ing i ju, fur and finer.

JONG . . PER STEELL LOWBLE. amendment night, deep and tend introduced more agent, family spient of colden spient of the lend my betrothal shone ! in lares, dark and deway. wer mane yo neem, pr vind trembles though

parmer is my dream. The withird istance ne than forever by, this your heart doth lie art, Je men our moeting. so madly beating angle and be whole I py hight, deliver er kinges back to 1994, them all, and give her

at yes, Charlie, Jim ment be an bi host the yard, I tell ye wot, nigger mis jocular way, said, "Do not let

Secreted the respective mature of breace. He says that "a little dif makes many enemies-while I'm little hasts of friends to the one on who

table years ago, he said to her: "My be President, you shall be miss

es, of the Windsor (VL) Prehate Dis-

semmon versions of the Bible, visited in the other night. Some facetions milia, and his doubts were at once disstrongly recommending the

ere adopted in filling up their colony We do not imagine that it will pass; d only transfer the collection of debte

mblish it without observe. Here it is: hish with her sleeves rolled up, and an Then let ber bean suddenly mid it fails, let us know, that we may mishle authority. Will you?

WENT. and of Pidmeers, of to be ; reals of waves, whose **human**, 200. 1 to of eggiptre bere yet and warm, or of a mighte world Led Hade socie ye erial of a State,

and its mind."—Whittier ther he strude out. The next day, the

k has sprawitage where his friends

7 appointed Justice of the Prace the the orremony, and nariculad to at After a negree of a few monages to hitece with the following exection heard the groom respond 'yes,' and

Hold ob, squire," said the risitof.

diago church, and during the serfratified by the spark le of a pair which were rivoted upon his face.

THE USE OF PLOTEEN. BY MARY ROWITS God might have made the satisf tirting

Enough for great and middle. The cast two and the noise tree Without a Sower at all. . . : He might have minds chotegle, imough, For every want of pure;

For luxury, meditine, and total, And yet have made in Severy The one within the mountain sele-Required beas to grew, Nor doth it need the lotte-down

To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abandan All dyed with reinbow light, All Subjected with supressed erace Up springing day and aight.

Springing in valleys, gross and low And on the mountains high, And in the elent wilderness, Where no man passeth by

Our entward life requires them no Then, wherefore had they birth? To minister delight in man, To beautify the earth.

Whene'er his faith is dim. For whose chreck for the fowers Will care much more for him

THE PRIDE OF MOSES GRANT. From Harpers' Monthly Magastr

The next morning Elipor was with her grand-

"Bear grandpa, I would like to speak to you She had settled it with her lover that she should be the first to communicate to the grave silent prayer which Heaven would answer. She heaves of her betrothal. This was heard his step upon the door stone. He opened the property of the subher own desire. She had thought it would be the little front door without knocking. He came best so. She feared nothing more than that he might object to her extreme youth, and she who had a right to hold her on his heart forever, hoped much from the strong esteem in which she and she was silent—she could not break the knew he held their young minister.

Falteringlyshe told her story, and the old man listened in silence. He did not answer her for he was evidently deeply moved. Eliner was frightened at the convulsive workings of his face, and the tears that coursed like rate down her

Efinor, you can not marry this man. No, not am yours yours on earth and in heav. to save your own life Do you hear? I forbid en. But I can not be your wife. My grandit It shall not be "

Elipor rose and stood before him. She was blood fired her glance lier face was as resolute, her tope as firm, as Moses Grant's own.

"tGrandfather," she said, "I love Walter Fairlife—where they will go out and leave me alone We are more than life to each other, and this question shall not be decided so. If you will seperate us, I must know the

reason, or, God helping me, I will go and pray back exhausted now in her chair. him on my bended knoes to take me away from field stood, struck dumb for the mement with you and make me his wife."

There was no pity in Me elder's face now for the young creature who had dared to resist his you are saying, Elinor. Your grandfather may

oppose him His face grew livid with rage You must know my secret, then, young made am." he said, in the fierce tones of passion .-"Well, mark it-you have no right even to the think Walter Fairfield, a minister of the grapel, with stern resolve. He said, gravely:
would be proud to marry you in your disgrace?"

"I like you, Mr. Fairfield. I had not thought
But the last taunting question fell on cars that
any one cise could so fill Parson Blake's place she heard no more Gradually she had sunk lower and lower at the old man's feet, until now

swoon to see you when she comes to."

The older obeyed, and then his wife quietly busied herself in bringing back consciousness to Elinor. It was no very difficult task. The girl was young, and even so great a shock could not overcome her utterly. In a few moments she The particulars of that interview were never was able to sit down in an easy shall by the known, but the result was decisive. In a little open window, and the balmy air of the number while the young man came alone into the room norning stole over her senses like a new life-

Mary Grant put back her soft hair and looked pityingly into her troubled eyes. "Oh, my darling?" she murmured, "my poor

darling, to think your first sorrow should darken loved, that after life comes death, and after all your life." . But the voice was calm that death heaven. And yet, how can I give you answered her. answered her.

"It will not darken it, grandmother. I have full faith in Walter. He loves me, and he will

not give me up, even because of this great shame. shall tell him all, and I know he will marry

dropped on the white, earnest face a very tender ed up the hill, along the winding road. Elinor kiss "You sit quietly here. I want to go and Trumbull watched him with eyes in which there speak to your grandfather." Moses Grant was sitting, though it was June.

(Your perion, berhapa,) is not in, is by the fireside, in the very spot where he had not seen a case in that etty, surging, bitter, tumultuous thought, he was indifferent to beat or cold, or any outward surrounding whatsoevr. His wife went up to him; she ding wassever.

Anger walks in, takes his sent across his knee, and then she plead with him even as she had plead with him on a wild, wet night, more than sixteen years before the night | mysterious, unexplained resignation of the pason which, amidst storm and tempest, and the toral charge. He had become strangely dear to of life was nehered in.

"Oh, father," she said, "she is all we have not break her heart."

me not. The minister shall not be described love, the parish in whose service he had been I will not do this great sin against God.

"But you can let her tell him. She says be he would live and die among them, and nourthey

this one hope."

Then the elder's wrath rose to a white heat full-yet-compand mice, in his continued hint, "Yes, I have no doubt yen would approve of mith his quiet did wife by his side, but Eliner's that. Her mother did not shame me enough— noice did not flood the church with meledy; you would bring another into this secret. Eli- Walter Frield, preseded; his less assesses of her nor," he cried, with raised tones, and forth from Mayfeld without the silent encouragement of her the inner room the young girl tottered. Mages eres!

Grant's face was terrible to look mon in his rage, ... The next morning, when he code by the red but Eligor confronted him, colonly, though she home in the bollow of his way to take the stage.

continued she, not very bashful der this diagram more bleer in what you had not smade my strong to bear any thing, smade no pignio a property of huntilistics, deraily "I thought, when I saw had not smade my strong to bear any thing, smade no pignio a position of the strong of the s

jwas brity cut tya kiefe bet a vere

The old man was silent for a moment. The girl's face beamed, like one inspired. It awed him, it was so full of deathless, triumphant love and faith. But this emotion perced, and his tone, when he answered her, was firm as ever. Elizor, you shall not tell him this secret .-

7. 1. 1. 1. 1. (C)

I, your grandfather, forbid it. He himself would be the first one to may it was your duty to obey me. If you tell him, I will curse you; do you hear me? curse you with a curse that shall cling to you all your life. You shall not tell him. I bear a humble name, but an honorable one. — Only this one shadow of disgrace has ever fallen on it. As God hears me, you shall not spread the shameful secret. Tell your lover that you can not marry him-that I forbid it. If he

wants to know why, he can come to me." Blinor had heard this outburst silently, growing stronger, as it seemed, under every stern, cruel word which fell on her ear, slaying her lifetime hope, blotting all the brightness out of ber existence When the last word, swift, crush. ing, remorseless, had died on his lips, she and

"Give yourself no trouble, grandfather—I shall obey you. I will not incur your curse-still less will I deceive Walter. Thank God, the time comes when you and I will go before Him tegether, and the wrongs of earth shall be righted by the immaculate justice of Heaven. Mary Great would fain have soothed her, but be seemed sufficient unto horself. Calmly she walked into the parior and took her seat by the

open window, where she could watch the road leading down the hill.

she could atter, so cold were they, so passionless.

Boon she saw him noming-the young lover joy. She must dash it from them-she who spoli

At last she started from his arms-she stood before him with her white face and gleaming

"Walter !" she cried, eagerly, "you know I love you. You never can doubt that. I am very young; I have had no other fancies, no grandmother's withered cheeks. At length he other dreams. You won all my heart. Hear spoke.

spoke.

"God forgive me, I have done great wrong.— I die. Never shall any other man speak words the slow reluctant feet of the New England of love to Elinor Travebull." I give you all. I spring stole over the mountains, and the crocus father has fordidden it. You yourself will counsel me to obedience It is harder for me than not Margaret's child merely-the old Trumbul for you. You have the great world to flee toyour high calling to follow. I must stay here-here where light and hope and love came to my death were better

She had spoken with wild energy. She sank Walter Fairshear wonder. At length he faltered:
"You can not mean it; you do not know what decree, to rise upon the might of her love and object to our marrying while you are still an young, but he can not mean that you must never be my wife."

The door had been open all this time between the parlor and the kitchen, and now Moses Grant name you bear. Your mother, my child though himself came forward. The anger had passed she was, was not your father's wife. Don't you away from his face, leaving a look of pity blent

could not listen. With every faculty intensely re my love as you have filled it. If I could, aroused she had heard the faral truth, scoroling Heaven knows I would gladly give you this her for the first time with its blight, and then girl, but it can not be. In all truthfulness, you must not marry her-you must never marry her. I, her grandfather, forbid it before the she lay upon the floor, her white, death-like God whose servant you are. You will not dare face cold as her young mother's under the June to disobey me. It will go hard with you both; but if you knew the reason, you would thank "Go into the kitchen, father," said Mary me. It is my fault. I should not have put Grant, "for it'll throw her back again into her you in each other's way, but I thought she

was only a child." " "Elder Grant," the young men said, respect fally, "will you come out of doors with me ?-I would like to speak to you for a few moments quite alone.".

where Elinor still sat by the open window. He closed the door. He went up to her and took her, for the last time, in his arms. "The hand of God is in it, Elinor, as it is in

every earthly thing, though we can not see it now. We must submit. Thank God, my be: up, my poor, innocent darling—my one leve!"
And his voice broke down into low, agonised
sobs—a strong man's sobs, very pitiful to hear.
That last half hour of love and torture and despair-that parting which they both felt was eternal. I may not dwell on it. When Walter

"God grant it, darling !" and the old woman | Fairfield passed out of the wicket gate and walkwere no tears, with a pale face on which shone a hope purer than earthly love, holier than earthly happiness; a hope born in tears, in an-guish, in desolation; of a meeting where all that remains of sorrow is the wings by which it has bothe the soul upward-in the city without four-

dation, eternal in the heavens.

They parted on Saturday, and the next day more than one strong heart in Mayfield was moved to tears as their young minister read his wail of restles winds, Elinor Trumbull's dawn them, this young man, whose coming had seem of life was ushered in. their father in the Lord as Parson Blake had We are old now, and she is young; do been, but they cherished him equally in another t break her beart." way. He was their very own. He had come to "Woman," said the elder's stern tones, "tempt them first. They were to him almost like a first loves her, and she knows he will marry her, in seast gird him, up. There was searcely a dry spite of all. Let her tell him—only leave her are appropriate many which rested upon his face this one hope."

Let her tell him—only leave her are appropriate many which rested upon his face this one hope."

but Eligor confronted him calmin, though abo home in the hollow, on his way to take the stage was obliged to aliag to the table for support.

"I have told you all; what do you propose to do now?" he saked, in tonce of torond, sometime. It could him much then not to sering do new?" he saked, in tonce of toront common grants face looked out from between the muslip sure.

"There is hut one thing, grandfathen I from the magne and neck out last throughly one should feel this diagrage more bitterly if Walter's more blessing, be for her man, he rade

for interest and their and

alleged to begin be now it be Rab st, when he had no too fight, and the rest was the

There came a new minister to Mayfield, a worthy man, who dwalt quictly in the parsonage wild longing to throw berself at your feet and in more hopeful tones.

With his wife and his sig children. He had not be you forgiveness. She told me this in a note old Parson. Blake's place in their hearts, consecuted by the memories of a lifetime, nor, had created by the memories of a lifetime, nor, had they pride in his slequence and tendernose for this youth and continuous for this youth and continuous them. But it she said she would not, in any extremity, this youth and continuous them; still there the belowed name was ut belief by the pride in his slequence and tendernose for this youth and continuous them; still there the said she would not, in any extremity, there is of no use, now," she said, sadly; "we be said she will be had my permission. The first so for use, now," she said, sadly; "we do not know where he is, and if we did, it is all the many top the provided too late." was mutual good feeling between peater and pear you, for, thinking all her needs were provided ple, and; save in one quiet household, all things for, I had left her but a few dollars.

WYou know the rest. I have a friend in

sorrow she had no power to soothe.

Elinor never nitered a single complaint. She of my lifetime.

performed all the little housewifely duties which had formerly fallen to her share—she went regularly to the church on the hill-top-listened quetly to the new pastor's presching. Rui Mary Grant's tears fell as she saw her silently taking The next morning Eliter was with her grand; soon she saw nim noming—the young lover in the little summer parior. When the who could remain away from his betrothed no clider had read a chapter in the Bible, as was his longer. Joyously he walked, with quick step wont, and finished his accustomed prayer, Elinor and creek head. Hope was folding a cup to his lest its accustomed lightness—her voice never or said, timidly.

On said, timidly. in the few dresses which composed her simple rang through the bouse mith its old, gay melody, she has it, that young girl whom I have never When her seventeenth birthday was unhered in seen.—Margaret's child and mine. I die in peace loved him best, whom he best loved. She clasped on the wings of storm and tempest, it found ber the fragrance vanished, and there was but a poor ion in thinking life's automa might ripen

It into fruit. One day Mary Grant called her husband's at tention when they were alone to Elinof's languid step and wasting cheek. An expression of sudden pain crossed the elder's face for the moment -a look as if conscience were forcing upon 'him an unwelcome truth, and then he answered with easy self-delusion-

"It's not strange. It's a hard winter. The and the viglet started up in her footprints — Once more the brooks, set free from their winter chains, began to babble—the plow-boy whistled at his task-the birch hang out her tassels, and the liles in Elder Grent's yard hurst into fragrent bloom; but this time there were no long, pleasant walks over the hills. She had no

blue sky overhead more intenselly pleas and blue, Many Grant watching her gradchild would see her fade. Each day she seemed to move more stretched out her hand for the miniature. I feebly about the house, mutil at last she seldom. moved any more, but lay all day on a lounge which, perhaps, with a secret care for her com-She did not seem unbappy, for the one hope mighter than earthly love, stronger than earthly grief, was gently guiding her tired feet—so carly that his pride would have a second victim-that attered the wail of its anglish. another young, fair face would lie beneath the drifting leaves of this year's sutumn Did not

conscience speak to him then? He came home one day with a strange look o his face. He held in his band a large business. like epistle. He beckoped his wife into the kitchen. She left Elinor lying upon the lounge in the best room, and closed the door after her. tones, going to her husband's side. "Has some great trouble come over us?"

"The band of the Lord is laid upon Mary. I am punished for my sin. I killed Margaret, I have well-nigh killed her child, and yet, listen, wife, Margaret was true-Margaret WES BURG.

"Oh, thank God! thank God!" burst invol untarily from the mother's lips as she sank upon out, closing the door behind her. her knees. The vail of her life's greatest sorrow was rent away, and she seemed to see her child, her last child, her pure, innocent blessed child, as she named her in her heart, waiting for her in heaven. But her ery of thanksgiving fell on for a while; I am trying to see my way clear." unbooding care. . .

Mess Grant spoke earnestly: "Yes, Mery, God has suffered this knowledge to come to me in the eleventh hour, just to show me that I, who dared to call myself his servent, have been but a hard unmercifyl tyrant after all, fearing earthly disgrace more than I feared Him. Oh, Mary is it too late to save our

"Grant it may be in time," Mary Grant faltered; "but tell me how the knowledge came to you? Are you sare of its truth?"

"Look there! see with your own eyes, Marguret's marriage-certificate, and listen, I will mother's memory as much as I had always loved read you this letter which I have received from it." Gilbert Trumbull. It seems his lawyer wrote it for him when he was dying. It says:

MR. GRANT. -- I have not been a good man.

I aunious it to you the more readily because I do aut : believe that int heart you are a one whit better end. I semest speak plainly and blantly, quivered when it took to itself a voice and stood for I have no time for sirenmlocation. I have unmasked before her. Elinor saw it, and sooth-herdly strongth enough left to dictate this to ingly laid her hand—alas, so very thin and Richard Huntley, my attorney. I have made white now-on the withered one of the old woa beave effort to lorgive everybody; but it has man. been the hardest of all to forgive you, for your harshness, your sinful pride, killed my beautiful Margaret. Xou; never loved as I loved her -I, her lover, her husband. There, you will start at that word. I foresco-you will start again at the marriage certificate infolded in this letter. We were married secretly as you will perceive, while I was in your very neighborhood. I bound Margaret, when I left her, by a solemn oath, not to make it known until she had my permission. She was a gentle creature, as no one knows better than you, and never thought of disputing the will of any one ful pide will soon lay a second victim beside my she layed. My father was dead; I was dependent poor mother, and seeing this, he will repent in for all my hopes of future fortune and support on my mother, a yeary propo, resolute woman, of mine should add one pang to his self-reat that time. I knew it would be no ever matter

to recognile ber to its failure, and if she should she loved mashe weeks have met me off forever. This to a true men would know seem no grows prove.

matter compared with causing Margaret one "Blinor, child," he cried ont, beseechingly,
liour of trouble, one agony of hamiliation.— lifting up his withered, trembling hands, "God
But I was not a time with." I was belong the his shown me my crime as it is, can you, whom
had limbedle, for I had been been brought up I have wronged, forgive me?"
to depend on myself. But I must basen, for child should."

The child should."

The held bertin This to a true men would iknee been no great side:

better because I stood his state of the stat Commend on price of the Topan Sancistic and the conference

ו ויא שני מערור, אם הוצר ' הבל ספר יון ה' ביש ברות

ment, the one corrowful inscription. "Never" for I loved for I sook care of her in secret, and I should have made her happy had not your would ever atter—and when he lifted up his head in the chamber. In due limb Bossar app tied displeasure hounted her. Toward the last I was believe was bet with tours which were at the window and was immediately that design believe to the bed because she was dying of a "I will go now and write to Walter," he said thought they would be acquitted. time she fled—fled because she was dying of a "I will go now and write to Walter," he said wild longing to throw herself at your feet and in more hopeful tones.

We was eas as before.

This autumn and the winter which followed your neighborhood who has kept me informed of all that concerned Margaret and her child. God him."

She had a strong consciousness of duty. Earn, eatly she strong to be in all things the same to Had she lived I should have a very trying time to be in all things the same to Had she lived I should have a friend in will not chasten me so heavily. It is not too late. You shall see him." cetly she strove to be in all things the same to Had she lived, I should have acknowledged her grandpercents as before her brief, bright dream of as my wife. The child would have been brought love; but something was wanting. The fullness of the old contest would never come back again. been, but since Margaret was dead, I preferred wrong—the penitence which would fain make feeble For the accord time in the red house in the laid bare in the hollow was a buried name. Walter Fairfield was listle one. It was not natural I should have any stricken, humbled heart.

No one at Mayfield knew Walter Fairfield's presence of the property stricken, humbled heart.

No one at Mayfield knew Walter Fairfield's presence of the property stricken, humbled heart. commenced to say a few words of comfort to her grand-daughter, but the expression on Rinor's died without knowing that I was so full of hopeless surface and I inherited her fortune. It will all be fering. After that she only silently pitted the the child's. Lieuve her that and my name as the best amends I can make new for the neglect

> "Believe that I loved Margaret by this token: I have been faithful to her memory-I have lived slope all my days since I lost her. After I am dead, Richard Huntly will send you this letter, along with a copy of my will, and a miniature I had painted of Margaret and myself by stealth, while she was with me. The

> seen — Margaret a community with all men, even you.
>
> "GILBERT TRUMBULL" hand, to say that he died twenty four hours after that letter was distated - and the will is inclused by which Elinor falls heir to fifty thousand dol-

"But how he insulted you! I can not bear that" exclaimed the wife, her first, wifely thought jealous one of her husband's honor. "Nay, Mary, he but spoke the truth. I have been a self-deceiver. The judgment of the Lord is visiting me now, and I see my sin. I killed her-he said truly-oh Margaret-my child

Margaret." "I want to see it. hthband—the nicture." "Well; here, only don't show it to me. don't want to see her eyes-poor Margaret "
The mother took it from his hand and looker at it in silence. It was Margaret, in her youth, her love, her beauty, only there was an unwonted shade of sadness in the clear eyes and about the flexible mouth. Beside her face Gilbert Trumbult's was painted-bandsome, fascinating nilliant—the face in which Margaret's eyes had seen beaven. Mary Grant looked at the two strongth for them-that pale, stleat girl, whom steadily for a few moments through her tears, "My child," she said, in faltering tones,

"would you like to see your mother's picture?"
A sot hush rose to the girl's cheek, but she "That is your father, too, darling Nay, Elinor, you needn't blush so to look on them; for, see this, child-here is something worth more to fort, the elder had bought at an auction sile - you than all the gold that comes with it, your

mother's marriage certificate."
Ethnor Trumbull clasped the paper with vulsive energy She looked at it with eager gaze, grief, was gentry guiding her tired feet—so carry | vulsive energy — one looked at it with eager gaze, tired with the crooked paths of life—toward the reading it over and over again. Then it drop-"distant hills" of heaven. And Moses Grant ped from her nerveless fingers, her eyes shut to: saw it at least-the great fear struck to his heart gether, and her stricken heart, for the first time,

"Oh, Walter, Walter," was the low cry which around her. She was not repulsed. She drew that young head to her old loving bosom, and lived still—she would live. God would grant her to killion wept there, at last, like a grieved child his prayers. His love should call her back—she "Oh." she murmured, after a time. "I might should be his own yet —his wife. All the world should "Oh," she murmured, after a time, "I might have married him-I should not have disgraced "What is it, father?" she said, in pitying him after all. What was it you said about gold, grandmother?"

"You have inherited fifty thousand dollars, dear child. Your father's will came with his letter, and these things I have shown you." "His letter! my father's letter! Why don't

you give it to me?" Mary Grant put the girl from her, and laid her tenderly back on the lounge. Then she went "Father," she said, "Elinor wants to see that

etter. "I think she has a right to." "Yes, Mary; take it. Her seeing it can not make my shame any greater. Leave me alone And so Mary Grant carried Gilbert Trumbull's letter to his child. The girl read it, pausing tenderly over the passages where her father wrote of his love for her young mother, pressing the sheet to her lips where he invoked his blessing, She went there, lcaning upon her husband's arm, and,

again upon her pillow. "You are very tird, darling," said her grand mother's gentle voice. "Yes, very-but oh, so thankful. It is such blessing that this knowledge came to me be fore I died, that I might reverence my dead

a dying man's blessing, upon her. Then fold-

ing it up, she put it in her bosom, and sank back

"Before you die! Oh, Blinor, you must not say that-you will break my heart." This was the first time any allusion had been feel this nome lying here on my deathbed, and made between them to the slow decay of Elinor's powers. Mary Grant had trembled long before the phantom of this very fear, but every nerve

unmasked before her. Elinor saw it, and sooth-"Yes, dear grandmother, we may as well meet it bravely. I have known it a long time; but, thank God, I shall die happy now. You will

explain all this mystery to Walter, and he will know I am worthy of his loving. He will be mine in heaven.' There were a few moments of solemn silence. and then Mary Grant murmured falteringly, "Elinor, will you, can you forgive your grand

father?" "As I dope God will forgive me. His punish ment will be heavy enough at the best. His sin-

the door opened and the ald man came in, with know just then that I had married what she his humbled heart stricken face, and his bowed would have thought ... for below .me, much as | head. ' He came up to ber, and, for the first time in all his life, Moses Grant knelt by a woman's

too late." "Ob. Elipor, you must not say that. Goo

ent location. There was but one hope of the letter's to the care of the Principal of the Theological Seminary where the young man had been fitted for the university. Then he sent it forth with wild, anguished prayers that. God would speed it—that it might find him—might be in time to save the young life

trembling in the balance.

That night, when Many Grant told her granddaughter that the letter had been sent and in what wice it had been directed, a longing hope took possession of Elinor that it would reach him, would bring him there before she died—that she might look once more into his loving eyes-that his voice, none but myself by stealth, while she was with me. The his might murmur the last prayer over her grave.— once with the head so much flexed that the foreshough for my blessing to avail her much; but her, and, though unconsciously to herself, it seemed to the left arm is flexed at the elbow and write,

Her step grew a little less weary and feeble. She lay less frequently, as days passed on, upon the loungs and sat oftner in the arm-chair by the window, where the could watch the road winding down the hill. It ture of surface is natural; the whole buscular had been four weeks since the receipt of her father's system of the extremities is in a state of tonic letter, and now it was midsummer. The little village spasm; little or no emaciation—tongue, month among the mountains was gay with blossoms and vertant and fances, appear natural. dure—vocal with bird songs—sweet with the incense of summer flowers. How pleasantly the world looked o Elinor, sitting by the window; the world which

hat he can hold her now as he had never hoped to hold her again on earth. Wesk as Elinor was she did not faint. There was,

nto its fullest life. Strength seemed to flow out from him into her own exhausted being. She clung to him in silent rapture.

When the passionate joy of meeting had grown almer, Walter Fairfield told his story. The letter, he said, came to him in the far West. After leaving Mayfield he had gone there, and striven to absorb himself in the arduous duties of a missionary preacher. He had worked night and day; it was his only consolation. On his return from a three days' tramp in the woods he had found the elder's letter. At its Cain among all other men he had felt Moses Grant would be thim henceforth. His soul rebelled against the sinful worldly pride which had sacrificed the whole life of two who loved one another to a selfish cowardly fear of diagrace. Then he read it again, and the heart broken tone of sincere penitence, of despairing, self-despising humility which pervaded it "Oh, Walter, Walter," was the low cry which moved him to pity; and then all thought of Moses rung helplessly through the room. Mary Grant Grant was lost in the one agonizing fear lest he should kuelt beside her, and folded her motherly arms not be in time to see his Eliuor alive. He had traveled night and day. He was with her now, and she

> know her as his young wife, Elinor.
>
> He was no professed worker of miracles, and yet she listened to his words, the crimson tint stole back into the fair check of his betrothed, and she seemed to feel a sense of returning strength, a faith in the reality of his prediction. Moses Grant met the young minister with outward calmness. In his letter be had poured forth his remorse, his sorrow, his penitence -Neither of them ever alluded to it afterward. Only in the hand-clasp between them-full on the one side of timid self-abasement, on the other, of pity, forgiveness, encouragement—there was a silent reconcilis tion. Mary Grant sobbed out her welcome with marmured blessings, and choking pauses, and mur-mured tears; and that night the four knelt together

in peace, before the throne of Him who looks on human weakness with the eyes of heavenly pity. Elinor's health improved rapidly. summer roses under the parlor window had faded she twined from them a wreath for her bridal, and anoth-

"I wonder if she knows, up in heaven, how happy

her daughter is this hour?" er dangater is this nour:
The farewell between the old people and their children was full of tender peace and love, and the elder and his wife stood together at the wicket gate, watching them with moist eyes as they rode up the bill. Moses Grant was not too proud to weep now The next Sunday, after the sermon was over, the The next Sunday, after the sermon was over, the congregation were requested to wait, and there before them all, an old man, bowing his gray head in shame and sorrow, laid down his eldership in the Mayfield church, and bewailed the sin which made him unworthy in his own eyes, to wear it longer. A very old book saith, "Whose humbleth humbleth himself shall be exalted," and, looking down over the bastions of

lifting to him her relying eyes, she murmured.

the Celestial City, perchance that seemed to angel eyes the hour most worthy of pride of all Moses Grant's earthly life.

Walter Fairfield spent that winter at the South with his young wife, but cheerful letters came now and then, telling the old people of Elinor's renewed health and strength, and promising to bring her back

meh as no one could have thought his stern lipe sleep in another apartment, and statimed his vot

A Medical Man Visite the Westen who h not Bested Food in Twenty Months.

A correspondent of the Urica Bergle signs himself "Medieue," gives the following as count of a recent visit to the woman in Chaster. Warren County, who has not rasted food for twenty months:

HISTORY PREVIOUS.—Her name is Better Hayes, native of this State, aged 27, is married of a nervo sanguine temperament, no herditary disease known in her ancestry. Her husband states that she always enjoyed good health notil three years ago, when she was seized with a fit; which from his description I should say had been of the convalsive form of hysteria. These convalsions continued to increase in severity withthe distinguistifient to this condition superven-ing, until June 4th, 1856, when she fell into a state of complete unconsciousness, from which she has bever been aroused. Since this time she has partaken of nothing except a little lemon-ade, in February, 1857, and since then nothing,

not excepting water. This her husband has racity cannot be questioned, have watchied Me for weeks, and testify to the same fact. PRESENT CONDITION .- Patient when not convulsions, lies in a state of complete opisthotbe leading her feet backward a little from the brink with the back of the hand resting upon the stom of the dark river, over whose waters she had thought ach : it has not been removed from this position so soon to journey to the country of everlasting life since June, 1856; there is a constant and severe convulsive movement in one or the other shoulders, mouth open, with a constant lateral movement of lower jaws : color, beat, and mole-

and fauces, appear natural. All the senses except smelling seem to be obliterated, while this is morbidly scute, so much so that the smell of food of all kinds, perfumery, she thought so soon to leave, brightened now with the radiance of sunset. The landscape seemed, as she and in fact anything having an odor, will induce sat there, so calm and peaceful, with not a living thing the most violent convulsions, and excite severe to mar the perfectness of its repose.

But the quict is broken now. A rider comes dashing down the hill, fast, fast. It seemed dangerons. Elinor is very weak, she dares not look at him pand hack against the chair, but she listens—she can not help that.

The rider rides swiftly on He has stopped now, in health, is observed over all parts; by ausculafront of the house He opens the little wicket gate. He comes up the walk-into the door. Courage, heard upon the closest examination; the minute trembling heart. Open your eyes, Blinor Trumbull. air cells seem to be filled with air, so completely He springs to her side be folds her close in his arms, as to allow none to enter; the average number calling ber his poor little sorrow stricken darling, his calling ber his poor little sorrow stricken darling, his point minutes; and when she does respire, it is with a convalsive motion, similiar to one trying "to catch his

breath." confined to the larger bronchial tul not enter the air cells, hence it can not act on the blood; she is stated to have been sixty-two minutes, without breathing. The bears occupies its normal position, and is of natural size; it nots violently but feebly; is intermittent, varying from 80sto 180 beats per minute; there is a lond blowing sound between the first and second sounds' of the heart, so it is with difficulty the natural sounds are distinguished; the pulse can be seldom felt at the wrist; the abdomen is perfeetly flaceid, so that the vertebree of the spinal column are easily counted through its walls.

Such are some of the abnormal conditions of this truly wonderful woman. A more minute report for medical men will be prepared and sublished in a short time. I will offer no deductions, leaving each one to form his own conclusions from the facts here stated. Yours, &c.,

Abolition of Slavery in Kansas

The following are the main sections of the bill which has passed one branch, of the territorial Legislature of Kansas, abolishing slavery in that Territory after the first of March :.

Sec. 1 Be it enacted by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Kansas, That slavery and involuntary servitude in the said Territory is hereby forever abolished and prohibited, except for the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convic-

Sec. 2. All persons now held in slavery or inyoluntary servitude in said Territory, or who have heretofore, or shall hereafter be brought into the said Territory for the purpose of being so held, are hereby declared to be free.

Sec 3. Any person who shall now hold, or who shall hereafter attempt to hold, any person in slavery or involuntary servitude in said Territory, except for the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall, upon conviction thereof, be declared guilty of a misdemeanor, and be punished by confinement at hard labor in the penitentiary for any term not less than two years nor more than

lishing or regulating the institution of slavery in the Territory of Kaneas, heretofore passed by the Legislative Assembly, he and the same are here by repealed.

The remaining sections only provide for the mode of trial and punishment of those who violate the provisions of the law as given above.

From the Pacyres (Okio,) Journal. A Persevering Woman.

Near Norwich, Chenango county, New York, lived two

and then, telling the old people of Elinor's renewed health and strength, and promising to bring her back in the spring blooming and happy.

In the early spring Parson Stevens received an unexpected call to a larger salary and wider sphere of usefalness, procured, some said, through Mr. Fairfields influence. Accepting it, he went away with his wife and six children. Walter Fairfield came back in good time to take his place. Elinor's fortune would more than satisfy all their wants, and they chose to settle down among the people of his first love—and to live and die among them.

To Elinor no other spot could be half so dean at the quiet village among the mountains, where, for her the star had rised which rises but once—the star of love, whose light was to bless all her happy life on earth, and sparkle-still in the golden crown the angels were keeping for her in the Bayond.

And so, after all its pride, and pain, and passion, and his old wife live quietly still in the shadow of the mountains, in whose shadow they were bors; and by and-by, when their willing feet have drawn high to the faithceniess river, kind hands will lay thous gently down to their inst takes, beside Margaret's grave, in the Hamps of the sales and t