

To love a privilege, not a task ! If thou wilt truly take my heart, And keep it, this all I ask. then fall away into an ignoble tomb.

Honor thee ! yes, if thou wilt live  $\Lambda$  life of truth and purity; When I have seen thy worthiness, I cannot choose but honor thee.

Ober when I have fully learned; Each want and wish to understand. I'll learn the wisdom to obey, If thou hast wisdom to command.

him the glory of His throne. Lying on a cliff that overhung the ocean, far and near were sights and sounds, costly the s

opened his eyes and looked out languidly; a with you !" become monsters or pigmies, which struggle through a weak and ridiculous existence, and lean lad of about fifteen, with a large shock-head and very conspicuous hands, feet, knees, her little trembling hand in his, he led her lean lad of about fifteen, with a large shockand elbows, scantily attired in the dirty flesh-High up, on the eternal hills, he listened to colored cotton hosiery and short spangled

the voice of God in the winds that swept adrawers, was beating the drum to fill up the two, been floating through Olaude's dreams.

At the next town they approached, he gave

ber money, and sent her to a shop to pur-chase some decent clothes; then he went to quite willing to give Edmes anything and little out of the way inn, stopped to give her rest and food, and made her go and perform night be, or how he was to find it out and her toilet. In half an hour, down she came get it in a train, and what were likely to be --all traces of poverty, fatigue, and emotion the pretentions and arrangements on the oth- day. He listened, but there was no guick racefully, her will her parted in shining way private to thim into a state of hopeless des- dight step-no sound to indicate her consand eaux beneath her trim cap, her little Ar its of the village; then the boy slung the ab feet and firm slender ankles so symmetrical in high shoes and well drawn striped radient with beautiful joy and gratifude. Claude felt very proud and happy. "So there you are, little one; you think yourself smart do you ! Well, so do I,--I think you look charming." She stood before him, smiling, holding out her skirts, as children do when their dress is idlers had turned away, he addressed himself admired. She broke into a short gleeful laugh of joy and triúmph. lowed at some distance, and unperceived, for

would confide the happiness of his adopted

child. He had a vague consciousness that, in matrimonial affairs, there were troublesome details of money matters, to be gone

As usual, he opened the door with his through, and on this part of the question he latch key, and entered the quiet little dwelling, whose silence struck upon him with a feeling of disappointment; for he had secreteverything he possessed ; but how much that ly hoped that Educe would have been up to greet him, after the occupation of his busy

had been out, occupied with the last arrange-

ments, and returned home towards eleven

would not marry Paul? You did not love him. Did you-do you-love any other !" She clung to hins, hiding her face and weeping silently.

"You will not tell me." "I cannot."

A wild, trembling, thrilling hope traversed he obscurity of Claude's brain . " Is it-"I"

"Who could it be but you ?" And so Edmee was married-but not to the pattern student, son of the pattern farmer.

of the locality." Claude was sitting by the window. He

pauses of his programme; behind him, with It seemed to him that it was but the clouds the organ and monkey, came the wild eyed child whose image had, for the last hour or

which capped their summits that veiled from He got up, went into the street, and joined

the crowd of urchins and idlers that followed Soon they g

So if I fail to live with thee In duty, love and lowliness, 'Tis nature's fault, or thine, or both: The greater must control the less. INDUSTRY.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly; Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly For labor-all labor-is noble and holy.

## COURTING IN IOWA

The following circumstances happened in Cedar county, Iowa:

A certain young man being out on a courting expedition, came home late on Sundayevening, and in order to keep his secret from voung acquaintances, determined to be at bone bright and early on Monday morning. plants, hundreds of which went through all Mounted on his horse, dressed in his fine white summer pants, and other fixins in proportion, he arrives at the residence of his inamorata, while hosts of as minute and as perfect insects, where he was kindly received and his horse gauze winged, rainbow-tinted, burnished and properly taken care of, being turned into the Jasture for the night. The night passed forests. away, and three o'clock in the morning arrived. Three o'clock was the time for him to depart, so that he might arrive at home be-

fore his comrades were stirring. He sallied man. forth to the pasture to catch his horse, but To there was a difficulty-the grass high and loaded with dew. To venture in with white pantaloons on would rather take the starch hood untempted by any of the desires and out of them and lead to his detection. , It ambitions, natural or artificial, that seem alwould not do to go in with his white unmen- most inseparable from man's career in societionables, so he made his resolve. He car- tv: He worshipped beauty in whatever form fully disrobed himself of his 'whites' and pla- it came to him, but only through the soul, ced them in safety on the fence, while he and its purest essence. Tare chase with unscreened pedals through Now that his life was midway spent—that gave chase with unscreened pedals through the wet grass after the horse.

Returning to the fence where he safely sus- his brow-that the time was approaching pended his lilly white unmentionables. 0 when the sun of his existence would be de-Horrible Dictu ! what a sight meet his eves ! | clining from its zenith, there were moments The field into which his horse had been turned | when a vague want was felt, hints that came, was not only a 'horse pasture,' but a 'calf pa- he knew not whence, of a yearning for some sture' too, and the naughty calves; attracted more warm and real sympathy than the by the white flag on the fence, had betaken shadows of great men and women could afthemselves to it, and, calf-like has eaten them | ford him. These longings came and passed up !-- only a few well-chewed fragments of away, but not for long; and their stay was, this once valuable article of wardrobe now at each return, more extended. remained-a few shreds-just sufficient to But whence could be satisfy them ! His indicate what they once had been. What a slight commerce with the men and women of plight this was for a nice young man to be in ! the outer world had brought him in contact

It was now daylight and the farmers were up, and he far from home, with no cover. slightest degree to fill the void that was ing for his 'traveling apparatus.' It would growing in his heart, wider and deoper each not do to go back to the house of his lady. day. love, neither could he go to town in that

light. There was only only one resource ing his desultory rambles through the auleft him, and that was to secrete himself in tumn forest, when the sight of a thin blue the bushes until the next night, and than smoke, wavering upward through the stirless bome muder cover of the darkness. home under cover of the datkness. Safely hid, he remained under cover of the with a vague curiosity, and soon perceived

that his feelings towards the calf kind were crackling the voice of a woman, harsh and

feed the calves, returned with the remnants that wander about France, stopping to disof the identical white garment which adorned their performances only at out-of-the way the lower limbs of their last visitor.

An inquest was immediately held over them. the speaker-whose hardened features and Some awful fate had befallen the young man. The neighbors were summoned to by her voice—and a little girl of about thir-tearch for the mangled corps, and the posse teen or fourteen, small, dark, sharp featured, with all speed set out with dogs and aims but with limbs firm and faultless in their the doge, all safe, alive and well, minus the hung her face. To her the woman was addressing herself in harsh and bitter reproach-An explanation then ensued at the expense es, to which the child listened in the silence

of our hero, but he was successfull in the end; that becomes almost apathy in children who and married the lady, and is now living com- for their infancy are little used to yny other fortably is one of the flourishing towns of tone. lowa.

nge and beautiful. The low immovable horizon, over whose barrier no mortal ken might reach ; the water that might not drum behind him. and flung over his histrirest day or night, but dashed passionately, or onic costume, a ragged loose coat ; he helped heaved in slow, unbroken undulations; in-dented coves, with fringes of yellow sand; ou the top of which the moukey perched himcliffs, with pale, stern, hard faces looking out self, and the village idlers, seeing the artists to sea, sometimes brightening into a faint ro. | retire into private life, and consequently cease ay simile, in answer to the sun's ardent good to be objects of interest, dropped off in pairs mothing or good night; little valleys in their and groups and returned to converse, of the

round him.

laps, with trees, and white cottages, and sil-ver threads of streams, hurrying to throw Not so Claude. When the last of the ver threads of streams, hurrying to throw themselves into the bosom of the deep. And there, about him, -beneath him, within reach to the little girl, whom he had hitherto folof his hand, what minute miracles in the tiny tangles of the close short grass and mosses, leaves and stems, buds and blossoms, roots and seed vessels, of the unknown, unnamed air of one performing a task whose dull routhe phases of their existence, completely and ment. perfectly, in the space of each inch of ground :

She looked up. What a change came over the listless face !- every feature became instinct with earnest life :- the eyes gleamed, the lips broke into a radiant smile over dazspeckled, roved through them as through vast zling little teeth, and a warm glow spread it. The woods-ah, let us not open the volume self beneath the dark, sallow, but transparent

skiv. for its leaves are as many as those of the " Ah ! Monsieur in trees, and the last page may never be read by "You are glad to see me, little one ?"

To Claude Lafont, sensualism was a word It is very pleasant, Claude felt, to see any face light up so at his presence. that conveyed no meaning. He has passed " Glad ? yes !" through the stages of youth and early man-"What is your name ?" " Edmee, Monsieur." " Should you like me to make a portrait of vou f " Of me, Monsieur ?" Another blush and

smile. "Yes; if you will sit, I will give you forty sons. the stamp of full maturity was marked on A pained expression crossed the child's

face. 5. "Yes.-obly-" "Only what? You won't! Why not ?" " Because-mother-----" The boy broke in with the half laugh that rough bashful boys are wont to introduce their

speeches with. "She's afraid; the old woman's always on the look-out for excuses to beat her. Ah,

that's an ugly customer-old hag !" "But if I ask her leave, and give her some thing !" "Ah, then, perbaps." with none whose society promised in the

It was settled that on the morrow Claude should make the requisite advances to the 'hag," and giving the forty sous the children

One still October day, Claude was pursuby way of earnest money, each party took their separate way-one to the forest, the other to his inn. Next day the bargain was struck. A five

franc piece softened the obdurate nature of bushes for some time, and it may be imagined a sparkling fire, and distinguished amid its giving as many sittings as Clauge desired, provided they did not interfere with the dounot of the most friendly character; but ere shrill. Advancing further, he found he was ble drupgery to which the child was subjectlong his seclusion was destined to be intruded approaching a sort of gipsy encampment, or ed in her domestic and professional occupahe bivouac of one of those gangs of st collers, tions,

By and by, the boys, who had been out to half actors, half conjurors, of the lowest order, She was to Claude a curious study, in her moral as well as well as her physical nature. Vicious example, uncontrolled passion of evevillages and country fairs. All the party iy bad sort,-brutal usage, fraud; force, the They were mangled and torn to shreds! were absent with the exception of a woman, absence of all manliness, of womanliness in those she lived with; the absence of all tenderness, of all instruction,-such was the unsympathetic aspect, kept the promise given moral atmosphere in which she had grown to girlhood; such was the soil in which were the adjacent tickets, when lo! our hero was long to the bir the the merone of black heir the merone of black he driven out from his lair by the feen seent of black hair that over-the double of the feen seent of black hair that over the set of the feen seent of black hair the manual of the feen seent of black hair the feen seent of black hair the feen seent of black hair the set of the feen seent of black hair the feen seent hair the fe her limbs but was replete with a strange pe- again.

uliar grace. Claude was fascinated by the elfin child, me !" culiar grace. ng towns of tone. Finding how slight was the effect of her constantly suggested new ideas of form and carth but vexing you. I care for nothing on had seriously.

"So you're happy now !" "Oh! Monsieur !" She seized his hand and she had walked along looking neither to the covered it with kisses right or left, but with the spiritless, apthetic

The tears sprang into Claude's oyes; he drew tine afforded no shadow of interest or excitehead, he began, in a voice of deep and quiet emotion.

"Edmee, I do not know if I have done right in taking thee; at all events, it is done now ;--never, child, give me cause to think I have acted wrongly—even foolishly, and with God's help I will be a father and protector to thee as long as I live. Kiss me, my

shild." She flung her arms around his neck and clung to him long and in silence; and he felt it was very sweet to hold such communion-to claim such love, and trust, and gratitude spending it as his taste dictated. from a human creature-sweeter than to hold imaginary unloving converse with the shad

ows of dead heroes and heroines. Claude Lafont was once more installed in side and Edmee at the other. his painting room. As of old he dreamed and painted -- painted and droàmed ; but when made him shrink a little. "Go on, children--I'll follow you." the shadowy company was not sufficient to all his heart and brain, he half woke up from laughing and chatting gaily. his reverie and went to the dittle sitting room at the back that opened into a bit of a gar-

fire and clean swept hearth; in summer at cietv--if----" the open door, round which trailed a vine, a climbing rose, and gay, vulgar nasturtiumshe relighted his pipe, and half dreaming, half listening, heard the prattle, childish, yet strangely wise, of Edmee, who as she fluttered about, or sat on a stool at his feet, thought aloud in her own wild, suggestive, conjecturtruths that could only come to her intuitive-

By degrees Claude began to dream less and think more.

Edmee was now fifteen. He felt that she Lad become something more than a child and a plaything, and that a certain responsibility

hard to say how, reading and writing since the hag, and she readily consented to Edmee's she had been with him. One day, when he entered the sitting room, he found Edmee with a book on her knees, which she was studying with a puzzled air.

"What are you reading, child !" he in quired, carelessly.

She held up the book. It was a volume of Voltaire.

"The devil! where did you fish out that book ? But you don't understand it ?"

She shook her head. "Mind this: when you want to read any-

thing, you must show it to me first-do you thought fit. hear, little one!"

She arranged his pipe, and sat down at his bright intelligence, and a keen sense of grace feet in silence. Claude's eyes were wide open had made one or two attempts to break it, life, and that the only happiness that I look that had not a meaning, not a movement of ply to her glance, she dropped her eyes doned. At last Claude opened the matter God will bless my work, and we shall meet

She said at last, "you're not sugry with Pau! !"

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umself; but he did not admit-for the thing took up the dim light that had been left burn was too vague and unformed for admission or ing against his arrival, and, instead of going actual contemplation-that a little aching to his room, turned into the studio. stockings; and, above all, her oval face so jealousy, a numb pain lay at the bottom of deadly still it was ! how deserted ! The wan: his heart, when he thought of giving to anoth- 'quivering flame of the little lamp only, made er the treasure that for four years had light- the gloom it could not pierce more heavy, and, ened his life, and given him new and human as its wavering light flashed and faded over feelings and a hitherto unknown love and the faces of the pictures, they seemed to sympathy with his race.

o'clock.

sympathy with his race. Edmee was eighteen, and still Ciaude had And so it was all over, and she was already gone from him, and the old, lonely, loveless found no husband for her.

Hitherto he had worked alone; now, the life was to begun again, now that he was so thought and care of her, the time he devoted | much less able and fitted to lead it than forto her education and to her amusement, ren- merly. Art is great, and novel, and elevated, dered it impossible for him to do all he had and he who pursues it with all his energies. wont to do in his painting room. He resolv- cannot fail, to profit thereby. But art is not ed, therefore, to look out for a student-a enough to fill man's life alone. Art will be her towards him, and resting his chin on her good student - who might never in word or worshipped as a sovereign, and, if courted in deed break on the cloistrel strictness and pu- | right guise, sometimes condescends to let the

rity with which Claude's jealous care had votary-kiss the hem of her garment, and now and then bestows on him a smile. But she

surrounded his pet. After long search the wonderful student gives him no more than this; and though for was discovered, and installed in the painting a time it may satisfy him, there comes a day when he would resign all the favor she ever room. Paul was essentially a pattern student. The son of a rich farmer, he found painting accorded him, for a little human love, and a ing you; but I trust you are so noble and unthe fields infinitely more to his taste than little human sympathy. Claude had felt this plowing them-drawing his father's ozen to before he had attained these. Now he had driving them. The father, another pattern in known them, and was about to lose themhis species, considered that his laborers might forever.

The perfume of flowers-the flowers she perform the plowing and driving work, and had placed there that morning, before he that his son would not be wasting his time in went out-drew him to the table. A note It was the fete at St. Cloud, and Claude lay on it--a note in her hand writing, and directed to himself. went there in the omnibus, with Paul at one

rected to himself. A mist passed over his eyes, as he opened Arrived at the park, the sight of the people and sought to read the contents, written in a trembling hand, and here and there blurred and blotted-how, he knew.

"My dear, dear friend; my only friend-Arm-in arm the joyous children went on, 'Yes," said Claude to himself, "they are causing you, and above all-oh ! above all- you more intimately. Forgive my boldness, at the back that opened into a bit of a gar-den; and there--in winter by the sparkling young, they are happy, happy in themselves, do not think your poor child ungrateful. But and believe me. Your friend. ---" To this letter the wife, who, by the by, happy in the scene, happy in each other's so- I cannot marry Paul; my heart revolts from

A thought for the first time flashed across I could to reconcile myself to it, because you whom she was writing, mad the following him with a thrill of such strange mingled wished it; and I know he deserves a better answer: contractione sensations that he passed his wife than I could make him. It is not any "Mademoiselle: Your letter of the —— inst., contradicting sensations, that he passed his wife than I could make him. It is not any hand across his brow and stopped, then quick- foolish, wicked pride or self conceit, on my ened his steps-he hardly knew why. But part, that turns me from him: but I cannot Mr. ......, who is my husband, directed me, the thought that had struck into his brain, love him, poor Paul! and when he knows when he left home some days ago, to open al way, hitting on singular glimpses of great stayed there, and he took it and handled and this he will learn to forget me, and marry examined it and familiarized himself with it. some one better worthy of him. So I am I conveniently could. As you seem to be Strange it had never presented itself to him going away, because I know all the anxiety rather impatient, I will answer your letter before! Here was the husband he had been you have concerning me, feeling how little myself. I do not think your description of looking for, for Edmee during the last two- I am fit for any other line than the happy yourself will please Mr. ---. I happen to three-years. Here under his hand! Yes; one I have led with you, these last years. Do know, that he dislikes black eyes, and hates it was the thing of all others to suit. If the not be afraid for me; I am young, and strong,

father would approve, he saw no obstacle.— and able, and willing to work, and God will Paul!—he would be but too happy—who not desert me. provision for her future. She had learnt, it is would not ?-- to marry Edmee ; and Edmee | "And later, when I am quite a woman, and -she liked Paul, she certainly liked him ;- have got used to make my way in the world, plete enough to be satisfactory to him. You how gay they were, what friends, how happy, and learnt to obtain a living, I will come omit to mention your height, weight, wind, together! Yes; he would go bravely into back to you, and we will be happy again in speed, and (here the word is illegible.) Takthe thing, money matters and all, and pre-the old way, and you will see that your child ing your charms at your own estimate, I sent the thing to his father. He did so, and only left you for awhile, because she loved doubt that they will be sufficiently attractive sent the thing to his father. He did so, and only left you for awhile, because she loved before the week was out received a reply in you so dearly that she could make this great the affirmative. The pattern farmer had and terrible sacrifice now, to insure your futurelooked favorably at the thing from the first, comfort. I am going into service; and when dule. You say you trust my husband is All he heard of Claude and his adopted child I have got, a place, I will write to you, my "unsuspecting." I think that is his nature, § perfectly satisfied him. He gave the least own dear friend; but I will not tell you possible amount of mystification to Claude's where I am, for fear you will come to take brain about the question of finance, and ex me back again, and if you did I know that I You say you are unmarried. My advice to pressed his readiness to the match taking am not strong enough to refuse to go with you is that you marry sombody, as soon as place as soon as Claude and the young people you. "God bless you; and O, my dear, best,

again, and forget this heavey trial; I am sure pertinent, and, perhaps, immodest.

SPICY CORRESPONDENCE. A True Wife.

We are assured by a friend who is personally cognizant of what he states, that the following piquant correspondence is genuine. A gentleman whose business calls him a good deal from home, is acustomed to give the custody of his correspondence to his wife, an intelligent lady, who, in obedience to instructions, opens all letters, that come in her husband's absence : answers such of them as she can, like a confidential clerk, and forwards the rest to her liege lord at such places at he may have designated at his departure. Durring the recent absence of her husband, the lady received a letter, of which the following (omitting names, dates and places,) is a true copy t

"My Dear Sir: I saw a fine picture of you resterday, and fell in love with it, as I did with the original in W---- last winter, when I saw you more than an hour, though I suppose you did not see me among so many. I fear you will think me forward in thus adress. suspecting as you are handsome and brilliant. Perhaps you would like to know something about me-your ardent admirer ! Well, I am not very good at description, but I will say I am not married, (though you are, I am told.) My friends tell me I have not a pretty face, but only a good figure. I am rather pelile, have black eyes, black hair and dark complexion-that is, I am what is called "a brunette." I am stopping for a few weeks with my brother-in-law and sister in this town, and I dearly wish you would meet me there before I return to W-. At any rate, do not fail to write me at least a few words to tell me forgive me if you can, for the pain I am | whether I shall ever see you again, and know

it. Indeed, indeed, I have done everything has not the least knowledge of the person to

addressed to Mr. —, was duly received. Mr. —, who is my husband, directed me, all his letters, and to answer any of them that brunottes most decidedly. It is quite true (as you seem to suppose) that he judges of

women as he does of horses; but I do not think your inventory of your 'points' is comto draw him so far as B- merely for the satisfaction of comparing them with the schebut yet he is used to drawing inferences. which are sometimes as unkind as suspicious. possible. In most cases, I would not recom-

mend haste; but in yours, I am convinced only friend, believe that I love you, now I am there is truth in the proverb which speaks There was a long silence; and the student leaving you, better than ever I did in all my of the danger of delay. Should you be so had made one or two attempts to break it. life, and that the only happiness that I look fortunate as to get a husband (which may

"I will deliver your note to Mr. ---he returns, also a copy of my reply which I His heart, then, had not misgiven him in am sure, he will approve. I am, with as much

Whither and to what ? The thought nearly This was the end of the correspondence, з.

lying heavy at his heart. "You have never thought of marrying, of it. Once more blessings on you. "Your poor child, EDMBE."