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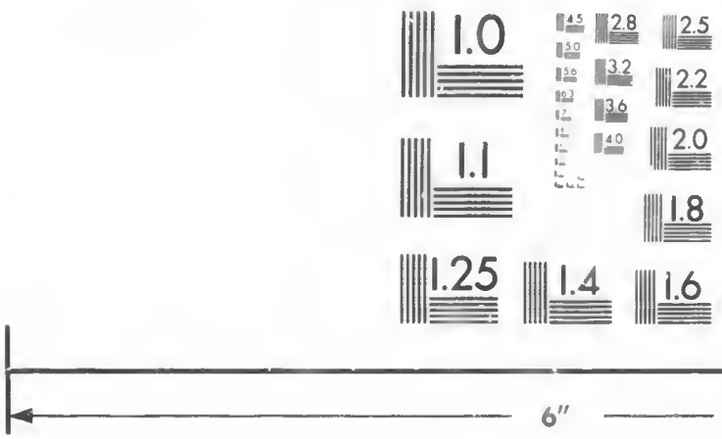

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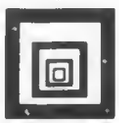

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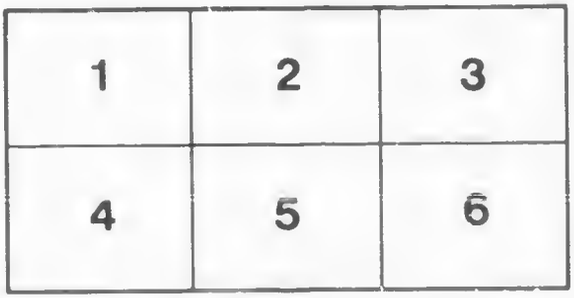

ales, Essays,

—AND—

POEMS.

In Two Parts.

By NOMA and VORSA.

AMHERST, N. S.:
AMHERST GAZETTE STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.
1876.

PREFACE.

In presenting to the public the following little volume, we would observe, by way of apology, that these "TALES, ESSAYS and POEMS" are the productions of the leisure hours of two young students, and as such, we trust all their shortcomings and errors will be forgivingly overlooked. We have endeavored to place it within the reach of all; and if it will afford its readers a few pleasant hours, or awaken the happy memories of departed years, we shall feel doubly repaid for the many misgivings we have felt in giving to an intelligent and discriminating public these immature thoughts.

THE AUTHORS.

AMHERST, N. S., April 15th, 1876.

Part First---Tales and Essays.

The Mysterious Ring;

OR,

THE BROKEN VOW.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

—:o:—

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERIOUS RING.

"What is man,
When the worst heart can wear a brow of virtue,
And false appearances smile us to destruction?
And yet, what is he not, when crowned with truth,
With every social virtue?"

—*More's Regulus.*

"WILL, I have often noticed that ring you wear: what a curious setting it has; pray, what is the stone!"

"It is my wife."

The first speaker started back aghast—and well he might. To admire a simple finger ring, worn by a friend, and be coolly informed that it was a person whom he thought quietly resting in her tomb, with the roses blooming, the willows drooping, and the birds singing above her lowly head, was enough to startle any firm-nerved man.

The querist, whom we shall introduce to our readers as Gerald Thorne, was a tall, handsome gentleman. A splendid form; auburn hair; a full, round face, closely shaven; and merry blue eyes; all combined to make a noble looking man. His dress, simple yet elegant, proclaimed him to be a man of wealth. That he was so, would become more apparent from the fact that many and deep were the plots and schemes laid

by designing mammas, who, with half a dozen marriageable daughters on their hands, wished to ensnare him for one of these devotees of fashion, who draw so heavily upon a slender purse.

The other was also tall and very slim. His head was graced with a profusion of short, jet black curls; his eyes were dark and glittering, and when flashing with anger would strike one with the impression that in their dark depths lurked treachery; he wore military looking moustache and whiskers; while on his breast was suspended a single ghttering star, the reward of some brave deed, and on the little finger of his left hand he wore the strange ring which was the subject of Gerald's question.

This personage was Major William Alton, of the 27th Wiltshire Cavalry. He was a widower, and child'ess, death having visited his home with a heavy hand, carrying away his three beautiful children, who were quickly followed by their mother; and when she was laid beside her little darlings, who had preceeded her on the road to Paradise, William Alton felt that he had now nothing to live for, that with all his wealth and honor, he could never be happy again. And perhaps he never did feel again the blessing of true happiness. Could we have beheld his heart, we might have found a wound that only death could heal, a sorrow that would sometimes throb forth anew, whether surrounded by merry comrades, or in the solitude of his chamber, with no companions but his own sad thoughts.

The ring itself was of massive gold, with a heavy grey stone setting, unlike any gem with which we are acquainted. In the rays of the sun it only emitted a faint, almost imperceptible glimmer; but in the darkness, the twilight, or the soft moonbeams, it flashed and gleamed with a strange, weird brilliancy. Many had observed the stone and its seeming freak, and were fascinated by its spectral gleams.

Major Alton always maintained a strange silence when the ring was mentioned, and to no one would he give the least information concerning it, and thus it gained its name, "The Mysterious Ring," and came to be looked upon with mingled wonder and superstition.

Until now, the Major had kept the history of the ring a secret, and then revealed it only to his bosom friend, Gerald Thorne.

"Why! what in the name of the saints do you mean?" asked Gerald, recovering from his astonishment.

"I mean just what I say," answered the Major, "I have never told the secret to any one, but I will tell you, enjoining you upon the honor of a man and a gentleman, to keep it secret still."

"You may depend upon me, Will, I shall never breathe it to a living soul."

"Yes, I know I can trust you. You know that three years ago I lost all my children, and a few days after, my idolized wife. As she lay upon her death bed she asked me never to wed again, and there, in the sacred presence of death, I made a vow never to fill my home with another bearing the name of Wife.

"Wishing to have her I loved ever near me, I went to the cemetery the night of the funeral, disentombed the body, conveyed it to a noted chemist, and had it transformed into this stone, which has attracted so much attention from the curious.

"There, you have the whole history."

"Which is both wonderful and interesting," said Gerald, "while the ring certainly deserves the fame it has won; but keep your vow sacred, for if you break it, you will never experience happiness or peace of conscience again."

CHAPTER II.

A Promenade in the Avenue.

"Love at first sight is never sage;
It catches at a match like tinder,
And nothing can its blazing hinder;
But soon it dies without a name,
Unless we constant fan the flame."
—*From an anonymous French author.*

We pass over a year from the opening of our tale ere we again meet Major Alton and his friend Gerald. There is no perceptible change in either, unless it be that here and there a few silvery hairs reveal themselves in the curly locks that deck the shapely head of

the Major, who still keeps his vow, while Gerald remains in blissful bachelorhood, his heart unmelted by any of the charms or stratagems the fair sex can bring to bear against him.

They were walking in the "Forest Avenue," a magnificent promenade just outside the gates of a certain town in "Merry Old England."

It was indeed a splendid promenade. For nearly a mile the street was straight as an arrow, smooth and level as a ball-room; while on each side rose stately oaks and drooping elms, with wild roses, heaths, and almost every species of beautiful shrubbery and wild flowers mingled lovingly at their feet, in one tangled, luxuriant mass of enchanting beauty, and far away in the distance could be seen old ocean's blue waves. Here met, on summer evenings, the elite, the wealth, fashion and beauty of this little town.

It seemed as if, on this particular evening, all the inhabitants had turned out to swell the brilliant gathering, and the number of equipages of all descriptions, family coaches, phaetons, broughams, barouches and so forth, equestrians and pedestrians, which lined the Avenue from end to end, proclaimed that the good people of this little town were not behind in the ranks of wealth and fashion, and furthermore, that they meant to enjoy themselves.

And why not? Where is the use or sense of people toiling and wearying their brains, striving to add another dollar to the already glittering heap, or another acre to the broad farm that already stretches far over hill and vale, and yet never take any comfort in their wealth? How many are there in this world, who, counting their dollars by the thousand, still work, and pinch, and scheme, and slave, as long as they can push one foot before the other, to gain a few more dollars for their heirs to quarrel over when they are in their graves, carried thither while yet in early years, the victims of overwork and anxiety. Cannot such persons see the wrong, aye, the downright sin of such a course, and reforming, take a little more pleasure in life than the mere amassing of riches, which often "take to themselves wings and fly away?"

"Gerald," said the Major, "Do you see those two ladies approaching? What beauties! the one on the dark horse, especially. By Jove! she's lovely as an hourie."

"Perfectly charming!"

"Who are they?"

"I haven't the slightest idea; but, by George, I must get an introduction to the dark haired one."

"Hush! or they will overhear you."

Just then the horse on which was seated the lady who had awakened the Major's admiration, frightened by something in the shrubbery, reared, plunged, and cast his beautiful rider headlong to the hard pavement, and had not the Major sprang and caught her in his arms, she must have been fatally injured. As she fell, a thrilling shriek rent the air, and when she alighted in her rescuer's arms, she became unconscious. When she revived she wildly asked, "Where am I? what has happened?"

"Please calm yourself, my dear lady," said the Major, "you have been thrown from your horse."

"Oh! yes, I remember now," said she.

"I hope you are not injured," said the Major.

"I think not," said she, rising. "Oh! my ankle is sprained," exclaimed she, as, unable to stand, she sank back into his arms, and he not unwilling to support so fair a burden, did his best to console her.

And fair indeed she was. With the form of a Hebe; a shower of golden hair, that fell in waves over her graceful shoulders and down her swelling, snowy neck; soft, smooth, delicate skin; full forehead; large, liquid, blue eyes; dark, arched eyebrows; medium nose, inclined to the Grecian shape; a sweet mouth and coral lips, tinctured with a bewitching smile; cheeks soft and full, like the sunny side of a peach; pearly teeth; a plump, round chin, bathed in dimples; and lily white hands, with tapering fingers, and nails of mother of pearl; she was enough to melt the hardest heart that ever beat in the bosom of man. And her voice, soft, distinct and musical, was alone enough to win her the homage of a thousand steely hearts. What wonder then, that as Major Alton held her in his arms, and

gazed entranced upon her ravishing loveliness. He should feel no desire to release her, perhaps never again to feel a thrill run through his heart, as her snowy arms were folded confidingly about his neck; and her head rested upon his shoulder.

Gerald, immediately upon the accident to the fair unknown, assisted her companion to alight. Both horses having disappeared during the excitement, he asked the injured lady if he should order a carriage.

"Oh! if you would be so kind," replied she in a voice that fell upon their ears like distant music.

Gerald hastened on his mission, and soon returned, stating that he had secured a carriage, which would presently arrive.

"And to whom am I indebted for having saved me from further injuries?" asked the golden-haired beauty, addressing the Major.

"Major Alton, at your service," said he, handing her his card.

"And how can I express my gratitude?" said she, presenting him with a rose tinted card, on which was inscribed in golden characters, "Agnes St. Clair."

"Pray, Miss St. Clair, do not mention so slight a service, it is no more than I would have performed for any one; but I rejoice that I have been so fortunate as to rescue such a beautiful being as your own fair self from greater injury."

"I see you are perfect in flattery."

"Not flattery, I hope, but the homage to which your loveliness justly entitles you."

Miss St. Clair answered with a light, rippling laugh, that made his heart beat yet more wildly.

During this time Gerald and Miss St. Clair's companion had become acquainted by exchanging cards, on one of which was inscribed "Gerald S. Thorne," and on the other "Laura J. Huntley," and it would be a matter of surprise to the uninitiated in what an incredibly short time they became the best of friends.

Miss Huntley was a tall, noble looking lady, with raven tresses and dark eyes; a sweet, expressive face, and rosy lips, ever budding into a smile; a voluptuous form; and a birdlike voice, that seemed to be ever

wishing to break forth into the melody of song.

The carriage soon arrived and with it a crowd of people, for the tidings that Miss St. Clair had received a fall, spread like wildfire through the Avenue, and many came expecting to see her severely wounded, but were agreeably surprised to find it nothing serious.

As the Major assisted Miss St. Clair into the carriage, he inquired where he should instruct the coachman to drive.

"No. 7, Esmond Place; and I should be very happy if you would step in to-morrow evening at half-past seven, and receive the thanks of my parents."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, although I do not ask for thanks."

"I trust we shall meet again, Miss Huntley," said Gerald, as the carriage door was closed.

"You but echo my own wishes, Mr. Thorne, and I shall look for you to-morrow evening, at eight o'clock, at No. 7, Esmond Place."

The Major and Gerald linked arms and strolled homewards, each loud in the praise of his favorite charmer.

Major Alton paced his lonely room for hours that night, his brain racked and nearly crazed by conflicting emotions. He was thinking of the matchless beauty, and resolving, in defiance of his solemn vow, to win her if possible; then in the still, dim light, the ring upon his finger would flash with a strange, unearthly gleam, such as he had never seen before, and the pale, sad, sweet face of his departed wife would rise from amid the gloom, the blue eyes peering into his with a searching gaze, as if intent upon reading all that was passing in the depths of his inmost heart; then his resolve would fail; and he would determine to conquer his love; and then he would curse the vow he had so solemnly taken, and resolve to care naught for it, and when morning dawned, it found him still pacing the floor of his room.

As the rays of the rising sun glimmered through the window, he cast himself upon his untouched bed, and fell into a heavy sleep, which continued far into the day, and from which the servant, when she came to

call him, failed to rouse him, while the deep, troubled breathing alone told that life still held its sway.

And Gerald? He too, while the shadows deepened into twilight, and the twilight into darkness, paced the halls of his bachelor home. He too, resolved to win *his* fair one, the queenly Laura. There was nothing to forbid him, could he do so; no solemn vows lifted their towering forms before *him*, as a warning not to sue for the hand of his first and only love. He was free—free as the breeze of morn, as it wings its joyous way over mountain, lake, and fell; free as the soaring eagle, as with his wings on the breeze, and his eye on the sun, he careers on high, to meet the luminary of day! Freedom! what music is there in that matchless word, sooth[illegible] the soul to slumber with the charm of its silvery accents!

Was it not strange that Major Alton and Gerald Thorne, his bosom friend, should, at first sight, fall so deeply in love with Agnes St. Clair and Laura Huntley, also inseparable companions? Yet, why strange, when the ladies were so bewitchingly beautiful, and the circumstances so romantic?

CHAPTER III.

A Pleasant Evening.

"Love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss,
Heightened, indeed, beyond all mortal pleasures;
But mingles pangs and madness in the bowl."
—*Young.*

At the appointed hour, Major Alton sauntered up the tasteful walk that led to the St. Clair mansion, glided up the broad marble steps and rang the bell. The summons was promptly answered by a richly liveried servant, and having presented his card, he was ushered into a splendidly furnished drawing room.

Costly furniture, rich carpetings, statuary, magnificent paintings, antiquities and curiosities, flowers, richly bound books, and a thousand other works of luxury and art filled the room, betraying at once the wealth, taste, elegance, and superior refinement of its owner.

Major Alton had not much time to devote to these

objects, for Mr. St. Clair soon entered. Advancing to the Major he cordially extended his hand, saying:

"Major Alton, I presume?"

"The same," said he, taking the proffered hand, "I believe I have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. St Clair?"

"Yes, and I observe, by the star upon your breast, that I am indebted for the escape of my daughter to one who has, while serving his native land, encountered danger, and braved it."

"Yes, this honor was conferred upon me for rushing, with a handful of men, into the ranks of the enemy, and spiking their guns, during one of the preliminary encounters in the Crimean Peninsula."

"I have heard of your gallant feat, in fact it is recorded in history."

"I hope the accident to Miss St. Clair did not prove serious, and that she is not confined to her room?"

"Oh! not at all; she is rapidly recovering, and will be present shortly. I trust you will accept my sincere thanks for your assistance last evening, by which you no doubt saved my only child from serious, if not fatal injuries."

"I beg of you, Mr. St. Clair, not to allow so slight an act to weigh upon your mind. I assure you it was only my just duty, and I would not have been held guiltless had I neglected it."

Let us take a glance at Mr. St. Clair. He was a well formed man of medium height, slightly corpulent—enough so to give him that rotundity which marks the handsome man; hair that had once been a dark brown, but now changing to a silvery hue; a broad, full, joval face, and twinkling blue eyes that beamed with good humor, merriment and joviality.

Such was the person of Horatio St. Clair, B. A. He had inherited from his father a large amount of property, of which he made a good use, and at the age of fifty, with an income of many thousands, had retired from business; and now, at sixty, there was not a happier, more jovial, or hospitable man upon the shores of "Merry England."

Miss St. Clair, her mother, and Miss Huntley now

entered the room, and gave our hero a warm greeting.

Congratulations, thanks, and good wishes were exchanged, and the party sat down determined to enjoy themselves.

Gerald was soon announced, and was welcomed by Miss Huntley with more warmth than was necessary for the ordinary purposes of friendship.

Mrs. St. Clair was well worthy of her merry husband, whom she much resembled, and she soon put her guests at their ease. Agnes was perfectly charming, and looking, if possible, more beautiful than on the preceding evening. Laura, also a child of wealth, and a cousin of Agnes, was brilliant; Mr. St. Clair "so very jolly;" Major Alton in his glory; and Gerald in his brightest humor; so with music and lively conversation, the evening passed but too quickly.

From that date Major Alton spent most of his evenings at the St. Clair mansion, and Gerald was not often absent.

"To-night," mused the Major as one evening a few weeks later he prepared to go to the St. Clairs', "I shall lay my heart at her feet, vow or no vow. Why was I fool enough to make it, when I might have known I could not keep it. Folly! Folly! I WILL win her, this vow shall bind me no longer."

"Agnes!" said he, as he sat with her that night beneath a noble elm, while the rays of the setting sun lighted up her beautiful face and glimmered among her golden locks, "Agnes, darling, I must speak the thoughts that come from my heart; I love you, will you be mine? Oh! do not say no!"

Her lips moved not, but her soft eyes spoke volumes, and she laid her warm hand in his, and reclined her fair head upon his shoulder. He drew her to his heart and whispered--

But gentle reader, we will leave the lovers alone in their joy.

Gerald must have caught encouragement from the beaming face of the Major, for next evening he offered his heart to the lovely Laura, and it was not in vain.

"Will," said he, as they wended their way home-

wards, "you must congratulate me, I have won my Laura."

"I give you my best wishes, my dear boy," said the Major, clasping his hand, "and will accept yours in return; the beautiful Agnes is mine."

"And so is the broken vow; I sincerely hope and pray that you may be happy, but I fear you will not."

CHAPTER IV.

Reflection and Warning.

"And it is a maxim
Allowed among them, so they may deceive,
They may swear anything; for the queen of love,
As they hold constantly, does never punish,
But smiles at lovers' perjuries."

—*Massinger.*

That night the Major laid his head upon his downy pillow, and thought himself the happiest man in the wide world; he had lain down his heart at beauty's shrine, where hundreds had worshipped before him, and from which they had been spurned, while he alone was successful, and his cup of bliss seemed full; but with the calm hours of morning came reflection.

"Oh! cursed am I! In the presence of death, by the side of her I loved, as her pure spirit entered the land of Paradise, I made this vow, which I am about to break. Oh, God! why didst thou not give me strength to keep it? No! I am an outcast from Heaven, I can never hope to see its pearly gates and shining streets. Why did she impose upon me this vow? why bind me under its galling chains? what could be her motive, when she thus put me, as it were, under a curse? That promise, sacred though it be, though it be registered in the presence of ten thousand holy angels, shall bind me no longer. A curse upon woman's will, when it binds man under such a bond, and lays him under the sin of perjury, and places him in the power of all the fiends of darkness. Oh! God in Heaven above, have pity, have mercy!" he groaned in his agony.

"Oh! can *she* look down from above, and calmly smile upon my misery? The thought maddens me, it sets my brain on fire! I will destroy myself! and then

what would the world say? and SHE? it would break her young and innocent heart. No! I will live, and cast aside all thought of her;—but it is now too late, we are betrothed. I will shield her from the storms of life, come what may. I dare fate! No tempests nor chilling winds shall bend the fragile flower that I have sworn to love and cherish! Come! all ye furies and fates! add to my crazed brain another pang, and all will be over! The flowers will bloom above the grave of a maniac, unheeding him who lies beneath! Am—am I to be bound?"—

And nearly maddened by the overwhelming thoughts that forced themselves upon his brain, he grasped his hat, and rushed from the house, and strode down the shaded walk with the air of an escaped lunatic. He wished to be in the open air, and cool his burning brow and throbbing temples.

He reached the street, and caring little whither he went, he walked out of the town, through the Forest Avenue, and far into the country, heeding none he met.

At last, when two or three miles from the town, he almost stumbled into a tent of a band of roving Gypsies, a race whose habits and appearances are so well known, that we will not weary our readers with a description.

He entered the tent, and addressing himself to a dark haired, rather prepossessing female, asked her if she could reveal the future.

She replied that she could.

"Point out to me my lot, and you shall be well rewarded," said he.

"Follow me," said she, as she led the way to a willow a few yards from the tent.

As they stood beneath the swaying branches, she long and earnestly scrutinized his face.

"The star of your destiny burns low;" said she, in a soft, solemn, subdued tone, "beneath the dewy sod, with the flowers blooming above their lowly heads, rest the forms of your beloved wife and innocent children, unconscious of the storms that rage above them, and of the black, base thoughts that fill men's hearts.

"By the death bed of that wife you made a vow, a sacred vow, that you are about to break.

"You love another, whom you will soon take to your home, a young, innocent, beautiful, trusting bride; but happiness shall not dwell in that home. Jealousy, like a deadly viper, shall gnaw at the roots of your peace; the memory of the broken vow shall haunt you in the merry halls of pleasure, in the quiet of your chamber, and by the side of her you have made your bride, in defiance of that vow; there shall be heart burnings and separation, aye bitter separation. Mark well my words; you shall feel pangs tenfold more deep than those that now burn within your bosom.

"No children shall bless your union, for your star is sinking in the sky—lower, lower it wanes, till it vanishes in darkness!"

He was so excited and awed by her slow, measured, chilling words, that he could scarcely articulate, in a deep, hoarse tone, the single word:

"Proceed!"

"There is little more to say;" replied she, in the same wild, weird tone, "you will mock at separation, and banishing all spirit and hate, will win her again; but will you be happy? No!"

Is this the truth, or the mere idle cant of your tribe?" asked he, arousing from the spell which seemed to be thrown over him.

"Forest Flower weighs well her words;" rejoined she, coldly, "our race may be down-trodden and despised, but we are far happier than many who dwell in princely halls, and look down upon us as though we were not created by the same God. Yet what would tempt me to resign my wild, roving life for the gilded mansion you claim as yours!"

He felt the keen force of her words, and handing her a golden coin, turned his steps homewards.

For hours he pondered over the prophetic words of the Gypsy. Would they prove true? If so, how little happiness was in store for him.

"Ha!" exclaimed he as he cast off his wild thoughts, "they were nothing but the words of a wandering

Gypsy, intent upon gain either by flattery or falsehood. I will think no more of them."

CHAPTER V.

THE DOUBLE WEDDING.

"Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by mere attorneyship.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace."

—*Shakspeare.*

One day, a few weeks later, the usually quiet people of this little English town were thrown into a state of excitement by the report that in one week from that date two marriages were to be solemnized in the old cathedral of St. Mark's. Like wildfire spread the news that Major Alton, who had fought under the old flag on a score of crimson battle fields, was to wed the beautiful daughter of wealthy old Mr. St. Clair, while that bachelor scholar and gentleman, Gerald Thorne, was at the same time and place to take to himself the noble Laura Huntley, who was also rich and lovely as a sultana.

The Major and Gerald were at once created the lions and heroes of the day, and were overwhelmed with congratulations and good wishes, while they were secretly envied by every marriageable man in the town.

The ladies also came in for a large share of the congratulations, which they blushingly acknowledged.

The morning of the nuptials broke bright, clear, and cloudless, the air was soft and balmy, and the birds sang their sweetest carols. Nature seemed to know that it was a merry holiday, and had put on her brightest smiles and gayest robes.

The bridal party stepped forth into the street, lined on either side by hundreds of people in holiday attire, amid a cheer of admiration.

The brides were robed in spotless, virgin white; on the neck of Agnes was a necklace of pearls, on her brow a tiara of costly diamonds, and on her wrists bracelets of the same flashing gems; a veil, almost too

slender to be more than ethereal, floated about her like a robe of glory; her lovely face was radiant and blushing with youth's first holy passion; and as she leaned upon the arm of her betrothed, who was a trifle paler than usual, she looked too lovely to be earthly, she seemed more like a fairy, or a bright spirit from the angel land.

Laura was hardly less lovely. Diamonds, pearls and rubies flashed amid her robes of snowy purity; her cheeks wore the tints of the rose; and with fluttering heart she clung to the arm of Gerald, whose face was the picture of triumph and happiness.

The way to the church lay through streets gay with banners, flowers, triumphal arches, and moving crowds. Music greeted them on every hand, bands led the procession, and ere they reached their destination, their path was strewn with flowers.

The party entered the church, which was already filled by a brilliant gathering, amid a burst of music and song; garlands and banners were arranged in every available part of the noble edifice; and amid a deep murmur of admiration, Major William Alton and Agnes St. Clair, with their bridesmaids and groomsmen, took their way to the altar to be made man and wife.

The solemn words of the beautiful ceremony echoed through the lofty building, and with downcast eyes the bride took her wifely vows. One circumstance was noted by those who were near—upon her finger he placed the "Mysterious Ring!"

They moved away, and their places were filled by Gerald and Laura, and as soon as the ceremony was ended, they left the church, amid a storm of congratulations and another burst of music from choir and band.

The party departed that afternoon upon their bridal tour.

They roamed through France, and danced in the halls of its gay capital; they wandered through Switzerland, climbed her snowy Alps, and rowed over her beautiful lakes; they basked beneath the sunny skies of classic Italy, and strolled through her acres of painting and miles of sculpture; they glided through

the streets of Venice, in the gay gondolas of song and story; they sailed over the blue Mediterranean; they roved through Spain, the land of romance; they crossed the icy Pyrenees, rambled among the vine-clad fields of sunny Southern France, and then returned to their English home

We now bid good bye, with much regret, to Gerald Thorne and his lovely bride, who have played their part in our tale, and leave them to enjoy a happy wedded life, devoted to each other, and surrounded by merry children.

CHAPTER IV.

Heartburnings and Jealousy.

"Oh Jealousy! thou merciless destroyer,
More cruel than the grave! what ravages
Does thy wild roar make in noblest bosoms!"
—*Eurydice.*

We pass over a year, ere we again take up the thread of our story. The Major and his wife had lived together very happily—and yet say we happily? did there not sometimes pass across his brow a shadow, a foreboding of evil? Did not his cheek sometimes pale at thought of the past? and did not the sweet, sad face of her who slept in the churchyard look reproachfully upon him from the portals of the tomb? He drowned all dark thoughts in the society of Agnes.

But now the tortures of jealousy began to send into his heart their roots and tendrils, kindling all the fires of madness, hate, and revenge.

Returning home one night from some public meeting, he was surprised to meet a man leaving the house, a man who took no notice of his salutation.

In reply to his inquiries, Agnes informed him it was Joseph Morton, a barrister, who had called upon some business with which she intrusted him. This was satisfactory, and nothing more was said upon the subject.

When, however, a week later the same affair was repeated, with the same explanation, he began to grow suspicious. He resolved to let affairs take their course and note the consequence.

Morton's visits grew more frequent, always happening when the Major was absent.

At last he could bear it no longer, and determined to seek an explanation.

"Agnes," said he, going into the drawing-room where she was seated one morning, "can you spare me a few moments?"

"Yes, Willie," said she, looking up from the book she was perusing.

"Then I wish you to explain how it is that this lawyer, Morton, always happens to be present when I am absent, and I never have the pleasure of meeting him," said he savagely, while he closely watched her face.

It was the first time he had ever spoken a harsh word to her, and the tears started to her pleading blue eyes as she answered:

"Oh! Willie darling, I have often told you how it is; he has charge of the estates and other property which were my father's wedding gift, and as to his coming when you are abroad, it is purely accidental."

"Accidents happen very conveniently sometimes," he hissed.

"Oh! I am telling you the very truth; his evening visits shall cease, if it is disagreeable to you, and he shall come in the hours of day."

"It is disagreeable to me; it looks very much like unfaithfulness."

"I would rather plunge a poisoned dagger into my heart, than that you should doubt my faithfulness," said she, looking sadly and pleadingly into his glaring eyes, and bursting into a flood of tears.

The demon was now raging within him, and he would not listen to reason; even her tearful face did not move him, but in a hoarse voice he said, as he strode away:

"You shall hear more of this anon."

He turned his steps to the office of Morton, with whom he had a stormy interview, receiving the same explanations that he had from Agnes.

When he left her, she went to her room, long and bitterly weeping over the barrier that had suddenly

arisen between her and her husband, whom she truly loved.

"Oh! why has he laid to my charge this terrible sin, of which heaven knows I am innocent? Jealousy has crazed his brain, and he will not listen to reason. But come what may, I am innocent. There was no stain upon my name as a maiden, nor shall there be any as a wife."

The Major did not seek her presence again for several days; her heart was sad and weary, the delicate tints faded from her cheeks, and her blue eyes became languid with weeping.

Mr. Morton had called two or three times, but she always dismissed him immediately. This the Major looked upon as the greatest proof of guilt, for would she not, when discovered, instruct him to shorten his visits?

The Major was nearly frantic with jealousy and its kindred dark passions. He would have struck his enemy to the earth, only that he wished to torture him, and make him feel pangs more keen than those which were racking his own heart.

"Accursed be his form, who brought misery to my heart; accursed be she, that has proved faithless. Alas! that I ever beheld her fair form. Accursed be I, and my weak will, that I ever broke that vow, which, had I kept sacred, would have kept this agony from me; now I see, when too late, my folly, my *sin*, my CRIME!" he shrieked.

While in this frame of mind, he sought Agnes, and had a long interview with her, at the close of which he said:

"Woman! we must part, you shall no longer bring misery to my home."

No prayers, entreaties, or protestations wrung from an agonized heart, could avail aught, and she returned to the home of her childhood, growing paler and sadder, day by day, and her beautiful form wasting away to a mere shadow.

CHAPTER VII.

REMORSE.

"Pale as thy smock! When we meet at compt
This look of thine will hurl my soul from Heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like chastity————"

—*Shakspeare.*

Three long months passed away, with their changes, their sorrows, and their trials.

Major Alton had suffered all the pains jealousy could heap upon him. Hate, madness, doubt, and fear, with their retinue of conflicting thoughts and emotions, had racked his brain and seared his heart. Yet how little did he suffer compared to the tortures that were murdering the pure being he had in his blindness and rage banished from his home! He had not driven her from his heart. He loved her yet, and it but added to his pangs. Night after night he paced his room, his pillow untouched; day after day he passed in bewildering thought, but he came forth from the furnace, purified!

He had been convinced of her innocence. He h formed plans for ascertaining whether she was really guilty or not, and putting them into execution, he was overwhelmed with proofs of her innocence, and his cruelty.

And all the horrors of remorse seized his guilty conscious. He was in an agony of fear, and deep were the prayers for pardon that winged their way on high from his repentant heart. He determined to seek Agnes, and plead for her forgiveness.

"Oh! to hear her sweet voice say 'Willie darling, I forgive you,' would be a balm to my soul, far greater than any other pleasure earth could bestow; aye, Heaven itself can hold no greater joy; it would be music far more rapturous than ever fell from angels' harps; for it I would pass through all the torments earth or the dread hereafter could heap upon my guilty soul. I must seek her, and on bended knee beg her pardon, and if it is refused, I will quit forever this dark world! Better the pangs of eternal torture, than the misery of such a life as mine would be. Yet

how can I see her? I will be spurned from her home like a slave, beaten away like a cur! But I *will* see her, before another day bears me that much further from Paradise. I will find a way!"

CHAPTER VIII.

REUNION.

"At thy feet I seek for pardon;
Wilt thou thy gentle heart harden?
Wilt thou turn thy beautiful face
From me?"

—*Anonymous.*

An hour later the Major stood before the door of the St. Clair mansion, and rang the bell. As the servant appeared he asked to see Mrs. Alton.

"Sir," replied the servant, "I have positive orders never to admit you into this house."

"But I am her husband!"

"I can't help it sir, my orders are positive," and he slammed the door in the face of the Major, who, seeing he had failed, quietly took his departure.

Two hours later, he again presented himself. He was greatly changed; his face was guiltless of moustache or whiskers, and his dress was very different from that worn on the first occasion.

Again he asked to see Mrs. Alton.

"She is not to be seen," said the servant.

"I have important business with her."

"She is very ill."

"All the greater reason I should be admitted to her presence," said he, turning pale.

"Ah! Major Alton I perceive," said the servant, smiling, as he recognized him.

"Admit me at once to the presence of Mrs Alton, or you are a dead man," said the Major, presenting a loaded pistol at the head of the servant, "be quick now, and make no fuss, for if you betray me, your life will not be worth the bullet that ends it."

"Follow me," said he, leading the way to the room occupied by Agnes.

"Promise that it shall not be known I am in this

house, and you shall be well rewarded; betray me, and you die," said the Major, in a low, hoarse tone!

"I promise," said the servant.

"Is Mrs. Alton alone?"

"She is; she is sleeping," replied the servant, as he withdrew.

He entered the room, and for a moment stood spell-bound. On a sofa lay the wasted form of her who once was Agnes St. Clair, but now Agnes Alton, banished from the home of her husband, of whom she was dreaming, and who she hoped would yet fondly clasp her to his heart. Her once fair form was now a mere shadow, her face was pale and thin, with not a particle of color to soften its ashy hue, her eyes were red with weeping, and yet a heavenly smile played upon her lips.

He cast off the spell, and with an agonized heart sprang forward, imprinting on her lips one long, lingering kiss.

She unclosed her eyes, and gazing at him a moment, held out her arms to him with the words: "I knew you would come." In a moment she was folded to his heart, and between his sobs he asked her,

"Agnes darling, can you forgive me my cruelty?"

"Willie, dear, it is I who should be forgiven, for giving you cause to doubt——"

"No! No! it was I who in my fiendish rage and jealousy caused all this misery."

"But I should never have admitted that lawyer, except in your presence, and this sad parting would never have been known."

"You had a perfect right to do so, my darling; but the demon of madness seized me, and drove away reason."

"Never mind, Willie mine, let the past, with all its dark shadows, be forgotten."

"You shall never again have cause to mourn my harshness."

"Nor you to doubt my faithfulness."

And then he told her the story of his life, of the broken vow, and of the ring she wore.

"It shall be a token of renewed love, dearest, that

shall not be broken till death parts us," said she, nestling closer to him.

Their tears mingled, and they were reconciled.

Dear reader, the past is forgiven, the future looks bright, perhaps a part of the Gypsy's prophecy may not come true, and so we will drop the curtain upon this sacred meeting of the loving ones who have been put asunder so sadly, but who now find a new pleasure in loving and being loved.

Romance and Reality.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

—:o:—

IN this enlightened age, superstition is fast dying out before the advancing might of civilization. The old time Romance, whose tales and mysteries have charmed and delighted us, is falling before stern reality, and soon will be forgotten. Tales of wonder, stories of fairies, mermaids, and the belief in gods and goddesses, are giving way to science, and soon the marvellous wonders of the past will only provoke a contemptuous smile. Perhaps it is best that it should be so; but will not man, when these illusions have faded away, sometimes sigh for another draught at the fountain of Romance? Although the change is for the better, he will sometimes yearn for those bright visions and fleeting fancies, that once lulled his soul to rest, and charmed his ear with the mermaids' merry song; his mind will sometimes ponder on them; and his eye will sometimes wander along the wavewashed shore, in the hope of beholding some beautiful swan-maiden bathing in the flowing wavelets, while he listens in vain for her soul entrancing chant.

"But at night I would wander away, away;
I would fling on each side my flowing locks,
And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks;
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
On the broad sea wolds in the crimson shells."

No longer is it borne by the soughing breeze across the billows to his ear, and he seeks his couch, wearied by the dull matter-of-fact every day life, hoping the lost ones may return, and charm him to rest, and that, in his dreams, he may wander with the lovely sea-maidens, through halls of gold and pearl, far beneath the moaning wave, in a mansion not lighted by sun, moon, or stars, but by the priceless gems that strew the floor of the "deep, deep sea."

From the rude clangour of toil, the mind of the

romantic man turns to the vivid fancies of the past, of which he has read, in tales of glowing colors. He wishes he had lived in those far off days when pirates and sea-kings sailed over the wide ocean, free as the foaming billow on which rode their strange vessel, as with spreading sail and flying banner, she dashed madly on in pursuit of some fair sea queen, whose golden ringlets fell in unfettered luxuriance to the deck on which she trod.

In those days no one who possessed a spark of knightly courage thought of winning a bride otherwise than by force of arms. The pirates, or sea-kings, would run down and capture a merchantman, and if on board chanced to be a fair maiden, she straightway became the commander's bride, the connubial knot being tied by the priest, who was an indispensable personage on board the kingly craft. Toil never soiled the hands or wearied the frame of a sea-king's bride. In luxury and romantic idleness she passed her days, her every want supplied, and her every wish fulfilled, as with her ocean-wedded lord, she sailed "the wide seas over."

Many are there who have longed to tread the halls of the sea-fairies and mermaids. Many are there who have sat upon the pebbly shore, and fancied that in the music of the breaking wave they heard the mermaid's low, sweet song. Many are there who think of them by day, and dream of them by night. Many are the infatuated ones who have cast themselves headlong from the precipice, or the mast head, into the foaming billow, that they might the sooner join the lovely nymphs who enticed them to the depths of the cold, dark ocean. Ah! poor deluded mortal, I fear when you reach the golden floor of the sea, no beautiful maiden will welcome you with warm kisses and tender embraces and glad songs to your pearly home.

I often wish—and there are thousands who reëcho my wish—that I might dwell in those pearly mansions, away from all the cares and troubles of this hard, unfeeling world, away from all that distracts or pains, and dwelling where *love* and *music* reign. But man

can only wish and hope. There is no rest for him, until he enters the gates of Paradise.

Another romance, that of the Swan-Maidens, no longer furnishes the lover of the marvellous with food for fancy.

The Swan-Maidens were cousins of the Sea-Fairies, and like them dwelt in [illegible] mansions, "by singing waves kissed." Alas! that they too should be banished! The wide world will soon afford no resting place for the strange, beautiful forms of our wild, romantic imaginations. We soon shall lament the entire disappearance of all that charmed and delighted our youthful hearts; we soon shall be forced to bow before the hard reality of life.

Oh! up! ye lovers of the romantic. We call upon you; wildly call you, to save us from the bitter sacrifice, to rescue us from the dread reality, and let us stand once more in the Sea-Fairies' charmed circle. Oh! will ye not heed our yearning cry? Will you calmly stand and see us borne on the cold tide of reality far beyond those sweet isles where the fairies' music sent wild echoes flying, and their beautiful bright-eyed princess kissed away every trace of falling tears? Oh! help! help! we hear the entrancing songs of those bright beings calling us back to their jewelled halls, we see their fair hands beckoning us to rejoin them in their merry dance, and to taste once more their flowing nectar! Leave us not, oh! dear friends, to perish on the relentless billows of reality, but rescue us, and come with us to those golden halls where we shall be free from the world's sad sorrows and trials. Oh! hear ye not our yearning cry, wrung from our longing, eager hearts?

We long for a return of those days, when, wandering along the sandy beach of some quiet lake, we would discover, sporting in its crystal wavelets, a band of happy Swan-Maidens,—more beautiful than any maiden face the eye ever rests upon in these degenerate days,—when we might take up one of the feathered robes lying upon the beach, and while the others clothed themselves and swam away, claim the most beautiful of them for our bride.

Fare thee-well forever, lovely Maiden of the waves, thy beautiful face and beaming smile no more will entrance us, as we wander in the day's dying glory along the banks of the rippling lake; thy song no longer will float in dulcet waves of harmony across its swelling bosom; our head no more will be pillowed in thy loving arms; and thy downy robe will never again be laid upon the sloping bank, ready to capture thee a gallant lover. Far beyond the rainbow tints of the setting sun, thou mayst be found, in a bright and beautiful land, where thou wilt reign supreme; but to us thou art no more. So fare-thee-well, bright and lovely one. 'Tis a sad word to whisper to thee, fair maiden, but the world wills, and we must even obey its cruel mandate.

One of the fancies of childhood, its brightest dream, a mystery on which the youthful imagination loved to dwell, to conjure up bright pictures of it, and to listen to the many charming tales told of it, at the mother's knee, has faded into the shadowy past. Fairyland, with its flowery meads and moonlit dales, its murmuring brooklets and starry skies, its music, song, and bands of happy, roving princes and princesses, delighted not childhood's mind only,—men and women, old in years but young in heart, have bowed at its shrine, and from their pens have come some of the most enchanting tales ever written. More has been said, sung and written of the beauties and happiness of Fairyland than any other romance that ever delighted the mind of man with its ever changing fancies.

Who, as he treads by moonlight the flowery paths of some tall forest, does not start, and look, and listen, at every sigh of the wind, or night bird's song, expecting to see arise before him a band of happy fairies, and hear their laugh and song ring out on the evening air? There is food for thy wild fancy, lover of the romantic. Go into the forest dell when Luna's beams steal softly down through the waving boughs, transforming the dewy earth to a silver tapestry; where the wild flowers bloom, untouched by the sacrilegious hand of man, making fragrant the gentle breeze; where the little brooklet murmurs at thy feet, speaking to thee so

plainly that thou must hear and understand; where the nightingale's song rises on the balmy air; and where thou art alone with thy own sweet, wild fancies, and thou wilt drink in the beauties of sleeping nature, and revel in the bowers of Fairyland.

Ah! happy spirits, would that we poor mortals might share thy joy, join in thine elfin sports, and make the dark forest ring with our laughing shouts. But, dear fairies, thou art banished from our longing eyes, by the cruelty of man, while we, held by the same galling chain, are forbidden the light of thy presence. Thou art happy on some flowery shore we know not. Oh! wilt thou not beckon to us from its golden strand, and reveal to us thy hiding place, that we may join thee, and be freed from care and anguish?

In the memory lingers another romantic picture that once was a living reality—the wandering Gypsy. This strange race, with its curious customs, unintelligible language, uncouth dress, dark flowing locks, beautiful faces and soft eyes, and sometimes numbering in its bands the fair daughters of princes,—driven by cruelty from their palace homes, and forced to seek food and shelter with these strange, half wild tribes, who themselves can claim no home on the face of the rolling globe,—has degenerated into the idle, vagabond, pitiable beings so well painted by Shakspeare:

> "A hungry lean fac'd villain,
> A mere anatomy, a mountebank.
> A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune teller;
> A needy, hollow-ey'd sharp-looking wretch,
> A living dead man."

Ah! poor Gypsy! we pity thy sad lot; it is one of the hard, bitter realities of life; little poetry or romance dost thou find in being spurned from the door of him who should point thee to a better land on high, where though mightst rest from thy weary wanderings. Dost thou not sometimes long for a better portion, and a home beyond the grave? Dost thou not sometimes yearn for position and influence, and wish thou couldst cast off thy tattered garments, forsake thy wild, roving life, and mingle with the sons of wealth

and honor? Thou canst not even sing as of yore thy merry song:

"Beneath the old oak tree,
Come join the Gypsy's dance."

We hope better days are in store for thee, that the time is coming when men will hold out to thee the hand of fellowship, and welcome thee to their homes. The time is speedily coming; every year, every day, every hour brings nearer the glad time when thou shalt claim a home in our cities, and men will no longer drive thee from their doors. It may not be till the happy Millennium fills the resounding world with the glad chorus of "Peace on earth; good will to men," when war shall rage no more, when the lion and the lamb shall lie down side by side in green pastures, when every man shall recline beneath his own vine and fig-tree, when everything shall breathe of peace, joy and happiness, and when every knee shall bow and glorify the Saviour of men. Haste, haste the joyful day when we may swell the angel chorus! Oh, Gypsy, come and kneel at our shrine, learn the glorious story of the Redemption, and accept the hand of love and fellowship we offer you.

The query naturally arises: And is there to be no romance? is life to be entirely made up of harsh reality? is there no poetry, nothing but the dull prose? is there no music to soothe the weary, no song for the longing ear? are there no soft tints in the dark picture? and are we to toil on, the creatures of a destiny, with no tender breathings of romance, to smoothe and brighten our pathway through life? No! man cannot live without romance. Though the old superstition has passed away, yet there is romance, God-ordained romance, on every side. Her devotee eagerly asks: "Where? where? there is no romance, bitter reality has banished it forever."

There is romance in the curl of a maiden's lip, the ripple of her laugh, the glance of her eye, the rose of her cheek, the alabaster of her brow, the ruby of her mouth, the touch of her soft hand, and the nectar of her kiss; there is romance in the lightning's flash, and the thunder's roar; there is romance in the rushing

torrent, the raging waterfall, the cerulean river that winds through waving meadows and golden cornfields, the forest stream that meanders sweetly along in its woodland home, and the peaceful lake which nestles so calmly amid the eternal snow-clad mountains; there is romance in the hills and valleys; there is romance in the sandy desert and the rolling prairie; there is romance in the gory battle field, and the wild flames of the fire king; there is romance in the starry sky and the fleeting cloud, in the billowy ocean and the calm lagoon; and there is romance in the sunny glade, and the moonlit dell. Wherever we turn, we find romance, Nature's romance, the truest, the best, and the sweetest that can charm mortal eye.

You tell me there is no romance in all this long list. If not, why does the maiden's lip curl in scorn of the man who attempts to win her? why do the roses on her cheek take a deeper dye when a loved footstep is heard upon the threshold? why do the hands clasp, and the lips linger long at parting, if not for the romance there is in love? Why have infatuated hundreds cast themselves from Niagara's dread brink, and met an awful death in its boiling flood, because they could not resist the fascination of its waters? Why have the poets dwelt lovingly on the quiet river, and went into raptures over the blue lake, if not for the romance they find in Nature? And why do lovers select the starry night for their ramble, when they may walk forth under heaven's blue arch, and gaze enchanted upon the floating clouds as they take a thousand beautiful forms, if not for the romance there is in the star spangled firmanent?

We will not want for romance, if we but make the best of this beautiful world, if we help our fellow man onward in the path of life, and fulfil the Divine command: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." There is romance in doing good: it will smoothe over stern realities, and build a golden bridge for us to cross the river of death, at the sunset of a well spent life.

But oh! when the last moment comes, when the world and all its beauties, all its sorrows, and all its

trials fade from our eyes, when we look back for the last time over the bright record of a life spent in doing good, and when weeping friends gather around, to say the last sad farewell, where then will be dim, misty romance? Far away, in the vale of oblivion. Then will reality,—a sweet reality, be ours; the glorious, golden, unfading and undying reality of Paradise.

Minnie.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

—:o:—

SHE was not very beautiful, yet her face always wore a pleasant expression, wreathed with a quiet smile, and her ways were kind and cheerful, and had gained for her the love of all the inhabitants of the little seaside town of D—. There was one, however, who loved her with a deep, true love, which was returned with all the glowing brightness of youth's first, pure, warm affection. Happy was Harry L—, the millionaire's son, the friendly stranger, the almost unknown sojourner of the summer season in this rocky, seaside village, in having won from Minnie W—the promise that, when another year had passed, and the roses were budding, the daisies blooming, and the violets peeping from their moss beds, she should leave her childhood home, and go with him, to grace a city mansion as his bride.

As Minnie walked along the seashore on the morning our story opens, and drank in the strange, wild beauty of the scene,—the newly risen sun, casting his golden rays far over the ocean's gently heaving bosom, the blue vault above, undimmed by a cloud or mist, the huge old grey rocks jutting out into the sea, the white-winged ships speeding across the gentle waves, or lying secure at their anchors, the village in the background, while upon her ears the low, soft, melan-

choly music of the rolling waves, as they broke upon the rocks, and the sea-bird's wild cry, fell with soothing harmony,—she thought of Harry's words to her the night before.

"And he spoke such sweet words to me, and told me of his city home, and of the silks and jewels I should wear, and asked me to be his, and I promised, and when the spring flowers deck again these familiar hillsides, I will not be here to pluck them, but I shall be Harry's bride. Oh! I am very happy, but I wish I were worthy of him, I wish I at least had beauty, that his friends might not look upon him with reproach for having married the unlovely daughter of a poor fisherman. Oh! that I were more worthy of Harry, noble Harry."

She sat down upon a rock and burst into tears. Oh! was not her heart pure; and her love warm; and was she not free from guile; and did she not truly love him, when she wept because she had not riches or loveliness for him, because she had nothing to give him in return for his passionate promises, but pure, warm, unselfish love? yet her future was bright. She held the place that many a proud belle, who dwelt in city mansions, longed to hold. She held the heart that many had tried to win. But alas! for the bright visions and glowing hopes of youth, they are sometimes suddenly dashed to the ground.

In the afternoon of the same day, how different looked the sea and sky. The waves, urged onward by the fast rising gale, came tearing and dashing towards the dark, stern rocks, and broke upon their rugged sides with a sullen roar, casting sheets of white spray high in air, as if bearing on their foam-crested forms warnings and threatenings; dark, lowering clouds hurried across the sky, obscuring the sun; lightning could be seen and thunders heard in the distance, far across the raging ocean, which was now one sheet of angry foam; and everything betokened the approach of an unusual storm. The fishermen had all sought the land, their boats were made fast; and all that could be

done in preparing fo the conflict of elements was done.

As the afternoon wore away, the storm increased, the sky became heavier and darker, and the rain fell in torrents. Ships were seen scudding under bare poles, and many a prayer went up on behalf of the sailor boys on the wide, wide ocean. Night was falling on the now dreary scene of gloom and darkness and with it came a heavy, dull, undefined shadow of forbodidg upon the inhabitants, not making itself known in words, but in the expression which each countenance wore. Such a night had never been known upon that coast; the sea a yeasty foam, the rain, driven by the pitiless gale, falling in such torrents that it seemed as if the very windows of heaven had been opened, the lightning's blinding glare, the thunder's roar, and the ocean's hollow moan, combined to fill the soul with fears too deep for words, fears for many an absent one, who perchance might be driven by the merciless tempest to seek rest under the mighty billows.

The fishermen and their families were sitting around their firesides, when boom! ame the sound of a great gun, making itself heard above the roar of waters; boom! came another, and above the din of the battling elements came still another. The fishermen sprang up, put on their coats and hats, and rushed to the beach, for well they knew the meaning of those cannon shots, and many a time had they seen proud ships stranded on that rockbound coast.

Through the gathering mist and pelting rain, could be distinguished the outlines of a large ship, lying very near the rocks, and every mountain billow breaking over her. Stout hearts there were among that band of hardy men who stood upon the beach, but none were there who would trust themselves to the mercy of those boiling waves.

"James, can nothing be done to help them?" said one of the band, approaching one of his companions.

"Nothing, I fear," was the reply, "but I am willing to go, if a boat could be kept right side up."

"A boat could not be rowed twenty yards in such a sea as that."

"No."

"It is no use to try it, it would only be a foolhardy piece of work, just throwing lives away."

They had all come to the conclusion that nothing could be done to help the poor sailor, although every wave threatened to be the one which would carry them down in its swirling rush. Above the rush of waters, and din of the tempest, still came the boom of signal guns, sky rockets sent up their blue and red lights, a prayer for help. Help,—was there any help, any hope for them? did not tears fills the eyes of those noble mariners, as they turned at the heavy windlass, and thought of home and the dear ones whom they might never see again?

While the fishermen stood in consultation, a noble form rushed in among them, his eyes flashing with pride and excitement, determination stamped upon his glowing cheeks and high brow, and his tall lithe form erect, with manly, stately bearing. It was Harry L—, the rich man's son, who had gladdened by his pleasant ways the hearts of these toilers by the sea, during the short time he had been staying among them. Although his shapely hands had never been hardened or browned by toil, few knew how much good they could do, or what a noble heart he bore within his bosom, now heaving with high emotions.

"Has a boat been sent to the ship?" asked Harry.

"No," was the reply.

"What! will you stand here and see your fellowmen perish under your very eyes? Where is your bravery? Where are your stout hearts, or rather, have you hearts at all?"

"A boat could never reach that vessel."

"Don't talk such nonsense, but get a boat ready for me."

"What!" exclaimed the fishermen, amazed, "you don't intend to launch a boat; who will man her in this storm?"

"I will," said Harry, firmly and calmly.

"No! you cannot, it's folly to think of such a thing. We shan't let you go."

"The man who attempts to hinder me will do so to his sorrow; get me a boat ready."

His determined words bore danger in them, and the men launched a boat for him. As he stepped aboard, he paused and spoke:

"I may never come back again, but if the waves sweep me away, let the world know I died fulfilling my duty, a duty from which others shrank. You think because I am rich I can do nothing to help my fellow men by my heart and hands alone. I will show you differently. I have won the heart of Minnie W——, she was to be my bride, I love her truly, and Oh God! be kind to her for my sake. If I die, tell her it was at my post, and with her sweet name upon my lips. Farewell! my dear friends, be kind to Minnie."

As he spoke the last tender words, with trembling voice, and a tear stealing to his eye, he pushed off from the shore the boat in which he stood. As he did so, a wild cry of surprise escaped from the group on shore. Harry turned and beheld seated beside him in the boat, Minnie W——!

"Take me with you, Harry dear," said she, "if you go, I shall go too."

"Minnie darling, it cannot be, you risk your life, and if you should find your tomb in the sea, I should always know myself to be your murderer."

"I *must* go."

Expostulations were useless. The entreaties of Harry, and of those on shore, were fruitless. So out into the falling night, and foaming ocean and beating storm, rode Harry and Minnie, their boat now and then visible on the top of a mountain wave, bearing salvation to the rock-stranded mariners, in whose hearts hope had died, giving way to gloomy despair. Many a prayer went up on behalf of that frail boat and its noble rowers, and many a cheer greeted it when it came in sight of the lone vessel, which proved to be a large ship that had been literally stripped by the storm. The sails had been torn to ribbons, the boats washed off, the helm carried away, and the ship herself, while driving under bare poles, had struck upon the rocks, and was now on the point of going down.

Little time was spent in talking, and the crew,

fortunately a small one, having boarded the boat, the little craft, now burdened almost to sinking, started on the return, just in time to escape being carried down in the whirlpool which the sinking ship created, as she sought a home in the ocean's bosom, over whose mighty billows she had so long and triumphantly rode.

A few more strokes of the oars, and the danger would be over. Oh! that it might have been so! But a billow, mountain high, sweeps away poor, noble Harry, the bearer of life to others, the saviour of others from that watery grave which he himself found, alas! to soon, and the last words he ever spoke on earth were, "Minnie darling, I'm ——" and then the cruel waves closed over him forever, and to-day he sleeps in that spot, the billows rolling over him, and waking melancholy music above his lowly tomb.

"Oh! Harry, Harry, we shall not be parted!" exclaimed Minnie, as she rose from the seat and attempted to cast herself after him she loved. One of the sailors caught her in his arms, and she became unconscious.

"Where's Harry?" was the cry, as the boat reached the shore.

Dear Reader, let me not speak further of this sad, gloomy scene, the reproaches men cast upon themselves, the bitter agony, the mourning, the wails of grief, and the scalding tears of sorrow.

A year has passed away, and we are again at the little town of D—. Let us enter this neat cottage. But ah! what mean those sounds of weeping that fall upon our ears as we lift the latch? Upon the bed of death lies a fair young girl, surrounded by a circle of sorrowing dear ones. Can it be possible this is Minnie? It is indeed, but how changed. She has become beautiful, such beauty as cannot be of earth. Listen! she is speaking.

"I am dying; papa, mamma, brothers, come close; I am broken-hearted, the wound cannot be healed on earth, and I must leave you all. Oh! meet me above, in the golden city. I shall stand at its pearly gates and welcome you home. But before I die, I have one

request to make, and but one. When Sabbath morning comes, place me with dear Harry under the waves, and let me share his tomb. Papa, will you do so?"

"Yes, my darling," was the low, sobbing reply.

"Then I die happy. I am soon to see my Harry, I do not fear death, the sting is taken away. Farewell! Oh! there are the angels, see! they beckon to me, I must go.

As the last words died upon her lips, she calmly passed away from earth to her glorious rest, in the angels' arms, and with a heavenly smile upon her beautiful face.

'Tis Sabbath morning, not a cloud casts a shadow over the landscape, so calmly beautiful in the golden rays of the sun, the sea is quietly swelling, the waves gently breaking upon the beach, with low, sweet music, and morning's zephyr is laden with the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

The mortal form of Minnie is borne to the beach, amid a mourning circle of relatives and friends; from the shore a groupe of boats, with slow and measured sweep of oars, bears the assemblage out upon the heaving waves, and when the solemn, beautiful words of the ceremony, made doubly impressive by the sad scene, are concluded, the form of Minnie is consigned, 'mid the sobs of weeping ones, to her ocean tomb, to join the noble hero she loved so well in life, and now she sweetly sleeps beneath the moaning waves, her heart bound up and her tears wiped away, by Him who called her spirit home.

And when the stately ships sail over the sacred spot, the mariners reverently cease their labor, silently dropping a tear to the memory of the devoted ones who sleep below.

Recollections of my Teachers, School-mates and Pupils.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

—:o:—

MY Teachers! How many a fond memory these words call up; how my mind often turns from the cares of every day life, to the pleasant hours spent with them, both in the school room and out. How careful they were to guide my youthful footsteps in the right paths, showing me the dangers that lay hidden from my untrained eyes, helping me gently over the rough places of school life, and how very, very often were their kindness and love repaid by carelessness, scorn, and harsh words: yet how patient they still were, many a time overlooking faults, bestowing praise where it was little deserved, and still, no matter how wearied they were with the day's toil, earnestly working to implant the precious germs of knowledge so deeply in the mind, that they might never be forgotten.

How I would delight to see their faces once more, but alas! I know not where many of them are. Some have settled down to a quiet married life, one is with her aged parents, two are in distant colleges,—one with every prospect of becoming one of our most eloquent divines, the other a prominent M. D.,—some are still fighting under the old banner and nobly bearing it onward, whilst others I have almost forgotten. Yet, though they are far from me, I often think of them, and long to behold their familiar faces. Deeply do I regret every harsh word spoken to them, every unkind action, every neglect of their teachings, and every tear I may have thoughtlessly caused, since experience has taught me how hard is a teacher's life, how fraught is their vocation with care, trouble and anxiety. I know their brightest roses are marred by cruel thorns, that every ungentle word or deed drives deeply into the heart.

Oh! dear teachers, if these words ever reach your eyes, you will at least know that your wayward pupil, who asks you to receive him into your ranks, now sees the follies of earlier days, and humbly asks your forgiveness.

My schoolmates! where are they, the friends of my youth, with whom I have spent so many happy days? They wander far and wide, in every land, claimed by every calling, honored on every side, bright beacon lights to guide their followers through the rocks and tempests that beset the voyage of life, and crowned by the laurels that Fame bestows only on worthy ones. Some are still near me, winning for themselves golden names, and endeared by the recollections of the past. Many I have never beheld since the time when we all stood together, to say good bye, and go into the world, each following a different path, but all with the same object in view, to wrest from the hand of Fame the wreath she offers to those who can win it.

How we start when we hear the names of our old schoolmates uttered, what a thrill of pleasure bounds through our hearts when we hear them lauded, how eagerly we catch every word of praise, how we rejoice to hear these distant friends of b gone years spoken of with honor and pride, and with what a heartfelt emotion we thank God that such noble men and women were once our companions.

Oh! my loved schoolmates, what a happy meeting it would be could we all gather once more in the old school room. What tears of joy would flow, and what congratulations would be exchanged. Then let us work diligently and faithfully, let us think kindly of one another, and perhaps our dearest reward will be that joyous reünion in the bright years to come.

My Pupils! Often I fly back, on the wings of fancy to the days spent with them, days that, despite their weariness and anxiety, were my happiest, days that form the brightest picture of my life, when new hopes and new aspirations were awakened, days whose memory intrudes upon every waking hour, in every busy scene, in every lonely moment, and ofttimes in the softest dreams, days that have fled, and taken with

them much of life's sweetness, and many of its fondest hopes. Oh! my dear children, longingly remembered is every bright eye and smiling face; once more I think I see you in the long forms, waiting for dismissal, then sadly comes the reality, and I find myself alone. When we gathered in the dear old school room for the last time, the final tasks were said, the bell rung, and good-bye sadly whispered, and when your teacher had lingered a few moments by his desk to watch the little ones disappearing over the hill, and then closed and locked the creaking door, do not think that with a sigh he dismissed you from his heart. Ah! no, you are ever dearly remembered, and while life throbs, never will the memory of your sweet faces be obliterated from his mind,

My Teachers! My Schoolmates! My Pupils! bright oases on life's desert, glad pictures of the past, never forgotten relics of happier days, your remembrance brings a tenderness to the heart, and a moisture to the eye, that words cannot paint.

Bessie, the Flower Girl.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

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BY "NOMA."

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IT was Christmas Eve. Without, the snow was falling fast, driven into every crevice and corner by the bitter wind. People hurried from the gay shops to their pleasant homes, laden with presents for the little ones, who eagerly looked for the coming of "Santa Claus." No one cared to stay long in that cruel storm. Within, we all know what joy and plenty made glad hearts gladder.

There was one heart to whom Christmas brought no joy. Poor little Bessie, the Flower Girl, had no home to be gladdened by this happy day, no place to lay her

weary head but in a pile of straw under an old shed. How wistfully, longingly and tearfully she gazed in the windows of Mr. Mansfield's elegant home, at the happy group of children who were making the evening gay with Christmas songs and games.

"Oh! they have plenty, while I am starving, they have a home, while I have no home but the streets, and they are happy, while I am freezing and famishing. Oh! dear father, sweet mother, why did you die, and leave poor Bessie to perish, with no one to care for her, or love her?"

Poor Bessie, clad only in tattered garments, with stockingless, almost shoeless feet, with bare head and hands, and no one to notice or pity her, what sorrow and anguish must fill her hungry heart, as she sinks down in the snow, weeping bitterly.

"Papa," said Ella Mansfield, a little golden haired beauty of seven, "I thought I saw some one looking in the window."

"Nonsense, my darling."

"But I'm sure I did. It might be one of the angels."

"What do you think an angel would want out in this storm, Ella dear?"

"I don't know, but won't you go out and see, papa?"

"Oh! there's no one there, it was only your fancy, my child, run away to your play."

"But I do want to see, papa; I'm sure it was an angel's face."

"Oh! yes, papa, do let us go out and see," chorused half a dozen bright eyed boys and girls.

"Well, well, I suppose you must have your own way," said Mr. Mansfield, good-naturedly, "where's my lantern?"

"Here it is, papa," said Albert, lighting it.

Out into the storm they all go, led by happy hearted Ella.

"Well Ella, have you found your angel?" asked her father, as he saw her stooping over some prostrate object.

"Yes papa," replied she.

"Holloa! what's this?" said he, looking down, "why

dear me, it's a little girl, frozen to death I believe; here, let's take her in," and lifting the senseless form, he lightly carried it into the warm room. Great was the wonder and excitement of these young doers of good, and their hearts gave a great bound of joy and thankfulness, when, after the application of restoratives, they saw the signs of returning life. Poor Bessie had almost crossed the dark river, and when consciousness returned she murmured, as she looked around the beautiful room and upon the happy faces, "Is this Heaven?"

"No! my dear child," said Mrs. Mansfield, "but it must be your heaven to-night."

"Are you cold, little girl?" asked Ella, softly, putting her arms around Bessie's neck.

"Oh! I was so cold, and then I dreamed I was in heaven, and now I feel so warm."

"Ain't you hungry?" asked the blue-eyed angel of love.

"Yes! I have had nothing to eat to-day," said Bess, sadly.

"Poor, little girl!" said Ella, smoothing back her tangled dark locks and bursting into tears, while the others provided a feast of dainties for Bessie.

They all worked with a will and a gladness, to make the poor waif happy and comfortable, but no one of them like Ella. She chafed the chilled hands and feet, kissed the tear-stained cheek, combed the curly locks, and taking Bessie to her room, dressed the wondering child in clothing of her own.

"What is your name, little girl?" asked Ella.

"Bessie," replied she.

"Where is your papa?"

"In Heaven."

"And where is your mamma?"

"She is with papa."

"Poor Bessie! no papa! no mamma! where do you live?"

"Anywhere! in the street. I used to sleep in a pile of straw, and sell wild flowers in the summer, but now there are no flowers, and I have to live on what I find in the streets, or people give to me.

Oh! I wanted to die, and go where father and mother are," said she, bursting into tears.

"Come children," said Mrs. Mansfield, as they again came into the sitting room, "it is bed time, and Santa Claus wants good little boys and girls to go to bed early. We will hear Bessie's story in the morning."

The chapter is read, and prayer offered, in which grateful thanks are given that they have been the means of saving the life of one of God's little ones, goodnight is whispered, the children trip lightly to their rooms, and for the first time in many months, Bessie sleeps in a warm bed; Ella's arms are round her neck, and dark curls are mingled with golden. What draws the child's heart so fondly to the poor ragged flower girl? The angels look down and smile, and lovingly guard the sleeping innocents.

Christmas morning broke bright and clear. The white snow lay on the streets and houses like a robe of purity. The wind was hushed, and the bells chimed out on the crisp air the grand old chorus of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Mr. Mansfield's happy family gathered round the breakfast table, and recounted to their parents the rich gifts "Santa Claus" had brought them. Even poor wondering Bessie had her numerous gifts to tell of, and half of Ella's had been given to her, in addition to her own, by the noble-hearted little girl.

"Now," said Mrs. Mansfield, when breakfast was finished, "we will see who has got the best presents; but first we will listen to Bessie's story."

It was soon told, how her father, a prosperous mechanic, suddenly was taken sick and died, how her mother had supported herself and her child by needle-work, until she too was laid upon a bed of sickness, and one by one their household things were sold, how her mother died, and the hard hearted landlord turned her, penniless, upon the world, how she had supported herself by selling wild flowers, and when they ceased to bloom, how she had wandered suffering about

the streets, and how at last she sank down beneath the window in that cruel snow-storm, sick at heart and tired of the world, praying that she might die, and had wept herself to sleep.

"What was your father's name, Bessie?" asked Mr. Mansfield.

"William Laymon," said Bessie,

"What was your mother's name?" said he hoarsely.

"Clara; she used to tell me she had a rich brother somewhere in the city, who would keep me when she died, but she went so quickly she never told me his name."

"My poor, dear child," said Mr. Mansfield, clasping her in his arms, and kissing her fair cheek, "I am that brother, your mother was my loved and only sister. Oh! Clara in Heaven, why did I not see thy face in this dear child's?" and the strong man burst into tears.

Wondering faces gathered round.

"Husband," said Mrs. Mansfield, "tell us all about it; I never knew you had a sister."

"Yes! do, pa, tell us all about it," clamored the children eagerly.

"Fifteen years ago," began he, "my only sister Clara married William Laymon, against her parents' wish, and they forbade her ever entering the house again. She and her husband went away, I never could learn where, and I never beheld my idolized sister again, though I searched much for her. On his death-bed father relented,—mother had done so long before,—and left a fortune for her, should she ever be found, in my care. I have searched vainly for her, while she lived and died almost in the shadow of my home. Her husband was a noble man, though he never became rich. And Bessie, the image of her mother in her girlish days, the picture of my dear Clara, is rich at last. But rich or not, she shall ever have a home with us; I know Ella loves her like a sister already. Come Ella, my darling, what was your best Christmas gift?"

"My dear sister Bessie, the beautiful angel I saw in the window," said the dear golden-haired child.

folding her arms lovingly around Bessie and drawing her to her heart.

And Bessie has found a home at last. No more wanderings, heart-aches, tattered garments, nor shoeless feet. Oh! what a happy Christmas to her.

Sweet Ella! dear little angel of love! may no thorns ever beset thy pathway, and may every Christmas-tide be as happy to you as the one that gave you another dear sister to love.

Bessie's parents look down from Heaven and rejoice that their darling's darkest hours have fled, the sinless angels sweetly smile, tune their golden harps anew, and wake holier songs of praise.

In Memoriam.

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BY "NOMA."

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On the death of Josephine Hatfield, daughter of Capt. James A. and Catherine Hatfield of Brookville, Parrsboro'; who was drowned while sailing on Halfway River Lake, with a party of friends.

IT was evening, clear and calm. No cloud dimmed the azure sky, the wind was hushed, save a low sigh amid the boughs of the forest trees: and the setting sun cast his golden rays over the bosom of the quiet lake, whose surface shone as smooth as polished glass, with not a ripple to mar its sleeping loveliness.

The birds sang in the trees, the lambs played upon the hillside, and the streamlets laughed and glistened, as they murmuringly hastened onward to mingle their purity with the limpid waters of that beautiful lake, so soon to fold in its cold and close embrace three young and joyous beings, who little dreamed of death.

Five happy youths and maidens strayed to the banks of the lake, and launching a boat were soon sporting on its surface, their merry laughter ringing out on the still air, waking sweet echoes amid the hills which sloped to the pebbly beach.

Little did they dream of harm; little did they think that even now death was stretching out his relentless hand, to clasp them to his bosom and claim them as his own. Yet it was even so.

In the moment when joy was at its height, the treacherous boat in which they were seated gave a roll and hurled them into the water.

How soon was their merriment hushed in the terrible struggle for life, in the wild clutching for something to save them, in the groans and shrieks, and—let us hope—in the prayers both of those who sunk to their watery graves and of those to whom life was spared. Oh! what a fearful moment. Called into eternity without a moment's warning, without the messenger even knocking at the door, to bid them trim their lamps.

When Josephine Hatfield left her room she said: "If I am not back at the usual hour, you need not wait for me, for I will be over the river." Yes, she was 'over' the river'—over the cold Jordan, whose swelling waves she crossed with the grim ferryman who had come to take her home, home to heaven; away from earth and its trials, home to God, who had called her to himself.

Dearest Josie, thou art resting from thy toils; mourned by parents who loved thee so well, by brothers and sisters who almost worshipped thee, by friends who ever loved thee, by playmates who found thee their best loved companion, by children who, in the school room, loved thee too well to ever disobey thy gentle rule, and by those stricken ones into whose bleeding hearts thou hast often poured the sweet balm of consolation, for whom thou hast shed the pearly tear of sympathy, and to whom thou hast whispered words of comfort and cheer. Thou wast ever loved by all who knew thee! and fear not that thou shalt be

forgotten! for it will be many a long, long day ere our tears are dried, or the flowers fade on thy grave.

Parents and friends, we know how deeply your hearts are wounded, and we offer you our deepest sympathy, and point you to that loving friend on high, who called your darling from earth.

We mourn not as those without hope, we know she is not lost but gone before, and now stands on the golden shore beckoning us to cross the river and meet her in that land where sorrow never comes.

That sad scene, when for the last time we gazed on the dear face, sleeping so still and cold in death, will never be forgotten; tears will flow as it rises fresh in the memory. Dear Josie has gone home; she strikes in joy her golden harp, her sweet voice wakes angel music 'mid the celestial choir.

We fancy we almost hear the faint, sweet echo of her voice across the river of death, over which she has left a shining path for us to follow, to meet her there to part no more.

After Long Years.

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By "NOMA."

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IT was with bowed head, tearful eyes, sad face, and slow, broken steps, that a young man started down street from a neat little cottage. Little wonder that he was sad. He had laid his heart at the feet of a beautiful girl, the one, the only love of his life, and—she had refused to share his home, to help smoothe his pathway through life, and be to him a companion, whom he could love, and from whose life-roses he could pluck the thorns, that she might never feel their bitter stings, and that her journey through this vale might not be so dreary as he would now find it, when he went forth into the world, his love unre-

turned, his dearest hopes vanished, ambitions gone, fair prospects blasted and blighted, nothing more to live for, and with a sad feeling of loneliness and desolation clinging to him.

"Alice," said he, as they stood at sunset beneath the drooping branches of a stately elm, "Allie darling, will you be mine? will you join hands with me in the path of life, and let me guide your footsteps over its rugged length? Oh! darling, do not say no, or you will break my heart, for you, and you only, do I love. You are the only one I ever did or ever shall love. Oh! Allie, sweetest, say you will be mine, and make me happy."

"No! Henry, I cannot marry a man whose relations despise me. I am poor and were I to marry you, your best friends would discard you."

"No! Allie, darling, they would do no such thing. They honor and respect you the same as they do me."

"It can never be, Henry; you must give me up and forget me. Your love is not so deep as you think, and you will soon find another whom you can love and marry, and with whom you will be happy."

"Never!" said Henry, in a hoarse, broken tone, his eyes filling with tears. "I never shall meet that one, I never shall be happy with another. Though every relation in the world should cast me off, still I would marry you, and be happy with you. I never, never, *never* shall love or marry another. Oh! Allie, Allie, my own darling, the one love of my heart, O! tell me you will be mine!"

"It is useless, Henry, to say more, I cannot. You must forgive and forget me."

"I never can forget! You positively refuse then?"

"Yes."

"Well, Alice," said he sadly and tenderly, "I suppose I can never call you darling again, I must bid you farewell. I shall now go away. You may never see me again, but oh! may God deal kindly and tenderly with you, and may your life not be so blank and dreary as mine, now that the sunshine is all gone from my

heart. Farewell forever on earth, sweet Allie darling, and oh! may we meet in Heaven."

And with one passionate kiss pressed upon her lips, he was gone.

Alice sank down upon a seat beneath the leafy branches, and long and bitterly wept, then rising sadly and slowly entered the house.

Alice Raymond was a beautiful girl, and no wonder Henry Dalton had loved her. She possessed a symmetrical form, with delicately slender waist, her dark brown hair fell in waving tresses over her fair neck and shoulders, life's sweet, rosy flush mantled her cheeks and lips in elegant fulness and beauty, and her blue eyes, so mild, so winning,—there we must pause, our feeble pen fails to paint their liquid depths. Beautiful were they, when filled with flowing tears, sparkling with merriment, or melting in pity and sympathy.

She loved Henry, but because some of his haughty relations were angry at the thoughts of his marrying a poor, but worthy girl, she had refused him, though it almost broke her heart to do so. Noble girl! rather than see him discarded by one of his name, she had sacrificed her own happiness, and not her's only, but his also. Poor Allie! she thought it was all for the best, bitter though it were.

Let us follow Henry Dalton. He walked slowly to his boarding place and entered the house. Going to his room he cast himself upon a lounge, and burst into tears. Oh! talk not of grief till you have seen the tears of the strong-hearted man, till you have felt the sorrow that weighs upon you when you behold every dearest hope vanished, and life nothing but a dreary waste and a void, when the strong frame quivers and shakes with convulsive emotions, and when it seems as if every sob would tear the very heart from the bosom, crush it, and cast it, bleeding and aching, to earth. Such grief did Henry feel, as his manly form heaved and swayed with the power and depth of overwhelming

emotions. He was powerless as a child, his strength had fled, and as he lay t ere, the tears welling forth in floods, it seemed as though each successive sob would be the one to rend the soul from its quivering prison house, and set the sad spirit free. When he rose from his lowly position, the night was nearly gone, yet he did not seek his couch, but paced his room, murmuring to himself in broken words:

"Oh! God, why hast thou dealt so bitterly with me? why couldst thou not make her love me, and make me happy? Oh! why did she refuse? Because, forsooth, some of my relations are opposed to it. A curse upon *any* relation of mine who *dares* interfere with the affairs of my heart. I never can and never will forgive them. My bitterest curse, henceforth and forever, rests with them. They have destroyed my happiness, curse them, let them never dare speak to me again. If I cannot choose for myself, they cannot choose for me. Bitterly shall they rue this. But *she*, the darling of my heart, my only love, whom I almost worship, so deep and true is my love, with her I *cannot* be angry. I love her too well for that. She has done as she thought best, and she shall never have a harsh thought from me. Oh! I can never forget her. Night and day shall she be in my heart, while life itself is there. Farewell forever, Allie darling. To-morrow I leave this place, perhaps never to return. I cannot stay here, where all the sweetness of life has been turned to bitterness. I care not where I go, or how soon life ends."

Then like a wearied child, he sank upon his couch, and fell asleep, dreaming of beautiful Allie.

At the usual hour next morning, Henry entered the establishment of Morton & Co., dealers in dry goods, and of which large firm he was chief clerk, looking pale and careworn. Taking his seat at the desk, instead of engaging himself with ledgers, he began writing farewell letters to his friends. To Allie he wrote a long, tender, affectionate letter, breathing of hopeless love and an aimless life, closing with a touching farewell. Every page, blotted by his tears, portrayed his deep despair. Many a time, for years after, did Alice read

and reread that loving missive, her tears mingling with those whose imprint was already on its snowy surface. Scarcely had he finished writing when Mr. Morton entered. "Good morning, Henry," said he, "Why how pale you look. Are you not ill? you had better take a rest to-day."

"Many thanks, Mr. Morton, be assured I appreciate your kindness, but I cannot rest to day."

"Why not. Henry?"

"Mr. Morton," said he, changing the subject, "I wish to resign my situation."

"Resign your situation! Why what do you mean? please explain yourself."

"I mean, Mr. Morton, that having been defeated in my dearest hope, I have no longer anything to keep me here, and I wish to go somewhere, anywhere, away from Lynn. Therefore, I beg leave to resign my situation here, at the same time thanking you for all your kindness to me, and for the interest you have taken in my welfare, since you have known me. I shall ever think kindly and gratefully of you, but I cannot remain any longer."

"Henry, do I not give you salary enough? say the word, and it shall be increased, immediately. In a few months, I would have taken you into the firm."

"No, my salary is quite sufficient; I have other and deeper reasons for going."

"I shall not further question your motives, I have no doubt they are sufficient; but I am sorry, very sorry, that you must go. You have always been straightforward and industrious, and won for yourself a good name."

"Thank Heaven, no one can say anything against me."

"Very true. When do you contemplate leaving?"

"To-day."

"To-day! you are going very soon."

"Yes, before I go raving crazy."

"Ah! an affair of the heart, I see. Accept my sympathy," said Mr. Morton, extending his hand.

"You have judged correctly," said Henry, clasping gratefully the proffered hand.

"Wherever you go, remember me as a friend."

"Thanks, many thanks for your great kindness to one whose heart is desolate."

An hour later, Henry sorrowfully bade his fellow clerks good-bye. There was not a dry eye among them when he went, for he was loved by them all, and very sorry were they to lose him.

The westward bound train that afternoon bore Henry towards the Rocky Mountains. Oh! what despair and misery was there in his heart as the roofs of Lynn died away in the distance. What scorching tears filled his eyes, as he was swiftly borne away, from all for which he cared, from all he had to live for, from all that he loved, from all his once bright hopes, and turned his pale, tear-stained face westward, while from the depths of his seared heart came an agonizing prayer that he might die, that God, who had dealt so bitterly with him, would call him home, and still forever that throbbing, aching, bleeding heart.

Too late did his proud relatives regret the fatal course they had taken, too late did they bewail their pride and harshness.

Ah! parents, friends, never interfere in affairs of the heart. You know not what untold misery, anguish, and despair it causes, how many hearts are broken, and how many lives are withered, that might have been bright, but for your fatal and unchristian interposition. Oh! take a warning in time, lest you be even now on the verge of ruining for life, perhaps forever, some one whose prospects in the world are fair and bright, but whose hopes will be turned to the darkest despair and demon madness, if you oppose his heart's deep, true, and only love.

It is ten years since the opening of our story, and after a long journey by rail, stage and on foot, we are in Miners' Canon, a village of log houses and canvass tents, inhabited by rough miners. Miners' Canon is a break in the Rocky Mountains, far beyond the bounds of civilization. The miners are a motley looking crowd,

and an attempt at description would be fruitless, so we leave the task untouched. The scenery is wild and majestic. Lofty mountains, their sky reaching peaks covered with the eternal snows, enclose the place on every side; dark rocks and stunted trees somewhat relieve the grandeur of the indescribable scene; but turn the eye which way we will, we find ourselves encircled by the same mighty mountains.

We will enter this tent. Ah! who is this lies upon the bed of sickness, surrounded by rough, unshorn miners, whose eyes, for years unused to weeping, now shed tears freely? It is Henry Dalton, but how changed! Though we can still distinguish the marks of a gentleman, yet he is almost as rough and shaggy as those around him. He fell from a high rock this morning, severely wounding himself, and now he lies here, no gentle wife or mother near him to fan his hot cheek, or cool his burning brow, no loved one to bend over him and whisper words of hope and comfort.

He was cared for as tenderly as possible, by these men, who are unfamiliar with sickness, and now they weep, for poor Harry is dying. They all loved him, though he never would join in their drinking and gambling. His quiet, gentlemanly ways had won them, they could see that he bore some great grief, and they were kind to him as they knew how to be. They have gathered to say a few parting words, and go down with him to the brink of the Dark River. Stillness reigns within the tents, broken now and then by the weeping of strong men.

A woman,—Heaven bless her, one that has not entered the Cañon for years before,—silently steps into the tent, and goes to the bedside.

"Harry, Harry darling, don't you know me?"

The wounded man turns his head, and then his arms are folded lovingly around the neck of Alice, his only love.

The miners steal away, feeling that it is not the place for them, and leave the lovers alone.

We have little more to say. Alice, travelling for her health, came accidentally to Miners' Cañon, and met once more the only one she ever loved, and under

her skilful nursing, he was soon himself again. They soon left the Cañon forever, and were married at last, and though some still opposed the marriage, they cared not, but peacefully and happily glided down life's stream. And now bright eyed elfins often accompany Henry to the store which once bore the name of Morton & Co., but which now bears that of "Morton & Dalton."

Passing Away.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

—:o:—

PASSING AWAY is written in living letters on everything which the human eye beholds.

The morning sun, rising in the unclouded east, rolling on in the blaze of meridian splendor, and sinking to rest in his couch of glory, 'mid the radiant clouds and brightness of the Queenly West, says "Passing Away."

The silver moon, traversing slowly the azure sky, 'mid the mazy labyrinth of myriad twinkling stars, giving to the heavens a new beauty, and to earth a flood of pure, sweet light, gently whispers—"Passing Away."

The many-colored flowers, blooming in their sweetness, till cut down by the mower's scythe, or the heat of noonday; the warbling song birds; the pearly dewdrops, glistening a few hours on the waving grass, and disappearing; and the murmuring brooklet, all sadly tell us—"Passing Away."

The storm cloud, sweeping across the gloomy sky, darting forth angry flashes, and deep-toned mutterings, shaking the earth to its very foundations, proclaims to us in thunder tones—"Passing Away."

But this lesson comes to us in sadder, deeper, and more heart-searching tones, when for the last time we

gaze upon some coffined form, that in life was very dear to us. The motionless breast, such a little while ago throbbing with joyous life, with a wreath of flowers lying upon it, placed there by some loving hand that may soon be still forever, the cold and folded hands, the closed eyes, the colorless cheeks, the pale lips, no longer speaking words of sweet love and kindness, the marble brow, and the golden ringlets, lying so quiet and still upon the white pillow, all speak to us in that hour of bitter anguish, too plainly and too sadly to be mistaken, telling us that life is very, very rapidly "Passing Away."

And what is the lesson we gather from these two little words? It is that we are to prize the present, that while rolling days, and months, and years, tell us that time is flying swiftly by, we are to make to-day our own, for we will not see to-morrow, that mysterious day which is always coming, but never here, which is no nearer us to-day than it was ten thousand years ago, and which we may be always grasping and wishing for, only to see it glide away, like the spectre of an excited imagination.

Then let us work while it is to-day, before the night of bitterness and black despair comes, for unless we rightly use the present, come it surely will.

Let us be up and doing; whatever object we have before us, let us strive to accomplish it, in the bright and golden hours of the glorious present. Don't let Procrastination woo us from the work with his beguiling tales of ease and idleness, his pictures of a couch of roses, and murmuring music to win us from our cares and trials, for the awakening will come sooner or later, and it will be very bitter. No! though the way look gloomy, dark and rough, though we tread on thorns, let us hurl this enchanter from us, and face our destiny and our work with a fixed determination not to be baffled, and then, when we have finished the task, when we lay down the heavy load, when we reach our destination, and feel that the work is *done*, sweeter, far sweeter will be our reward than had we shrank from the toil till forced to take up the weary burden, and plod on amid darkness and fear.

Then let us one and all unite in making a good use of the present, knowing that *now* is the time when our task will be lightest, and that our reward will be given amid sweeter music, softer songs, purer rest, and brighter, dearer faces, than had we loitered on life's highway, and idly spent the precious hours so swiftly "Passing Away."

Brother Against Brother;

AN EPISODE OF THE LATE SOUTHERN REBELLION.

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BY "NOMA."

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IT was in the latter part of the year 1860, that two brothers, George and John Devere, met in New York, to talk of their prospects.

George was a Southern landholder of great wealth. His estates bordered on the noble Savannah River, and were renowned far and wide for their beauty and fertility, as was their proprietor for his open hospitality and munificent generosity. In figure he was tall and handsome, with a frank, genial countenance, and dark eyes ever glancing from one object to another, very dark hair, and moustache waxed and twisted a la Napoleon. He was a man on whom one could rely, and whose word was as good as his bond.

John was a well-to-do New York merchant. His house was on a firm foundation, and the crisis in monetary circles failed to shake it. He had not, when commencing business, plunged into wild schemes and speculations, but had worked his way up by honesty and perseverance, until he had reached his present prosperous position.

In figure he much resembled his brother George. His quiet and unobtrusive charity had won for him a noble name, and many a poor orphan had blessed the

day which filled his hand with silver, from the well supplied purse of John Devere.

John and George had met, as we said, to talk of their future prospects.

"It looks very dark," said John, "the cloud grows heavier every day, and we know not what hour it may break."

"Very true," replied George, "things begin to wear a threatening aspect; I am afraid, judging from present appearances, that war is not far distant."

"Heaven grant it may not come to that," exclaimed John.

"I earnestly hope it may not," said George, "it would create a sad state of affairs, this setting of brother against brother."

"George," said John suddenly, "in the event of war, which side would you espouse?"

"I should give all the aid in my power," answered he, "to the poor bleeding South, my home."

"Born and bred in the North, to leave home, and fight against kindred," said John, sadly.

"It must be so," said George, "and you,—but I suppose I need not ask?"

"Would be among the first to obey my country's call to arms," replied John.

"Brother against Brother," repeated George.

The battle raged fiercely; cannons roared till the very earth trembled with their death boom; volley upon volley of musketry rolled along the ranks; the smoke of contest hung in heavy clouds over the combatants; sabres gleamed and flashed in the rays of the setting sun; horses rushed riderless through the death fire, seeming to have lost all sense of danger; men rolled and fell to earth in pools of crimson gore; columns charged, shook, wavered and fell back, only to gather breath, and rush again into the very jaws of destruction; while above all rose the shouts of the leaders,—cheering on their followers to a glorious victory—or death,—and the cries of the dying.

Night was fast deepening on the scene of battle, and neither seemed to gain or lose an inch of the blood-stained field; at last the Southerners won some slight advantage, which bade fair to turn the scale of contest in their favor.

The captain of a cavalry detachment saw this, and determined to make a great effort with his handful of men. Many a time that afternoon had they charged, and charged again, each time recoiling from many an empty saddle. With an echoing cheer they rushed forward, right for the centre of the Rebel ranks, covered by a telling fire from the infantry. Nobly they charged, and nobly they conquered.

A shout—"they run! they run!"—went up from the brave heroes, and their glad cheer seemed to reëcho even to the vaults of Heaven.

The North had won the day, through the almost superhuman efforts of that gallant band of cavalry, who, when they returned from the death charge, left their brave leader, John Revere, lying on the blood-stained field, all unconscious of his noble victory.

The moon rose calmly that night upon the gory field, with cold, stark, and lifeless corpses strewn, soldiers who had fought beneath their country's banner, and had proudly borne her sword, and maintained honor, spotless and unsullied. Calmly she shone over their unconscious forms, like a blessing breathed softly on their gallant heads.

Northern hero and Southern soldier mingled in their attendance on the wounded, gently binding up their bleeding wounds, and endeavoring to alleviate, as far as possible, the sufferings of those who, but a few hours before, had been their comrades in the strife.

Among those in attendance on the sufferers, was George Devere, now a captain in the Southern Army.

With what bitter feelings he threaded his way among the fallen, expecting every moment to meet the ghastly face of some friend of his youth, now cold in death. As he was passing along, he almost stumbled

over a prostrate form, that of his brother John. He would have passed on, had not a groan from the now conscious man attracted his attention. He stooped down to make an examination of the wounded man, when he started back with the wild exclamation—"My God! at last!"

For a moment he stood spell-bound, gazing on the old familiar face, and then, with the assistance of some soldiers, he had his brother conveyed to the nearest building, where the wounds were speedily dressed. After a few hours, the surgeon pronounced him out of danger, and George returned to his own encampment, with a sad heart, but withal, a changed man. The scenes of his childhood and his home came before him, and in his mind there was a new and holy resolve.

The morning reveille was sounding, calling together the Rebel soldiers. As man after man stepped into the ranks, many a tear was shed, when it was seen how thinned were their numbers, and how many a place was empty, which but the day before had been filled by those who now, on the red battle plain, slept the cold sleep of death.

When all were in their places, Captain Devere rode forward, and requested of his superiors permission to speak, which was granted. Riding back to his detachment, in a voice deep with tremulous emotion, he addressed them in these words:

"Comrades! when we think of our companions, who are lying uncoffined on yonder gory field, when we realize how bitter is our defeat, it brings to our eyes a tear, and causes our hearts to swell with the deepest emotion; but hope holds out to us the bow of promise, and we must not be disheartened, but make another effort, and hurl the invader from our homes.

"Comrades! in the hour of battle, you know I was ever to be found where dangers hung dark and threatening over your gallant heads, that I was ever forward in the strife, and that I never forsook the glorious cause; you know that but yesterday I led you

into the heart of battle; you know I always loved our cause, and was never a traitor to it. I love the cause yet, and hope to see it conquer; but to-day I must turn traitor, to day I must forsake this sacred cause, and bid my gallant comrades farewell.

"Last night, while wandering by the light of the pale moon over that blood-stained field, seeking to succor whom I might,—on the crimson sod, I found my brother, lying bathed in his own life's gore, which was ebbing fast away.

"I was born in the North, it was the home of my childhood; there live my aged parents, and should they know that their son is their enemy, it would bring their grey hairs in sorrow to the grave.

"Comrades! I cannot fight against my own kindred. The bleeding South is my loved home, and with her my sympathies shall always be; but for her I cannot fight, though I hope to see her triumph.

"Strive for the right, drive home the accursed Northerner, and make the victory yours.

"Comrades! will you accept my resignation, or shall I be imprisoned as a traitor?"

The answer was a ringing cheer.

He handed to his superiors his commission, took a solemn oath never to raise arms against the South, received a pass, bade farewell to his comrades, and galloping away, was soon lost to sight.

The Old School House.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

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(Written upon the occasion of removing from an old school house to a new one.)

WE have bade farewell to the little, red, old-fashioned school house, with its rows of hard benches, smoke-stained, pencil-marked walls, dusty floors, cracked and figured black-board, and rusty old stove,—around which, on a cold winter's

morning, might be seen a group of school-boys, trying to coax up a sickly little fire, or perhaps endeavoring to keep the poor old stove from freezing,—and taken our well worn books to a larger and more pretentious edifice, which is an ornament and a pride to our neighborhood. From the windows of our new school-room we can see the old one, elevated high and dry on runners, ready to be moved away, to form, after its prominent part in teaching the young idea "how to shoot," a dwelling house of modest aspirations, in which children dwell without that fear of the ferule which characterized their predecessors.

What a host of memories does the old house call up. Looking back through the dim vista of by-gone years, we may see the old master, with his cap and gown, his rod in one hand and chalk in the other, rapidly covering the blackboard with long "sums" in the much detested and thrice denounced pounds, shillings and pence, while paper wads are flying around the room, now and then striking some red-headed urchin, causing him to spring from his seat with a vehement interjection, which brings the rod down on the offender's back, dispelling the fun, and not a smile is to be seen for the next two minutes. The seats are filled with healthy, barefoot boys, and joyous, laughing maidens, of all ages, from the tender infant of four to the blushing young lady of eighteen, who smiles sweetly at the young man across the aisle. A class in spelling is soon called up, and diphtheria producing words given to the thick headed pupils, and soon there is a great commotic in the class, as one after another leaves his place .t or near the head, taking his place at the foot. Presently a rosy-cheeked girl makes a mistake purposely, that she may be beside the boy at the foot.

It is a great event when the old time "School Committee Man" puts in an appearance, to puzzle youthful heads with some hard questions, which only one can answer, and that one is the genius of the school, the one whom his fellow pupils look up to as the eighth wonder of the world. He always has his lessons perfectly, is great on composition, has ciphered

through the 'Rithmetic, is the best cricketer, and can without difficulty tell the distance to the next town. But we must return to the "Committee Man." After half an hour's visit, he takes a speech, so wise that no one can understand it, bows low, and takes his departure.

What a hubbub there is when the youngsters are let out for the noon hour of play. Lessons and books are cast, for the time being, into oblivion, and sports of various kinds take their place. When out again at night, they must walk home under the eye of authority, bowing in obeisance to every one they meet, until it is a wonder the poor things' necks do not become transfixed in a perpetual bow.

But the old master has passed away, and his pupils have become men and women, and taken their places in a sterner school, where the world is the school-room, life the book, and experience the teacher, winning for themselves positions of prominence and renown. In their stead new teachers and scholars occupy the old forms. The lady teacher fills the chair of the old master. She wearily turns her eye from the dull routine of miserable lessons, mischievous and disorderly pupils, hard and dusty floors, to the faded flowers on the desk beside her, and thinks of one who waits for her, beneath the willow branches, with a true heart and fresher flowers. We look across the familiar room. With the exception of being a little more shattered and shabby, it is unchanged. But a new-fashioned group of scholars are in the old seats. With the old years have passed away the old fashions. Shoeless feet no longer meet our gaze, for kid and morocco must enclose the dainty foot of youth. Furs, flowers, laces, and other delicate articles have obtained supremacy over the old-fashioned, but comfortable home-made garments. Instead of only Arithmetic, Reading, Spelling and Writing, we now run over a course of Algebra, Latin, Greek, French, Philosophy and such branches, combined with the first mentioned, and our education is pronounced complete. Yet, if it is all we require, it is all right.

There were often, in the olden times, quarrels with

the teachers, arising from various causes, which generally ended, after some storming on the part of the teacher, and stubbornness on the other side, in the offender receiving a castigation, and being compelled to beg, on bended knee, the pardon of the highly insulted pedagogue. But sometimes these little brawls were not so easily settled. High words were followed by dismissal and positive refusal to teach the wayward scamp. It sometimes happened, however, that the blame was on the teacher's part, and after the usual preliminaries, and the pupil remaining at home a few days, that worthy was glad to coax his much wronged disciple to grace by his presence the bench so lately vacated by him in high dudgeon.

When we look at the surroundings of the old house, it brings to mind the games we have there enjoyed,—Cricket, and Base Ball, when each party strove hard for the innings, and when the ball would sometimes strike a younker on the head, the 'bawl' coming out of his mouth. In winter, skating, sliding, coasting and other games which were entered into with zest, kept us from freezing in the vast snow banks, through which we labored in the cold mornings, with a little fellow under each arm, and another on our shoulders.

Then too, were singing schools and candy pullings, vessels to carry off the surplus merriment with which we were fairly boiling over. It would be folly to attempt a description of these familiar scenes, the fun and the excitement which these diversions awakened. But the best fun of these affairs were the sleigh drives to and from them, when the joyous laughter would ring out on the clear, frosty evening air, and loud hurrahs would bring good folks to their doors, to see what was the matter.

Then at the candy parties;—how the old floors and walls would shake, when twelve or sixteen lads and lasses took the floor to the music of Sambo's violin. Poor old Sambo! he rests beneath the sod, but his spirit has winged its way to the happy land where all good darkies go.

But we must bid good-bye to the old house, with all its pleasant dreamy memories of hard tasks, beloved

teachers and happy scholars, innocent fun and all such things which are the common lot of every old school house, and which will, in time to come, be said of the new and elegant edifice we now occupy.

Why She Never Married.

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BY "NOM ."

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"WELL, girls, said our Aunt Polly, as she was called, "since you have teased me, too, so often, I will tell you why I never married."

"Oh! do, dear Aunt Polly," we all cried in a breath.

So five of us,—my two cousins Eva and Maud, my sisters Louisa and Anna, and my own rattle-brained self, rejoicing in the modest name of Angelina Celeste, —drew our chairs closer together, that we might not lose a word of the forthcoming story we had so often coaxed and implored our Aunt to relate. We knew some strange secret hung over her life, so that she, in our recollection, never loved any man, but became one of those much abused and oft ridiculed angels of good —an old maid. To be sure she was only thirty-three, but already silver threads were mingled with her dark locks, and lines that should not be there, were on her face. Yet she was cheerful and kind, always striving to make some one happy.

We were a gay lot, none of us above nineteen, I, the youngest, sixteen, and the only one destitute of that ladies' all in all—a "beau"—due, probably, to my lack of personal charms, and my wild, untrained nature. For once, however, we drew down our faces, and were sober.

"Now I declare, girls," said Aunt Polly, "you are only making fun of me, putting on such sanctimonious

faces; you know you can't keep the laugh back. I've a great mind not to tell you a word."

"Oh! yes you must, Auntie, and I won't be sober any more," said Maud, bursting into a laugh, in which we all joined.

"Fifteen years ago," began Aunt Polly, as quiet was restored, "I was young and lively, like yourselves. My father owned a large factory in Hampton, where we resided, surrounded by everything heart could wish. How well I remember the dear old home, and that happy summer, when I was eighteen. It hardly seems more than a few weeks ago, when my father employed a young stranger as book-keeper and foreman in his establishment. Arthur Dunmore was a tall, handsome young man of twenty-three, with jet black curls and moustache, eyes like midnight, and small, white hands. Above all he was highly accomplished, having graduated at a first-class college, and popular in society, so no wonder if he was a heart breaker.

"It was arranged that he was to board with our family, and thus we became intimate.

"I need not tell you how quickly the summer went, for every evening he used to take me driving, or we would ramble along the beach or down by the mill-stream, standing under the linden trees, talking on every interesting subject we could think of, or we would sit in the garden and he would read to me,—what a splendid voice he had,—till the sun went down and the moon and stars came out. Then we would go in and he would play and sing. Those sweet old songs are still ringing in my memory, through the long years. Oh! I was happy, very happy.

"One evening, as we stood beneath the lindens, he told me the 'old, old story,' and for the first time I felt his kiss—the kiss of betrothal—on my lips. My cup of happiness was full, I believe I even cried for joy when I was alone. We were to be married the next spring. Yes! my dear girls, your poor old Aunt Polly was as near married as that.

"In the latter part of Autumn my sister Minnie returned from boarding school, where she had been for a year. She was two years older than I, and very

beautiful, while I never laid any great claims in that direction.

"What followed I hardly know, till I found that Arthur grew cold, distant and neglectful to me, and turned his attention more closely to Minnie than I thought exactly right for one engaged to another. Yet I said nothing, hoping he would soon be the same to me as of old.

"One glorious autumn evening I strolled out into the garden, hoping to meet Arthur, and win him back to me, for it now almost seemed as though we were estranged, though I had no suspicion of the real truth, for I deemed him too pure and high-souled to be faithless. I attributed it all to my own feelings, and endeavored by every possible means to prove to him how dear he was to me.

"As I stood beneath the trees, thinking, I heard familiar voices near me, none but Arthur's and Minnie's, speaking in low, earnest tones. I listened, and this is what I heard:

"'Minnie, Minnie darling, my heart is yours, will you accept it? Oh! my love, can you not, will you not make me happy?'"

"'Of how many have you asked the same?'"

"'I swear by the God of love that you are the first, and the only one I ever loved. Darling, what is your answer?'"

"I heard the whispered 'yes,' as I drew nearer, I saw her golden head resting on his shoulder, and their lips meet. Then, somehow, I stole away, in spite of the sickness and agony at my heart, and left them alone. I don't know how I ever got to my room, and lived through that night. It was a bitter struggle.

"The next day Minnie told me of her love, and unconscious that she had destroyed my happiness, asked my blessing, and I gave it, with my heart bursting, even as I folded her in my arms and kissed her lips, though all she saw of my emotion was that I was a little paler than usual. I never told her my secret, and I released him from all semblance of a tie with me, in a short note, for I would not see him alone again,

and asked him to be kind to my dear sister, and to love her truly, adding my blessing.

"They were married at the very time I had looked forward to as my wedding day. Minnie wanted me to be her bridesmaid, but when the day came, I was far away. How *could* I see her stand in the place that was mine by right, and hear her take vows binding her to the only man I ever loved, for with me to love once, was to love always.

"There, girls, you have my story, yet it is only a broken dream, one of life's shadows, that will be lifted from the heart in Heaven's clearer sunshine. God grant you may never know such shadows, my dear girls."

The tears filled Aunt Polly's eyes, as she saw us all crying. Somehow we kissed her good-bye, and stole away, sober enough for once, and now Aunt Polly is dearer to us than ever.

Thought.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

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HOW boundless, limitless and untiring is thought, as it goes rolling and bounding through space, time and eternity, never ceasing, never pausing, always restless and roaming. The mind of man is never idle; even when sleep fans us to rest with her downy wing, in dreams the mind goes on, and on, and on, in fancy's wild flights, or lives over the scenes of hours that have fled. Thought is like the rolling sun, never stopping to rest, it is like a mighty river, whose banks are bright with flowers, flowing sometimes amid sunshine and sometimes amid shadow, sometimes clear and limpid, sometimes dull and turbid, sometimes singing lightly, sometimes roaring with

angry voice; it is like the ocean, whose billows never cease to break on the giant rocks, with their ever varying harmony; and it is like time itself, for it reaches far beyond the bounds of life and the portals of the tomb, into the dim future.

Sometimes it paints the coming days with joy and gladness, bringing to the heart peace and relief; sometimes it fills the soul only with the dark hues of sorrow, anguish and despair; sometimes it awakens memories of golden moments and hours of sweetness, that fled too quickly into the past, and now cling to the heart like bright pictures; sometimes it brings dark, gloomy portraits of a fearful past, that make the heart shudder and grow sick, filling the soul with horror unspeakable, almost tearing reason from her throne, and setting up demoniac madness and lunacy in her place; sometimes it brings bright hopes, with rainbow tints; and sometimes it delights to torture us with the bitter memories of cruel disappointments and broken hopes, of pleasures that slipped from our grasp, of happiness that could not last, and of ambitions that were cherished only to vanish.

What has thought given us? Everything that we enjoy, everything that delights us, and everything that is useful to us. It has built vast manufactories, and filled them with ingenious machinery and busy crowds; it has covered the globe with a network of railroads and telegraph lines; it has dotted the ocean with white winged vessels, and given them compass and chart to guide them over the pathless billows; it has built cities, towns and villages; it has invented printing presses to educate the world; its flights of imagination and inspiration have given them unceasing employment, and filled our libraries with delightful books and poet creations; it has deluged the world with wars and seas of blood; it has spread the mantle of peace over conflicting nations; it has built up and pulled down kingdoms; it has delivered man from the thraldom of darkness and superstition, and placed him in the magic circle of civilization; and look where we may, we see the productions of thought, new creations, new wonders, and new triumphs.

What an agent for good it is, what a mighty one for evil, if misused. Let us, then, endeavor to think of doing good to mankind, let our thoughts be pure, untarnished by the foul touch of sin, and let us so shape our lives, by the thoughts that must come, that we shall be blameless, that we shall be bright lights and shining examples to our fellow travellers, and that when the last hour comes, we shall have nothing to fear, but look with the clear eye of faith at the golden gates, till the angels bear us home.

The Fate of Rosonora.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

—:o:—

A LANGUID river slowly rolls its waters over a bed of sparkling gold. Down to its banks slope gentle hills, dotted here and there with nodding groves, while in the distance dark mountains lift their gigantic forms high into the bright moonshine that rests softly upon the sleeping landscape like a flood of glory. The air is sweet with the perfume of wild flowers. On the bank of the river stands a massive old castle, its ragged grey walls and solid towers tinged with a softness and seeming to wear a smile in the magic rays of the silver moon. It has stood there since the first days of knightly dreams, though the clinking of hammers closing the armor rivets no longer resounds in the old courtyard, the knights no more enter its deserted lists on foaming chargers, or ride to the chase with merry blast of horn and gay halloa. But to-night lights gleam brightly from every window of the old castle, and sounds of music and ringing laughter fall upon the ear. What means it? To-night the old Baron Waldain, who still occupies the feudal mansion bequeathed to him from a

long line of illustrious ancestors, gives a ball in honor of his fair and only daughter Rosonora, who is just eighteen. The knightly, the brilliant, the wealthy, and the gay, from all the country round, are there, and midst the assemblage is the noble Sir Edgardo, who is betrothed to the fair Rosonora, and is to claim his bride one year from to-night. Wealthy, titled, honored, and a brave knight, no wonder he is courted by all, and regarded as a hero well worthy of mating with lovely Rosonora.

"I wonder what delays the appearance of Lady Rosonora," said the Baron, as dancing commenced and she did not appear. Where was she? In her boudoir, finishing her toilet. How sylph-like she was, with her faultless figure, raven locks, dark eyes, lofty brow, pearly teeth, ruby lips, and beautiful complexion, clad in a robe of spotless white, glittering here and there with precious gems, and a necklace of purest pearls upon her snowy neck. Her maid was fastening some rare old gems of untold value in her dark curls.

"Wait, Euphemia," said she, as these preparations were nearly completed, "do you remember those clusters of lilies and violets that we saw on the bank of the river this morning?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Don't you think we can steal out unnoticed and gather a garland of them?"

"Certainly, my dear lady, I know of no hindrance; but I will go and pluck them, while you remain here."

"Oh! no, I will go with you, Euphemia, the moonlight is so beautiful. And then I will wear a wreath of these wild flowers, with a few rosebuds, instead of these jewels. Don't you think they will be nicer?" said she, enthusiastically, for wild flowers were her delight.

"They will, most assuredly, lovely lady."

"Let us go."

Hand in hand, out into the open court yard, unseen by any one, across the swinging drawbridge, and down to the river, go the fair and motherless Rosonora and her pretty maid Euphemia, who loves her even to devotion, stopping for a moment to mutually and silently

admire the beautiful water, and then begin to gather the lovely, dewy, sparkling flowers.

Suddenly an awful shriek breaks the stillness, as the hollow ground gives way, and Rosonora sinks into her tomb, with the cruel waters closing above her, and is seen no more on earth.

Need we tell of the anguish, wailing, and sorrowful hush of revelry?

The peasantry still speak in saddened tones of an old grey-headed baron, bowed with the weight of grief, and of a noble knight, who threw away his life in battle, as a thing not worth having, and tell that as each year rolls round, for a few short hours the old ruined castle is lighted up from foundation to battlement, tower and keep, the river flows placidly on in the moonlight, the lovely Rosonora gathers wild flowers on the bank, a fearful shriek is heard, and then all is dark and silent again.

Spring.

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BY "NOMA."

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HOW delightful it is, these balmy days, with their sunshine, their soft, south breezes,—bearing fleecy clouds through the azure depths of the sky,—with the green grass springing up under our feet, with the flowers budding around us, with the trees clothing themselves in their robes of green, and with the little feathered songsters warbling their happy carols, to wander away to some sequestered dell, deep in the woodland shades, far from the dusty streets and haunts of care, and spend a few hours listening to the little brooklet murmuring pleasantly over its pebbly bed, dashing down a miniature cataract, and meandering through its peaceful vale, till lost to

the eye in the recesses of its leafy forest home; to recline upon a mossy bank; to look far into the dreamy clouds, fancying bright visions in their floating, ever changing forms; and to listen with ravished ear to the songs of the merry birds, wishing that we were of their joyous number, that we might dwell forever in such an enchanting scene.

How gently the sweet odors of the charming forest flowers are borne to us on the soul reviving zephyrs of morn, whispering to our raptured senses tales of an angel land, where flowers never fade. How calmly and peacefully we sit and meditate on the glorious panorama, and fancy wings us back to the Garden of Eden, until our hearts become so tender that we would not harm a flower, but drop a sympathizing tear, did we see its lovely form crushed to earth and yet pouring out its sweet odor to the one who has ruined it, a holy emblem of forgiveness.

Who does not love, in these sweet, bright days, to forsake the beaten paths, the stern, hard walks of toil, and wander idly through Nature's flowery meads, to pluck the modest violet or the blushing wild rose, to inhale their fragrant perfumes, and dream of those wonderful lands where perpetual flowers are blooming, and creating an earthly paradise, almost too beautiful, bright, and sacred for poor erring humanity to tread therein?

"Only a little way further on,
I see a touch of the hazy hills,
Growing bright as the rosy dawn
Gaily glimmers on rocks and rills,
Where joyous minstrels of Nature bring
Their gladdest songs for the glorious spring."

Ethalma.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

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BY "NOMA."

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I WAS wandering over a wide plain, where once had been fought a deadly battle. Presently I saw before me the forms of fallen warriors, clad in shining mail, their noble steeds lying beside them. Broken helmets, pierced shields and shivered lances lay thickly strewn around. Long I mused upon the sad scene.

"And this," thought I, "is the end of their earthly ambition. Men proudly enter the lists of battle, where friend is arrayed against friend, and brother against brother. They close in deadly conflict, and behold! this is the issue thereof; this is the fame they seek, death, and a deathless name. Oh! that these warriors might wake and speak to me."

Suddenly I bethought me of a phial I carried in my pocket, containing the Water of Life. I hastily sprinkled this upon the cold forms, when they stood upright before me, and asked in hoarse, sepulchral tones:

"Why disturbest thou our rest? What would'st thou?"

"I would know, brave warriors, of your leader, and wherefore you battled."

"We fought under the banner of the great queen Ethalma, whose golden sword no one can withstand, and at the cost of our lives, we vanquished king Cadmir, who wished to make her his queen."

"Where rises queen Ethalma's castle?"

"Behold its towers," said the spectre warrior, pointing to the south," but follow her not, neither approach her gilded castle, or thou art forever lost, for she can be vanquished only by her own sword."

"And if she is defeated?"

"She becomes the bride of her conquerer."

"I will hazard an encounter."

Then drawing from my pocket another phial, I poured upon them the Water of Death, and they sank down to their everlasting sleep.

I hurried to the turretted and towered castle, and entered the unguarded and tapestried banquet hall. On the wall hung Ethalma's golden sword, which danced in its richly gemmed scabbard as I entered. Taking this as an omen, I quickly ran and drew the charmed blade from its sheath, putting mine in its place. Hardly had I done so, when Ethalma herself appeared, radiant in all her queenly magnificence and beauty, beauty such as I had never seen before, bewitching, enchanting, enthralling,

Ere I had time to do her homage, she hastened to the sword, and drawing it, said:

"Draw! for thou must fight."

The conflict was short and sharp, and the fair queen Ethalma soon held nothing but a golden hilt. Throwing it from her, she sprang to me, and clasped her arms around my neck, whispering:

"My love, you have conquered, my love forever, evermore."

And the beautiful queen Ethalma became my ever faithful and loving bride.

Sunshine and Shadow.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

—:o:—

HOW drear, dark, cheerless and unpleasant would be this world of ours, how joyless would be life, were there no sunshine of love to chase away the gloomy shadows that sometimes rest over us. How we would pine for sunshine to light up once more the hills and vales, the mountains, the plains, the lakes and rivers, and the waving

fields, did a dark shadow now settle upon them, and eternally rest there, veiling from us that orb whose golden rays we are too prone to slight.

When we see prosperity, friends, and honors, as our lot, our thanks should ascend to the giver of these prizes, that a dark cloud did not ever rest upon us, that we were not downcast and down-trodden, surrounded by gloomy dungeon walls, and that we did not, doomed to separation from home and loved ones, wander far and wide, but that we dwelt in a land of sunshine and love, where home joys are the sweetest, and home loves the dearest.

Life was meant to be cheerful to us, if we only try to make it so, by giving to all a kind word, and a pleasant smile. What is the use of being melancholy, and making all around us seem dead and cheerless, when we might just as well be happy? Be cheerful, be kind and loving, and life's shadows will all disappear, the bright sun of peace and content shining where it once seemed so dark.

Vivette.

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BY "NOMA."

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I WAS rambling to-day along an old unfrequented path, bordered with delightful green mosses and shaded by overhanging trees, that led to a gentle rivulet, when rustic beauty fills the mind with rest, peace and calm. I threw myself down upon a mossy bank, beneath a spreading tree, to enjoy this beautiful scene, and listen to bird songs.

Soon I saw I was not alone, for a little maiden, with fair hair, laughing blue eyes, and cheeks of rosy

red, came dancing lightly to the sparkling brooklet. The lovely little fay held in one hand a boat,—formed, it is true, only of a shingle, but trimmed with sails and banners,—and in the other a nose-gay of wild flowers. With the flowers she loaded the little vessel, then launched it, and as the bright waters bore it onward with its sweet freight, she gaily followed it, laughing and shouting in her glee. Ever and anon I observed some fair flower falling from the deck and floating behind on the stream. But at last the miniature ship struck a hidden rock, and hurled its precious freight into the stream, then, lightened of its load, glided into a quiet pool, and ended its voyage, with one little flower clinging to its ropes. With ringing laughter the fair child saw the mishap, watched the tiny craft sail into the haven, then taking it in her arms, she disappeared in the forest glens, unconscious that a pair of charmed eyes had followed her every movement.

The sweet vision set me to musing. The picture's mission was fulfilled, it gave me an hour of golden thought, it won me from the disappointments of the world, and showed me a purer dream, made bright by memory's fondest rays. It called back to me the years of childhood, when I too sailed shingle boats, flower freighted, in those sinless days, when no passionate dreams fevered the brow, and no care made the face grow stern. The eye that watched those sportive joys has oft been dimmed by the mist born of broken hopes, the ear that listened to the bubbling brook has grown tired of empty words and meaningless phrases, the feet that pursued untired those floating pleasures, are wearied with following life's delusive phantoms, and the heart that clung to childhood's dreams, is worn and bitterly aching, but scarcely wiser, even though taught by harsh experience. The ships I sail to-day are frailer than those I used to freight with flowers, and loaded with care, and the waves on which they go are stormier waves, with many a sunken rock, on which they may be wrecked. But they will lose many of life's hopes on the ocean, like the fay's lost flowers, even though they escape the rocks.

But perhaps the ships may reach a peaceful haven

at last, despite life's storms, and tempests and hidden rocks, and safely rest, amid a restless world. Yet if we would guide them to harbor, we must keep a close watch on the shoals and reefs of sin, with a firm hand on the helm, and a sure trust in the compass. And though we lose much of the precious cargo, yet if we bear home one golden sheaf, shall we not be rewarded accordingly?

God Knoweth.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

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WHY is the soul of man always longing and yearning for something higher and holier? why is the mind always striking for something unattainable? why are we always wishing for something beyond our reach, something that shall satisfy this longing, and soothe this unrest to quietness? why is the heart so sensitive that it must sorrow when friends are taken away, or dissappointments come, and rejoice when gladness overshadows it? why are there so many shadows on our path? why do angry storms sweep across the spirit's sky? why this care, toil and anxiety? why this yearning after something immortal? why this looking into the secret and hidden future? why these high hopes, that flit before us like meteors, and then are gone? why these broken ambitions? what is the soul? how is it inlaid in our mortal clay, an immortal, neverdying breath? how does it remain there through every heart storm and spirit tempest? how has it communion with the Almighty, in its house of prayer? how does it distinguish purity and goodness from the stains of sin? how has it such faith, that through darkness and fear and trembling its clear eye may see the golden city? and how does it take its leave, when life's storms are over,

and the rich warm glow of sunset tinges the pallid sufferer's couch with golden glory, that we can never see it steal away to the realms of bliss? how, oh! how is it that life is made half of sunshine and half of shadow, dark clouds of suffering, sin and sorrow, that rend the heart and waste the body? and when are these dreary wanderings, these bitter heart aches, to cease, and the troubled spirit enter its everlasting home and peaceful rest, its longings satisfied, its yearnings hushed, and before it the white robed angel bands, waking from their harps sweet praises to Him who sitteth on the throne forever? God Knoweth.

The Paths of Knowledge.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

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THE paths of knowledge are as devious as they are precious; only he who exercises the utmost care and patience can hope to walk its winding roads and escape the pitfalls with which they are beset, and once trodden, these golden paved paths can never be travelled again. Then throw not away the hours of youth in idleness, but make their sweets your own. Treasure the minutes as you would golden coins or glittering jewels, and with pleasure you will see them lengthen into hours, days and years. Let every leisure moment be employed in perusing some useful book or paper, and in after life, amid its cares, and worryings, and trials, you will find the words you have read coming back to you with a force you never felt before, and with a sweetness which you once thought they never could possess—bright memories of the olden days.

A Picture of Innocence.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

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IT is the misty hour of gloaming. A fair young girl, with rosy cheeks, blue eyes and golden hair, sits beneath a drooping elm, in that sweet hour when heaven and earth seem nearest together. In her hands is a boquet of beautiful flowers, soft as thoughts of budding love.

"Buttercup," she says in a musical voice, "why do the children love you so?"

"Because," answers the Buttercup," my blossoms are golden coloured, and children, like men, love gold, so both will be sought for, though mingled with thorns."

"Daisy, why are you so dear to me?"

"Because my blossoms are just like your heart, sacred to innocence."

"Forget-me-not, what makes me blush when I kiss your delicate form?"

"Because I was given to you by one who truly loves you."

"Heart's Ease, tell me your name."

"He told it to you to-night, when he kissed you good-bye, saying, 'think of me.'"

"Lily, why are you adored?"

"Like the one who softly questions me, for my purity and modesty."

"Rose, dear, queenly, divine, beautiful Rose, why are you dear, so sweetly dear to me?"

"Because I am the emblem of love, true, undying love; because when he gave me to you he whispered such sweet words in your ear. Ah! fair maiden, I heard those words; I saw your blushes as you timidly laid your hand in his, and were so happy. You love me because I will be laid under your cheek to-night and bring you sweet dreams. You love me because

my mission is to tell you how you are loved, and now you will kiss my faded leaves and gently lay me away and I will be dear to you for many years, for my fragrance will still remain, like that pure love I came to tell you of."

"Dear, sweet, beautiful flowers, I will always love your fair forms. Oh! how dear you are to me, and how I shall treasure you, for you all tell me such a sweet, sweet story, that grows dearer to my heart every time it is repeated."

Then the fair girl softly kisses the beautiful flowers, the twilight grows dim, and the sweet picture fades from sight.

The Humming-Bird and the Violet.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

—:o:—

A LITTLE wild violet bloomed all alone in the garden bowers, in undisturbed purity and modesty. A humming-bird, in gay and resplendent plumage, espied her, and soon was at her side.

"Dear violet," said the humming-bird, "I love you truly, will you be mine?"

"I fear you will be false," said the violet, trembling, for she loved the humming-bird.

"Never! dear violet; I swear to love thee, and no other, for who could resist thy sweet charms, or ever leave thy side? Come, darling violet, say you won't break my heart, and I will ever love you, and be true to you. It shall be my greatest delight to shield you from the wind and the storm, and when the sun grows hot, to protect you from its rays, and fan you to sleep with my wings. Are you mine, dear little violet?"

Pretty little violet dropped her eyes, blushing deeply as she sweetly whispered:

"Forever thine, dear humming-bird."

"Now give me a kiss from thy sweet lips, dear heart."

And the humming bird hovered above her, kissing her again and again, vowing to love none else, till in delicious sips, he drew all the honeyed sweetness from her fair lips, then away he flew to woo another with his sweet, but false words, and violet never saw him again.

Poor little violet mourned, drooped, and faded away, till the hot sun, from which he had sworn to protect her, beamed cruelly down upon her, then, with a sigh, she dropped her head and died.

Though this is but a fable, the moral is so plain it need not be written.

The Broken Heart.

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BY "NOMA."

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WHO can bind up the broken heart, the heart that is crushed, and torn, and bleeding and aching? Who can heal its pangs, when disappointment tears it asunder? Who can soothe it, when, crushed, it sees before it nothing but the blackness of despair? Who can feel for it, when every sob tears the bleeding wound still deeper? Who can pity it, when life is a blank, when there is nothing to live for, when bright hopes are vanished, when ambitions are gone, when fair prospects are ruined and blighted, when all that was dear, but awakens a fresh pang, and when it fain would be in its lonely home, and forever at rest?

Far down in my aching heart hear the answer; through the rustling trees it painfully echoes; from

the cataract it roars ; from the storm it thunders ; from the darkness of night it gleams ; from the forest I hear it carolled by thousands of sweet voiced songsters ; and far across the azure sky, fresh from the courts of heaven, borne on the fleet wings of faith, I hear the sweet and soothing answer whispered to my longing soul.—GOD.

Good-Bye.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

—:o:—

HOW the heart throbs, and tears unbidden start to the eye, when the hand is grasped for the last time, and these sad words are spoken. We gaze for the last time on the dear features of the one who goes far away over the ocean, mountain, lake and plain, we clasp the hand, say farewell, and turn away to weep. We know not when will come the happy time that we meet again, it may never be on earth ; and if it is, how changed will be everything. Some will be dead and gone ; others will be married ; little children will be grown up to men and women ; school boys will have won for themselves fame on the world's broad highway ; and middle aged men will have become old and grey-headed, tottering with their years, and calmly awaiting the summons that shall call them to enter the portals of the tomb. The face of nature will be very different ; where now rise dark frowning forests will appear neat villages, and stretch away in the distance waving fields.

It is with sorrowful hearts that we bid adieu to a dear one. Years, long dreary years of waiting and watching will elapse ere we clasp the hand and welcome home the dear wanderer, and it is with beating heart and tearful eye that the hand is pressed in the last magnetic clasp.

Long Lake.

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BY "NOMA."

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[*Long Lake is situated in the forest at the head of Cumberland Marsh.*

FEW have any idea of the rustic beauty of this woodland lake, almost excluded from access by forests, morasses, and fens. But once these obstacles are overcome, the scenery well repays the trouble encountered in reaching it. A sheet of water over a mile in length, smooth as polished glass, down to whose edge gently slope the mossy shores, crowned with noble trees, whose drooping branches hang over the surface of the water; the golden sunlight glittering on its quiet bosom, and the fleecy clouds drifting softly onwards in those azure heights so far above our heads, seem, to our enchanted minds, to be the realms of Fairyland.

When the water is smooth as a marble floor, with the trees just budding and leaving out, forming a delightful green border to its silvery surface; when the summer sun beams down upon the rippling waves, and summer breezes sweep over its surface, forming a thousand curling wavelets which come dancing merrily to the pebbly beach; when the forest has taken on its gorgeous tints of crimson and gold, and the sere leaves fall gently to the undulating water, or mournful autumn winds come sighing across the cold waves; when it is a gleaming sheet of ice, dotted here and there with banks of snow, and snow wreaths hang curling on the trees, presenting a scene which would drive the skater into ecstacy; when the morning sun casts his bright rays over the ripples; when the moon sheds her soft light on the glistening waters; and when the storm transforms its surface to a sea of foam, and the rain comes down in torrents, the lightning flashes, and

the thunder roars, Long Lake presents a scene of beauty well worth a day's travel to behold.

Cannot this beautiful lake, whose crystal waters nestle so calmly on their sandy bed, within their forest home; where the wild inhabitants of the woods slake their thirst, toss their noble heads, and bound away unharmed, rejoicing in freedom; where the foot of man seldom wanders, and whose shores have never been defaced by his destroying hand, boast a prouder and more romantic name than the commonplace one that now adorns it? Why, when sheets of water, with not half its beauty, bear names worthy of a Goddess, is this one left with nothing but unpretending "Long Lake?"

The Story of the Leaf Fall.

BY "NOMA."

MY dear little child, said a loving mother, "do you want to leave your mother?"

"No, mother dear," said the pretty little one, "I want to stay with you always."

"What makes you want to stay, my darling?"

"Because I love you so, mother."

"Then if you love me so well, would you not want to obey my wishes?"

"Do you wish me to go, mother?"—asked the child, trembling, "I thought we were always to live together."

"My darling, no mother ever wishes to give up her precious little ones, but the time will soon come when we must part forever, cling closely to me till then."

"Oh! mother, mother dear, why must I leave you?"

"Because, my dear, your father wishes you to; I would always keep you in my arms, could I do so."

"And am I never to see you again, my darling mother?"

"Perhaps you will only go such a little way that you can always look at me, and perhaps you will go such a long distance that we shall never see each each again."

"Where am I to go?"

"You are to go to a beautiful home, where you will never know any sorrow; you will have a couch of sweetest, softest moss; the golden sunlight will be your food, and the gentle dew your drink, you will be with your brothers and sisters, many of whom are now there, and many more to follow you; you will be happier than princes, for you will have a lovelier palace than they, and the little bright robed fairies will dance and sing in your pretty bowers; and you will never know anything but joy. But your mother's heart will sadly miss her little darling, and the tears will often fall from her eyes, in the dreary days that are coming."

"But why can't I always stay with you, mother dear, to keep the sorrow from your heart, and the tears from your eyes?" asked the little one, nestling closer, "I would rather stay with you."

"Because, dear one, your father has a sacred mission for you to fulfil."

"Why does he take a little child to do his mission?"

"Because my little darling is so pure and innocent."

"When am I to leave you, dearest mother?"

"Your father is calling you now."

"Oh! mother, mother darling, let me stay. I don't want to go. Oh! hold me fast, keep me in your loving arms, dearest mother."

"Oh! if I only could, my child, I would be so happy. Kiss me good bye, darling."

A gust of wind swept by, and a dear little delicate leaf, glowing with the brilliant hues of autumn, flutters from its parent elm to a resting place amid the moss beds.

A Reverie.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

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I WAS sitting at my desk, pondering on the miseries and disappointments of life, when suddenly I beheld one of fair form and beautiful countenance. She was clad in a snowy robe, reaching below her feet, on her brow was a wreath of flowers, and in her hand a golden harp. In a voice the sweetest to which I ever listened, she asked me:

"Unhappy mortal, what wouldst thou?"

"To be in some land where sorrow never comes, and disappointment is unknown."

"And what wouldst thou give to have thy wish?"

"I would give all my riches, and the fame I have won."

"To whom wouldst thou give thy riches?"

"To friends who have been true to me."

"Wouldst thou give none to the one thou lovest best?"

"Why should I?"

"To show that thou hast a forgiving spirit; thy heart is not pure. Remember! thou art as much in fault as she."

"What would you have me do?"

"Go to her, and on bended knee ask her pardon, receiving her forgiveness; then she will ask thy mercy, which thou must not withhold."

"Will this, fair spirit, bring me happiness?"

"Let the past be forgotten, and heed my words, if thou wouldst ever see happiness on earth."

"And is this the only way? is there no happy island, where the weary soul may rest, dwelling with spirits as beautiful even as thyself?"

"Is it not enough? art thou not yet satisfied? there is no place this side of Paradise where mortals may be

completely happy, and if thou wouldst ever enter its pearly gates, thou must forgive thine enemies on earth, even as thou wouldst be forgiven at the gates of Heaven."

"Is it true, sweet angel, that she will look upon me with loving eyes again?"

"Go thou, obey the words of Peace, whose office it is to hush the clamours of the rebellious heart, and who now speaketh to thee, and thou shalt be happy, and bless her name. Wilt thou do this?"

"Bright angel, what thou has bidden me, I will even do."

Ere I had time to finish my words, she touched her harp strings, and there fell upon my ear a flood of rapturous harmony, gently rising and falling, the sweetest music that ever charmed the spirit of mortal, and her song was a song of peace and reconciliation, too sweet to be aught but heavenly; the angel's face glowed with holy radiance, bright rays of golden glory shone round her head, giving to the never-fading flowers on her brow a new lustre, and while the glorious harp symphonies still soothed my troubled soul, I awoke, and lo! it was a dream.

Only a Broken Locket.

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BY "NOMA."

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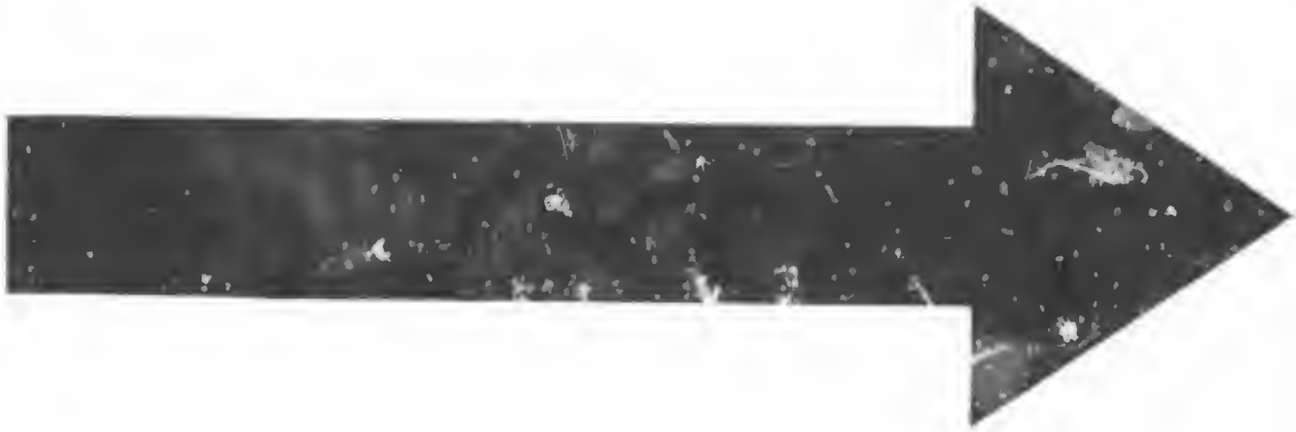
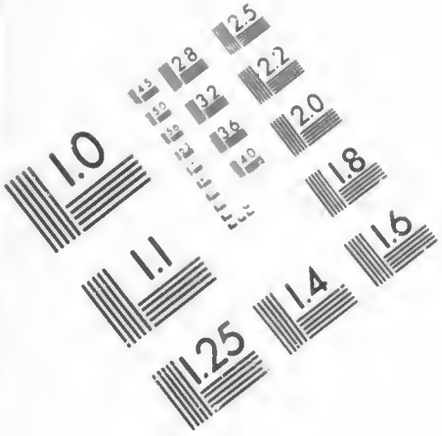
THIS only a little broken locket, lying on the desk before me, yet how very dear it is, for it reminds me of bygone days and happier hours. Dear companion of my wanderings, I would not part with it for many a golden coin. It whispers to me of happy, thrice happy hours that have fled. It speaks to me of that golden summer when first I wore it, of pleasant days spent in the schoolroom with bright eyed

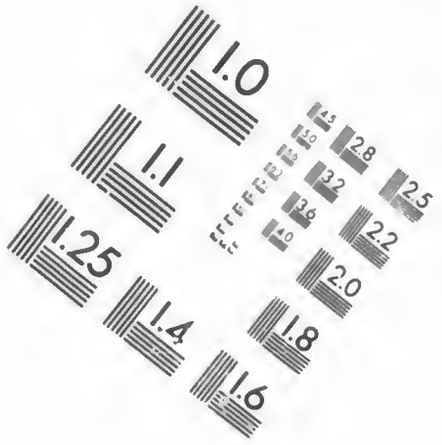
children, of weary tasks and sweet memories, the burden of care, the sense of rest when the schoolroom door was locked at night, and the smiling faces turned homeward. It reminds me of many a long ramble and pleasant journey. It calls back to me the winter that followed, a term of hard, hard toil, but which yielded golden fruits from the neverfailing tree of learning. It tells of sea-side sojourns and well remembered fishing and boating excursions, and thousands of other memories, confusedly mingled in the mind, that have fled like the creatures of a broken dream, into the dim past, leaving behind them a void and a heartache that refuse to be healed.

A sweet, sad face looks pleadingly at me from its casements, as though imploring not to be forgotten. No! not while life throbs will that picture be effaced from the tablets of the heart. Too sweet are the recollections of the past, with its vanished hopes and vain dreams and sunny memories, to be lightly forgotten. The past! to how many seared hearts does it bring again their happiest hours, to how many wounded spirits do its fair pictures bring joy and smiles, till the sorrows of the present intrude themselves like a mighty shadow, and the bright picture is forgotten in the cruel reality and bitterness that swept it from them. The past! the one bright spot in so many lives, ever kept green in our most secret heart cells.

Dear little locket! you shall ever be one of my sweetest treasures, bringing back to me the faded tints of the one fair picture that ever lingers close to my heart. A strange mist—not tears—comes over my eyes; I cannot write. Little locket! I must lay your delicate pieces, heart treasures, away.







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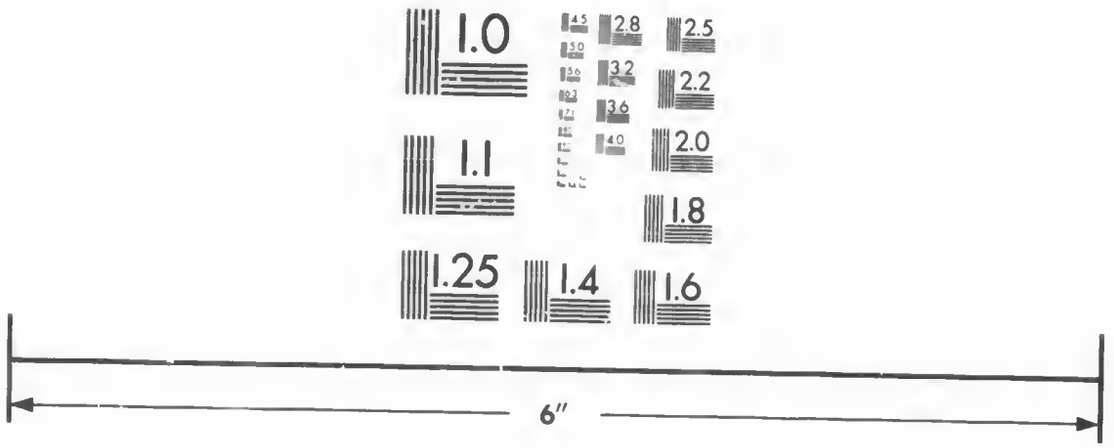

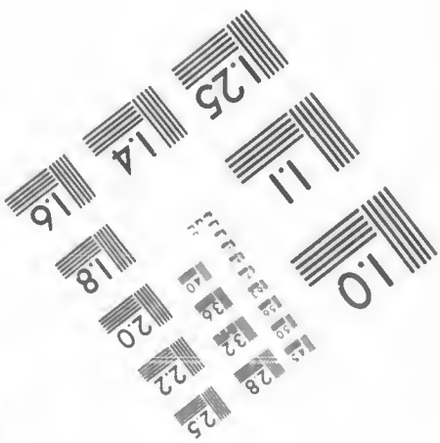

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23 WEST MAIN STREET
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On the Sea-Shore.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

—:o:—

ABOUT once a year I take a trip to the shores of the Northumberland Strait, a very pleasant place to spend a few days, bathing, fishing and gunning. I love to ramble around the old rocks, gun in hand, and listen to Nature's sweetest music—the breaking wave.

The journey is a pleasant one, as we go gaily past broad farms, where the hardy sons of toil are tossing and pitching the sweet scented hay, past churches, school houses and shops, past orchards, groves and meadows, up steep hills and down deep vales, making the big flocks of noisy geese get out of the way, as we go rattling over their favourite sunny spots,—which liberty they clamourously resent,— and on to the rustic bridge, beneath which the little fishes merrily glide to and fro in the dancing sunlight, past charming old mills, over lazy streams, where the speckled trout lie in the deep pools, eager for the "fly," past cool springs, with their welcome watering troughs, through low plains, where the berries grow in profusion, through deep shady forests, where the glancing sunbeams love to play with the wild flowers, and thousands of bright robed birds make the dark woods ring with their happy melody, up and down a few more hills, making the hours lively with song, and jest, and laughter, and hurrah! the blue waters of Northumberland Strait are in sight.

A few moments more, and we are on the beach, gathering curious shells, listening to the white capped billow, as it comes dashing madly on to the grey old rocks, breaking against their rugged sides with mournful music, and watching the sea gull, as, poising for a moment over the waters, it plunges, and then reappears, bearing away with a triumphant scream a finny victim.

How pleasant it is to sleep near the shore, and be lulled to rest by old ocean's goodnight song, for it seems to me that it has an ever-changing song for every hour, for every heart, and for every passion. For some it has a song of gladness and joy, for others the low wail of sorrow, the shriek of despair, or the dirge of death.

I arose one morning just as the sun was rising. Oh! what a glorious scene lay before me. The sky undimmed by a single vapour, the sloping beach and the giant rocks, the sharp headlands and quiet coves, in the distance the low reaches of Cape Tormentine and Prince Edward Island, the sea just stirred by the morning zephyr to a thousand little wavelets, shining in the sunlight like fretted gold, and the sun just emerging from his ocean bed, casting his beams far over the waters, a dazzling globe of light, beauty and glory, while a large ship, every swelling sail set, and banners flying top-mast high, seemed to be sailing right into that fountain of light. Oh! it was a glorious scene, a heavenly vision, that I must leave to a mightier pen than mine to paint.

Well do I remember that evening. The unclouded starry sky, with the moon set like a gem midst the twinkling worlds on high, the sleeping hamlet by the shore, seeming in the moonbeams like spirit dwellings rather than mortal habitations, the balmy air, fragrant with new mown grass, the sea like melted silver, as the gentle waves came softly to the pebbly beach, just kissing the stern rocks,—like a brighthaired little girl climbing on her grandfather's knee, smoothing back the silvery locks, and kissing the furrowed cheek,—formed a scene too beautiful to be earthly, seeming like an emanation from the spirit land. No pen can describe it, no brush transfer it to the canvass.

But what a different picture is there in my memory, of one dreadful night when a dark storm cloud swept by. The big rain drops came pouring down, the thunder roared in deafening tones, the lightning flashed till it seemed as if heaven and earth were on fire, and the mighty foam crested waves came rolling, dashing and tearing on to the eternal rocks, breaking with

frightful roar, as they madly essayed to tear them from their foundations and then all would for a moment be dark and still, save the howling of the wind and the driving rain. How we all held our breath, and could hear our hearts beating for very fear, while the storm king was abroad, warring with the elements. But storms pass by, and morning broke as clear and bright as if the angels had been walking the earth, strewing it with flowers.

It is with deep regret that we bid good bye to Bay Verte, for with bathing in its limpid waters, fishing in the rivers that empty into it, capturing the speckled trout, roaming around the shores, gathering curiosities, and enjoying the fresh sea-breeze, our visit is a pleasant one.

Death of Joseph Howe.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

—:o:—

NEATH graceful folds of heavy drapery, in gubernatorial halls, with all his honours and glory clustering above his noble brow, a never fading diadem, surrounded by his weeping family, on whose ears gently fall the sobs of a mourning nation, reposes the well known form of Nova Scotia's proudest son,—Joseph Howe, statesman, poet and orator,—from whose wreath of fame no leaves have fallen, who was ever the idol of the people, who, when dangers hung dark and lowering over his loved native land, was ever foremost in the strife, until victory crowned his efforts, and who, when the death messenger appeared, was found ready to cross the Dark Valley without a murmur or regret.

From station to station, from rank to rank, the hero fought his way, until he won the highest position his

native land could offer him, and which no other so well deserved, for no son of Nova Scotia ever struggled so manfully and untiringly for the right as did he who now lies in his coffin, lamented by sorrowing thousands.

No more will the silvery accents of his matchless eloquence be heard in Parliaments, Senates and Assemblies, before Kings, Queens and Lords, no more will vaulted roofs reëcho with cheer upon cheer, as his burning words awoke the fires of patriotism and national feeling.

He may have had faults, he may have committed mistakes, but in the battle he thought they were for the best ; never did he betray the people who put their trust in him, and to-day his mistakes are forgotten, a veil has fallen over his faults, and we talk only of his noble deeds, in our sorrow for the great man, wisely casting aside all remembrance of aught but the good he has performed, and without which we would now be an unhappy people. On this sad day let no evil be spoken of him we loved so well.

It was Sabbath morning when he passed to his Eternal Rest, free from all the care and turmoil of statesmanship. Without, the golden sun was rising from his orient bed ; within, in the darkened chamber, where only low sobs of sorrow and parting words broke the stillness, the wearied soul of the loved man was passing from earth to Paradise, while round his dying form gleamed bright beams of honour, glory and a nation's love, in their sacred brightness and purity outrivalling the orb of day. That quiet Sabbath morning was a fitting close for the great man's life.

He survived not long his well earned honour, for the feeble body could not wield the sceptre of state, when far past its prime.

The funeral cortege moves forth, the grave is closed over the remains of Nova Scotia's loved chieftain, and we turn from the sad scene, where stands the black bier, where solemn music is thrilling the soul's inmost chords, where banners are floating at halfmast, where a multitude is weeping, and seek our closet, silently dropping a tear to his memory. What more fitting tribute than a tear could we pay ?

A Fragment.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

—:o:—

THE golden glow of the afternoon sun rests softly on the beautiful landscape and the blue sea; the air is quiet and balmy; white clouds of changing forms drift slowly through the sky; the ripening grain fields and pleasant meadows slope to the sandy shell strewn beach; the swelling waves come gently rolling on, till arrested by the divine command, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," and then break on the rocks with low, murmuring music, that stills all harsh feelings, like a sweet spirit song; the grey old rocks grow soft in the mellow light; a bright faced, lighthearted young maiden wanders idly along the beach, gathering the many-hued shells, and softly singing:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, oh sea!"

and as the shadows begin to lengthen, the maiden is seated beneath a leafy tree, eagerly watching a tiny speck floating upon the waves, far, far out at sea. The dim object draws nearer and nearer, till at last it comes to shore, a boat, with neither sail nor oar. The maiden goes to meet it, as she has don many and many a time before, but when she sees it is empty, and finds no familiar form there, she leans, weak, helpless and despairing, upon the bow, unconscious that the waves are tossing it in sport, and one true woman's loving heart weeps the empty, joyless hours away, grief stricken and lonely forevermore.

Amherst.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

—:o:—

OUR county town is pleasantly situated at the head of Cumberland Basin, about three miles from the shore. Looking in the direction of the Basin, we can see its waters, at times lying like a silver lake, and again red and turbulent, as the tide rushes up the narrow channel, while beyond, the Shepody Mountains lift their dark, forest-clad forms against the deep blue sky, and bound the vision that fain would look beyond, and behold the glories of the far West, the land of the setting sun. But Nature has decreed that we shall not be partakers of these glories, and we turn for consolation to the hills and vales, the forests, the lakes, the vast marshes—waving with their abundant verdure or dotted with shapely stacks—and the snug farms, with their neat ivy-embowered cottages, their waving grain fields, and their orchards—white with spring blossoms or golden with autumn fruit—which stretch away on every side, forming a landscape on which the eye delights to rest, and which causes a feeling of pride to fill the heart of every dweller on these sloping hills, as he reflects that this is his home, the land of his birth.

The village—surrounded by hills and vales, forests, lakes, flowing streams and broad marshes—is quite a neat and pretty little town. Where sixty or seventy years ago, were only a few log cabins, rude habitations of the first settlers, now stand edifices which might well be a pride to towns of older growth, the marts of industry, wealth, and unbounded prosperity. Where in the years of long ago, roamed the wild Indian; where wandered the noble deer, untouched by rifle ball or buckshot charge; where sang the bright robed, sweet voiced warblers of the forest; and where the gentle rivulet danced softly over its pebbly bed, its

music unheard by the ear of the white man, are now broad, shady streets and stately buildings. The beauty of the "forest primeval" has been rudely broken by the defacing hand of man, but in its place has arisen a town of which we may well be proud.

The past history of Amherst presents a record of prosperity and progress, clearly showing that the watchword of its people is "Onward." As the past has been so bright, what may we not hope for the future? She now has railway communication with Halifax on the shores of the billowy Atlantic, and San Francisco on the broad Pacific, and with the prospect of at no very distant day seeing the waters of Bay Fundy united with those of Baie de Verte,—when the long projected Baie de Verte Canal is constructed, how can we predict too bright a future for our little town?

In the immediate neighbourhood of thousands of acres of the best marsh in the world, in the midst of a splendid farming section, with fine manufacturing capabilities, and with land and water communication with all parts of the world, is it too much to say, that those who live to see sixty years from now will find that Amherst has progressed during the coming sixty years, as in the past sixty?

We can glide forward, on the wings of fancy, to the day when Amherst shall have become a city; when ever busy, surging crowds hurry through her long, broad streets, intent upon gain, or hasten to her lofty halls to listen to the burning eloquence of her own orators; when vast manufactories arise on every hand; when her marts of commerce are frequented by a throng of wealthy, intelligent, enterprising men, competent to make her a city in more than the mere name. Amherst has progressed vastly during the last few years, and we trust that the work will not now stop, but will go on, until at last our little village will become a pride to our native land.

A Dreary Journey.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

—:o:—

IT had been snowing and blowing nearly all night, and when daylight appeared, it showed huge banks blocking up the roads, while the snow fell in myriads of beautiful, feathery, multiform flakes, and the wind still raged, carrying them in every direction. It was with no very pleasant feelings that I arose that morning, for a long journey through that howling storm, and over those big snow banks, lay before me. I would fain have remained at home, seated by the pleasant fireside, enjoying Byron's descriptions of scenes so very different from those I was to see to-day, but stern necessity willed that it should be otherwise.

About noon my father and myself, donning overcoats, mufflers and snow-shoes, set out on our journey. The storm had now lulled, merely to take a breathing spell, and then burst forth anew. The wind howled and raved, driving the snow in almost blinding clouds. Well for us was it that the wind was not frosty, or we would probably have perished, and the snow have formed white mounds above our bodies, depened in curling wreaths from our cold, stark limbs, and been our winding sheet. We had intended to take horses, when our journey would have been short and pleasant, but the storm having rendered the highways impassable, we were obliged to adopt the Indian style of locomotion—snow-shoes.

We passed on, by farmhouses and huge barns, by churches, schoolhouses and shops, and dark groves, until night began to settle, just as we came in sight of a low, dreary plain, through which we had to pass. Oh! how desolate, cold and uninviting an aspect it wore. Clumps of small tamaracks and dwarf spruces stood here and there, their stunted forms covered with

snow, contrasting strangely with their dark outlines; beyond the plain, a low, dark forest seemed but to add to the gloom: and over head, dull, leaden coloured clouds,—with here and there a rift, which made them take a still more dreary aspect,—drifted on before the wind. We travelled on, through the wild waste, where for a long distance not a single lamp cast its cheering rays into the night, illuminating the almost weird darkness. We had gone a long way without passing a single habitation, when far back from the road, seemingly amid the trees, we beheld the light from the window of a single log hut, which stood alone on the plain, with no companion but an old barn, some hundred yards from the road, and which for years has been but a mass of ruins, fast crumbling to decay. Rumor speaks of dark deeds perpetrated here in times gone by, and with the gloom of night upon this dreary scene, it was enough to awaken a ghostly fear in the minds of the timid.

However, we now soon left this dreary region, and reached our destination, rejoicing to be once more at a pleasant fireside, with kind friends and smiling faces around us.

I have passed over the same road under summer skies, when roses and sweet wild flowers were blooming, birds singing, and nature smiling, finding it pleasant and beautiful; but never do I wish to traverse it again under the same circumstances on that long to be remembered dreary day.

Death of Joseph Howe.

—:o:—

BY "NOMA."

—:o:—

PAUSE for a moment, sheathe the gleaming sword; furl the waving banner; let the ploughman cease from turning the flowery sod; let all sounds of labour cease; let the orator's voice be hushed; let the sounding trumpet be silent, or breathe out a low, solemn dirge; let the wind cease to whistle across the moor; let ocean's melancholy sigh be still; and let a nation come and drop a tear, and breathe a prayer at the bedside of the noblest statesman whose voice ever thrilled with the fires of eloquence the hearts of admiring thousands, as his spirit passes from earth to the far beyond. It is no haughty patrician claims our homage, it is no plebeian asks our honours; it is one far above, far nobler than these—it is a genius, a son of freedom, one who, from his boyhood's days, loved well his native land, and made her welfare his life's work.

In his boyish days, when others of his age would be sporting with their toys, Joseph Howe would cast aside with scorn the baubles of the playground, and wandering through his native groves, would think, and plan, and picture out to himself the bright future, when fame and honour should be his, while his flashing eye alone proclaimed the thoughts that were passing in his mind. As he advanced in years, when others of his age would be rambling the streets, the debating club welcomed his presence, where his speech was always the best, and most warmly applauded. As he reached the years of manhood, his genius shone forth with a lustre which nothing could dim, and rapidly he climbed the golden ladder, the flowery paths of fame, until he reached the glorious summit, and looked with a proud smile upon his past labours, while Fame placed upon his brow the unfading wreath, and to those below, who, following in

his footsteps, struggled to reach the lofty pinnacle, she said in silvery tones, "The wreath is not for thee,"—and the far off hills and rocks softly echoed—"not for thee."

As a statesman, an author, and a poet, the same genius pointed out the sterling qualities of a great and noble man, and paved the way to honour. If ever there lived a political hero, Joseph Howe was the man, for he raised a people from political bondage to political liberty.

By the fireside, in the council room, on the platform, pouring forth his impassioned words before a sea of eager faces, he was still the same inspired genius, and beloved by all. No bitter party feelings ever quenched that love. Men might hate the cause he espoused, but him they could not. They might come before him with bitter, scornful words, thinking to make him tremble, but soon they quailed before his glance, and shrank away, abashed, before his words.

In the fireside circle he was genial, kind and cheerful; in the halls of council, he was just, upright, and uncorrupted; and on the platform, he was peerless. Where will you look for a statesman to match him? Tupper, Blake, McKenzie, or across the foaming Atlantic, Gladstone or Disraeli? Place them on the platform together, and even as the midnight torch makes the surrounding gloom still deeper, so will Joseph Howe, by the bright beams of his honour and glory, throw into the shade the host of brilliant orators by whom he may be surrounded, and he alone will claim the homage of admiring thousands, and he alone will live in the hearts of a loving people,—while grey-haired men, themselves fast tottering to the grave will teach their little grandchildren to love the spotless and unsullied name of Howe, and to shield it from aught of evil.

He has fulfilled his life's mission. He has won his way, from the ranks of the people, to the highest position his native land could bestow upon him, and now, having reached the summit of his earthly ambition, and wearing a bright diadem of love, honour, and glory, he rests from his weary labours.

Within the darkened chamber, surrounded by his weeping family, with the sobs of a mourning nation falling softly upon his ear, and with a smile upon his lips, the soul of our loved chieftain is passing from earth to the glories of Paradise.

If you have tears to give, shed them now, in this sad hour. If you bear not in your bosom a heart of stone, weep with those who mourn his loss, for the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, and we shall behold our honoured hero no more in life, he will mingle with us no longer in our daily avocations. Can you withhold a tear, as you gaze upon his cold, marble brow, or behold him borne to the tomb?

And are all thoughts, all our fond memories of him, to vanish, as his coffin is lowered into the grave, and is our love for him to be quenched with the clod that falls so solemnly upon his coffin lid? No, he will live for ages in the hearts of his people, his memory will be kept green, and he will be loved, as long as man has a heart to love the great and noble.

Opera "Stan Black"
Cum Annotationibus
inedibili Labore
a D. Scoto
Comparata -

Part Second---Poems.

BY VORSA.

The Morning Dream.

I HAD a blissful morning dream,
And superstitions say
A dream is surest to come true
When dreamed at dawn of day.

High into the world of bliss
I ascended, in my dream,
There I saw a blue-eyed angel,
And her hair in ringlets flowed,
And her face the rest outshone
Of the angels that around her
Sung their hymns of bliss and praise.
Oh! I knew that maiden's features,
I had seen her on the earth:
When she saw me there she started,
Ceased her singing, ran to me,
Flew,—with virgin pride embraced me,
Said to me, with tearful eyes,
Do you feel that while on earth,
Do you feel that all was right?
You remember how we parted,
When our love was in its bloom,
You, you know, were bold in love,
I was rather diffident,
And for that cause, and that alone,
I decided not to answer."
But I dare not tell the rest
Of what that maiden angel said,
Lest I might to you reveal
A hidden secret of the heart.
At that maiden's voice I trembled

As I ne'er had done before,
I did not feel that I was guilty
But to know she thought me so
Was what made my heart so heavy,
Was what made me wake in tears.
Down to earth again I fell,
With her words upon my heart
(There they rest indelible,
There they will forever rest),
And her face is still before me,
And her eyes are beaming bright,
But above all things she whispers,
"Do you feel that all was right?"

The Mystery of the Spare Bed.

THERE stands the old house, still;
Before the door some flowers grow,
That seem to take their fill
Of all that Nature can bestow;
Proud still to charm the eye
Of every passer-by,
They gently bow to every breeze,
They bow, but never bend their knees.

But there the house still stands,
And close beside, the gate still swings,
Which, oft, a lover's hands
Have opened, thoughtless of love's wings.
But love is fleet of wing,
And flown, he leaves a sting
To agitate the cruel wound
That, flying, he has left unbound.

Yes, still the house is there;
That house,—it tells a tale

Of early life, to one whose care
  Has made him old and pale
Before his time; alas!
That he his youth should pass
In loving one whose hand and heart
Knew but the one deceitful art.

'Twas March, long years ago,
  A mystic nymph that house espied—
Resolved the place to know,
  And entered—mystery her guide.
She found the spare bed-room
And in it found a broom;
Resolved at once the walls to sweep,
Which always puts a nymph to sleep.

Why did she wish to sleep?
  Because she felt, what well she knew,
A mystic spell, to creep on her,
  Which magic's mystery drew
From out the choicest shafts
Of her romantic craft.
She slept, and dreamed; her dream was brief,
But, O! it brought her such relief.

She thrust her mystic hand
  Between the mattresses, and there—
Yes there, while zephyrs fanned
  Her brow and waved her silken hair—
She found a *letter* hid;
She lifted up the lid
Of one of her deep, searching eyes,
And read, with not a feigned surprise.

She then departed thence,
  But, Oh, the dream she dreamed was true,
And 'tis with no pretence but truth
  We tell it all to you.
The letter was from one
Who everything had done
To win a seeming loving maid,

And all attentions were repaid,—
Until he ventured on
A little further than he should,
She turned her heel upon
And answered not, nor answer would;
But he, enamoured still,
Loved on, despite ill-will;
She hated, but he would love on,
Until his latest hope was gone.

And when they often met
They did not even deign to speak:—
How passing strange that yet
No vengeance he did wreak.
For, though compelled by pride
To 'ffect disdain, he tried,
Yet, "Deep within his glowing soul
The tyrant—Love—spurned all control."

He knows she loves him not,
He knows her heart—once fond—is cold,
He knows her every thought
Is of revenge, he sees her told
Backbiting in her tongue,
Deceitful words which, sung
To ears unused a lie to hear,
Elicit both the sneer and jeer.

The chord of love was strong,
Deep-rooted in his youthful heart,
But now he feels the "chord of song"
Right soon between they two must part.
He feels the bondage break,
He feels himself to shake
With strange emotions, when set free,
He once more breathes sweet liberty.

And now he smiles to think
Of youthful love, and youthful joys.
From love he now would shrink,
For love is but a thing for boys.

'Tis fancy lends the charms
The lover's heart disarms,
Reality that makes him feel
'Twas folly, foolishness to kneel.

The Planet World.

I

IS there no world where beings dwell,—
Angels, nor fiends, nor mortals,—save in Hell,
In Earth and Heav'n? No other sphere
Where lives a soul—afar nor near?
Get thee away through boundless space,
With thought itself keep equal pace,
Till our sun seen from so far
Appear but as a tiny star,
Press onward further, if you will—
There's endless space before you still—
Till this whole system's lost to view
Hidden by intervening blue.
And still pursue your course anon,
Until you can look back upon
A thousand systems, breadths combined,
All governed by The Master Mind.
Still on, a million times as far,
And find one planet to a star.
There stop, and view that planet, lone
Which never-fallen mortals own;
For thou canst gaze in ecstacy,
A day, or till Eternity.
It has no moon to cheer the night,
But stars are near that, large and bright,
Shed a still more refulgent light.

II.

Now gazing, question if you can
That planet is a world for man,
Adapted to him, for him made,
With glorious sun and lovely shade;
There nature proves a pow'r unknown,
A skill on earth 'she'th never shown.
The lily's tint, the rose's hue,
The modest little violet's blue,
And all that Nature here can boast
In that high world must soon be lost;
For what are they when once compared
To what she there hath proudly reared?
One flow'r we know not here below
Doth ever in that planet grow,
So large that 'neath its pleasant shade
A million meaner flow'rs arrayed
In gorgeous tints and colors fair—
More fair than those of earth—appear.
Beneath its seven wide-spread leaves,
On clear and pleasant starlight eves,
Thousands of youths with maidens dance
Whose eyes—like those of wild romance—
Are sparklets glittering and bright,
When looked upon in mirthful night;—
The flower's name is Adolite.

III.

That planet has no mines of gold,
And nothing there is bought or sold,
For there no "Mother Eve" was led
To have her offspring *earn* their bread
By purchasing for them a curse
Than which there scarce could be a worse.
There's neither war nor hatred there;
There is no feeling like despair;
No brow that ever has been wet
With drops of toil-extracted sweat;
But all in song and dance unite,

Beneath the shady Adolite,
To praise the universal King,
To whose omnipotence they cling.
The bible is their only creed,
As all the same religion need,
And to it all forever yield,
That when the Book on High be sealed,
Which tells the life they led in Time,
It shall contain no page of crime
To break their grand fraternity,
And curse them for eternity.
That Book is not on paper writ
But on a substance far more white
Which fades not, but is ever bright.

IV.

That planet does no poison know,
For on it there did never grow
A shrub, or brush, or tree, or vine,
That could with other plant combine
To make its victims those who ate.
No serpent's poison generate,
Nor lie in springing posture curled.
If any in that planet world
Prefer to wander in the wood,
And live a time in solitude,—
To watch the brooklet's course along
Their own-made courses, full of song,
And feel the wild and stirring thrill
That there they cannot fail to feel—
No foe of man they e'er may meet,
But there are wild-trees all replete
With fruit of which they may partake,
So hunger may not overtake.
Those who may choose to roam abroad
Into the wild, luxuriant wood;
Unarmed to venture boldly forth
To East or West, to South or North.
As told before, they have no foes
So onward each thus lonely goes,
No dread his mind to discompose.

V

Without a law are they content—
A civil law or government—
Who in that planet world do live,
And truest happiness derive
From virtue, holiness, and love,
The best of angels' joys above.
There none attempt to win renown;
There none do strive for kingly crown;
None ever think of costly dress;
Nor wish great riches to possess;
None have the slightest dread or fear
Of scornful look ar taunting jeer;
None seem to feel that strange desire
To mount up still forever higher,
Which we on earth too often feel,
Despite that eloquent appeal:
"Be not of fame and honor vain
Ambition often leads to pain."
Now who disputes a world may be
Which we poor mortals never see,
Where men like us do live, and move,
And serve, like us, the God above?
Let such peruse Chalmer's discourse
Then turning, say, "Oh yes, of course,
For *us* was made the Universe."

Lod Rold.

—:o:—

OUR hero's qualities we will not name,
'Tis useless all his merits to depict;
He lived not for an empty, wide-spread name,
For all such things he, in his heart, disliked.
We follow Lod through many a winding turn
Of his mysterious course, simply to learn
Just how he gladly smiled, and how he sighed,
Just how he lived, and how and where he died.

One night he went, as usual, to his bed
(The sky was clear, the moon and stars were bright),
And on the pillow laid his aching head,
That he might well enjoy this charming night.
Toil-worn and weary, he had oft reclined
Upon this couch—the best that he could find—
And many a time, and oft he had been blessed,
While lying there, with sweet, refreshing rest.

When he had here lain down in peace to sleep,
From toil and labor free, released from care,
In dreams he dreamed that o'er him there did creep
A startling night-mare from oblivion air,
And then, we know, before him there did rise
Demons and fiends; with frightful yells and cries
They rose before him, and then disappeared,
But soon, unsatisfied, they reappeared.

In dream from out his troubled sleep he rose,
And taking ammunition, knife, and gun,
And basket filled with eatables and clothes,
His first night-walk was very soon begun.
He did not stop to bid his friends farewell,

For, in his converse with the fiends of hell,
He thought not of the friends he left behind,
But launched out, waiting not for tide or wind.

He walked till morning's golden hours came;
Over projecting rocks ne'er seen before
He walked, and sought--though sought in vain for game.
At length, he saw the lake, and on its shore
Sat devils clothed in garments that were red,
And dripped with blood; and now, with dizzy head,
He saw them sailing on the ruffled lake—
He saw, that tempted Eve, the self-same snake.

Such sights he saw that from his sleep he woke,
When, lo! the demons vanished from his sight.
They sought seclusion in a cloud of smoke
That hung about his pathway all the night.
Waking, the clear, calm lake was still the same
As when to view its waters first he came,
But on its grasses now the wild duck fed,
Unmindful of the hunter's rounded lead.

Now, far from home, and knowing not which way
He needs must go to find his much-loved cot,
Lod aims his gun at the wild ducks at play,
And, lo! behold! six ducks have felt the shot,--
But time is precious to those who do read
And so we will not loiter, but proceed—
For eighteen days he wandered without food,
Except what he might get among the wood.

And now the nineteenth day has come; behold!
Lod has not met a soul, and stands alone;
He stands upon a rock projecting bold;
All hopes of ever reaching home have flown
The sun has leapt into the eastern sky,

As though he longed fair nature to espy,
And dew-drops sparkle, too, on every side.
Lod, looking on the splendor, only sighed.

One moment more, and now, Lod's eye is set,
Nothing, however dread, could break that gaze.
What 'tis he sees I scarce will tell you yet,
His eyes are eyes of fire, all ablaze.
Hear what he says, and then we all shall know
What 'tis that makes his face turn white as snow.
I will not tell you what he saw, ah! nay,
But listen to what Lod himself did say:—

"There is the work of man;
Man carved that stone;
That is the work of man,
And man alone.

"Steps there are seventeen,
Top has a lock;
Walls as they've ever been,
Rough, solid rock."

Thus spake Lod, as he left his former stand,
And climbed the steps he called "the work of man.'
He found they were, indeed, carved by man's hand,
They showed that genius, and great pow'r to plan,
Had been employed in laying those vast lairs
Of copper, earth, and stone, and all his hairs
Stood upright at the sight of men of brass,
Standing as though defying him to pass.

The gods beheld and trembled, as they saw
Lod touch a spring of old and rusty steel.
The sun himself seemed to stand still in awe,
For louder than the loudest thunder's peel

Was the tremendous crash that Lod had caused;
The universe seemed moved and Satan paused,
Perchance that he might hear what next should come,
For there was an unceasing, rumbling hum.

Observe: Lod stands entirely alone,
Before him is a vault for ages closed
Against the air, and to the light unknown;
And whitened bones are to his sight exposed,
And swords, and spears, and bayonets, and shields—
All of the weapons that a soldier wields—
And skins, and sacks, and flags, and food that was;
All these were there, and Lod to fear had cause.

While thus he gazed, and pondered, and stood still,
And peered into the vaults, and tried to gather will,
A charming spirit from some unknown world
Broke on his vision, and a flag unfurled
That glistened with the blood—the blood of war—
And roused his heart as ne'er it was roused before.
The spirit spoke, and Lod obeyed the charm,
Believed the charmer would repel all harm.

They entered, and walked straight toward a chest
Which with his gun Lod touched, when lo! it fell
In crumbles to the floor, while he, distressed,
Could not a gloomy thought on Time expel.
And on that floor of copper, glass, and stone,
A flag, with the device "Violion"
He found. The chest contained a paper old,
That of a great and bloody battle told:

"When from the North came down that warlike horde,
Glittering in steel, for war arrayed,
The brave old Lonarew unsheathed his sword,

And spake, 'Be not afraid
To fight beneath Violion.'

"Dark was the day when that war-fiend, the foe,
Leading his force, to battle came,
To fight our veterans, whose blood must flow
To death, ere they to shame
Would yield beneath Violion.

"And Lonarew marched forth with his small force—
Thousands they were, and yet were few,
For thrice their number viewed their onward course,
And smiled, and said 'They'll rue
They bore to-day Violion.'

"Then all our men to Lonarew gave ear,
Resolved and calm, serene and stern,
He spoke, without the shadow of a fear:
'Now men, our foes must learn,
No cowards bear Violion.'

"Then from the hill there came a dreadful charge,
Scorning our troops, came rushing on
Some hundred thousand men, and did discharge
Their shafts, and charged upon
The bearers of Violion.

"With stern resolve our men withstood the shock,
Baffled the foe; the foe turned back.
Again, they flung themselves upon that rock
Of ours, found their mistake,
And fled the flag Violion.

"Thus may we ever rout our cruel foes;
Banner of gold, by Fate assigned
The victor's glory, who that liveth knows.

Thy name may not be twined
With Time dazzling Violon."

When Lod had read, he laid the paper by,
And gazed with feelings he could ne'er express,
Upon those walls, and soon resolved to try
If he might reach the end,—resolved to press
Far as he could into the silent vault.
And thus 'gainst fate he made the grand assault.
Forward, and forward still, he eager pressed,
His limbs not wearied, nor his mind depressed.

But suddenly a flash—a vivid flash
Of light lit up the non-poetic scene,
And then 'twas dark. A noise—a sudden crash—
As though the whole roof o'er was falling in—
Broke on his ear,—and all again was still.
Once more a bright light seemed the vault to fill,
And this was lasting, but when he looked back
Rocks lay piled high upon his backward track.

And soon he realized he was alone,
His spirit guide had left him to himself.
He wrote the following lines, then laid him down,
And calmly yielded up the spirit-self:

"Now that my fate is sealed,
And I must die,
I think of how I kneeled,
With moistened eye,"

Beside my mother's knee,
When I was young,
Of how she talked with me,
And how she sung.
"I think of days gone by,

Days ever dear,
Which, just before I die,
Calls forth a tear.
It is a tear of joy,
And not of grief;
Thoughts of myself—a boy—
Brings me relief.

I think of how I loved
A maiden fair,
And how we two have roved,
A joyous pair,
Along the beach at night;
How soft, yet shy,
How piercing and how bright
Her soul-lit eye.

I think I almost hear
The angels come;
I know that they will bear
My spirit home,
To peaceful rest above,
Where I'll kneel down,
And for my "love for love"
Receive a crown.

Conversational Cards.

A FARCE.

—:o:—

I WENT to that party to which I was asked,
When all thoughts of care to the winds I have cast;
I felt young and sprightly as ever I did—
A young man of twenty, with upper lip hid.

Conversational cards came instead of a dance,
And it happened (I suppose it was only by chance)
They requested that I should begin at the play,
And much to my sorrow I felt bound to obey ;

So I fixed upon one—a young lady in blue—
And said to myself, " Here's a question for you ;"
So, though bashful I was, I made a bold stand,
And read thus to the maiden, " Will you give me
your hand ?"

But she turned up her nose, and she laughed me to scorn,
And she answered with words that went in like a thorn,
" Don't be silly," said she , and then all in the room
Laughed so that I felt they were sealing my doom.

So the questions went round, and each one had his turn,
And my face was already beginning to burn,
When the lady in blue, whose turn it was next,
Looked into my eyes with a look that perplexed.

Then she looked at her card, and once more looked at me
And put me this question, " Do you think of me ?"
Now I'll tell you a fact, that the *card* was to blame
When I answered her ladyship, " It is the same."

When my turn came again my question I knew,
And I read to the maiden appareled in blue,
" Allow me, fair maiden, to ask for your weight."
' I do not object," she said, not out of date.

Another then asked her, " Are you not tired ?"
Which made my pulse quicken, my watchful eye fired;
But the answer of this charming girl all in blue
To the fellow who questioned her was, " Yes, of you,"

Her turn, so much watched for, had soon come again,
And she glanced right at me, and she smiled sweetly then,
And read from her card just thre[illegible]ds, "Do you shave?"
So an answer I got, and an answer I gave.

And this is the answer I gave her, my friends,
"For an answer, as needs be, I'm at my wits' ends.
"Are all well?" I then asked, sympathetically,
And with blushes she answered, "I have no family."

I heard others question, "I heard their applause,"
I knew they were laughing, but knew not the cause,
I was lost in thought more than as at a task,
To know, when my turn came, what question to ask.

When my turn came I asked her, "Do you love another?"
And her answer was "Yes sir; I do love my mother."
Then she asked not me, but a young dandy near,
"Gentleman! sir, are you not an heir?"

Then I got up my mad, and awaited my turn,
And when it arrived she perhaps did discern,
I in study was lost, or in thought did revel,
And I asked her then, "Do you love the Devil?"

Then I was touched, for her answer was such—
Here it is: "Yes; I admire you much."
Then this charming young lady, apparel'd in blue,
Read to a young fellow, "I do love you."

Another admirer addressed the same lass:
"Your servant I am;" but, for him, alas!
She answered—which made him look pretty tame,
"With the kitchen darkey *it is the same.*"

Ord Loil; or, the Spring Ramble.

NO breath of air to break the calm
That lay upon the river there,
Where Ord Loil, seated in the pleasant shade
Of many flourishing young palm,
Thought of vain glories and how soon they fade,
Of fame, and greatness, what they are,
Of man's accomplishments, how few
They are, compared with what they might have been
If none had done an act to rue
And all e'er happened could have been forseen.

He looked upon the tranquil sheet
That lay before him, long and wide,
Trees saw their shadows in its mirror face
And dipped their foliage at his feet,
Flowers were hanging, of all hues, and grace
That would become a royal bride.
Melodious notes of joyful sound
At times came, warbled by some songster gay,
Which, hidden in the wood around,
Knew not man listened to its simple lay.

Behind, a rugged mountain rose
Magnificently high and bold,
Upon its summit Heaven seemed to rest,
And half-way down the Sun t' repose
In all his noon-attired glory dressed:
Just long enough perhaps t' unfold
The secrets of another day.
That mountain's heights ne'er knew a trace of man,
No child of even human clay
E'er trod its loftiest heights since time began.

Trees grew far down the mountain's side
Luxuriant with their tinted leaves:
Some dead; and yet, so beautiful in death
That with the living tints they vied:
Some in old age appeared to draw their breath

As near the end,—but youth releaves
The solemn sadness of the scene,
For may a leaf is yet but in the bud
And many more are growing fresh and green
That show the skill of Nature's God.
Close by our [illegible] lay a smooth, dark rock
On which he [illegible] the following address
To the Mountain:

"Oh! Mountain, looming, towering, grand,
Beyond control of mortal hand,
Why should'st thou from mankind conceal
The secrets thou could'st well reveal?
Why rise so high that none may see
The glories of the scenery?
Why rise above each lowly thing
And scorn the strongest eagle's wing?
Dost thou not know what man has done?
And thinkest thou his course is run?
That he shall not before the end
Thy lofty heights, unscared, ascend?
But oh! e'en as I write I feel
A something in my brain to reel,
I'm looking for thy giddiest height
But 'tis a vain—though fond—delight.
Thou art so e'en surpassing high
It looks, forsooth, as though the sky
And all the mists of vapoured rain
Know not the heights thou dost attain,
That what's upon thy future side
Man knows not yet, is not denied.
This proves not he shall never know,
For man goes high and man goes low;
He has a genius to explore,
And cares not none have gone before.
He rides o'er ocean's storm-tossed wave,
He lives for glory and the grave,
He is not satisfied with fame
Until he wins a hero's name,
Terrific gales tear up the trees
That bend not to the stiffest breeze,
And send them whirling with the rocks

Which bind them firmer than the locks
In prison dungeons hold the chains
Of prisoners, whose wicked brains
Planned mischief which their hands have done,
Regardless of the Three in One.
But I, e'en I, am young and strong
And I will climb thy side e'er long;
Though youthful, yet with buoyant hope
My mind is stirred with thee to cope,
And I will see thy further side,
Else in a vain attempt have died,
Ere many suns have gone to rest
In their all-radiant splendour dressed,
So scorn me not in low contempt;
To-day I start in the attempt.
And you, oh! men, whoe'er shall read,
Remember that it was decreed
By youthful Fancy uncontrolled,
That I should climb this mountain bold;
And that Ord Loil has gone to do
That which mankind has failed, and you
If e'er on earth you see him more
May know he is a conqueror."

He felt that quiet, beautous scene,
That river still, and smooth, and clear,
The birds still singing and the shade still cool.
He left,—not with the stately mien
Of courtier—straighter than a rule,
But with a gait that showed no fear,
A youthful step, a hopeful air.
He left, and left of him no other trace
Than the now told inscription there
To mark his pleasant resting-place,

With a bared breast, and buoyant tread
He climbed up from the mountain's base.
Some distance up successfully he rose,
Then stopped, for far above his head
High rocks his upward passage did oppose.
These were surmounted, and his face

Glowed with such a triumphant smile
He may describe, who can describe the glee
With which a youthful heart may fill
A full and boundless ecstacy.

At times he'd pass a deep ravine
Where one mis-step might cast him down,
Down, down, to certain death and rocky grave.
Above them, and with naught between,
He oftimes climbed, for dangers he must brave
Or lose his fond and fair renown,
Climbed, aided by a shrub or twig
Which, should it break, would end our hero's day,
Climbed, for his heart was swelling big
With such a hope, no rock could block his way.

At times he found a fertile spot,
Where luscious fruit and berries grew.
On one of these he stopped when night came on,
And thought—as others would have thought,
How well he'd like there to remain alone
And idly live his life-time through,
To live without a trial or care
And never know a man on earth again.
No lovelier place than there
For one proud soul without restraint to reign.

How cool and pleasant was the breeze
That fanned our hero into sleep.
How fresh, and springlike was the mountain air.
How light the nights and dark the trees,
And how the dew-drops gathered on his hair.
The moon shone on the mountain steep
And small, white clouds ran o'er the sky.
His eyes were closed, and he to sleep was given
And did he dream, you would not ask me why,
For where he lay was less like Earth than Heaven.

He dreamed two lovely virgins came
And sat beside him as he lay;
They both were young, and they were dressed alike.

He dreamed they asked to know his name.
And when he heard those beauteous virgins speak,—
His heart leapt up—his lips gave way—
And out it poured—a heart to each
It seemed, but theirs to him were also given.
His name he gave, and by this speech
He was subdued, who oft with love had striven
And always been the victor.

The first of those fair virgins spoke:

"Ord Loil! Ord Loil!
How did you here ascend
Ord Loil! Ord Loil!
Where does your journey end?

"I see your glance
Is down into the vale,
And you, perchance,
Have come from yonder dale.

"Again, you scan
The heights that loom above,
Perhaps you plan
To mount up as a dove.

"And now you gaze
On things that are more near,
Your eyes you raise,
But they still centre here.

"Will you rest here
And I be yours—you mine,
Without a fear,
Both worship at Love's shrine?

"For here no woe
Was ever known to be,
And death is slow,—
Long life a certainty.

"Here we are free
From all the earthly host,
Such liberty
Nor prince nor king can boast.

"'Tis ever Spring,
And flowers here abound,—
Each pleasant thing
That on the earth is found.

"Here we may live,
A gay and sinless pair,
We'll both forgive
And never know a care.

"And when life ends
There is a God we love,
Who condescends
To take us up above,

"Where joyfully
We'll praise his name for aye;
His face we'll see
Through one eternal day.

"If you prefer
To climb to greater heights,
You may find there
Some pleasure that delights.

"My sister, too,
Who sits here by your side,
Will climb with you
And gladly be your bride.

"So I presume,
I know her tastes full well;
With you a groom
She'd doubtless love to dwell."

The other virgin then began
And spoke not less of love:

"These rocks are bold,
Their summits yet afar,
Where, bleak and cold,
The angry tempests war.

"No tongue has told
How hard 'tis to ascend,
None can unfold
Where difficulties end.

"But I have climbed
And reached the top alone,
'Tis not ill-timed
To tell you how it shone.

"The topmost height
Shines like a little *Sol*,
But though so bright
It dazzles not at all,

"While there I sat
At midnight once in May
To meditate,
It made it light as day.

"My mantle then
Screened not my limbs from view,
So thought I, when
I saw distinctly through.

"If you aspire
To reach that shining stone
Ambition's fire
Burns not in you alone.

"We will be one
In purpose, heart and name;
Let us begone—
Say, is your heart too tame?"

He could sleep on in quietude
While dreaming of kind words of love,

But when he heard that seeming scornful jeer
He waked, he was not in the mood
To bear it, when true love was living near.
"It is a dream, my passions move,
Only a dream in which I rove,"
He said, and then to soothing sleep returned
But so with dreamland thoughts inwove
His pulse was beating fast, his face still burned.

At morning dawn again he waked
And went to view the rising sun,
Over fair flowers, fruit, and berries trod;
The fruit from off the ground he raked
Which, mellowed by its fall, served well as food:
And long that food he lived upon.
He stood, and watched the glorious orb
Resume his race with Time; he saw the sky
Look glad, the sight did so absorb
His whole attention, that he cried in sympathy:

"I see the face of heaven shine
With joy unspeakable as mine;
The sun which oft before hath shone
Hath never such a lustre thrown
O'er earth, and sky, and all that is,
As now I must acknowledge his,
At least hath never seemed to shine
With rays so perfectly divine,
He does not stop to greet a friend,
On friendship he does not depend,
But rolling from his secrecy
Into the cloudless vacancy,
A pompous ball of flaming heat—
Bids darkness far before retreat."

Awhile he gazed, then back he went,
Resumed the great work yesterday begun
And climbed once more the mountain's side.
He knew that many a steep ascent
He must ascend, before that day's bright sun
Had settled down at eventide.
Still shone a fire from his eye,

A flame that in his inmost bosom burned,
Which showed he must succeed or die,
And for success how strong his bosom yearned.

And when the morning passed away
And it was noon, before him rose
Gigantic rocks, which bade his hope begone.
All the remainder of that day
He sought a way to climb, but could find none,
Rocks perpendicular as those
And rising up some hundred feet,
Were more than youth's ambition could surmount:
But death Ord Loil could meet
Better than meet the world's derisive taunt.

At length, as darkness fell once more
Enveloping the wide, wide world,
He would lie down and sleep, and rise next morn
Early, as he had done before—
To seek a chance to ascend; he would not turn
From his resolve, though he be hurled
From some high eminence, far down
That steep and rocky mountain's side;
He saw a brook, that, wild and lone,
He could not cross, 'twere madness to have tried.

'Twas midnight, and as there he lay
A black cloud wrapped the mountain's top
And it was dark,—was oh! so densely dark—,
No night like that e'er followed day,
And rain was pouring like when Noah's ark
Anxious, expected every drop
To lift her up above her foes,
And they—the world's great men and strong—be
drowned.
The brook there swells, and onward flows
With doubled rushings toward the lower ground;

And the wild, angry thunder pealed,
Such peals,—'twould rouse the sleeping dead,
And make them think the day of Judgment come,
If that were possible: revealed

Amid the peals of Heaven's loudest drum,
Like some great new creation hid
And seen but for a moment's space,
He saw at times, by vivid lightning's glare,
Huge rocks dashed from their resting place,—
The flash was gone—his was "a vacant stare."

Another dazzling flash of light
Long hung, to light the dismal scene;
But no, too weak were now his dazzled eyes
To treat him to that gloomy sight;
And though he felt his bed to sink and rise,
Then a short lull to intervene,
He could not—as he fain would do—
Walk out into the storm; not bid it cease
But storm, and storm a lifetime through,
For storm he loved,—loved more by far than peace.

And thus he lay until the morn
Returning, shed a dim, dull light
Upon that gloomy, storm-wrapped heigh'.
He saw huge rock from huge rock torn
And violently rolled below his sight.
The noise and opening rocks unite
To make him fear an earthquake nigh,
By which he might be buried, and none see
With pitying eye our hero die,
Or drop a farewell tear of sympathy.

The sky was cleared, the storm was o'er,
The earth had quaked but opened not,
And now he thought that he perchance might climb,
But he could not, for, as before,
High rocks towered preventing him,
Till, close beside the self-same spot
Where he had spent that night of storm,
Above the brook which there ran smooth and deep
He saw the task he might perform,
By aid of shrubs, and yet fond glory reap.

Right soon he climbed above the brook,
While hope within was running high,

His weight was hanging on a single limb
Of one high tree when lo! it broke;
He fell; alas! he had not learned to swim,
A small whirl-pool was whirling nigh,
But not too small to suck him in,
And into it he went and was drawn down;
Despair was ruling then within,
Then sank the hope of fair renown.

But mourn not, for he was not drowned;
He stood upon a rock beneath;
And when his deadened sense he regained,
He looked in wonderment around.
He found an upward passage he had gained,
Straight from the seeming pool of death,
To the great heights he long had sought,
Up this he climbed, and ere the day was o'er—
Smiled at the work himself had wrought
A feat oft tried by man, in vain, before.

He stood upon the the topmost height,
That high, impending mountain knew,
And gazed with pride, and wonder, and delight,
And yet with awe—for well he might—
On the broad plains and woods beneath; but night,
Night, such as darkens heaven's hue
From blue to a black blank, came on.
Then turned he homeward with a joyful heart,
Well pleased the honor he had won,
Though 'twas but on a ramble he did start.

The Black-Eyed Girl.

——o——

[Written by request, and adapted to music.]

BLACK are the sparkling eyes
Of my dear intended,
White is her ivory,
Her face with beauty blended.
Sweet and clear her accents fall,
Like silver joy-bells ringing,
And to my heart I feel
Her loving heart is clinging.

True, all the girls have eyes,
And some, too, have black ones,
For them our country
Will I trust never lack sons;
But of all the maids I know
This one has got most cash on;
She spares nor time nor pains
In keeping up to fashion.

Bold I may seem, perhaps,—
But dried up leaves *will* rustle,—
And if I speak the truth
I think she wears a bustle.
Piercing to my frozen heart,
With eyes more fair than beauty,
She led me to believe
To love her was a duty.

Oh! for a thousand eyes
To view those charms so pleasing,
A double sense of touch
Those little hands for squeezing.
Free and noble is her gait,—
But do not think me funny,—
Of all her charms, I think
The greatest is *her money*.

Lovard Love.

—o—

'TWAS a clear, cold night; the air was still;
The frost our whiskers covered;
Alone we stood by the forest road,—
Me and our hero, Lovard.
I spoke of home, he would not hear,
He fixed his plume, and with a sneer
Turned from me with the exclamation
Now to go home were mere vexation.

With these few words he left me there
And to the woods returning,
Was lost to sight in the underbrush,
For which he had been yearning.
He was a youth so blithe and gay,
He seemed in truth to love to stray,
Both night and day, by the little river,
Nature enjoy, and bless the Giver.

With nothing to eat he wandered far,
The rocks among and over;
His strange intent did not not lament,
But with leaves his head did cover;
And through the wood till morn he roved
The neighborhood where he was loved,
His intent, suspecting, grew uneasy,
And searched for him up the river "Mezie."

They saw him at length on the river's bank;
He stood intently gazing—
Among the rocky hills he gazed,
Where some cariboo were grazing;
But as they neared, he disappeared,
And never since has re-appeared;
And only he who rules above
Knows what became of Lovard Love.

The Midnight Cry.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him."

MIDNIGHT silence held creation
For a moment silent all,
When the lords of every nation
Had been covered with the pall.
All were sleeping sound and weary,
All the world was dark and dreary.

Then there came the blest archangel,
With his trump within his hand,
And with him came many an angel
From the bright and blooming land,
And the mighty trump was sounded
And through all the earth resounded.

Then the ground began to tremble,
And the sea began to foam,
Rocks and mountains to resemble
Skipping lambs, though far from dumb,—
For the noise above the thunder
Almost made the angels wonder.

Then the sea was strangely troubled,
And her foam rose high as mountains,
And where drowning men had bubbled
Threw up floods like mighty fountains;
In the midst of this commotion,
Rose the dead, and conquered ocean.

Lado and the Fowlers.

—o—

'TIS Autumn, 'tis morning;
The sun is beaming bright,
The forests and marshes
Present a gladsome sight;
The breast of Lado swells with joy;
He being only yet a boy,
His heart is glad, for he is going
On the flooded marsh a-rowing.

With shot bag and powder,
A double-barrelled gun,
With fowlers or gunners
Beside him, more than one,
He steps into the fowlers' boat,
And with them she is soon afloat,
Then off they go, fair breezes blowing,
The bright, happy youths a-rowing.

With pleasure, the marshes
Are crossed, and a wild-drake
Is rising before them
As they enter the long lake;
Then Lado fires, on the fly:
The wild-drake gladly bids "good-bye,"
And from the lake a stream is flowing
Toward the which the boys are rowing.

The stream reached—the boys land,
And pull the boat ashore.
A camp found where some one
Had spent a night before.
Agreed that here they spend the night,
And watch for ducks while it is light.
The boat they now begin unstowing,
And eat a lunch, instead of rowing.

Camp ready, done eating,
  Their guns they take once more,
And riding the same lake
  On which they rode before,
    To a more hidden part they steer,
    Where ducks more frequently come near,
    Their faces bright with hope are glowing,
    While on the tranquil lake a-rowing.

'Tis sunset, 'tis eve'ning.
  The ducks begin to come.
With silence and quiet,
  Our heroes all are dumb.
    A flock has come within their range,
    When, suddenly, their course they change,
    For through the air the shot is plowing
    From the guns of those who went a-rowing.

'Tis twilight, 'tis morning;
  The boys are on the land,
And near by, some dry grass
  Is lit by Lado's hand;
    The blaze becomes a raging flame,
    And spreads, as fires do the same;
    So soon the boys the boat are stowing,
    And soon again are off a-rowing.

How lovely, how charming,
  Appears the placid lake,
How oddly, how strangely,
  They all begin to quake.
    The boat is coming right in two,
    It parts, and all the boys go through!
    To heaven now they all are going,
    Those happy three who went a-rowing.

A Scene.

—o—

TWO hills rose high, and all between,
The grass was growing bright and green.

A pleasant breeze came from the west,
That well might swell a poet's breast.

A poet would have truly loved,
There, at that time, alone t'have roved.

No poet—and 'tis well—was there,
With nature that lone scene to share ;

No cattle, so they say and said,
Were then upon that pasture fed ;

No bird its stay did there prolong,
To sing a soul-refreshing song ;

No fly was buzzing through the air ;
No noisy cricket creaking there ;

No sound upon the silence broke,
Save of the gently-gushing brook.

For it was night, and though 'twas light,
It had the silence of the night ;

The moon was large, and bright, and full ;
The air was like the night,—and cool.

The stars by twinkling seemed to say—
" We're darting still away, away."

No cloud appeared in all the sky ;
The night seemed made to glorify.

In that lone place, that quiet time,
A maiden wandered, tall and trim ;

She walked with thoughtless, careless pace,
Yet with a sort of pleasing grace ;

She thought not upon what she trod,
She cared not for the verdant sod.

She stood at length upon the hill,
Which pleased the most her taste and will,

Beneath a large birch tree she stood,
And looked far westward o'er the wood ;

It was so light that she could see
The distant mountains by the sea.

One mighty thought filled full her mind,
And left all present things behind ;

One way she gazed, and one alone,—
The way the wind all day had blown.

At length, her eyelids growing wet,
She said aloud, " Not yet, not yet."

" He comes not yet—my lover true—
From that far land I seem to view ;

" In fancy eagerly I roam
Away, away, away from home,—

" Away, o'er that broad water's wave,
Where tossing billows ever lave,—

" Away o'er that great mountain range,
Which never seems to move or change,—

" Away o'er ridge, o'er ridge and ridge,
Broad lakes with fancy's wings I bridge,—

"Away o'er everlasting hills,
And all their rivers, brooks, and rills,—

"Away o'er wood and woodland vale,
O'er endless plains do I prevail,—

"Away on golden—feathered wings,
To where my ardent lover sings,—

"O'er cities, forests, prairies, all,
To see my lover, dark and tall.

"'Tis fancy; oh! that I might feel
And know, that it were even real.

"That I his manly face might see,
And hear him whisper love to me,—

"That now he might dispel my fears
And talk as in the by-gone years,—

"That I might hear him tell of how
He chased the deer and buffalo,—

"That I might hear him say, once more,
'Thou art my love for evermore,'

"But, oh! this wish;—'tis useless, vain;
My eyes for naught I eager strain."

The maiden found, to her surprise,
Unbidden tears had filled her eyes.

While in her bed next morn she lay
She dreamed of him so far away.

What lay between seemed very wide;
She waked, and he was at her side.

This last is

Space.

HOW vast is space.
Within its arms
Time's measured pace
Mankind alarms,
And bids him rouse from sleep,
Work while he may
Nor lose to-day,
Lest in the end he weep.

Each system's sun,
Whose rays of light,
Since Time began,
Have scattered night
From worlds to us unknown,
Must own the blaze
Of his bright rays
The bounds of space has never known.

The width of Heav'n
The depth of Hell,
From Earth to Heaven
From Earth to Hell,
And all Earth's wide extensions,
Can ne'er exceed,
Nor ever need,
Its infinite dimensions.

Young Maiden, Beware.

—o—

YOUNG maiden, oh, beware! beware!
Your face is now untouched by care:
A prince in slavery kneels down
To ask you just to be his own.

In slavery bound by chords of love,
He thinks you charming, calls you "dove;"
But note, his love is not so rare.
Young maiden, do beware! beware!

There's many a lover will be bold
(At least that's what I have been told;)
So maiden, with the face so fair,
I warn you to beware! beware!

Lord Byron loved, and so he wed;
But soon his passion all had fled;
A woman's love was buried there.
Young maiden, oh, beware! beware!

A Child's Mystery.

A TRUE ANECDOTE.

MOTHER, mother,
Could another
Answer me as well as you,—
With my questions, and suggestions,
I'd not tease you as I do.

"If my teasing
Be displeasing,
Send me, mother dear, away:
But a double deal of trouble
Has disturbed my mind to-day.

"Does our Maker—
The Creator—
Everywhere make his abode?
Then why do not,
If they do not,
The rats bite him on the road?"

In Memoriam.

—o—

[On the death of Mrs. Alfred Newcomb, of Port Greville, Parrsboro', N. S., who died July 7th, 1875, and that of her infant child, who died on the morning of the following day.]

—o—

THE fairest of the fairer sex
Must die as doth the grass;
The comeliest, the loveliest,
The dearest,—all must pass.

And many a page is writ on death—
As if an awful thing;
Awful it is: but christians cry,
"Oh, Death, where is thy sting."

I tell of two who lately died,
And went to endless rest,
Who now in robes of white arrayed,
Are singing with the blest.

A wife and mother was the one,
To Jesus reconciled;
The other was her new-born babe,
Her first and only child.

She spent two years in wedded life
(The wife whose death I tell);
Her eyes were black and beautiful,
Clear as a crystal well.

She was symmetrical in form,
Expression did not lack,
Her every feature pleased the eye,
"Her curls were raven black."

She was a woman—womanly,
A gentle, loving wife;

And with her manly husband, lived
A humble, christian life.

A flower-garden decked the place
Where stood their cottage neat;
But that her hand no more may tend
I scarcely need repeat.

It was the pleasant month of June,
The grass was springing green,
And on the basin's restless waves
Full many a boat was seen.

The mountains rose before the cot,
Mystic, high, and grand;
As there they stood in days of old
They shall forever stand.

And all the rural district 'round
Was smiling in the sun,
And everybody's heart felt glad,
For summer had begun.

But ere that happy time was past—
While nature still looked gay—
The mother of whose death I tell
On bed of sickness lay.

Two weeks had passed; she breathed her last;
Her child next morning died;
And by their deaths the father's griefs
Were doubly multiplied.

They laid them in one coffin, both,
The mother and her child;
It was an act of wisdom done,
And not a notion wild.

In the babe's hand a wreath they put
Of flowers fair to see;
The flowers were an emblem there
Of love and purity.

The mother had but lived to see
Her womanhood begun,
When Death came stealing silently
And showed her course was run.

She left this field of careless toil,
This earth of joy and woe;
She died in peace, and dying, hurled
Defiance at the foe—

The foe from whom she long had fled,
Who fain would sink her low;
But now to meet her Saviour—God,
She may triumphant go,

And now her husband mourns, but oh!
Why mourn for one so blest?
Let all remember, in their grief,
She is enjoying rest.

She rests in Jesu's loving arms;
Her child is also there,
And there forever will remain,
And never know a care.

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