mark was made in his usual light tones.

Whom she answered simply.

keenly, because so few could.

"No,--!".

done talking.

"Well .-"

"Well,-"

name) loitered at the table in the unoccupied parlor, cov-

righter are little

"You know what I mean!" . " while the

"Yes, -don't tell me! you cannot deceive me?".

Some girls would have resented the tone of assumption

"Well, you see I cannot go back to those times if I

liscovery, and five precious years have passed. It sem-

ed a great thing to me, to win a little fame, and feel that

fiery joy which fame brings to the heart; but after all, it

is not much, is it?" she said half wearily, half appeal-

"Sometimes I wish I had tried love first. Do you

believe I have never thought much about it, except in

He shook his head mournfully.

have an unquiet heart!"

tears: She looked up: ...

"Hush!" he said.

Mother warned me, oh, long ago!"

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B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

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BY MATE CAMPBELL,

PART I. When Heaven's unerring pencit writer on every pilgrim's breast,
As support to Times chargeful shores, Lot this is not your nest;
Why build ye towers, ye heeting ones? Why bowers of fragtane rear. As if the self-deluded soul might find its solnce here?"?

One cannot always write merily-one cannot always see only the sunlight streaming down from heaven—one remembers occasionally that the cold mist of the grave floats over us; that pain and death are in this world, and sin, which leads to pain and death!

And when we think of these things, we go on our ourney for awife with a saddened heart, a chastened joy. We look up more frequently to our Father in Heaven, and ask less of him for ourselves, and more for

And yet it is not often that these seasons come. We hun them constantly, and only yield to their influence when the pressure of some sorrow upon our own hearts awaken our sympathies for others; then we grow quiet for awhile, listening to the cold beatings of the world's pulse, till we sicken and turn instinctively towards the living fountains. And finding there, and only there, peace of heart and rest of mind, how is it that so soon we stray again into Forbidden Paths?

Once when we were little, and like good shepherds. our parents keep us in the right path by incessant watchfulness, we would pause close to the boundaries, and look er's knee and dreamed of the future." out longingly upon the beautiful world around us, and clasp our hands, and listen tearfully to the strains of sweet music, and the whisperings of happiness, which the soft breeze bore to us; sighing heavily, while wild older very fast, when it once starts, and sometimes I feel and passionate longings were born within our souls, for rather sad to think of the past, and its visions, which the time when we should throw aside restraint, and join the gay and dazzling throngs before us. Ah! then if some kind angel had but lifted the rosy garlands from the caroless brows, and disclosed the piercing thorns beneath, we had, perhaps blessed God that we were not suffered to partake and die.

I remember one fair girl, who was ever with us, and just as eager to break through the protecting hedgewho, with hersmall hands, would throw back her silken tresses with feverish impatience, whenever some summer child of earth stood beckening from without, and charmed her sonses with tales of delights, of which we could not partake.

"Ah, wait! ah, wait!" she would cry, with eager, tearful eyes, "I shall taste sometime—I know I shall!" There was something strange about Ellen. Even we. as children, felt it. Something which made her a pet -an idot among us. No one had so many friends as she; and yet she was not particularly amiable. Her sweet eyes would sparkle with the light of passion oftener than the day; and Ellen's curling lip was a byword among her mates. Beauty always excites a feelng of love among school-girls. Ellen was not particularly beautiful. Half a dozen boasted fairer complexions, rosier cheeks, more waiving hair. Ellen was little, and pale, and shy among strangers—shy always, unless her mind was working powerfully, as it did even then, the we knew not what made her so. Singularly brilliant at times, with eyes that dilated widely with intense brightness, and crimson lips parted with pervous tension from her small, white teeth; veins which grew blue and promincut in her snowy tempels, and a tongue which was like an angel's to us, so rapidly and strangely it moved in ita inspiration!

Often would she fling herself at her mother's feet, and give vent to the strong current of her thoughts; while that mother, with a calm brow, but a sorely troubled trol my intellectual." heart, strove to repress, or to turn into another channel

those wild, vain aspirings! "Hush? do not speak so passionately, dear child! Believe me, you cannot be happy so far from the path where all the good of this world have walked. You will find your "beautiful way" grow dark and thorny."

"Mother, listen! There! I have put both hands upon my heart-I cannot hold its beatings! Don't you hear them? Ah! how can I shut it in?"

"Do you believe in God?"
You know I do, mother?"

"Then look; is he in the bright flowery way?" "Mother!"

"Do you see his presence? Does the light seem to come from Him?" "Mother?" "Where is it? Above, or on the ground? Is the

kv bright? Look!" "I cannot see the sky! I can only see the ground." Then the mother would sigh mourofully ever the frail one at her feet; and she so restless already, destined to see God only through tears and deen repentance, would cover her face with her small, slender fingers, and crouch

loser to that earth, whither her thoughts all tended, Why did that anxious, faithful mother die! But the sed she had sown perished not with her.

PART II.

"Life is had; And, then we sigh, and say, can this be all?" You must come with us, reader, into a small social

grate, throwing a mellow, flickering light over the room. Did you over notice what s, fantastic mood, a room, up, and dance around like a spirit upon the soft carpet, far deeper capacities for happiness, the other, that gleesome as a child; pleased with the indistinctness which produces a sort of independence of feeling, a recklessness of opinion. Then perhaps some one site down to the piane, and plays one of Beethoven's evriconed waltzes; or some merry girl leans against the mantel, and hums a fragment of a plaintive song. You grow silent, subdued; two or three converse in lowvoiced murmurs; the rest dispose themselves in lounging attitudes, and give up to pleasant, it may be, sad revery. Then a light is brought int you wake up, because some careless spirit is disenthralled from the influence which only oppressed instead of delighted .--You join with an effort in the livelier conversation

which ensues—the cheerful music, or merry mischief Thus had Ellen done-our whileme friend." Now she signal under a brilliant light, and conversed with animation, the gray shadows on her eyes flitting gradually away, as she became more engressed with what she was

saying. She was a child no longer; time had conveyed her safely out of girlhood; out of her teens most probably; little trace remained to prove her identical with the being described in the first part of our history. Her dress, simple in hue and texture, fitted tightly to her round, slender form; a broad ribaud of black volvet encircled her white, peculiarly beautiful throat: her hair, rich and abundant, was gathered plainly in the prevailing mode; her color was brilliant, her eyes radiant; in ing glance of her child-eyes had snuk down deeper than now; her physical system had riponed to keep peace exquisite pain she could have caused him, would have with her mind.

than herself, if anything, yet with an eye at once the't- the child of ambition—impossible? ful and penetrating when in repose, approached with the familiarity of an old friend.

"Ellen, what would I give for your idexhaustible This draids that the -pirite! "I should say you were the last one to need them: bosides, I am selfish did you not know that? French de Landsteller generation for following the season

"Yes-long ago!"

know you, even as you me. Is it not strange we should feel such keen sympathy? and is it not stranger, that the very thing which should seem to draw us together, sho'd only ropel! I could not trust implicitly such a man as

and she caught at his arm in her carnestness.

you! I mean to love one, holy as mortal can be; strong in faith in God, whose moral nature will away and conyet we shall neither find our creations. Don't you know

the hopelessness of our wishes, draws us together? That we will have to end by loving each other?" . "

"Impossible!" she cried passionately. "It never has

of moral sussion."

other."

not be!" "It will be," he said coldly, yet firmly; and as before looked up into his face mournfully, and with a low sob devoted to the services, that when, in her deep serrow, ack to their friends.

himself to Ellen on her first appearance in the literary reproach shot through her heart, to feel it so. ces, till mingled with her gratitude had grown up a feeling of dependence, which yet could scarcely be called Life. She had been always threading some road which trust. Each road intuitively the boundless unborn am- should lead to it. She had published, that she might bition of the other. Ellen had no girlish droams of feel Life! she had cherished her beauty, and given hermerging her soarings in another's; to be famous herself self to be the idel of the Public, that she might feel Life! was the first keen impulse of her young life .-- and all had been vanity and weariness of spirit. The future only would prove how success and entiety would change her nature. In the meantime, Templeton circle, gathered in the parlor of a city residence. A was her friend; she desired no other. The book of cheerful room, with a blazing fire in the old fashioned liter heart was scaled yet, and Temploton's was scared. was her friend; she desired no other. The book of But, when years had rolled on, and the desires of both had met with their unsatisfying fulfilment, then, almost fire lighted, induces? At first you are tempted to spring at the same time, they discovered, the one, that she had

"The deepest ice that ever froze,"
Hides not the living stream below." Very different were the emotions aroused in the influence was induced, which, had formerly guided her sun illuminated the narrow, crooked way, and revealed pen. That she was beautiful, she regarded as a fortunate with nounday brightness, each Forbidden Path. And accessory to her plans. "I am young," she said, "I will she had never tried this belief, and she could not say first try my whose in love, as in authorship; show what I whether life was to be found in it, or not. The man in she told to Templeton, with the characteristic naivete this religion; -did he seem happy! She fooked thought which distinguished bense apply the members of the

from an abuse of the affections.**

"Nonsense!" said Ellen. "They are safe locked up out of the way: I could not think of using them just yet! I am now only ministering to another phrase of my vanity! there is no use of concealing my thoughts from you, you know." she added playfully.

Templeton felt more deeply for Ellen than for his own hopeless prospects for happinessa Alexand not force himself to take an interest in life for his own sake, but Eilen!-she was the child of his heart; to him she had first turned in her adventurous path, and the soft, pleadbeen her marriage with another. When he did ascer-A gentleman, lighter and more trifling in deportment tain this, he was startled; she was not his ideal-Ellen,

Then followed a great pairse in the workings of his soulan infinite sliebre. When he waked, he stood in a differposition. Ellen was abcoming to his happiness; Ellen must be his! not by an ordinary course of love making though, and would have opened wide her beautiful eyes. and scorned him, had he spoken directly. But by a little management, he saw, the way clear, to make the habi-

which baffled her searching scratiny, and his next re- She was not without a tinge of fatalism, inseparable, perhaps, from her character. She might struggle wildly at They sauntered up and down the room two or three first, but a time of lothergy would come, to which a tem- I dare resist no longer the solemn, inward voice which times; at last Templeton, (that was the gentleman's perament like here is peculiarly susceptible, and she calle on me. would yield. He did not calculate that a time of awaknening might also come.

We have just seen how his first effort succeeded, let as look in upon the last. Ellen was sitting moodily before the fire which burned

low in the grate; there were no candles lit, though it was quite dark, and the curtains remained unclosed. Templeton came in quietly, with the air of an habitue. "Why did you come to night, Frederick? I cannot

with which this was uttored, and replied with pretty talk to you—I cannot sing—I am perfectly miserable!" pettishness. Ellen did not; strangely perhaps, without "What is the matter?" he said carelessly, stiring the at all loving Templeton, she rather liked it; it was a fire, closing the curtains, and lighting a lamp. kind of flattery which she could appreciate; all the more "You grow colder, every day, Frederick!" she said. She said very alowly the color rising slowly in her

with visible irritation, rising and walking rapidly up and down the room. "What is the matter? formerly you "Well, then, since I cannot deceive you, you must would have told me? now I must explain myself, and af- said she could see rays of smalight piercing the night .know without my telling, what made me thoughtftul." "Woll,-" he said, as though he know she was not was bustly employed in tearing an old letter into strips, good. What have I accomplished in these many years, probably to be used as lamp-lighters.

"Well, I first happened to remember, not so strange a hing as you may suppose, that I had a human heart said more southingly, discontinuing his employment, and velopment of the sense, rather than of the mind. I have beating in my breast; It does not throh quite so fast as it turning his fine, penetrating eyes slowly upon her. How can I talk to you, when you are so indifferent! used to, but still, sometimes, it trombles to the old remembered chords of girlhoud, when I knell at my moth- you have ceased to care for me. All the world has for- How can the soul assimilate with sense? The immorgotten me, I believe! I am new no longer; another auhoress has started up; -another, -

"Beauty," he said, filling up the pause. "Yes!" she said, coloring slightly. would, for the heart, or mind, or whatever it is, gots "Well, you are not dispossessed yet; you have

got a rival, you should at be selfish, Ellen!" "I am though! let me be above, or below all!" lured me away from the lowly way to tempt and try my "Oh, Ellen! what a sentiment?" "I can't help it! I wish I had died long ago! I wish could die now! Oh, "Well, after all I have nt gone far on my voyage of

"To leave all disappointment care and sorrow." And be at peace fore vert oh dull heart, Be of good cheer? when thou shalt cease to beat, Then shall thou cease to complain!" said Templeton, taking up the clusing train, abstractedly.

"I can't say all that," said Ellen, subdued and sadly. "Why not?" "I had a mother not many years ago, and I cannot forthe way of romance? I drew all my knowledge from get her early lessons; and though I wish I could believe

books. But now I feel as if I could think of the reality so comforting a creed, it is impossible." "Don't then, if it will serve to keep you from wishing of affection, as though I had rather be loved than great; but," she said with infinite sadness, "still I cannot help for death; and to give you another piece if advice, if you ity-teach spelling and reading?" looking forward to the future, and wondering if I should are weary of striving in the Battle of Life, back out

peace I have always been scoking. Oh! what it is to meet! it is only the soul which is immortal you know, Ellen. "Strange girl!" Templeton's byes were filling with . . Ellen, . he said again, laying his hand on her shoulder, Ellen, poor, child, my heart bleeds for you! you "You pity me," she said, but it is of my own seeking. are a poor little lamb. which has strayed away from the shaphord, and you are tired, and faint, and hungry;

"Or perlaps," she said more engerly, "you see the come to me, and I will take care of you, for you cannot dim future as I do. Do you see something heavy some spare for yourself yet!" thing dark in my horizon?" and her breath came fast, And, as if it were an old thing, she suffered his embrace, and rested her head upon his shoulder; for she was utterly exhausted then, and a straw would have been

"Do you? De you? Ah, you cannot deceive me! I clasped as an engor support. "You are mine, Ellen?" "Yes-"

"With your heart!"

"Yes-" "I will take care of you forever! never more shall the breeze blow hershiy upon you-I will stand between your life and sorrow, with my own."

"And 'yes' she muttered again vacantly, while even in that moment of triumph, a cloud darkened Temple ton's brow, as he marked the apathy into which she had fallen and which he dared not interrupt.

Not that night, nor the next day, nor for many days, been so, in all time! gifted men seek out their reverse did the promise which Ellen had made, clearly present for companions: and women feel the inguite superiority itself to her mind. Templeton came and went, and there was nothing so different from his usual manner, as to re-"And yet, for all this, we shall end by loving each mind her of her chain, till her sleeping soul waked, as genius over will awake, fitful and uncertain as it is .-"No. no! impossible!" and her tones grew wilder as Then she remembered, not only her engagement, but her she shook off his grasp from her arm. "It cannot, must sorrow; -her unsatisfied life; -her longings after happiness, dimely seen in ideal shadowings.

One morning she went to church-and prayed. She the very assumption which would have aroused stron- was in the habit of attending public worship, but as for gest resistance in some natures, only formed the first link engaging in it, she had forgotton how. It had become in her destiny of love. She coased to beat off his band; so much a habit to pass in dreamy abstraction the time of exhaustion, took his arm and suffered him to lead her she shrank from turning inward as usual to self, the words of scripture fell on her dulled car, as something heard Templeton was a strange man. He had attached long since—as a leason long forgotton; and pang of solf-

The Life! that was what she had been always seeking-

"I am the way, and the truth, and the life." She knew there were two ways of believing in God;she loved him, as the Creater-above all-infinite-beautiful; auffering all things; looking loniently on gratification of human passions; allowing their indulgence, since, as our author. He, not man, was accountable, and this belief, and the practice of it, had not made life for her.-And the other belief! How, when she was young, she had shrunk away from it! There had been no poetry in its teachings-no beatiful, dreamy indistinctness; all was

so plain, so practical, so real! there was not even a green friends, however. : With Ellen, the same thirsting for hedge wherein to hide some darling fault, but the great can do, and then gracefully resign my power." This the pulpit, with the calm, solomn brow, was preaching fully for sunlight upon his face. She could not see "You will exhaust your capacities," caid Templeton. there was much dazzling light there, but he seemed It is with the heart, as with the powers of the mind or so calm, and oh, for a quier heart! Then she rememberody; abuse them, and you suffer intensely, as the con- ed that the happiest hours she had ever known were, not equence of breaking the Creator's law; but on none of when she had been gay and glad to the eyesight, but when our capacities is entailed such severe suffering as results she had felt ineffably still and quiet in her soult when the sun, perhaps was not to be seen in licaven; when she had some serious impulse to leave the glare and wear of her exciting life, and live for purer aims. The feelings, is was true, had often been induced by the reading of some holy exalted sentiments, or by some mysterious movement of the mind, and her resolves had fled, with the first breath which the world wasted to her; but oh! if

them! For some days after this Ellen was fighting a mighty battle. She saw no one, not even Templeton; it was the crisis of her fate-trite phrase this, but true, we must all fact, she looked more beautiful than interesting, just he knew. In fact, long before he suspected it, the most earlier it is the better it is, or the worse for the soul-for the Life. ...

The third evening Eilen came down to see Templeton. She was pale, but calm; serene even. Templeton went to meet her, and took her hand reprochfully.

"You have treated me shabbily, Ellen!" "Forgive me," she said, meekly: and kissed his hand He drew her to a seat, "Foll me all," he said then; for he pomprehended by the magnetism of his love, that

and spoken softly; both actions had said to him plainly--I am going to give you pain, I am sorry.

"I must leave you -I am going to try to leave myself.

"Wake thou that sleepest."

I am going to give up writing for a time-gaiety-love every thing which, bearing the comblence of happiness, is yet but a mockery. I have rested too long on my own strength; now I am going to try my Maker's. Both of us have passed the early spring-time; and though the summer sun is still high in the heavens, don't you sometimes see the gray evening shadows of the dark valley hovering in the dim pathway, farther on? And do we not shrink from them? Do they not envelop our hopes in gloom?, Whichever way we turn, there forover looms up that grim phantom Death, to chill anticipation and deaden energy. But why does it make us tremble? When the evening of life encompassed my mother, she was calm and peaceful; looking forward she ter all, you care much!" she said bitterly, Templeton Can you? I cannot. And I want to be useful—to do to be written in the Life Book? Every thing which I "But how can I listen, when you have not toldmo?" he have done or felt, or written, has all tended to the degrown weaker-I have helped others to grow weaker .-The world has been my idol-this perishable world!tal with the mortal? Don't you feel in your secret heart that there must be a deeper well-spring of happiness than we have tasted?"

"Ellen," said Templeton, sternly, "is it possible that you are going to give up the position you hold for a mere chilmera? Ridiculous! If you are tired of authorship, which, by the way, is not a woman's most proper province, for they always end their career in some freak, have I I not offered you a home, where all that love can furnish of pleasure shall be yours? Have you not promised to accept this home? Wake up from this most feverish of all fevered dreams!

"I know I have been dreaming," she' said, the color ising painfully in her cheek, and her dark eyes filling with tears. "But now, at least, I see and feel that to save myself from the deeper misery-a sleep from which can be no awakening-I must discard the idols of my soul for a time, for they have turned in, and prey upon their own nursing place."

"And what do you propose to do?" said Templetonwith cold scorn. "Take in sowing -turn Sister of Char-

"Xou have hit the very thing!" she said, smiling. love, if that emotion will bring contentment, and the gracefully, but don't stay and bicker at the new faces you certainly cannot be idle; I must work! work! Work! I will teach; not here, though. I must go away. I have an aunt in B; I am going to stay with her; there will I commence my new experiment of living." ""O, pshaw! Ellen. Of all visionary projects this is

the most absurd! Let me feel your head. I am sure your brain is affected! I shall call in a physician." "No, you will not, Frederick. Oh, if you only knew what a calm conviction I have of better things. Mind! am not working of myself. I scarcely take a step with-

out looking to God." Then Templeton grew warm, and talked more a longth; said many things which were bitter and hard to bear, mingled with upbaidings, which wrung Ellen's

"Do you indeed love me so much? And I do not deserve it! If Heavon smiles on me, I shall, in the future, be more worthy of your love. I know I could not make you happy now, and you would soon find low insecure the foundation upon which your peace was bas-

And for answer her offered hand was repulsed, and the door flung to, passionately, and her early, her long tried, her firm, kind, supporting friend, had left her in anger! She might never see him more.

Ellen was mortal. She burst into tears. She called after him passionately to come back-not to part thus; but the walls alone echoed her tones, and then she felt for the first time, how slight a thing estranged earthly friends, and that for support and strongth we must, indeed, turn to our Eternal, Heavenly one.

For every one who is uhappy, there lies concealed capacity for happiness; yea, an inexhaustible felicity of soul, if he knows how to call it forth; and if he cannot lo so, he deserves to suffer .- German of Leopold Sche-

man-with a kind heart, however, when she found time to unlock it-chide the maiden severely, while she stooped down and kissed her repeatedly, for the mad freak, as she termed it, of leaving her home, where a father's roof sheltered her, for the quiet, dull life of a country town, and the low ambition of a simple school for doing so, and comprehended tolerably well for one not accustomed to dealing much with fine or funciful feelings, and concluded by assuring her niece of her willingness and intention to assist her in the way she sought.

And employment came, or rather Elica went to it and commenced her new, hard life. Hard, for it chained her mind-her free mind, want to revel where it pleased; unused to concentrate its energies except when the spell of inspiration seized her. Hard, for she missed the atimulus of society, the play of thought and feeling; the homage which her name brought; the triumphs which her beauty had won; the inceuse of praise. Yet still, when the wearing hours of school-life were overwhen the day closed in, and she listened to her conscionce, she became aware that a new train of thought had taken place of the old.—She remembered the feverish fallon tree, and pressed her lips repeatedly.

All around them were the leafless forest trees; sight ing tears which the walls of her chamber had often witnessed-tears caused by baulked ambition, unsuccessful schemes, tales of slander, which some kind friend had repeated, envious tones ringing in her ear; and even when in the flush of triumph, she had sought her pillow, it had been with a brain throbbing to painfulness, with pride, and still with something of bitterness-alight, intangible, but which had driven away refreshing sloop, and turned her rest into a teazing rehersal of what had already passed. Now also slept peacofully. Whatever betided through

the day, scarcely did her head touch the pillow, than dreamy shadows flitted before her eyes, and with a murmured, child-like ejaculation of prayer, she slept. She almost thought she was becoming a sluggard. When the morning came, she would cover her face, as though by some process she could obtain a permanent hold of to shut out a little longer the distasteful duties of the day: but rousing; berself with an effort, and a chiding word, she would prepare herself for work. Gradually she began to take an interest in that work; it no longer seemed to her contemptible-slavish-beneath the energies of to her contemptible—stavish—beneau the energies of genius. She learned to smile at her vain pride, and there was too much of the breath of heaven in her words wroten bright, sunshiny letter to Templeton. He had for that, and when they both rose and walked slowly never written to her, but she wasted him to know that abe was happy, even if she had forsaken the proud eminence her talents had gained for her. She began to think it possible, that when she should find her youth fully renewed under the tachings of a mightler spirit than her own, her genius might also become so. At all member, ran thus:—"And the light shinct in darkness. genius. She learned to smile at her vain pride, and some at the noon, and with some in the evening; and wrote a bright, sunahiny letter to Templeton. He had some pass it in the night-oh, terrible night!- but the never written to her, but she wanted him to know that she was happy, even if she had forsaken the proud emievents, she was willing to sacrifice an empty name for the cake of a healthy soul.

It was thus Templeton saw her, a year after he had left her so abrupily, and in anger. He presented himself

but her gand was met with one of laughing rejoinder. ally the lines around, till escape should be impossible.— and spoken softly; both actions had spoken softly had spoken softly had spoken softly; both actions had spoken softly had s room after school hours.

She was weary with work, and had thrown herself into an arm-chair, and a volume of poetry laying on her knes-a favorite author, whom she had not discarded. because she felt always stronger and better after reading is works. Thus also often renerved her mental strength.

"Well!" he said, and that one word was strongly expressive. It smacked of contempt, triumph, interest, anxiety; he had often seen her thus-careless in attitude, dreaming ever a book, and he expressed his thoughts briefly. "I don't see much alteration!"

"Frederick!" she said, joyfully surprised, and down went the book on the floor; and she gave both her hands to his energetic clasp. And he looked down into her dear, untroubled eyes,

and saw a new language written there, even without the aid of words, which came almost instantly. "I am so happy!"

"Yes, you are! I believe that-Emn, darling!" He spoke only in broken sentences, for he was strong.

ağitated. She smiled with tears in her eyes, for what she could not tell; but she talked in low, soothing tones to him, till he grow calm, and sat down beside her.

"We will not stay here;" she said, "it is close, and the air without is cool, clear and pure. One reason why I em so well, is because it is so easy to leave the town. and get out among the hills. Did you ever experience

how much good it does to get into the open air?" "It must do any one good to be with you. Tell me all about it-I must know. You are the same Ellen! You have the same slight, graceful form; the same dark velvet hair, and large, bright eye; the same clear cut features, same lips, same hands—but they are not the same. formerly those features looked worn and harrassed; formerly those eyes flashed strangely, and burned, instead of shining as they do now. Every thing seems so clear, eo untroubled."

"Hush?" she said, carneatly, while her lips trembled for a moment. "Come with me, and I will tell you all -what life is, and happiness and peace."

A few minutes' walk brought them to the verge of the town. The air was sharp and frosty, for the month was November; but Ellen trod the rough, unbroken ground, with a light, elastic step, which spurned the help which Templeton continually offered.

"You do well to reject my aid," he said at last, bitter

y. "You have got beyond all need for it now!" "Frederick?" she said, reproachfully, "now are you not sorry immediately to have said anything so naughty as that?"

"You are but a child, after all," he replied, looking down upon her upturned face, and gaining possession of her hand.

"I know it," she said simply; "I feel younger than I did six years ago, and that was when I know you first." "But why," he said " if giving up your favorite pursuits has, wrought all this, why could you not do as I wanted-leave them for me, instead of ceming here, and losing me so much sunshine for this long?"

"You forgot that I had no sunshine in my face, or disposition, when I left you; and you won't see, for all you are so wise, that it was the discipline to which I gave myself which has made me as I am. I lived a life of dreams. I spent my time in giving them to the world. Even, if as your wife, I had relinquished the last, I should have continued the former habits. Nothing but a strong effort could loose me from the tyrannous power of that! There must be something to supply the place of the lost excitement; something to fill the mind with business, which would shut out dreams. "Besides, my heart told me that my life, apart from

my position as an authoress, was van and things and sinful! chained down to petty vanities, paltry triumphs! nothing to enlarge it—nothing to make it strong—nothing to make it thumble. Then I was so intensely callish—so utterly self absorbed! I have been trying to forget myself, and trying to remember others."
"And new, that you have chosen a new path, I suppose you have put farther than over from your thoughts

the man who for many years has been to you..."
["Father, mother, brother!" she said, bursting cints onrs.
VOh, Ellen!" he cried, passionately, "what cold terms for me! Is this all? and the strong man covered his face and leant against a tree for support. Sinewy and heart-strained were the fingers pressed convulsively to his forehead, and Elled gazed at him wistfully, as though longing to speak, but the tumultuous blood rushed into

do so, he deserves to suffer.—German of Leopold Schefer.

Ellen sought out her aunt whom she had not seen for years; and that sunt, a fall, large, strong-souled wo. "Not yet," she said with an effort. "I want to say omothing which I am not sure is right, and that is why

her face, whenever his lips parted, and she would turn

"Ellon, you need not sure is right, and that is why
I have been still so long."
"Ellon, you need not speak a syllable, unless it be of
hope! I am in that mood now, when I could almost
take your life, for a word; you, young and beautiful, and
happy? how dare you be so, and not for me?"
"It is for you, if you will. I only feared that now, we.

teacher.—Then she listened patiently to Ellou's rather could not be happy any more than before. I must go long, and not exactly fucid description of her reasons hand in hand with all your hopes, and plans, and ambition; and a wife should sympathise with her husband.— You do not know how truly I love you. Besides, I pray daily, "Lead me not into temptation," and yet I should be going with my eyes open into danger."
Then he said those words, which have tempted so

many—bending to her and taking her hand, "You can make me what you will, Elien!"

She shook her head sorrowfully. "But yet," she said. "If you will be content with me as I am, I am willing to be your wife. You will find, though, that many pleasures and pursuits which I formerly deemed inno-cent, and which you still cling to, I feel to be wrong now simply because I cannot partake of them, and preserve my mind clear, my heart light, and my pulse healthy.— Into these you must go alone, if you will! to me they are Forbidden Paths. If you were a stranger, and this were a new love, these would be sufficient reasons to bid you to go from me, but now—," her voice broke, and she looked up expressively. "I believe gratitude is a stronger tie than love; but when both are joined," she whispered again, as he drow her down to the trunk of a pleasures and pursuits which I formerly

of house or man there was not-no sound save the sighing wind breathing in fitful cadence to their murmured

Long time they sat there, unheeding the chill autumn air, for Ellen had withdrawn her hand, and praying her lover to forget everything for the time, save that they were two erring mortals who had strayed far from the narrow way, and had suffered much already for their steps, oven as she had commenced to do, ere the life of

steps, even as she had commenced to do, ere the life of the world should sap forever the principle of God-life which is born in all.

Speaking with the winning tengue which her Maker had feat to her for hely uses, and which she had long employed without a thought of responsibility, how did she paint the Past, the Present, the Future! the morning, the nearly the dark walks the country the tent. the noon, the night! the dark valley beyond, the two paths which lead to it! The one which opens with rose clouds, which turns soon to thickening gloom, so that long before the victim nears the end, beckening shadows strotch upwards and forwards, encompassing him in doadly folds, and drawing him with shuddering and des-pair, down to doom. The other, which is watered with tears, which leaves smiles behind them, bitter herbs whereof the lingering taste is sweet, and weakness which

It was not an evapescent impression which she made:

and the darkness comprehendeth it not." Do you know if I were to spend hours in trying to explain the workings of my mind—my soul, nothing I could say, wenlit give so clear an idea of them, as that Bible verse?'—Sat. Gazette.