

Part's Corner.

THE INQUIRY.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Knowest thou some favored spot,
Some Island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed, to answer "No!"

And thou, serene moon,
That with such holy face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded "No!"

Tell me, my sacred soul,
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death;
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boon to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes, in Heaven."

Select Story.

A NEW EXPERIENCE IN LIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Two brothers met after an absence of many years. One of them had remained at home, or rather in the neighbourhood of their early home. The other sought in a distant country the wealth he saw no opportunity to acquire in the pleasant village where his eye first opened upon the light. But the beauty of mountain, valley, lake, and breezy woodland have indelibly impressed his spirit, and now disappointed with the world, thought the world had given him riches—he had returned, under the vain delusion of contentment which would not be his. He had failed to secure. We say delusion—for like other men, he carried in his own bosom the elements of his dissatisfaction, which no mere change of place could remove. It was innocent childhood that made him happy in his old home to which he had returned; but childhood had passed forever. He came back, not with the perceptions and capabilities of a child, but with the unsatisfied yearnings of a man. Ah how changed was all; changed and yet the same.—There was the landscape, in all its varied attractions of wood, river and mountain, but to him its beauty had departed. He wandered away to the old haunts, but their spell was gone. He could have wept in the bitterness of his disappointment.

"You look troubled, Edward," remarked his brother, on the day succeeding that on which he had returned.

"Do I, William?" he said with a forced smile.—"It should not be so, for I have no trouble to weigh down my spirits."

Yet even while he spoke, the feeble light faded from his countenance.

How strongly contrasted the two brothers. The one having but little of this world's goods; the other possessing large wealth. The one bearing on his brow an ever-cheerful expression; the other a look of self-weariness and discontent.

In a few days Edward announced his intention to purchase a handsome estate offered for sale in the village; and remove his family thither. He had been in many places, but none pleased him like this. Here, if anywhere in the world, he believed he would find that repose of mind he had sought for so long yet vainly.

Accordingly, the estate was purchased, and in due time, Edward J. brought his family consisting of his wife and three children—two sons and a daughter—to reside in the pleasant village of Glenwood.

Not a very long time passed before William J. saw that his brother was far from being a happy man. The cause to a close observer like himself, was clearly apparent. Edward was a very selfish man—and such men are always unhappy. While in pursuit of a desired object, the mind, from anticipation and its own activity, may be pleasantly

excited. But when the object is gained, and a mental activity declines, there succeeds a state of oppressive disquietude. Selfishness like the horse-leech's daughter, forever cries, 'Give, give,' and forever remains unsatisfied.

In the possession of wealth, Edward J. fully believed happiness was to be found. In seeking to gain wealth, he had thought little of the interests of others. Not that he recklessly trampled on his neighbor's rights, or wrested from the weak what was lawfully their own. His mercantile pride—honor he would have called it, prevented such lapses from integrity. But as he moved onward with something like giant strides, conscious of his own strength he had no sympathy for the less fortunate, and never once paused to lift a fallen one, or to aid a feeble toiler on the way of life. No generous principles belonged to the code of ethics by which he was governed. Benevolence he accounted a weakness, and care for other's interests the folly of a class less to be commended than censured.

Let every man mind his own business, and let every man take care of himself, he would sometimes say. 'Help yourself,' is the world's best motto. This constant preaching up of benevolence and humanity only makes hosts of idlers and dependants.

Edward J. completely acted out his principles.

And so for future enjoyment, he had only laid up wealth. In all his business life, there was not a single spot watered by the tears of benevolence, or warmed by the sunshine of gratitude, back to which thought could go to find delight in the remembrance. All was dull, dead blank of money making, the recollection of which gave more pain than pleasure.

No wonder that, after the excitement of removal, and the interested state of mind attendant upon the fitting up of a new home the mind of Edward J. receded again to its state of disquietude, or that the old shadow deepened once more on his rigid brow.

How broadly contrasted was the stately mansion he occupied with the humble cottage in which his brother resided and to which in self-weariness he often repaired. Yet so selfish did he love his own that never an impulse of generosity towards his brother stirred, even for a moment, the dead selfishness of his waters, lying stagnant in his bosom. If he thought of his humble circumstances at all it was with something of shame that one so nearly related should occupy so low a position in society.

One morning Edward called upon William J., and with unusual animation said—

"I have just made a very valuable discovery,—William."

"Ah! What is it?" enquired his brother.

"You know the beautiful side slope of land, just beyond my meadow?"

"Where Morgan lives?" said William.

"Yes. There are some ten acres, finely situated exceedingly fertile, and in a high state of cultivation."

"Well?" William looked inquiringly at his brother.

"That piece of ground belongs, unquestionably to my estate."

"What?" The brother was startled at this announcement; for he saw a purpose in Edward's mind to claim it as its own, if he could prove that the right referred to did actually exist.

"That piece of ground is mine."

"Why do you say so?"

"It originally belonged to the property I have purchased."

"I know it did. But Morgan bought it from the former owner, more than fifteen years ago."

"But never met his payments and never got a full title."

"How do you know that?"

"I have the information from good authority—the best I presume, in the country."

"From whom?"

"Aldridge. And he says he can recover it for me."

"Did you purchase it, Edward?" asked William looking steadfastly into the countenance of his brother.

"I purchased Glenwood and all the rights and appurtenances thereunto belonging, and this I find to be, legally, a portion of the estate—and a valuable one—it is mine—and it has been one of my maxims in life always to claim my own."

An indignant rebuke was on the tongue of William J., but he repressed its utterance, for estrangement, and consequent loss of influence, would have been the sure consequence.

"Before taking any steps in this matter," he said, "look minutely into the history of the transaction between Morgan and the previous owner of Glen-

wood, the late Mr. Erskin. Morgan was his gardener, and had laid Mr. Erskin under a debt of gratitude, by saving the life of an only son at the imminent risk of his own. As some return, he offered him the cottage in which he lived, and the ten acres of ground by which it was surrounded at a very moderate valuation, Morgan to pay him a small sum, agreed upon, every year. The place was actually worth three or four times what Morgan was to give for it. Mr. Erskin at first thought of transferring it to him as a free will offering, but he believed the benefit would be really greater, if Morgan, by industry, economy and self-denial, earned and paid what was asked for the property. At the end of the year the gardener brought the money due as the first instalment. Mr. Erskin felt a reluctance to take it, and, after questioning him as to the product of the farm, finally told him to expend the money in an improvement designated by himself. Sickness and bad crops, during the second year, prevented the payment of the second instalment. The third and fourth years were more prosperous. The only sums paid to Mr. Erskin were received by him during these years."

"So I am informed," said Edward. "And I learn further, that no transfer of the property was ever made in due legal form. Mr. Erskin died intestate."

"He did; and his son came by heirship into possession of all his property."

"And he dying a few years later disposed of the estate by will."

"Not naming Morgan's farm," said William, "which he fully believed had been, during his father's life time, properly transferred to its present possessor."

"A very serious mistake, as Morgan will find," said Edward.

"You will not question his title to this property, I assuredly will."

"He has a large family. It is his all."

"No matter. He has never paid for it, and it is not therefore, his property. Glenwood is just so much the less valuable by the abstraction of this portion, and I am, in consequence, the sufferer.—Had he paid for the land, as he had engaged to do, the money would, most probably have been expended in improvements. So, you see, my rights are clear."

"Ah, brother, you cannot find in your heart to ruin this worthy man. He has a large family dependent upon the product of his farm, which barely suffices to give them a comfortable living."

"I have no desire to ruin him, William. But he has no right to my property. If Morgan wishes to remain where he is, I will not for the present disturb him. But he must pay me an annual rent."

As mildly as possible, yet very earnestly did William J. urge upon his brother a different course of action, but with no good effect. Legal measures were early taken, and due notice served upon Morgan, who, on submitting his papers to a lawyer, was appalled to learn that they contained informalities and defects, clearly invalidating his title. In a state of much alarm and excitement, he called upon William J., and implored him to use his influence with his brother to stop the unrighteous proceeding. William could not give him much encouragement, though his heart ached for the unhappy man. It so happened that Morgan passed from William J.'s place of business as the brother entered. The two men had never met; and the rich owner of Glenwood did not know, by sight, the individual whose farm he coveted.

"Who is that man?" he inquired in a voice of surprise.

"Why do you ask?"

"What ails him? His face was as pale as ashes, and his eyes wild, like those of one in terror or deranged."

"He is in great distress."

"From what cause? Has he committed a crime? Are the minions of justice at his heels?"

"No. He is a man of blameless life—not as careful as he should have been in the management of his affairs. Upon a sudden he finds himself upon the brink of ruin. He put too much faith in the world. He thought too well of his fellow-men."

"A common fault," was the sententious answer, "But what of this man? Something in his face has interested me. Can I aid him in his troubles?"

"Yes, brother, you can aid him, and at no loss to yourself. No loss, did I say? Rather let me say, to your infinite gain."

"What do you mean? Infinite gain! You make use of a very strong word, William."

"I do; yet, with a full appreciation of its meaning. Everything gained to true happiness is an infinite gain. Believe me, there are few sources of human pleasure so lasting as the memory of a

good deed. What we seek, with only a selfish regard to our own enjoyment, loses its charm with possession. This is the life experience of every one. But the benefits we confer upon others, bless us in a perpetual remembrance of the delight we have created.

Only a dim perception of what this meant dawned upon the mind of Edward. Yet a few rays of light streamed in upon his moral darkness.

"The blessings of a good deed, brother Edward," said William, speaking with something of enthusiasm in his manner, "did you ever think what a depth of meaning was in the words? Generous, noble, unselfish actions are like perennial springs, sending forth sweet and fertilizing waters. How much they lose, who, having the power to do good lack the generous impulse."

"All very well and very true, no doubt," said the rich brother, with a slight air of impatience. "But you have not yet told me the individual in whose case you desire to interest me."

"His name is Morgan."

"Morgan!" An instant change was visible in Edward J. His face flushed, his brows contracted and his eyes grew stern.

"Remember my, brother," said William, in a calm, yet earnest and affectionate voice, "that God has bestowed upon you, of this world's goods, more than sufficient to supply all your real wants; while to this poor man, He has given what barely suffices, with care and labor, to supply food, raiment, and a humble home for his wife and little ones. You have 'flocks and herds'—do not take his 'little ewe-lamb.'"

Remember David and the prophet Nathan. "Good morning," said Edward, turning off, suddenly, and leaving his brother.

What a conflict in the rich man's mind did this incident and conversation arouse.

The white, terrified face of poor Morgan, haunted him like a spectre; and not less troublesome were the warning words and suggestions of his kinsman. On the afternoon of that day he was to have met his legal adviser, and given further instruction for the prosecution of the case against Morgan. But Aldridge waited for his appearance in vain. Evening found him restless, unhappy, and in a very undecided state of mind. He was sitting moodily, with his hand shading the light from his face, when a little daughter, who was at the centre-table, reading in the Bible said:

"Oh, papa! Just listen to this": and she read aloud.

And the Lord sent Nathan unto David. And he came unto him. There were two men in one city; the one rich and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds; but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had brought and nourished up together with him and his children; it did eat of his own meat and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him a daughter. And there came a traveller unto the rich man; and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him. And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man;—and he said to Nathan—As the Lord liveth, the man that has done this thing shall surely die. And he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he had no pity. And Nathan said to David, thou art the man."

"And did King David do that?" said the child, lifting her eyes from the page—"I thought him a good man; but this was so wicked."

The father's countenance was turned more in shadow, and he answered nothing. The child waited his reply for some moments; but none coming she bent her eyes to the holy volume, and continued reading but not aloud.

In a little while Mr. J. arose, and after walking the floor for the space of five or ten minutes, left the sitting room. It is doubtful whether he or Morgan were most unhappy at that particular period of time.

It was a clear, moonlight evening. Too much disturbed to bear the quietude within, the rich man walked forth to find more burdening stillness without. The silence and beauty of nature agitated instead of calming him. All around was in harmony with the great Creator, while the discord of assaulted selfishness, made tumult in his breast. How a generous impulse towards Morgan, cherished and made active, would have clothed his spirit with peace as a mantle. What a different work had cruel and exacting selfishness wrought.

As he walked on with no purpose in his mind, a man passed him hurriedly. A glimpse at his face as the moonlight fell broadly upon it, showed the pale, anxious, depressed countenance of poor Morgan. The sight caused a low shudder to go creeping to his heart. Nay, more, it awakened a feeling of pity in his bosom. Pity is but the handmaid of sympathy. The rich man's thoughts went homeward with the victim of his cupidity—went home with him, though he strove hard to turn it in another direction—while fancy made pictures of the grief, fear and anxious dread of the future which filled the hearts of all in that humble dwelling. Suddenly he stood still, and bent his head in deep thought. Then he started onwards again, but evidently with a purpose in his mind, for he took long strides, and bent forward like a man eager to reach the point towards which his steps were directed. He was soon at the house of Aldridge the lawyer.

"I want a piece of writing made out immediately," said he, as the lawyer invited him to enter his office.

"To-night?" enquired Aldridge.

"Yes—to night. Can you do it?"