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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, March 19, 1857.

Selected Poetry.

A FIRESIDE SONG.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Give Hope place beside our evening-fire ;
'Twill add a warmer relish to his glow,
And bring out pictures from the smouldering pyre
Which darkness and despair can never show ;
'Twill breathe of Night that ushers the glad Day,
And the white Winter fellowed by green May.

'Twill draw forth images of suns that rise
From the dark bosom of the passing mist—
Of smiling glances drying tearful eyes,
And wan cheeks into roses new health-kist ;
Hope is not always false, whate'er men say,
Since after Winter follows green May.

Cold is the night, but colder is the street—
Be thankful for the fagot in the grate ;
And dwell on every mercy thou dost meet,
Blessing the hand which spares the griefs that wait,
On many a sufferer, in whose sterner way
Lingers the Winter longer than the May.

Thank God for this, that Hope hath come from Him,
And nestles in our hearts, like birds that find
'Neath some kind thatch shelter from hail storm grim,
And food where stacks of corn keep off the wind :
Stay, heavenly Hope! and teach us well to pray
That Winter may be followed by green May!

Selected Tale.

I WOULDN'T DO IT:

OR, FEMALE INFLUENCE.

BY CATHERINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

In a cool airy chamber of a neat country dwelling, sat a drooping invalid, reclining feebly, almost helplessly, in a large easy chair.—The beautiful hectic on the otherwise pallid cheeks, proclaimed the victim of consumption. On a low ottoman at her feet, was seated a young girl of ten summers. They were sisters. The elder had been not only a sister, but also a mother to the younger, who retained no recollection of the tender parent in whose arms her infancy was cradled. Yet had she scarcely missed a mother's care, so faithfully had that elder sister performed to her a mother's part.

But now she too was smitten down, and well did Ellen Hastings know that they soon must part ; for her sister Clara had not concealed from her the certainty of the painful separation which must take place. She had often spoken to Ellen of her own departure, as calmly as she would of an anticipated journey. In this way the fair young girl had become familiar with the idea, and thoughts of death, invested with such terror, had been robbed of half their gloom, when she saw how calmly, trustingly and confidingly her sister could enter the dark valley. If this calmness was ever in danger of being ruffled, it was when Clara thought of her darling Ellen, who clung to her lovingly as the tender vine clings to the firm support about which it twines.

Since Ellen had taken her seat upon the ottoman, no word had broken the silence, but interchanging glances had spoken volumes of sisterly affection and tender regret. The face of the invalid was expressive of a yearning tenderness, not unmixed with a shade of anxiety, as her thoughts were busy with the coming separation. The countenance of Ellen expressed intense affection and sorrowful apprehension. At last the silence was broken by Clara, who spoke as if all that had been passing in the mind of each had found utterance in words, and she was but continuing the subject on which they had been communing.

"Dear Ellen, I want you *then* to remember two things," she said.

How much was expressed by that simple word! To Ellen it spoke of the time when the separation so dreaded should actually have taken place, and she would no longer be sheltered and blest by the tender, watchful love that had cared for her from the hour when the cold sods fell heavily upon the coffin of her mother.

For a brief moment the poor girl hid her face in her sister's lap, and a convulsive sob, half-repressed broke from her. But soon she raised her head, and tried to say calmly—

"What is it, dear sister, that you wish me to remember?"

"Two things, my love. And yet both can be comprised in four short words, so that you can always remember them. I want you to promise me that you will ever strive, both to do good and to do good. Only four words—Be good : Do good. But could I know that what they express would be embodied in your future life, how calmly and hopefully could I leave you, for I should be sure that your feet would never stray into any devious path of sin or error. Will you try to remember these four short words, and practice the two maxims comprised in them?"

"I will, dear sister," replied Ellen. "I know I can strive to be good, but how can a little girl like me do good?"

"In many ways, my love, if with sweet humility and truthful earnestness you strive to do it. I will tell you of one way. Ever cherish in your heart true and right sentiments, and when a proper occasion occurs for giving utterance to such sentiments, never shrink from doing so. In this way you will always exert a happy influence upon those with whom you associate. Perhaps at another time I may tell you of other ways in which even a little girl may do good."

But that other time never came. A violent fit of coughing was induced by the exertion of speaking. After it was over, the invalid was wearied, exhausted, to her couch, from which she never rose again. It was the last time Ellen was left alone with her sister. One older and more experienced now constantly took the place which she had so frequently occupied as nurse. After this, every attempt to converse distressed the fast failing invalid, and these proved to be her dying words, her parting counsel to the sister she had so fondly cherished. As such, they made a deep and indellible impression upon Ellen, who had always listened to her sister as to an oracle of wisdom, and who now treasured in the depths of her heart these her last words.

Ellen felt very sad and lonely after the death and burial of her sister. She took it so much to heart, that she grew thin and pale, and looked only like the shadow of her former self. Her father watched this state of things with much anxiety ; for Ellen was now the only treasure left him, and he was disposed to guard her with the tenderest care. He resolved to change the scene, and divert her thoughts from the deep grief which was preying upon both mind and body, by sending her to spend a few weeks at the house of a friend, who had a large family of children, some younger and some older than Ellen. Mr. Hastings felt sure that the society which his daughter would find there, would soon dissipate the sadness which oppressed the mind of the bereaved girl.

When Ellen arrived at Mr. Herbert's she found there a lively group ; for to his own large family were added, besides Ellen Hastings, the son and daughter of a distant relative

At first, Ellen felt little disposed to join in the mirth and gaiety which always reigns where such a group of children, buoyant with health and happiness, are collected. But she was naturally of a sociable and lively disposition, and though her mirthfulness was tempered and subdued by the remembrance of her remembrance of her recent affliction, she was soon ready to join cheerfully, and with a keen relish, in the occupations and amusements of her young companions.

Ellen soon made friends with all, not excepting Arthur and Lucy Dunning, who like herself were guests at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Herbert. Arthur Dunning possessed a fine flow of spirits and a ready invention, which added much to the enjoyments of the juvenile circle of which he was for the time being a member. If a new feature added zest to an old and almost worn out form of recreation, Arthur was usually the inventor of it.—Or if a ready sally of wit threw the circle into a convulsive fit of laughter, he was the author of it. But it must also be confessed that he was somewhat reckless and mischievous.—If at times, he greatly promoted the enjoyment of his companions, he, at other times, greatly marred it by the mischievous tricks, which he delighted to play upon them. At last, the observation was frequently made that Arthur Dunning would be a first rate fellow, if he was not so full of his tricks.

One day, when Ellen entered the nursery, she found it occupied only by little Mary Herbert, who was very busy in erecting what she considered a very imposing edifice with the materials furnished by a box of building blocks. She was putting the finishing touch on the work when Ellen entered. Mary turned round, and seeing who it was she exclaimed triumphantly.

"There, Ellen, isn't that first-rate?"

"It is very well done," said Ellen. What is it?—a church?"

"A church!—no!" said Mary, almost indignantly. "Don't you see it is a great factory? It looks almost just like those Sarah and I saw last week, when father took us to C.—I will go and ask Sarah if it don't. Where is she? do you know?"

"She was in the garden when I came in."

"I will go and ask her to come here. Won't you stay here till I come back, and see what she says to it?"

Ellen good humoredly promised to comply with this request.

Scarcely had Mary left the room when Arthur entered it. As soon as he saw the pile of blocks which Mary had denominated a factory, he turned to Ellen, and said,

"Who did that!"

"Little Mary did it, she calls it a factory."

"A factory! ha! I will just tumble it over and see what Mary will say when she gets back."

Arthur advanced towards the miniature factory to execute his intention. But Ellen sprang towards him, and before his foot had touched it, laid her hand on his arm, saying earnestly and pleadingly,

"Arthur, I wouldn't do it."

Arthur arrested by the earnestness of her manner, stopped short, and looking her in the face, said,

"Why not, Ellen?"

For a moment, Ellen hesitated what reply to make. But as she stood there, uncertain what answer to give to this interrogation, a scene was suddenly presented to her mind, which almost dimmed her eyes with tears.—She was not in the nursery at Mr. Herbert's but she was in that sacred well-remembered chamber, seated on a low ottoman by the side of her sister. She heard her say, "Ever cherish in your own heart true and right sentiments, and when a proper occasion occurs for giving utterance to such sentiments, never shrink from doing so." The scene faded, and the reality was once more before her. Arthur Dunning was by her side, and he had asked her why he should not overturn the playhouse reared by Mary Herbert. Was not this a proper occasion for uttering the true and right sentiments she felt in relation to such deeds? surely it must be so, and she would not hesitate, though perhaps the high-spirited and reckless Arthur would only laugh at her. The tender recolection which had been called up, probably added persuasiveness to her manner, as with her hand still resting upon Arthur's arm, she replied.

"Oh because Mary thinks so much of it, and of showing it to Sarah. It will make her very unhappy if it knocked down before Sarah sees it ; and you know it is always a sad thing to make others unhappy. It is so much better to try to make them happy."

Arthur looked earnestly at Ellen ; but he did not laugh at her, as she almost feared he would. On the contrary, he said in a subdued voice ;

"I know you are right, Ellen : I will not knock it down."

Ellen's words and manner made a much deeper impression than she was aware of.—After this, when Arthur was about to perpetrate any mischievous trick, it seemed to him as if a gentle hand was laid on his arm, and a soft, persuasive voice said, "Arthur, I wouldn't do it;" and he could not do it. The consequence was, his young companions soon began to wonder how it happened that Arthur had so suddenly abandoned all his late tricks, and become so agreeable a companion. But no one, not even Ellen, guessed the cause.—She was too modest to attribute an energy so potent to the few words she had spoken in the nursery.

Six years passed away, and Ellen Hastings was no longer a child, for she had bloomed into womanhood, having reached the golden age of the novelist, sweet sixteen. But during these winged years, which in their flight had borne her so rapidly to this point, she had never forgotten her beloved sister Clara or her parting counsel. To be good and to do good, had been her constant and noble aim. Such an aim could not fail to give a moral elevation and dignity to her whole character, which greatly enhanced those natural charms with which she had been endowed in no stinted measure.

When Ellen was sixteen, it so chanced that she spent a few days with a friend who resided in a city where was located a flourishing college. One evening, during this visit, she was introduced to a small and select circle of intimate friends, among whom were two or three of the college students. One of these was no other than her old playmate at Mr. Herbert's, Arthur Dunning. But Ellen did not recognize him. They had not met since that time, and as that meeting had made no particular impression upon her mind, it was almost forgotten. When introduced to Mr. Dunning, no suspicion of ever having met him before crossed her mind.

Not so, however, with Arthur Dunning.—The impression made upon his mind had been far deeper, and therefore not so easily effaced by the lapse of years. As soon as Ellen was introduced to him as Miss Hastings, he was struck with something familiar in the glance which met his, and in the tones of the voice which fell on his ear. They seemed to have a strange connection with some scene of the past, though all was dim and indistinct. He could not recall where he had met that glance and heard those tones.

For half an hour after this introduction, Arthur Dunning puzzled and wearied himself by chasing this phantom of the past. Sometimes it would almost assume a tangible shape and he would think he was about to seize it, when it would elude his mental grasp, seeming as airy and intangible as ever.

At length, one of the party with whom Miss Hastings was on terms of familiar intimacy, addressed her as "Ellen, my dear." In a moment the misty veil was removed from the mind of Arthur Dunning, and he mentally exclaimed,

"I have it, I have it now ; it is Ellen Hastings," and internally the whole scene in the nursery at Mr. Herbert's came up before him. "It is the very same. I was sure that her countenance and the tones of her voice were strangely familiar, and equally sure that they were connected with some cherished recollection of the past. Ah! that fortnight at Mr. Herbert's—how well do I recollect it! Ellen Hastings was my good angel then."

Towards the close of the evening, Arthur contrived to get by the side of Ellen, and also to draw her into a free and animated conversation. He was about to call to her mind their former acquaintance, when the attention of both was arrested by the conversation of the other members of the little group.

Certain college regulations which were regarded by many of the students as very unreasonable, onerous and arbitrary, had occasioned a dissatisfaction so general, that a plan was forming and being openly discussed, to resist them The disaffected students imagined they were so strong in numbers and influence, that if they combined in this movement, they should overawe the college officers, and compel them to modify the odious regulations. In this way they thought to escape the disgrace usually resulting from rebellion against college laws.

The plan had been boldly discussed by a portion of the students for some time, and those present did not hesitate to bring it forward and combat its feasability, in the select circle there gathered, Arthur Dunning, who was naturally somewhat impatient of restraint, had been inclined to sympathize with the disaffected party, and had serious thoughts of joining them, should their plan be carried into execution.

The subject was discussed with much animation and earnestness by those present, and a variety of opinions were expressed in relation to it. After listening to the rest for some time, Arthur suddenly turned to Ellen, and said,

"What do you think of this measure, Miss Hastings? Would you advise us to join the party who are about to adopt it?"

"I wouldn't do it," replied Ellen, earnestly, though her cheeks were instantly after suffused with blushes, as she thought how frankly she had expressed her opinion to an entire stranger.

The words touched an electric chord in the mind of Arthur Dunning.—"I wouldn't do it." He was instantly transferred by them back to childhood's days. Once more he was in the nursery at Mr Herbert's. The hand of the speaker was laid pleadingly, arrestingly on his arm. He could hardly persuade himself that he did not feel its gentle pressure. At last he roused himself from his musings sufficiently to recollect that the silence which followed Miss Hasting's last words might seem to her long and strange. Almost mechanically he inquired, "Why not?"

Ellen hesitated. Was she called upon to express to Mr. Dunning, stranger as he was, the sentiments she held on such subjects?—Then again the words of her dying sister were brought to her mind. She was sure these sentiments were just and right. Why should she hesitate to utter them, when called upon to do so? She replied—

"I cannot approve of resistance to rightful authority. I know there are young men who under certain circumstances, regard such a course as manly. But to me it seems exactly the contrary. No course is so truly manly in a young man, as that of yielding gracefully and unhesitatingly to the authority of those who by virtue of their office have a right to claim obedience from him. If the regulations seem somewhat arbitrary, the manliness and self-command which yields obedience becomes only the more evident."

"But are there no cases in which arbitrary rule should be resisted."

"I will not take it upon myself to answer this question in the negative. Allowing that such cases do occur, it does not seem to me this is one of them. I think that every member of the college who joins in this scheme of resistance, will one day regret it. More mature years will show him that he was hasty and impetuous."

Arthur Dunning listened to Ellen's words as to an oracle, though certainly there was nothing oracular in the manner in which they were uttered ; for that manner was singularly modest and unassuming, robbing her words of wisdom of anything which could appear like dictation. As Arthur remained silent, Ellen continued :

"Pardon me, sir, if I have expressed my opinions too frankly. My only excuse is, that you asked for such an expression of them."

"And I thank you most sincerely for granting that request," replied Arthur, warmly.

No further opportunity for conversation with Ellen was presented that evening, and Mr. Dunning parted with her without revealing the fact that he was the Arthur of by-gone years.

But Ellen's frank protest against the proposed scheme of rebellion was not without its effect on Arthur Dunning. The plan was at last carried out by a portion of the students, who hoped that their number and respectability would shield them from disgrace. But this hope proved delusive. The officers of the college were not so easily overawed. Those who enlisted in the scheme were driven to the alternative of making a humble confession of their error, and promising obedience to the very regulations against which they had rebelled, or of being expelled in disgrace.

But Arthur Dunning was not of their number. He pondered seriously the words which Ellen had spoken, and the result was that he did not do it, but at the expiration of his college course graduated with distinguished honor.

Five years pass away, and Ellen Hastings is spending some weeks at the house of another friend, in a city many miles distant from the one to which the brief visit just chronicled was made. Here again it was her fortune to meet with Arthur Dunning. He was introduced to her at a large party which she attended soon after her arrival. But she failed to recognize in the popular and pleasing young lawyer, whose talents and eminent social abilities had made him a universal favorite, the high-spirited and mischievous Arthur Dunning of childhood's memory, or the young collegian with whom she had passed but one brief evening.

Not so with Arthur. He was not now perplexed by dim recollections of the past as he had been on the former occasion, but at once recognized in Miss Hastings, the fair mentor of former years. Arthur now sought the acquaintance of Miss Hastings, and fortune seemed to favor his wishes ; for he frequently met her in general society. But though he constantly sought opportunities for intercourse with her, yet his attentions were so quiet and unobtrusive, that they excited no particular observation. He was often on the point of alluding to their former meetings, but something always seemed to hold him back, and he continued to suffer Ellen to suppose that they had recently met for the first time.

Ellen was herself much interested in the young lawyer, whom she thought remarkably agreeable. If any deeper interest was awakened by his quiet and gentlemanly attention, she was at the time unconscious of it.

Things were in this state, when, one evening, Arthur and Ellen chanced to meet in a small and select circle. Early in the evening Arthur was called away by a friend, who wished to see him on pressing business. It is related of an eccentric individual, that he was always observed to be the last to leave any company in which he was found. At length some one had the anxiety to ask him the reason for this. His reply was, "I have always noticed that each one, as soon as he leaves the company, becomes the theme of conversation for those who remain." The company which Arthur Dunning left that evening, proved no exception to this rule.

"Dunning is a fine, talented young man," remarked one.

"Yes, a young man of *rare* talents, according to my judgment," remarked another.

"And of rare social gifts," said a third.—"No social circle among his acquaintance is deemed complete without him."

"Too social, I fear," remarked a fourth, gravely. "Or perhaps I should say too convivial. A young man of his temperament is in peculiar danger."

"Very true," replied an elderly gentleman. "It is greatly to be regretted that Dunning is falling into such habits."

Ellen started, and turning to an elderly lady who sat by her side, asked in a whisper, "What habits?"

"It is said, and I suppose with truth, that Mr. Dunning is too fond of the wine-cup," was the reply.

A young lady who had overheard the answer to Ellen's question, now drew near, and said,

"What a pity, is it not? to see so fine a young man ruined!"

"Is his ruin then a fact so confidently anticipated?" asked Ellen.

"All who know him must hope that he will escape such a catastrophe," replied the elder lady. "But those who have watched his course for the last year, are compelled to feel that his danger is very great."

"And has no one warned him of his danger?" asked Ellen earnestly. "Do none of his friends seek to save him from impending ruin?"

A young man who stood near, replied,

"He is so proud and high-spirited, that he would only resent such an effort as the highest affront. He thinks himself in no danger, and the person who should tell him he was would only forfeit his friendship, without effecting any good result."

"Perhaps not," replied Ellen. "It may be he would take it kindly. At all events, the person would be discharging his duty.—Some one surely should warn him."

"Suppose Miss Hastings should undertake the office. I know of no one who would be likely to have more influence," said the *young* lady, a little mischievously.

Ellen would have thought little of this remark, regarding it only as harmless raillery, had it not suggested a question of duty.

"Would it be possible for me to say anything which could have any good effect?" she questioned with herself. "I am almost a stranger. It is but few weeks since we met, and after a few weeks more we shall probably never meet again. Even should he be offended with me, it could result in no great harm."

After Ellen retired to her own room that night, the subject was again presented to her mind, and she felt a strong desire to warn the young lawyer of his danger. She half resolved that she would do it even at the risk of his displeasure. She now recollected that on more than evening when she had been in company with him, he had appeared quite different the last of the evening from what he had been the former part of it. At the time she little thought that the brilliant sallies of wit which he poured forth, were in no small degree the result of artificial stimulants ; but now she saw clearly how it was.

A few evenings after, she again met Arthur at a large party. It excited no surprise that he should, early in the evening, quietly make his way to her side, for he had often done it before But her heart beat as it had never done on previous occasions, as she thought of the desire she had cherished to warn him of his danger. The task had seemed sufficiently formidable when it had been contemplated in the seclusion of her own chamber ; but it now seemed impossible, as beside her sat the gentlemanly, graceful, and dignified Arthur Dunning. It did seem almost like an insult to warn *him* of danger. Danger of what? Of becoming a besotted drunkard. Impossible! That graceful, manly form! those searching, flashing eyes! that elevated brow, stamped with the unmistakable impress of genius!—he in danger of such a fate? It must be the hallucination of a disordered brain. It could be nothing more, and she would not cherish it.

As the evening wore on, the wine cup circulated freely. Arthur's face became flushed, and his eyes flashed with increased brilliancy. Yet he stood beside Ellen in the act of pouring out another glass.

"It is too true I fear," thought Ellen.

Casting a hasty glance around, to assure herself that she was unobserved, Ellen followed the impulse of the moment, and placed her hand over the glass. Arthur turned towards her, and his inquiring glance demanded an explanation.

"I wouldn't do it," said Ellen pleadingly, as her eyes met his.

"I wouldn't do it." How those well-remembered words thrilled through his very soul! There was now a depth of pleading earnestness in the voice of the speaker, such as there had not been on the previous occasions. Arthur was confounded. On those occasions he knew there had been a cause. But what excuse could there now be? and again he questioned, "Why not?"

"Because there is danger in the cup," was answered in the same tone of gentle persuasiveness.

Arthur colored slightly, and replied quickly, "Not for me."

"For all who love it," was the rejoinder.

The glass remained untasted, but Arthur escaped from the side of Ellen as soon as he could do so without manifest rudeness, and he did not seek an opportunity of speaking with her again during the remainder of the evening. This did not escape the observation of Ellen, and she feared that she had offended him deeply. This fear so distressed her that she was startled by the secret that it revealed. She could no longer conceal from herself the fact that she was beginning to feel a deep interest in Arthur Dunning, much deeper than she supposed, or could have wished.

The next day, Arthur sat alone in his office, musing on the events of the previous evening. The words still rang in his ear, "I wouldn't do it," and again, "it is danger for all who love it!"

"Is it possible that Miss Hastings thinks me in danger?" he asked. And something like indignation stirred within him. "How could she have indulged such a thought—one, I am sure which never occurred to any but her. That I should have been so insulted, and by her too. If it had been any other person, I could have borne it."

But something within whispered, "Don't you love it? Don't you love it?"

"Why yes, I love it," was the response ; "but not enough to be in any danger."

The only answer to this disclaimer, was the echo of the words—"Don't you love it?"

Just at this moment a friend of Arthur's entered the office. Alfred Winthrop was a young man who stood high in the estimation of Arthur Dunning. Among all his acquaintanances, he could not mention one for whom he cherished greater respect, or in whom he reposed more entire confidence. After some desultory conversation, Winthrop said,

"I must congratulate you at the new leaf you turned over at the party last evening."

"What new leaf?"

"I suppose you know that you were unusually temperate, and you do not need to be told that temperance is a great virtue."

Winthrop said this with assumed carelessness and lightness of manner, and under other circumstances, it would have passed off with Dunning as a kind of railery which meant very little. But his peculiar state of mind led him to observe his friend more closely, and he was convinced that his lightness of manner was only assumed to hide more of real interest than he cared to display. A new revolution now dawned upon the mind of Arthur Dunning. After a moment's silence, he said with emphasis,

"I have one question to ask you, Winthrop. I conjure you to give me a truthful answer."

Winthrop seemed a little startled by his friend's manner, but replied, though not without some embarassment, that he was ready to answer any civil question.

"Then tell me truly, if you or any of my friends have feared that I was in danger from the wine cup?"

"Yes, truly we have," answered Winthrop, gravely. "We have feared for you more than we can easily find words to express, though I must confess to a timidity, which I fear is wrong, that would have witheld me from telling you so, if you had not asked me the question ; but now you cannot be offended with me."

"I am not offended," replied Dunning, seriously. "But the admission you have just made, has startled me. I would think over the matter in solitude before making it the subject of conversation with any one."

"You are right," said Winthrop rising to leave. "Whatever conclusion you may arrive at, I hope you will at least believe that I have been actuated only by warm and sincere friendship for you, in making the admission that I have."

After his friend had left, Arthur Dunning sat long musing on this subject.

"Is it possible," he asked himself, "that so many of my friends can have thought me in danger from this source, and yet Miss Hastings was the first to warn me. I suppose they dared not do it. The gentle Ellen alone had the heroism to brave my displeasure. She knew that I was displeased with her last evening, and was troubled by it. I could read that in her countenance. Well, I was disposed to resent it then. I thought there was no cause for her warning ; but I begin to think I was mistaken. I may be standing on the brink of a fearful precipice, from which many, more manly than myself have been dashed down to destruction. I do love the wine-cup : there is no denying this. I love it more than I dreamed of. Am I not then in danger? Noble girl! You alone had the courage to warn me, and the warning shall not be in vain Oh, thou mocker and deceiver! from this hour we part company. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," shall be my motto. There is no safety in half measures. I will bid thee an eternal farewell and then I must be safe. Friends shall no more tremble for Arthur Dunning."

Having thus settled this most important point, the thoughts of Arthur again turned to Ellen Hastings.

"She thinks I am displeased with her frankness. I must seek an interview, and assure her that this is not now the case. I must also inform her that this is the third time she has been my kind mentor, my guardian-angel. But where can I meet her. I think she will be at Mrs. Lee's party to-morrow evening.—If I do not find the opportunity I wish for there, I must seek it elsewhere."

Arthur Dunning was not disappointed in regard to meeting Ellen at the party the next evening. Arthur was on the watch for an opportunity of addressing her without being overheard by others, but he carefully avoided proximity to her until such an opportunity should occur. Ellen perceived that Arthur avoided her, and was pained to see it ; for she thought it proved that he had not forgiven her the liberty she took at their last meeting.—Since that time, the fear that she had offended him, had given her more pain than she could have wished, and now that this fear seemed to be confirmed by his care to avoid her, she was more than ever troubled by it.—She tried hard to dispel all thoughts of him from her mind ; but she could not do it. Strive as she would to banish these thoughts, they would quickly return, marring all the enjoyment of the evening. At last, wearied with the effort to join in the festivities which she was in no state of mind to enjoy, she withdrew to an apartment which had been nearly deserted by the guests, and seated herself by the window, the drapery of which served nearly to conceal her from the few who still remained in the room.

Arthur, who had been watching her, though afar off, all the evening, soon discovered the the place of her retreat, and followed her there. She had not observed his approach, and when he addressed her she gave a quick start. Arthur perceived it and said,

"Am I not intruding, Miss Hastings?"

"Oh, no," was the frank reply. "I have not had the pleasure of seeing you this evening. Shall I tell you that I feared you were offended with me. Have you yet forgiven me for what you no doubt thought was an unpardonable rudeness on my part."

"How do you know that I have been offended with you?"

"I am sure you were the other evening, and I have feared that you still were."

"I will be perfectly frank with you, Miss Hastings. I will own that I did feel something like resentment at that time. But I have thought calmly and seriously of this matter since, and the result has been that I have become convinced of my danger ; a danger of which no one but you has ever dared to warn me. I have sought you to night to thank you most sincerely, and to assure you that myself and the wine-cup have parted company forever."

As Arthur said this, Ellen raised her eyes to his face with such an expression of glad surprise as thrilled his very heart.

"Do you remember the words you used," continued Arthur, "when you prevented me from drinking that glass of wine?"

"I am sure I do not," replied Ellen, "I was too much frightened at my own temerity, in taking such a liberty with you on so short an acquaintance, to retain anything more than a recollection of the general import of the words."

"You said, 'I would n't do it.' Do you