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THE FORT OF ST. JOHN'S.*

A TALE OF THE NEW WORLD.

BY H. V. C.

CHAPTER V.

"Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet And hose in my disposition?"

SHAKESPEARE.

M. DE VALETTE and Stanhope continued to watch the procession, till it stopped before the door of a comfortable dwelling attached to the Fort, which was occupied by M. La Tour and his family. There the music ceased, the soldiers filed off to their respective quarters, and the new-married pair received the parting benediction of Father Gilbert. That ceremony concluded, the priest retired, as if dreading the contamination of any festive scene, attended by the two boys who had officiated as torch bearers.

"By Our Lady, my good uncle," said De Valette to La Tour, who had stepped aside to speak with him, "our puritan allies would soon withdraw their aid from us should they chance to see what I have witnessed this evening!—By my faith! they would think the devil was keeping a high holiday here, and that you had become his chief favorite and prime minister."

"Your jesting is ill-timed Eustace," returned La Tour; "you have indeed arrived at an unlucky hour; but we must make the best of it, and be sure that none of the New England men leave the ships to-night. I hope we shall not need their assistance long, if you have aimed a true blow at M. d'Aulney. Say, where have you left him?"

"We have driven him back to his strong hold; but more of that hereafter. Mr. Stanhope waits to speak with you."

"Mr. Stanhope is very welcome," said La Tour, advancing cordially to welcome him; "and I trust no apology is necessary for the confusion in which he finds us."

"None, certainly," replied Stanhope, "and I trust you will not allow me to cause any interruption to your festivities. I am not quite so superstitious," he added, smiling, "as to fear contagion from accidentally witnessing forms, which are not altogether agreeable to my conscience."

"You deserve to be canonized for your liberality," said De Valette; "for I doubt if there could be another such rare example found in all the New England colonies. Even we; Hugonots," he continued with affected gravity, "who account ourselves less rigid than your self-denying sect, are sometimes drawn into ceremonies which our hearts abominate."

"No more of this, Eustace," said La Tour, gravely. "Mr. Stanhope must be aware that all of us are at times governed by circumstances which we cannot control, and he has heard enough of my situation to conceive the address which is needed to control a garrison composed of different nations and religions, who are often mutinous, and at all times discordant. In short, Madame La Tour, who is really too sincere a protestant to sanction a catholic service, prevailed on me to be present at the marriage of her favorite maid—I might almost say companion—with a young soldier, who has long been distinguished for fidelity in my service."

Before Stanhope could reply to this plausible explanation, their attention was attracted by the

* Continued from page 58.

sound of approaching voices, and the sonorous tones of Mr. Broadhead, the chaplain, were distinctly recognized, speaking in no very conciliating accents.

"I tell thee, boy," he said, "thou art in the broad road which leadeth to destruction."

"Do you think so, father?" returned his companion, who was one of the torch-bearers, and still carried the blazing insignium of his office; "and what shall I do to find my way out of it?"

"Abjure the devil and his works, if thou art desirous of returning to the right path," he replied.

"You mean the Pope and the church, I suppose," said the boy, with a tone of simplicity; "like my lady's chaplain, who, I am told, often edifies his hearers on this topic."

"It would be well for thee to hearken to him, boy; and perchance it might prove a word in season to thy soul's refreshment."

"It has sometimes proved a refreshment to my body," said the boy; "his exhortations are so soothing they are apt to lull one to sound repose."

"Thou art a flippant youth!" said the chaplain, stopping abruptly, and sharply eyeing him.

"But I pity thy delusion," he added after a brief pause, "and I charge thee to remember, that if thou hast access to the true word, and turnest from it, thou can'st not make the plea of ignorance, in extenuation of thy crime."

"It is no fault in me to believe as I have been taught," he replied; "and it would ill become me to dispute the doctrines which I have received from those who have a claim on my obedience."

"They are evil doctrines, child; perverse heresies to lead men astray, into the darkness of error and idolatry."

"I could not have believed it!" answered the boy gravely; "I thought I was listening to the truth, from my lady's chaplain!"

"And who says that I do not teach the truth? I who have made it my study and delight from my youth upwards."

"Not I truly; but your reverence chides me for believing in error, when my belief is daily confirmed by your own instructions and example."

"Who are you that presume to say so? and with these vestments of Satan on your back, to bear witness of your falsehood?" demanded the chaplain.

"Now may the saints defend me from your anger! I did not mean to offend," said the boy, shrinking from his extended hand, and bending his head, as if to count the beads of a rosary which hung around his neck.

"Did I teach you this mummerly?" resumed the irritated Scot; did I teach you to put on these

robes of the devil, and hold that lighted torch to him, as you have but now done!"

"I crave your pardon," returned the boy; "I thought it was my lady's chaplain whom I was lighting across the yard, but your reverence knows the truth better than I do."

As he thus spoke, he waved the torch on high, and the light fell full upon the excited features of Mr. Broadhead. A laugh from De Valette, who had unobserved drawn near enough to overhear them, startled both, and checked the angry reply which was bursting from the chaplain's lips. He surveyed the intruder a moment in stubborn silence, probably aware from former experience, that the gay young catholic had not much veneration for his person or character. The boy hastily extinguished his torch, murmuring half aloud,

"His reverence may find his way back in the dark as he best can, and it will be well if he does not need the light of my torch before he is safe in his own quarters. Light the devil indeed!—a good jest, if he knew all."

"What are you muttering about boy?" asked De Valette.

"About my torch, and the devil, and other good catholics, please your honor," he answered carelessly.

"Have a care, sirrah!" said De Valette; "I allow no one, in my presence, to speak disrespectfully of the religion of my country."

"It is a good cloak," he replied; "and I would not abuse a garment which has just served me, however worthless it may be in reality."

"It may have been worn for false purposes," said De Valette, "but its intrinsic value is not diminished on that account. Would you intimate that you have assumed it to answer some sinister design?"

"And supposing I have?" he asked, "what then?"

"Why, then you are a hypocrite."

"It is well for my lord's lieutenant to speak of hypocrisy," said the boy laughing; "it is like Satan preaching sanctity; tell the good puritans of Boston that the *soi-disant* Hugonot, who worshipped in their conventicle with so much decorum, is a papist, and what, think you, would they say?"

"Who are you, that dare speak to me thus?" asked De Valette angrily.

"That is a question which I do not choose to answer; I care not to let strangers into my secret counsels."

"You are impertinent, boy," returned De Valette; "yet your bearing shows that you have discernment enough to distinguish between right

and wrong, and you must be aware that policy sometimes renders a disguise expedient, and harmless too, if neither honor nor principle are compromised."

"I like a disguise occasionally, of all things," said the boy archly; "are you quick at detecting one?"

"Sometimes I am," returned De Valette; "but—now by my troth!" he exclaimed, starting and gazing intently on him—"is it possible you have again deceived me?"

"Nothing more likely," answered the other carelessly. "But hush! M. La Tour and the stranger with him are observing us. See! they come this way, not a word more, if you wish to please me."

"Stay but one moment," said De Valette; "I must know for what purpose you are thus attired, and bearing this grotesque part."

"Well, I will tell you the whole, though you might suppose it was only some idle whim. I wished to see Antoinette married, and as Madame La Tour thought it would be out of character for me to appear in a catholic assembly, I prevailed on one of the torch-bearers to transfer his dress and office to me: this is all,—and now are you satisfied?"

"Better than I expected to be, I assure you; but for the love of the saints be careful, or this whimsical fancy of yours may lead to some unpleasant consequences."

"Never fear; I enjoy this Proteous sort of life exceedingly, and you may expect to see me in some new shape before long."

"Your own shape is far lovelier than any you can assume," said De Valette; "and by these silken locks, which, if I had looked at them, I must have known, you cannot impose on me again."

"Twice deceived, beware of the third time," he said laughing; "and breaking from De Valette, he was in a moment on the threshold of the door."

"Here is a newly made priest, as I live!" said La Tour, catching him by the arm, and drawing him back a few paces. "But methinks your step is too quick and buoyant, my gentle youth, for your vocation."

The boy made no reply, but drooping his head, suffered a profusion of dark ringlets to fall over his face, as if purposely to conceal his features.

"This would be a pretty veil for a girl," said La Tour, parting the glossy ringlets on his brow; "but, by our Lady! these curls are out of place on the head of a grave churchman; the shaven crown would better become a disciple of the austere Father Gilbert. What! mute still, my little anchorite. Speak, if thou hast not a vow of silence on thee!"

"And if I have," he replied, pettishly; "I must break it, though it should cost me a week's penance!"

"Ha! my lady's *soi-disant* page!" exclaimed La Tour, struck by the voice, which in the momentary excitement he had not attempted to disguise; and drawing him towards a light, he bent his searching eye full upon the blushing face.

"I pray you let me begone, my lady waits for me," said the page, impatiently.

"A pretty antic trick," continued La Tour, without regarding his entreaty, "and played off, no doubt, for some sage purpose. Look, Eustace!" he added, laughing; "but have a care that you do not become enamored of the holy order!"

"Look till you are weary!" he exclaimed with vexation; and dashing his scarf and rosary to the ground, he hastily unfastened the collar of his long, black vestment, and, throwing it from him, stood before them dressed as a page, in proud and indignant silence.

"Why, you blush like a girl, Hector," said La Tour tauntingly, "though I think, by the flashing of your eyes, it is rather from anger than shame. Look, Mr. Stanhope, what think you of our gentle page, and *ci-devant* priest?"

Mr. Stanhope was already regarding him with an interest which rendered him heedless of the question: he met the eye of Hector, whose cheeks were instantly blanched to a deadly paleness, rapidly succeeded by a glow of the deepest crimson. An exclamation trembled on Stanhope's lips, but he repressed it, and their embarrassment was unobserved. The page quickly resumed his usual manner, and turning to La Tour, gaily said—

"I have played my borrowed part long enough for this evening, and if your own curiosity is satisfied, and your freinds are sufficiently amused at my expense, I would again crave permission to retire."

"Go, foolish child," said La Tour, "and doff your silly disguises; it is indeed time to end this whimsical farce." With this permission, the page gladly retired.

The Fort of St. John's, on that evening, presented a scene of unusual festivity. Mons. La Tour permitted his soldiers to celebrate the marriage of their comrade, as best suited their own inclinations, and their mirth was the more exuberant, from the privations they had of late endured. Even the joy which the return of their commander, with supplies, a few days previous, naturally inspired, had been restrained within due bounds, while the New-England vessels were unloading their supplies, from respect to the peculiar feelings of the people who had afforded them so much friendly assistance. These vessels had

left the port on the morning of that day; and their departure relieved the garrison from a degree of restraint, to which they were wholly unaccustomed.

La Tour remained conversing with Arthur Stanhope, after the page, who was soon followed by De Valette, had left them, till a message from his lady requested their presence in her apartment. The scene without was threatening to become one of noisy revelry. Many of the soldiers gathered around a huge bonfire, amusing themselves with a variety of games; and at a little distance, a few females, their wives and daughters, were collected on a plot of grass, and dancing with the young men to the sound of a violin.

The shrill fife, the deep toned drum and noisy bag-pipe, occasionally swelled the concert; though the monotonous strains of the latter instrument, by which a few sturdy Scots performed their national dance, were not always in unison with the gay notes of the light-hearted Frenchmen. Here and there, a gloomy presbyterian, or stern Hugonot, was observed standing alone at a cautious distance from these cheerful groups, on which he cast an eye of distrust, as if afraid to venture within the circle of such unlawful pleasures.

"Keep a sharp eye on these mad fellows, Ronald," said La Tour, stepping aside to speak with the sentinel on duty, "and if there is any disturbance, let me know it, and beshrew me! if they have another holiday to make merry in!"

"Your honor shall be obeyed," he replied in a surly tone.

"See you to it then," continued La Tour, "and have a care," lowering his voice, "that none of those English enter the gates to-night. And be sure that you do not neglect my orders, when your own hour of merriment arrives."

"I have no lot nor portion in such things," said Ronald gruffly, "for as the Scripture saith—"

"Have done with your texts, Ronald," interrupted La Tour sharply; "you Scots are for ever preaching, when you ought to practice; your duty is to hear and obey, and I require nothing more of you."

So saying he turned away, leaving the guard to the solitary indulgence of his own thoughts, which the amusements of that evening had disturbed in no ordinary degree.

In the commandant's house were assembled the bridal party, with a few of their chosen friends, for whom Madame La Tour had prepared a hospitable entertainment. They were dancing gaily, when M. La Tour entered with Mr. Stanhope, and a little apart from them, Madame La Tour was conversing with De Valette,

and a lovely girl, to whom the gallant courtesy of the young cavalier seemed particularly addressed.

"I bring you a friend, to whose services we are much indebted," said La Tour to his lady; "and I must entreat your best endeavors, to make this dreary place agreeable to him."

"I shall do all in my power, from selfish motives," returned the lady, "independently of our personal obligations to Mr. Stanhope; and I trust we need not assure him that we shall be most happy to retain him as our guest, as long as he can find it agreeable to remain."

Stanhope returned a courteous answer to these civilities; but his thoughts were abstracted, and his eyes continually turned towards the young lady, whose blushing face was animated by an arch smile of peculiar meaning. La Tour observed them, and hastened to relieve their slight embarrassment, which he attributed to the late *mal-a-propos* disclosure.

"Allow me, Mr. Stanhope," he said, "to present you to my fair ward, Miss de Courcy, whom I perceive you have already identified with the priest and page, who acted so conspicuous a part this evening."

"My acquaintance with Mr. Stanhope dates much farther back than the brief rencontre of this evening," she said smiling, at the same time offering him her hand with an air of frankness, which however could not disguise a certain consciousness, that sent the tell-tale blood to her cheeks.

"It is far too well remembered," said Stanhope, his countenance glowing with delight, "to suffer me to be deceived by a slight disguise, though nothing could be more unexpected than the happiness of meeting with you here."

"My aunt looks very inquisitive," said the young lady, withdrawing her hand, and, turning to Madame La Tour, she continued, "I have been so fortunate as to recognise an old friend in Mr. Stanhope; one with whose family my aunt Ronville was on terms of the strictest intimacy, during our short residence in England."

"My sister's friends are always doubly welcome to me," said Madame La Tour, "and Mr. Stanhope's arrival must be esteemed particularly fortunate to us."

"It is indeed singular that you should meet so very unexpectedly in this obscure corner of the earth," said De Valette, with forced gaiety. "Pray, how can you account for it, Lucie?"

"I am not philosopher enough to resolve difficult questions," she answered smiling; "but yonder are the musicians, waiting to inspire us with the melody of sweet sounds, and we must all join the dance in honor of Antoinette's bridal; so, here is my hand, if you will look a little more in

the dancing mood,—if not, I can choose another partner."

"Do as you like," said De Valette, carelessly; "strangers are often preferred before tried friends."

"Yes, when tried friends are unreasonable as you are now," said Lucie gaily; "so fare thee well; there is a plump damsel, with eyes like Juno—I commend her to thee for the dance."

She turned lightly from him, and giving her hand to Stanhope, they joined the dancers together. De Valette remained standing a moment in moody silence; but the exhilarating strains of the violin were as irresistible as the blast of Oberon's horn, and selecting the prettiest maiden, he mingled in the dance, and was soon again the gayest of the gay.

CHAPTER VI.

"I deemed that time, I deemed that pride
Had quenched at length my boyish flame—
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all, save hope, the same."

LORD BYRON.

"THEN you do not think Miss De Courcy very beautiful?" asked De Valette, detaining Stanhope a few moments after the family had retired.

"Not exactly beautiful," replied Stanhope; "but she has,—what in my opinion is far more captivating—grace, spirit, and intelligence, with beauty enough, I admit, to render her—"

"Quite irresistible! you would say," interrupted De Valette; "but in good truth I care not to hear you finish the sentence with such a lover-like panegyric! You see I am frank, and my admiration is very openly avowed."

"And it is very exclusive, too, it seems," said Stanhope smiling; "but you should not ask an opinion which you are not willing to hear candidly expressed."

"Oh! as to that," he replied, "it is pleasant to hear her praises from any lips; I can only marvel that, having once known her, you could voluntarily absent yourself from her, for so long a period."

"Your inference is drawn from false premises," said Stanhope, laughing; "but at any rate, the love or friendship which cannot stand the test of absence must be very frail indeed."

"I think there are few who would care to try it," said De Valette, evidently wishing to penetrate Stanhope's real sentiments; "and one must have perseverance indeed, who could remain constant to Miss De Courcy, through all her whims and disguises."

"Her gaiety springs from a light and innocent heart," replied Stanhope, "and only renders her more piquant and interesting. But, speaking of disguises, how long, may I ask, has she played page, and for what purpose was the character assumed?"

"It was at the suggestion of Madame La Tour, I believe, and Lucie's love of frolic, induced her readily to adopt it. You know the fort was seriously threatened before our return, and Mad. La Tour, who had few around her in whom she could confide, found a little page extremely useful in executing divers commissions, which in her feminine character could not have been achieved with equal propriety."

"I do not think a fondness for disguise natural to her," said Stanhope; "but she seems to have sustained her borrowed characters with considerable address."

"Yes; she completely deceived me when I first met her, and this evening again, I lost the use of my senses, and took her for the sauciest knave of a priest, that ever uttered an *ave-maria*."

"Long as it is since I last saw her," said Stanhope musingly. "I think I could have sworn to that face and voice, under any disguise."

"The night wanes, and it is time for us to separate," said De Valette abruptly, and not quite pleased with his new friend's pertinacious memory; "I must go abroad and see that all things are quiet and in order, after this unusual revelling."

De Valette then quitted the house, and Stanhope gladly sought the retirement of his own apartment. He threw himself beside an open window, and looked out on the quiet scene, in that wilderness of nature. The noise of mirth and music had passed away, and the weary guard who walked his dull round of duty, in solitude and silence, was the only living object that met his eye. No sound was abroad, but the voice of the restless stream, which glittered beneath the starry sky; the breath of midnight fanned him with refreshing coolness, and the calm beauty of the lonely hour restored the tranquillity of his mind, which had been deeply moved by the singular events of the last few hours.

Stanhope had most unexpectedly encountered the object of a fond and cherished attachment, but the circumstances in which she was placed filled him with perplexity and doubt. More than two years had elapsed since he first saw Lucie De Courcy, then residing in the north of England, whether she had accompanied a maternal aunt, the widow of an Englishman of rank and fortune. Madame Rouville, who was in a declining state of health, had yielded to the importunity of her husband's relatives, and left her native land for the

summer months, hoping to receive benefit from change of scene and climate. She had no children, and Lucie, whom she adopted in infancy, held a daughter's place in her affections. They resided at a short distance from the elder Mr. Stanhope, and the strict Hugonot principles of the French invalid, interested the rigid puritan, and led to a friendly intimacy between the families.

Arthur Stanhope had then just retired from his profession, and the chagrin and disappointment which at first depressed his spirits, gradually yielded to the charm which led him daily to the house of Madame Rouville. Constant intercourse, and familiar acquaintance strengthened the influence which Lucie's sweetness and vivacity first created, and he soon loved her with all the fervor and purity of a young and unsophisticated heart. Yet he loved in silence,—for his future plans were frustrated, and his ambitious hopes blighted; a writ of banishment and proscription hung over his father's house, and what had he to offer, to one so fair and lovely, endowed by nature and fortune with gifts which ranked her with the proudest and noblest in the land!

But love needs not the interpretation of words; Lucie was artless and confiding, and Arthur soon learned to read, in her smile and blush, and in the eloquent expression of an eye, which varied with every emotion of her soul, a tale of tenderness as ardent and unselfish as his own. The future was unheeded in the dream of present enjoyment; for who that loves can doubt of happiness, or look forward to the melancholy train of dark and disappointed hours, which time may unfold!

In the midst of these dawning hopes, Arthur Stanhope was called to a distant part of the kingdom, on business which concerned his father's private interests. Lucie wept at his departure, and for the first time his brow was clouded in her presence, and his heart chilled by bodings of approaching evil.

The object of his journey detained him many weeks from home, and to increase his uneasiness, no tidings from thence had reached him, since an early period of his absence. In removing from place to place his letters were lost to him, but from public rumor he learned that new persecutions had gone forth against the puritans; and the inflexible temper of his father, who had long been obnoxious to the church party, awakened his fears, and determined him, at all events, to hasten his return.

After travelling nearly through the night, Arthur ascended one of the loftiest hills in Northumberland, just as the rising sun was tinging with its golden light, a beautiful valley which lay

before him. It was his native valley, and his father's mansion looked out, cheerfully through the long avenue of venerable trees which shaded it. Time, since he last quitted it, had scared the freshness of their foliage, and the glowing tints of autumn had succeeded the verdure of summer. A little farther on, the residence of Madame Rouville was just discernible; and Arthur's heart bounded with transport, as he thought how soon he should again embrace those whom he most loved on earth!

But a different fate awaited him, and tidings which withered every hope, he had so long and fondly cherished. The ecclesiastical tyranny, which exiled so many non-conformists from their friends and country, was at last extended to the elder Mr. Stanhope. His estates were confiscated, and a warrant issued for his imprisonment, and with much difficulty he succeeded in effecting an escape to the sea-coast. He was there joined by his wife, and through the kind assistance of friends, they collected the remains of a once ample fortune, and waited, in secret, the arrival of their son, intending to embark for New England, and leave their country forever.

There was yet another blow, for which Arthur was wholly unprepared. Madame Rouville, whose strength rapidly declined on the advance of autumn, had died a short time previous to his return, leaving her orphan niece under the protection of an aunt, who hastened to England on receiving intelligence of her sister's danger, and arrived there a few hours before her death. Her late cheerful abode was deserted; and Arthur obtained no information respecting Lucie, except that she returned to France with her relative, immediately after the melancholy event.

But that was not a time, Arthur felt, to indulge the regrets of a romantic passion; his parents' situation required the support and consolation of filial tenderness, and no selfish indulgence could detain him from them. He abandoned the home of his childhood, firmly, but with many fond regrets, and repassing the barrier of his native hills, in a few days joined his parents at the sea-port, where they waited his arrival. They were already on board a vessel, which was prepared to weigh anchor, and sail for Boston; and Arthur did not hesitate a moment to attend them in their painful exile. For a time, indeed, his buoyant spirit, bent beneath the pressure of disappointment, and all places were alike indifferent to him. But the excitement of new scenes and pursuits at length roused his interest, and excited him to mental exertion. With the return of another spring also, hopes which he believed forever crushed, began to regain their influence over his

mind. He was preparing for a voyage to England, partly on colonial business, but also with the lover like design, of following Miss De Courcy to her residence, and learning from her own lips, if she still regarded him with interest and affection. True, he could not blind himself to the many obstacles which might interpose to prevent the accomplishment of his wishes,—but his present state of suspense was intolerable, and, if her heart remained unchanged, what had he to fear?

But, unfortunately, almost at the moment of departure, his mother was attacked by an alarming illness, which left her long in a very precarious state; filial affection forbade his leaving her at such a time, and so the summer passed away, and another winter set in, and for several months all intercourse with the parent country was suspended.

In the following spring, when Stanhope took command of the friendly vessels, which sailed in aid of M. La Tour, his hopes were again buoyant, and he resolved, when his expedition was accomplished, to take passage in one of the French ships, and proceed directly to France. As he approached the Fort of St. John's, he little dreamed that he was so near the accomplishment of his wishes. He was ignorant of the name, even, of the relative to whom Madame Rouville had entrusted Miss De Courcy, and he had not the most distant idea that she was connected with the lady of La Tour. But after the first joyful surprise, his feelings were not unmingled with doubt and apprehension. He found her as lovely and attractive as when he had last seen her; but since then what changes had taken place, and might not her heart also have changed! De Valette, young, handsome and agreeable, confessed himself her lover; he was favored by her guardians, and what influence had he, or might he not obtain over her affections!

Such reflections of mingled pain and pleasure occupied the mind of Stanhope during his first night at St. John's; and in alternate hopes and fears, the midnight hour passed away unheeded, and left him still meditating by the window.

But Arthur Stanhope's meditations were suddenly interrupted by the loud barkings of a watch dog beneath his window, and presently a low, protracted whistle was heard, which seemed perfectly understood by the faithful animal, for the bark was prolonged into a whine of recognition, and then subsided into silence. Arthur looked out to ascertain who was intruding on the silence of that lonely hour, and saw a person crossing the court yard with quick light footsteps, which a glance assured him was M. De Valette. He stopped beneath a window, in a projecting angle

of the fort, and Arthur felt a painful suspicion that the casement belonged to Lucie's apartment. It was nearly opposite his own, and he drew back to avoid being observed, though he watched with intense interest the motions of De Valette.

The young Frenchman lightly drew his fingers across the strings of a guitar, in a brilliant prelude, then suddenly breaking off, changed the air into one so soft and plaintive, that the sounds seemed to float like ærial harmony upon the stillness of the night. He paused again and looked earnestly at the window; the moon shone brightly against it,—all was hushed within and around, and touching the instrument, in perfect harmony with his voice, he sang to a lively and popular air, the following serenade:

Wake, fairest, wake! the moon on high
Shines in the arched and starry sky,
And through the clust'ring woodbine peeps,
To seek the couch were Lucie sleeps.

Wake, fairest, wake! for see afar,
Shines clear and bright, the evening star;
But can its lovely radiance vie
With the soft light of Lucie's eye.

Wake, fairest, wake! dost thou not hear
The night-bird's carol, wild and clear?
But her sweet notes she sings in vain,
When Lucie breathes her sweeter strain.

Wake, fairest, wake! the fragrant gale
Steals odours from yon spicy vale;
But can the richly perfumed air
With Lucie's balmy breath compare.

Wake, fairest, wake! for all around
With beauty, pleasure, hope, is crowned;
But vain are all their charms to me,
Till Lucie's graceful form I see.

Wake, fairest, wake! beneath thy bower
Thy lover waits, this lonely hour;—
She hears me! from the lattice screen,
Behold my fair one gently lean!

The window had indeed slowly opened, towards the conclusion of the song, and Arthur observed some one—Lucie he doubted not, standing before it, partially concealed by the folds of a curtain.

"Sung like a troubadour!" exclaimed a voice which he could not mistake; "but prithee, my tuneful knight, were those concluding lines extempore, or had you really the vanity to anticipate the effect of your musical incantation?"

"And who but you, Lucie, could doubt that charms like yours, would give inspiration to even the dullest muse?"

"Very fine truly; but I will wager my life, Eustace, that mine are not the only ears which have been greeted with this melodious ditty—that I am not the first damsel who has reigned, the goddess of an hour, in this same serenade!

Confess the truth, my good friend, and I will give thee absolution!"

"And to whom, but you, Lucie, could I address such language?—you who have so long reigned sole mistress of my heart!"

"Sole mistress in the wilderness, no doubt!" replied the laughing girl; "for there is no other to be found here, except a tawny damsel or two, who would scarce understand your poetic flights! but you have just returned from a brighter clime, and the dark eyed demoiselles of merry France, perchance, have better prized so rare a tribute to their charms!"

"And do you think so meanly of me, Lucie," asked De Valette reproachfully, as to believe me capable of playing the flatterer, and paying court to every pretty face that claims my admiration?"

"Nay, I think so well of you, Eustace—I have such an exalted idea of your gallantry, that I cannot believe you would remain three months in the very land of glorious chivalry, and prove disloyal to the cause! Be candid now, and tell me if this nonpareil *morçeau*, did not serve you as a passport to the favor of the pretty villagers, when you travelled through the country!"

"I protest Lucie, you are—"

"No protestations," interrupted Lucie; "I have not the faith of a grain of mustard seed in them; but, in honest truth, Eustace, your muse has been wandering through the flowery groves of France; she could never have gathered so much fragrance and brightness, and all that sort of thing, from the pines and firs of this poor spot of earth?"

"And if she has culled the sweets of a milder region," said De Valette "it is only to form a garland for one, who is worthy the fairest flowers that blossom in the gardens of paradise."

"Very well, and quite poetic, monsieur; your Pegasus is in an ambling mood to-night, but have a care that he do not throw you, as he did of old the audacious mortal who attempted to soar too high. And I pray you, have more regard to truth in future, and do not scandalize the evening star, by bringing it so out of season, into your performance; it may have shone upon the vineyards of Provence, but it is long since it glittered in our northern hemisphere."

"Have you done, my gentle mentor?" asked De Valette, in an accent of vexation.

"Not quite; I wish to know whether you, or the melodious screech-owl, represent the tuncful bird of night, alluded to in the aforesaid stanzas? I have heard no other pour fourth such exquisite notes, since my destiny brought me hither."

"And it will be long ere you hear me again," said De Valette, greatly piqued; "I shall be care-

ful not to excite your mirthful humor a second time, at my own expense!"

"Now, you are not angry with me, I hope, Eustace," she replied, with mock gravity. "You, well know that I admire your music exceedingly; nay I think it unrivalled, even by the choice psalmody of our worthy chaplain; and as to the poetry, I doubt if any has yet equalled it, in this our ancient settlement of St. John's."

"Farewell, Lucie," said De Valette, "when I awaken you again—"

"Oh! you did not awaken me," she interrupted, "I will spare your conscience that reproach; had I gone to rest, I should scarcely have arisen, even if a band of fairies had tuned their tiny instruments in the moonlight beneath my window. But go now, Eustace,—yet stay, and tell me first if we part in charity?"

"Yes, how can I help it? I was vexed with you, Lucie, but you well know that your smiles are irresistible."

"Well, you will allow that I have been very lavish of my smiles to-night, Eustace; so leave me now, lest I begin to frown by way of variety. Adieu!"

She immediately closed the window, and De Valette turned slowly away, playing a careless air as he retired.

Arthur Stanhope had retreated a little from his window, at the commencement of this scene, not caring to play the eaves-dropper, however strongly his interest was excited. But Miss De Courcy's gay laugh more than once met his ear, and the moon, as it fell on her face, revealed no very tender expression towards the gallant serenader, to awake his jealous fears. It was this, perhaps, which enabled him to lay his head so quietly on the pillow, and sleep soundly for the remainder of the night.

When he rose late on the following morning, he saw Lucie alone in a small garden adjoining the house, and like Eve, looking very lovely among her flowers, "herself, the fairest flower." He descended the stairs to join her, and in the passage met De Valette, who cordially saluted him, and they entered the garden together. Miss De Courcy's face was turned from them, and she did not seem aware of their approach, till De Valette addressed her:

"You do not seem very industriously inclined," he said; "or have you come here to indulge the luxury of a morning reverie?"

"I was enjoying a very pleasant reverie," she said, without looking up, "and you have come here, I believe, just on purpose to spoil it."

"Pray ma'amselle, was your vision of the past or the future?" asked De Valette.

"Oh! of the past, most certainly; I have not the folly to build any castles for the future, for it is too uncertain to be trusted, and may have only misfortune in reserve for me."

"You are in a *penseroso* mood, just now," said De Valette; "when I last saw you, I could scarce have believed a cloud would ever dim the sunshine of your face."

"Experience might have rendered you more discerning," she answered, with a smile; "but you, who love variety so well, surely cannot marvel at the changes of my mood."

"Change as often as you will," he replied, "and in every change, you cannot fail to charm."

"And you," said Lucie, "cannot fail of seeming very foolish, while you persist in this annoying habit of turning every word into a compliment;

—nay, do not look so displeased," she added gaily, "you know that you deserve reproof,

occasionally, and there is no one to administer it to you, but myself."

"But what you define a compliment," said Stanhope, "would probably appear to any other person, the simple language of sincerity."

"I cannot contend against two opponents," she replied, "so I may as well give up the argument, though I still maintain its validity."

"We will call it a drawn game then," said De Valette laughing; "so Lucie, now candidly confess that you were disposed to find fault with me, without sufficient cause."

"There is no flattery in this," replied Lucie, "but I will confess nothing,—except that I danced

away my spirits last night, and was most melodiously edified afterwards, by some strolling minstrel. Were you not disturbed by unseasonable music, Mr. Stanhope?"

"I heard music at a late hour," he replied, "but it did not disturb me, as I was still awake."

While he yet spoke Miss de Courcy's countenance suddenly changed, and closing her eyes, as if to exclude some unwelcome object, she clung to his offered arm for support. He was too much engrossed by her to enquire the cause of her alarm; but De Valette observed Father Gilbert standing at a little distance, his eyes intently fixed on Lucie, while his features betrayed the conflict of powerful emotions.

"Why are you so alarmed, Lucie?" asked De Valette, in surprise; "surely you recognize the priest—you do not fear him?"

"He makes me fear him, Eustace; he always looks at me so fixedly, so wildly, that I dare not meet his gaze!"

"This is mere fancy, Lucie," he answered lightly; "is it strange that even the holy Father should gaze on you with admiration?"

"This is no subject for jesting," she answered, with a trembling voice; "speak to him, Eustace—he is coming hither, I will not stay."

As she spoke the priest drew near, murmured a few words, in a low voice, and turning away, with an abstracted air, walked slowly from them. De Valette followed him; and Lucie, glad to escape, returned with Stanhope to the house.

Father Gilbert stepped a few paces from the place she had just quitted, and leaning against a tree, appeared so entirely absorbed by his own reflections, that De Valette hesitated to address him. His curiosity was strongly excited by the evident emotion of one whose usually cold and abstracted air, showed little sympathy with the concerns of humanity; but, as the priest raised his head, and met the enquiring gaze of the young man, he approached him, and said with kindness:

"I fear you are ill, holy Father; can I do aught to assist or relieve you?"

"I was ill, my son," he replied, but it has passed away like a troubled phantasy which visits the weary and restless dreamer, and flies at the approach of returning reason."

"Your language is figurative," said De Valette, "and implies mental, rather than bodily pain; for that I know full well that human skill is unavailing."

"What know you of pain?" asked the priest, with startling energy;—"you, who bask in the sunshine of fortune's smile,—whose days are one ceaseless round of careless gaiety, whose repose is yet unbroken by the gnawing worm of never-dying repentance! Such too I was in the spring-time of my life; I drained the cup of pleasure, but misery and disappointment were in its dregs; I yielded to the follies and pleasures of my youthful heart, and the sting of ceaseless remorse entered my inmost soul."

"Pardon me, Father," said De Valette, if I have awakened thoughts, which time, perchance, had well nigh soothed into forgetfulness."

"Awakened thoughts!" the priest repeated in a melancholy voice; "they can never slumber! time cannot obliterate them,—years of penance, fasting and vigils and wanderings cannot wear them from my remembrance! But go now, my son," he added in a firmer tone, "forget this interview, and when we meet again, think not of what you have now heard and witnessed, but regard me only as an humble missionary of the Church, who, till this day"—his voice again trembled,—"till she crossed my path"

"She!" interrupted De Valette, with surprise,— "can you mean Miss de Courcy?"

"De Courcy!" repeated the priest—and the

paleness of death overspread his features—"who is she that bears that most unhappy name?"

"The niece of Madame la Tour," returned De Valette; "and, however unfortunate the name, it has as yet entailed no evil on its fair possessor."

"Was it she whom I just saw with you?" asked the priest, with emotion.

"It was; and pardon me, father, but your vehemence has greatly alarmed her."

"I meant it not," he replied; "but I will not meet her again. Has she parents, young man?"

he continued, after a brief pause. "She has been an orphan from infancy," replied De Valette, "and Madame la Tour is her only near relative."

"She is a Protestant?" said Father Gilbert enquiringly.

"She is," said De Valette, "though her parents, I have heard, were Catholics; and Lucie has herself told me that in early childhood she was instructed in that faith."

"Lucie!" murmured the priest to himself, as if unconscious of another's presence; "but no! she was not left among the enemies of our holy faith,—it is a strange, an idle dream!"

He covered his face with his hands, and remained some moments, apparently in deep musing; then turning to De Valette, said calmly:

"Go! young man, and betray not the weakness you have witnessed; go in peace, and forget even to pity me!"

Father Gilbert's manner imposed obedience; and De Valette, with a gesture of respect, turned from him, perplexed by the mystery of his words, and the singularity of his conduct. He soon, however, convinced himself that the priest was not perfectly sane, and that some fancied resemblance to another, which he observed in Miss De Courcy, had touched the chords of memory, and revived the fading images of early and perhaps unhappy days.

In no other way could he account for the singular emotion which Lucie's presence seemed to inspire; and under this impression, as well as from the priest's injunction, he resolved not to mention the interview and conversation to any person. In a short time indeed,—with the lightness of an unreflecting disposition,—a circumstance which at the moment had so strongly impressed him, was nearly effaced from his recollection.

Father Gilbert left the Fort, and its vicinity, in the course of that day; but, as the priests were continually called to visit the distant and scattered settlements, his absence, though prolonged beyond the usual time, was scarcely heeded by any one.

(To be continued.)

WEEP AS THOUGH YE WEPT NOT.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

"A time to weep...a time to mourn."

Ecc. iii., 4.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Rev. xiv., 13.

I.

"A TIME to mourn"—for those who die
Without relief or comfort nigh,
With guilt and deep despair oppressed,
Nor peace nor hope within their breast:—
—For those who perish in their sins,
Whose retribution then begins—
Far better had they ne'er been born!—
For such it is "a time to mourn."

II.

"A time to mourn"—but not for those
Who gently sink to their repose;
Who, casting off this weight of clay,
To heav'nly regions wing their way.
Their Father's throne they there surround;
They touch their harps of sweetest sound,
And, with unwearied accents, raise
Adoring hymns of grateful praise.

III.

Then mourn not for the early dead,
Who from this prison-house have fled
To brighter mansions in the sky—
To perfect happiness on high.
Nor mourn ye for the "pure in heart,"
For theirs is now the better part
In never ending bliss above,
Where all is joy and peace and love.

IV.

When such blest spirits sink to sleep,
Fond friends may find "a time to weep;"
E'er'n while before the stroke they bow,
Sad tears will still unbidden flow;
Tears, gentle as the dews of heaven,
Soft tears, for soothing solace given,
Such as our pitying Saviour shed
Above his friend's sepulchral bed.*

V.

Then weep—but not as they that mourn
With hopeless, crushing grief o'erborne;
Let Faith serener memories give
Of those who, dying, die to live!
However bright and fair the form—
The heart, however kind and warm—
Why mourn, with ceaseless, sad repining,
For spirits now in glory shining!

VI.

O may we too, like them, depend
On Him, our Saviour and our Friend!
O may we live that when we die
Our portion may be sure on high!
So shall they watch us from above
With kind, approving, deathless love,
And greet us on that heav'nly shore,
When this, our pilgrimage, is o'er.

Montreal, 23 February, 1849.

* John xi., 35.

FLORENCE; OR, WIT AND WISDOM.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER IV.

THE morning after Nina Aley's arrival, Florence's first thought on awakening was about her new companion. Her toilet completed, she sought the breakfast room; but not finding her there, she proceeded to her apartment.

"Perhaps she is not awake," was her thought as she paused a moment before the door of the chamber. "All seems perfectly quiet. However I will make the effort.

Her request for admittance was immediately answered in the affirmative. She entered, and found Nina busily engaged on some sewing, and in precisely the same dress as the previous day.

"You prove to be what I expected, a model young lady," said Florence, in a tone, half playful, half sarcastic, "I dare say you have been up hours ago, and sewed innumerable seams."

A slight bow was the only reply.

"Well! will it not shock you to learn that I have only risen a few minutes since?" Whatever Nina's secret opinions may have been, her countenance expressed neither surprise nor disapprobation, and after a pause, her companion continued, with a half sigh, half yawn: "Perhaps, after all, you may be right, for I feel wretchedly ill and languid; but had we not better descend to breakfast?"

The meal concluded, the young stranger returned to her room, while Florence sought the saloon to devote an hour to her Italian, as she expected the Earl of St. Albans, who had sent her an Italian work the day previous, with a request that she would translate some favorite passages from it. She was interrupted in her task, by the entrance of the Earl himself, and Percival Clinton. Florence received them very gaily, and talked with even more than her usual animation. Mr. Clinton perceived it, and in a jesting tone, asked the cause of her gaiety.

"'Tis a secret, as yet, but as it will soon become public property, I may as well have the merit of enlightening you. Well! know then, that in future, when you make your appearance here, you will be blessed not only with a view of myself, but with the sight of another and yet fairer vision. Simply, I have a companion, a friend, whom I am dying to introduce to you."

"A companion," reiterated Clinton quickly. "Yes, a distant relative of Aunt Mary's, who is to take up her future abode with us."

"What sort of a person is she?" was the immediate question."

"I am almost tempted to let you pine in curiosity, but, in pity to my Lord St. Albans, who looks so very attentive and interested, I shall give you a full length portrait of her."

St. Albans coloured at the allusion to himself, which was a palpable hit at his manifest indifference, he being at the time engaged in looking from the window, and turned in his chair, resolved to allow his thoughts to wander no more.

"Well! figure to yourselves," continued Florence, "a tall Juno-like form, of the most faultless, the most exquisite symmetry, a cloud of raven curls, falling around a lofty brow, of marble whiteness, large jetty eyes of almost overpowering brightness, and a clear, brilliant complexion. Add to that, a rich but tasteful style of dress, and a voice of musical sweetness, varying its intonations with every syllable—and you have Nina Aley. What say you to the picture?"

"Why! she is a rose, a star, a pearl among pearls, as they say in the East," said Clinton, laughingly. "I am all impatience to see her."

"And you, my Lord?"

"That you have drawn the portrait with a generous, as well as a skilful hand;" and the speaking eyes of the Earl betrayed his admiration of this apparently noble praise of a dangerous rival. Florence winced, but there was no retreating, and touching the bell, she ordered the servant to request Miss Aley to descend for a few moments to the drawing room. "You need not say there are any visitors present," she added in a whisper, shrewdly suspecting that if Nina were told, she might prove as obstinate as she had done on the score of the waiting maid. During the few minutes succeeding the departure of the messenger, the silence of expectation pervaded the room, and Florence began to feel somewhat uneasy. Clinton's eyes were fixed eagerly on the door, whilst even St. Albans' glance often wandered in the same direction, but in justice to the latter we must say, it was with the inward determination, that were the lady they awaited as beautiful as a Hourii, she would

never supersede for one moment his generous, though thoughtless Florence. At length the door opened, and the plain, Quakerish little being we have already described to the reader, made her appearance. The gentlemen at first carelessly glanced at her, supposing her some young *protégée* of their fair hostess, but the latter immediately arose, and gravely exclaimed:

"My Lord St. Albans, Mr. Clinton, Miss Aleyn!"

The shock was so sudden, the disparity between the ideal and real Miss Aleyn, of whom he had already imagined a brilliant picture, was so ludicrously, so stupendously great, that notwithstanding his almost superhuman efforts, Clinton burst into a peal of hearty, though smothered laughter, in which Florence momentarily joined. St. Albans, however, maintained a countenance of rigid gravity, and perceiving Nina still standing, he sprang forward and presented her a chair with an air of respectful politeness. The sight instantly restored Florence's gravity, but poor Nina saw clearly by this time, that she was the laughing-stock of the party; still the colour mounted not to her pale cheek--no pained or indignant expression rose to her features. For one moment only she fixed her eyes upon her friend, and oh! what volumes of deep hidden meaning lurked in that glance; then, with the same calm, tranquil step, with which she had entered, rose and left the apartment. Her disappearance seemed to excite universal consternation.

"On my honour," said Clinton earnestly, his countenance instantly changing its expression to one of deep seriousness. "I am sorry beyond expression for what has happened; my conduct has been unpardonable, but really the surprise was so sudden."

"Oh! Florence," whispered St. Albans, in a grieved tone, and bending for the first time on his young betrothed, a look of reproach. "How could you have acted so unkindly, so thoughtlessly? Surely her youth, her inexperience, might have pleaded for her."

Florence felt that she was in fault, felt that his reproaches were just, and she rejoined, in Italian, in entreating accents,

"I am indeed, very, very culpable, but I will ask Miss Aleyn's forgiveness, and, you Sydney, you will forgive me too."

Had her crime been of double, treble extent, that one sentence, breathed as it was too, in the soft language he loved so well, would have ensured her pardon, and the young Earl's kind smile and the bright flush which tinted his cheek, as the remembrance of his boldness in thus so soon taking upon himself to lecture his beautiful

fiancée, struck upon him, shewed that her sky was clear again. After some time, the two visitors took leave, and Florence with a feeling of unwillingness she would not confess even to her own heart, loitered in the saloon to avoid encountering Nina.

"I do not doubt but she will come down, her eyes inflamed from weeping; or, still worse, perhaps refuse to make her appearance at all. Aunt Mary will enquire the cause, and then, I am in for it. What a wearisome world this is!" and she sighed as if a heavy weight of care already rested on her smooth girlish brow. The dinner hour at length arrived, and after a few moments' irresolution, she suddenly rose, determined to brave it out. Miss Murray and Nina were already at table; the latter, calm, tranquil as if nothing had happened to disturb her serenity. Florence took her seat, avoiding her glance, and her tongue was a little less voluble than usual. When the fruit was placed on the table, Miss Murray exclaimed:

"You had better take a drive with Florence this evening, dear Nina, if you are disengaged—you require exercise."

Her niece covertly glanced at Nina, expecting to hear a sharp negative; but the latter, to her surprise, quietly replied, "that she had no objection."

As they rose from table, Florence followed her into the hall, and affectionately throwing her arm round her slight waist, looked up in her face with her sweetest smile, murmuring;

"I hope you are not angry with me, dear Nina?"

"No; why should I be?"

"Oh! you remember the unfortunate introduction of this morning?"

"'Tis nothing unusual for people to laugh, why should it offend me?" she returned in a calm tone, at the same time gently disengaging herself from her-companion's arm; "but I will go and dress."

"Do, dear, and I will join you soon. Pshaw!" she muttered, "she is a little fool; she has not even the quickness to know that she was the object of our mirth; yet, what a strange look she gave me on leaving the room. That may have been accidental, however; or, perhaps, she is already acting on my charitable advice and shewing off her charms to the best advantage. Intellect, beauty and stature, seem very well matched in her; she is only fit to be laughed at."

With these charitable reflections she sought her own apartment, and we will only say that during the course of the drive, she more than once exercised her wit at the expense of her companion.

CHAPTER V.

THE following morning, Florence rose in high spirits, for Miss Murray had consented to have a reunion of friends at her house, and the choice of the guests she had left entirely to her niece. In the execution of her task, the latter evinced great discrimination, taking especial care to leave out any individuals appertaining to the class called prosy. Beauty, wit, or musical talent, were the only passports, and when the evening came, the saloons were filled with beings as brilliant and sparkling as herself. As the entertainment was under her special patronage, she partly superintended the preparations herself, and Nina, therefore, enjoyed the privilege of remaining undisturbed in her own room. About an hour before the appointed time arrived, Florence, her toilet nearly completed, bent her steps to her relative's apartment. She found the latter very composedly sewing in her easy chair; supposing it was some preparations for the evening's festivities, she exclaimed:

"What is this for Nina? Of course, 'tis for to-night?"

"No," she calmly replied.

"What! and you have no preparations yet made. Why, this is ridiculous!"

"I do not intend leaving my room," was the unmoved rejoinder.

"Do not talk nonsense!" returned Florence, seriously angry. "You surely do not expect to lead a life different to all others, the life of a recluse in a fashionable city. Allow me to advise you, and your senior by two years, I surely must possess a little more experience than yourself; the sooner you abandon ideas and whims which will not only make you a jest to fools, but to the wise, the better."

"I do not think I would be more liable to become an object of mockery, sitting quietly here, than in thrusting myself among wits and satirists at balls and festival scenes. Therefore, Miss Fitz-Hardinge, grateful as I feel for your kindness, I will adhere to my first resolution of remaining in my room."

"That you will not, for I shall appeal to a higher power," said Florence, as she hastily left the apartment. Ere Nina could discover the exact meaning of her last words, she returned, and with an exulting smile, exclaimed:

"Aunt Mary's best love to her dearest Nina, and begs, as a particular favour, that she will make her appearance in the drawing-room to-night. What say you to that, fair Nina?"

"Miss Murray shall be obeyed," returned the

latter," folding up her work without the slightest appearance of displeasure or resentment.

"That is right, but that reminds me, have you a suitable dress?"

"Yes," was the brief reply.

Florence remembering the trunk whose contents she had not as yet seen, instantly divined it must contain the robe alluded to; still, having some fears on the subject, or of her companion's taste, she said, in a gay tone:

"I am so curious, dear Nina, on the subject of dress. Would you gratify me by allowing me to see yours?"

"Certainly, but you will have to wait a few moments, for I must look for my keys. I left them on the table, but the domestic must have mislaid them."

Being pressed for time, Florence, who was completely reassured by the allusion to the keys, said "she would not detain her," and after some lively remark, left the room.

Either Fanchette was unusually awkward, or her young mistress unusually difficult to please, for it was very late before the toilet of the latter was completed. More than one ring at the hall bell had startled her, and the occasional sound of voices ascending from the drawing room showed that some of the guests had already arrived.

"One consolation, Aunt Mary is there to receive them," she thought as she smoothed her last ringlet.

"Now for Nina. 'Tis to be hoped she is ready."

With a swift step she passed through the corridors, and, without further ceremony, threw open the door. Nina was seated, quietly reading, and on her looking up, Florence sank almost speechless on a chair.

"Good heavens! You have not yet commenced dressing!" she at length ejaculated:

"Dressing! Why, I am dressed."

Florence looked a moment in silence at the brown silk, with its high corsage and long sleeves, the muslin collar, which formed Nina's gala attire.

"Dressed!" she at length scornfully exclaimed. "Compare your attire with mine, which is the plainest you will see here to-night, and then say if you are dressed?"

Nina glanced calmly at her companion's delicate robe, with all its adornments of roses and blonde, and then, with perfect composure, returned—

"Yes, there is as great a difference between our dresses, as there is between Florence Fitz-Hardinge and Nina Aleya."

"Miss Fitz-Hardinge, Miss Murray has sent up again for you," said a servant, arriving in breathless haste.

"I suppose nearly all the guests are arrived. Well, you will have the satisfaction, Miss Aleyn, of your *recherché* costume being displayed to full advantage."

This sarcasm, like the many others she had already, even in the course of their short intimacy, showered upon her, produced no effect; and, with her usual quiet step, Nina rose and followed her. The sudden appearance of the most brilliant of ball-room beauties could not have created a greater sensation than did the entrance of the plainly-dressed, common-place little being who accompanied Florence. Every eye was immediately turned towards her, and even Miss Murray, greatly as she admired simplicity, could not help thinking that the new comer had certainly outstepped its limits. Feeling, however, for the embarrassment she must necessarily have been enduring, she quickly contrived to approach her, and procured her a chair near herself:

"Nina, dear," she whispered, "your dress is too plain. It renders you conspicuous; but I will not vex you by saying anything more about it. Where is Florence?"

Florence was already standing up with the Earl of St. Albans, and as Nina fixed her glance earnestly upon them, Miss Murray could not help contrasting the strange, the vast difference between her two young relatives. Fearing, however, that Nina would perceive the neglect of which she was the object,—for no one had as yet even approached her, though every other young lady was dancing,—Miss Murray continued to talk to her apparently unconcerned, whilst in reality sorely perplexed by fears that the evening would prove one of bitter mortification to her youthful charge. The dance concluded, St. Albans led Florence to a seat, and she was immediately surrounded by a gay group.

"I perceive you have been unusually generous to-night, Miss Fitz-Hardinge," said a pale, foppish-looking young gentleman as he smoothed back his thick curls with an air of exquisite affectation.

"How so, my Lord?" returned Florence, with whom the speaker was no favorite.

"Why, you have provided a curiosity for our amusement. Is it native or imported?" and he glanced at Nina, who was listening with quiet gravity, to Miss Murray's remarks.

"Ah! that is imported, but thanks to your lordship, we have also a native one."

Lord Charles Bertie could not affect to misun-

derstand this very significant speech, and he walked off considerably disconcerted. St. Albans, notwithstanding his inveterate dislike to anything approaching to sarcasm, could not repress a smile, and he easily forgave the jest, for the seeming generosity which dictated it. But in this he was greatly mistaken. It was not regard for Nina, which had prompted it, but the tempting opportunity for repartee, and a natural antipathy to Lord Bertie. This St. Albans soon learned, as Florence gravely looking round, exclaimed:

"You have often heard of the grace of the Swiss costume, but have probably never yet had an opportunity of appreciating it. Now, that is a specimen. Is it not enchantingly simple?"

"Yes, and is exquisitely suited to the young lady it adorns," said another, emboldened by the precedent just given.

"But does the lady dance?" was the next exclamation.

"Doubtless she can execute the *pas de chèvre*, or the chamois galop," said Florence gravely. "It would add however, much to the effect, if we could see her perform on the dizzy crags of her own mountains."

"Well! I would rather be a spectator, than have the honour of being the lady's partner. I would stake this trinket against a pair of kid gloves, and he touched his watch, which was one of great value, "that none of the company here present, will be sufficiently venturesome to ask the stranger's hand, unless pressed into the service by kind-hearted Miss Murray."

The young man spoke in a laughing tone, for he never dreamed any one would think of accepting a wager so jestingly offered, when St. Albans coldly exclaimed—

"I accept your wager, and will dance, not only once, but twice, with Miss Aleyn, who you are probably aware, is not only related to Miss Murray, but also to Miss Fitz-Hardinge."

So saying, he walked quickly across the floor, in the direction of Nina, who was far from dreaming of the honour about to be conferred on her. The astonishment which St. Albans' abrupt speech, so remarkable in one whose greatest defect was perhaps his silent diffidence, created, was unbounded, and a momentary cessation of witticisms ensued; but Florence, notwithstanding her secret annoyance, endeavoured to keep up the same light, frivolous strain. Her efforts were not as successful as usual, for the general attention was now directed to the proceedings of the Earl. With a courteous bow he approached Nina, and in a gentle tone, whose respectful homage did honour to his own kind heart, asked her hand. Though she had not even dreamed

of being the chosen partner of the humblest individual in the room, far less of an Earl, no symptom of pleasure, or gratified vanity, escaped her, but the emphasis laid on the simple sentence, "You are very kind," shewed at once, she appreciated the generosity of the action. Miss Murray rewarded the young Earl with a benign smile, but as Nina stood up, a sudden fear flashed upon her, and she exclaimed:

"Is it a quadrille, my lord; Nina dear, do you know the figures?"

"The young lady may trust to me, even if she has somewhat forgotten them," he gently said, wishing to spare her the mortification of avowing her ignorance. To his surprise, however, Nina said she thought she could go through it correctly, and they immediately joined the dance. Though St. Albans spoke smilingly, carelessly, he was not without his secret misgivings, that her peculiar style of dancing, or imperfect knowledge of the figures, would not only draw down ridicule on himself, but what his generous heart dreaded still more, afford another subject of mockery to the wits of the evening. His fears, however, were speedily laid at rest, for Nina glided through the first figure with the same calm ease which characterized her every movement, and if there was nothing particularly graceful or elegant in her motions, neither was there anything in the slightest degree awkward or ridiculous. The mirthful group, who were determined to make merry at her expense, were grievously disappointed, and after watching for a moment the unaffected tranquillity with which she replied to her partner's remarks, were forced unwillingly to confess they could discover no new food for laughter in the little oddity. As St. Albans led her to a seat, she exclaimed:

"Thank you, my lord; this is not the first time I have felt your kindness."

The Earl might have been mistaken, but he fancied her tones slightly trembled. After replying in the courteous terms his gentle nature dictated, he approached his former party with a slow step, and as he joined them, exclaimed—

"Is the wager fairly won?"

"And hardly earned," said the owner of the watch, with an affectation of carelessness, as he laid the valuable trinket on the marble table. St. Albans took it up, and handing it to Florence, coldly said:

"That can be sold for the benefit of the poor institution, for which you are now collecting subscriptions. They at least have suffered nothing from to-night's witticisms."

Staying, he coolly walked off, leaving the party speechless with amazement. Of all the

individuals assembled in Miss Murray's rooms, Sydney St. Albans was the last one they would have supposed capable of such an act, and yet, no one save himself would have escaped so entirely the remarks and censures such an unprecedented proceeding was calculated to call forth.

"Will you not sell me back my watch, Miss Fitz-Harding?" at length asked the imprudent better. "What price do you set upon it?"

"Sixty guineas," said Florence, who was in very bad temper. Had the Earl asked her to dance, she would have returned the watch for half the sum. The gentleman, however, by borrowing some from a friend, and some notes in his own possession, made up the sum, and smilingly paid it, inwardly vowing, however, never to make a foolish wager again. Shortly after, Florence, restless and uneasy, made her escape to the music room, hoping the Earl might be there, but he was not. During the paying of the wager, a new guest had made his appearance in the rooms. With his usual careless air, Percival Clinton entered, and was quietly bending his steps towards Miss Murray, when he perceived Nina. He started, and whilst his glance wandered over her primitive costume, a strange sort of smile played upon his lip; but repressing it, he immediately approached her. Resolved to atone for his former breach of good breeding, he infused a good deal more than his usual deference into his tones, as he exclaimed:

"May I presume on my imperfect introduction to Miss Aley, to solicit the honour of her hand?"

Nina raised her eyes steadily to his, and Clinton felt the wonderful power of that glance, for involuntarily his fell beneath it. It contained so much of deep scrutiny, of cold, determined penetration.

"I perceive you are really in earnest," she at length exclaimed; "but pardon me, if I also reply to you in earnest—I would rather not."

This startlingly frank reply, though it disconcerted, did not irritate Clinton, as might have been supposed. His one ruling principle was a sovereign contempt for the world's opinion. He did or said what best pleased him, in despite of reproach, ridicule or disapproval, and this discovery of a spirit, something akin to his own, inspired him with a sudden respect for its possessor. He felt, too, that Nina had indeed good and ample cause for anger and harshness towards him, and with perfect politeness he returned:

"If you are resolved, Miss Aley, I must submit, but if you would grant my request, I would feel deeply grateful."

"To earn your deep gratitude, then, I shall comply," returned Nina, in a tone in which perhaps there lurked some quiet sarcasm. There was an unwillingness however, in her air, in the constrained manner in which she listened to his remarks, which left Clinton in no doubt concerning the light in which his attentions were received. If the selection of Nina for a partner, by the Earl of St. Albans, had excited universal astonishment, the unexpected chivalry of Percival Clinton, in following his example, added the climax to the general surprise. Nor did the profound indifference of his partner, who listened without even attempting a reply, pass unnoted. The example, however, of even two of the leaders of their circle, could not influence them sufficiently to overcome their prejudices, and when Clinton, after conversing some time with her, walked away, no fresh candidate for her hand appeared. As he stood for a moment looking on at the dancers, he was joined by the Earl of St. Albans.

"You are late to-night," exclaimed the latter.

"Yes, but I have had a quadrille already, and who was my partner? I'll give you three—six guesses."

"I know perfectly well," said St. Albans, a benevolent smile lighting up his countenance. "You owed Miss Aleyn the reparation, and I honour you for your generous promptitude in making it."

"Nay, no praise, at least till I have earned it. I do not consider a quadrille sufficient atonement for the ungenerous, ungentlemanly conduct, which marked our first introduction."

"I wish all were as quick-sighted in discovering their errors, and as prompt in atoning for them, as you are," returned the Earl, with a slight sigh. The sadness of his tones attracted Clinton's attention, and glancing round, he quickly exclaimed.

"Where is Miss Fitz-Hardinge, to-night?"

"I do not know," returned his companion, whilst a shadow passed over his white brow. Clinton seeing the subject was annoying, instantly changed it by exclaiming:

"Now, like a generous knight, will you not aid me in rescuing yon distressed damsel from neglected solitude? Really, I think I'll adopt her favorite colour, dead brown, and enter the lists as her champion."

"You might make a worse selection," murmured the Earl, as his eye fell disdainfully on a couple of young ladies, who, reclining on an ottoman, surrounded by a crowd of worshippers, were laughing and jesting, evidently in a high state of enjoyment.

"Thank you! I have hopes then, that notwithstanding the attractions of Florence the peerless, you will steal one half hour from her, to devote to my liege lady."

"Most willingly! I have already danced with her."

"What I would have expected from you, St. Albans, and I am certain Miss Fitz-Hardinge was woman enough to honour you for it."

The words brought a brighter tint to the Earl's cheek; he hesitated a moment, then with a sudden effort, exclaimed:

"It was to give a lesson to Miss Fitz-Hardinge and some other witts spirits, who were amusing themselves at Miss Aleyn's expense, that I selected her for a partner."

"What! Florence again!" involuntarily ejaculated Clinton.

"Yes," returned the Earl bitterly—"not content with the mockery she has already heaped on that simple, unoffending girl, mockery in which we both participated; again, to-night, has she unfeelingly made her the theme of public ridicule."

"Tis her only fault, St. Albans, and she has many endearing qualities."

"Yes! but what a serious one her failing is. How many bitter feelings, how many wounded hearts, does it not create. You have known me, Percival, from boyhood, and known me well, for with you alone have I ever been able to overcome that strange timidity which renders me but a wearisome companion to all others, even at times to my beautiful betrothed. Now, if ever I possessed one good or noble trait, it was without doubt my insurmountable aversion to wounding the feelings of another. Never in my most mirthful moments, or even my boyish disputes, did I give utterance to one reproach, one taunt which might hurt any sensitive point. But, true, I had not the temptation of others—I was no wit."

"Ay! there's the evil; believe me, St. Albans, 'tis no want of generosity of feeling in Florence, but her unfortunate propensity to display those amusing powers with which nature has gifted her, and which, alas! she so sadly perverts."

"And think you, she spares me, her affianced husband?" said St. Albans, bitterly. "Think you the school-boy diffidence, the rustic *gaucherie* of her future lord, are not often theme for idle jest or sarcasm?"

"No, on my life you wrong her!" interrupted Clinton eagerly. "Disposed as I am to judge her harshly, disposed to maintain what I have already frequently told you, that you can never be perfectly happy as her husband, still I cannot let you judge her falsely. To no one does she

“speak so frankly, so unreservedly, as to myself, and yet, she has never, never once mentioned your name, save in terms of the deepest respect and affection.”

The open brow of the young Earl instantly regained its former serenity, and he murmured:

“Yes, poor Florence! I have been too harsh. She is warm-hearted, generous, gentle, and is not that enough? But I am selfishly detaining you here, listening to my grievances. Seek a partner,” and, pressing his hand warmly, the Earl bent his steps to the next room, in search of Florence. Clinton stood looking after him a moment in silence, and then exclaimed, as he turned away:

“Alas! for Florence! St. Albans’ eyes are at length opened.”

The Earl, meanwhile, determined to make his peace with his betrothed, sought the music room, but alas! for his amiable resolutions! As he approached, the clear, silvery tones of Florence, fell on his ear, as with a merry laugh she exclaimed, evidently in reply to some entreaty to sing.

“Nay, press me no further. I tell you I am not in voice to-night, unless indeed you wish to be afflicted with Lady Wentworth’s screaming and quavering at second hand. Really I am sometimes at a loss to decide whether her favorite peacock or herself possesses the best *soprano*.”

“I say, Miss Fitz-Hardinge, do tell us where on earth is the Earl of St. Albans to-night? He has deserted you entirely,” demanded a young lady, who, being the god-daughter of Lady Wentworth, proposed this question in retaliation for Florence’s unsparing comments upon that lady’s voice. It produced not its intended effect, however, for Florence, in a tone of supreme carelessness, returned:

“Really, my dear, I cannot say. Making love perhaps to *la belle Suisse*.”

St. Albans, as angry as his tranquil nature would allow, precipitately retreated, and strode with a rapid step through the long suite of brilliantly lighted apartments, till he reached a small sitting room, whose gloom and solitude seemed congenial to his own sad thoughts. Entering, he threw himself, with a heavy sigh, on the one couch it contained, and covering his face with his hands, yielded to the bitter feelings of doubt, anger and suspicion, which had found a place, for the first time that night, in his heart. Their bitterness was attested by many a deep drawn sigh, when suddenly a light footstep approached, and a small hand was laid upon his shoulder. He looked up—it was Florence.

“Sydney, dear Sydney,” she whispered, as

she caught the gloomy expression of his countenance. “What are you doing here?”

“Not making love to *la belle Suisse*,” he bitterly returned. Florence crimsoned, and bending her head, murmured:

“Then, you heard that foolish speech! But surely, you will not allow even that to create dissension and coldness between us. Will you not come into the ball-room, and leave this lonely, sad spot.”

“No, Florence; ’tis better suited to my present frame of mind; but let me not detain you from its amusements.”

“If you insist on remaining, I too shall remain,” and she drew a chair near, and seated herself, with a pretty air of pouting determination. St. Albans though, neither smiled nor relented, and continued to preserve silence. A long pause followed, whilst his companion anxiously watched his overshadowed brow, and averted glance. At length she exclaimed, in a voice whose accents slightly trembled:

“Then you think you have not punished me sufficiently already? Think you, I have not suffered pain and mortification enough, to expiate my errors, from the marked neglect you have so openly displayed towards me, to-night. Oh! Sydney, if you knew one half of the suffering you have inflicted on me, you would no longer remain stern and unrelenting.”

St. Albans involuntarily glanced at the speaker; her large brilliant eyes were filled with tears. That was irresistible, and in his usual gentle tones, he rejoined:

“Say no more, dear Florence, it is all forgiven; but oh! how soon would it be all forgotten, if I thought it had induced you to make one resolve, one effort, however slight, to overcome your chief, your only failing.”

Florence started, for she had scarcely expected to ever hear St. Albans speak so plainly. Indeed, his conduct during the whole night, had been most inexplicable—totally different from his usual quiet shyness, and a strange fear stole over her, that she had mistaken the character of her future lord; that he was not the gentle, yielding being she had supposed. But disguising her real sentiments, she replied with something of her usual liveliness:

“Well! I promise to sin no more; and now, since you will not ask me to dance, I suppose I must ask you. Come, tread we a measure in your lighted hall.”

The Earl rose, and drawing her arm in his they sought the ball room, but their slow pace, his kind, though grave expression, and the serious countenance of his companion, shewed their dis-

cussion was of a more important caste than usual. On entering the ball-room, the first object which greeted their eyes, was Percival Clinton, who was standing behind the chair of Nina, and talking animatedly to her, notwithstanding her very manifest indifference. As St. Albans and his partner passed, they both bowed pleasantly, and Nina followed them long with her eyes. That earnest glance raised a sudden suspicion in Clinton's breast, assured as he was that his companion was aware of the position in which Florence stood to the Earl, and he quickly asked:

"Do you not think Miss Fitz-Harding peculiarly blessed?"

"She is indeed," was the rejoinder, and a sigh so slight as to have escaped any observation, save the strict watch bent on her, escaped the speaker. Strange! that sigh annoyed Clinton. He knew how little the Earl would value it, were it lavished on him, wrapped up as he was in Florence; and he could not stifle a selfish voice, which whispered that he who had devoted the chief part of his evening to her, displayed towards her a courtesy he paid to few, deserved it better; and it was therefore in somewhat an abrupt tone he rejoined.

"Yes, and many envy her happiness."

"Surely envy is too harsh a term," and Nina again sighed. She was thinking at the moment of her own loneliness and isolation, so different from the free sunny lot of the happy being they spoke of. Clinton, now thoroughly annoyed, and still labouring under his first misapprehension, rejoined:

"Yes! and many not only envy her lot, but greatly admire the Earl of St. Albans."

"'Tis not to be wondered at; his personal endowments seem equalled only by his generous heart."

"Really, Miss Aleyn, you are growing quite eloquent," was the sarcastic reply. "I am happy that I have at last touched on a topic which possesses some interest for you."

Nina in reality, had spoken as much in the last few moments, as she had done during the night, but perfectly unconscious of the suspicion that circumstance had excited, she raised her eyes wonderingly to his. Suddenly his meaning dawned, at least in part, upon her, but without one shade of color rising to her pale cheek, she coldly rejoined:

"No doubt you intend a cutting reproof, Mr. Clinton, but it happens unfortunately that, unpolished as I am, knowing little or nothing of your language, and coming from a land where we are accustomed to express our sentiments without concealment or equivocation, I have not yet learned the art of disguising them in words,

totally foreign to my real opinions. Little as I have yet seen of the Earl of St. Albans, that little seems to indicate both noble and generous qualities." More irritated than he wished to shew, Clinton made some stiff reply, and after two or three fruitless efforts to disguise his annoyance, abruptly left her. Nina, however, was not long left to regret his desertion, for the Earl of St. Albans, happy as he was in his reconciliation with Florence, did not forget her, and when Clinton, having succeeded in mastering his jealous irritation, returned, he saw St. Albans and his former partner, standing together in the quadrille, engaged in animated conversation. Nina was speaking at the time, and the attentive, though still calm expression of her face, the fluency with which she seemed to converse, presented a striking contrast to the cold reserve she had maintained towards himself, during the evening.

"The little vixen!" he angrily muttered. "I'll take a lesson from herself, and return her indifference in kind." Seeing Florence passing at the moment, he asked her hand, which was willingly given. By a quick movement, he contrived to obtain the part of *vis-à-vis* to the object of his indignation, and thus confronted the two young girls. His partner, who had completely recovered her spirits, laughed and jested gaily, and once, whilst joining in her mirth, he surprised the large eyes of Nina fixed earnestly upon them. She instantly averted her glance, and turned towards the Earl, but alas! notwithstanding his utmost efforts, he could not bestow on his partner the attention he had previously done. His beautiful betrothed was before him, and to her his eyes and thoughts constantly wandered.

"Would Miss Aleyn could see him as I do!" thought Clinton, as he marked St. Albans' pre-occupation. The dance over, he quickly joined the latter: "Well! you and Florence have made it up?" The Earl coloured, and inclined his head.

"I thought it would be so. No matter what license your *belle fiancée* may give her witty tongue, her beauty will always secure her indemnity."

"Believe me, 'tis not her beauty. No, Percival, that spell could not bind me one hour, but 'tis her sweetness of character, the generous frankness with which she avows her faults, the winning gentleness with which she bears reproof; a gentleness so much more admirable in one who has been indulged and spoiled from infancy, as she has been."

"Yes, she always possessed a good temper; but, tell me, what charm have you cast over the young lady, whom we should call Miss Fitz-Har-

dinge's foil, that you have loosed her tongue so wonderfully? Having informed me at the beginning of the evening, that she spoke imperfect English, she afforded me a rather singular illustration of it, by speaking none at all."

"But we conversed in French."

"She speaks French then?"

"Yes, with faultless elegance."

"That is charming, I will put up with all her little airs of dignity and indifference, if she will but condescend to accompany them with words, for my French is beginning to rust, since my last Paris trip, for want of use. But what sort of conversation has she?"

"Novel and interesting enough, but very serious."

"Well! I shall seek her without delay," and Clinton instantly joined Nina, addressing her as he approached, in his choicest Parisian. The first accents of a tongue with which she had been familiar from infancy, called up a sudden light to her pale, calm face, but it quickly faded, and her reply was rather brief, but even in the few, simple words she uttered, he was struck with the peculiar elegance of her pronunciation. Determined to succeed, he persevered in addressing her, and at length forgetting her pique or aversion, she commenced to converse with something of the interest she had displayed when with St. Albans. Clinton was actually fascinated by the simplicity yet cleverness of her remarks, the clear, upright judgment, combined with an almost childish ignorance of the world, which they displayed. There was something so truly, so unaffectedly humble in her character; she seemed so perfectly conscious of the plainness of her person, the unattractiveness of her manners, her deficiency in the brilliant accomplishments of her sex, that Clinton felt the theory he had cherished for many long years—namely, that there never existed a woman, however plain or unpretending, without her share of vanity—completely overthrown. Nina never seemed to think of even putting herself in competition with other young girls of her age, and he actually felt provoked, when, in reply to his question, "if she intended going out a great deal, during the season?" she calmly returned.

"As little as possible. I am not suited to such gaieties, and they are little suited to me. Few would display Miss Murray's generous disregard for the appearance of her rooms, in introducing into them an eccentricity, a mar-joy like myself."

"Really, Miss Aleyn, your humility is amusing, as well as admirable," he said, earnestly, as he looked on the tranquil face of his companion.

"Sceptical as I am, I believe in your sincerity; but you have promised me your hand; the quadrille is commencing."

After the conclusion of the dance, the guests commenced to leave, but young Clinton, leading his partner to a seat, leaned his arm on a chair near her, and exclaimed:

"Have you spent a pleasant evening, Miss Aleyn?"

"Not very."

"Then I have been more fortunate than yourself, for mine has been very agreeable. Would you believe me, if I dared to whisper that it is yourself who has rendered it so?"

"I would accuse you of senseless flattery," and her lip slightly curled. "No," she added, with the singular frankness which had already amused Percival, as well as excited his admiration. "Though you have been attentive to me beyond all others, beyond what I expected, I am not silly enough to mistake your motive."

"And what was that motive?" he interrogated colouring, but compelling himself to go through with it.

"A desire to heal the self-love you may have fancied you had wounded."

"And has my atonement obtained for me forgiveness?" he asked in a low voice.

"You had never offended," was the cold rejoinder. "Why should I blame you, for a feeling as natural, as involuntary as would be the admiration which beauty or grace would excite?"

"You need not tell me you were not offended," returned Clinton, annoyed by the cold self-possession of her manner, and inwardly stigmatising her as heartless.

"I was pained, but not offended."

The reply softened him, and he rejoined:

"Then, say am I forgiven? Have I atoned for my involuntary error?"

"You have indeed, fully and generously."

The words were kind, and he glanced at the speaker, but her face was calm and indifferent as ever. A look of dissatisfaction crossed his features, but suddenly some suspicion seemed to strike him. He bent, to raise a withered flower at his feet, and in so doing, covertly glanced at the downcast eyes of his companion. Yes, he was not mistaken; they were full of large, glittering tears. Unconscious that he had perceived her emotion, Nina continued to converse in the same tranquil tone, but she felt at a loss to account for the sudden increase of respectful gentleness in her partner's manner. Shortly after, St. Albans, who had taken leave of Florence, approached Nina, and courteously wished her "good night." Clinton followed his example,

and Nina, when the guests were all departed, rose, to go in search of Miss Murray.

The latter, reading aright her wearied look, advised her to seek her room immediately, which she did, without waiting to see Florence. How could she, when her heart was full of the bitter consciousness that her unobtrusiveness, her quiet gentleness, could not shield her from the mockery of one, who should have been the first to avert from her every annoyance or mortification! Calm, apparently unconscious as was the exterior she had preserved, full well had she known at the time; that she was the object of the laughter and ridicule of Florence and her companions. But that night, ere Nina retired to rest, she had succeeded in chasing away every unholy feeling, and, with trusting earnestness, she could ask of her Heavenly Father, "to forgive her offences, even as she forgave those of others." Nina was deeply, truly religious, in thought and feeling, and without much exterior demonstration, she daily tried to conquer her earthly weaknesses, and to form her life on that of the holy model she studied. Young as she was, already had she passed through the bitter ordeal of suffering; sickness, anxiety, and care, had been her portion, whilst a joyless, though not perhaps really an unhappy childhood, had early chilled in her the gaiety and sportiveness of youth. In her new home, she enjoyed every luxury and comfort, and yet, there too, she found a cross, a trial, in the sarcastic spirit of her young companion. But that night, whilst prostrated in humble prayer, she inwardly vowed to bear with un murmuring patience, in expiation of her offences, every mortification, every wound that that thoughtless spirit might inflict upon her; and to forgive all, even as she would wish to be forgiven.

CHAPTER VI.

THE few following weeks were uneventful to both. Pursuant to her determination, Nina rarely went out, and that only in compliance with the entreaties of Miss Murray, who was becoming fondly attached to her gentle charge. She did not, however, refuse to see the guests who called, and most frequent among them were the Earl of St. Albans and Percival Clinton. Florence, for a length of time, wondered at the oft repeated, and long visits of the latter, and her vanity whispered that she was recovering her former influence over his faithless heart. Yet she often repeated to herself, "It is strange, how shy he has grown. He passes most of the time talking to Nina. Of course, he wishes to conceal his

feelings from St. Albans. Poor Percival! from my heart and soul I pity him!" Never did she dream for a moment, that her unpretending relative could possibly be the object of his devotion. How could she imagine that the elegant, fastidious Mr. Clinton, who had oftentimes vowed in her presence, that never, never would he bow before the shrine of aught but beauty, could find the faintest attraction in the quiet, quakerish Nina. The latter's childish simplicity, however, her fresh, pure unworldliness, which each day more fully displayed, her humility, and even the charm which after a time he found in the calm composure of her manner, a composure which no exterior circumstance, contempt, unkindness—not even the cutting sarcasms of Florence, could ever ruffle—all interested, charmed him. This feeling was strengthened by a sentiment of compassion for her state of dependence, the entire neglect she experienced—for, save himself and St. Albans, few ever gave a second thought to the little nonentity that filled a quiet corner of Miss Murray's saloons, placed there as if to serve for a foil to its brilliant young mistress. And yet, had Nina willed it, it might have been otherwise. Had her face been ten times plainer, her form ten times more insignificant, by attiring herself in brilliant and fashionable robes, by openly parading Miss Murray's partiality for her, assuming airs of importance, in fact following the arts practised by most around her, she would have gained for herself, apparent, if not real, homage. But her merit was humble and retiring, and to such, alas! the world is generally blind. Of the growing devotion of Clinton, she was unconscious as Florence herself; she ever received him with the same self-possession, and if he only addressed her three words, or passed the whole evening at her side, it seemed perfectly indifferent to her. One morning, Florence joyfully entered the apartment with a note in her hand.

"Is not this charming? A card for Lady M—'s grand *fete*. Come, throw away that dull French book, and let us talk over it." Nina quietly obeyed, and her visitor continued. "You must know, I have been in great dread lately that I would be left out, for I was not sparing in my criticisms on Lady M—'s poems. You are aware she is a poetess, and like her own subjects, which are generally charity, piety, and the like, a very dull one. Some meddling individual repeated my remarks to Lady M—, who afterwards spoke to me very evangelically on the subject, informing me she had forgiven me, without waiting to know whether I desired her forgiveness. She has given me the best proof of her Christian forbearance, however, in this card, and I am resolved to

spare her, at least till her next poem. But, now, dear Nina, you are not going to refuse this invitation wherein Lady M— has so kindly remembered you, as you have done so many others. Nay, shake not that glossy little head of yours, with such obstinacy. Come, you must accept it, if only for my sake."

"I beseech you, Florence, do not ask me, for it pains me to refuse you."

Here the servant entered, and addressed a few words to the latter.

"How tiresome!" she impatiently ejaculated.

"Clinton is below, and I must go down. Will you come, Nina? Do not be so disagreeable as to refuse me this also." The exhortation chased away Nina's wavering look, and she instantly rose. They found Clinton looking over some French work belonging to the latter, and perusing with an earnest, though smiling countenance, some notes she had written in the same language, on a blank leaf. On their entrance, he abruptly closed it, and, slightly coloring, exclaimed:

"What punishment will you adjudge me, Miss Aleyn, for my curiosity? I am caught in the act."

"To fill the part of *cavalière servante*, to her, for the next fortnight," said Florence, who was still irritated with Nina's refusal concerning the party.

"That were a reward, instead of a punishment," rejoined Clinton, casting a severe glance on the speaker; "but I think, to listen to all Miss Fitz-Hardinge's witticisms for the next week, would be punishment enough."

Nina was too generous to rejoice over her rival's fall, and no smile or glance rewarded her champion. There was even a coldness about her look and manner it had not worn before, and his heart inwardly honored her for it, even though it somewhat annoyed him.

"Nay! Mr. Clinton" said Florence, carelessly, "I have no time to waste in replying to your impertinences this morning, even though they are somewhat duller than usual." He laughed good humouredly as he rejoined,

"Well! we will not weary Miss Aleyn with an exhibition of our powers of wit. Have we nothing more entertaining to discuss?"

"Oh! yes," and Florence forgot her momentary anger; "I have just received a card for a grand festival to be given by the evangelical poetess."

"So have I, and I need not ask if you go. your joyous look is assurance enough. But what does Miss Aleyn say?" and he turned anxiously towards her.

"I have but my usual answer to give—I must decline."

"Nay, this is too bad," and a look of deep dissatisfaction darkened his countenance. "Consider, Miss Aleyn the disappointment your absence will inflict on others. Do listen to our entreaties for this once." Nina hesitated, and looked distressed, for she felt she could not grant his request, and whilst she was reflecting how to make known her refusal in the gentlest terms, Miss Murray entered. He eagerly solicited her interference, and in a gay tone she exclaimed:

"Come, my little recluse, I have not asked a favour of you for some time; promise me you will go to this ball?"

Without a shadow of reluctance, the young girl instantly yielded; and this trait of docility was not lost on Clinton, who whispered:

"I wish, Miss Aleyn, you would impart to me the secret of the un murmuring promptitude with which you yield to the wishes of others."

"Gratitude and affection," she replied, as she rose, evidently wishing to turn the conversation. The visitor soon after took leave, and Florence, in the gayest spirits, insisted on accompanying Nina to her room, but as she passed Miss Murray, the latter said, in a low voice:

"Do not be annoying Nina about her dress, she has made a great sacrifice in consenting to go at all."

Her words made some slight impression on the volatile girl, and even when she saw her companion draw forth and commence arranging her brown dress, she restrained every word of mockery. Throwing herself full length on a couch, she quietly watched the former's movements, but the more than usually grave expression of Nina's face suddenly struck her, and she exclaimed:

"Why, Nina, you have more a funereal look than a festal one. What a singular girl you are! Younger than I am, you should enter with even more delight than myself into pleasure and gaiety; but, instead, they seem but a penalty to you."

"So they are," was the reply; "and a severe penalty. What pleasure can contempt and neglect afford? I, at least, am not sufficiently philosophical to derive any great enjoyment from them. With you it is different."

"Yes," rejoined Florence thoughtfully; "and yet 'tis not the admiration and attention I receive which renders them so pleasant either; I go generally with the delightful certainty of meeting there, persons I would wish above all others to meet." Nina involuntarily sighed. "But, why that sigh, carissima? You surely cannot expect to be so fortunate as I am already—to have procured a friend such as I allude to, so soon! Why, I had worn out fifty pairs of kid gloves,

and an equal number of sashes, ere I was so blessed."

"Are friends then so scarce?" asked Nina, who had not caught her real meaning.

"Why, bless your innocent heart!" said Florence, bursting into a merry laugh. "'Tis easy seeing that you come from a pastoral region. And, do you suppose, that under the term friend I include any one of the ninety-nine ladies who are for ever abusing me when apart, though dear Florence to my face, or the gentlemen, who change the compliments they lavish on me when present, into tirades against me in my absence? No, no, 'tis a truer, a kinder friend than such as they. Do you understand me now?" and she slightly colored.

"Yes, a friend such as dear Miss Murray. She indeed is a priceless friend," was the simple reply.

"Well, well!" returned Florence, half provoked, half amused; "I really can scarcely put faith in such infantine simplicity; yet I do not know—it suits exactly your antipathy to parties, and mania for long sleeves. I see I must make it plainer to your comprehension. Did you ever hear of such a thing as a lover? Well! did it ever enter your head that any young lady could be so unparadoxically wicked as to permit the attentions of one?"

"I understand you now," said Nina quietly. "You are improving. Well! I will finish my lesson by affording you a practical illustration of what I have been explaining. I, your wicked friend and relative, Florence Fitz-Hardinge have not only permitted but smiled on the homage of a certain knight of merit proved. If you are not afraid of me now, you may exercise your ingenuity by divining who the aforesaid knight is, to whom, I must first inform you, I am engaged."

"Engaged!" repeated Nina with a start; but she immediately added with her usual calmness, "You must tell me Florence, for I am a wretched guess."

"Really," was the pettish reply, "I cannot compliment you on your penetration this morning, but; I will give you another chance. It was one of those gentlemen to whom you were introduced the day succeeding your arrival here. You can surely divine which of the two is the happy individual."

"Mr. Clinton," said Nina in a low voice.

"Nina, are you entirely blind? or is it," and Florence turned her eye quickly upon her; "Is it that your supposition is in reality a wish?" The expression of Nina's face puzzled her. There was something unusual lurking

beneath her exterior repose, and the faintest approach to a smile curved her small mouth, as she said, it may have been in truth, it may have been in bitterness:

"You cannot blame me, Florence, for mistaking the devoted one, where all are devoted." Pleased by an answer so flattering to her vanity, she rapidly continued:

"Well, Nina, now you know all, and I must tell you my plans. First, I promise, you shall be my chief bride's-maid, which will disappoint many who are certain of the office. Of course, you will still continue to live with Aunt Mary, but you will often come to spend some time with me, and Aunt has promised always to pass three or four months every year, at St. Albans' Castle, the Earl's ancestral seat. I need not say that you must always accompany her. Once I am Lady St. Albans—does it not sound well?—you need never have any whim or wish ungratified, for the Earl is so generous—I can always obtain anything I ask. Even, already, he has lavished on me more jewels, more costly gifts than would have exhausted the treasury of any gentleman of moderate fortune; but I must leave you, to practise the new music St. Albans sent me yesterday." And with a joyous step, the light hearted girl left the room. Nina sat for a moment, dreamily; her hands clasped together, her large eyes bent on the ground; but suddenly starting up, she exclaimed in French, the language she generally used, even to Florence, though the latter nearly always addressed her in English:

"Vain fool that I am! What have I, the plain, unpolished mountain girl, to do with such beings as Florence Fitz-Hardinge or her suitors? What is it to me, if the Earl of St. Albans or Percival Clinton is to be her husband! Florence, with her beauty, her giddiness, could not be more presumptuously foolish. No, such dreams of brightness, of devotion, are not for such as Nina Aleyn, and I must banish them for ever." She took a book from the table and in the record of its storied events, soon succeeded in chasing away the unwelcome thoughts which Florence's conversation had awoke for the first time in her heart.

(To be continued.)

ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN PERFECTION AND HAPPINESS.*

BY THE REV. ADAM HOOD BIRWELL.

THE following scheme exhibits an adaptative and practical view of the fourfoldness of man, the offices of each part, and the means provided of God for his perfecting: the middle column exhibiting the man himself in his four heads.

Director,	Will,	Apostle,
Provider,	Imagination,	Prophet,
Selector,	Intellect,	Evangelist,
Prompter.	Affections.	Pastor.

As the man himself is here divided into four heads, so his leading attributes are also divided into four corresponding heads, each more or less complicated in the detail of its parts. And so also we find the one ministry which God gave for perfecting man branching out into four heads, each having its minor and subordinate divisions, and all being, in each case, (as per the scheme,) summed up and recapitulated in the head or first division of the four.

In this scheme the Apostle as head of rule, and so head of all the ministries and forms of ministry, is for addressing the will, to the end of bringing it into obedience to a will other than itself—into obedience to the will of God. For herein stands the freedom and happiness of the creature, that it stands in subordination and obedience to the will and law of the Creator. It cannot be a law to itself, in independence of any other, without being the slave of corruption. So the first effort of every wise parent is to bring his child into obedience. The Gospel saith—"Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is the first commandment with promise." This is the rudimental principle of every government. The subject must obey the laws, or he cannot have their benefit and protection. Christ, our example, learned obedience by what he did and what he suffered; wherefore God hath exalted him with a name above all names. The first effort of God upon men, after sending the Gospel, is to bring them into obedience and make them teachable. God set in the Church first Apostles, which explains why they were made the visible head of all rule. Apostleship is especially for addressing the will, that the man being subdued

may be in a condition to profit by the other forms of ministry provided of God for his perfecting. All right preaching of the Gospel must declare itself backed and supported by apostolic authority; and authority cannot stand in dead men. At first the mark of catholicity was the standing in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship. All direction and rule are under the will, and flow from apostleship, as the great reservoir in which God placed it, for flowing forth in its proper channels for the blessing of mankind directly in that particular form of blessing: for it is a great blessing to have a subdued and obedient will. Whoever rules and teaches, "rebuking with all authority" in his place, does a measure of apostolic work. But Apostles being set first in the Church shows that the universal Church should be ruled in one body by apostleship: not by Apostles as individual men and independent of each other, in the sense that bishops and others are so, but by one apostleship acting as one, being made one as the Father and the Son are one, though they be twelve individuals: not made one as others are made to agree in the one truth by the instrumentality of human superiors in office, but by the Lord himself made one without the intervention of an ordinance between him and them. He constituted "the twelve"—that definite number, the number of the foundations in the New Jerusalem, and "according to the number of the twelve tribes of Israel," neither more nor less; these he constituted the eldership of the universal Church, as next himself in the divine polity. We concede then to apostleship direction, rule, and supreme guidance throughout the universal Church, because God so set it at first; and at the first so the Church "walked with God," under an ABIDING LAW.

The Imagination in the scheme is classed as the Provider. Over against it is set the Prophet as indicating the form of ministry by which God would address and perfect man in the department of his imagination, which indeed is the prophetic part of human nature. By this faculty man looks into futurity, lives by hope, lays hold of the

promises, ranges and forages about in the boundless regions of ideality, and brings up to the mind all ideal forms, whether of the physical, intellectual or spiritual. For all these the prophetic faculty is needful; and it needs to be taken hold of and addressed by the prophet of God, that being handled by this branch of the one ministry the man in this faculty may be made perfect according to the divine will. The prophet is shown as the Provider in that he is used to bring out the hidden mind of God in the various forms of prophecy: as in the times before the coming of our Lord all things stood in prophetic word, action, symbol, or type and shadow; unrealized and unpractical, though not untrue. The whole Old Testament is prophetic, and looks to the future for fulfilment and realization; and hence it is that reading prophecy is so different from reading the plain parts of scripture, which stand in the forms of teaching, precept, and exposition, as is the case with much of the New Testament. The Comforter was given to the Church to speak in it as a person, and shew and declare the things of Christ, and to guide her into all truth, first by revealing "the deep things of God" contained under the letter and types of the Old Testament, not in the forms of authoritative teaching, which falls under the head of apostleship, but in the forms of prophetic utterance, addressed rather to faith than to the understanding, and having no authority over the conscience till put into practical forms, and addressed to the understanding in the sense of precept and commandment. This latter belongs to the apostolic office and power, as we are shown when Peter commands us to be mindful of the *commandment of us the apostles*, as well as mindful of words spoken in prophecy. (2 Peter iii., 2.) A form of prophecy also serves for exhortation, edification, and comfort; wherein is to be seen a part of the office of the Comforter in providing and furnishing consolation to the Church. But we nowhere find in the New Testament that any direct commandment came in prophecy. The reason of this is to be seen in the incarnation. After the word was made flesh, the rule of the man was brought out, so that the Holy Ghost, being sent by the man, was subordinated in manhood, and so, as a spirit, could give no commandment. And so the spirit in the prophets was made subject to the spiritual man in the prophets, and liable to all the forms of order set in the Church, both as to speaking and keeping silence. (1. Cor xiv.) †

The ministry of the Evangelist is for addressing and perfecting the Intellect. Its especial work is to declare, proclaim, argue, reason, present motives, train the judgment, address the con-

science, and draw conclusions. As the apostle heads up and contains all forms of ministry, and is the judge and ruler of all, so we may see in him the largeness of the Evangelist, a striking instance of which we find in St. Paul, who *reasoned* before Felix of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. By this we see that the Evangelist's gift and ministry have great largeness and compass; and, no doubt, much of the work of forming "the *mind of Christ*" in the enlightened individual, with the largeness of teaching needful for it, belongs to this office. This does not come under the class of dogmatic teaching, as that pertains rather to the exercise of authority, which does not belong to the evangelist's office, but to others.

In the scheme the Intellect is classed as the Selector, and that not without reason; for to it belong discrimination, comparison, reasoning, ascertaining, balancing, valuing, and prophetic judgments. The imagination, or prophetic part, furnishes the raw material, and the intellect, wherein resides intelligence, manufactures and selects it as to present application and use. So by the "mind of Christ" in a man the Old Testament and other prophecy is translated, so to speak, from the dead language of prophecy (dead as to understanding and practice) into the common language of practice and usefulness. On this ground, a man's mere imaginings are not for practice. They must be tried, and, if found good, arranged by the rational powers before they are put to use. Yet faith may be fed and strengthened by reading the prophets, while the understanding cannot meddle with it, and remains for the time unfruitful in it.

Opposite the affections in the scheme stands the pastor. His chief business is to deal with them in tenderness and gentleness, as a feeder and healer, as one of tender heart, in imitation of the good shepherd who giveth his life for the sheep; so that the heart of Christ may be formed in his people, and fitted to receive the pure love of God shed abroad in it, and come to be chastened and subdued into godlike self-denial. For as there is but one faith, so there is but one love. Feeling is substantially the same in every one; and when the affections are purified the heart of man is prepared to receive the love of God shed abroad in it from the heart of Jesus Christ, which is one heart and a human heart filled with all the compassion and holiness of God, for the very end of imparting them to men. The pastor is also the proper ordinance to be the confessor, and in this way received into the most intimate confidences of men, as having the heart of Christ yearning over them,

and longing to restore them to health and soundness.

But as the individual is but one person, so all these means are but one ministry: and as these four departments in the person must all act together to produce a rational action, these four ministries should so conjointly operate with one another, and act to one end as to produce a rational person. Not that they should create what before did not exist, but that they should train and modify, and regulate and qualify things already existing so as to enable them to act together in wisdom, righteousness, truth and holiness, to act as God would have them act, and so fulfil his will. The four parts of man being so separate and distinct, that one is not the other, nor mingled and lost in it; so the ministries have the same distinctiveness in themselves, and are placed under a form of headship, and shewn in numerical order. This order, although it assumes the facts of superiority and inferiority in some sense, it need not in all senses—for while in substance and essence, the whole four are perfectly equal and of the same kind—in the matter of necessary order and precedence, they are not all equal. The head of rule, in point of rule and order, must be superior to all the rest; and so when God set Apostles first in the Church, He set them over all descriptions of persons and ministries, in both rule and teaching. The fourfold ministry is one, even as God is one, branching out into four heads—but Apostleship is the head of rule and direction to all the others. They all preserve their distinctiveness as heads without losing them in Apostleship, and they so retain their distinctiveness as to make themselves necessary to the integrity and effectiveness of the first. For every gift of God is perfect in its measure and place, without defect or redundancy, being just enough and no more for the end for which it was intended. And as the individual to be perfect in the fulness of his creation faculties, must lack none of these four parts; so the means of his being made perfect by education, cannot be complete if any of the four are wanting in the distinctiveness of their application.

As every one has in him these four parts of manhood, so he has in him a capacity to be acted upon by each of these four parts of the one ministry. And as he is active to do as well as passive to be acted upon, he has in him this double capacity for the fourfold ministry, so that in some sense and measure the material for apostle, prophet, evangelist and pastor, is naturally in every one both actively and passively. Yet one particular feature in one or other of its forms, would predominate in each individual, so that whoever has charge of others is capable of putting forth

in an active form some measure of the work of each of these four ministries; and whosoever is placed under authority is also capable of receiving impressions from this fourfold power in the other. Active and passive are ever found together; if not, it is inconceivable how any person could be educated; for a man must act upon himself, using his own faculties in coming to the possession of knowledge, and through his own experience, or a teacher could never do him any good. If God gives ability to receive instruction, we must use that ability or we never can be instructed. And if God ordains that man is to be perfected by certain means, the means must be adapted to the faculties of man, upon whom He would act by them.

Admitted that the four ministries have not always been manifested in the Church. Nay, that for ages a total ignorance of them has universally prevailed, (which indeed is the truth,) and in so far could not do their work. But it does not follow that no part of their work could be done unless we can show in fact that the least imperfection, or loss of means, is total disqualification. The whole four stood in the gift of the Holy Ghost. He has not been taken from the Church, though grieved and quenched as the spirit of prophecy and otherwise; and where he works at all, we must believe that some measure of his fourfold fullness has been the result, and not part of one and no part of the others. Each person has a natural twofold capacity for the four, and the whole four do in some sense run into each other, because man is one, and the Holy Ghost is one, and the ministry is one. And we may rest in this historical fact, that the Church has always been more or less prophetically disposed, and has studied prophecy with reference to the future; and so of the rest. It may be that our fathers never saw things in this light; but light exists independently of eyes. And further, men are always using the prophetic faculty, as any one may see by works of imagination and fiction, many of which are full of supernatural machinery, even though the vast majority both of writers and readers have no belief whatever in the supernatural. Men cannot avoid in some way using the faculties God has given them, even though they deny all his purposes in them.

Now the Holy Ghost was given on the day of Pentecost. It was then, the Apostle tells us, these gifts for effecting man's perfection were given. They were, therefore, contained in the one gift of the Holy Ghost from Him in whom is all fullness. The one gift was parted and became into four heads for "distribution" where it was needed. The church is "the City of God;" and "there is

a river the streams whereof make glad" this city. The Holy Ghost is the one river proceeding from the Father and the Son; but in its progress it is parted into the four heads, so as of one stream to become four streams for watering "the garden of God." We read that out of Eden there went forth a river to water the garden which the Lord God had planted, and into which he had put the man and his wife; that it was parted and became into four heads on going into it. This is a reversal of the order of nature; for rivers do not rise in their largest part, and as they run branch out into streams and rills; but rise in rills and streams, and are largest at the conclusion of their course. But an animal body seems to embrace both schemes: for when the blood flows out for refreshing, its current is in one channel at its going from the heart; and when it is exhausted in the multiplicity of its divisions, it commences to return by as many into one channel to the heart, to be re-endued with vital energy and go out again. In man also we see the two forms of being united in one, that is, spirit and matter: and so man forms the theatre where is exhibited the opposite or contrasted ways of God in the spiritual and natural worlds. And we see further, that in the matter of the garden of Eden, we find a type of the ways of God in the City of God. We also see the same in substance in the visions of Ezekiel. He saw the four cherubims with their four heads, and yet they were one, and the Spirit was in them; and whithersoever the Spirit would go, thither went the undivided four; and the fullness of the Holy Ghost was in some way present in each one, as in some way he is present in every ministry and in every person, though there be at the same time a "distribution" among the members. See 1 Cor., xii., throughout. If the four go whithersoever the Spirit goes, (and Ezekiel saw them as *his vehicle of conveyance*), Christendom has always had some benefit from the fourfoldness of the ministry, because the four are essentially in the Holy Ghost. But this is far from admitting that Christendom has benefited as it ought to have done.

Let us recapitulate a little. According to our scheme, the will stands sole director and ruler in man, receiving judgments from the intellect, and putting them into execution, as wisdom shall deem best. God addresses the will by the ordinance of headship and rule, whether it be in a larger or smaller sphere, by Apostles themselves, or those deputed by them to rule in the body. The imagination is the forger and provider of the raw material, which must be wrought and made fit for use by the intellect; and God addresses and schools it by the active use of the

prophetic gift, that it may be perfected in its way and measure. The intellect is the trier and examiner, discriminator and selector, finding reasons and showing why; and for its right qualification God addresses and trains it by the evangelist's ministry. The affections are the prompter,—(practically) the seat of feeling and desire; bringing up wants; suggesting their gratification; open to impressions; loving, hating, fearing, avoiding. These God addresses and schools by the office of the pastor, that they may become quiet and submissive, looking to the higher faculties for judgment and direction. And thus the four streams of the yet one river visit and water every tree and plant in the garden—every part and faculty of man, and every man. And as neither Christ nor his Spirit can fail to be wholly present in some sense and to some purpose at all places and times, the distributions and differences of administrations cannot suppose that Christ is not wholly present in every one of them, though it may be working but very imperfectly.

We everywhere, and in every conceivable way, meet with the assertion that man was not made for himself except as he was made for others. "It is not good that man should be alone." If his enjoyments flow from himself, they also flow much more from others. "No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself." No state on earth can be more desolate than that of total exclusion from our kind. We lean and rest upon others, and they continually help us in a thousand ways. Under certain conditions the increase of population is regarded as a happy circumstance in a nation's fortunes. We see the principle in all the forms of combination and confederacy, all which result from the acknowledged fact that we are made to be helpful to and happy in each other. We see it pre-eminently in our Lord, who was made man that man might have life in abundance. Man was then made for society.

But in every case man must be ruled by law from a Lawgiver above himself, to whom he is accountable. The body is recognized to be greater than the individual, and the Head is above the body, though a part of it. The will of the individual must be subordinate to the public will; and the will of the body should flow from the Head. The laws both of society and the natural world affect man in the same way: that is, he must keep them or risk the consequences of breaking them. His individual perfection is but an end to make him happy by taking his place in a body and keeping its laws—the necessary qualification for fulfilling his duties in it,

for being in perfect unison with it in all points, as an integral part of it, the disruption of which, from its place, would be its death, as if it were the limb of a man. The individual is perfected to the end of forming a perfect body—a body corporate formed upon the primal model of the individual, in which body the God of perfection is to find His temple and dwelling place forever, as an house and home worthy of the Almighty and Perfect One.

Some stones are known to be crystallized after the pattern found in each particle. This is also true of the Church. The individual man has a fourfoldness in his nature. He is perfected by a fourfold ministry to take his place in a body which stands in the same fourfoldness, and which has its four symbolic heads in the lion, the eagle, the man, and the ox as seen both by Ezekiel and John, and as foreshadowed also in the river that went out of Eden to water the garden. The New Jerusalem also, the Eternal City, the ensigns of which are these four symbols, "lieth four square" in its fourfoldness, like Israel in his four encampments under his four standards. But it follows that if the individuals are not perfected the body composed of them cannot be perfect; also the individual being made and qualified to fulfil a part, his usefulness and happiness depend on his taking it, and his happiness also depends on his being useful. A man who is to live by a profession to which duties are attached, cannot enjoy life until he is employed in the duties upon the fulfilment of which his happiness depends; and so the saints can never receive their reward, nor the enjoyment flowing from it, until they become kings and priests unto God and actually reign on the earth. The crown is laid up for them until that day; but the reward is unattainable, and the happiness but in prospect until they can fulfil the duties attached to the wearing of the crown. (But this is *not* the common notion of heaven.) Our Lord gave apostles, prophets, evangelists and pastors with an ultimate view to this; but first for perfecting individuals and fitting them to take their place in the body and fulfil its duties, that so it might grow up to the measure of the fullness of the stature of a man, or Christ's body, to be the temple of God forever, built in all things according to his perfect mind. These gifts being given for such a work, without them it never can be accomplished. A part of them from which the rest are torn cannot do it, and no human inventions can be substituted in their place and do it. God has neither promised to perfect men without the whole four, nor to work by a part if the other part should be lost, nor to

accept of any human invention and fill it with his own power. If we forsake Him, the fountain of living waters, He has said that He will not fill the cisterns which we substitute in place of what He gave us, and in this case we must suffer drought. All men, even Pagans, are somewhat like what God's perfect training would make them, but no man is perfected under it; for we see all men in some measure resembling the true Christian character: whereas if in no sense or measure they resembled it, they could not be rational creatures at all. The gifts having been given, the church at once ought to have gone on to perfection in the full use of them and without coming into any loss. Through God's mercy some things have remained to us; but we have coupled them with so much that is evil, that the best character formed among us is mere shreds and patches of good mingled in strange confusion with abounding defect and deformity.

We have seen that man was made to be perfected by the use of the gifts given for the perfecting of man, that God might dwell among men, (Psa, lxxviii. 18;) but the Church, the Christian's proper home, has failed to give him the benefit of them. They were not given to be in men as an instinct of nature which they could not lose or abuse; but to man as a free agent, responsible for them, and so capable of rebelling against the giver, and attempting to do without them, or with only a mutilated remnant of them. They were so given that the faithful use of them would have insured infallible guidance, and the current demonstration of divine power in the Church on the side of truth, to smite down and cast out or reform the wicked, as we read it was for a short time at the first. But if we look back upon history, or around now upon Christendom, we shall see little beside wickedness, that ought to shame the heathen; the proper works of the flesh, the result of our not being trained by the Church under the fourfold ministry, filled with all gifts and power in the manifold wisdom of God to make us perfect. The Church very soon despised them, and lost a great part of them by her own wilful wickedness, and betook herself to all fleshly expedients and perverse ways, to maintain herself without them. She allied herself to the powers of this world, and came into bondage under them, things which God had expressly forbidden, and which she never could have imagined expedient had she remained faithful to God in the use of all his gifts. The tares were speedily sown by the devil throughout God's wheatfield, and as speedily outgrew and smothered the wheat. For "while men slept" at their post, regardless of all God's warnings, the enemy

came in and did his work ; and men had become so blind that they could not discern it from the work of God: and so "darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people." Contentions, wars, fightings, factions, parties, struggles for the mastery, wrath, strife, confusion and every evil work followed in course. The cruel rule of the flesh was every where set up: men's wicked passions carried the sway in every thing ; and very much of the history of the Church is a mere catalogue of enormous crimes—the crimes of rulers and people alike. Blood has been shed like water from one end of Christendom to the other, and for centuries upon centuries. Peace has been a total stranger, and villainy and violence have been unceasingly practised. Discipline in the Church has been sought to be maintained by fire and sword, and torture and wholesale butcheries ; the policy under which these things were done, being wicked and perfidious in the corresponding degree ; as if such measures, such works of the devil could be made to root out the tares, which the devil had sown ! Little is now seen but usurpations and abuses, lawlessness and contentions, strifes and jealousies. The aggregate action of Christendom, which ought always to have been in unity, love, and peace, has uniformly been that of a maniac tearing himself to pieces. For the different Christian nations have practised treachery and violence against each other in all their forms ; and factions in the matter of Christian doctrine and discipline, and neighborhoods, and families and individual clans, and neighborhoods, and families have followed the same wicked and bloody practices. The universal and long continued prevalence of these things allow not the slightest presumption that under the present dispensation, any movement can be made except towards utter destruction, whither all tendencies seem to be hastening. God must do a contrary work and roll back the evil, or the evil, increasing as it does, will destroy all good : and yet the common temper is to deny that we either need such interference or that it is rational to think of it. The universal dogma now is, that "the wishes of the majority," not truth and right, should be the rule of laws; and men think it will lead them to perfection and happiness. No matter if this majority and its wishes change every week and run into all absurdities; its will of perpetual change must forever be the law. The lowest part of man, the mere feeling and wishing part, which has no reason and is nearest the brute, is set above all as if it could discharge those functions which need the wisdom and power and perfections of God. And the least particle of

right reason is sufficient to see that a polity standing on such a basis, must speedily lead to the worst results.

Here we have a key to the four monarchies of Daniel typified by dreadful beasts of prey. They are the fittest emblems of the cruel rule of the will of man, grasping, covetous, unscrupulous, devouring. We see also why similar figures are employed in foreshewing the judgments coming on the Church. The Church early mingled herself with these beastly powers, ("they shall mingle themselves with the seed of men" Dan. ii. 43) followed their ways, rested on them for support, imitated their crooked policy, and in much outdid them in bloody cruelty. The Inquisition may be cited as a notable example. In many cases the "earthly, sensual, devilish" wisdom of the flesh, has mainly guided the policy and selected the measures of all Churches and sects. Wherever Church and State has prevailed, it could not be otherwise ; and where it has not prevailed, things have been no better. If the heresies and ecclesiastical convulsions which desolate the Church, were shewn as angels from the bottomless pit, and devouring beasts and no less devouring locusts, the political measures and movements invariably linked in with them, by the intermeddlings of the Church in all state matters, were quite as worthy to be so symbolised as they.

The man of sin, in whose final and complete manifestation all possible wickedness and impiety are brought to a head, is but "the mystery of iniquity" fully developed. It is the summing up of all Satan's permitted devices, brought out through human wickedness, and "the tongue set on fire of hell, setting on fire the curse of nature ;" the final beast to whom "the kings of the earth give their power," and go to "make war against the lamb ;"—the beast that rises from the sea of popular commotions, mayhap to be headed up in a man, some fierce ungodly tyrant, who for a time shall curb "the will of the majority," out of whose "troubled sea, casting up mire and dirt," he has arisen. But his career is short ; for he is speedily destroyed by the coming of the Lord in glory. The old institutions have hitherto hindered his full manifestation : but when "He that letteth is taken out of the way," the man of sin will come forth openly and do his worst. The old institutions are every where rapidly vanishing, and this fearful reign of anarchy is as rapidly hastening to fill their place ; and "the great tribulation" must therefore as speedily commence its unparalleled horrors ; a foretaste of which was had in the first French Revolution ; and another is again before us. All these things are

the curse that comes upon Christendom, because christians have not been trained and educated in the will of God, under the fourfold means He gave for that purpose. The greatness and terribleness of the judgments correspond to the excellency of the gifts, and the dignity to which they were calculated to raise the church as a body : and therefore is it that her latter end—her final downfall, is so wonderful. But all who thus join to “make war against the lamb,” shall finally be destroyed by the devouring judgments of God, so that they shall corrupt and oppress the earth no more.

But there is a “world to come,” and “the coming and Kingdom of the Lord” shall bring it. There is “a new heaven and earth wherein dwelleth righteousness,” which shall be so established in peace, that they never can be disturbed. Man shall be made peaceable under their dominion, and enabled to keep the peace of God. But first he shall be made to loathe and abhor himself for all the abominations he hath wrought.—Then the longings of our nature shall be satisfied ; the universal cry for peace and prosperity shall be answered, and the groans of the groaning creation shall be heard no more, for its misery and travail shall come to an end. Man shall be taught to desire nothing which God will not grant as soon as the request shall be made known. “That which is perfect shall come, and that which is in part shall be done away.” All that remain on the earth shall be partakers of it ; for “the nations of the saved shall walk in the light” of that city which shall be “THE PERFECTION OF BEAUTY,” out of which God shall shine upon them in love and mercy forever.

And this “world to come,” is that which, in the third place comes in to constitute the completeness of human happiness. For this happiness, three things are chiefly requisite ; first, personal condition and qualification : secondly, social condition, or that of the body to which we belong, and the persons to whom we shall stand in various relations as in a body : and lastly, the place of our habitation and the things thereof. God hath therefore purposed to “make all things new,” so that “the earth, which He hath given to the children of men” (Psalm cxv. 16.) may be fitted to be the habitation of the holy.—Satan’s works shall all be destroyed, and himself and his legions cast out ; and nothing shall hurt or destroy, for the earth shall be filled with the knowledge and glory of the Lord. But now men are endeavoring to bring about the desired, and anticipated blessedness in their own wisdom, and by their own might. “They say to God, depart

from us : for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways.” (Job. xxi. 14). This is no random assertion concerning what men are now attempting. One of the present French *movement* leaders, a very popular Editor, uses such language as this for doctrine to the world : “God is essentially hostile to our nature, and we have no reason to submit to his authority. We arrive at science in spite of Him, at happiness in spite of Him. Each step in advance is a victory in which we crush Divinity.” This explains what is meant by making war against Him, to whom God gives all power : and it shews the essential character of the whole present revolutionary era. But “why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing ? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh ; the Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall He speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure. Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion. I will declare the decree : the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son ; this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron, and dash them in pieces like a potter’s vessel.” The reasons for this treatment of them are to be found in the doings of men, and the abominable doctrines which they declare to be the truth ; and this judgment of breaking the nations is brought on them by the very works of anarchy and violence in which they are so deeply engaged ; so that Christendom is broken up by its own suicidal hands.

But these things must come to an end to make way for the final Kingdom ; and as there is to be but “one family in heaven and in earth,” so there is to be a new state of things—“new heavens and a new earth” to be in correspondence with man made new. Our Lord is Himself “the beginning of the creation of God.” He is such as the New Man, risen and ascended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things as the new Head of creation ; and he saith, “Behold ! I make all things new !” He saith it of the whole creation that groans under the bondage of corruption, and not merely of the rational part of it ; and this whole creation waits for the manifestation of the sons of God, who for Him are to take charge and care of it, rule over it, fulfil duties towards it, and draw from it whatever advantages may result from these conditions.

The earth furnishes the materials of the bodies of men, both before and after the resurrection and making all things new, in both of which events it is most deeply concerned. "Truth shall spring out of the earth" instead of the lies that now darken it; "and the skies shall pour down righteousness" upon it instead of devouring judgments; and so "the earth shall yield her increase, and God shall give us His blessing," When His kings and priests "reign on the earth," "from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, His name shall be great among the Gentiles," who will then be the *sons* by possession as they are now by inheritance; and "in every place incense and a pure offering" shall be brought up to Him by them all. So it is that the earth shall be filled with His glory. By THE FOUR will He perfect men forever, and by the same four will be His everlasting "goings in His sanctuary."

The promises to the glorified church are, that the gentiles shall come to her light, and their kings to the brightness of her rising. "Then shalt thou see and flow together, and thine heart shall fear and be enlarged, because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, and the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee."..... "As I live," saith the Lord, "thou shalt surely clothe thee with them as with an ornament, and bind them on thee as a bride doeth." Together with sin, sickness, pain and want, trouble, tears and death, shall all be put away to make room for this glorious and full tide of prosperity, undiminished by the ravages of the curse; and then shall be seen the threefoldness of man's happiness, in body, soul and spirit—perfection in the individual persons—perfection in human society, organization and political economy—and perfection in the place of their habitation, and all the fulness of its wealth and circumstances.

And all these good things are called "THE GLORY OF GOD IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING."

THE TOKENS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Thou wilt smile when I shew thee my boards of youth,
The little things I prize;
I know they are trifles, but yet, in truth,
They are precious in mine eyes.

For oh! affection will fondly cling
To a shadow by memory blest;
And reason will smile at many a thing
On which the heart can rest.

And these are the records of bye-gone years—
By the early loved ones given—
By some who are still in this vale of tears,
And some who are saints in heaven.

They are tokens of many—the tried and the dear—
The changed and the chilled ones too;
Dost thou ask me wherefore the *last* are here?
Once—*once*—they were warm and true.

And I love to think of them kindly yet,
And to muse on what once they were;
And all but those happy hours forget,
As I name them in my prayer!

I see thee gaze on that sunny curl:
Aye! 'twas shred from a sunny brow,
And bright was the promise of that fair girl;
But the grave has quenched it now.

Oh! some there are in this valley of woe,
To whom precious gifts are given;
They seem free from all taint of sin below,
And they ripen too fast for heaven.

And they leave a fearful blank behind,
In the bosoms that owned their sway,
Like an echo haunting the vacant mind,
Or—sad music far away!

AWON.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MY LITTLE COUSIN, ROSANNA COLEMAN.

BY R. E. M.

Silence reigns in that mirthful home,
Hushed is each accent gay;
Sad is each brow, for its light and joy
Hath passed from earth away.

The youngest born, whose resting place
Was its father's loving arms;
On the mother's heart, who wearied ne'er,
Of watching its infant charms.

The youngest born, with its cherub smile,
Its soft and balmy breath,
Its baby wiles, and loving ways,
Lies hushed, alas! in death.

No more will its soft and tiny hands,
Its father's neck embrace;
Or its deep eyes read so lovingly
Its youthful mother's face.

No more will they speak of their future plans,
Their hopes for the precious one,
For the Rose has lived its earthly hour,
And its earthly course is run.

The stroke has heavy been, but yet
It should be patient borne;
She has left—for Heaven—a land, where, alas!
To live, is to learn to mourn.

She has gone to God with her spotless soul,
Holy as at its birth;
Would it have been so had she long been spared,
To dwell on our sinful earth?

Better it is that that gentle form,
Should sleep beneath the sod,
For oh! in their love, their idol might
"Have seduced their souls from God;"

Led them to give to an earthly thing,
What is due to their Sov'reign King,
And made them forget the Creator soon,
In the created thing.

But who has caused their tears to flow,
To them, a hope has given,
They are parted from her, but for a time—
To meet again in Heaven!

THE PARENT'S CURSE;*

OR, THE ORPHAN OF WINDSOR FOREST.

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD,

AUTHRESS OF THE PIRATE'S PROTEGE', MADELINE, AND OTHER TALES.

CHAPTER III.

TWILIGHT had cast her sombre robe over the earth ere the orphan sisters had reached their home. Mary, ever feeble, went weary and languid to her bed, and on the following morning she was found really ill. For many days the distracted Florence hung over her in anguish of mind, while all that affection could do was done to save her; but in vain, and her weary spirit found that rest for which it sighed, in that realm to which the souls of those she loved were already gone; and even Florence, as she saw her sink gently into the arms of death, for once wished to die. Poor Florence! she was now indeed alone; and as she bent in sorrow over the cold, inanimate clay she so fondly loved, she felt that life is indeed a vale of wee, rather than a paradise of joy. All her gay anticipations seemed blasted by the relentless blow, which tore from her the only being to whom she felt bound by a kindred tie. She felt that she was now alone, a solitary wanderer on that earth which engrossed so large a portion of her young affections. A few days passed, and a weeping train followed the remains to their last home. For the gentle girl was well beloved, not only by her teachers, but by her classmates, and her fate was wept by many fond hearts. As the weeping Florence turned to leave the grave, her eyes rested on him who so recently pledged himself to become the guardian of the fair girl, who now lay cold in death. His countenance, so pensive, so serious, told truly that that pledge would have been faithfully observed. By his side stood Lord Frederick; his eyes were bent upon her with an expression of admiring sympathy, which thrilled the heart of the bereaved girl, and leaning more closely on the arm of the friend who supported her, she left the hallowed place, with a heart which, however sorrowful it might be, was cheered by an under current of pleasant feelings.

But when Florence retired to her little chamber,—that room which she had long shared with the sister now no more,—she felt in all its bitter-

ness, the blow which had made her desolate indeed; here many things reminded her of Mary. Here had they passed together many tranquil hours, conversing of the loved ones now for ever gone from them. Here in this room, of late her paradise of joy, but now a dreary cheerless waste, had the moments glided by on golden wings; and thus had she learned that life's fairest path conceals the thorns of sorrow. As she now sat in sorrow and sadness, she thought that the last cheering ray of happiness had expired, and naught remained but loneliness and gloom. Her teachers and classmates whispered consolation to her anguished heart, but she heard them in silence, and at length she was left alone, with her own melancholy reflections. Again the days of her sunny infancy, when all was light and joy, rose before her; then came successive changes, until they reached the lowest grade of poverty; and never before did it occur to her, that she was wholly ignorant of the cause of those vicissitudes. A remembrance of one whom she had called by the sacred name of father, came rushing o'er her mind; and now she knew that when they left their lordly mansion, he came not to the pleasant cottage, nor the humble garret, where their after lot was cast. Oh! could she have raised the veil which shrouded her little history, and learned the hidden cause, which had thus checked her young life, she felt that this would compensate for every sorrow. For a moment her fancy reverted to the paper given by her mother to the king, but she knew she must not know its contents, unless her happiness or welfare required it.

It was near midnight ere the sorrowing Florence sought her pillow, but when at length she did so, nature soon yielded to the balmy influence of rest, and she sunk into a profound, though gentle slumber. She was aroused from that deep sleep by the confused sound of many voices—she listened—a crackling noise, the roaring of flames, the brilliant glare, at once revealed to her the startling truth, that the building was on fire. Springing from her bed, she rushed to the door,

but a volume of smoke nearly blinded her as she opened it—she ran in terror to the window; a crowd, among whom she saw the various members of the school, were gathered there; she threw open the casement, and uttered a wild, despairing shriek—"Florence Oakley, 'tis poor Florence, and we cannot save her!" exclaimed several voices in one breath. "Florence Oakley!" was reiterated by a manly voice, and a youthful form sprang from among the crowd toward the burning house—"Stay! stay! 'tis madness to attempt her rescue," cried several voices, and then each sound, save the fearful roar of the fire, was hushed in silence, intense and awful. A few moments, which seemed unending to Florence, passed ere her preserver rushed into the room; and raising her in his arms, he pressed her closely to him, and bore her rapidly through the very midst of the devouring element. At the very moment that he gained the open air, the roof of the building fell in with a fearful crash, shaking the walls with a violence that threatened to precipitate them to the earth. The youth pressed his trembling burden more closely to his heart; he bent his head and rested his glowing cheek on her silken ringlets, and whispering the simple word, "Remember!" resigned her to the arms of her friends; and then taking the arm of his Royal Highness, who merely said in tones of coolness, "Very bravely done, my fine fellow," he left the place, amid the acclamations of the surrounding throng, and pursued his way to the royal castle of Windsor.

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CHAPTER IV.
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NEARLY two years had glided by since the events recorded in our last chapter. It was the beginning of June, and all nature seemed rejoicing in its escape from the ice-bound thralldom of winter. Within the splendid drawing-room of the lordly mansion of the noble Earl of Fitzmorton, in the west end of London, were three persons, the one a noble and aristocratic looking man, who apparently had reached the meridian of his life. He was still a handsome man; his countenance was expressive of a kind and generous heart, while a something of sternness dwelt around his brow, on which a coronet might rest with grace. The second person was a lady, some few years younger than her lord, whose face, though lightly touched by the hand of time, was still very lovely. She was seated on a magnificent sofa beside the Earl, and it was easy to trace in the air of confiding fondness, with which they from time to time addressed each other, that there dwelt pure domestic bliss. The other

was a young man, who, though he had reached the age of twenty-three years, had carried much of childhood's bloom to add its simple lustre to the beauty of manhood. His form, about the medium size in man, was graceful and active; while his face, mingling what was beautiful in both his companions, proclaimed him their son. His was the beauty of a face unclouded by perplexing care, for everything not strictly honorable he turned from in scorn, and no principle not purely virtuous was allowed an asylum in his heart. Thus with honour his sword, and virtue his shield, he had passed thus far through the world, unscathed by its corrupting pleasures; and conscious of having ever followed the path of rectitude, a happy heart diffused its radiance over his finely moulded features. He sat apart from his companions, absorbed in watching from the window the approach of some expected object.

"Frederick, my boy," said the father, after a silence of some length, "do leave your voluntary post. One would think you would have much to say to your parents, after an absence of many long months, and yet you sit as silent as if you were alone in your room, in some continental hotel, engrossed in thinking of your pleasant English home."

"I do so long to see again my darling sisters," answered Frederick, "that I fear I am but a gloomy companion, even for the parents I so dearly love, and from whom I have received such unbounded proofs of affectionate regard, that I fear I am basely ungrateful to wish for other society."

"Well, as a proof of gratitude, then, devote your time to us for the present, for that madcap Harriet is such a monopolizer, that the moment she arrives, she will take you wholly under her own care; so give us some account of your visit to the continent, but more particularly respecting the sudden death of your tutor, in consequence of which you were so unexpectedly restored to us."

"Here are my dear sisters," exclaimed the young man, springing from his seat, as a splendid vehicle, drawn by four spirited black horses, dashed up to the door; but the Earl restrained his impetuosity, and bade him re-seat himself on the same sofa occupied by his parents, who wished to witness the meeting between their long separated children. A moment elapsed, light steps were heard, and a young girl, whose cheek bloomed with the roses of fifteen summers, bounded into the room, and rushing past the earl and countess, threw herself with a cry of joy into the arms of her brother. She was followed by two others—one apparently nearly her own age,

the other some two or three years younger. The elder of the two was robed in the sable garb of mourning, which, together with an expression of pensive sadness, told that her young life had already been shaded by sorrow. They approached the group who already occupied the room—the younger imprinted the fond kiss of filial affection upon the lips of her parents, while her companion pressed the hand of each in silence, and then turned to Lord Frederick, whose neck was still encircled by the arms of that lovely and loving girl.

"Harriet!" said the countess, "you forget your sister and cousin may also wish to welcome the wanderer."

At the gentle reproof lady Harriet disengaged herself from the arms of Lord Frederick, and shaking back her dark brown ringlets, she turned to salute her parents, while lady Ellen, in her turn, sprang to her brother's arms, and then turned to her cousin, the lady Julia Gracely. The kind salutation of Lord Frederick aroused painful remembrances in the heart of the sensitive girl, and she hastily left the room, followed by the good countess and lady Ellen, while lady Harriet, as her father had predicted, devoted herself wholly to her brother.

With Lord Frederick Villiers, the only son of the Earl of Fitzmorton, the reader is already partially acquainted. His eldest sister, the lady Harriet, was devotedly attached to him, and he amply returned her affection; she was a lovely rather than beautiful girl, and although none would dispute that she was very obedient and dutiful, it was nevertheless true that every attempt of her parents to thwart her inclinations had proved unsuccessful; yet she was a most amiable girl, and gained the victory over her parents by the irresistible sweetness with which she urged her requests. She was still a school-girl, but she was looking forward with gay anticipation to the coming winter, when she would be released from the tedium of the school-room, to be initiated into the giddy circles of fashionable life. Lady Ellen was still a mere child of twelve years: a pretty child, 'tis true, possessed of a generous and benevolent mind, fond of solitude, and rather pensive than gay. Lady Julia Gracely was the eldest daughter of the Marquis of Elsington; her mother, the marchioness, was the only sister of the Earl of Fitzmorton, and until the past year her life had passed unclouded by a care. But in the early part of the foregoing summer, her eldest brother was cut off suddenly by the relentless hand of death, just as he had completed his collegiate course, and ere three months had flown, the family was again involved

in grief by the loss of the last remaining hope of this late so happy family. Only two daughters now remained to cheer the bereaved parents, and the intense grief of the marchioness made sad inroads on a constitution naturally delicate. The marquis in alarm determined to remove her to a more genial clime, and as the health of the younger daughter had ever been feeble, it was resolved that she should accompany them to the south of France. Lady Julia was to remain at school, under the guardianship of her aunt, the Lady Fitzmorton, who, though she did not quite feel for her a mother's love, treated her with a mother's kindness. As yet neither the salubrious air of Provence, nor the mild zephyrs of sunny Italy had produced a beneficial effect; and they still lingered far away from their pleasant English home, while Julia mourned incessantly, not only for the departed brothers, but also for the ab-sent ones, from whom she had been so long separated; long had she looked for their return, till hope's last faint glimmering ray expired, and her whole soul was absorbed in the one desire, to be permitted to rejoin them.

The few days which the young ladies were permitted to remain at home, on the joyful occasion of their brother's return, passed rapidly away. On the evening preceding their return to school, as Lady Harriet was talking of the pleasure she anticipated from their visit to the country residence of the family, she paused for a moment, and then in a hesitating voice said, "I have an especial favour to ask of my dear parents, and as it perhaps involves the happiness of another as well as myself, I do most sincerely hope it may be granted."

"Well, my dear, what is this great favour?" asked the countess, as she laid her hand caressingly on her daughter's head. "You know it cannot be granted before it is named, and you have never found your parents unwilling to gratify your wishes even when you did not attach much value to them yourself."

"Well, then, presuming on your former kindness, I would ask you to permit me to invite a friend to spend the coming vacation with me; she is a dear good girl, and has been with us almost two years, in all which time she has never visited the country, even for a day; and our kind preceptress says, that for the benefit of her health, which is likely to be impaired by close application to study, it is desirable she should spend a few weeks in the country; she is poor, and entirely without friends, to whom she might go; and it would give me the greatest pleasure to bring her home with me."

"And are her poverty and destitution reasons

why Lady Harriet Villiers should distinguish her?" asked the Earl. "And if she is so poor, why is she attending a school, designed for the daughters of the noble and the wealthy? Without money, she could not retain a place in that expensive establishment; and without powerful friends she could not have gained admission."

"Oh! she was placed there by the king; and it is said that one day when he was on a hunting excursion, in the forest of Windsor, he found her mother lying in a grove of oak trees, in consequence of which my friend is named Florence Oakley, for it seems she is not called by her own family name; her mother died, and His Majesty placed the orphans at school in Windsor; but the three younger died, and in consequence of some accident, a fire I think, the school was broken up; since which time Florence has been with us. Now as I have given you the history, as far as I myself am acquainted with it, of the Orphan of Windsor Forest, as the young ladies call her, I would ask, if it were not kind to bring her, to spend the holidays in Kent? Come, good brother Frederick, do you not think so?" she said, turning to her brother. But Lord Frederick was wholly absorbed with a paper which but a moment before he had taken up; and as usual, she managed to gain the consent of her parents, and it was agreed that Florence Oakley should be invited to spend a few weeks at Fitzmorton Hall.

Lady Harriet, although she possessed a kind heart, and noble generous nature, was generally governed by some impulse, excited perhaps by an event so slight that it was soon forgotten by all but herself. Until a few days previous to the time we introduced her to the reader, a thought of inviting the orphan Florence to visit her lordly home, had never crossed her ever active imagination. But one evening as the young ladies of the school were about to take their usual walk in the grounds appropriated to that purpose, she drew the arm of Florence through hers, at the moment that the proud daughter of a wealthy banker had advanced to her side, to enjoy the honor of walking with the daughter of an Earl; vexed that another should occupy the position to which she aspired, she charged Lady Harriet with want of dignity, in thus distinguishing the poor dependent on another's bounty—and from that hour Florence was the chosen friend of the wayward girl.

"Do tell me something of this favorite friend of yours," said Lord Frederick to his sister, as he joined her in the breakfast room, the following morning, before any of the family had made their appearance. "Is she pretty, amiable, and

accomplished—in short, is she likely to enhance, or mar our pleasure?"

"Oh! she is the most beautiful creature I ever saw; yet as free from vanity as if she were ugly; she is more amiable than lovely, and so simple and unaffected, and yet so elegant and graceful, that I almost hate her with envy. In fact, she is just calculated to captivate my good brother, the Lord Frederick Villiers, and as I shall aid her in the conquest, I pray you, noble brother, prepare for making a manly resistance!"

A crimson glow overspread the face of Lord Frederick; but he said in a voice of affected carelessness:

"If that is your plan, I shall commence at once by informing the earl and countess of your plot, and persuading them to guard the honor of their noble house, by refusing to admit the enemy within their citadel; and think you, fair sister, that even your art, and the matchless beauty, elegance and grace of your paragon of perfection, could avail you then?" and he looked triumphantly into the face of the laughing girl, who seemed not much alarmed at his threatened exposure.

That day the young ladies returned to school, and the subsequent morning the family of the earl left their London residence and took possession of their Kentish home.

CHAPTER V.

THE midsummer vacation at length arrived, and Lord Frederick sprang into the coach, which was to convey his sisters to their home, with a light and joyous heart; but as he was borne rapidly onward towards London, a shade of anxiety mingled with his joy. True, he felt a brother's impatience to meet again the gay and volatile Harriet, whose wild and joyous nature shed a halo of gladness around the paternal home; he thought of the sweet young Ellen, whose quiet gentleness contrasted beautifully with the buoyant gaiety of her sister, and he sighed to cheer and comfort the sad heart of lady Julia, which had been torn by another grief—the intelligence that her young sister was no more—thus leaving her the sole comfort of the parents from whom she had long been separated, and one of whom she feared she would not meet again. But a still deeper feeling dwelt in his heart: during his residence abroad, he had striven to conquer his preference for the orphan Florence, knowing that the generous but aristocratic earl would never sanction his union with her, and he flattered himself that he had succeeded, until the evening on which lady Harriet had desired permission to

bring her to Kent; the sudden beating of his heart, and the burning tide which rushed to and receded from his face at the mention of her name, told him that he had deceived himself; the eulogium of lady Harriet did not diminish his partiality, and now, much as he wished to meet her again, he felt a deep and apprehensive anxiety for the future, and more than once he determined, if possible, to avoid seeing her.

At length Lord Frederick reached his destination, where he met a joyous welcome from lady Harriet, while the evident distress of lady Julia, at meeting him, threw a shadow over the pleasure of Ellen. The sudden start of surprise on being presented to him—the crimson glow, succeeded by a paler shade—told plainly that Florence had not forgotten him, and as he led the beautiful girl to the coach, he whispered:

“Do not reveal to any one that we have met before!” for he feared that, were it known, it might tend to a premature disclosure of his sentiments concerning her.

Perhaps there is not a more delightful route on earth than that which leads from the great metropolis to Canterbury, not far from which was spread out in rich luxuriance the fair domain of the Earl of Fitzmorton. The country, beautifully diversified, relieves the eye from the tedium of an extended plain, while the verdant landscape is decked with hedges, and spotted with neat cottages, beautified with blushing roses, and clustering honeysuckles; and here and there, with a substantial farm house, and all the appendages of rural life; with now and then, a lordly mansion raising its proud head high above the stately streets of the surrounding grounds, and seeming to stand as the powerful guardian of the rural scene, while, not far away, clusters the happy village, with its cheerful bustling inhabitants, with occasionally the market town to add a new feature to the already enchanting prospect.

Such was the scenery through which our travellers pursued their way, and although all were enthusiastic admirers of the beauties of nature, none, save Harriet, seemed to enjoy the scene. In vain she called the attention of her companions, as she pointed out some beautiful and romantic feature of the landscape; still, though a hasty glance might reward her vigilance, no praise was bestowed on the object of her admiration; all were busy with their own reflections. Frederick's whole soul was absorbed in regarding the beautiful Florence, and forming plans for making the rich treasure his own. The mind of Florence dwelt on the singular coincidence of events, which had thus thrown her for a time into the society of the handsome young stranger,

who long months before, had crossed the path of her wayward destiny, performing an act which had fixed his image forever on her heart, and then, like the transient meteor, disappearing, she feared forever. But the thrill of joy which pervaded her heart on meeting him was damped by his whispered injunction, and painfully the truth broke over her mind, that she was below her present companions—that nought but the fickle humour of lady Harriet had brought her from the school which was her only home; thus, unpleasant reflections overshadowed her usually cheerful mind. Lady Julia's thoughts were far away, sometimes hovering over the graves of the dead, and again devoting to her beloved parents. She remembered how her heart had bounded with childish joy, when in former days she exchanged the irksome school-room for her own dear happy home; now that home was desolate, and she was going still further from it. Who will wonder that she was reserved and sorrowful? Who would not censure her, had she been otherwise?

Lady Ellen was too happy at the prospect of soon meeting her parents, to give a thought to aught beside, and thus all were too busy with themselves to regard their gay companion; and lady Harriet, at length tired of asking attention so unwillingly given, and making remarks so seldom answered, declared them too stupid and dull to share her company longer; she knew Frederick was desperately in love, and really believed Florence was infected with the same fearful malady, and then calling to the coachman to stop, she mounted the box with him, notwithstanding the remonstrance of her brother, who, unlike the others, did not know that with her remonstrance was in vain. In the old coachman she found a companion willing to listen to her lively chat, and what was better still, one who agreed with her in every sentiment; and while the party within maintained an almost unbroken silence, the tongues of the young lady and her father's menial rested not, until the proud towers of Fitzmorton hall rose before them, when lady Harriet thought proper to descend from her station and rejoin her companions within, whom she had partly succeeded in arousing to a more cheerful mood when they arrived at home, and were received with many manifestations of joy by the earl and countess.

The shades of evening were descending over the landscape when they arrived at Fitzmorton, and as our travellers were fatigued with their long ride, they retired early to rest, but not until lady Harriet had amused her parents with a long account of their drive, in which she descanted largely on the unsocial mood of her companions,

who seeming confused and annoyed by her narrative, added to her mirth, until the happy circle dispersed, and each sought that repose which they so much needed to reanimate their exhausted frames.

The sun had scarcely risen the following morning ere the ever-active lady Harriet left her bed, and awakening Florence, who would gladly have dispensed with this mark of friendship, but who was well aware that resistance was in vain, she was prepared for an early walk. The large and finely laid-out garden, now blooming in the luxuriant beauty of summer, perfumed with the fragrance of richly blooming flowers, was first visited; but when lady Harriet opened a little gate that led into an extensive park, Florence, who was unaccustomed to long rambles, ventured to ask if they had not better defer their walk until their young companions might accompany them.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed lady Harriet; "they probably will not rise till noon, and if they should, they are so dull that I should regret their company. Julia wears a face that would do honor to a parson, and with all my endeavors to do so, I have failed to inspire Ellen with a becoming spirit. Frederick formerly was more companionable than at present; but then, poor fellow, I pity rather than blame him, for seriously I fear he is the victim of a fearful malady!"

"A fearful malady!" said Florence, in tones that told how much she felt the force of the communication. "Surely, surely, you are not in earnest!"

"Yes, but I am though; but you need not look so woe-begone about it; people seldom die of love, so, if you choose to receive him graciously, there is little danger to be apprehended!"

"Lady Harriet, your rallery is almost unendurable; and though your kindness has led you to distinguish me with your friendship, it were folly to suppose that any other member of your noble family would regard me in any other light than that of a poor dependent being, subsisting upon charity."

"There now, is it not too provoking?" cried lady Harriet, in affected anger,—"the same gloom that infests the rest has extended itself to you, who were in former days so cheerful and so happy; I shall of necessity believe, that some dark genius rules all who come in contact with my unlucky self; for instance, you, the very moment I find myself a little dependent on you for amusement, you begin to talk of charity, and distinguishing kindness, and—thanks to this treacherous memory of mine—I have forgotten what else."

"Well, if you will but return home now, I

will promise not to use the offensive words again, for you, perhaps, are not aware that we have strayed some distance from the hall."

"Distance from the hall!—Really, Florence, I must give you the benefit of a little of my training,—why we are yet under its very walls! No, no; I mean to place an additional rose on that blooming cheek of yours before I return, and the bland air of the morning is an able assistant; you perhaps are not aware that our good Fred is expecting two or three gay fellows to spend a few weeks with him, and I wish to make you as killing as possible, that the poor fellow may be so far gone in love that he will not permit you to receive the attention of any other; and thus you perceive I will get the dear creatures under my own especial keeping; I do not fear Julia, for though she is the wealthy heiress of the Marquis of Eslington, and is moreover a pretty girl, she is too gloomy to excite any sensation but pity. But I foresee that you will prove a most mischievous elf; and although I have no very moderate opinion of my own captivating powers, I would not think of entering the field of rivalry against you, consequently, I would get him securely trapped."

"You are very considerate indeed, and believe me truly grateful for the kindness, which I should more fully appreciate, were it not that selfishness were the prompting power, and I doubt not, Lord Frederick, were you to reveal to him your generous plot, would feel as truly as does your very grateful friend, the kindness of your intentions."

They now turned their steps toward the hall, and had not proceeded half the distance, when on turning an abrupt angle in a shaded walk, they met Lord Frederick, who was approaching from the direction of the hall.

Lord Frederick, after complimenting them on their early rising, joined them in their homeward walk, and they passed on for a few moments without interruption, when a gay butterfly, rejoicing in the glory of the new born day, flitted across their path, and in a moment the giddy lady Harriet darted after it with an eager speed, which threatened the lovely flutterer with immediate captivity. Lord Frederick and Florence paused to witness the chase, and also to await her, but after pursuing it for some distance among the trees and shrubbery of the park, she paused a moment, and then striking into another path, walked away toward the hall.

"So we are deserted by my madcap sister," said his lordship, addressing Florence, whose mind recurring to to the remarks of the volatile lady Harriet, she now stood blushing and con-

fused before him, as he added, "and for want of a better guide, permit me to escort you back to the hall."

When they arrived, they found the family assembled in the breakfast room, and the lady Harriet eagerly engaged in relating her little adventure. Her gay sallies, while they added to the confusion of Florence, and called forth a hearty laugh from the Earl, and Ellen, and even dispelled the usual gloom from the sad face of lady Julia, were evidently not pleasing to Lord Frederick, who, although he attempted to laugh, did so with so bad a grace, that the countess, pitying the confusion of both, reproved lady Harriet somewhat sharply, on the incivility of leaving Florence so unceremoniously, with one whom she must regard as an entire stranger, having never met him until the preceding day.

That day was enlivened by the arrival of several guests, and among them were the friends of Lord Frederick, of whom Lady Harriet had spoken, and the usual quiet of the old Hall was exchanged for gaiety and mirth; all seemed pleased, cheerful, and happy. Even Lady Julia indulged her melancholy only within the solitude of her room, and looked so lovely in her sable robes, and face so sweetly pensive, that lady Harriet whispered in the ear of Florence as she gazed upon her, that she feared she might prove a formidable rival.

Among the friends of Lord Fitzmorton, who came to the Hall, was Sir James Wilmot, a gentleman of considerable wealth, but a desperate gambler, by which means he had at one time reduced himself to the extremity of mortgaging a large estate in Lincolnshire, to obtain a sufficiency to discharge his debts at home, and as this was his last resort, he was left apparently penniless. A year or two passed, during which he had subsisted principally by the kindness of his former friends, when much to the surprise of all, he redeemed his estate, and once more became the possessor of his paternal home. Formerly he had spent the most of his time in London, or at various places of fashionable resort, only making frequent short visits to Lincolnshire, and never permitting any of his friends to accompany him. Now, he spent most of his time there, only making occasional visits to a few of his acquaintance, apparently happy in his bachelor state, for he had now passed his fortieth year.

When Florence was presented to Sir James, he regarded her for a few moments, with an intense scrutiny, and though her eyes sank beneath his ardent gaze, thoughts like the half-remembered phantom of a dream rushed o'er her mind; but all her endeavours to extract the real,

from the imaginary, were in vain; and she at last arrived at the conclusion, that, perhaps she might have seen either him, or some person resembling him, whose remembrance was partially impressed on her mind. To the inquiries of Sir James, respecting her, the Earl replied, that Miss Oakley was the favorite friend of lady Harriet, taking care to conceal her real history.

A few days after her arrival at the Hall, as Florence was one morning going to her chamber, she passed before a door which led away in a direction different from the suite of rooms in which her own was situated. Curiosity led her to raise the latch and look within; she found it opened into a spacious gallery, hung with numerous portraits of the noble house of Fitzmorton, whose lineal descent was thus preserved, back to the days of the lion-hearted monarch; the first of the house attended King Richard to the scene of his many adventures in the east, often rendering him important service by his watchful care, for which he received the Earldom of Fitzmorton, when his royal master at length returned to his English throne. Though in the confused and successive changes, which had since agitated the land, the house of Fitzmorton had suffered in common with others, they had succeeded in preserving their broad estates, and noble name, from the spoiler, and were now in the enjoyment of the wealth and honour, for which their ancestors had suffered persecution and woe.

Florence gazed on those representatives of by-gone days with a throbbing heart. Here the grim visage of the mail clad warrior, frowned from beneath his waving plumes; there a youthful form, perhaps arrayed in sportsman's garb, or mounted on his fiery steed, excited her attention; while ladies young and old, decked out in the various costumes of the age in which they flourished, seemed to return her eager gaze. Suddenly she paused before the portrait of a young girl, reclining in a lovely arbor, employed in contemplating a bunch of roses which she held in her hand; she was not so brilliantly beautiful as many that she had passed, but so much of gentle sweetness played on her lovely face, that Florence clasped her hands together, exclaiming: "How beautiful, how divinely beautiful!"

"She is indeed lovely, and as good as fair," said a voice behind her, and turning she encountered the lady Julia Gracely. Florence started involuntarily,—for Lady Julia's manner toward her, had ever been indifferent, rather than kind, and now she felt somewhat inclined to withdraw from the gallery, but she feared lady Julia might

be offended at the rudeness of her precipitate retreat, and this consideration induced her to remain.

Lady Julia gazed for some moments on the portrait, while tears dimmed the lustre of her dark eyes, and then bending forward, she pressed her lips to the inanimate canvass, with a fervor which surprised Florence.

"You doubtless think me very, very weak," she said; "but when I look on this faithful representation of what my beloved mother was in the days of her sunny girlhood—that mother whom I fear, I may never more behold—I cannot repress—even in the presence of those, who, can sympathise but slightly in my, perhaps, too sensitive feelings—the strong emotions of my heart.

"Pardon me, dear Lady Julia, but you mistake me much, if you think I cannot feel for you the deepest sympathy. Remember I have lost a mother, dear to me as is the Marchioness to you; I too have seen torn from me by the hand of death, a brother and two beloved sisters, bound to me by the same tie, which unites to its kindred, the hearts of the lowly and obscure, as closely as does it those of higher stations. Yes Lady Julia! I have seen a mother, whom I would have died to save from the slightest grief, sink daily under the pressure of toil, and sorrow, until nature sank beneath its burden, and she died, with no shelter but the forest trees, and no bed but the hard cold earth. Yes, I have seen this, and knew that want, the want which deprives its victim of the scanty morsel which sustains existence, quickened the fatal hour which tore her from us. Oh! how has my life's young day been clouded; and even now, how dark a shade hangs over my future; for I know as little as do you, my guardian's will concerning me."

"Dearest Florence," said Lady Julia; "you know that I shall be alone, with no companion but my poor bereaved father, when his return shall remove me from school. Will you then, if the King will permit, accept a home, in Cornwall, where we shall reside, and cheer the solitude of my father and myself, for much shall we need a companion who can shed a ray of gladness over our desolate abode? You shall be to me as the sister I have lost, and my father will soon feel for you a parent's love. Thus while you cheer our gloomy home, we will in part repay the obligation, by placing you above dependence, either on your own exertions or the kindness of the King, for with us we would wish you to feel as if beneath a parent's roof."

Florence pressed the hand of lady Julia to her lips in token of gratitude, but ere she could express her thanks, lady Harriet ran lightly into

the room, exclaiming: "Bless me! is it possible I have at last ferreted out your lurking place, my demure damsels, sighing to the departed shades of grim warriors, and admiring the becoming costumes of the portly dames, who, thanks to the good genius of the present race, so managed that their fashion of drees passed with them from the earth. But perhaps I wrong you, and if so, dear ladies, a thousand pardons, for the crime. Julia has a strong temptation in yon bower maiden, and my good Florence may discover objects not wholly devoid of interest," and her eye rested on a full length portrait of Lord Frederick, which had been placed there, only the day before he left for the continent. Florence started; he was represented as standing in a pensive mood, beside a humble grave, on which grew a nearly leafless rose tree, while a few violets nestled among the grassy covering of the lowly mound. Yes 'twas the resting place of the greenwood pauper, and Florence could with difficulty restrain her emotion, but at that moment Lord Frederick entered with the young Lord Percival, and she only gave one glance at the portrait, and then raised her eyes to his. It was enough! his eye had followed hers, as it sought his image, and now rested on her with an expression of deep admiration, which thrilled the heart of the unsophisticated girl, with pleasing emotions. The quick eye of lady Harriet had observed the whole, and turning to Lord Percival she said:

"Really, my lord, I fear the day will wear away, while our good friends are gazing on those few pieces of painted canvas, and stealing tell-tale glances at each other; and thus we shall be cheated out of our contemplated excursion."

"No, lady fair, that we will not," cried his lordship, "that is if our good companions have not wearied of our tarrying and set out already. We left the little lady Ellen equipped for her ride, and Sir Edgar and Mr. Lawton, were at the door waiting your ladyship's commands, to 'take horse and away,' for the ruins of the old castle; so if we cannot persuade our friends to join us, we must leave them to the sweet companionship of the good old pictures, and each other."

The whole party left the gallery; and in a short time were equipped for the equestrian excursion, which had been hastily planned by lady Harriet and Lawton, who like herself was ever set on some wild scheme, in which they were readily joined by the others. -

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

"Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, when pure and good,
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

WORDSWORTH.

NO. III.

"NORMAN'S BRIDGE; OR, THE MODERN MIDAS," AND "ANGELA."

BY T. D. F.

Mrs. MARSII, the authoress of the above named books, has been long before the public as a writer. Years ago, the literary and reading world was thrilled by the appearance of a powerful work, called "Two Old Men's Tales," which we have been told, excited as much interest as the more recent "Autobiography of Jane Eyre." The writer was then unknown, but the truthful and touching representations of life in some of its saddest aspects, could only, it was thought, have been the production of some of the great minds of the age. They were tales of the deepest passion, so skilfully wrought out, so graphically painted, so chastely told, so life-like, they came home to every heart, and they seemed to be really what they purported to be, the sacred and warning voice of an old man, uttering the deep prophecy, and the hopeful encouragement, to all placed in temptation.

For a long time, nothing more was heard from the "Old Man," and all who had been interested in him supposed that his last words were spoken; and that after uttering them, he had gone down into the silence of the grave. He was forgotten, or remembered but as a "tale that is told;" when he was again vividly brought up by the announcement of "Love and Duty," by the author of "Two Old Men's Tales;" and shortly followed by "Emilia Wyndham," both of which proved to be interesting works of a highly moral character, intended, evidently, to have a renovating, strengthening effect upon woman; it might emphatically be called a woman's book—written by a woman, and intended for women—showing what a right aim and a spotless heart can do to raise her from any painful position in which she can be placed; how she can work out a right destiny for herself, from the most incongruous elements, by the patient striv-

ing to do ever the right, and to purify herself from the dross of earthly selfishness.

This novel was followed by "Mount Sorel," and two or three other rather common-place productions, full, to be sure, of noble sentiments and beautiful descriptions, in which the author excels, but wanting power and strength in the delineation, too long drawn out, and harping on the old, though never worn out subject of love; but though prettily written, these other works seemed to destroy the interest in the Author of the "Two Old Men's Tales." The "Old Man" sank down into the writer of second or third rate novels, and particularly when it was known that they were written by an English Lady, with no peculiar interest attached to her, no wild romance, or erratic genius,—but a good wife and mother. The advertisements of the different works from her pen were read with indifference, and unless we were fairly out of books, and ready for anything, they remained uncalled for, filling the shelves of the circulating library, and voted as trash.

But now, as if to vindicate her claim to being a powerful writer,—to redeem herself from the mediocre position she was taking, and to prove her claims as one who can enter into the human heart, trace the various windings of its darling passions; who can paint the growth of the plague spot, which, first small as a diamond's point, soon spreads and widens like the dimpling surface of a lake into which the playful child has cast a pebble, till the whole wide water feels its influence,—she has taken her pen in hand, and written a book for men; aye, presuming as it may be for woman so to do, a book which every *business* man should read, that he may learn to check, in its first growth, the insidious passion for acquisition, which, once suffered to take root,

no human power can remove; the desire which dries up every noble feeling; the deadly upas which with a Circæan power charges the gay, light-hearted, benevolent youth, into the close, calculating, shrewd, selfish looker after his own interest. Who has not marked this change as it has gradually stolen over some loved and honored one,—seen the noble impulses dying out, one by one,—the high resolves fading, the generous actions becoming fewer, and more few, till, gradually, the rust of selfishness has crept over them, the heart has become benumbed under the heavy pressure of the iron hand of carking desire; and the whole nature, the outward as well as the inner man, is totally changed.

There is nothing more mournful than this, which involves the future happiness even more than the present. We would that all who stand on the brink of this precipice could be invited to read this book, and through its pages, to look into their own hearts, and see if they can discover any indications of the disease, and arrest it, if possible, before it gets too far.

"Norman's Bridge," or "The Modern M'das," takes for its motto—"Will riches do it? No, I may as soon undertake to fill my barns with grace, as my heart with gold, and as easily stuff my bags with virtue, as satisfy my desires with wealth;" and the moral of this motto is carried out to the utmost. The book opens with a sermon on covetousness, given in a small, simple church, among the silent hills of a remote part of Scotland, before a quiet, grave, toil-worn people, in whom could be discerned none of the lust of gold, or lurking love of Mammon; it seemed unnecessary to address to such an assembly, those sterling, pointed aphorisms, those deep warnings against the sin of covetousness, base idolatry of this world's gear,—cankering, hankering, restless, good-for-nothing surrender of the essential soul of the heart, which should be God's, to that "love of money, which is idolatry;" and yet there were many hearts which responded to the warning, and one to whom it was necessary; one who, in spite of youth, and a superior education, and higher, nobler traits of character than most who surrounded him, had already, though unknown to himself, the seeds of inordinate ambition,—a thirst for gold sprouting in his heart. He does not feel it, for another love is there too, which shoots out in bold relief, filling, apparently, his whole mind, and suffering no known rival in its depths; a love for a being so fair, so gentle, "a spirit, yet a woman too," that it does not seem possible that any unhallowed desire should ever gain a footing where she is enshrined; and now, at the entrance to life, when

he is enwrapped in love's pure elysinn, he forgets all, all but her. Soon they are plighted, no disturbers arise, the old grey haired parents bless them, and "a love free from crosses and cares soon takes its place amid those things which become habitual, and are as the daily bread of life;" and the mind of Michael begins once more to ponder, to calculate, as for so many years had been his habit.

His sheep are browsing round him; his shepherd's dog lies drowsy at his feet, starting and snapping from time to time at the flies; his crook lies idly upon the grass by his side, his shepherd's scrip, and a book.

The book was the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

That strange, wild, imaginative parable of the pilgrimage of man upon earth, which has lifted and spiritualized many a heart—of the school-boy or the nursing conning it in wonder—of the shepherd on the hills and the laborer in his cottage. It has prepared and led many a soul to look upon this life in its true light: as a fight to be fought—a course to be trod—a battle to be won; or, in the words of the Eastern tale, "not to seek here for a palace, but for a caravanserai."

But that book he had not opened that morning.

He lay, his eyes fixed upon the valley below—the kingdoms of this world, as it were, spread out before him; and thus said the tempter within.

"That is a dream—a vision—an imagination hatched in my own brain—a hope—a fancy—may be a baseless edifice built upon an unknown future—an enthusiastic idea, which is to serve as a substitute for all the rest.

"But there is reality; there is substance; there is something to be handled, counted on, and enjoyed; there is the reward of energy and labor—something to be grasped, something to be felt.

"It is all very well for those who like it, to live contentedly on in these lowly shellings; worship the God, and sleep by the graves of their fathers: they tread their sinless course, and die in hope of better things—Visions!

"He who gathered together those broad lands; he who built that lordly castle; who covered these barren hills with profitable wealth in the shape of all those thriving woods of larch and pine; he who sits every day at the head of his plenteous board, dispensing his hospitality to all who come; her at whose approach every head is uncovered, every brow bent, every knee almost on the ground; he whom senates listen to and kings honor; he never dwelt in visions!

"And how," pursued he, "are these accumulations made? Whence springs this vast distinction between man and man? What is that which lies at the bottom of all worldly authority—all worldly distinction—all worldly enjoyment? What is it? Money!—disguise it as they will, money!—gold lies at the foundation of all these things, money! Strip this man of his wealth, reduce him to a shepherd's coat and scrip such as mine (and he turned and glanced at his own figure in its rural, not to say rude habiliments), and, duke as he is, and with all his long line of buried ancestors, what would he become? Who cares for a duke in rags? Who asks after the ancestry of the poor? Strip this adviser of his

king, this head magistrate of his county, of his wealth, and where would be the great abilities of which we hear in council? Who asks after the ability of the poor? Who heeds their wisdom? Who counts the good deeds done in the lowly hut, while the righteousness of a rich man is blazoned out throughout the heavens?"

To one who made little count of—who had no strong living faith in that righteous Lord of all, who is no respecter of persons—the reasoning was unanswerable.

He said true. *Money* has been, was, is, and shall be, the lord of this world. And when, in the old fables of the middle ages, the devil is represented as bargaining with man—great riches against his immortal soul—as far as *this* world is concerned, he is usually represented as true to his bargain. And yet even here the fable after all lies; and the preacher told only the simple truth when he spake. Wealth, with the blessing of God—wealth, the result of honest labor, or the unforeseen circumstances of life—wealth, to which the soul has never surrendered itself—wealth, which man hath never made an idol, falling down and worshipping it as his fastest security and ultimate good—such wealth, the gift of God, like the other talents given of God, is good to be used and to be accounted for.

But wealth, the gift of the devil—wealth, the result of the abandonment of the whole man to the object of acquisition—wealth, the first aim, the purpose of the day, the vision of the night—love of wealth—passionate devotion to gain—*covetousness which is idolatry*—such wealth proves a cheat and a deception of the father of lies: it is like that gold of the fairy tale, which sooner or later turns out to be but withered leaves: for the hour will come and must come, when every thing will be tried by a true standard. Sorrow will come; sickness will come; terrible death, sooner or later, must come; and then what will it profit a man if he hath gained the whole world and lost his own soul?

To lose his own soul, to abandon himself, to devote himself to the pursuit of wealth, to fight the world, not in the whole armor of God, but with those baser weapons of force and guile, and persevering devotion to one object, and that object a base and a sordid one.

Such was the result of Michael's meditation upon the hills, while the sun shone bright and benign over his head; the blue ether spoke of infinitude and peace, the gladsome birds sang of freedom and of joy, and the whispering wind breathed as a soft voice from the Highest upon him.

That castle lay before him. Yes, as his minister had told him, would he but have listened; but he did not listen—like the Mammon of Milton, he bent his eye upon the pavement of heaven's floor, and lost himself in idolatry of those gems which were intended but to be trampled upon. A love of earth, a craving for the good things of this world for their own sake, a determination to aspire to them and achieve them—to labor, and strive, and expend the sweat of his brow, and all for the meat which perisheth—lute possession of his strong, persevering, resolute, Scotch heart.

Money!

Money would achieve every thing, and *money*

he would have. *Money* was the god of this world; *money* was security; *money* was reputation; *money* was virtue; *money* was authority; *money* was power; and *money* he would have. He felt that stirring within him which informs the strong man that that which he determines upon he will achieve.

You must not think that the tempter sprung to light in all his native deformity. You must not think that this man contemplated the acquisition of this money, which he resolved to have, as the result of violence, or wrong, or deceit, or crime. Far, far indeed from it. His heart would have shuddered with horror at such a supposition. All he was led to was to look upon the possession of the wealth and kingdoms of this world as the proper end and purpose of man's existence—as the purpose to which his own life should henceforth be devoted. And possessing as he did in a very remarkable degree that pertinacious, persevering adherence to a purpose—that power of undeviating progression toward one aim, which seems to a greater extent than among other men the attribute of his nation—this devotion of his soul to the idol, exercised a stronger influence upon his life and character than it might have done with other, and, in this respect, inferior men. But great was the talent he thus abused, and great was the abuse in proportion.

I am sure no one will here misunderstand me, and suppose that by what I have above said, I intend to censure that straightforward obedience to the law of man's being which entails upon him the condition in the sweat of his brow to eat his bread, and which results in habits of daily persevering industry in his vocation, whatsoever that vocation may be; or that the imaginative enthusiasm which leads some to lift themselves totally out of the sphere of this world while still in it—to neglect for themselves and others its rational requirements and rational provisions—is here held up as praiseworthy. Far, I believe, will any of you be from suspecting me of such ideas.

But there is a spirit by which—whether we eat or drink—whether we labor or rest—whether we acquire or dispense—all things may be done unto the Lord.

And there is a spirit whereby all things may be done without the Lord: "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me," said the tempter. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve," was the reply. And this is the sum of the moral.

There is a sober satisfaction in wealth honestly and moderately obtained by laboring in the vocation to which the course of life, or, as I should say, of Providence, has led us; but there is a wealth obtained by that devotion of the whole man—that struggle, that effort, that hunger of gold—which is slavery and sin. And it is the distinction in the state of the inner mind, rather than in the outer action, which I would desire to point out.

The young shepherd Michael marries his pretty Mary, and hand in hand they set forth on the pilgrimage of life; he has determined to leave the green hills of his native Scotia, its peaceful

homes, its heart refreshing quiet, for the noise, and smoke and din of a manufacturing place. One passage will give an idea of Mary's character, and the spirit with which she set forth, strong in hope, with the chosen of her heart, to meet the world's sunshine or storm: it is her parting from her home-loved ones:—

"Mary then retired to pull off her shoes and stockings, and fold them neatly and put them in a packet, and she came in again, in her neat, compact dress, her plaid fastened with a silver brooch, her bonnet on her head, her feet bare, with the tears standing in her eyes. but not falling, for Mary was never known to sob or cry; and now, with a most gentle composure, but with a manner so full and sad, that it was impossible to mistake it for indifference, she began to kiss and take her leave."

Such was Mary through life, the calm, the gentle, the deeply feeling, the guardian angel of her husband, stretching forth her hand to save him from falling into the abyss of covetousness, which was open before him, speaking loving and gentle words, but *never* reproachful ones; when her heart was almost breaking for the loss of her darling children, lost to her by her husband's money loving spirit, she uttered no hard expression, but locked her sorrow in her own heart, and cared only for soothing the sorrow of his wounded conscience. It was this noble disinterestedness of character that made her irresistible and inestimable in his eyes; it was as if he lived with a divinity, and her very loveliness was often a reproach to him; his mean and calculating thoughts, he hid in his own heart, and dared not lift the veil for her to look within, till it gradually grew thicker, and thicker, and though he loved and revered her still, yet there was a shrinking from the clear eye, which read his inmost soul, and a subterfuge of expression unworthy of the Michael Grant, the brave Scotch peasant of earlier days.

But this result is unfolded gradually; the giant's feet are shod with wool, and he creeps silently in; leaf by leaf is the page of his silent heart written over; at first a few bold letters of thought and calculation, which became closer, thicker, blacker; one high impulse after another dies out; at first, though *shroud*, he seems to possess the soul of integrity, but as the master passion becomes stronger, he excuses to himself the little subterfuges of trade; he would not *steal*, no, not for his right hand, but he would speculate, would get his *rights* from the poor, let come what would; and the sufferings occasioned by this course are well described in the striking chapter which gives such a graphic picture of the

It was a dismal evening, the 3rd or 4th of February, 1801. There had been snow and sleet in the morning; and the blackened houses were rendered still more gloomy, and looked still more filthy and degraded, from the effect of the white snow, which, falling in heavy plashes from the roofs, lay in large heaps in the street below.

The wind had risen—a piercing, frosty wind—and howled in the little dismal court, and whistled in the windows, piping its mournful cadence and wail.

The usual party sat over that fire in the kitchen behind the ironmonger's shop in the High-street; bright it blazed and crackled, and seemed in defiance of the wild wailing of the storm without, to puff with its cheerful whiffs the Dutchman's pipes, as children call them, and which burst, alternately blazing and smoking, from the bituminous coal.

The wheel hummed under Mary's usually busy fingers, and the old tortoiseshell cat purred and slumbered before the fire; but cheerfulness had forsaken the little circle.

Ellen had just come in, escorted by the minister. She had untied her bonnet, and thrown back her cloak, which was dripping with wet, and had cast herself, wearied and affrighted, into a chair. The grandmother's eyes were fixed upon her with a hurried and anxious attention, while she, in a broken voice, related her tale. The eyes of the minister were clouded with care and apprehension; and little Joan, leaning against her grandmother's lap, turned her face, filled with a horror-struck and dismayed expression, toward the narrator.

"They are all dead—every one of them! They wouldn't beg to the last. They did come for a little soup, to be sure, for Mrs. Bennet gave them a soup-ticket; and I saw Mrs. Price herself, poor thing, standing there among the common beggars holding out her tin can for soup. But nobody thought how it really went with them; their house lies so out of the way, you know, up in the fields there. And they used to be so well off and respectable. Poor Price—he sold all his crops last autumn. Poor fellow—he couldn't afford to hold, as the saying is; and the times growing so bad, and somehow or other he could not meet his rent, and he died of a broken heart, they say. Certain, he was very sick some time ago, as somebody told me. That horrid Bourne it was, persuaded him to sell his corn at a very low price, telling him the famine would prove all a *hum*; and so he let him have it for an old song in comparison to what it goes for now—and then things being suddenly so dear, he couldn't meet it. But I think that old rascal Bourne *might* have given him a helping hand, seeing as how, they say, he's made lots and lots of money by his bargain. And the worst of it is, he's keeping up his wheat in that huge old barn there at the Miller's Meadow, quite out of the way. And I wonder the people will bear it, I do. I wonder they don't pull his barn about his ears, and smother him with his own corn—making a prey of the poor as he does!—that I do."

Mary's cheek had grown paler and paler during this confused relation; but she made no remark. When Ellen had ended, as usual, with a sort of groan and grunt, Mary turned to the minister, and said,

"Have you heard any thing of all this, Mr. McDougal, and how is it?"

"I am afraid," said he, observing her narrowly as she spoke, "that a wrong has been done. I am afraid that poor, small farmer was induced, like I fear too many others, to sell his corn at a lower price than if he had known better, he would have taken."

"Poor people! For them one is sorry, as it must be an inconvenience to them now every thing is so dreadfully dear; but yet, such things ought at all events to make bread cheap, at least while their influence lasts."

The minister shook his head.

"And so to be sure it ought," cried Ellen, suddenly rousing at the idea. "If they sold their corn so cheap, at least we might and ought to have our bread cheap."

The minister said nothing. He looked at Mrs. Grant.

"I believe I see it," said she. "Didn't you say, Ellen, that you heard Mr. Bourne bought poor Price's crops?"

"To be sure he did. What am I thinking of! And there he hoards it up, and will make, they say, quite a *sight* of money by his bargain. And he wouldn't give Price a penny; no, nor let the people get at his corn neither, which, they *do* say, is going mouldy in his rotten old barn."

"Do you think this is very wrong, Mr. McDougal?" asked Mary, now addressing him with much earnestness. "Tell me, for my thoughts are quite in confusion and perplexity. Do you think it very wrong to take the same advantages in this trade as is done in others, and profit—profit, if it must be—by the misery of our fellow creatures?"

Her voice faltered as she uttered these last words.

"To some these *are* puzzling questions," was Mr. McDougal's reply. "I believe many questions connected with the business of accumulating wealth are so. I am glad such business is not my business."

"But, tell me," said she, more anxiously, fixing her eyes upon his face—"tell me, what do you think of this corn-dealing?"

"Much as I should think of gold earned by the slave trade. Much as I should think of that sugar raised by slaves, of which the common people say, that, if you will hold it up to the candle, you may see the blood in it. I judge not those who have West Indian estates; I judge not those who have granaries of corn; but what did you say yourself just now? 'profit by other people's misery'—that's wrong always, and in every case."

"The corn has risen in the market. He did not do that," said she, as if speaking to herself.

"They say two things," said the minister; "that the small farmers were persuaded by false representations to sell at a price below the actual value of the corn; and that now a few who have got it all into their own hands are making enormous profits thereby; they say also that the corn rots while the people are famishing; but this last is palpably absurd; for the rest, I know nothing, I can't say. It seems very shocking and wrong to me, but in an individual case, this of Bourne, for instance, I could not very easily point out where the sin lies, unless indeed there

were false inducements held out, which I scarcely believe. But here comes Michael with your son. Let us see what they have to say about it."

Michael came in with John. They both looked hurried and somewhat pale; but they took their chairs and sat down.

"What's the matter?" said the minister.

"The mob's out," said John.

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Grant.

"Price and his wife and child are all dead; and the mob has taken it into their heads that they died of starvation. Nonsense! there was bread in the house; they died of the fever. But they will have it old Bourne there overreached Price in the price of his corn. And the whole town is up, and gone raging up to Bourne's house, and they say they'll pull it about his ears. But the mayor has sent up to Lord Strathnaer's, and he'll soon be here with his Fencibles, and then we shall have all right again."

"Hark!"

It was as the noise of many waters—at a distance though. A hoarse, threatening roar, as of the waves.

Michael had not yet uttered a word. He looked pale certainly, and when his wife had exclaimed "hark!" he had visibly started.

"Do you know any thing of all this, Michael?" said his wife, now rising and approaching him. "You have had many dealings with Bourne. I do hope it is not true that, after having made a hard bargain with Price, he suffered the poor fellow to starve."

Michael looked perplexed, sorry, grieved. He was not in the least like himself this evening.

"Men can't be responsible for other men's proceedings," at last he said. "If Bourne had to maintain all the men he deals with in open market, he'd have rather a heavy task of it."

"True. I didn't mean that; but if it be so that he did persuade the poor fellow to sell his corn at too low a price, and that he made a large profit by him, surely he might have helped him in the hour of necessity, Michael."

"Persuade the poor fellow to sell his corn! What are you talking about? He bought the corn in open market. I suppose nobody is bound to persuade, as you call it, a man to take more than he asks."

"I heard there was more than that."

"Well, and if there were," angrily. "If the man was a fool he was a fool—and the wise man knows how to profit by the folly of such a one. If he hadn't sold it to Bourne, I suppose he would to some one else."

"It does not exactly appear to follow that he would at that price," put in the minister.

"Well, well; settle it among you as you will, for any thing I care," said Michael, in a tone quite unlike his usual one. He was evidently chafed, vexed, and very ill at ease.

"We were just asking each other," said Mary, "this question: How far Mr. Bourne is right, in the present distress, to put so extravagant a price upon his corn?"

"Right to put an extravagant price upon his corn! I suppose he has a right to put upon it what price he pleases. Mary, what nonsense you are talking this evening."

"Hush!"

A fresh burst, as of the roaring surges, mingled with howls and screechings.

"Put the two bars up at the shop door and window, John," said Michael, turning to his son.

"Right or wrong," pursued Mr. McDougal, "I'm very much afraid Bourne will have reason to know what his fellow-townsmen think of the matter."

"They are coming this way! I hear them, I hear them!" cried Ellen, starting up. "Oh, the mob! the mob! I shall die!—I shall die! Child!—child! come here—where shall we run to?"

Little Joana had stood perfectly quiet during this whole conversation, drinking in all that passed, and swelling with indignation at the corn-factor Bourne, whom she had already learned in her infant heart to detest. Now she listened to the appalling roar of the approaching storm—the most dreadful of all storms—the wild raging of an infuriated mass of human beings; it seemed rapidly advancing, and loud cries were now distinctly heard.

"Michael," said Mr. McDougal, "they are coming for you."

"For him!" cried his wife, "for him! What has he to do with it?" And yet she had already surmised that something to do with it he had.

"I suppose so," said Michael, restored by the approach of danger to all his usual composure, which a dread of his wife's disapprobation had for a moment disturbed.

"For you!" cried Mary, turning to him suddenly, with a look in which the long sorrow of so many years was concentrated and painted. "Can it be possible—you!" was written in her face, though her tongue refused her utterance.

To this then it was come at last. They had been honest gains till now; however sordidly acquired, they had been honest gains. This was the first time that her sense of what was just and right had been actually violated. And then, with the quickness of lightning, glanced through her mind the sense of the long duplicity he must have practiced toward her—his want of openness and confidence toward her, the wife of his bosom—his long concealment of all his plans and purposes—and how valuable in comparison with this object had been all the sweet confidence of their lives. What strangers were they in fact become! Her true love wronged and wounded by this sacrifice of its honest claims to gold. She turned her face away for a moment.

The noise of the crowd approaching became more and more distinct.

"Michael, what have you done? What is it, that they are coming after you?"

"Deaf in corn a little, I suppose," said he, contemptuously. "Mary, is that as dreadful a crime in your eyes as in that of this ignorant rascal?"

"Don't discuss the crime or no crime now," put in Mr. McDougal, hastily; "you must escape, if you can. 'Is there no back way?'"

There was none! The noise was now heard nearer and nearer; they were coming up the street! Loud were the cries; hideous the roarings and bellowings, the curses and the threatened mob, which burst from this famished and infuriated mob.

"Where is the rascal? Where is he? Fetch the weasel out of his hole! Down with his house

there! A Scotch rascal come to starve us honest Englishmen! Down with him! Down with him!" And a volley of stones was heard crashing against the windows.

This was the commencement of a deliberate assault upon the house. The street was by this time completely choked up with a mass of black, hungry, miserable-looking men and women. Enraged, they hardly knew at what—but miserable—raging for food, and demanding a victim.

"A Scotch rascal! A corn-factor! He is a corn-factor! squeezing his gains out of the honest Englishman's bread. A scoundrel! A stingy Scotch cur! Down with his house! He, an iron-monger!—Monger in our lives!—Monger in our children's lives! Barley bat hall! Down with it! Let's have it down; and all his pots, and pans, and roe ends too! Let's have a bonfire, to warm us, at least, if we mayn't have bread to bake at it."

Such was the sort of cry. The family assembled in the kitchen listened with inexpressible terror. There was no escape. The kitchen looked into that little narrow court surrounded by high walls, in which not a single window or opening of any kind appeared. Neither was there any way by the garrets to escape over the roofs above. Michael had been content to wear out existence for so many years in this sordid and gloomy mansion, whose only approach was by the street-door, and which was close as a prison behind.

"What avails his gold now?" thought the philosophic minister. "Would he not give all he possesses to find himself and his family safe?"

"You are very much mistaken, Mr. McDougal, in thinking so. I can assure you."

Michael was as brave and determined in danger as he was daring and determined in business. He looked round upon the little circle. Pale they were, and scared indeed they looked; and at every fresh burst of popular fury—at every fresh shower of stones that battered against the window and door—a shudder ran through the little group, and a faint shriek was heard.

"What shall we do with our women, minister?" said Michael. "Mary," to his wife, "where can I shelter you and Joan?"

"Fire! fire! there is a cry of fire!"

"We must remain where we are," said Mary; but her lips were pale with terror. "There is no retreat. In case of fire we should be in more danger up stairs. They will not, perhaps, be able to burst into the shop."

"Oh law!—oh law!—oh heavens!—oh me!" shrieked Ellen. "Hark—hark—they are breaking open the shop-door. Oh me!—oh me!—oh me!" running to her husband, throwing her arms round him, almost distracted with terror. "Oh John!—John!—John!—oh dear!—oh dear!—oh dear!—oh dear!—What has your father been about? Oh me!—me!—me!"

"Child," said the grandmother to the little girl, who, in the midst of the general confusion, uttered not a single cry, shed not a single tear, but stood holding by her grandmother's gown, in an attitude almost as if she would defend her—her dark eyes watching the door, "child! child! where can you be safe?"

"I'm safest with you, grandmother. Don't think of me. Oh! granny, granny, they shall not hurt you."

But the storm raged with tremendous fury. The mob had now worked itself up to that pitch of mad excitement, when every thing is forgotten but a sort of insane determination to wreak their vengeance upon some object—demolish something, no matter what.

The shop door was heard cracking and shaking, as if about to give way. Michael went to the end of the little passage which communicated between the shop and the kitchen. He looked into the shop, and then returned.

"The door will not hold much longer," he said to Mr. McDougal. "Something must be done."
"Shall I go and speak to them?" said the minister. "They have no quarrel with me. Let me see what a little reason can do."

"They'll only tear you in pieces," said John gloomily. "Be quiet, Ellen, don't screech so; one cannot hear another speak. No, no, sir—let us all die here together, for I see it is to end so. In their present humour, they'll make nothing of tearing us to pieces. Be quiet, Ellen, I say. Look at the child."

How calm and steady stood that resolute child! She had still hold of her grandmother's gown, and stood a little in front of her, her arm a little raised, as if ready to fight in her defence. Even Ellen was subdued to silence for a moment by the calm, undaunted attitude of the little girl.

Michael had again looked in the shop. He now came back.

"The door is yielding—the bars will give—I see it. Mary, there is only one thing left to be done. They want a victim; they shall have one. Mary!—one kiss for the sake of our long—long love!"

Mary had stood like one petrified all this time. It was not terror—it was not horror at the probable fate that awaited them all, which had thus struck to her heart and rendered her motionless and dumb. It was the old, old grief—to his love for money it was all owing. Michael was detested, and he deserved it.

She did not very much care what became of her or of any of them at that moment. She was out of love with life. Her deep grief at her husband's misconduct rendered her dead to every thing else. She did not pray. She was in that state of hopeless despondency when the heart seems to reject the support of prayer. She was as if stupified by the rapid revelations of the last quarter of an hour; and she waited, in a sort of stunned insensibility for what would come next. But as her husband's kiss touched her cheek, she started, and seizing hold of his arm, said,

"No, no—you are not going!"
A fresh burst—a bar of the door gives way—a loud and savage shout! He shook off her hand, and, before any one could speak or act, he had walked into his shop, and stood exposed before the now shattered door. He had trusted, perhaps, by his courage and resolution, to excite some sympathy in these infuriated madmen. He had intended, by a few brief, bold words, to reach the hearts of these Englishmen; for, after all, they were Englishmen. Though mad with hunger and rage, they were not savages. He had hoped to save his family—perhaps to save himself.

Vain hope! The door was already so much broken that his figure was distinctly to be seen through it; and the moment he appeared, the

people, as if seized with supernatural fury, raising a deafening shout, so that it was impossible to make a syllable of what he attempted to say heard, dashed with fresh impetuosity against the final barrier. It yielded, and the overwhelming tide of human beings poured into the shop. Michael was swept away in an instant. In vain he raised his voice—in vain he stretched out and struggled with his arms to disengage himself from the hand that seized upon his collar, caught hold of his sleeves, tore at his garments, and, with loud huzzas, dragged him into the street.

But vain as were his efforts to rescue himself, his self-devotion had saved his family. As if satisfied with having got possession of this one victim, the mob poured as rapidly out of the shop as they had entered it; and the human stream was now to be seen rolling down the street to the river. "A ducking—give him a ducking!" being the cry.

All this had been the work of far less time than it has taken to narrate it; and the inmates of the kitchen had not recovered from the surprise of Michael's sudden resolution and departure, before the crashing door, the rush into the house, and the immediate reaction, told that the tide had been borne away.

Before John, the minister, and Mary could hurry into the shop, all was over, and he was gone. The people who had streamed in like a torrent through the door were now seen pushing and elbowing each other to get out again, howling like furies after their prey, and impatient to follow him—while Mary, John, and Mr. McDougal, quite unheeded, tried to force their way forward with the rest.

In vain they lifted up their voices, praying and imploring for mercy. In the confusion, all distinction of sound was lost. They could only push forward in the desperate hope of rejoining, possibly rescuing the unhappy man; but their thoughts were all in confusion, as was the scene around them. They seemed to rush forward, impelled by the strong necessity to do something, but without idea of any kind what that something should be. I believe the leading thought with each was that Michael should not die alone, for to save him there appeared little chance.

Want of space compels us for the present to close here. In our next number, this interesting extract will be continued. The imminent peril of the unhappy Michael, and his gallant rescue from the very jaws of death are striking pictures.

SONNET.

As erst in Hybla, at the birth of June,
Swarms of quick bees beset the virgin clover,
Waking Æolic harps of merry tune
In all the air, until each drunken rover
Reels headlong to its hive at shut of day;
So hath my heart its pleasant Summer time,
When thoughts of the One absent wing their way
On willing errands to that sunny clime,
Where food for reverie is garnered up;
And love rains down, like Jove, in golden showers;
Where life the pearl of joy melts in its cup,
And music haunts the footsteps of the hours.
O! sweet the memories which thus can roam
To reap the gladness of their harvest-home!

ARIA.

Bellini.

ARRANGED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND BY W. H. WARREN, OF MONTREAL.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major and 4/4 time. The music begins with a half rest in the treble staff and a half note in the bass staff. The melody in the treble staff features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with various ornaments and slurs. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a more complex melodic line in the treble staff, including a triplet of eighth notes. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment, using chords and single notes to support the melody.

The third system of musical notation shows the continuation of the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a series of eighth notes with slurs, while the bass staff maintains a consistent harmonic pattern.

The fourth system of musical notation includes a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment, using chords and single notes to support the melody.

The fifth system of musical notation concludes the piece. The treble staff features a melodic line with slurs and ornaments, while the bass staff provides a final accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major, indicated by a flat sign on the B line. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff with various ornaments and a supporting bass line in the lower staff. A dynamic marking of *v* (forte) is present at the end of the system.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major. The music continues with a melodic line in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff. A dynamic marking of *v* (forte) is present at the end of the system.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff with various ornaments and a supporting bass line in the lower staff. A dynamic marking of *v* (forte) is present at the beginning of the system. The word *loco.* is written at the end of the system.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff with various ornaments and a supporting bass line in the lower staff. A dynamic marking of *v* (forte) is present at the end of the system.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff with various ornaments and a supporting bass line in the lower staff. A dynamic marking of *v* (forte) is present at the beginning of the system.

OUR TABLE.

WE are glad to learn that Major Richardson, (who, by the way, is the author of "A trip to Port Sarnia and Walpole Island," published in our January number,) obtained, during that trip, materials for three new novels, on one of which he is now engaged. We have not been fortunate enough to get a sight of it; but a gentleman on whose judgment we can rely, has given us the following opinion of it:—

"It exhibits," said he, "as far as it has proceeded, the same merits as have assigned to "Wacousta," so high a rank in its class, and would, perhaps, have assigned to it the very highest, had it been laid aside long enough, after its completion, to allow the ardor of composition to cool, and deliberate revision to correct and refine. There is in it, the same vivid description of wild scenery, the same happy delineation of individual character, the same ingenious, yet easy evolution of incident, and the same artistical combination of events, to produce the thrilling climax. But the author holds his genius more "in hand,"—withholds, with a firmer wrist, his imagination from passing beyond the sublime—and has paid more critical attention to the dialogue. From the commencement, there is a gradually increasing, but wholly unforced interest, which never relaxes, except where familiar dialogues, appropriately introduced, serve to lighten by contrast, a succeeding crisis—and which occasionally dilates into breathless intensity. Although, however, it is in the same style as the novel I have mentioned, the similarity does not detract from its originality. There are, indeed, Indians, soldiers, and forest scenery; but the locality, the actors and the actions, are widely different, and the readers of the one may take up the other, without apprehension of diminished enjoyment. The time is laid shortly after the commencement of the American War, and the scene in a part of the United States, not very distant from our frontier. I know not, of course, how the work will be carried through, for Major Richardson is one of those authors who, silk-worm like, lay no frame, but spin from their heads as they proceed; but, judging from that part of it which I have seen, and from the author's previous performances, it ought, I think, to produce "a sensation," and to assume a place in the first rank of that department of imaginative literature.

TALES OF A TRAVELLER—BY WASHINGTON IRVING.
This is the seventh volume of the complete Edition of the works of the eminent American Novelist, now in course of publication by the Putnams of New York. It is of course unnecessary to speak of its merits, with which all readers are familiar. The Edition is very neatly printed, and being for sale at a reasonable price, the admirers of Geoffrey Crayon may obtain for their libraries a handsome ornament, and for themselves, an unfailling source of literary enjoyment.

THE CAXTONS.

THIS work has been attributed to Bulwer. It originally appeared anonymously in "Black-wood," where it attracted much attention. It has now, it is generally believed, been acknowledged by the great novelist, in whose name it has been published separately. It is of course a very popular work, and will be extensively read.

SINGULAR CALCULATION.

THE events of the last twelve months in Continental Europe, and the almost universal anarchy which has prevailed, have given importance to a curious prophecy made in 1828 by a Mr. Finlaison, a gentleman who, as Government Actuary, has had much acquaintance with nice and scientific calculation. We quote from the *London Globe*:—

At a meeting of the Institute of Actuaries, held a few days since, Mr. Nelson referred to a prophecy made in 1829, by their newly-elected President, Mr. Finlaison. Many years ago their President prophesied that in 1848 the whole of Europe would be in a state of commotion. He need not tell them how fully his prophecy had been verified. Mr. Finlaison, in reference to this, said, "he had no wish to be considered a prophet, but the circumstances actually took place. He merely arrived at the opinion he had given by calculation, in a Committee which had sat in 1829, on the subject of friendly societies, before whom he was examined as to the probable rates of interest on an average of many years thenceforth.—He (the President) answered that the rate, on a medium of peace and war, would range at 4 per cent; on which Lord Althorp asked, if he allowed nothing for the increase of philanthropy,—believing firmly that the state of peace was itself nothing but a state of incapacity to make war. The Committee seemed astonished at this doctrine, and one of them (Mr. Pusey) asked, was war the natural state of men? He answered that all history showed that the number of years of peace and war, from any given era, was precisely equal; and not only so, but that the duration of each succeeding peace was in exact proportion to the sacrifices of the antecedent war, and when the exhaustion so occasioned is repaired, war will immediately follow. On this dictum, he and his son completed, from many elements, an estimate of the exhaustion which Europe had sustained in the twenty-five years of the war which ended in 1816, and he confidently predicted that the peace of the world would not be disturbed by any great commotion until after the year 1847.—Many or most of his literary friends have been aware of this prediction for at least fifteen years or more. It has often been discussed, but not in print. He regretted to find that the result he had anticipated had occurred."

ERRATA IN PAPER ENTITLED "PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN PERFECTION," IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

- Page 70, column 2, line 12 from top, for "creation, parts," read "creation-parts."
- Page 71, column 2, line 26 from top, for "discovering," read "discovery."
- Page 73, column 2, line 3 from bottom, for "perfection," read "perfecting."
- Page 73, column 1, line 32, for "deeds," read "needs."