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## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, November 16, 1857.

### Selected Poetry.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)  
SANTA FILOMENA.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Where'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Where'er a spoken noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our midst being rolled,  
And lifts us unwares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp—  
The starved and frozen camp—

The wounded from the battle plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp is seen,  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And fit from room to room.

As slow, as in a dream of bliss  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened, and then close suddenly,  
The vision came and went,  
The light shown and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From the portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood.

Not even shall be wanting here  
The palm, the lily and the spear,  
The symbols that of yore  
Saint Filomena bore.

Saint Nightingale—a tribute to Florence, the saint  
of the Crimea.

### Miscellaneous.

#### LUCY RAY.

An orphan! What an intensity of loneliness and grief is expressed in that little word! Lucy Ray felt that she was that desolate of beings. It was the day after her funeral. The excitement and passionate tears she had manifested on the preceding day, had succeeded by a quiet sadness, and she lay herself apparently absorbed in reflection, with large tears slowly trickling down her face. Her grief was so different from the usual noisy outbursts of childhood—rainbow tears that soon end in sunny smiles; it seemed such a patient, uncomplaining sorrow, that all gossips shook their heads oracularly, and said, "Ah! she isn't long for this world!" And, in truth, any one gazing on that delicate little form, the thin white arms, and pale face, with such large, dark eyes, may well tremble for those that love her, if there are any.

Lucy's thoughts were wandering far away; scenes of old were reproducing themselves in her busy brain. A tall handsome man, with a winning smile on his lips, caught her in his arms, and romped merrily with her; the feathers were dim and indistinct, for Lucy was a very little child when she last saw her father, but his smile was dagger-pointed on her heart. Her mother, rich in the pride of youthful maturity, stood watching their joyous gambols. Then came a change in the picture. Her mother and herself were still there, but he was gone. Lucy was clothed in those black garments, so very mournful-looking when worn by a child; and the bright tresses of her mother were drawn off her fair brow, and confined by a widow's cap. And the sweet twilight hours rose before her, when she sat at that windowed mother's feet, her young earnest spirit listening reverently to the evening chapter from the Bible.

And now she stood alone in the world—father, mother, home, all taken from her! True, her uncle had sent for her to live with him, and had arranged with a friend to secure Lucy's little property, and send her to Bristol. But why did he not come and fetch her? He would have come had he been kind; and how could she, who had never passed a day from her mother's side, go alone to seek a home among strangers?

She was roused from her reverie by a sharp voice crying, "Mercy on us, child! Do you see? Why, if you set here moping in that way, how in the name of goodness is your things to get together? I want you to come and help put the things in your trunk. What's to be done with your mother's things, I wonder?" continued the speaker. "Mr. Harley arranged all about the *habeas corpus* and that, but he never said anything about the clothes."

"Oh, please, Mrs. Brown," pleaded Lucy, "let me have them all."

would take charge of Lucy, drew up her prim figure, and muttered something about children being troublesome.

The indignant blood flushed little Lucy's face, and she pulled Mrs. Brown by the gown, to beg she would come to another carriage, but the old lady gave a grimace, and Lucy found herself in the carriage by her side. Feeling like a culprit, she drew herself into the farthest corner, and from thence contemplated her gaunt protectress. Everything about her was stiff and angular. She sat bolt upright, for fear of crushing her dress, which was of blue-black silk, as narrow as a bolster-case, with two little frouces at the bottom of the skirt. Her bonnet was a curious specimen of mediæval art—a cross between Minerva's helmet and a coal scuttle. Her ruff might have been worn by the "maiden queen," and in her right hand she grasped a green cotton umbrella. For a long way she preserved a dignified silence; but at length she said, addressing Lucy, "How is it that your parents have so young a child to travel by herself?"

A rush of tears was the child's only reply to this question, put in slow measured tones.

The frigid countenance of the old lady somewhat relaxed, and noticing for the first time the deep mourning garments of her little charge she really felt very sorry for her, and said more gently, "Poor child! have you lost your mother or your father?"

"Both," sobbed Lucy.

The old lady put her long bony hand on Lucy's shoulder, and attempted to console her; but she was not much accustomed to woman's most holy privilege, that of comforting the distressed; her attempts at kindness, therefore, sat awkwardly on her, and sat at length relapsed into her former state of bolt-uprightness.

The journey was over at last; the engine ran puffing, as if sadly out of breath with its exertions, into the Bristol Station, and the old lady began to reckon up her packages.

Lucy wondered what she was to do, and whether her uncle would be at the station, and how he was to recognise her.

The old lady did not leave the carriage till nearly every one was out of the train; she then stepped out with a dignified air, and turning round said, "Now, child, get out."

Lucy obeyed, and an elderly woman, looking earnestly at her, asked, "Be your name Ray, miss, axing your pardon?"

"Yes," replied Lucy.

"Lucy Ray, miss?" continued the woman.

"Yes," said Lucy.

"I be so glad to see 'ee, miss, right down glad!" said the woman, and so'll be your uncle. Poor man! he's got the good powerful bad, or he'd ha' come for 'ee hisself. Lor, Miss Primley, ma'am! whod' ha' thought of seeing you in the train!"

This latter exclamation was addressed to Lucy's fellow traveller, who smiled a grim recognition, and asked how Mr. Harley was, and added, "What on earth is he going to do with that child? for I infer from your words she is going to reside with him."

"Do with her, ma'am! why ain't she his own sister's child, and ain't he the proper person to take to her? Poor little dear, how dale and play you do look, lovey!"

A few minutes more, and Lucy and the kind-hearted but rough Betsey were threading their way through the busy streets of Bristol. Lucy, who had never been in so large a place before, felt her heart sink as she trod the gloomy old streets, and wondered if she was going to live in one of those dark, smoky old houses.

She asked how much further they had to go and to her great relief Betsey answered, "Oh, a goodish way. Be tired, miss? We do live 'a' most in the country—not real town, like Sa'ford where I come from—but out of these nasty streets."

Mr. Harley lived in the out-skirts of the town, in a pretty little house with a garden in front, but the plants had that dusty, smoke dried look which plants always have which are coaxed into flower in the neighborhood of a manufacturing town.

Poor Lucy felt very nervous as she was ushered into the presence of her uncle, who was, as Betsey truly though not elegantly expressed it, "powerful bad with gout!" but even that most irritating complaint did not entirely subdue the good-natured expression of his face, and Lucy was relieved of her worst fears as soon as she caught a sight of it.

Lucy soon became reconciled to her new home, and Betsey, who was maid-of-all-work—and in some degree mistress too, for she ruled the house much as she liked, and sometimes the old gentleman—was very kind to the little stranger, and instead of resenting the intrusion of a child, as many would have done, she soon made Lucy quite a pet of her.

Mr. Harley loved Lucy fondly, and would have done anything to make her happy, and her warm heart clung with devoted affection to her uncle; still she felt a void in her heart, for neither of her new friends could fill the place of the departed, nor could they sympathize with her feelings; and with the quick instinct of childhood she saw at once that her dearly loved studies would not be appreciated and that she should have no one, as of old, to read to her and explain what she could not comprehend. There were scarcely any books in the house—that she soon discovered, and Mr. Harley seldom read anything but the newspaper.

After a time Lucy was sent to a day school, and improved quickly in the simple rudiments of education taught there; but she had an intellect of a superior order, and longed for higher acquirements. One day she found at her uncle's an old volume of the *Spectator*, and her uncle's old volume of the *Spectator*, and Miss Ray was soon devouring its contents, when Miss Primley unexpectedly came in. Lucy was so intent upon her book that she did not look up till she was asked in Miss Primley's solemn voice, "What she was reading?"—some trumpery romance, no doubt!

Lucy had never quite overcome her awe of the stiff old lady, though she had often seen

her since their first rencontre in the train, so she timidly replied, "The Vision of Mirza."

"What?" asked Miss Primley.

"It is an odd volume of the *Spectator*, ma'am, that I found in the cupboard," said Lucy nervously.

"The *Spectator*, child! Well, look up, I must look at you."

Lucy held up a crimson face to the gaze of Miss Primley.

"Well," continued Miss Primley, "I scarcely expected to find a young lady of the present day who would read and appreciate the *Spectator*. I'm delighted to see you so well employed. Very fond of books, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied Lucy.

"What have you read?" inquired Miss Primley.

"Not much since I've been here," said Lucy; "but I've read Cowper and Thomson, and some of Milton's works, and a great many things at home."

"Poetry," said Miss Primley, "is not the best sort of reading; but the poets you have mentioned are the least objectionable. You should read books that strengthen and improve the mind, and avoid those that merely cultivate the affections. You shall come and see me, Lucy. A girl that can read Addison ought to have a better choice of books than you have here."

Lucy wondered at the change of Miss Primley's manner towards her and readily accepted her invitation, and that lady congratulated herself in having found a girl who could read something more substantial than "trumpery novels," for she classed all novels under the same derogatory term.

Perhaps Miss Primley gave Lucy more credit than she deserved, for Lucy's naturally poetical temperament and imaginative mind would have revelled in the class of works she so sweepingly condemned, but there were none within her reach; and although we do not, with Miss Primley, dislike all works of imagination, and only approve of those which cultivate the intellectual faculties, yet we think it well for youth to acquire a taste for severer studies before the mind has been enervated by light reading, which should be the recreation, not the sole occupation of the mind.

Lucy went to Miss Primley's, and found the house in a state of exquisite neatness, and was awed by the air of dignity with which she was received in this temple of Minerva. But she found there a really good library, and Miss Primley selected some good books for her to take home and read, and talked to her of many celebrated characters, and unburied a little more than usual so that altogether Lucy was pleased with her visit, and soon looked forward with joy to the time to which it was to be repeated.

Lucy became a weekly visitor at Miss Primley's, and stored her mind with much useful knowledge; but the old maid could not enter into her feelings, or unlock the rich treasures of her heart. There was a frigid, icy manner with her not calculated to win the affections of youth. She was what the Americans term a "strong-minded woman," though she did not hold woman's-right conventions, or wear the Bloomer costume. She was very acrimonious when she spoke of the male sex, and looked upon them generally as a set of petty tyrants, who by their superior physical strength intimidated and kept in awe their moral and intellectual superiors of the feminine gender. She maintained that it was woman's own fault that she was not in a better condition; and despises most of her sex as light, frivolous beings, who frittered away their time and energies in a disgraceful way. She kept little society, and lived in economical gentility; her rooms were comfortably furnished, but they lacked that air of elegance and refinement which woman's taste can give the humblest materials.

Poor Miss Primley! perhaps one who had studied the human heart would discover in all these symptoms the efforts of a strong will to conceal the unconquered pangs of disappointed affections thrown back upon the heart that gave them birth. I believe that there is not a single old maid, whose queer ways and per- gals repulsive manners mark her out as an object of ridicule, whose history, could it be known, would disclose a tale of deep suffering—perhaps the unselfish labors of a lifetime ungratefully returned by those for whose life she gave up the prospect of a happy home of her own; and as there are some plants which only display their gorgeous tints and emit their perfumes when the glorious sunlight is on them, and close themselves securely when clouds cover the sky, so some natures that would be loving and genial in a favorable and hardened by affliction, and resolutely close their heart to all that still may be had if sought for. Yes, those stern grim beings were not always cold, but they had been hardened in the furnace of affliction; and the same process that melts some happier dispositions, as gold is melted and purified from dross, acts upon others as the fire upon others as the fire upon the potter's clay—it comes out hard and indelible.

Mr. Harley delighted to talk to Lucy of his son, who, with the roving disposition natural to youth, had early determined on going to sea, and after a two years' sea was soon expected home; and any learned to look with joy for his arrival. It would be pleasant, she thought, to have some one not much older than herself to love, and John's nature seemed a sunny one. Old Betsey was enthusiastic about the dear boy. "Bless his pretty eyes!" she would exclaim; "he was one of the best-tempered, mischievous boys as ever war 't!"

One day Mr. Harley was gone out of town to meet an old friend on business, and Lucy went to call on Miss Primley. She spoke of John's expected arrival, and Miss Primley infused more than usual acidity in her manner as she responded, "He'd better stay away—a young scoundrel as he is!"

"But uncle says that John is a good steady boy with an affectionate disposition," replied Lucy.

"Steady boy!" exclaimed Miss Primley. "I think a boy who runs away from his father for

his own selfish gratification, instead of being a prop to his declining years, is anything but that. Old or young, the sex are alike, selfish to the innermost core. I despise them! Look at the treatment of women—those who are foolish enough to become wives, or rather slaves."

"But, Miss Primley," interrupted Lucy, who knew that if the old lady mounted her favorite hobby, she would ride it till she had completely tired both herself and her hearer, "uncle says John only intends taking one more voyage, and then to settle down to business, and travel will enlarge his ideas and improve his mind."

"Yes, enlarge his ideas!" said Miss Primley. "Very fine! Men ought to have enlarged ideas and cultivated minds; their superior intellects ought to be improved in every way; but just let a woman want to travel to enlarge her ideas—let her want to study something more substantial than the usual class of 'feminine literature'—and all the male talent is arrayed against her; she steps forth out of her 'proper sphere'! I do believe they think that when a woman takes up the pen, she lays aside the needle for ever. I have no patience with them!"

Lucy found that Miss Primley was not to be diverted from her pet topic, "the wrongs of woman," so she soon took leave of her.

On her way home, Lucy bought a bunch of spring blossoms, and tastefully arranged them on the parlor table, for she liked her uncle to have a cheerful looking home, and when he was out she always endeavored to make it look more than usually attractive on his return. His slippers were airing at the fire, the *Times* was placed close to his easy chair, and Lucy, taking her work to her favorite seat in the recess of the window, was awaiting his return. Suddenly a footstep startled her, and looking up she beheld a tall, handsome, sunburnt youth.

"Is Mr. Harley at home?" he inquired, with a look of astonishment at Lucy.

"No, but I expect him every moment," replied Lucy, her pretty face flushed with excitement. "Are you Cousin John?"

"I am John Harley," he said, laughing; "but I did not know that I had such a nice little cousin. I found the door ajar and stole in, thinking to surprise father, and ought to have begged pardon for startling you."

Here Betsey ran in with, "Oh, Master John! and throwing her arms round him gave him a hearty kiss."

"Why, Betsey, how prime from 'ee looking!" said John, when he had released himself from her grip. "Why you're quite blooming, old lady!"

"Ah, Master John," said Betsey, "I ain't so strong as I was when I used to take care of you. You were a mischievous boy."

"I have no doubt I gave you a deal of trouble, Betsey," he replied; "but you revere yourself by nearly wearing my face out with washing it so often."

Betsey hastened to get some refreshment ready for her "dear boy," and John took the opportunity to remark to Lucy, "I do have chummed me for a 'cousin John,' but I do not know how to address you."

"I am Lucy Ray," she replied.

"Ah!" exclaimed John, "I recollect seeing my Aunt Ray once when I was a little boy. Do you live here, Cousin Lucy?"

"Yes," she replied, "I have been with uncle ever since my dear mamma died, and warm tears filled her eyes at the mention of the loved name."

The time of John's visit was a bright period of Lucy's life. There was something very winning in the bold, frank youth, and when the summons came for him to join ship again, a gloom seemed to spread over the whole house.

He went, and Lucy, who had opened her young heart as naturally to John as a flower spreads its petals to the sun, now shrank back into herself again.

"Miss Lucy didn't seem the same while Master John was here," said Betsey, "somehow she war always rather quiet like, though she seemed happy; but while he war here, she was as merry as a cricket. I never heard her laugh so pretty and hearty like afore. We all do miss 'en; but I think she do feel it more 'a' any on us."

It is a beautiful summer day, the golden light falls mellowed through the glorious canopy of quivering leaves, for the scene of this incident is Leigh Woods. Three years have elapsed since the time of John Harley's leaving home for his last cruise, and he has come back to settle in business. The handsome, joyous youth is changed into the fustian-stained man; his bronzed cheeks and dark whiskers have so altered him that old Betsey declares she hardly knows him; but there is the same bright eloquent eye, and the same merry heart that delighted his messmates and friends in days of yore. Lucy is even more altered; the slim, delicate-looking girl has matured into the graceful woman. Much of her childhood's beauty is gone, but there is a rarer loveliness in her face—the beauty of feeling and intellect. The pair are standing under a tree, apparently watching a steamer floating down the Channel, but their thoughts are wandering far away. John is the first to break the silence.

"Do you remember the first day I saw you, Lucy?" he asked in a soft voice. "You can never think how sweet was that dear silvery voice which called me 'Cousin John.' The tones of that voice have come across me like music in the lone night watches on deck. You are changed since then, Lucy; you are no longer the free, simple child you were then."

"And do you not like the change?" she remarked.

"I love you a hundred times more than ever," he replied; "but, oh Lucy! I fear you are not so much as Lucy now as in the days of 'sund lang syne.' I have long waited the time when I might ask you to be my wife."

The time has come now. Will you not consent, sweet Lucy?"

What Lucy said, I cannot tell; but in a few days it was announced to her friends (to the great disgust of Miss Primley,) that she was

to become the wife of John Harley as soon as he was established in his business.

And Lucy was of course supremely happy, in the conviction that she was loved sincerely.

We can scarcely answer that question unreservedly. Every young maiden is happy in the first dawn of her young love; but if she is a thoughtful girl, there is no season of life so fraught with anxiety. She is as one about to launch on the stormy ocean a vessel freighted with priceless treasures, under the sole guidance of one of whose skill to ward off danger she knows but little, though she hopes much.

Lucy was endowed with a strong principle, and good intellect, as well as with a loving heart, and with great pain she observed, in the man she had pictured to herself as almost perfect, a lack of firmness, and a tendency to yield to temptations of pleasure. But she hoped, as woman will hope, that her influence would win him from his companions, and that he would direct his energies to a more noble cause. He loved Lucy with all the fire of an impulsive nature; of that there could be no doubt; but he was not domestic in his tastes, and every now and then would join some of his friends ("Fine, gallant, open-hearted fellows," he called them,) in a carouse which left effects that could not be hid.

The first time that Lucy saw him suffering from the mingled feelings of physical pain and shame, she spoke to him tenderly, tearfully, and with delicacy entreated him to break off all connection with his gay companions. He was very penitent, and upbraided himself for causing the least uneasiness to his Lucy; but he would not give the required promise. He could not, he said, entirely cast off some who had been messmates and friends for years, but he would never again suffer himself to be led into excess; to that he would pledge himself.

Lucy was obliged to be content with this promise, and John kept it for awhile; indeed he seldom went out without her. He was in negotiation with a mercantile house to be admitted as a junior partner; his prospects seemed excellent, and Lucy hoped she had prevailed on him forever to give up his former pleasures. But John's reformation was only an impulse, not a principle, and after a time he was again drawn aside, and came home several times in a state not far removed from intoxication. On each occasion his self-reproaches were bitter and his promises renewed, but Lucy now saw that there was no dependence on them. She had a long and severe struggle with herself as to her future course. At one time she would determine to cast him off ere it were too late, and picture to herself the miseries she would have to undergo as his wife, if he did not overcome his pernicious habits. Then love would urge, "If you reject him you will destroy his motives for reformation; if you become his wife, he will be more under your influence, and love will save him. If you give up your promise, he will plunge deeper into dissipation to drown his grief."

One morning this struggle had continued till she was worn out by anxiety, and Lucy flung herself on her knees, and with streaming eyes exclaimed, in an agony of suspense, "Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?" Gradually her excited feelings calmed, and she poured out an earnest prayer for wisdom to choose and strength to persevere in the right path. She arose quiet and resolved, and sought an interview with John. He was moody and fretful; he knew that he was wrong, yet would not own it. His pride was aroused at Lucy's request that he would promise to totally abstain from drink for the future, and he reproached her with want of confidence and love for him.

"Oh, John!" she exclaimed, "if you knew what this resolve has cost me—the watchful nights, the anxious hours—you would never say I had no affection for you. Is it not you who are wanting in affection, when you will not give up a bad habit for my sake?"

"I will not be bound," he said, passionately. "If you have no confidence in me, you do not love me. Oh, Lucy! trust in me," he added, with a softened manner, "be my wife, and you shall never have cause to repent it."

"I dare not," murmured poor Lucy; "I cannot bind myself to one who will not govern himself."

"You will break your plighted troth?" he said; "you will cast me off? Well, then, be it so. You never loved me. Love can excuse the errors and encourage the virtues of the loved one. But mark me, Lucy, my fate is in your hands; you can win me to what you please; but if you reject me, Heaven knows what will become of me."

Several scenes of this nature occurred, and at last John suddenly left the house, and threw up his professed partnership, saying that as he could no longer live in the company of Lucy, whom he accused of having rejected him, he should go to sea again to wear out the memory of her inconstancy.

Poor old Mr. Harley felt this acutely; but Lucy not only had her wounded affections to bear, but the dreadful idea that she had driven away the son from the father. She felt that Mr. Harley must look upon her as the cause of his son's departure, but the old gentleman loved Lucy as a child; he respected her decision, and while lamenting for his wayward son, he did not blame her conduct, but approved it.

"Never mind, dear," he would say, "John loves you too well to stay away long; it was passion made him go; he will come back and be all you can wish some day—ay, and thank you for saving him by your firmness."

Two months passed without hearing any news from John, when one morning came a letter in the well-known hand. It was from Mr. Harley. Lucy's heart beat as her uncle read it. She could see his face; but when he had read it he flung it from him, with the exclamation, "The villain!"

"Uncle, what is it?" cried Lucy; but Mr. Harley snatched up the letter ere she could see it, and paced the room in a dreadfully excited state.

"Oh! uncle, in mercy tell me," urged Lucy; "anything is better than this suspense."

"My poor Lucy, I—the rascal has—haug it! I can't tell you!" he exclaimed; "take the letter."

Lucy read it rapidly, and as she read, her cheek became pale as marble. The letter dropped from her hands, but she made no remark. He was married! She had, unknown to herself, cherished a hope of his returning worthy of her love, and now all her hopes seemed blighted for ever.

Mr. Harley was so much vexed that he threatened that John "should never touch a penny of his money." He would never own him; but Lucy found means to soften him a little by her gentle remonstrances.

After his quarrel with Lucy, John Harley started for Liverpool, and had there been introduced to a gentleman who agreed to accept him as a partner on more advantageous terms than the former offer at Bristol. He met with a pretty, showy girl, and piqued at Lucy's rejection, made her a proposal, which was accepted, and like many other rash young couples who marry in haste, we fear they repented at leisure.

A day or two after the announcement of John's marriage, Lucy was sitting in her usual place by the window, but not with active fingers and cheerful face as of yore. She was very pale, and the shade of sorrow in her eyes was now a calm, dignified woman; grief had matured her. She did not sink into hopeless apathy, as many weaker-minded girls have done, but rose into a more thoughtful and holy nature. She had lost the object she had placed her hopes on, and now she felt that her happiness must grow out of the joys of others—that her future life should be passed in abnegation of self, and in promoting the welfare of those among whom her lot should be cast.

She was roused from her reverie by a footstep, and looking up, saw the gaunt figure of Miss Primley slowly advancing up the gravelled path. She dreaded the bitter, sarcastic sentences which she anticipated from the old maid, but could not avoid her, and made up her mind to bear the flood of eloquence which she felt sure she should have poured upon her.

Miss Primley entered with a less firm step than usual, and came up to Lucy without speaking, and imprudently a kiss on her brow; Lucy was astounded; she had never been similarly favored before; but her astonishment grew deeper as the old lady said, in a softened voice, "I know all, Lucy. That rascal—but never mind, I won't abuse him now. My poor child, you have had a sore trial. Don't check your tears, Lucy, they will ease the heart. You are surprised to have any sympathy from the stern old maid—it is not so. Ah, Lucy, your trial has brought back my own. I was not always cold and repulsive, but I suffered much, and I fear I did not take my affliction in the right way. I closed my heart to all, and encased myself in such frigid, unloving apathy, that I have repelled the kindness which, I believe, would have shown me, and estranged all my fellow creatures from me. If your trial is taken, it is in mercy, Lucy; do not, therefore, turn it to a curse, as I have done."

Large tears stood in Miss Primley's eyes, and her usually strong voice trembled with emotion. It was Lucy's turn to become the comforter. When the old lady left, Lucy felt that she had a friend. She had respected and liked her before, but now that the veil she had so securely cast over the temple of her inner life was drawn aside, Lucy knew that a warm but tried heart beat under that stiff form.

Five years have passed since we left Lucy smarting under her great disappointment; those years have passed lightly over her, you would say, as you gazed on her calm, sweet brow, thoughtful eyes, and expressive mouth. She is still in the old house; Mr. Harley is gathered to his fathers, and she stands alone in the world. He left her a modest competence, and the home she had become attached to, and the rest of his property to his son. John and Lucy went to see how her young heart's idol had fallen. The traces of habitual dissipation were visible in his countenance, and his still handsome features had a very disagreeable expression. His wife was pretty and amiable, but weak in character, and had scarce any influence with her husband. Lucy was now looking forward to a quiet, cheerful life, for her domestic tastes prevented her from seeing much society. She had a few friends whom she was much attached to, and she had not much wish to extend her acquaintance. Her nature was warm and sincere, but not very demonstrative; she did not form hasty friendships, but where she loved it was with a lasting affection. She improved her residence in many ways; she had an artistic taste; and the little garden was quite a gem among its dusty-looking neighbors. True taste can accomplish a great deal, with little expenditure, and Lucy's humble abode was as beautiful as many a costly mansion, for every thing was in perfect keeping; there was no attempt at ostentatious show, but all was simple and chaste. She intended cultivating her talent for music, of which she was intensely fond, and with her books and flowers her life seemed likely to flow on in a calm, peaceful current. Ah! it was soon to be disturbed.

One morning a letter came from Mrs. Harley; it was as follows:—

"Dear Miss Ray—I now write at John's request to inform you of his illness. He is, I fear, in a very dangerous state. Our medical man says he fears his constitution is giving way rapidly. Business affairs have not gone well lately, and he has had a deal of anxiety. I am almost ashamed to ask you to come to a house of trouble; but John begs me to say that, relying on your unvarying kindness, he hopes you will come to us. He has so good an opinion of you that he says he knows you will be of more assistance than any one else in our emergency. You see we're very selfish to ask you to leave your pleasant home for a house of sickness and trouble; but if you can come I