

those words flashed across her senses, and she lay mute, like one stricken by a violent blow.

"Uncle, save me from this misery, or I shall destroy myself!" said Gilbert, in a passionate and agonized voice.

"I have borne this month of madness without letting her see my feelings, but I can endure it no longer. I would not willingly wound her, for, after all, the fault is not hers! She cannot help being coarse, uneducated, vulgar minded; neither is it mine that I cannot longer endure her society."

"In marrying her you sacrificed yourself, but you did it with an honourable feeling; that should console you."

"I strive not to repent, but the effort is distraction—distraction! She cannot utter a word without expressing her ignorance and illiteracies, and oh! dear uncle, you have spoiled me for these things."

"Where is Susannah, now?"

"I know not. In her own room. Sleeping rapturously."

"At all events, it is not safe for us to speak here, and with you in this excited state. Come with me, and we will consult together."

And they had gone, unconscious of her presence; and a stand of flowers had concealed her from their sight. Yet now had those few words changed the colour of her destiny! By what unaccountable chemistry had they transformed the aspect of the whole world!

It was not till evening that Mr Ramsey and Gilbert returned. The latter was flushed and confused, the former sedately calm. He told Susannah that he was unexpectedly compelled to take his nephew with him to the Continent, on sudden business; that they must embark on the morrow. Evidently they expected a scene. Both looked earnestly at her. They thought she would have raved extravagantly, and declared her determination never to be sundered from her beloved Gilbert. And in the morning she would have done this; in the evening she sat in a sullen stupor. Mr Ramsey spoke of the liberal allowance left for her comfort, for which she returned no thanks, and then Gilbert tried to speak of parting sorrow, but got no answer, and by and by they were gone. Susannah watched them from the window until they were out of sight, and then, dashing herself upon the floor, lay the long day in wild tumultuous passionate distraction.

Two years have passed, and Mr Ramsey is compelled to visit his estates in England. For very shame, Gilbert must seek again his forsaken wife. Susannah once more expects him.

And now she sits with a throbbing heart at that very window from which she watched his departure. There is a mighty power in sympathy, and love is but an all-engrossing and entire sympathy. Susannah's love was vital, though her faculties were dormant. She had been roused by a sudden blow to a sense of her own misery, her own imperfections. Gilbert had left her in a sullen stupor of despair, unconscious how deeply she was stricken; but there is this one grand distinction between the really ignobly minded and those capable of higher things; that which crushes the one vivifies the other. As Susannah lay in her distraction on that very floor two years ago, she had passionately asked herself, "We are alike—united, counterparts, before we parted, and what has now divided us and made us strangers—strangers though wife and husband?" and then Gilbert's horrible words answered her, "Coarse, uneducated, vulgar minded, ignorant, and illiterate." If she were these, so too had he once been. If he were changed, why might not she too change? That was the first moment of regenerated mind. There was no future standing still for Susannah.

And oh! how she laboured! Pride and love both led their inspiration. Mr Ramsey's liberality enabled her to surround herself with books and masters, and no sluggish student, no lagging pupil, was Susannah. New worlds opened on her view, and she no longer wondered that her Gilbert had been unable to endure the companionship of her ignorance. She forgave him, or rather she excused him. After a while she went into society, that she was happy because she had new enjoyments, and she lived for a motive. As it must ever be the case, her manners kept pace with her mind. Her beauty grew refined, her habits elegant, her motions graceful. Her very habitations received its polish from her. And now she is sitting, attired by her Grace, full of trembling hope; she has seen from the window his carriage stop, and now she turns to receive him.

Gilbert entered, downcast, dejected, discontented, like one who returns to his dungeon. He tried to frame his lips to the expression of artificial joy, but he was suddenly startled out of the kind hypocrisy. Could this elegant, this grateful, this lady-like creature be the hoyden he had left, the wife whom he had forsaken? The change flashed across him with an overpowering emotion.

"Are you indeed my Susannah?" burst from his lips.

"I am!" exclaimed Susannah, and she threw herself into his arms.

From the Rose of Sharon.

ROSA BELLE.

WHERE the wood-anemones rose and fell
O'er the mossy turf, in the wind's low swell;
Where the dew-drops lay in the violet's cup
Till high in the zenith the sun rose up;
Where the sunbeams entered through the veil
Of green,

And fell on the brooks with a rosy sheen;
Where the song of the robin came faint and sweet,
From the far-off fields of the waving wheat;
There, in that shady and quiet dell,
Was the daily haunt of young Rosabelle.

The spring whose waters were dripping by
Was not more clear than her hazel eye;
And the cardinal flower than in autumn grew
Where the bank was now with young violets blue.

Had never a color could half eclipse
The brilliant of her dimpled lips;
Her voice! 'twas the voice of a bird just flown,
When the distance has softened its clear, shrill tone;

When it blends with the sigh of the waving pine,
Up, far up in the warm sunshine!

But Nature that rivaled her lip and eye,
That echoed her voice in its own sweet sigh,
Had never a symbol in glade or bower,
In the sunniest fount or fairest flower,
Could half the beauty or brightness tell
Of the lofty soul of young Rosabelle!

Here came she, not for the flowers alone!
Though these a spell o'er her heart had thrown;
Nor stole she away to this lonely glen
In the dark distrust of the hearts of men;

Nay, it was love, 'twas the pure, high love
Which angels feel in the realms above;
'T was love for the beautiful, true and good,
That filled her soul in that quiet wood.

Of mid the silence and holy calm,
Of a light half shadow, an air all balm,
She sought with the ardor of hopeful youth,
The holy counsels of God and Truth.

To seek out want and relieve distress,
To guide and strengthen, to love and bless,
To lift the fallen, and speak of peace
In a world where the errors of this life cease;

These were the aims that from day to day
Over her spirit gained stronger sway,
And drew her forth for the woodland dell
The sunny heart of young Rosabelle!

MISS M. C. EDGARTON.

From the same.

BIRTH DAY THOUGHTS.

BY HENRY BACON.

"Ah, we ask not enough what love has done for us, and too many speak their tenderest words above 'a mother's grave.'" Let the unheeding begin to muse over the living tomb of a living mother—love—the ungrateful heart!

and it may be that a resurrection will bless them, bright and beautiful as the daughter of Eternity. Come, angel of memory! roll away the sealed stone from the mouth of the sepulchre! Then shall the hand that would readily bear spices to embalm the dead body of affection, be busy in acts of reverent love towards the living. Hallowed be the brightest symbol of heavenly love! Thirty and one years it has been before me—what has it taught me? I cannot give to another the answer; "For what man knoweth the thing of a man, but the spirit of man which is in him?" One answer I will give: one and thirty years have taught me the value of existence!

Existence! what is it? I have no metaphysics, no philosophical subtleties, at command, wherewith to pretend to solve the mystery. What is life? shall yet be asked by millions, but not one voice lift a single tone to give an authoritative, certain answer. Definitions will need defining; the analysis must yet be analyzed; the solution will become a new problem. We can only speak of life as the words leap to our lip by reason's play, when the voice sounds in the ear. Existence is consciousness, thought, emotion, affection, action.

There are times when we so pause before the presence of beauty and joy in nature, or when some incident has varied the monotony of life so much, that we have no ideas, and all sentiment and feeling mingles dreamily together, and yet the simple consciousness that we live is an all-pervading bliss.—Every sense seems to be instinct with spirituality; and the eye that looks upon us, gazes as on a statue of rapture.

I have lain down in the cool shade of the oak, by a running stream, in summer time, and gazed on the loveliness that was spread out before me. Far off the blue-robed hills lay in the distance, while the broad river slept beneath, flashing at times with peculiar brightness, as smite fit across the face of a dreaming babe. On the right, the green forest through which the interlaced light shone upon the verdant meadow, and made the margin of the stream a beautiful mosaic. Gushing melodies were poured forth from the throats of many wood-singers, and the glad air became lighter and more volatile as its waves bore the music along. Far away on the left, stretched the cultivated fields, the pastures, and the orchards of the yeomanry, while the farmhouses and cottages were scattered amid these, all beautiful and pleasant in the distance. Farther still, the clustered dwellings of the village were seen, while the tall spire, on which the broad vane glittered in the sunshine, rose as a monument

to the religious sentiment—a monument of departed activity and living zeal.

Following the winding stream at my feet as it moved on to the river, the eye leapt the sight of the road and the bridge, and followed the merry school-children as they fitted to and fro amid the trees, and in joyous train chased the carriage of some heavy villager "known to all the country round" for his good nature, and the showers of fruit that came from him with such well-timed chance, just as the hezza of freedom was given by the uncaged birds of the school-house.

To lie on that soft bank, and gaze out on all this, while the gentle ripple of a lazy streamlet fell on the ear, was bliss enough. Consciousness of life was the whole of existence then. To live—to know I was alive, that I could look out on the beauties of nature, that I could drink in the peace of the scenes that were spread before me, was unutterable bliss.

But when existence became thought, a new element of pure pleasure was imparted—a new fountain was opened. Meditation took hold of the indistinct impressions, and changed them into perfect pictures. Each awakened a vast train of thought, that led, with a rapidity that can never equal, over immense territories, and away back into the past of tradition and history. And with these came emotion, varied as the scene varied—now absorbing the soul in the interest which gathered around some story of heroic struggling, or eccentric goodness, or hazardous enterprise; and then waking up the gentlest sympathies by some tale of infantile suffering, or juvenile enjoyment. Thought brought back the ramblings with beloved friends through those paths; and many a rock, and hill, and tree, were discerned with which sweet poetry was united. The grass seemed greener where we shed tears of farewell in the moonlit hours, when long months or years were to separate us; and there was the tall elm against which we leaned in despair, and from which we spring with new life when hope came. There was the grave of the stranger, made far away, at the time, from the trodden paths; a loathsome and contagious body was committed to the earth, and yet laid gently to its rest, because it was the frame of a human being.

Again the solemn thoughts that once paced through the youthful soul returned, and again the prayers were offered, "Let me die at home!" Home a new element was now added to thought and emotion, and existence became affection, and affection recalled action—manifested life. All the wondrously mingled memories that arose, and now arise centre in one great question—How has a mother's love shone in this life? This unites the first and the last moment of existence—the farthest past and nearest present.

A mystic river flows on. I see its first waters—O how pure! Placid as the stream where you can count the veins of the leaves which are mirrored on its surface. Tears fall and disturb its smoothness, but all is quiet in a moment, for the purity of the waters is unsoiled. On, on they flow, and their beauty becomes darkened as impurities are permitted to mingle in, and the serene heavens above are broken into fragments by the opposing waves, as they roll into the waters that smiled back the lovely hues of the skies. The river deepens and widens, as another becomes united therewith, and branches issue therefrom and return. How many currents course now through those waters, turning, and throwing, and whirling the river, till it seems an epitome of all the seas; and then lengthens out in all the placidity of the quiet lake.

But how clear and distinct, in all the course of this perpetual River of Life, do the flowings of a mother's love appear! Unchanged, the silver current moves on, winding itself wherever there is a varying of the course of the river, and turning, by its gentle force, the whole mass from where, swift rushing, it would be dashed, in convulsive torrents, into the far depths, to mingle at once with the ocean of eternity. As I glanced through memory's glass on this river of life, I caught the vision of some portions more distinct than others, and I will give them in word sketches of birth day thoughts.

THE FIRST CRIME.

The first incident which I can recall presents me very much in the situation of Eve when she grasped the forbidden fruit. It was a day for "company," and preparations were made, while they were in the "sitting-room" below to appease the appetite. The table was beautifully spread in the upper room, and while all were absent, a youngster, who was older than myself, reasoned me into the belief that it would not be wrong to take for him some of the tempting cake. It would be wrong—so the argument ran—for me to take the cake for my own eating, but to get it in order to be kind and generous to him, would be fair and honorable.

Impulse betrayed me. I knew that I should have some given me when the company were supped, but he would then be gone; and so, thought I, here goes to make equal. I was caught by all the circumstances of the case were examined, and the impression made on my heart by the mode of cure, is now grateful. I know not what was done, but I feel me look that was bent upon me. I learned to be just before being generous. Too many are apt to speak of "crushing all offences in the bud," as though the first crime should meet with a severity that would never be forgotten. Better, far better, that it should meet with a kindness that will never fade from the memory. The latter, unlike the former, does not wake up an antagonism in the heart, springing from a consciousness that the worst has been feared by the parent in his case. You must keep the

consciousness of the child on your part, if you would be successful in doing him good. You must not so act, as to leave him brooding over the thought that he has been wronged—that he did indeed merit punishment, but not such severity—that he did indeed fall before temptation, but yet some trust ought to be exercised toward him for the future.

Daddy severity often throws a child into an antagonistic position, in which he cannot be made to feel his own guiltiness. He labors to find apologies for his own conduct, whereas, by kind treatment, he would be inclined to be severe upon himself. "Look for the good to be found, and keep that active," is the motto for every one who would unfold the best character in a child. As gently as a mote is extracted from the eye, should be the attempt to remove the first moral defect in the character of a child. Clearly manifested love should deal with the first crime.

From Colonel Smith's History of Dogs.

FACTS ABOUT WOLVES.

Wolves howl more frequently when the weather is about to change to wet. They grovel with their nose in the earth, instead of digging with their paws, when they wish to conceal a part of their food, or the droppings about their laire.—The parent wolves punish their whelps if they emit a scream of pain; they bite, maltreat, and drag them by the tail, till they have learned to bear pain in silence. Wolf-hunters commonly assert that the animal is weak in the loins, and when first put to speed his hind quarters seem to waver; but when warned, that he will run without halting from the district where he has been hunted, taking a direct line for some favorite cover, perhaps 40 miles or more in distance. On these occasions he will leap over walls eight feet high, cross rivers obliquely with the current, even if it be the Rhine, and never offer battle unless he be fairly turned, when he will endeavor to cripple the opponent by hasty snaps at the fore legs, and resume his route. The track of a wolf is readily distinguished from that of a dog, by the two middle claws being close together, while in the dog they are separated; the marks, however, when the wolf is at speed, and the middle toes are separated, can be determined by the claws being deeper and the impression more hairy; the print is also longer and narrower, and the ball of the foot more prominent. Inferior in wild resources to the fox, the wolf is nevertheless endowed with great sagacity. His powers of scent are very delicate, his hearing acute, and his habits always cautious. The European variety is naturally a beast of the woods; those of the arctic regions and of the steppes of Russia and Tartary have different manners, probably from necessity, not choice.

From the Quarterly Review.

FUNERAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The attendants plundered the royal chamber, stripped the body even of its last garments, sons, kinsmen, servants, all, without exception, rushing out, left the poor diseased corpse lying naked on the floor. So completely was it abandoned, that the duty of conveying the remains of William to the monastery of St. Stephen at Caen, which he had founded, was performed by the care and charity of a knight of humble fortune and low degree, grieved at the indignity to which the mortal spoil of his sovereign was exposed. The monks came forth with song and dirge, and receiving the body, they took order for the royal sepulture. The grave was dug deep in the presbytery, between altar and choir. All the bishops and abbots of Normandy assembled. A last mass had been sung, Gilbert, bishop of Etreux, addressed the people; and when he had magnified the fame of the departed, he asked them all to pray for his soul. And then a loud voice was heard from the crowd; a poor man stood up before the bier, one Ascelin, who foebade that William's corpse should be received into the ground he had usurped by reckless violence.

The land whereon the church of St. Stephen stood—the monastery, whose erection was amongst the good works upon which William relied—had been taken by William from Arthur, the father of Ascelin, and any compensation had been denied. All present, bishops and nobles, all the bystanders, indeed, knew how sadly true was the complaint; and they pacified Ascelin by paying him the price of that narrow little plot of earth, the seven feet of mould, the contested resting place of the conqueror. Ascelin, further promise, being made to him, withdrew his ban, but as the swollen corpse sank into the grave, it burst, filling the sacred edifice with corruption. The obsequies were hurried through; and thus was William the Conqueror gathered to his fathers—with loathing, disgust, and horror.

DOMESTIC DUTIES.

Seeing that almost the whole of the day is devoted to business abroad, and the remainder of time to domestic duties, there is none left to myself, that is, for my studies—for my resting home, I have to talk with my wife, prattle with my children, and converse with my servants, all which things I number among the duties of life; since, if a man would not be a stranger in his own house, he must, by every means in his power, strive to render himself agreeable to those companions of his life whom nature hath provided, chance thrown in his way, or that he has himself chosen.—Sir Thomas More.

There is a cobbler in London, over whose door is the following notice:—

"Shews Maid, and Men—dead here."