WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19-1842

## ADPAIR REPAY

## HERALD & EXPOSITOR. Office, Centre Square, S. W.

Corner, at the Old Stand.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION: No subscription will be taken for less than months, and no paper discontinued until all ar-rearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher, and a failure to notify a discontit ice will be considered a new engagement. Advertising will be done on the usual terms. Letters to insure attention must be post paid

TEE CABLAND.



From the Christian Examiner.

A HYMN OF THE SEA. BY W. C. BRYANT.

The sea is mighty, but a mightier sways His boundless gulfs and built his shore, thy breath

That moved in the beginning o'er his face, Moves o'cr it evermore. The obedient waves. To its strong motion, roll and rise and fall. Still from that realm of rain thy cloud goes up, As at the first, to water the great earth And keep her alleys green. A hundred realms Watch its broad shadow warping on the wind, And in the dropping shower, with gladness, hear Thy promise of the harvest. I look forth Over the boundless blue, where, joyously, The bright crests of innumerable waves Glance to the sun at once, as when the hands Of a great multitude are upward flung In acclamation, "I behold the ships Gliding from cape to cape, from isle to isle, Or stemming toward far lands, or hastening hom From the old world. It is thy friendly breeze, That bears them, with the riches of the land, And treasure of dear lives, till, in the port; The shouting seaman climbs and furls the sail. But who shall bide thy tempests, who shall face The blast that wakes the fury of the sca? Oh Gon! thy justice makes the world turn pale, When on the armed fleet, that royalty Bears down the surges, carrying war to smite Some city, or invade some thoughtless realm Descends the fierce tornado. The rast-hulks Are whirled like chaff upon the waves; the sails Fly, rent like webs of gossamer; the masts Are mapped asunder; downward from the decks. Downward are flung, into the fathomless gulf, Their cruel orgines, air their hosts, arrayed In trappings of the battle field, are whelmed By whirlpool, or dashed dead upon the rocks.

A moment, from the bloody work of war These restless surges cat away the shore Of carth's old continents, the fertile plain Welters in shallows, headlands crumble down And the tide drifts the sea sand in the streets Of the drowned city. Thou meanwhile, afar, In the green chambers of the middle sea, Where broadest spread the waters and the line Sinks deenest, while no eye beholds thy work. Creator! thou dost teach the coral worm To lay his mighty reefs. Thou bid'st the fires That smoulder under occan, heave on high The new-made mountains, and unlift their neaks. A place of refuge for the storm-driven hied The birds and wafting billows plant the rifts With herb and tree; sweet fountains gush; swe

Then stand the nations still with awe, and pause

Ripple the living lakes, that fringed with flowers, Are gathering in the hollows. Thou dost look On thy creation and pronounce it good. Its valleys, glorious with their summer green, Praise thee in silent beauty, and its woods, Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.

## BELEOT TALE:

## From Graham's Magazine, for October. SILENT LOVE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY. Oh! call it by some better name, For Friendship is too cold: And love is now a worldly flame Whose shrine must be of gold And passion, like the sun at noon That burns o'er all it sees. Awhile as warm, will set as soon-Oh! call it none of these. Imagine something purer far, More free from stain of clay, Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are, Yet human still as they .- [ Moore.

"Many are poets who have never penned their inspiration;" and still more truly might it be said. Many are lovers who have never breathed their adoration."

If there be much "unwritten poetry" in the world, there is much unutterred love, much that should have been spoken to and practiced for the gratification of his ponse, much that would have contributed can be accomplished by a skilful hand, good to honor and happiness, much that has ex- taste and patience. When infancy gave inted in secrecy and silence, glimmering, like the lamp in an ancient sepulchre, only over the ashes of departed hopes.

Mr. Allison was one of those persons who are usually considered "lucky men," though his luck lay in his industry, per severance and economy, while the talisman which secured his success was most probably inscribed with the word. "Patience. He had grown rich slowly, not from the sudden lindux of speculative - wealth, but by the gradual accumulations of In the mean time Mr. Allison's elder tollsome years, and his progress from pover- daughters were growing up to womandood ty to riches had been marked by no stariling as beautiful as they were gentle, and good. transitions. Upright in all his dealings, Their personal attractions, their gracefully and justly conscious of his own native res- femining characters, and the known wealth pectability, he sought no davious ways to of their father, all contributed to draw fortune, and, when her lavore were gained, around them a crowd of admirers, whose

most infant sister devolved upon him. Mr. Allison, with that promptness which always doubles the value of a generous act, immediately promoted Ernest to a more responsible station; and increased his salary, while he appropriated to the use of the widowed mother comfortable apartments in one of his own houses. But his kindness that the boy's early education had been suited rather to his father's former station than to his present fortunes, Mr. Allison determined to give him every advantage in the prosecution of his studies. He invited years will imbue them. Ernest to his house, gave him the use of his library, directed him to the most instructive books, and, in short, left nothing His eyes were usually veiled beneath their such an one offered his homage at the shrine

gular resident in the family; a timid, quiet, side, where he always had found a kind to the smiling servant maid who opened the "youngling of the flock," the petted four years old when Ernest became so associated with them, Mary attached herself the idol of his boyhood, and who had early followed his father to the grave. He seemed to have transferred to Mary Allison, the love-which had once been lavished upon large, soft, blue eyes, a profusion of golden curls, and lips like the berries of the cornel-tree, while her frank and joyous temper, her sunny cheerfulness, and the overflowing affection which seemed ever gushing up from the depths of her innocent heart, added new charms to her infantine beauty. She was the idol of her parents, the delight of her elder sisters, the plaything of the servants, and, above all, the cherished pet of Ernest Melvyn. Hour after hour would he sit with Mary-nestled on his knee, while he displayed to her wondering gaze the beautiful engravings in her father's costly volumes, or traced on her little slate many a rough but spirited sketch of castle and cottage, to be effaced and renewed with every childish whim .-He carved fairy baskets of cherry-pits, fashioned clay models of Indian figures, place to childhood, with its increasing cares, it was Ernest Melvyn who became the confidant of all little Mary's anxieties and pleasures. It was he who wrought out the tedious sum, and explained the wonderfully abstruse rules of that hated grammar, and aided her in remembering those troublesome chronological tables, and,

school life. at the production of the statement them. He lived in plain but handsome Amil such persons Erpest nover mingled.

in short, removed every stumbling-block,

while he lightened every burden of her

the day which brought him within the no- the innocent attachment which existed be- it which often leads a beautiful woman intween them. He believed is to be an ad- to the mazes of coquetry, was striving in tice of the benevolent merchant. Among those whom Mr. Allison had vantage to both, since it gave Mary a new the heart of the fair girl, and but for the most efficiently aided was a youth, named impulse and aid to mental cultivation, while quiet counsels of Ernest, who was now her Ernest Melvyn, who, when scarcely fourteen years of age, had been so fortunate as tations which assail the youth of a large even as he had been her playfellow in the to secure a situation in his warehouse. In city; and even the prudence of age could sunny hours of childhood, she might have little more than two years after he entered see nothing to fear from the affection which become a vain and frivolous votary of fash-Mr. Allison's employ, the boy had the had thus been awakened in the days of inmisfortune to lose his father, and thus the fancy. But the love which had thus sprung reproach of Ernest's thoughtful eye, which maintenance of a sick mother and an althe boy of sixteen, had lost none of its tered belle, and Mary felt, long ere she actwelfth birth-day. "How I love," says whatever might be the charm of adulation, girl of twelve;" and those who have made them all. When lovers came around her, lovellest of all periods in woman's life; be- lest danger or deception should touch the did not stop here. Finding that the family cause it is perhaps the only season when object of his hallowed interest. Keeping of the young clerk were highly respectable the developing mind and expanding heart always aloof from the throng of admirers though now reduced to great indigence, and display their beautiful feminine traits, with- who new found their way habitually to a a very slight examination into her heart out their richest perfume, unmingled with and indifferent. The incense offered by the envenemed sweets with which future the professed danglers, the attentions of

full and drooping lids, but they were full of youthful beauty. Ernest wes all eye, all of intelligence and sweetness, while his ear, aye, and all heart. Deeply grateful to his benefactor for all form was as graceful and his step as free | Was Earnest in love with Mary Allison? his kindness, and fully sensible of the imas if he had never trod other soil than that Who can tell? Surely he was too unpreportance of such adventages, Ernest show- of the green hills where his sunny hours of suming, too calm, too free from jealousy ed his thankfulness both by his close atten-childhood had been passed. His applicato be in love. Yet what meant his eager his opinions, but in this case, he certainly tion to his duties, and his ready acceptance tion to business had given him a degree of watchfulness over her every look and word, was disposed to wish that Mary might deof Mr. Allison's offers. He became a regravity beyond his years; and his love of his keen preception of her every impulse, cide in Mr. Walton's favor. He wished reading had made him a quiet observer of his deep devotion to her every wish? It unobstrusive haunter-of that pleasant fire- society rather than an actor in its busy was most strange, and yet might not a warm scencs. His time was dividid between his fraternal affection for one who had taken welcome, cheerful companions and excel-duties in the warehouse, his attention to his lent books. Every body liked him, from infirm mother, and his visits to Mr. Allithe merchant, who was pleased with his son's family; the first tended to create Ernest's belief, and if he deceived himfidelity to business, and Mrs. Allison, who stability of character, the second to cultifound him very useful in the execution of those thousand little commissions of which his delicate sense of duty, while the last

> occasions and obtrusive on none, universally liked, and allowed to come and go with minate without suffering rarely does that "He could coldly promise his influence

fof his family, gratified them with every feelings he never obtruded himself into the Allison was a creature of himself into the Allison was a creature of himself am luxury that was consistent with his ideas gay circle which gradually formed itself than judgment. The circle which had long ed were it not so pure—that ardour of feel- revealed to him the depth and breadth of convinced you will not refuse it." of propriety, and, contrary to the practice around the young ladies. His visits were surrounded her sisters, now opened to ad- ing which gives to such a friendship the his own absorbing passion, she would have Ernest did think long and deeply on the of most American merchants, indulged him- as frequent as ever, but his evenings were mit her also. Two of Mr. Alison's daugh- semblance of love wingless; decided differently. One word then would subject, but his decision was fundlerable. self with sufficient deisure even amid the usually passed in the library, aiding Mary ters were on the verge of mathimony, while and with bow unbent. Ernest never ven- have secured the happiness of both; but "It comes too late; my life is now an cares of business to enjoy the society of in her lessons, giving her such primary in- two still remained free to win new lovers tured to be other than the friend, the hon- the word was unspoken, and the destiny nimless one, and riches might only than to The HERALD & EXPOSITOR is published weekly, on adouble royal sheet, at TWO DOLLARS, per annum, payable within three months from the time of subscribing; on two pollars always ready to extend a helping hand to some useful book, which, if rather above the young and unfriended, so that many a the child's comprehension, was yet listend his wife, his children and his friends. Re- structions in drawing, as his fine but un- to their feet, when Mary made her entrance ored, trusted and humble friend. Not that of both was sealed. the young and unfriended, so that many a the child's comprehension, was yet listen- made her sisters so attractive, vague dreams was in truth as high-souled, lofty-minded the next morning Mr. Allison informed when he knows not who shall gather them? poor boy, who now enjoys the blessings of ed to with pleasure because Ernest was the of future triumphs, and successes began to and proud-hearted a being as ever wrestled Ernest that his influence was no longer it come too late! competence, has looked back with joy to reader. Mr. Allison beheld with pleasure mingle with her gentler feelings. The spir- with fortune-but gratitude had quickened necessary in the matter. The next week Alas! how often has that thought parahis own humility.

tenderness when Mary could count her knowledged even to herself the truth, that, the Ettrick Shepherd, "how I love a little the approval of one noble heart was worth children a study will heartily agree with Ernest gently withdrew from all apparent him. It is the sweetest of all ages, the competition, content to watch from afar, out one shadow from the coming cloud of house where such varied attractions were beaux, the heavy bon-mots of would be handsome, but with the pale cheek and one of lofty mind and noble character, a thoughtful brow of the habitual thinker .- | man worthy of respect and affection, when

One after another, the beautiful day gave him the inestimable advantage of potished and virtuous female society. Could only Mary, the lovely Mary, whose very ite child, and yet he earnestly wished her the door at the knock of the pale and plea- he have overcome his reserve, and learned changefulness of temper formed one of her to think as he did. Like most men in a sant-faced clerk. His quiet cheerfulness, to think less humbly of himself, Ernest brightest charms, alone was left. From similar predicament, he adopted a middle and unruffled good temper made him a great to think less numbry of nimsen, the gayest her sixteenth year Mary had received the course, and quieted his scruples by comfavorite with Mr. Allison's daughters, but circles, for even in a place where wealth homage of flattery and affection. Some his most especial friend in the family was too often determines a man's social posi- had wooed her for her fortune, some for her tion, the protege of the rich Mr. Allison gayety, some for her warm-heartedness, and lovely little Mary. Though scarcely would have found little difficulty in win- but all had like been unsuccessful. When ning his way. Had Ernest understood the | questioned as to her motive for this indis "art of pushing," an art, by the ways criminate coldness, she would only laugh, to him, with all the warmth of childish af- which deserves to be made the subject of a and toss back her golden locks with a look fection. Ernest loved her for her resem- course of lectures, he could easily have be- of mischevious mirth that seemed the inblance to his own little sister, who had been come a general favorite in society, and dex of a light and unfettered heart. Uttermight, in all probability, by some fortunate by free from the coquetry which can demarriage, have compassed what the world liberately win hearts but to wound them, pleasantly calls "Independence," in other she yet loved admiration, and could seldom words, a lifelong subsistence upon the resist the temptation of making herself his lost darling, and fondly did the child alimony of a wife. But Ernest was too agreeable. Indeed she could scarcely avoid respond to his tenderness. She was in modest, too single-minded to think of such making conquests, for her usual sweetness him." truth one of the loveliest of creatures, with things. The liberal stipend which he received from Mr. Allison more than sufficed all who came within its influence. As for all his mother's necessities, and his own Miss Edgeworth has beautifully expressed tone. wants were very few. A small sum was it, "even from the benevolence of her own annually left in his benefactor's hands, to disposition she derived the means of giving likes him better than any lover she ever som, and in the lonelrness of his deep grief firm integrity, and his purity and delicacy form a fund for his mother's future support pain, as the bee is said to draw the venom had, for she confessed as much to me yes- he learned life's hardest lesson-"to sufin case of his death, and with this provi- of its sting from its own honey." Too terday. It is full time she carrie to some fer and be still." sion he was perfectly content. As his sensitive for frivolous coquetry, Mary was decision, and I wish she would accept him. tastes developed, his gradually increasing in far more danger from those sentimental He is exactly the kind of person whom I long after his mother's death, Mr. Allison means enabled him to gratify them without flirtations which are so fascinating to the should have selected for her, and I am sure took him aside and offered him a partnerencroaching upon this consecrated hoard. romantic and the imaginative, and often so he will make her happy. She is greatly ship in his lucrative business. Books, purchased chiefly at auction, and fatal to the peace of those who include in influenced by your opinions, Ernest, and remarkable rather for their solid worth, them. Few women. I mean warm-heart- I really wish you would advise her to marthan their exterior decorations, had ac- ed, high-souled women-have escaped the ry Walton." cumulated around him, a few choice paint-influence of these copium dreams of too Mary listened breathlessly for Ernest's ings which he had found among the rubbish much youth and reading," as they are con- answer. After a long pause she heard him of a deceased picture dealer, now adorned temptuously called by the worldly and the say, "Certainly, sir, if you wish it, I will the walls of his neat apartment, a collect cold. Few but have, at the early dawn of do so." Mary staid for no more, Hurry tion of minerals, made with no other ex- womanhood, cherished a pure and passion- ing to her room, she flung herself on the pense than that of healthful fatigue, a small less affection, which the world may have floor in an agony of excited feeling. The but very complete cabinet of shells, minia- sneered at as "Platonic," and the prodent secret of her heart was now revealed to ture casts from the antique, moulded by may have consured as indiscreet, but which lier, and the anguish which overwhelmed hearts where it would have found a res- favorite, those thousand little devices which himself in moments of leisure, and a port was a source of infinite happiness while it her proved how foodly she had cherished folio of exquisite pencil-drawings, by his endured, and which, perhaps, by the very the delusion. She now knew what before own hand, all attested the elegance of his anguish of its dissolution, afforded the best she more than suspected; she no longer tastes and the innocence of his pursuits. of all discipline for the future trials of the doubted that her heart and happiness had To Mr. Allison's daughters Ernest Mel-heart Yet like all other exquisite pleas- long been in the keeping of the modest and vyn appeared in the light of a valued relatures in this changing world, such joy is gentle Ernest. But with this knowledge

> all the freedom of a family wiend, less no passionless dream fade into the splendors of to give me to another—me, whom he has ever be devoted to your service. But I on her twelfth birthday," together with ticed when present than missed when ab a brighter reality—rarely does the heart cherished from childhood—me, who have sent. But to the little golden-haired Ma- awake from its trance of sublimated feel- loved him from my very infancy. Yes, still be your elerk-your servant if you on band around it, Mary remembered to ry he was an object of far more importing to find lottler and sweeter impulses in his is but a brother's love, and never shall will F am no longer fitted for the res have given him the night preceding her betance, and even when the finely of womans actual life and perfect love.
>
> In a perfect love and the disclosure sponsibilities of a partner and the cheek of the promise of a partner and the cheek of the promise of a partner and the cheek of the promise of an analysis of a partner and the cheek of the promise of a partner and the cheek of the promise of a partner and the cheek of the promise of a partner and the cheek of the promise of a partner and the cheek of the promise of a partner and the cheek of the promise of a partner and the cheek of the promise of a partner and the cheek of the promise of a partner and the cheek of the promise of a partner and the cheek of the promise of a partner and the cheek of the promise of a partner and the cheek of the promise of a partner and the cheek of the promise of a partner and the promise of a partner and the cheek of the promise of a partner and the partner and the promise of a partner and the promise of a partner and the promise of a partner and the little maiden, and her innovent bosom thril-temper would probably, have exposed her, ediaway even if contained with the very active, and indutrious as ever you were girlish beauty in a same standard with those impulses of soul and Mary Allison was preserved by the watch fibres of my heart? Such were the re-you are in allie very prime of life, and mender does my tale seem tains at the sense," which mark the first step beyond fulness of Ernest. Indeed their mutual re- fleetlings of the unhappy girl, as the vior must not talk of want of stness," a life the history of a his meet hearth and it the limit of girlish galety, Ernest was still gard seemed to possess much of the char-lence of her emotions subsided. Could the spring of life is gode, was still gard seemed to possess much of the char-lence of her emotions subsided. Could

his perception of duty, and in the echoes preparations for the marriage were com- lized the energies and stricken the heart of his own heart, he learned the nature of

Mary had attained her twenty-second year when she received another offerof marriage from a gentleman whose character and standing in society made him a most eligible match. He was refused, but so kindly and gently, that he resolved not to be repulsed. He persevered in a course of delicate attentions which even Mary's fastidiousness could not reject, and he demanded the consideration due to friendship till he could make good his claims to a warmer interest. He was certainly not distasteful to Mary, and had she been called to choose one from among her professed lovers. Charles Walton would probably have been the object of her choice. But she was conscious that she was capable of a much stronger emotion than he had inspired, and showed her one scaled recess which she passion, when the flowers of affection give ever to be met, Ernest seemed abstracted dared not venture to unlock. Within that holy of holies, which every mortal shrouds within his bosom; she knew that an image was enshrined on which maiden pride for-Ernest Melvyn had grown up tall and witlings, fell on his ear unheeded; but when bade her to look, and the fair girl turned away dismayed from her self-imposed task. But her lover was patient and persevering, and after months of assiduous wooing, he sought her father's aid. Mr. Allison had never interfered to control the inclinations of his children. If the suitor was only a man of integrity and honor, mere pecuniary disparity was never allowed to influence to retire from business, and Walton was very competent to supply his place in a concern which might still be conducted for the benefit of the family, if Mary would become the wife of the new partner. Actuated by these motives he promised his influence to the ardent lover; but the more

mitting the trust to another.

he reflected upon his task the more reluc-

ton ?" asked Eurnest in a low and hurried

tive, a sort of cousin Com, useful on all only to be bought at the price of future came the startling fact that Ernest loved

the friend, the confident of all her joys and acter of such an effection; as has just been she have seen the blitter struggle in the nest mournfully, "I have no motive for ex- 'ty were more frequently, severally, many sorrows. Exceedingly sensitive in char-described, but without its dangers. He breast of Ernest could she have divined crition."

menced.

pale and care worn, but his mother's re- too late for the attainment of happiness. newed paroxysm of illness was sufficient

believed she had chosen wisely and well, man. destroyed the fancy ere it become a hope. Ernest to himself, "and not one shadow tures, and shells, until they became retualfrom the cloud which impends over my ly objects of tender interest to him. Regfate shall ever darken her path." And ularly, every afternoon, he visited Mr. Alwith a courage far more exalted than that lison, and read the newspapers for his benwhich binds the martyr to the faggot and efactor, whose failing sight rendered the the stake, did this noble-hearted being perusal of his favorite journals a task of should mar the hopes of her whom he loved better than life.

Ernest did not see Mary wedded. On the very night of her bridal his mother reverie so enticing to a reserved and imagidied, and, in the awful stillness of the native man. But on one certain evening death-chamber, the voice of passion was in each week, he always took his seaf at hushed into silence. It was not until his Mrs. Walton's tea-table, and as regularly One evening just at twilight, Mary was only companion was laid in her humble in a small appartment communicating with grave, and the quiet of exhaustion had the drawing-room, when her father ap- gradually stolen over the tortured feelings this weekly visit, and these claspings of proached in close conversation with Earnest of the bereaved and heart-sick Ernest, that the hand with which he was always greet Melvyn. They took a seat in the parlor he ventured to approach the dwelling of ed, were as dear as the "memorable kiss" and as the door was ajar, Mary could not Mr. Allison. Amid their festivities the with which the "apostle of passion," fed avoid hearing her own name several times family had not been regardless of his sor- his wild idolatry; aye, full as precious and repeated. She was about entering the row, and many an act of unobtrusive kind- far more pure was the joy thus imparted room when she heard her father say, "I ness had shown him that he was affection- than any refinement of infidel philosophy wish, Earnest, you would use your in- ately remembered among them. But he and illicit love. Mary's children climbed fluence with Mary. I am sure she pre- had learned some sad and solemn truths his knee, even as Mary had done in her fers Mr. Walton, and it is only a woman's as he watched beside his dying mother. whim which prevents her acceptance of The nothingness of human cares, the vanity of human hopes, the fruitlessness of hu-"Are you sure she is attached to Wal- man affections had been deeply impressed clors, he became somewhat of a humorist, upon his heart. His mother's last lesson, and, at last, was voted by the dandies of imparted in the peacefulness of her dying the rising generation, to be decidedly co-"Oh, I cannot be mistaken about it; she hour, came with thrilling power to his bo-

One more trial yet awaited him. Not

"I am old," said the merchant, "and want to be released from toil; Charles lace through so many weary years, he Walton is to be the principal in our firm? and we wish to secure your futuro services, as well as to reward a fidelity, which has never once failed in twenty years of duty. Indeed, Mary insisted that her husband should accept no proposition which did not include you. I require no capi- on them without feeling that Death had intal from you; the profits arising from your deed dealt mercifully with the righteous. early deposit in my hands have swelled vour little fund to some ten thouand del Mary Walton was made the sole ligites lars, which I am ready to pay over to you of his little fortune; although no reason was before commencing our new arrangement. "You are kind-very kind, my dear sir," Perhaps the little casker which was dis-

of the patient sufferer. Even he, who in For several days Ernest absented him- the flush of manliood can proudly exclaim. self from Mr. Allison's house, but just us "I bide my time," as if in defiance of forevery body was beginning to wonder what tune's frown, is often heard, when, it could ail him, he came and took his accus- was gained, to sigh mornfully in after life tomed seat, as quiet and perhaps rather over the chilling reflection, "it comes too more silent than was his wont. He looked late!"—too late for the fulfilment of hope-

Ernest Melvyn never rose above the to account for his appearance, and though stations of confidential clerk, but the rehis lip quivered and his hand trembled as spect and esteem of his employers testifihe offered his congratulations to Mary, yet ed his integrity and usefulness. Mr Walno one could have dreamed that beneath his ton learned to regard him with as much calm seeming he concealed an immolated friendship as Mr. Allison, and it was not heart. Mary's pride rose to her aid when long before he was as welcome a guest in she beheld Ernest's undisturbed demeanor. Mary's new home as he had ever been in She almost despised herself for the weak- the scenes of her joyous childhood. Whatness which made her shudder as with an ever might have been her feeings toward ague, when he offered his wishes for her Ernest, his perfect self-possession and calm future happiness; and resolutely closing demeanor, by convincing her that he had her bosom against all such emotions, she never loved her, aided her in the subjugadetermined to perform the duties she had tion of her own rebellious heart. Her husandertaken with a firm and unyielding band was kind, affectionate, and good.— She had always respected his talents, and The increasing illness of the invalid, Mrs. esteemed his virtues, and now, as time Melvyn, soon confined Ernest so closely wove the new and strong ties of parental to his home, during his leisure hours, that affection between them, the quiet happihe thus escaped the torture of witnessing ness of domestic life gradually effaced the the arrangements for Mary's marriage. It brightest tints of her youth's romance. It was perhaps fortunate for both, since the may be that a shadow rested long on her tie between them was now to be severed, it may be that the spectre of blighted love that it should be done thus gradually, and sometimes stood beside the shrine of her from a sense of duty to others rather than household gods-but Time, the true exorfrom selfish feelings. At times Mary Italf ciser of all such ghosts, wrought his work suspected that Ernest loved her, but the of kindness, slowly but surely, and Mary stern, half-sacrificing devotion of him who became a cheerful, useful and happy wo-

Ernest experienced the usual changes "She has fulfilled the wishes of her father which came upon the solitary man. He she has found love and happiness," said lived alone among his books and piced to his home and passed the remainder of the evening in study-aimless it is true, but still pleasing; or in dreamy and vague esconced himself in the chimney-corner as own glad infancy, and loved him with all the fervent affection which had once charof feeling never forsook him.

To the day of his death he never disclosed the secret of his early love. When the frosts of three-score winters had whitened his locks, the solitary old man withdrew to his lonely room, and there, amid those inanimate objects which had been his sovielded up his gentle spirit to the God who gave it. He was found one morning lying in the quiet sleep of death-his arms crossed upon his breast, his bible on the table at his bedside, and his features, settled in such sweet repose that none looked up-

His will was found in his cabinet, and assigned for this exclusive preference:was Ernest's reply, while tears filled his covered in a secret recess of the same cabeyes, and his emotions chocked his utter- inet disclosed somewhat of the truth to ber ance: "beligve me, I am not ungrateful, conscious hearth it contained a lock of and while life and health remain I shall golden bar, marked " given me by Mary

he aimed at no optentations display of motives were as various as their minds - acter with feelings keenly alive to every was her friend, her counsellar, the guideof the sympathies of the sympathies of the guideof the fillings keenly alive to every was her friend, her counsellar, the guideof the fillings keenly alive to every was her friends. emotion, full of affection and gentleness, her way ward feelings; but there was none controlled his voice to suffer those could your mother has saddeped and depressed picture of that salf-forgetting being, subdustyle, spared no expense in the education Retiring in his manners, and humble in his and quick to receive impressions, Mary of that high-wrought sensibility, that fer-words—could she have known the sudden you. Think over my proposition in a inghis-loyd, at first, from the very humility.