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Poetry.

The South.

BY REV. FATHER RYAN.

Yes, give me the land
Where the rains are spread,
And the living tread light
On the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me the land
That is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds
On the down-trodden just.

Yes, give me the land
Where the battle's red mist
Has blazed on the past;
The form of the future;
Yes, give me the land
That has legends and lays,
That tell of the memories
Of long vanished days.

Yes, give me the land
That hath story and song,
That hath legends and lays,
That tell of the memories
Of long vanished days.

Yes, give me the land
Of the wrecked and the tomb—
There's grandeur in the grave—
There's glory in the gloom;
For out of the gloom
Future brightness is born,
As after the night
Looms the sunrise of morn.

And the graves of the dead
With the grass overgrown,
May yet form the footstool
Of Liberty's throne;
And each single wreath
In the war-path of night,
Shall yet be a rock
In the temple of the Right.

Selected Story.

In Twenty Years.

And so you really think there is nothing serious in Margaret's naughtiness, my dear sir, said a fashionably dressed lady of five and forty summers to a gentleman five years her junior, who stood behind the open library window, regarding her with an amused smile.

"Nothing at all serious, my dear Mrs. Gray," said the gentleman quietly.

"And what do you think I had better do with her?"

"Send her to me if you like," was the negligent answer.

The lady's anxious face cleared and brightened at once.

"Would you really take her?"

"If it will give you pleasure I will be happy to do so."

"Oh, it will be such a freight on my mind, Mr. Strong. I cannot tell you what I have suffered from the girl's peculiar ways since I came into this house to live. Fond as I was of Judge Gray, I doubt if I ever could have made up my mind to take him had I known as much of his only child as I know now. And, since her father's death, she has run wild—positively wild, Mr. Strong. I have not the slightest control over her. In fact, she sets every one at defiance, and what—"

"Yes, my dear madam," said Mr. Strong, bowing politely, as if he thought she had completed her sentence. "I can easily understand it all. But send her to me and we will see what can be done. I have had some wild natures in my time. Good afternoon, madam."

The next day saw Margaret, the only daughter and heiress of the late Judge Gray, sitting quietly at a desk in the village academy among a group of girls, who eyed her over their school books as stealthily and cautiously as if she had been a newly imported kangaroo.

First, because with her clear, bright, brunette complexion, her large, dark, eyes, and her curling, brown hair, she was by far the handsomest girl in the whole school.

Secondly, because she was an heiress.

Thirdly and lastly, because they had heard many a tale of her haughty and capricious temper, and were in daily and hourly expectation of a strife for the mastery between her and their grave and handsome teacher, whose authority no one within those walls would ever dream of disputing, unless, indeed, it would be her.

beloved books, had heard her step-mother's accusation, and the teacher's laughing reply. Neither of the speakers had been aware of her presence, and she did not make it manifest by word, or look, or sign. But when they were gone she clenched her little white hand, vowed passionately to herself that she would surprise them both, and make her step-mother appear to others the harsh, censorious, and unjust woman she herself, in her own secret heart, had always been willing to believe her.

Accordingly, when informed of the existing arrangement, she uttered no word of opposition, much to the astonishment of Mrs. Gray, who could scarcely believe her own eyes when she saw Margaret obediently leave the house each morning with her satchel of school books swinging from her arm. Mr. Strong was also puzzled. His deep blue eyes often met those brown ones with a look of wondering inquiry that made Margaret long to laugh. But the one she asked no questions; the other answered none. And so the days went on, and Margaret passed her first examination triumphantly, and was proclaimed the best and most promising scholar in the school.

She ought, therefore, to have been happy. But it was with a very sad face that she went up into the familiar hall, just at dusk, on the evening of the great examination day, to collect her books, and take one last secret look at a place which she would never again see inasmuch as it had been tenanted of late—the master's chair.

There it stood upon the raised platform, empty and desolate. The stately figure that filled it like a throne was absent; and yet, to her dreaming eye, pleasant and plainly as ever she saw the high, white brow, and the curls of sunny brown hair, and the deep blue eyes and the beautifully chiseled lips that closed so firmly in spite of their beauty. She heard the deep, sweet tones of that beloved voice—beloved! She started at the thought.

"Oh, my dear master!" she said aloud, and burying her head in her hands, she sank down upon the empty chair and wept.

A step crossed the hall hastily, an arm was thrown around her waist; that voice, all hurried and agitated, was speaking in her very ear.

"My pupil! Oh, if I were younger or you older; if I were richer or you poorer, I would dare to say 'my Margaret, and do my best to turn this girlish liking into a woman's love! But I am a poor man, and I am fifteen years older than you. Remember me, when you remember me in after days, and say to yourself that these were the barriers that rose between us. My darling, nothing else should keep me from you if I were your equal in these two things. Heaven bless you, dear. I dare not kiss your lips. You will keep them for the man you love and marry one day when I am far away. But your hand—"

He raised it to his lips, and a hot tear fell with the long lingering kiss, and seemed to burn in the soft, white flesh.

Before she could speak or stop him, he hurried from the room. The pleasant "summer term" was over, and the handsome, stately "master" was gone to hand no more.

And twenty years passed by. To Margaret they seemed to bring little of trial or change.

She still dwelt in her old home, though her fashionable mother had long since left it to share the mansion of a merchant prince upon Fifth avenue.

Margaret felt no desire to share the splendor of which the late widow was inordinately proud. The dear old homestead was grand and good enough for her, and all the dearer, if the truth must be told, since that jarring presence was removed. So she dwelt there quietly, with a maiden aunt for chaperon and companion; and all her schoolmates were married, and she alone remained as ever, Margaret Gray.

It was not, however, for lack of offers that she lived this single, solitary life. Many a lover had come to woo; her brown curls and soft, dark eyes, and rosy cheeks and Grecian features, and perfect lips do not often go begging for a purchaser when backed by such a fortune as Margaret possessed. She had suitors by the score, until it came publicly to be understood, that she would rather see the suitors at a distance, or wooing some one else. After that no one ventured to try his luck with Judge Gray's heiress, and the rejected lovers consoled themselves as speedily as possible by marrying the prettiest of her friends.

Margaret went cheerfully to each wedding, wished the bridegroom joy, and gave to the brides some beautiful and valuable gifts. Evidently she was then "wearing the willow" for no one. What could the meaning of celibacy so determined be?

And the days and years went on.—And a birth-day came at last, which showed how the school girl of fifteen was now the woman of thirty-five.

On that day, Margaret, arranging her abundant tresses before the glass, saw the first gray hair.

She stopped to look at it with a melancholy smile.

"Ah, he would not say I was too young now," she exclaimed.

And just then a tap came at the door, and the servant entered and brought her a card.

"The gentleman is below, Miss Margaret, and would like to speak with you, if convenient," said the girl.

Margaret looked at the card.

"Ellison Strong."

The room reeled round and round, and she turned so pale that the girl was then frightened.

"Sure, Miss Margaret, it is ill that ye are, and I'll go down and send the gentleman away."

"No, no!" said Margaret, recovering her composure with an effort. "Help me to finish dressing Kate; I must see him."

Kate with a woman's quickness guessed something of the truth, and did her best to make her mistress look as pretty as possible.

With the old color in her cheek, and the old happy light in her soft, brown eyes, Margaret stole down the stairs.

At the parlor door a sudden thought startled and checked her.

"I am thirty-five years old to-day, and he is now a man of fifty. He has been away for twenty years. How can I hope or fancy that he has remembered me all this time as I have thought of him?"

A little sobered by this misgiving, she opened the door.

She looked for a man almost a stranger; a man bent and bowed with the cares of twenty years; a man whose beauty was furrowed, and whose statuesque beauty gone as if it had never been.

And she saw before her Ellison Strong as she had seen him the very day of their parting twenty years before. Stately and as erect as ever, with a brilliant color on his cheek, and his blue eyes flashing with all the fire of early youth, and not a trace of care or sorrow to mar the beauty which she remembered so well. He sprang to meet her, and took her by the hand, and looked down into her eyes with a searching, almost imperious glance.

"Margaret," said the deep, sweet voice, whose music was unchanged, "I have stayed away from you a whole life-time; and at last, the craving to see or hear of you grew so strong to be denied, I came here expecting to find you a happy wife, with your children at your knee, and here you are solitary and alone, though young and beautiful as ever. How is that?"

She could not answer with those deep blue eyes searching her drooping face so intently. But a deep crimson blush rose slowly to her cheek side, and spoke for her far more eloquently than ever words could do.

"I left you twenty years ago, my darling, because I was a poor man and fifteen years your senior. I am rich now, but what about the years, Margaret? They have made me no younger, I am fifty years old to-day."

"But I am thirty-five," she said in a low voice.

"I see no gray hairs in your brown curls, but they begin to come in mine."

"Fifty years old to-day? You look not an hour older than when we parted in the hall!"

He bent his face down upon hers.

"Margaret, you liked me then—can you love me now—will you be my wife?"

For an answer she lifted her lips to his.

"Twenty years ago you would not kiss me; you bade me keep that first kiss for the man I was to love and marry. I have kept it for you twenty years. Will you take it now?"

He held her closely to his heart in silence.

Arrived there, I felt somewhat fatigued, and wishing to join my friend in a hunting expedition at sunrise the next morning, I retired early, kissing as I rose his little fair-haired girl good night. Why did I sigh? Not at my friend's happiness in possessing so intelligent a wife and so sweet a child! No, only at an old bachelor's thoughts of "what might have been." To dispel unpleasant fancies, I drew out a cigar and threw myself into a chair at the open window, while I looked moodily out on the quiet prairie with its starry vault overhead, and the dark woods enclosing it.

Turning from the window after a time, visions of the past were soon forgotten in the contemplation of a beautiful portrait suspended over the mantel. It was the head and shoulders of a lovely lady, "on whose fair face, the untired smile of youth, did light outward its own sighs."

The artist had succeeded in depicting, in the half shy, earnest violet eyes, a glance of the tenderest love.—The perfect lips seemed about to express the thought that looked from those wondrous eyes. Dark hair fell in curls over a fair brow, and white dimpled shoulders. Sometimes longer I gazed at the bewitching face, so like-like in its loveliness, then turning to my pillow, was haunted by it in dreams.

The next day I asked my friend the name of the original of the portrait, and also the name of the artist who could paint so divinely.

"The artist is the same," replied he, "who painted the portraits of my little girl Minnie, which you thought so good. His name is James Harvey."

What little I know of him, and of the portrait that has attracted your attention, I will tell you."

"About a year ago, in the month of May, Mr. Harvey came into the neighborhood in feeble health. He boarded at the hotel in the village for the first five weeks, until I, hearing he was an artist, engaged him to take Minnie's portrait, after which he took up his abode with us. He was not more than twenty-five or six years of age, tall and slender, with wavy golden hair and long silky moustache drooping over a mouth like a girl's."

Although so young, he was already in a decline, plainly indicated by a cough and a peculiar brightness of the blue-gray eye.

He was sad and even morose in disposition, and seldom smiled, except at the prattle of little Minnie. The child became very much attached to him, and still cherishes fondly a number of little drawings he made for her.

After Minnie's portrait was finished, Mr. Harvey asked us to board him a month longer, as he liked the quiet of the wood and prairie.

We sympathized much with the handsome young artist, and invited him to spend the rest of the summer with us if he liked. He accepted gladly, saying with a faint smile, "I have not long to live, and if death seizes me while here he will be robbed of half his horrors."

"Is your mother living?" my wife asked.

"No," he answered, "I have no relatives in the world, no one to regret my death."

"Mr. Harvey seldom conversed, but lived within himself, spending the greater portion of his time in wandering aimlessly over the wood and prairie; gazing at sunsets, or now and then making a sketch of a spot that pleased his fancy. When in-doors, he sat in a small hall fixed up as a studio, where he painted for hours on the picture of a lady. We thought it a creation of his fancy, as each day he breathed it growing into perfect beauty beneath the tumbles of his pencil."

Even when the picture seemed complete, Mr. Harvey continued to spend hours gazing upon it, now and then touching up an eyebrow, or adding a deeper shadow to the dark wavy hair. Sometimes, with a muttered imprecation, he would rise from the contemplation of it, and turning the face to the wall, would not look at it for several days.

I happened to enter his study one day when he sat engrossed with the portrait; a modern Pygmalion, utterly oblivious to all else except the eyes of his pictured idol.

I asked him if it were a portrait of a lady-love.

"I loved her," he answered, "and she told me that she returned my passion. Could a woman look like that, and lie? Yet because I was poor she broke the engagement and married a richer suitor. You doubtless think me a fool, but I love her still."

He was now very weak, and the last agitation brought on a violent fit of coughing. I changed the subject to relieve him, and he never referred to it again.

Late one afternoon he returned from a walk, and showed me a sketch he had made, of a spot in the wood where the shadows were deepest, and

the bayon would like a thread round the roots of tall magnolias, live oak and cypress trees. At the foot of one of the magnolias was to be seen a grave, upon the head-piece of which was inscribed the name, "James Harvey."

"Bury me there, my friend, for death is very near me; I shall rest in that quiet place."

As I looked at him I could not doubt that he would soon die. A restless brooding expression looked forth from his sunken, glittering eyes. His cheeks and lips were bright, with the hectic flush which some passing emotion had called up. He leaned on a slender walking cane, and gazed toward the setting sun. I felt deep pity for the young man about to be cut off in the glorious heyday of youth, and I wondered if he had given up, without a struggle, the aspirations of early manhood; the hopes of becoming something above the common herd—

I think not, for his talent as an artist was sufficient to make him desirous of winning renown. Whatever had been his hopes, they were down; and now, with the calmness, it seemed of despair, he talked of dying. He avoided religion, and in death seemed to expect simply repose.

Time wore on, September came, with the golden haze of Indian summer. Mr. Harvey was unable to perceive the beauties of this most lovely season, for he had been confined to his bed for some time. I feared he would never rise, and asked if there was any friend with whom he would like to communicate. He replied in the negative. He seemed to be without friends as well as relatives, for he never received letters or communications of any kind.

One morning he appeared to be entirely free from pain, for the first time in many days. He requested to see Minnie. She came in, bringing some flowers fresh with the morning dew.

He took them in his hand and held them to his parched lips, asking Minnie one or two questions about her various pets. After a few minutes he said, in a low, faltering tone:

"Little one, I am dying. Will you say a prayer for me?"

With a frightened look, my little girl commenced, "Our Father who art in Heaven."

For a few moments his thoughts seemed to follow the prayer, but while the tender voice of the child still continued, he turned his eyes with a look of unutterable love on the beautiful portrait, which, during his illness, he had caused to be placed near his couch. He raised his arms toward the speaking face, and calling with his latest breath, "Julie," died.

Among his papers I found no clue as to his former place of residence, or former friends. He is interred in one spot he indicated, where moss banners lie in the turbid water, and the owls hoot and scream.

Some years have passed since I heard the above. Last night at the theatre a fair face recalled it all. In a prominent box, richly attired, glowing with beauty and health, was the original of the portrait I had seen at my friend's quiet home. "Who is the lady?" I asked of an acquaintance.

"That," he replied, leveling his opera glass, "is one of our belles, the beautiful Mrs. —. Some years ago she jilted a young artist, marrying in his absence an old man for his wealth. When the former lover returned, a few months later, in a frenzy, he killed the old man, succeeded in escaping the authorities, and has never been heard from since. Rumor says the fair lady is to marry the gentleman now beside her."

I looked with a feeling of pity at the man who intended trusting his happiness to the fair, radiant siren. Had I found the slightest trace of remorse in her countenance, I should feel much happier; but I searched those lovely features in vain. I saw only a beautiful and apparently a happy woman.

But what can we know of a woman's feelings when the eyes of the world are upon her? Perhaps I judged her harshly; and in the depths of her heart, she may, perhaps, mourns constantly the murdered old man, and him who sleeps in the lone grave with the tall magnolia tree for a monument.

AN INCIDENT IN OUR HONEYMOON.

I do not know if any one else will think the story I am going to write down as interesting as that which is, John and I—did. I will try to tell it in the simple words in which it was told to us. But, first, I must say that we heard it during our honeymoon, which we were spending at the cottage in the beautiful park of Lord —.

I shall call him Dimdale. The cottage was situated in a wild and lonely part of it; and the deer used to come up close to the door, and lie under the fine old oaks, through whose branches the sun glimmered on the soft, warm

turf and clumps of young fern. And how the birds sang! for it was the beginning of May, and fine, hot weather. But to come at once to the story.

In one of our walks, we had made acquaintance with the clergyman, Mr. Morton, an old man, with a placid, sweet smile, and long, snow-white hair, who somehow gave me the idea of perfect happiness and peace. He asked us to drink tea with him in his vicarage, to which we gladly agreed; and he led us through paths in the forest, all bordered with primroses and bluebells, to a small house covered with creepers, and in front having a garden as neat as you can imagine a garden to be, and full of old-fashioned flowers, such as crown imperials, starch hyacinths, and polyanthus, and sweet with southernwood, etc. On entering the house, I perceived that the parlor was full of children's toys and work-baskets, and I expected every moment that a whole flock of grand-children would come rushing in; but none appeared.

I suppose Mr. Morton observed my surprise, for while we were at tea, before the open window, he said: "Mrs. Fairfield, I see you looking at the toys, and wondering what little children come here to enliven an old man's loneliness; but no child comes here. The little girl whose busy fingers last dressed that wooden baby, would have been an old woman now, and the merry boys who laughed and shouted at play with those horses, would have been elderly, careworn men. Yes, they were mine; and in one week they all left me."

I uttered some exclamation of pity, and he went on in a dreamy voice, as if more to himself than to us, looking from the window all the time:

"Yes, thank you, my dear young lady. In one week, wife and children were taken, and I became the solitary man I have been ever since."

It was in a fever, he continued, after a pause—a fever brought here by some wanderers, who came one night to a barn near the village, where one died, and from whom the infection spread. The weather was very bad for it—burning hot and very dry; there was no rain or dew, so that the flowers drooped and the leaves withered down all day long. There were deaths around me every day, and the bell was always tolling for the passing of a soul or a funeral. They brought the coffin that way, and he pointed to a green path out of the forest, "in the evening, when one could hardly see them and their attendants against the dark green foliage in the dusk."

"I went to the sick as much as possible; but I took every possible precaution against infection to my wife and children. We would have sent our darlings away, but we had no one to send them to, and we were a mile and a half from any infected house. We had three children: Ellen, about eight years old, a thoughtful, quiet, loving little thing, older than her years. How she used to trot about the house after her mother, trying to help her, and looking up at her, with calm, deep blue eyes. Then there were Hugh and Harry, rosy, boisterous boys, and their mother—Ellen, Ellen. All that your bride can be to you, Mr. Fairfield, my wife was to me."

He was silent, and looked from the lattice window into the sweet, spring evening, at the swallows darting about in the sunshine, the young, green leaves and the flowers, whose scent floated through the open window, thinking of the dear companion who had once walked by his side in that sunshiny, and tended those flowers with him.

"One evening," he went on, "I was at liberty, and we took the children out, letting the breeze, what there was of it, blow from us to the village. We went to a hill, from whence we could see the silent village afar off. The boys ran about and shouted in their glee, but little Ellen came and laid her golden head on my knee, and looked in my face, with her deep, sweet eyes. She said: 'Papa, there must be a great many people sorrowful down there in the village. I would like to help them. I wish we could comfort them. I should like so much. I told her how we could help them, by asking Him who sends us all our troubles to help us to bear them patiently, knowing that they are sent in love and pity. Then we walked home, for the sun was setting like a red ball of fire. The children gathered nose-gays of roses and honeysuckles, which they put in water when we got home. The smell of a honeysuckle always brings that evening again before me."

"My darling laid her doll to sleep just as it lies now, and wished it and myself good night; the boys arranged all their playthings, and then their mother took them to bed, and I sat here, where I am now, looking into the darkening night. I heard them

sing the evening hymn—Ellen and her

mother, softly and clearly—the boys with loud, eager, joyous voices—and my heart was very thankful for the very many blessings vouchsafed to me.

"That night there was a great cry in our house, as in Egypt of old, for our first-born was to die. The fever had begun. Our frightened servants ran from the house at midnight, and we were left alone with our stricken child. The morning dawned. The boys awoke, and we bid them dress themselves, and go and play in the forest. Meanwhile I went to Marston, the nearest town, for the doctor, and a nurse, resolved, on their arrival that I would take the boys away to the woodman's wife, Annie; I knew she would take care of them. But neither nurse or doctor could be spared from Marston; and all that burning July day we watched by our darling's bed, listening to the distant sound of the boys at play in the forest, commingling with her ravings. Hardly ravings, neither, for there was nothing frightful; all was happiness and peace, as her young life had been—She talked of Henry and Hugh, of her birds and flowers, and of appearing in the presence of her dear Saviour."

"At last the long, dreadful day was wearing away. The sun was lowering, and we saw the struggle was leveling over. Those who had that fever rarely lived more than twenty-four hours, even the strong, much less one like our darling. About sunset I heard a voice under the window. It was Annie, who had heard of our trouble, and had come to help us. I went down to speak to her, and she told me we were to part with our merry, healthy boys. I had not dared to go near them all day; but we had heard their voices within an hour. But Annie had found them, and recognized the ghastly signs too well. I knew, too, as soon as I saw them. I went back to tell their mother, and we sent Annie to be with them, and stayed with the one from whom we were first to part."

"It was dark now, and the stars came out, and a red glow on the horizon showed where the moon was to rise by-and-by. Ellen was talking of walking as we had done last night—'Papa, I am very tired; do carry me home; we are coming very near home now, aren't we very near home?' Then we were in church. You have seen how the sunset light shines on the monument to the Lady Dimdale, lighting up the sweet pure face that is raised to Heaven? She thought she saw it. It is growing dark; I want to see the glory on the monument. Ah! there it is; the head is bright and shining. It is looking at me. I am coming. Such a glory is all around. I am coming—Wait till the hymn is sung, or papa and mamma will be vexed. And she raised herself, and stretched out her arms; and as loud and sweet as last night she had sung in health and reason, she now sang the evening hymn:

"Glorious to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh! keep me—"

And so singing, the angel of Death, that had come so gently to her, took her home. We stood by her grave that night under the solemn stars, and grief-stricken, thanked the chastening Father for the child he had given and taken away."

"But a great horror fell on me when we went back to our remaining dear ones. It was in bitter anguish that our little Harry left us. He was so strong and healthy, that he struggled hard to live. He wanted to be out in the forest at play, he said to feel the fresh air, and to cool his burning hands in the sparkling brook. No vision of glory calmed his last hour, and we were thankful when the end had come."

"Then Hugh woke up from the deadly stupor in which he had lain. He saw his brother lie still and quiet in his little crib; and when his mother took him on her lap, he said in his own sweet-lipping voice: 'Harry is better now; I'll be better soon, mamma.'"

"His mother told him Harry would never be ill any more, and never sorry; but, taken to his Saviour, would rest and be happy for evermore."

"I'll rest, too, till morning, mamma; and so, clasping his little hands round her neck, he went to his eternal rest; and we were childless!"

"After the little coffin had been laid by the first we had followed there, Ellen, my only Ellen, and I sat together on that seat in the twilight. Well do I remember the night. The air was heavy with the scent of hay and flowering bean-fields; hays wheeled round our heads, and great white moths and cock-chafers flitted past us. We talked of our darlings, and how perhaps even then their angel spirits were near us; and we felt that it was well. We had laid them in the dark bosom of the earth for a time; but it would soon pass away—oh! very, very soon, and then how light the present bitterness!"

"And, dear heart," I said to my be-

loved one, "we have still each other; we will not be desolate." And we felt peace in our hearts, even the peace of God, that the world cannot give. But the pestilence that walketh in darkness had not yet done its mission.

"My dearest, my wife said to me one day, 'I am going to leave you, too; you will then be alone, but do not let your heart break. A little while—a few years—and then we shall all meet together before the throne of the Lamb!'"

"I watched one day by my wife's dying bed, with Annie, and I remember no more. A long, frightful dream, a deep stupor succeeded. When I awoke it was in my room. From the window I could see in the forest; I saw that rain had fallen and the grass and leaves were green again. The lurid mist had cleared away, and the sky was soft and blue. All looked joyous and glad; but I knew there was no earthly gladness for me; the blessed rain had fallen on the graves of all I loved, and the grass grew green upon them."

"I need not tell of all I suffered; it has long gone by. When I first came down here from my chamber, all was as I had left it the night that sorrow first fell upon us. The very flowers, gathered by the little hands that were stilled forever, were there, but dry and dead. I would not let anything be moved. So they have been for fifty years, and so they will be till I join those who left them there. And in the quiet evening I can see them unnumbered before me. Ellen, my wife, with her quiet eyes and smile, in the wicker chair; and little Ellen daffily working by her side, with a sedate womanly look of her sweet face; and the boys at noisy play around them. And then I feel that I am alone. But He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, has helped me through all my lonely days."

"And now, all I have to tell is told. Perhaps you wonder at my telling it— I could not have done it twenty, not even ten years ago; but I am now an old man, eighty-five years of age; and it cannot be long ere the changes and chances of this mortal life are over for me. Alas! how I had, and rest will be sweet after the burden and heat of the day. I never see the sunset light on the Lady Dimdale's sweet face, without thinking of the shining glory round that angelic head, that seemed to call my little Ellen home, and longing for the time when I too, shall go home to her, and her gentle mother, and her two happy brothers."

"And when Mr. Morton was silent, we rose up gently, and bade him good-night, and walked home through the quiet forest. The influence of his calm, resigned spirit seemed to us to pervade all things; and I earnestly prayed that when our day, dark or sunshiny as it may be, is over, and the golden evening falls, that the wondrous peace which is his, may be ours also. John and I, as we walked along, talked seriously of our future life, and of the vast importance of possessing that faith in God, and trust in the Saviour, which alone would fit us to endure with calmness the shocks of earthly sorrow and trial. And the twilight fell gently around us as we came to the cottage-door."

The Bible Grows With One.

If you come to Holy Scriptures with growth in grace, and with aspirations for yet higher attainments, the book grows with you, grows upon you. It is ever beyond you, and exerts cries: "Higher yet! Exhortation!" Many books in my library are now behind and beneath me; I read them years ago, with considerable pleasure; I have read them since with disappointment; I shall