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SELECT POETRY.

HEAVEN.

BY. G. S. P.

Oh! let me think of Heaven,
When clouds o'er cast the sky,
And angry storms are driven
In dreadful fury by;
When wave on wave of anguish
'Break o'er this troubled breast;
'Tis then I sigh and languish
For heaven—my peaceful rest.

Oh! let me think of Heaven,
When summer scenes are bright,
When buoyant hopes are given,
And foes may not affright;
When life's young joys are dearest,
And life's dark days are few;
Then let that land, the fairest—
That Heaven—be still in view.

Oh! let me think of Heaven,
When loved ones droop and die;
When bleeding hearts are riven,
And tears fill every eye;
When at their grave, so lonely,
My fondest hopes abide.

Oh! let me think of Heaven,
When gloomy death-shades fall,
In life's cold dewy even,
Like phantoms on the wall;
When Jordan's billows gather
In fearful grandeur near;
Then let thy voice, "my Father!"
In sweetest accents cheer.

Oh! let me think of Heaven,
When plunged beneath that tide,
When restless surges driven,
Shall mount the Canaan's side;
And when with rapture swelling,
The soul from bondage free,
Shall pant for that bright dwelling,
Sweet Heaven! she'd think of thee!

Oh! let me think of Heaven,
When safe beyond the flood,
My ransomed soul forgiven,
Through Jesus' precious blood;
When dear ones, long departed,
Shall greet me; "Welcome home,
Poor pilgrim, broken hearted!
Thy Saviour bids thee come."

SELECTED ARTICLES.

From the Philadelphia American Courier.

A NIGHT IN THE STORM.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

'When do you spose mother will be back?' asked a pale child, leaning close to an emaciated infant; 'I think little Herbert gets worse—don't you, Lion? Whenever I rock the cradle he moans, and don't breathe so easy—and how blue his little lips are—oh, Lion! what should we do if Herbert should die?'

Lionel laid by the net he was mending, and stood near his sister. His glance was uneasy and half-averted—shadowed with that peculiar expression with which boyhood or manhood looks on sickness—but Letty, his youngest sister, nestled close down with all the solicitude of a woman—now touching the lax, dimpled hand that lay so passively on the coverlet—now throwing back the soft amber floss of hair that would not have burdened a zephyr.

'When will she come do you suppose? Is the storm growing any worse? It seems darker here, and the wind makes awful roaring. It is the worst storm we have had, I know, for it bends the old maple close up to the window, and mother says only when there comes a tempest, that trees bend so low. Hark! what was that?'

Lionel sprang to the window. A sapling twisted from its roots, lay against the house, whither the wind had hurled it. The rain came down in blinding torrents; a low cloud settled, black and heavy, over all the tree-tops, and faster wailed the wind, deepening and sharpening its wold voice as it came rushing from the hills, pressing the very rain-drops together, till they seemed like a great mist curtain, that shut out the day.

Lionel's white cheek had grown white during this rapid survey. His hands, pale with the hue of ill health, trembled violently as he came towards his sister and resumed his net.

'It's awful, Letty,' he murmured, his great eyes bent on the window; 'it's awful—and mother 'll never be able to stand it.'

'O, Lion, don't say that,' exclaimed his sister, springing from her watch and standing beside him; then with womanly tenderness, and unselfish solicitude, she took his hand, for she saw how weak he was. 'Come, brother, let us trust in God. Mother told us to commit her to Him. You are too sick to be frightened—sit still by little Herbert, and I will make you a better fire, and try to get supper. If we only had a little tea, now, or anything but that hard, salt meat. Would you light a lamp? See, the old clock says only four—and how dark it is!'

'Bustling about the one poor room, Letty contrived to talk, and even to laugh a little, when the old maple branch swept its long fingers with a rattling sound against the window—but her little heart was very heavy, as she put on one of the last three sticks, filled the old spoutless kettle with water, and proceeded to put on the clean pine table their few fragments of broken crockery.

'There, it looks cheerful for all,' exclaimed Letty, as the ruddy flames gave some degree of light and warmth; 'now if God will only send mother home safely—or perhaps,' and her face grew brighter—'perhaps they won't let her come to-night.'

Lionel shook his head, and his sister did not see—but on the wasted fingers dimpling his faded cheek, large tears were slowly dropping.

'Look, Lion,' exclaimed Letty suddenly, 'here comes the old General. Just as sure as the world it's old General Hazledean. See how the wind almost whirls him round. He'll never be able to go far—why do you suppose he isn't at home—oh!' and she looked narrowly and held up both hands, 'if the storm should treat mother like that.'

The old man seemed battling inch by inch with the storm. Now the fierce wind whirled his large cloak in awkward folds about his limbs, and anon sent it sailing like a huge pennon from his neck, till the old man staggered under his burden. Sometimes he caught, stooping, at the stone wall, again he wound his withered arm about an elm, and bending his head, his hat was gone—struggled till the fierceness of the storm spent itself.

'It is rich old Mr. Hazledean,' said Lion, slowly, 'and he never can get home. His home is a mile away—perhaps he will stop here—perhaps he will tell us something about mother. Oh! Letty, there's such a fearful weight on my heart when I think of mother.'

'And the baby so sick,' said the child-woman, kneeling and moistening the little parched lips. 'O! Lion, could an angel look more beautiful!' How white his forehead is—and if his eyes were not so strangely bright. O! Lion—he is a beauty, ain't he? and ma's idol, too—darling little Herbert—I can't bear to see you sick.'

A thundering knock came at the door, made louder by the fitful groaning of the blast, and the old man entered, stooping his tall, thin figure, his long beard and selfish grey locks dripping with rain. Peering round as if he saw not—for the storm had blinded him—he presently came towards the fire, and took the chair that Lion courteously placed for him.

'Well, little ones,' he said, laying his rich cloak by, and wiping his humid face—'you won't object to sharing your corner with an old man, will you? I can't get farther—terrible storm—never saw one like it before—eh! the child is sick, little one?—how long?—what's the matter!—where's your doctor?—the child is dying!' he muttered rapidly, as he loooked at it with wondering face.

A smothered cry, and Letty was on her knees at the cradle, her eyes distended with terror, fixed on the old man.

'My child—don't be frightened,' he said, laying his hand tenderly on her head—maybe it's not so bad with him—let me see—perhaps not so bad—but have you no one to take care of him? No doctor—no nurse?

'Mother has gone, sir; gone to get medicine,' said the child, half-choking with grief—we're too poor for a doctor, sir—but mother thought maybe she might bring one. O! do you think dear little Herbert is dying, and she not here?'

'Did you see mother on the road, sir? A small woman with a red shawl and straw bonnet?' asked Lionel, standing before the stranger, his pale lips quivering, and his bright, unearthly eyes wildly dilated.

'My poor boy, a woman could never fight her way through this tempest—but stop—a red shawl—straw bonnet—I think I did see a woman before the worst, down below the branch; she has probably obtained shelter, 'ere this.'

Furiously came the legions of the storm, beating their reveille against the sides of the little cottage till the walls shook again—and the blast shrieked and howled, and the dismal rain rattled on the old shingles. How awfully it sounded to the stricken children.

'O! stop, Lion—don't do that, Lion, mother would never consent, and you so ill—oh! sir, will you beg him not to go out in this drenching storm—and he ill, too."

'No! I am well now, and strong—stronger than I ever felt before,' replied the boy hurriedly—'I am well—quite well'—and he turned his blazing eyes and scarlet cheeks towards his sister, buttoning meanwhile with nervous fingers, an old great-coat, a 'world too wide.' 'I'm after my mother—she is perishing—perishing in this storm—don't cry so, sis—you see how strong I am—you will take care of her, sir—won't you?'

'Certainly—but, my poor boy, this is madness—just listen;' the very house shook with the strong, sudden blast—'I tell you the wind will take you and blow you away.'

'No, sir, I am not afraid—God helps me—He has given me strength—let me go—I must, I will go. Letty, be a good child till I get back with mother, Herbert is quiet now—please God he won't die till mother comes.'

It was useless to detain him. Letty sprang forward with a faint shriek, as the door flew open. In a moment it was closed, and nought remained but a dark pool of water, driven in by the violence of the wind.

The child turned heart-stricken to the window. Without was howling darkness—and when she would have knelt again by the babe, the old man was there on his knees, and he held his hand out and beckoned her away. A strange hush was on his face, a singular softness in his voice as he said—'go and lie down, my child, I will watch with your little brother.'

'I can't, oh! I can't—only let me look at him, sir—do let me stay by him—I can't leave him, sir—it will kill me. Everything seems so strange and terrible,' she repeated with quivering voice.

The old General took her hand and drew her gently by the cradle. How still it was! The baby's eyes were wide open—those sweet eyes of blue—not a tremor of the lips—the gasping breath was so quiet now—the little hands were spread wide open—a holy light rested on the wide brow.

'He is so easy,' murmured little Letty, smiling through her tears—'dear little Herbert. he'll be better soon.

'He is better now,' said the old man, lifting his eyes reverently heavenward—'he is better—he is well!'

"No chilling wind, nor poisonous breath,
Shall reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

He paused reverently,;—tears were streaming down his aged cheeks. Letty had been gazing long and earnestly at the babe.

'He does not breathe! she suddenly screamed. 'Oh! he never breathes at all—he never moves his eyes—his hand is cold—grows whiter; oh! my little brother is dead—little Herbert is dead, dead!'—and a wild wail of sorrow burst from her poor little heart,—'dead—and mother gone and Lion gone—oh! they have left me alone—they are all dead but me!'

Tenderly the old man drew her to his bosom, and for hours comforted her. At last her heavy sob grew more tranquil; she stood by, quietly, while the old man pressed down the innocent lids, and drew over the sweet, dead features the coarse covering. And then, with much weeping between, she told her little history; how her father was dead, and her mother so very poor, and how Lion had worked too hard, till her mother was afraid he would die.

'And what is your name my little one?' he asked, laying her golden head closer to his breast.

'Letty Hazledean—it's just like yours,' she said, looking up into his eyes.

It seemed a lightning-like movement, but before the child knew it, she was thrust to the floor, then snatched to his place again—and then she was pressed violently in his arms, and a groan burst from the old man's bosom, as he rocked his body and beat the floor with his foot and pressed his hand, all trembling over her soft curls.

Then he shifted her upon the other knee, and told her to look steadily at him, and cried again and again, 'It must be so!' till the child was frightened, and hid her face with her hands, though she could not keep the tears from coming through.

But he grew calmer, after he lifted again the coarse coverlet, and repeated two or three times, 'My pretty dead babe!' with a groan and a sad face.

Meanwhile, the old maple tree told them that the storm was no whit abated. In at the loose windows it sobbed and wept, and groaned through the crevices. Letty sat still, white as a sheet, at the old man's feet, her little head resting on his knee. Almost heart-broken she was with the grief of her loss. Where was her mother? where her brave brother?—out in this fearful, fearful storm; perhaps lying in the road, the rain beating upon their dead bodies.

She had better lie down, the old man said, lifting and kissing her,—so she stole to the baby, pressed his little cold lips, and crying bitterly, suffered herself to be passively laid on the bed. Then the old man refilled the little lamp with the last drop of oil, and graduating its light that it might if possible, last till morning, took his seat by the little cradle, and listened, with many a shudder to the tempest.

Meanwhile, Lionel, braced up by the false strength of fever, had struggled as far as the turn from the direct road, on which stood their miserable tenement. Then came the conflict—for the blast, with the power of a demon, walled up his way, and hurled its invisible weapons against him.

Again and again did he essay to plunge forward. for the road was fast growing dim—and besides it was full of deep gullies—and the water already dashed along in miniature torrents. Finding no other way practicable, and bent upon finding his mother or perishing with her, the poor child threw himself down in the mire, and keeping close by the rough stone wall, dragged himself along some distance, till the violence of the gale had subsided to a momentary lull. He well knew there was no shelter between him and the branch, and when he at last arose with difficulty, his clothes were wet to the skin, and his heart throbbed so violently that he was forced to rest. Everywhere were evidences of the frightful storm—huge branches lined the road; trees were twisted, stones of enormous size driven from their lodgments, and a blasting breath seemed to have swept over the dripping heath. The spirit of the storm had worked its will with nature, and left her panting, dishevelled, and disrobed, sullenly moaning her wrongs. Not long stopping in his dreary, dreadful rest, Lion plunged on as rapidly as his false strength allowed, and with terrible earnestness glittering in his wild, feverish eyes, sought on every side, in every nook and corner for his mother. Not gradually, but all at once, a black darkness spread before his path, over the distant forest—and the boy knew no longer how to go. His limbs were growing weak, the heat had left his forehead and his cheeks, and the rain still dashing against his feeble frame, seemed with every change of the wind to sweep through and through him.

Blindly he staggered on, striving to keep footing in the miserable road. All at once with the suddenness of inspiration, he fell upon his knees, and through the storm none heard his faint voice save Our Father.

'O! God, carry me to my mother—O! my God—don't let me die till I have found my mother—O! God, forsake not poor Lion, but give him hope and strength, and light in the dark.'

Who can tell with what divine faith—with what trusting patience he unclasped his wet fingers, and, rising grappled single-handed with the blind fury of the tempest.

He could not judge how far he had gone, whether he had neared or passed the branch; but something in his heart told him to go forward. His foot slipped. The wild rushing of water against the stones, and a low, angry gurgling, as if the spirits of that element were striving against a mortal foe, convinced him that he had gained some river, whether the little stream that meandered through the open fields to the left nearly a mile from his home—or the wilder, deeper water that rushed on to the sea with a strong bound, even in mild midsummer, and by which a large sawmill was usually kept in full operation. For some few moments he stood irresolute his little body swaying to the blast, his feet submerged, beneath them the grating of pebbles—beyond, that sullen murmur, and a depth where, perhaps, death waited for him.

'I can't but die,' he murdered, almost exhausted; 'there's no use in turning back—I must find my mother—and if she is dead, and if Herbert should die—and I should—why! we'll all meet some where in that beautiful land mother talked about when I was sick. May be this is the narrow river; it's nothing to cross if it is—and God will take care of me.'

Behold that poor, frail child in the midst of the whirling waters. Surly the delirium of fever urges him now—for he gasps and plunges on, sometimes sinking knee deep—the blast fighting for mastery—the rain drenching his mean garments, and on every side fearful plunging gullies, in which to sink would be death; for little he knows how the storm has deepened the river,—he speaks but one word as he dashes the spray from his wet lips:

'Mother—mother!'

Again he felt the firm land—but his feet torn and bleeding—his limbs numb, bruised and sinking from under him, would bear him no farther. Again he sank upon his knees, and his voice blended with the hoarse voice of that fearful storm—'oh! God—carry me to my mother;' then struck with a sudden thought, he gathered all his fast failing strength, and making one desperate effort, he shrieked through the blackness;

'Mother—oh! mother!'

'My boy—my Lion—my poor sweet child! where are you?

With a cry almost unearthly in its blended agony and joy the child sprang to his feet, and hurried on. It was his mother's voice, though hoarse and altered.

Almost led by instinct, he stumbled forward in the direction of the voice, which still kept repeating—'My child, where—where are you?' till he came to a hut—a narrow shanty, built of boards, use by the day-laborers, who were repairing mill machinery on the bank.

In another moment he was in the arms of his mother!

Her clothes, too, were wet and dripping, and as she hugged him to her heart, she sobbed bitterly.

'It will be your death, my poor child; how could you think of it—how could you! And we must stay till morning in this cold wet place—in our wet clothes. And if the wind should loosen these miserable boards, we shall perish in the storm—for the rain has poured in here already, till the water is over my feet. But tell me, Lionel, where is your sister? how was little Herbert? O! it seems hard, hard that the mother should be kept from her dying babe.—How was he, Lion?. Tell me—and don't shiver so, poor child. God help us all.'

'He was better, mother—that is—more quiet, said Lionel, leaning heavily against her—'but I am so hot, and my heart—my heart beats—feel it—it thumps—thumps.'

'What shall I do for you, Lion?—let me fold this shawl over you; it will at least keep you warmer. There is a bench here. I'll find it, and you shall lie down on it. There is no help for us now but God—let us look to Him this terrible night. Yet, that you should venture in so awful a storm—my poor child—Herbert is better you say—why did you think so?'

'Because he was so quiet.'

'O! my Heavenly Father! quiet! Could I but see my babe? He has been quiet—in that dreadful stupor all day—it seems so hard for me to be here,' and the tears fell on Lionels forehead.

'Don't cry, mother,' he said, feebly—'I left him in good care. Old Mr. Hazledean was there—you—see—he couldn't get any farther—hark—oh! how frightful. Mother, mother, it seems as if something kept whispering, 'You'll die in the storm—you'll die in the storm!'—There! do you hear! Do you see that? How the light flashes about him! It frightens me. Hark! he is groaning. O! mother—let me go—he will kill little Herbert—look—his curls are bloody—mother, it is a knife—I see its edge is red—it is dipped in blood—O! don't let him—don't let him kill our little Herbert.

Wildly and fearfully the mother groaned.—Left thus with her poor boy in deep darkness—no friendly hand to help—no friendly voice to soothe—and her devoted boy raving in the delirium of fever. What pen can portrary the terrible struggle of that night!

When the ghostly morning came, the storm grew less furious. At intervals the sobbing wind broke into a tremulous diapason—or gave sharp, rapid bugle blasts—unwilling to resign its reign of destruction.

All the widow's little garden was gone. The few young fruit trees, broken and twisted, their late blosoms beaten in the ground. The rain came gloomily and steadily down—the distant hills seemed blots upon the horison—and still and calmly slept the widow's babe, when the widow's little daughter awoke.

'Mother—oh! mother—Lion—where are they?'

'We shall send for them, Letty,' said the old man, whose haggard face looked up from its gloom. 'It is morning now, dear—you had better lie quiet. I shall carry you home soon and give you breakfast, my poor little girl!'

Letty stole one mournful glance at the cradle through gathering tears, and turned her face to the wall, quietly wept. She was too over burdened to be noisy in her grief, and when deep in the morning, Mr. Hazledean told her the carriage was at the door and she was to go home with him, she only asked if the baby was going too, and let herself be wrapped in his great cloak, for she was weak with watching and sadness.

"Take the child up carefully,' the old man said giving directions to his servant.

With wondering looks the stout fellow raised the limp, beautiful body, and wrapping it about with its cradle-clothes, laid it in his master's lap.

O! such a grand house! At any other time, Letty would have been bewildered with its stateliness and beauty, but death had fallen heavy on her little heart. She clung close to her benefactor, and when the sweet babe was laid on a couch all richly draperied, whose curtains shone in the splendor of silk and lace, she laid her head beside it, and it was a long, long while before the mild-faced housekeeper could win her from the baby-corpse.

'Come now, little miss, come now; there's some nice breakfast down stairs for you, honey an' it'll grow all cold an' not be fit for the mice in the cellar. Come now, darling, don't be going on so—the little lamb's in heaven; in a beautiful place, honey, long of a thousand little angels what the Lord keeps in His great garden. Come, darlin'—now wouldn't it feel bad to see you taking on so, when it's up, long of the beautiful angels?'

'My—mother—and—Lion,' sobbed the child, bursting into yet louder grief, till her whole form shook convulsively.

'Now don't, darling'; why did'nt you know they're looking for 'em everywhere? Why yes, does you honey—there! stop crying now—the gineral's gone himself—yes *himself*, in his own carriage. You ought to be thankful, honey, that he has taken you home, and that poor little cherubin there. He's so kind, the gineral is, specially to little children. Come, honey—cheer up—we'll find your mother and the little dog'——

'It ain't a dog,' exclaimed Letty—resentment mingling with her grief—'it's my brother; my brother Lionel, that went to find my mother in the storm.'

'O! I thought when you said Lion you meant a little dog—your brother too, poor child!—poor little girl—but you must come down and get something to eat, and by'ne by you'll find your mother; she'll come here may hap with the gineral. I wonder who they are?' she added, aside; 'they look poor. I never knew the gineral to take any pains for woman-kind afore.'

Letty endeavored to wipe her eyes, and reluctantly leaving her dead brother, followed the good woman down stairs.

And what of poor Lionel and the wretched mother? The day had dawned on her, and she hardly heeded its coming. Her soul, dark with foreboding, knew no longer the wild wish for light that she had so often through those long, awful hours, breathed, as one breathes a prayer for salvation. And yet her heart beat faster when the faint light fell on Lionel's white temples—and she held her ear low down to listen if he yet breathed. She had thrown off her bonnet, and it lay wet and blachened on the miry floor. The wet folds of her shawl were plastered to Lionel's unconscions form. She herself was haggard with fasting and watching; her loose brown hair, fallen from the pin which was used in lieu of a comb, hung glossy and luxuriantly over her temples and away down below her waist. Her cheeks flushed, her eyes deeply sunken, though of a beautiful blue, her lips pale and plastered to her teeth, her complexion dead while her thin fingers clasped with convulsive tightness about the body of her sick boy, she looked the personification of helpless utter despair. Only that sometimes she lifted her large eyes, and saw perchance something beyond the grimmed rafters—only that at times the white lips unclosed from their stern immobility and whispered to that Ear that is never shut to the heart-prayer—one might think she had given up the last lingering vestige of hope.

Nearly high noon—and the boy had not yet awakened. In all directions had General Hazledean sent messengers for the lost woman and her child. The storm still sullen, and, as if unwilling to leave, flung its lank arms in wrath against the moaning heavens, but it was only sullen. No breaking into violence, no hurtling blasts, the limbs of trees—aye! the bodies of stout young forest saplings, stretched, crushed, and misshapen along the path, perchance appeased its anger.

'Hello there, shipmate!—bear a hand—You've got a tight craft, just sail alongside that broken hulk yonder. It's a wreck you see, and there's signals of distress. The crew all taken down—no cap'n, only a youngster that can't crawl aft, and his mother, a hansum un, but down i' th' mouth. You're jest in time, messmate,' continued the sailor, taking off his hat with rude courtesy, at sight of the tall form and gray hairs of the General, 'mayhap you're a big gun, but you won't surely put off from a sinking craft. I was jest going in port after a lugger myself, but I'm afraid the poor lad'll kick the bucket afore I get back.'

All this time the General had been trying to ask, 'where is it?' He knew in a moment that Jack's 'crew,' were none other than the widow and her boy.

But before the lapse of a moment the sailor cried, 'Hard a' port, cap'n, here we are in still water—bless my sky lights if you ain't a jolly old fellow, cap'n, every inch as good as a salt! Here, mum—here's relief on the high seas—boat gone—ballast overboard—no grub—sinking fast—but here she is, as fine a craft as ever was rigged, is bore down she is, mum, to your relief.'

It was inexpressibly affecting—the sight of that poor mother veiled with her long hair, her bosom unbound that she might lay his pallid face against its warmth—her lips quivering, and her overtasked frame almost sinking beneath its loved burden, as she lay against the wet black boards.

'Father, I thank thee'—she murmured, with a smothered sob, while the tears fell faster down her cheeks. Jack went forward and pushed the thick hair from Lionel's forehead, then looked at the General, shaking his head dubiously.

'We will wrap him in my cloak.' At the sound of his voice, the widow looked up with a start—and the color came deep and copious all over her marble cheeks up to the very roots of her hair. It faded before his words grew cold, and a fervent 'God bless you,' trembled on her lips as she resigned her precious burden.

'My bale'—she said, imploringly, and with trembling lips awaited his reply.

None came, however. The General gave her one rapid glance—she read therein her desolation, and, folding her hands, bowed her head upon them with one bitter, bitter groan.

Led, almost borne to the carriage by the honest sailor, she sunk back upon its cushions, and nearly insensible with cold, hunger and sorrow, was rapidly carried to her destination. Tenderly the old General held the drooping boy against his bosom. The ride was not long, but the bridge over the little river being washed away, they were obliged to take a circuitous route homeward—and a moment seemed an age.

At the door stood the old housekeeper—her face expressing maternal solicitude as he led the poor, exhausted creature into a room blazing with the red light of a great wood fire.

Groups of neighbors who had loved her, stood round, weeping at her recovery.

Lionel was divested of his wet garments, and laid upon the housekeeper's own luxurious bed. They pressed the widow to eat of tempting viands, but she could not, famishing as she was Her heart was sore with grief—'Only lead me to my baby,' was all her cry.

And they led her to the room where slept her youngest born. They lifted the gauzy covering—there lay her idol robed in a shroud of snowy whiteness, beautiful flowers strewn over his little body.

One wild burst of grief—she gathered the unconscious clay to her bosom—fell forward senseless upon the couch—and none could tell but death had summoned both the mother and the babe.

Letty won her back to life. Letty hung upon her bosom—wildly chafed her cold hands—called her sweet and tearful names, bathed her forehead—and when at last her blue eyes opened and she felt the warm clasp of her true and tender-hearted child, she knew that God had not forgotten her—and bending to His will, she listened to the holy voice—'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'

Already the little grave was bright with flowers. For long months Lionel had hovered on the brink of life—the verge of death—and the widow could not leave him. But he was now convalescent, and his mother said she must go from this hospitable mansion, and find her home in some lowly nook again. Already she feared the babbling of spiteful tongues, though everybody knew that the child could not be moved, and who would tend him like a mother?

Letty had grown cheerful and even rosy.—Her bright, round face was the happiest thing in that splendid household, and though objects rare and rich were congregated there, nothing seemed so perfect and beautiful as the widow's child.

One night, when Lionel had fallen into a sweet slumber, the widow stood watching his light, regular breathing; she marked the dazzling whiteness of his high, broad brow, and exceeding purity of the flush that crept warmly over his cheek, and meandered in among the penciled veins—she could not forbear her tears at thought of her exceeding poverty—and this delicate boy who needed such tender nursing, such unwearied care, how was she, poor and alone, to cope with his weakness and ward off disease.

'He sleeps well and soundly, Mrs. Hazledean.'

She turned, half starting—the old General stood by her side. For some moments both were silent—their thoughts, their emotions, were different—yet how deeply exciting.

Gradually the General had neared her side, and nervously laying the coverlid over Lionel's wasted hand, he said—'Mrs. Hazledean, may I ask the privilege of an old friend—once, more than a friend—(his voice grew unsteady)—will you tell me, as far as you may with propriety, the events of your past life—since—I,' he paused. 'Let me lead you to a seat,' he continued, much agitated, and taking her hand, they were soon sitting in the deep embrasure of a bay window, through which the mellow radiance of the moonlight fell like the mantle of purity upon a chastened soul. And there, not without tears and trembling, and voice half drowned in feeling and self-accusation and regretful pain, she unfolded her sorrows. Her husband, she said, slept in his grave, far away in the wild lands of Florida. He had been kind to her—she had loved him—he had been all that a father could be to her babies, but the curse of poverty had ever clung to him, and he had died in his search for gold, leaving his wife and the babe unborn at his departure, destitute. Since she had struggled, she had suffered, God only knew how sadly. Her noble boy, while laboring for her sustenance, overtasked his delicate frame, and his sickness brought additional burdens. But now she looked forward to his recovery, and she could no longer burden the kind old man—(old! could he be old with his beaming eyes made bright by the tear of sympathy)—she must therefore, with thanks, whose fervency her heart could not express, leave his hospitable roof and trust God for the future, however dark it might be.

She ceased—for some time the General seemed striving for speech, and at last he spoke:

'Madam—Letty—forgive me—Mrs. Hazledean—you shall not go without you first reject the proposition I am about to make. You remember the time——well, well, no matter—I long ago forgave you—but, Letty—you know not, perhaps, that you made my life a wilderness, when, with all the confidence I reposed in you, you left my love—and married another, my cousin, with the olden vows on your soul.

'I am not blaming you. I was more advanced than yourself, and it seemed like taking advantage of your youth to ask you in marriage—yet—yet it was madness to know that after all I was not loved. But I said once, 'No matter for that,'—I will not again revert to it. What I shall say now is this—you have a beautiful child—a girl—a timid creature, who when the blush of womanhood makes her almost an angel should be shielded from the ruder taints of poverty! Single, you must throw her from you—place her upon the stormy battlements of life unprotected—leave her where the wanton eye and dishonorable soul may strive to buy her with a mess of golden pottage. You have a boy, too slender to cope with poverty, who needs nourishment—unceasing care, that his life may not be one long, mournful dirge of pain.

'Letty—can you—I will not say *love me*—but *take me*—for the sake of these poor children, to be their father—your husband—Letty——'

Noble old man! No longer seemed there white locks upon his glorious brow—he stood erect, with all a soldier's bearing—deep, unalterable devotion speaking from his clear eye as from his firm lip.

The widow had turned her head from him—but suddenly as the rushing of a wave, had a holy happy love entered her heart. She held her hand towards him.

'Not only for my children's sake,' she said, softly and tremulously, 'but your own—for *mine!*—you shall wed no unloving wife.'

How beautiful!

Aye! is it not beautiful—more than beautiful! Around that happy scene lingers the halo of Heaven. There he sits, the fine, handsome old man, with his household gods about him.—Burying his dimpled hands in the masses of his father's thick white curls, a rosy babe stands—laughs on his knee—and one can almost read worship in that upturned face—as in that of the beautiful woman who is bending near, both hands upon his, smiles absorbing all her features.

Just behind them, a fair child is snapping off the long stems to which adhere thorns, and twining roses to lay against those of her cheeks. Lionel, with bright smiles, stands by the door, looking, first at his mother and then at the babe—for the room is like that of a palace—bright and splendid with works of art and beautiful adornings.

That group is the family of the good General Hazledean, and a happier household cannot be found on the wide earth.

SHUTTING HIS MOUTH.

Jarvis, the painter, was one day employed in painting a portrait of Bishop———, and during the progress of sitting, the venerable prelate began to remonstrate with him at the dissipated course of life into which he had fallen.—Jarvis made no reply; but dropping his pencil from the forehead of the portrait to the lower part of the face, he said, with a slight motion to the reverend sister, 'Just *shut your mouth*, my lord.' By painting upon that feature, he changed the subject in two senses.