

shaking voice, not alone, there are some faults on both sides.

'Let us first consider yours; Clifton's will not exonerate you from the performance of your duty. For the love I bear you, Lucy, I will speak the truth; all the misery of your wedded life proceeds from the fatal indulgence of a procrastinating spirit. One uncorrected fault has been the means of alienating your husband's affections, and bringing discord and misery into the very heart of your domestic Eden. This must not be. You have strong sense and feeling, and must conquer the defect of character that weighs so heavily on your peace.'

Lucy burst into tears—'I fear I never can—and if I do, Clifton will not thank me, or care.'

'Try, Lucy. You can have little knowledge about the happiness it would bring or you would make the effort. And Clifton will care. Bring order into his household and comfort to his fire-side, and he will take you to his heart with a tenderer love than he ever gave to the bride of his youth.'

Lucy drew her breath gaspingly, and for a moment gazed into her uncle's face with something of his own enthusiasm; but it passed and despondency came with its withering train of tortures to frighten her from exertion.

'You cannot think, dear uncle, how much I have to do: and my children are so troublesome, that I can never systematize time.'

Let us see first what you can do. What is your first duty in the morning after you have dressed yourself.

'To wash and dress my children.'

'Do you always do it? Because if you rise early you have time before breakfast. Your children are happy and comfortable, only in your regular management of everything connected with them.'

I cannot always do it,' said Lucy, blushing—'sometimes I get up so low spirited and weary after the fatigues of the day. I have no heart to go to work, Clifton is cold, and hurries off to business. After breakfast I go through the house and to the kitchen, so that it is often noon before I can manage to dress them.'

'Now instead of all this, if you were to rise early, dress your little ones before breakfast, arrange your work, and go regularly from one work to another: never putting off one to finish another: you would get through everything, and have time to walk—that each day may have its necessary portion of exercise in the open air. That would dissipate weariness, raise your spirits, and invigorate your frame. Lucy will you not make the trial for Clifton's sake? Make his home a well ordered one, and he will be glad to come into it.'

And Lucy promised to think of it. But her uncle was surprised at her apparent apathy, and not long in divining the reason. Her heart is not in it, he thought, and if her husband don't rouse it, never will be. Lucy felt she was an object of indifference, if not dislike to Clifton, there was no end to be accomplished by self exertion, and as there was nothing to repay her for the wasted love of many years, she would encourage no new hopes to find them as false as the past.

'Uncle Joshua' sat together with Dr. Clifton, in the office of the latter.

'Has it ever struck you, Doctor, how much Lucy is altered of late.'

'I cannot say that I see any particular alteration. It is some time since you saw her,—matrimony is not very favorable to good looks, and may have diminished her beauty.'

'It is not of her beauty I speak. Her character is wholly changed; her spirits depressed, and her energies gone, and Uncle Joshua spoke warmly.'

'I never thought her particularly energetic, said the Doctor, dryly.'

'No one would suppose my good sir, you had ever thought or cared much about her.' Uncle Joshua was angry; but the red spot left his cheek as soon as it came there as he went on,—'Let us speak in kindness of this sad business. I see Lucy was in the right in thinking you had lost all affection for her.'

'Did Lucy say that? I should be sorry she thought so.'

'A man has cause for sorrow, when a wife fully believes his love for her is gone. Nothing can be more disheartening—nothing hardens the heart more fearfully, and sad indeed is the lot of that woman who bears the evil of matrimony without the happiness that often counterbalances them. We, who are of harder natures, have to little sympathy, perhaps too little thought for her peculiar trials.'

Gently then, as a father to an only son the old man told Clifton all that pas-

sed between Lucy and himself. More than once he saw his eyes moisten and strong emotion manifest in his manly countenance. A something of remorseful sorrow filled his heart, and its shadow lay on his face. 'Uncle Joshua' read aright the expression, and his honest heart beat with joy at the prospects he thought it opened before them. Always wise judging he said nothing more, but left him to his own reflection.

And Clifton did indeed reflect long and anxiously: he saw indeed how much his own conduct had discouraged his wife, while it had been a source of positive unhappiness to her. He went at length to seek her,—he found her alone in the parlor reading, or rather a book was open before her from which her eyes often wandered: until her head sunk on the arm of the sofa, and a heavy sigh came sadly on the ear of Clifton. 'Lucy dear, Lucy dear, grieve me no more.' 'We have both been wrong, but I have erred the most—having years on my side and experience. Shall we not forgive each other my sweet wife?' and he lifted her tenderly in his arms, and kissed the tears as they fell on her cheek.

'I have caused you much suffering, Lucy, I greatly fear,—your faults occasioned me only inconvenience. Dry up your tears, and let me hear that you forgive me, Lucy.'

'I have nothing to forgive,' exclaimed Lucy. 'Oh, I have been wrong, very wrong!—but if you had only encouraged me to reform, and sustained and aided me in my efforts to do so by your affection, so many of our married days would not have passed in sorrow and suffering.'

'I feel they would not,' said Clifton, moved almost to tears. 'Now, Lucy, the self exertion shall be mutual. I will never rest until I correct the violence of temper, that has caused you so much pain. You have but one fault, procrastination—will you strive also to overcome it?'

'I will,' said Lucy, 'but you must be patient with me, and rather encourage me to new exertions I have depended too long on your looks not to be influenced by them still—my love, Clifton, stronger than your own, fed on the memory of our early happiness, until my heart grew sick that it would never return. Oh, if you could love me as you did then, could respect me as once you did, I feel I could make any exertion to deserve it.'

And will you not be more worthy of esteem and love than you were, dear Lucy, if you succeed in reforming yourself. I believe you capable of the effort; and if success attends it the blessing will fall on us both, Lucy, and on our own dear children. Of one thing be assured, that my love will know no further change or diminution. You shall not have cause to complain of me again, Lucy. Now listen to me, dearest, as you once did in a time we will never forget—and tell me you will be happy for my sake.'

Lucy smiled, and gave the assurance—her heart beat lightly in her bosom—the color spread over her face—her eyes sparkled with the new, glad feelings of hope and happiness, and as Clifton clasped her in his arms, he thought her more beautiful than in that early time when he had first won her love.

In that very hour Lucy began her work of reform; it seemed as though new life had been infused into her hitherto drooping frame. She warbled many a sweet note of her youth, long since forgotten, for her spirits seemed running over from very excess of happiness. 'Uncle Joshua' was consulted in all her arrangements, and of great use he was:—he planned for her, encouraged her, made all easy by his method and management. She had gone to work with a strong wish to do her duty, and with a husband's affection for all success, and sympathy with every failure, there was little fear of her not succeeding. 'Tis true, the habit had been long in forming, but every link she broke in the chain that bound her, brought a new comfort to that happy household hearth. Clifton had insisted on hiring a woman to take charge of the children—this was a great relief. And somehow or other, 'Uncle Joshua' looked up a good cook.

'Now,' said Lucy, 'to fail would be a positive disgrace.'

'No danger of your failing, my sweet wife,' said Clifton, with a glance of affection that might have satisfied even her heart. 'You are already beyond the fear of it.'

Lucy shook her head—'I must watch or my old enemy will be back again before I am fully rid of him.'

'It is right to watch ourselves, I know, Lucy; are you satisfied that I have done so, and have, in some measure, corrected myself?' said Clifton.

'I have never seen a frown on your face since you promised me to be patient. You have been, and will continue to be, I am sure,' said Lucy, fondly, as she raised his hand to her lips which had rested on her arm. They were happy both, and whatever trouble was in store for them in their future life, they had strong and mutual affection to sustain them under it.

'God bless them both,' murmured 'Uncle

Joshua,' as he drew his hand hard across his eyes after witnessing this little scene. 'I have done good here, but in many a case I might be termed a meddling old fool, and not without reason, perhaps. 'Tis a pity though, that folks, who will get their necks into this matrimonial yoke, would try to make smooth the uneven places instead of stumbling all the way, breaking their hearts by way of amusement, as they go.'

'What is that you say, 'Uncle Joshua?' and Lucy, turning quickly round, and walking towards him, accompanied by her husband.

'I have had a habit of talking aloud,' said he smiling.

'But I thought you were abusing matrimony, uncle—you surely were not?'

'Cannot say exactly what I was thinking aloud. I am an old bachelor, Lucy, and have few objects of affection in the world: you have been to me as a child, always a good child, Lucy, too—and now I think you will make a good wife, and find the happiness you so well deserve. Am I right, love?'

'I hope you are, uncle. If it had not been for your kindness though, I might never have been happy again,' and tears dimmed Lucy's eyes at the recollection.

'We shall not forget your kindness,' said Clifton as he extended his hand, which 'Uncle Joshua' said the old man, laughing. 'This matrimony is a queer thing—those who have their necks in the noose had better make the most of it—and those out of the scrape keep so. Ah! you little reprobate!' he cried as he caught Lucy's bright eye, and disbelieving shake of the head—'you don't pretend to contradict me?'

'Yes I do, with my whole heart too. I would not give up my husband for the wide world, nor he his Lucy for the fairest girl in America!'

'Never!' exclaimed Clifton—'you are dearer to me than any other human being.'

'W-h-e-w!' was 'Uncle Joshua's' reply, in a prolonged sort of whistle, while his eyes opened in the profoundest wonder, and his whole countenance was expressive of the most ludicrous astonishment—'w-h-e-w!'

From Godey's Lady's Book.

'PASSING AWAY.'

SUGGESTED BY THE MOTTO ON THE RING OF A FRIEND.

'Passing away, passing away'—
A bright bird warbled in numbers gay,
Pausing awhile on its quivering wing,
Of its onward flight, and its home to sing,
'I joy to leave you my northern bowers,
Though grateful your shade in the summer hours,

For the cold winter blast has destroyed your bloom,
And winter hath come with his chilling gloom,
And homeward, detained by no captive chain,

I return to my native clime again.
To cloudless skies, to a fairer land,
I haste with a free and a joyful band,
Gladly, I carol my parting lay—
Passing away, passing away.'

'Passing away, passing away'
Murmured a flower in its slow decay,
And it bowed its head to the raging blast,
That its beautiful petals around it cast,—

'I rejoice, stern friend, that thou layest me low,
I welcome thy summons, I long to go,
In earth's warm bosom to sink to rest,—
She will guard me safe in her sheltering breast.

When the Spring returns, I again shall rise,
And, clad in new beauty, unclothe mine eyes.

Why should I linger alone 'mid the dead,
The loved and the lovely, around me have fled?

Calmly, I yield to thy pitiless away,
Passing away, passing away.'

'Passing away, passing away'—
Whispered a saint, as he dying lay,
While his pallid brow and his languid eye,
Now spake of the triumph, the glory nigh,—
'Glad some earth, farewell! I am thine no more!

Temping world, the joys and thy woes are o'er!

Soon, from sin and anguish forever free,
I shall mount on high with my Lord to be!
Heaven's shining portals e'en now appear!
The song of the ransomed,—I hear! I hear!
I shall soon be with you, ye blessed band!
Release me, sweet death, with thy mighty hand!

To the land of rest and eternal day,
Passing away, passing away.'

'Passing away, passing away'—
Sang an angel choir o'er the child of clay,—
Unseen their glances of pitying love,
While waited their song to the courts above—

'It will soon be ended, this fearful strife,
And thou shalt awaken to blissful life.
Then tremble not, mortal, nor fear to die,
O come thou with us, to thy home on high!

The sainted, the loved, for thy coming wait,
To dwell with them, in their happy state.
There are mansions fair, in that world of light,
Soon, soon will they burst on thy raptured sight!
Gazing upon thee, we joyfully say—
Passing away, passing away.'

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHT'S TEMPLARS, THE TEMPLE CHURCH, AND THE TEMPLE.

BY CHARLES G. ADDISON, ESQ.

THERE is, perhaps, no period of history which has more interested modern inquirers than that of the Crusades; and rightly so, for the events were of the most startling character, their influence most widely spread, and the results of the highest importance. Every grade of society felt the effects of the mania which so suddenly sprang into existence; the relations between the prince and the noble, the lord and the serf, were thereby deeply affected; and the process of civilization, which had for some time been nearly stationary, at once advanced with giant strides.

The intercourse between the best and the bravest of rival nations was placed on a new footing; the minds of men became expanded by interchange of sentiment in foreign climes and amid the excitement of novel scenes; and thus was the way paved for that social revolution, the germs of which may be clearly traced to this eventful period. A higher tone of feeling and principle was developed in the relations of individuals, and the dawn of liberty became perceptible in the decay of the barbarous feudal system.

The formation of the Order of Knights Templars—a body so humble in its origin, so haughty in its vigour, so unfortunate in its decline—gave a new tone to the warfare in the East. The desultory action of immense masses, under capricious or incompetent leaders, was exchanged for that combination of forces to which the unity of purpose and military skill of this powerful order so directly tended. The enthusiasm excited throughout Christendom in behalf of the Templars was boundless; the kings vied with subjects in devoting personal services and vast fortunes in aid of an order whose exploits form a connecting link between fact and fiction, between history and the fairy tale.

In the first part of the work before us (for the three portions are quite distinct, though totally connected) the valiant deeds of the Knights Templars in the days of their prosperity and greatness are carefully chronicled; their sufferings and persecutions in the death struggle of their order feelingly depicted; and a generous effort made to rescue their fame from much undeserved obloquy. As various were the fortunes as the characters of the Grand Masters who rise in succession the details of our author; and as we follow the career of the ill-fated Bernard de Tremelay, the dauntless Odo de St. Amand, or the doomed James de Molay, we have before us a moving picture at once interesting and impressive. The fall of Acre, under the impetuous attack of the Moslems, in 1291, is thus graphically described by Mr. Addison:—

'William de Beaujeu, the Grand Master of the Temple, veteran warrior of a hundred fights, took the command of the garrison, which amounted to about 12,000 men, exclusive of the forces of the Temple and the Hospital, and a body of 500 foot and 200 horse, under the command of the King of Cyprus. These forces were distributed along the walls in four divisions, the first of which was commanded by Hugh de Grandison, an English knight. The old and the feeble, women and children, were sent away by sea to the Christian island of Cyprus, and none remained in the devoted city but those who were prepared to fight in its defence, or to suffer martyrdom at the hands of the infidels. The siege lasted six weeks, during the whole of which period the sallies and the attacks were incessant. Neither by nights nor by day did the shouts of the assailants and the noise of the military engines cease; the walls were battered from without, and the foundations were sapped by miners, who were incessantly laboring to advance their works. More than 600 catapults, balistes, and other instruments of destruction were directed against the fortifications; and the battering machines were of such immense size and weight that 100 waggons were required to transport the separate timbers of one of them. Moveable towers were erected by the Moslems, so as to overtop the walls, their workmen and advanced parties were protected by hurdles covered with raw hides, and all the military contrivances which the art and the skill of the age could produce were used to facilitate the assault. For a long time their utmost efforts were foiled by the valor of the besieged, who made constant sallies upon their works, burnt their towers and machines, and destroyed their miners.

Day by day, however, the numbers of the garrison were thinned by the sword, whilst in the enemy's camp the places of the