[From the New York Ledger.] LINES.

As distant lands beyond the sea.
When friends go thence, draw nigh,
so Heaven, when friends have hither gone, Draws nearer from the sky.

And as those lands the dearer grow, When friends are long away. So Heaven isself, through loved ones dead, Grows dearer day by day.

Heaven is not far from those who see With the pure spirit's sight, But near, and in the very hearts Of those who see aright. January, 1857.

C. D. STUART.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS. A Romance of the Old and New World

DY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH hor of "The Lost Heiress," The Descried Wife,"
"The Missing Bride," "Retribution," etc. CHAPTER I. AN INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

It was the first of May, the marriage day of the Viscount Montressor of Montressor Castle, Dorsetshire, and Estelle, only daughter and heiress, of Sir Parke Morelle, Hyde Hall, Devonshire.

A glorious morning! the cloudless blue sky smiled down upon the green hills and dewy dales and deep woods of Devon; and the park around the Hall was all alive and musical, with the joyous songs of birds, and the merry laughter of young men and maidens gathering to celebrate their May-day festival, and to do honor to the marriage of their laandlord's

The elm shaded, winding avenue that led from the highway to the house, was arched at each terminus by a mammoth wreath of flowers, and many were the carriages that passed under them, on their way to assist at the wedding : and these contained only the bridesmaids, and the nearest friends and relatives of the family, whose relationship or position gave them the right to attend the bride to church ; -for a still more numerous party had been invited to meet her at the altar. The villagers and tenants, grouped about under the shade of the great old trees, or wandering over the green sward on either side of the avenue, watched those equipages as they rolled on, commenting as usual on such occasions.

"Oh-dear me! the weddingers won't pass till nearly twelve! and here we are to wait two mortal hours!" said a young girl to the

"Hush! my darling look, here comes his Lordship's carriage, itself, just as sure as you're the prettiest lass in the country." It was Lord Montressors carriage

Early that morning a note from his affianced bride had been put in his hands summoning him to a private conference with her at the Hall, before they should proceed to the church. Surprised and filled with vague uneasiness, his lordship lost no time in obeying the behest.

Within the most secluded of her suite of richly furnished apartments at the old Hall, alf-buried in the depths of a cushioned chair, reclined the bride expectant, in bridal array. She was alone, her attendants having, by her

own desire, withdrawn. EstellaMorelle--or "la belleEstelle," "Beautiful Stella," "the Midnight Star"-as, for her resplendent dark beauty, she was poetically named-was at this time twenty-five years of age, and more levely than a poet's or an artist's ideal. Her form was of medium height, and very slender, though well-rounded, with a graceful head, over which fell rich masses of fet-black silken ringlets, shading a face of pure, pale olive complexion with large mournful dark eyes, habitually veiled by the long, drooping lashes, and delicate, though full, curved lips, ever patiently closed as in silent resignation. The prevailing expression of her dark, brilliant countenance was a profound melancholy.

The appouncement of Miss Morelle's approaching marriage with the Viscount Montressor had created a profound sensation in the fashionable and aristocratic circles. A peerless beauty, the only child and heiress of the oldest, wealthiest and haughtiest baronet in the West of England, her heart had been as much the object of aspiration to the youthful and ardent, as her hand and fortune had been the end of desire to the mercenary and ambi-

At the early age of seven years, Estelle had been placed at one of the first-class female institutions of learning at Paris, then as now, considered among the very best of their kind in the world, and there had been left to remain until her sixteenth year, when the sudden and calamitous breaking up of the institution, and her own severe illness, had occasioned her removal. That illness had been attended with marked changes in the constitution and temperament

of the young girl. Estelle, previously the most careless, lighthearted and capricious of children, left her chamber of convalescence a subdued, thoughtful, melancholy woman ! The laughing lips of girlhood closed in patient sadness; the sparkling eyes sheathed their beams under long, shadowy lashes, now seldom lifted; the silvery, elastic voice, sank into deep and thrilling tones; the free, glad motions were meas-

ured and controlled. She never entered another school, but completed her education under the best masters, transient melancholy, her parents traveled with her over Europe, pausing at each capital and Stella? Remember, it is only to let me know chief town, to show her all that was interesting and instructive. But though their daughter repaid their attentions with the sweetest gratitude, and obeyed them with the gentlest docility, she showed no interest in the passing scenes. And though everywhere her extreme beauty and sweetness of disposition, not less than her fortune and position, drew around her many friends and admirers, Estelle remained alone in her isolated thoughts and feelings. Every most distinguished physician in Europe had been consulted upon her case, and the result of their wisdom was a decision that this melancholy was not the effect of ill health, still less of secret sorrow, but that it was a

away with maturing years. They returned to England, presented their daughter at court, and introduced her into all ture change your purpose, and write to me one happy effect upon the spirits of Estelle, who an unchanged heart! Good bye! God be remained profoundly unmoved amid the celat that greeted her debut. Her picturesque beanty was the theme of all tongues-her mournful | the room. glance was fascinating her deep tones thril-Ling-her touch magnetic; all felt her power, came to seek and congratulate her daughter

constitutional phase that would probably pass

yet she who could move all others, remained | unimpressed. She who sought no conquests, peer and two commoners, in succession, laid kindly and firmly rejected.

So passed her first season in London, at the close of which her parents took her down to their seat in Devonshire. Here, in her tho'tful, quiet, unostentatious manner, she engaged in works of benevolence among the villagers and the tenantry. And her father, hoping much from this employment, gave her full liberty of action, and smiled to see that she scemed less pensive than before-

At the beginning of the parliamentary term,

the family went up to London. And it was here in her second season in town Montressor, a young nobleman but lately acceded to his titles and estates, but already known as a man of the most high-toned moral and intellectual excellence, as a righteous, as well as a rising statesman, and as one, who in the event of a change of ministry would be likely to fill a high official position in His majesty's cabinet. Aside from the glare of rank and wealth and power, Charles Montressor was a glorious specimen of the Creator's workmanship. Above the average standard of height among his countrymen, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with a noble head, and a face truly indicated the warm benevolence, clear intelligence, and pure spirit of the man. presence soon inspired Estelle with a faith that any other had been permitted to come; he crossed the magic circle of her isolation, and conversed with her as no other had been al-

and was conquered. At this stage of affairs, the parliamentary term being over, Sir Parke Moretle and his

the beautiful Stella had at last met her master

family left London for Hyde Hall. Lord Montressor asked and received permission to follow them, and in less than a month availed himself of the privilege to do so .-Thus it was in the home of her ancestors, after having obtained the cordial sanction of her parents, and believing himself sure in the affections of their daughter, Lord Montressor offered his heart and hand to the lovely Estelle. and was to his profound astonishment instantly and firmly rejected! In thus rejecting his suit she wept long and bitterly, praying his forgiveness, that the happiness she had expe- | tion, he dropped, at once, upon his knee, and rienced and exhibited in his society should raised her hand to his, sayinghave betrayed him into making this declaration, and beseeching him never to renew his suit : but to leave and lorget her. There was something in the tone of her refusal which confirmed and deepened his previous conviction that-even in rejecting him-she loved him! But with his high-toned sentiments he would not in the least degree presume upon that knowledge. Taking her hand with defer-

ential tenderness, he said-"Stella! a man never but once, in his whole existence, loves a woman as I love you! I will not inquire the cause of the rejection, which you have certainly a righit to make without assigning any reason for the act. And after having received this repulse, I may not in honor distress you by a renewal of my suit. | fa by her side. But this, in parting, I must say to you-that, though I go hence, I shall not go out of the reach of your friends; I shall never address another woman; so if ever in the course of future weeks, or months, or years, however long, you may think proper to review the decision of this evening, Stella, I implore you to let me know! Write but one word, "Come," and I will return to lay an unchanged heart at your

Estelle was weeping too bitterly to reply.

"Stella! will you promise to do this?" "Lord Montressor, best and dearest friend! do not seek to bind yourself to one who can give you nothing in return! Try to think of the melancholy girl that you have pitied and loved-only as a shadow that fell for a moment across the sunshine of your path, and then pas-

sed away forever !-- and so forget her !" "Stella! I have pledged my honor never to renew this suit, unless you reverse in my favor the sentence you have pronounced upon it; but, inspired by the deep and deathless love I bear you, and "hoping against hope," I feel tions, or the world and its people will disapimpelled to implore before leaving you, that, in the event of a favorable change of sentiment or purpose towards me, you will not hesitate to give me leave to return. Stella, will you promise me so much as that ?"

"Noblest friend that I have in the world! how gladly would I promise, but I must not, Montressor. Were I to do so, you would feel bound to wait the changes of my mood, and so for a most undeserving love, might miss, in the first of May. some nobler woman's affections, the happiness in store for you!

eyes to mine, one moment, that you may read ny soul while I speak ?"

Estelle lifted her dark orbs to meet the clear. pure, blue eyes bent with so much love and candor upon hers, and read the deep, unchanging truth of the constancy of his soul as he

"Stella, in the presence of the heart-searching God who sees and hears me, I assure you that I shall never love another woman as I love you, and, therefore, of course, can never wed another; so that whether you give me at home. To dissipate what was considered a this slightest of hopes or not, I am equally and forever bound! Now will you promise,

in case of a change in your sentiments." For an instant the light of an unutterable love and joy broke ou her beautiful, dark face, and her smiling lips parted to speak-whenas if a sudden memory and warning had griped her very heart-she uttered a low, sharp cry, turned paler than before, and then said-

"No! no! my Lord! Stella cannot even give you that! She is poorer than the pooryou may forget her and be happy."

He looked profoundly disappointed and troubled. But soon mastering his despondency he said hopefully-

"Well, dearest Stella, although you reject me without apparent reason, and refuse to give me the sisglitest promise or the most distant proaching. hope, yet I repeat-should you in the long tuthe gaieties of fashionable life. But with no word-Come,' I will hasten to lay at your feet with you!" and raising her hand, he bowed

over it, pressed it to his lips, turned and left Some moments after, Lady Morelle, who

upon what she imagined to be the only possi- I have no right to command." ble result of the interview—found Estelle lyfor that very reason perhaps, made many. A ing in a swoon upon the floor! It was followed by a long and terrible illness, terminating their fortunes at her feet, and were in turn in a tediously protracted convalescence. The town season was at hand before Etelle was able to re-enter society.

They went up to London, and once more the "star of beauty" arose upon its world. And though the cloud upon her life settled darker and heavier, day by day, she was more follow-

ed, flattered and courted than before. Thus three years had passed away, when one morning, while the family, then occupying their town house in Berkely Square, were seated at a late breakfast, and Sir Parke was engaged in reading aloud from the London Times. an account of the saving of the French Ship-Le that Estelle formed the acquaintance of Lord Duc D' Anjou-wrecked off the coast of Algiers that, for which I also wait, with how much Montressor, a young nobleman but lately acce--Estelle uttered a low cry and sank fainting from her seat.

This attack was not, as the other had beer, followed by illness; on the contrary, from that day, the cloud seemed lifted from her head, and even those who had most admired her face in its shadow, were enchanted to see how brilliant was her beauty in its sunshine! Her health and spirits daily improved, yet in the midst of all this flowing tide of new life, Estelle astonished her friends by suddealy, in the height of the London season, retiring to her father's country seat, where she remained full of wisdom and goodness, his appearance in strict seclusion from the world for eighteen

At the end of this period, Lord Montressor. who had never left England, or lost trace of she had not been able to feel in any other that his beloved Stella, and who was now staying approached her. He drew nearer to her than at his castle in Dorsetshire, was one day seated at breakfast when the morning mail was brought him. Among a score of letters the first that attracted his attention was a dainty lowed to do. The world looked and said that | white envelope superscribed in a delicate handwriting. He took that up first and opened it -it contained but one word-"Come."

The light of an ineffable joy broke over his Oh! he had waited, patiently, hopefully, years, for that word, and at last he received it! Thanks to heaven in the first instance! and then pushing all the other letters unopened aside he sprung up, rang for his valet, and ordered his valise packed and horses put to

In twenty more minutes he had reached the railway station just as the cars were about to start, and in three hours he was at Hyde Hall | whom I have proved, and whom I now reject" and standing in the presence of Estelle !- she looking so beautiful and happy!

With the old chivalric enthusiasm of devo-

"For four years I have hoped and waited for one word from you, and at last, beloved, could scarcely continue to believe her agion have writtenfeet, as I said, with an unchanged heart !"

"But I," she said, deeply blushing, while she held both hands to raise him, "I, my Lord have not an unchanged heart! for longer than four years I have loved you more than woman's tongue may tell-and never more, than at the hour in which we bade farewell, as I thought,

"I know it, beloved! knew it then! knew it always! I never doubted it! Could I be deceived in the dear heart of the woman I loved! No! and that was the secret of my patience !" he replied, taking his seat on the so-

"And yet you never inquired and do not e ven now inquire, why, without explanation and without hope, I sent you from my presence, and why now, without apparent reason, I sum mon you back!" she said, as a shade of the old sadness fell upon her beautiful face.

"Your motives, dearest, were, and are you own. Not until your spirit moves you to do so, shall you give them to me! I have full confidence in you beautiful Stella !" "Confidence! oh my God!" she exclaimed i

a low, deep, thrilling voice. "Why, what is the matter dearest ?" She looked up suddenly, a smile of wor-

shipping love, breaking like sunlight over her \$2 a year, or two copies for \$3. Address Robdark face, and saidyour thoughts and feelings are so elevated be-

yond your poor Estelle's! And yet she would almost choose it so! for could she be an angel, she would wish you to be something far higher-a god !" "Sweet enthusiast? moderate your aspirapoint you! Be not an idolator; worship only

God, my Stella." Such was their meeting! Yet, occasionally, throughout the interview. a eudden shadow like the recurrence of a pain-

ful thought, would fall upon her bright face and then pass as it came. They were engaged, and within a few days the marriage was announced to take place on

But it was observed by the nearest friends of the bride, that from the day of her betrothal, "Stella, will you raise your sweet, mournful her spirits had been marked by the strangest fluctuations. Sometimes with her beautiful dark face illuminated with a deep, still, almost religious joy, she moved about, as it were, on "winged feet," or sat brooding in a happy Ohio by his master. This case is, therefore, trance. At other times, she fell into deep gloom and anxiety, as inexplicable as it was alarming to her friends, who greatly feared relapse into the deep melancholy that had so long overshadowed her, and that they had grown to dread as a serious constitutional malady. But they hoped everything from her approaching marriage with the man she loved, Lord Montressor observed with the deepest interest the uncertain moods of his betrothed; but with the high-toned sentiments that distinguished him, refrained from inquiring, and

> awaited her voluntary revelations. At last the first of May, the marriage day, upon which I have presented the parties to the reader, arrived, and all the haut ton, as I said, do honor to the solemnities.

And the expectant bride, in her bridal robe and veil, waited within her boudoir the arriest, in gifts to you! She can only pray that | val of the bridegroom, whom she had summoned to a private interview before they should proceed to the church. She had not long to wait. He who quickly responded to her slightest inclinations, immediately obeyed her call.

Yet when she heard his firm elastic step ap-"Now God have mercy on me!" she pray-, and covered her face with her hands. He entered, unannounced, and saying,

"My beautiful Stella! I am here, you perceive, by your commands !" She dropped her hands, and revealing a face

pale with misery, spoke in a thrilling, deep, impassioned tone-"You are here by my supplication, my lord! unrefined.

"We will waive that 1 What is your will my dearest Stella ?" "My prayer, my lord-is first, for your for-

"Forgiveness ?- my Stella !" "Ay! my dear lord! you see before you a penitent and a supplicant, who may soon be something far more wretched!"

"My Stella! what mean you?" "Come to the window, Lord Montressor !" she said, rising and preceeding him. "Look out," she continued, putting aside the rosecolored hangings; and revealing a view of the parls below, alive with its restless multitude. What are all these people waiting for, my

Iord ? "What are they waiting for, my Stella ?-for flush of love and joy, for an instant, supplanted the anxiety on his face.

"They wait to see a bride pass, where a bride may never go!" she said, in a solemn "Stella! great Heaven! what say you!" he

exclaimed, gazing on her with profound astonishment. "That the bride they expect is unworthy to

stand before God's holy altar beside Lord Montressor!" "Unworthy, Stella! You!"

"Most umcorthy, my lord !" she said, dropping her arms, and dropping her head in an attitude of the deepest misery. "I should have made this confession long ago, Lord Montressor; but I have deceived you-I have

"In what respect, Stella? My God! It cannot be! No, it cannot be! that while betrothed to me, you do not love me!" "Not love you! Oh! my dear lord!" she

murmured, in a voice of thrilling tenderness that carried conviction of her truth to his deepest heart. "What mean you then, dearest one? if in-

deed you return my deep love." "Oh! I do, I do, Montressor; whatever happens, wherever you go, take that assurance with you! I love you, my lord! shall ever love you, even though even after what I shall have told you, you repulse and hate me, and go to our friends and say,-"That woman whom I was about to wed, is but a whited sepulchre, -and so leave me to the scorn of men, still I say-ever shall say-I love you. Lord Montressor! I love you, and the consciousness of being unworthy of your love is the bitterest element in my punishment," she said, in a voice of such profound misery, that Lord Montressor

He dropped upon a seat, and sitting still and white as a carved image of stone, gazed upon

her, waiting her further communications. The above is all of this beautiful and highly interesting story that will be published in our We give this as a sample. The columns. continuation of it can be found only in the New York Ledger, the great family weekly paper, for which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which can be found at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember to ask for the New York Ledger of May, 30, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. It you cannot get a copy at any news office, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy on receipt of five cents. Fanny Fern writes only for the New York Ledger; Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. writes only for it : Emerson Bennett writes only for it; and nearly all the eminent writers in the country, such as Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs.Emma D. E. N. Southworth and Alice Carey, contribute regularly to its columns. Mrs. Southworth will write for no other paper hereafter. Geo. D. Prentice, Esq., of the Louisville Journal, prepares the Wit and Humor Department in the Ledger. It is mailed to subscribers at ert Bonner, publisher, 44 Ann st., New York. "Nothing, nothing, my lord! but that all It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a high moral tone.

POINDEXTER AND DRED SCOTT .- The Supreme Court of Ohio have recently decided the Poindexter slave case in direct opposition to that of the United States Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case. They have adjudged Henry Poindexter free, on the ground that neither Ohio nor Kentucky can demand an abrogation of the constitution and laws of the other; and if a Kentucky slave comes into Oand laws of Ohio operate on the condition of such person, and effect his immediate emancipation. The constitution declares that if a person held to service in one State escapes into another he shall be given up. In this case, Poindexter did not escape, but was sent into not covered by the constitution, and he became entitled to the full benefit of the express prohibition of slavery in Ohio, and was to all intents and purposes free.

MEAN DIET .- A methodist minister at the west who lived on a very small salary, was greatly troubled at one time to get his quarterly instalment. He at last told the paying trustees that he must have some money, as his family were suffering for the necessaries of life. "Money!" replied the stewart, "you preach for money! I thought you preached were gathered at the Hall or at the Church to for the good of souls!" "Souls!" replied the minister, "I can't eat souls and if I could it would take a thousand such as yours to make a decent meal."

New Titles .- "My brethern," said a good old backwoods preacher, "I am gwine to preach you a very plain sarmon to-day-a sarmon what even the women can understand .-You will find my tex in 5 varse of the twoeyed chapter of one-eyed John." It was some time before it was perceived that he meant her utterly, and she could only weep. The I John, chapter II.

A philosopher who had married a vul-

From the Knickerbocker Magazine. THE WIDOW LEEDOM'S LAST LOAF.

It was evening-a beautiful autumn evening. The red leaves yet danced, rejoicing in the mild air; the yellow sunshine yet gilded the hill tops, and the soft shadows of twilight were creeping silently up the valley, as the gentle widow Leedom, with her child in her arms, wended her way homeward. She was tired, for she had toiled all day in Farmer Wood's kitchen, and though it was Saturday evening, she had not been paid for her labor. The kind-hearted housemaid at farmer Wood's had urged her to wait for her supper, but she could not stay. She had no eye for the glory of that superb October sunset, as she walked wearily on, her fired arms scarely able to hold the little joyous creature that laughed and crowed, and ever and anon peered into her bonnet, lisping his sweet-toned mamma, mamma. She thought only of her expectant little ones, and the means of obtaining bread for them to last over Sunday. As she neared the village, she seemed irresolute whether to enter it or pass on; but a vision of her lonely, fasting children, rose up before her in imagination, and she stopped, her lips moved a moment or two as if in prayer, and then quickening her step, and hurrying on like one who has nerved himself to a sudden resolution, she turned into the main street, and was soon standing before the counter of the baker's shop. The baker was an austere man, but it was not in human nature to resist the widow's pleading tone and touching expression, as she falteringly asked him to trust her to a loaf of bread for a day or two. The man handed her the loaf reluctantly, and was about to insist on prompt payment, when a glance at the widow's flushed face and embarrassed manner, deterred him. With scarcely audible thanks she concealed the loaf under her tattered shawl, and drawing her babe closer to her bosom, hasten-

"Mother's come! mother's come!" cried a couple of young, eager voices, as she entered the gate, and her seven-year-old Robert and his little sister came running to meet her .-They were pretty children. The little Mary inherited her mother's mild blue eyes and delicate complexion, and the boy his father's handsome face and honest brown eyes. Poor children, they were accustomed to being left alone, for the widow went out to work daily. and the night was always welcome, that bro't their mother's loved return. They had a thousand things to ask and tell, which fell unheeded this time on the ear of the sad mother, tho? she instinctively answered them yes and no. as occasion required. She gave the loaf to Robert, and taking little Mary's hand, they entered the house together. The table was already set out by the expectant housekeepers, but there was nothing on it that could be construed into anything eatable, save a cup of molasses and some salt. The mother cut a slice of bread for each of the half-famished children, and sat quietly by, nursing the youngest, while they ate it, for she had no heart to eat herself. She was very sorrowful as she looked at those little dependent beings, and thought of her failing strength, and shading her eyes with her hand, the tears stole silently down her pale, patient face, and fell among the bright carls of the little unconscious head pillowed so peacefully on her bosom. She had been sorely afflicted. The husband of her youth had been stricken down by a falling beam, while attempting to save a sick child, that had been overlooked in the hurry and panic, from a burning building. The child was saved, but he who perilled his life for it, the strong, brave-hearted man had perished. The and expression had been so many similes of hio by consent of the owner, the constitution his buried father, was a wonderer she knew not "Years after the boy had left her, when Rob-

ert Leedom came often to see her in her loneliness, and ventured to tell her at length how he had loved her from the time they had played together at school, and how he had remained single for her sake, and came back always | ry in a dry place. to the same old port that he might breathe again the same air that she breathed, and besought her to let him sustain and shield her, to comfort her in sickness and sorrow, she gladdened the honest sailor's faithful heart, by consenting to become his wife. No wonder the young sailor loved her, she was so neat in her habits, so gentle and industrious; and her with "the beauty that dwelt in her soul." the sad news came, that the gallant vessel in which he had sailed was wrecked on the dan- it .- Scientific American. gerous coast near Absecomb, and in his generous efforts to save others, Robert Leedom was lost. She had been a widow the second time only six months, and now, as she thought of her utter inability to support her fatherless children, even in the summer time, and saw no other prospect before her whichever way she looked, and knew that the cold, drear winter was coming gradually on, her heart failed wondering little ones tried by every endearing most in silence, and when they had figished, entire cure may be expected.

she arose mechanically, and laying her babe in its cradle, put them to bed. She heard them their prayers, and bade them good night, and God bless them, carefully and tenderly as usual, but with that subdued, spiritless tone, that emanates from a heart without hope .-She continued kneeling at their bedside long after she had prayed with them, and wept .-Bitterly she wept, but there was no pitying eye to see now, no tender hand to caress, no loving voice to scothe as the cry from her overburdened, despairing heart, "My God, my god, why hast thou forsaken me?" went up over the unconscious heads of the sleepers in that hour of agony. No pitying eye, did I say? The eye that never slumbers nor sleeps was there, the loving kindness that has said, "I will be a Father to the fatherless," was about her even then, though she knew it not. In the power of the spirit came the blessed assurance, in answer to her despairing cry, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" and her soul grew calm, all her old trusting faith returned, and she arose from her knees tranquilly, feeling that "the Lord is a very present help in time of trouble." She took down the little worn Bible from the mantel, and as she read on through the closing chapter of St. John an expression of peace ineffable, "the peace that passeth understanding," settled serenely on her sweet face. Putting the Bible reverently back, she took some mending from her basket, and soon the clear tone of a hymn sounded through the stillness of the little cottage; and "How firm a foundation," etc., when pealed from lordly organ, and echoed' through vaulted dome, never ascended more acceptably to Him who sitteth on the great

But other eyes beside the All seeing had been looking in through the low casement at the lovely sufferer, and now the sweet tones of the holy hymn were interrupted by a knock at the door. The widow opened it, and saw before her a weary, travel-stained man, who asked only for a crust of bread and a cup of water. The widow glanced at the loaf which still lay on the table, and then at the sleeping children, and hesitated, but only for a moment; there was something in the tone of the stranger's voice that came gratefully to her soul as a breath of spring over violets, and she thought of her own beloved boy asking for charity in some distant land, and she hastened to place a chair and reach him the loaf, trusting to Him who causeth it to rain on the earth where no man is, to satisfy the desolate and waste ground," for her orphans.

"My mother! my own precious mother!" cried the familiar voice, in the broken tones and springing forward, she was caught and strained to the beating heart of her long-lost son. "My son, my soul" she could only murmur, while he exclaimed: "I am rich, my mother, I have plenty for us all; I have been to California, and have come back rich, beyond all I ever hoped for or dreamed of-my poor famishing mother! I am just in timethank God! thank God!" and mother and son knelt together in one glad earnest prayer of thanksgiving.

AGRICULTURAL.

POTATO MEAL .- At a meeting of the Farmers' Club, of this city, on the 12th inst., M. B. Southwick, of Canada West, exhibited a preparation of potatoes dried by heated air after being boiled, which simply takes away all moisture from the pulp, leaving it in grains of the size of course gunpowder. He says it can be prepared for a cost of twelve cents a bushel, and reduced in bulk four-fifths. This product can be kept as easily as flour, and may be prepared ready for eating in five minutes. fruit of this union, her eldest born, her pride The process of cooking was exhibited to the of heart, the noble boy whose every movement | Club over a spirit lamp, and the product tastdd much like ordinary mashed potatoes. To prepare it for eating it is mixed with three times its bulk of hot water, and stirred until it is of the consistency of mashed potatoes .-It is then tet into an oven for a few minutes, when it is ready for the table. Fifteen bushels of potatoes make one barrel of this flour, which is stated to keep for years without inju-

This is something worthy the attention of our agriculturists. There was a tolerable good crop of potatoes in many places last year, and their price in the fall was moderate, but it soon rose to a very high figure, because the rot commenced among them after being stored away. Hundreds of thousands of bushels, we believe, were thus lost. Here is a method of calm, sweet face and holy eyes shone ever saving potatoes from destruction by winter rot, and at the same time providing a most She had learned to love her second husband, pleasing, healthful, and nonrishing vegetable and had borne him three fair children, when food, which should not be neglected by those who can, and who should, take advantage of

A CALCULATION TO LOOK AT .- Suppose a man drinks four glasses of liquor a day, at five cents a glass. In a week he spends \$1,40, and in a year, \$72,80. This will buy the following articles :- 4 barrels of flour, say \$24; 4 pair of boots, say \$15; 40 pounds of butter, \$10; 200 lbs. of beef, \$8; a new hat, \$4; a bonnet for wife, \$5; sugar plums for children, \$1:80. Sum total, \$72,80.

BF Sunflower seeds are said to be the best art they could think of, to attract her atten- known remedy for founder in borses. Associa gar, but amiable girl, used to call her "Brown tiod, but in vain. Impressed by their moth- as it is ascertained he is foundered, mix one Sugar." Because, he said, she was sweet, but er's mournful mood, they ate their bread al- pint of the seed whole with the feed, and an