave, And engrate from God above : An carnest of the neavenly birth; T' on things are beautiful on ear h.

Jales and Skefenes.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE:

OR, THE REAL AND THE IDEAL

CHAPTER I.

However we do praise ourselves, our rances are more giddy and infirm, store longing, wavering, easier lost and won, Than woman's are.

SHARESPEARE.

There is a scene of deep repose in the calm its shadows throw their softening veil around a scene of a turni beauty, and give an additional Charle to every object of our previous invariably lands the mid to still and gentle | istence." thoughts, is if the s ul would sak for itself a place in the great parmony of nature. Should conversation draw forth such thoughts, it will be munifest that they run with a slower. though deeper pace than usual; a stirring chord may be at ack, 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 abstruct be preferred. The scene before us is paruliarly adapted to give birth to though a 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 justing 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 shallowy vales, through which the eye just catches the lancing of a stroam, that appears to joy with dancing lightness, as it approaches the embrance of the mighty ocean.

Two gentlemen reclining upon a grassy slope, not far distant from the ledge of the cliff, had for some time been engaged in the sort of meditation which I have attempted to describe; one, a young man, whose countenance expressed a good deal of vivacity, turned several times towards his companion, considerably older and graver in appearance than him sel', with the intention, as it seemed, of putting an abrupt conclusion to his dream; but the look of deep abstraction which sat upon a brow of marked power and thought, together who will not rest until she has given every with the scaled expression of lips, which in their fixedness were stern, convinced him that | ing. Now, I want to know if you will call any interruption would be little relished, and at best burely responded to, and he desisted from the attempt, until perceiving another expression of feature, which told of thoughts quite changed, he spoke at once without suffering his companion to return to the old train of faucy, or to commence a new one, which might rove equally engrossing.

" Ernest, your determined silence makes me very curious to know the import of your thoughts. I could fancy that you were in an author's vein, for it is more than the ordinary occupation of your mind; upon what subject may the world expect enlightenment?"

"Upon none from me," was the brief reply; then after a moment's silence, he added, " Although my thoughts are not for the world, the result of the past few moments' meditation may be yours if you will. I was thinking that, probably, I shall never be attracted with so much force towards any woman, as to desire to make her my wife; but, if such were to happen, it must be in great part through the influence of beauty."

"It is a subject that I should never have taxed you with spending a moment's consideration upon," said his companion; "no should I have expected you to come to this conclusion --- an altogether false one, in my opinion."

"Why so? I care little for what is termed a highly educated woman. Beauty I can always admire, and might learn to love supposing it to be united to a sweet and gentle mature."

"You do not care, then, to be understood and value I in proportion as you are known;

mere our ward piece of perfection?"

festure, a pretty doll, would satisfy my concoprion of the beautiful."

'No; for that there needs something so ideal that it has probably never yet been emhadied"

" Again you are wrong; that a loving heart, full of purity and tru h, may never have the beauty of its sentiment believed by the form in which it is encased, is all I ask."

"Little enough, truly," said the other, with a smile. "Yet, I think that I have seen plain faces let up with an expression of love and truth, which has spoken as eloquently as the smile of a mouth, lovely as that in which you daughter." desire to read such feelings, or the bright light of a sparkling eve."

"I grant you this, as a rare occurrence: but the emotion which can do so much for a that is already bear tiful."

"Undestably; 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.'

"What, then, would you advise me to prefer to it?"

only strong in self-denial, a love powerful in devotion."

"I am hardly prepared to own myself sel- rooms. fish to the ext at this these suggestions might imply."

"No ; nor did I intend you to do so ; but your tastes are exclusive; your habit of mind | tainly shall not invite your attendance." is aubending; your reserve is frequently the occasion of your being misurderstool, and the semb'ance of perfect indifference you delight to assume, entirely conceals how sensitive you my absence. Whether of great or small inreally are. To conform herself to the first, it terest, to you it would be insupportable, needs a love more than ordinarily unquestioning: 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 novelists innum rable, as forming the fairest excelof a lovely summer's evening especially when I lence of woman. It might therefore be as well to satisfy conrect that they have written falsely, befor you choose a wife for a charm, which, if it delight at a ball, may yet fail to admiration; something it has will had nost carry smashine into the prose of every-day ex-

> "We are not arguing fairly, Frank; since I did not speak of desregarding 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 role from his reclining position, adding, "We are far from the subject I wished to intro 'uce when I interrupted your melitations. You, perhaps, are not aware that this is a very familiar neighbourhood to me, and that I have many friends in it; I shall risk offending them if a delay calling upon them any longer. I had some intention of preserving my incognit, but that idea must be abandoned; since it has been my luck to encounter Miss Wills, 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 flud you known in a place which I magined 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 society: 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 overtaken by one one in Lawnborough intelligence of our meetwith 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 there friends of mine. lest you should oppose it on that very account It is at Mrs. Cambley's that I want you to visit to-morrow, a house where I have spent many a pleasant hour Mr. Cambley and my father were intimate friends; indeed, there is some slight connexion between cur families. Edith Burton is his niece, also a distant relation of mine; she has lived with the family since the death of her parents, many years ago. Mrs. Cambley 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 T___, and I have only once vinted them here, but then my stay was a tolerably long one."

"It is not Grace Cambley whose beauty l have so frequently heard you admire?"

"Yes, she is, or rather was extremely loveor do you expect this from a pretty doll-a ly, and I have no reason to auticipate her less so, accomplished, and; so far as I can form an

such intimate terms with her as with Edith. who, in almost every respect, differs from her cou-in; she has no beauty, and possesses few accomplishments; but, I am persuaded, the is endowed with an intellect of a high order, although its powers, little understood by herself or any around her, lie waste and unprofitable, in a great measure, at present. Since her nucle's death, it is not likely that her home is so happy a one; for the attachment sulsisting between Edith and her uncl was a very close one, and in no manner would be allow her to be treated differently to his own

"I wondered," said his companion, after a all the most pleasant scenes and quiet moks of this place. Now I remember that you used plain face will add an exquisite charm to one occasionally to write to the Grange, Lown- quaintance, which afterwards ripe ed into the borough."

> your promise that you will go with me, to re- formation of friendships does not depend upon new my intercourse with them."

"Certainly, if you wish it, provided you allow me to centine my civilines within reasmable boun s. There are a good many "A yielding temper, a will which shall be tolerably comfortable looking mansions in Lawnbor ugh; I should not wish to be caled upon to play agreeable in all their drawn -

> where else, unless, indeed, it be for hal anhour's chat with Miss Will's, and there i cer-

"Why not?"

"B cause she would enterta u me with an account of everything that has happened in when, to me, with a knowledge of the place and some liking for the relator, it may be only tedions." By this time the two gentlemen had ap-

proached the declivity which forms a steep but often-trodden descent to the sez shore Whilst they follow its path, we will spend a few words descriptive of the character and position of those whom we have thus far mtriduced into our tale. In part, the disposition of the elder has been declined in his companion's remarks; such, too, as we have described him in appearance, he was in character : a- a boy, his grave and studious bent of mind was the frequent subject of nemark and wonder; every surrounding circumstance depend this inclination; he was the only child of his widowed mother, and for many years the was his only intimate companion; herself a highly educated woman, she labored earne-tly to direct his mind to the requirement of knowledge which should expand and elevate his intellect; be possessed one of a naturally high order, and unburdened by association with other children, or amusements of a triffing 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 coaracter, possibly an eminent one; but it will not make a happy man. Life and griety are as necessary to the right development of c ildhood 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 required, from those companions with whom 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 abstruce study, would take his place at her side, and read aloud from any tavorite 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 reading 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 apeaker alive demanded, would 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 history may unfold, and to regard with atern batred 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 grav 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 Mary Lester. You know what we were told fortune was ample; therefore, no necessity messing the choice of a profession, the subject "I did not say that a mere perfection of opinion, amiable; but I have never been on was entirely waived, with the carnest hope in

own life, fettered its operations in the service of others. When at college, Ercest acquired high honors, and was regarded with respect eve by those who ranked above him : his mother's pride grew more intense, yet it could mud was becoming more involved in the labyrinch of dourt, which the intricace of lamon wisdom wid ofttimes wied around itself. Her, prayer became more fervent that light might he bestowed upon him from the source of all fest in its own beautiful simplicity. At college Ernest Travers formed an ac-

most is timate friendship, with Frank Went-

any assim lation either of taste of coar eter:

in the present case, the difference in both was striki g. Frank was considerably younger in his manners; several young ladie; were toan Ernest, quick, vigorous, in atient of very bitter against him, who I suspect requirdesappointment, and high spirited. With ed very little encouragement on his part, to good abilities, and much warmth of heart and fall violently in love with him. I think I disposition, he was everywhere a general favorite. Before he knew much of Ernest, he was "Oh, you need not fear; I shall visit no- surrounded by gay and lively friends, amongst whom he appeared on all occasion to take the really introduced to him. Frank has so conlead. He was much liked for his generous and chee ful temper; and, as they perceived the growing intimacy between him and Tran is the question I should like answered." vers, it was with some vexation that they prophesical has entire withdrawal in time from their set. They were right. Shortly, a walk is sure to press it." with Ernest Travers was preferred to the gay-*st of their entertainments; and often the two would be seen together, setting forth for a

> fail back upon if conversation lost its relish. Frank Westworth was one of a large but wealthy family; he had been educated with a view to the law, and it was thought give fair promise of success in his profession; but, so ae little time before, Ernest Travers, being in gaged in preparation for leaving England, in or ler to visit the Continent for the second time, and to make perhaps a two years' residence there, heard from Frank that it was his warm de ire to accompany him. Somewhat surprised at the wish, be represented to him the probable length of his stay; but finding Frack even more desirious to go with him, on this account, he gladly welcomed the proposal.

long ramble, their books under their a ms, to

Their return happened a few months before our history commences. These had been passed by Ernest with his mother at Walmstock, he constant residence; and by Frank in a return to the duties of his profession. He was about growing tired of them and of London, whon Ernest joined him, and persuaded him to visit Lawnbor, ugh in his company. Ernese's object was simply to gain pleasant r tirement; the choice of place, therefore, rested with Frank, who, as we have seen, selected Lawre borough from motives independent of these.

It may be as well now to say a few more words about Grace Cambley and her cous-u Edich, spoken of by our friends. T.mit by the b auty of the evening, they had lift home with the intention of taking a long welk; some moments were spent in debating which cirection they should choose. The b ach was preferred, especially by Edith, but then Mes. Combley baving given them a commission which would take rhem into the town, is must be lace before they could reach it. They consulted their watches and looke i at the sun, till at length determining that they had suffi cient time, th y hastened through the busi ness which carried them into Law borough, and took the nearest way to the sauds; they had a subject of unexpected interest to dis cuss. A chance encounter with Miss Willis gave her the opportunity she she was eagerly desiring of imparting news she knew would be as welcome as unlooked for.

"Did you say it was Mr Travers with Frank?' Grace said, they had heard her describe their meeting.

"Why, my dear, I am not positively cortain, because Frank did not introduce his friend; but I can have little doubt of it, for he was a very tall, handsome, dignified-looking man, just such as we have always heard Mr. Travers described."

"And Frank has been here some days, you say !" exclaimed Edith. "How very strange, that he should not let us know."

"Verv." replied Miss Willis. "I told him so; but he turned it off in his usual way, and promised me a call, soon. I think he said he should endeavor to see you to morrow."

"Which way did you see them turn?" asked Grace.

"Towards the cliff, my love. I dare say they will take the sands on their return ; so, if you are going down to-night, you will very likely meet them."

It was this idea which was probably present to both Edith and Grace, as stepping upon the sands, they almost insensibly slack ened their pace. "It is certain to be Mr. Travers with Frank," was Grace's observa-

"No doubt of it," said Edith. but I cannot get over the strangeness of his behaviour, to come here and vet keep his arrival secret from us! It seems incomprehensible."

"I dare may it has something to do with the other day, about an engagement between her and Frank Wentworth."

"I think there is some truth in it, because

her mind that time and her own influence, it accounts for him kes scales feek of going with the blessing of thed, might dispet the abroad for such a long trop without wishing chold which, whilst it cast a shadow over his any of us good-bye, and also for Mary's pale looks and evident unhappiness; but you said you would ask her about their acquaintance, if you could find an opportulity; did you?"

"Ye ; and her manner with what little she said in answer to my questions, proved to not be unmixed with grief, that so tair a pros- me that we had heard nothing but the touth; pect had recrived a blight, perceiving that his still, I,do not see how it ought to account for Frank's negle t of us. Surely be d d not come here maware of the Lesters' removal to Lawnborough."

"Perhaps he did; but, Edith, you will hear all about is to morrow; he will be sure short pause, "to find you so alle a guide to light, and that the truth miget be make mani- to call now, for he knows Miss Wibis well enough; and most likely he reckors 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; whee I was "That is the Cambley's; and I yet wait worth; it was but another proof that the staying last year with Mrs. Bailie i heard a great deal of him; be was proconneed very handsome, and extremely elever, but too fastidio is and reserved-almost proudly soshould know him from their description."

2 And ir m Franc's said Edith, "I appear to know him as accuracily as if I had been stantly spoken and written of his feet d."

"Well, Edith, will be call to-morrow? that

"And it is one that I am sure I cannot reply to; I rather think he may, though Frank

"Elith," said Grace, after a short pause, "I have a presentament. Do you see those two figures youder? they have just come down from the class. I am atmost certain they are strangers, and it is from the port Miss Willis spoke of; depend upon it they are Frank and his ferend.

* Edith regarded them attentively for some time, "I believe you are right," s.e s.id: "indeed, I don't think t ere on he a doubt of it. Let us loster a little that we may see which way they turn."

"On, no! we had better go forward; it would be so provoking to miss them now."

(To be Continued.)

HUNTED DOWN.

In a pleasant valley on the banks of a little stream on the W storn frontier is situated a little village, composed for the most part of miner's cabins theatt and the rule structures there are a veral large buildings, residences of man whose fortunes have grown with the little town, which have some precensions to are litestoral beauty.

At one side of the value scales the fort waten gives it its mans, and, in times of trouble with the red up of the forest, affords a place of temporary refuge for the inhabitants.

Half way up an eminence, a mile distant from the village, on the vary varge of a rocky cliff, stood two persons, a man and a woman.

The woman, or girl-for she was scarcely oighteen-was beautiful as a dream in form and feature, though now per face was pole as death, and there was a look of terror in her soft brown eyes. At her side stood a man of perhaps six and twenty, dressed in the garb of a hunter. His face was brutish and repulsive, and was best close to the face of his companion, who would have repelled him had it been in her power; but outh her elender wrists were pinioned with stout thongs of raw hide, showing that sae was wholly in the villain's power. The man had thrown one arm around the girl's slender waist, and lifting the other, he pointed down toward the little village in the valley.

"Irene, you may have the pleasure of tak. ing a long farewell look at your late home. as I must leave you here for a few moments before we start on our bridal trip to the west-

He laughed mockingly as he spoke the last words, and looked down with a triumphant expression into h-r face.

The maiden's eyes had followed her captor's gesture, and rested now upon the little village, around which the shades of night were slowly gathering.

"Do not be too sure of making your escape, Martin Hammond," she said slowly : "there will be men upon your track before the night is over, and who will not give up the search until your hiding place has been found."

"Before my trail can be discovered. I shall be far away with the prize I have won," he answered. "But my time is precious. I have yet another tack to perform before I can bid adien to Fort Kenton forever." He stepped close to the verge of the cliff, and gazed down the awful precip ce.

"Irone," he said, again turning to the maiden, " here is the spot I have chosen as a suitable place to leave you for a short time while I am absent. It is a position from which you cannot escape while your hands are tied, and it is secure from danger of the wild beasts of the forest."

"I do not fear the wolves, Martin Hammond," the girl returned. "I would face a thousand, rather than go with you to your home among the Indians. Do not hope to take me with you alive, for I will die by my own band ere I will be dragge I away to worse