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IN EARLY SUMMER.
"Gentle breeze upon a waking word,
O gentle breeze of the early morn,
Kiss me just the queen of softest bath
tuned."
"I've just the day is born."
"Hark! From the grove a burst of sudden song,
A thousand sweetest voices join in lay,
Back they herald melody's joyous throng
To the presence of the summer day."
The solemn owl trills out the pine tree's gloom
With incoherent mutterings, wings her
To the dim wood, where 't is an airy nook
Lark's whistles of the night.
New light and darkness meet in final fray,
The pale of dawn's light with crimson gleam,
And faded with victory, the god of day,
Beholds his welcome reign.
And, hark! with the ardor of his rays,
With burning fervor each bird and
Who shriek and droop beneath his radiant
As nears the noontide hour.
His arrows beneath a fragrant pine,
Which preceding branches shake, grateful
And which the sunshine plays at "white and
With every looking pine."
And lo, enraptured to the song bird,
The "low murmur of his melody,"
The "soft whistles, warbling leaves and
"Gentle breeze upon a waking word,"
"Gentle breeze of the early morn,"
"Kiss me just the queen of softest bath
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toil of was of the finest order. It was
owing to these peculiar circumstances
of the case that I became deeply inter-
ested in my new acquaintances and felt
anxious to relieve them, and at the
same time to learn something of their
history. After conversing with the in-
valid for a few moments he intimated
to me that he would willingly let me
into the secrets of his history provided
the girl was not present to listen.
Accordingly I directed "Fido Hetty,"
as the old man called her, to go for a
physician of my acquaintance, telling
her I would stay by her father until
she returned. The night was not cold,
and I felt that it would benefit her
body and divert her mind to take a
walk in the city, with the ways of
which she was very well acquainted.
Hetty had scarcely left the house
when the door-bell rang. The sick
man said that the lower part of the
house was not occupied, and requested
me to see who was at the door.
Carrying the lamp in my hand I
proceeded down the stairs. I found a
well-dressed gentleman at the door,
who seemed surprised on seeing me in
such a place.
"Does Mr. Sweeney reside here?" he
asked.
"I don't know that he does," I re-
plied.
"Well, then, is there more than one
family living in the house?"
"There is only one family, I be-
lieve."
"And you don't know whether the
name of the family is Farley or not,"
said the stranger, with a smile.
I saw the drift of his remark, and
replied that I was not acquainted in
the house, never having been there be-
fore.
"The name of the family may be
Farley," said I, "but I have not heard
it. All I know is, there is an old man
and his daughter, and he calls the girl
Hetty."
"That is true," said the stranger; "he
is the man I would see."
"Hoping he might bring relief to my
new acquaintances, I readily con-
ducted him up the stairs and into the
apartment I had left.
On approaching the bedside, I found
that Mr. Farley had fallen asleep dur-
ing my absence from the room.
"Let me sit here," said the stranger,
quietly seating himself at the foot of
the bedstead shading his brow, which
I observed to be resting on his hand.
"I am not at all acquainted with you,"
said he, "and do not know the name of
the invalid, but I am glad to see you
here. I am the girl I would see, and I
will wait here until she returns."
Scarcely was the stranger seated
when, as I approached the bedside, the
invalid awoke.
"You must know," said he, "con-
taining the subject of his history in a
manner which showed that his sum-
mer had been light, "you must know
that I have not always been in the con-
dition of poverty in which you now
see me. I was once in excellent cir-
cumstances, and enjoyed a high stand-
ing in society."
"How did you become reduced?" I
asked.
"By a series of misfortunes, of
which I need not tell you. My de-
gree I lost, and I became quite for-
tunate—quite friendless."
"Is the girl who brought me here
your only child?" I inquired.
"Ah! it is of that I would speak,"
said he, "and there is an opportunity
of accomplishing an object of benevo-
lence, and I willingly guided my
timid, sorrowful little girl back to
her home.
"The girl led me into a small and
somewhat dilapidated house, and in-
vited me to ascend a small and narrow
staircase. At the head of the stairs I
heard her groping about until her
hand touched the latch of a door,
which she opened, asking me, in a low
voice, to follow her into the room.
I did so, and found myself in a
humble apartment, where scrupulous
neatness seemed struggling against
obscure want. "The dim light of a
sticking lamp which stood on a small
table near the door revealed to me the
waney furniture, which I found to con-
sist of a few chairs, the table already
mentioned, and among other articles
of minor importance, a broken and
retired part of the room."
The girl stepped aside before me
and pointed to the bed.
"Come this way, sir, if you please,"
she whispered, "beside the bed."
She also turned to approach the bed-
side of the sufferer to approach him of
my presence I silently brushed away
a tear which the sight of her grief-
worn, pallid cheeks and eyes red with
tears, had caused to start through
my eyelids.
"My youthful guide bent over the sick
man, and laying her cheek close to his,
while her arms encircled his neck,
whispered something in his ear. A
moment after she arose, and placing
a chair beside the bed, begged me to
approach.
"Seating myself in the chair she
placed for me, I took the hand of the
invalid, and gazed for the first time
full upon his face. I shall never for-
get the expression. Although much
emaciated, his features betrayed the
spirit of pride in the midst of poverty,
of resolution in adversity, and of the
stern endurance during his moments
of agony which I had witnessed in his
breath.
I was about to speak to him, when he
cut me short by speaking first.
"You find me in a bad condition,"
said he, "with a smile I thought
rather bitter. "I can't deny that I am
actually crushed by sickness and mis-
fortune; this you will readily believe,
if I could never have stooped to ask
assistance of any one had I not been
perfectly helpless. And even now, sir,
I doubt whether I would not have died
before asking a favor of any one had
it not been for the broken-hearted girl
who conducted you hither."
I can not describe my sensations on
hearing these words, so full of pride
and candor, fall from the lips of a man
who might be dying. It was plain to
be seen that the invalid had once seen
better days and moved in circles of
refinement, and I was sure that his in-

Boston—the same city with you, his
father?"
"Yes, for a time; but he was poor
and could not bear, I presume, the
sight of those of his old associates who
ceased to know him when he was no
longer able to live in style. He
succeeded in his true, but he hated
the sight of them, and therefore re-
moved from the city."
"And he never came to you or wrote
to you afterwards," said I.
"Never. The last I heard of him he
was in New York, and in tolerable cir-
cumstances. Oh! what a triumph it
would be to him could he see me thus
reduced—shorn of my pride and former
wealth!"
"You see I am now left alone in the
unfriendly work with the child who
brought you hither. As my riches
failed me, being swept away by mis-
fortunes, my old friends dropped off
one by one; and now sickness has re-
duced me to the helpless, miserable
condition in which you see me. There
is not an individual living who
cares for me or mine! You have
already shown some kindness to us—
for which Heaven reward you! but you
are the only one—the only one!"
"Where are you going?" asked I.
"Oh," said she, "father and I are
going to New York with brother Wil-
liam. Father has got almost well, so
that he can travel. We are going to
live with brother, and we shall be so
happy!"
At that moment William and his
father came down-stairs, being ready
for a start. Although the old man
was leaning on the arm of his son,
when he saw me he sprang forward to
grasp my hand. William did the
same, while Hetty stood by, laughing
and weeping by turns from joy.
I saw them depart, and once more
I retraced my steps homeward, filled
with admiration of the old man's
proud, stern, but generous spirit, the
candor, beauty and single-hearted-
ness of the child, but above all, of
his spirit man's nobleness of soul, and
of his spirit true Christian benevolence
and forgiveness.—J. F. Trowbridge,
in Yankee Blade.

conductor him by the stairs.
He gave the sick man encourage-
ment of affording him immediate re-
lief, and, having prepared some medi-
cines for his use, took his departure.
Thinking it best to leave the new-
unit family alone, he shortly after
rose to depart. The old man and his
son thanked me warmly for the inter-
est I had taken in their affairs, and
the little girl, as she conducted
me to the door and bade me good
night, besought me with tears in her
eyes to visit them again.
That night I went home a better
man than when I left a few hours be-
fore. The lesson I had learned had a
powerful effect upon my mind, teach-
ing me, as it did, the value of family
pride or the pride of wealth, and the
divine beauty and sweetness of for-
giveness.
When I visited the house again I
found a great change. The invalid was
admitted by a servant, I met little
Hetty in the hall, dressed ready for a
journey.
The little creature flew to welcome
me, and fairly wept with joy.
"Where are you going?" asked I.
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