

can never meet on the same terms as we have hitherto done," the young lady made answer, and as she spoke, she, to conceal her emotion, bent over a drawing to which she had been giving the last touches with her pencil.

"I am perfectly ignorant of your meaning, Miss Morland. I am not aware of having in any way deserved to be received here otherwise than I have ever been."

"Am I misinformed, then, upon the subject of your intentions for the future?" Ellen asked with more earnestness than she intended to betray. The question served to open the eyes of the lover to the truth, and he was for some time incapable of reply, so powerful were the conflicting emotions which agitated his breast. "Is it true," she pursued after a pause, "that you have relinquished your intended academic career, and purpose to take your station for life behind a counter?"

"Can this be Ellen Morland—she whom I believed to be all that was generous, affectionate, and amiable?" the youth mentally inquired. Still he spoke not, fearing lest his words should express all the astonishment and indignation he felt.

"If such be the case," the young lady proceeded, at a loss how to account for his silence, "you need not be informed that you have taken a step which must separate us for ever. I would have shared your fortunes in the honourable path you were about to pursue, even had you not been prosperous; but you cannot suppose, Mr Harley, that I can now any longer think of doing so. I do not expect that this will cause you any regret," she carelessly added: your mother and sisters are the principal objects of your concern; my feelings and my wishes have not been consulted; and therefore I am justified in deeming them a matter of indifference."

"Had not your own lips, Ellen, given utterance to these unkind and unjust observations, I would not have believed you capable of making them," the young man now replied, whilst his intelligent countenance glowed with an expression of anger foreign to his nature. "I would have contradicted any one who had dared to accuse you of such selfish and unfeeling conduct; and even now I am almost inclined to doubt the evidence of my senses, than believe you guilty of it. Yes, I have, as you say, given up my academic career, and taken my station behind a counter; and your excellent father approves of the step. I have acted in accordance with the dictates of affection and duty, at a sacrifice of my own feelings which no language can express, and I expected to have met with your sympathy and approbation. But since it is withheld—since you are so void of womanly tenderness as to taunt me with my regard for my family, I will turn to them alone for that happiness I once thought you would be the means of bestowing."

He rose as he spoke, and was moving towards the door, when Ellen, who had not expected on the part of her lover such a ready concurrence in her wishes, detained him by observing that she was the person who had treated her as though she was without interest in his welfare.

"No, Miss Morland," he made answer: "I supposed you to be deeply interested in anything that concerned me; but I was grievously mistaken; and this transaction has revealed to me that we were never suited for each other. If you can esteem the claims of a widowed parent and helpless family to be so tight—if you can throw contempt upon an honourable occupation, undertaken under such circumstances—you would never have made me happy, and I, on the other hand, could not have rendered you so. It is well, perhaps, that we have thus become better acquainted with each other's character, though to me it is a bitter discovery. Adieu! I little thought when I entered this house that I should leave it thus; and he again made a movement to depart."

Ellen would at that moment have given much to recall what she had, in the full confidence of her power, uttered; but her pride would not allow her to make any concession, and she suffered him to depart without a word. No language can describe the feelings of Edmund Harley as he bent his steps towards his once happy home. The hopes of his youth were in every way blighted; yet he was free from self-accusations; nor did he in any instance repent of the course he had taken. There is an elevating principle in virtue which sustains the mind under every calamity, and this principle alone supported our hero under his accumulated disappointments.

Mrs Harley's penetrating mind had foreseen the probable event of Miss Morland's rejection of her son. She surmised that her affections were not of a very durable nature, but to the simple-hearted Elizabeth, it was a matter of astonishment that any young woman could be indifferent to the regard of her almost idolised brother, be his position in society what it might. The private sorrows of Edmund were, however, swallowed up in a fresh affliction which befell the family shortly afterwards. The conciliating spirit evinced, and the generous offers which were made, by the elder towards the younger brother, had no effect in softening the resentment of the latter, who viewed with dissatisfaction every measure proposed for the promotion of peace and unity. He was missed one morning from the family breakfast, and when sought for in his chamber, it was discovered that he had not occupied it during the night. The fact that great part of his wardrobe was gone, too plainly denoted that he had voluntarily absented himself; but not a line could be found to give his distressed relations any clue to the path he had taken, or the course he intended to pursue, nor could they hear of any one who had seen him since the previous evening.

The health of Mrs Harley, which had been greatly enfeebled by her late severe affliction, sunk under this additional grief, and she was confined to her chamber with a malady which threatened a fatal termination. It was now that the domestic virtues of Elizabeth were called into action. The management of the household affairs, and the charge of the younger members of the family, devolved on her, in addition to the task of nursing her invalid parent; but her character, unlike that of Ellen Morland's required to be tested by adverse circumstances to exhibit its beauty.

Knowing the dislike Richard had for business, Edmund thought it probable that his brother had enlisted in the military service; and he accordingly took a journey to London, in order to ascertain if this were the case. He felt convinced that the strict discipline exercised in the army would be revolting to the pride of a youth who had resisted the mildest parental control, and he would have made any sacrifice to purchase his release, could he have persuaded him to return to his home. His search was, however, fruitless; no traces of the fugitive could be discovered, and the afflicted family could only wait the result of time.

The entire devotion of her eldest son, together with the unremitting attentions of her gentle nurse, had the effect of soothing the wounded spirit of Mrs Harley, and for their sakes she strove to bear her twofold bereavement. The desertion of Richard had thrown much additional labour upon Edmund, who, never having been habituated to business, found the duties really onerous. Shut out from those beloved studies which had before been the food of his existence, he toiled early and late at an occupation which even prevented the possibility of his thoughts ranging in those flowery paths; yet he was never heard to utter a complaint. When alone with Elizabeth, he would sometimes picture how happy he should have been had Providence permitted that he should have administered to the wants of his family by means of his sacred office towards which his wishes tended; but he would check every rising of discontent with the remark, that it was not his place to dictate, but to follow.

His gentle sister's hopeful nature would soar above the present difficulties, and prophesy of brighter days. She was sure, she said, that his noble self-sacrifice would be rewarded even in this life; that he was not intended to pursue a course so opposed to his inclinations; and those visions of future happiness had at least the effect of smoothing his present rugged path.

The expiration of two years found the family in much the same circumstances as when Richard quitted his home—with this exception, that time had in some measure blunted the edge of their grief for the departed. Concerning the fate of the fugitive they were in equal uncertainty and anxiety, for no tidings of him had reached during that period. The London post, however one morning brought Edmund a letter, the direction of which bore a resemblance to his brother's handwriting; and, without saying a word which could indicate what was passing in his mind, he withdrew from the family circle to peruse it alone. The epistle, as he surmised, was from Richard; but Edmund scarcely knew whether to rejoice or to weep over its contents. It told a tale of suffering, and was dated from an hospital, where the unhappy young man was then lying, disabled by sickness, brought on by privation and hardship; but it breathed a spirit of penitence and submission he had never before evinced, and this gave some cheering hopes of future amendment. "To you, my brother," he concluded by saying—"to you I turn when all the rest of mankind frown upon me; for in you I see the representative of that excellent father whose counsels I despised, and whose name I slandered. Yes; I cannot forget that I taxed his memory with injustice, because he had not placed confidence in a son who had never acted other than the prodigal's part. My mother truly prophesied that I should live to repent it. But if my life be spared, and you receive me once more into my early home, I will try by every means to make restitution for the past, by devoting my future life to the service of those remaining dear ones I have so deeply injured." Summoning Elizabeth to his side, Edmund deputed to her the task of breaking the intelligence to their parent, and then made immediate preparations for paying a visit to his erring brother. To Mrs Harley the information came like a voice from the grave; for she had long deplored her son as dead, thinking it impossible that he could yet live, and keep them so long in ignorance of his fate. Our hero's intended journey to London meeting with his mother's cordial approbation, the young man was in a few hours on his road hither. His fraternal feelings experienced a shock when he obtained admittance to the house of charity in which the invalid lay; for so altered were those once handsome features and emaciated was his late athletic form, that he could with difficulty recognize him. There was a change also in Edmund: his intelligent countenance bore an expression of thoughtfulness and sadness unusual in one so young; but it was at the same time rendered more dignified by the ennobling motives which had actuated his conduct. The meeting was touching in the extreme. The contrition of one brother was evidently as deep and sincere as the forgiveness of the other was feeling and heartfelt; and Edmund's assurances that their widowed parent would receive her prodigal son with open arms, afforded to Richard unspeakable satisfaction.

The debilitated state to which the youth was reduced, prevented the possibility of his being removed for some considerable time.

but his family looked anxiously for his arrival at the home of his childhood, and no one more so than Elizabeth, who hopefully prophesied that her nursing would soon restore him to perfect health. At length he was clasped in the embraces of his fond mother and affectionate sister who with one accord resolved to obliterate all remembrance of the past, and to encourage his resolutions of amendment.

"I do not ask you to place firm reliance in my promises of reformation," Richard one day said, addressing his brother. "The resolutions made on a sick-bed are, I know, often broken; but if, after twelve months' trial, I retain your confidence, I wish you to intrust the business to my care, and then pursue the course you had at first marked out. Believe me," he earnestly added, "I am not prompted by self-interest in making this proposal. I am now convinced that it was at a sacrifice of your feelings that you undertook it; and in requesting you to give it up, I am influenced only by a desire for your benefit. I will willingly yield the entire profits to my mother and sisters, and derive no further emolument from it than as if I were a stranger hired to fill your place."

Edmund cheerfully acceded to this proposition: it seemed to animate him with fresh hope; and Elizabeth, who was present, threw her arms alternately around each, and wept tears of delight. "Did I not tell you, dear Edmund, that there would be a blissful termination to all our misfortunes?" she exclaimed. Then turning to her younger brother, she energetically added, "On the fulfilment of your promises, Richard, all our hopes must rest. But you will fulfil them—I am sure you will. You will, for the future, be to our dear mother what Edmund has hitherto been. He may then pursue his studies, and we shall all be happy yet."

And Elizabeth's prophecy was accomplished—her fondest hopes were realized; for Richard's good conduct during the period he had himself specified having guaranteed future stability the business was consigned to his care. Mrs Harley thought it most prudent, for a season, to permit him to have it on his own terms; but as he gave no cause for dissatisfaction in the capacity of foreman, it was wholly intrusted to his direction shortly after he became of age. Edmund, meanwhile, with the aid of Mr Morland—who, notwithstanding the rupture with his daughter, was still his attached and steady friend—recommended his studies in one of the colleges and having gone through the necessary course, attained the goal towards which his desires had so long been directed. He was now able to offer his widowed parent and younger sisters an asylum beneath his roof, leaving Elizabeth to be the housekeeper of her twin-brother. The furnace of affliction had further purified the character of Edmund Harley, and he entered on his sacred office with a mind better prepared for extensive usefulness than it would formerly have been. And now, in looking back upon the path of duty, tho' it was in his case rugged and toilsome, it was the only safe one; and that it had ultimately led to solid and durable happiness.

New Works.

SAMARIA.

It is most affecting to look round this scene of desolation, and to remember that this was the place where wicked Ahab built his house of Baal, where cruel Jezebel ruled, and where Elijah and Elisha did their wonders. But above all, it filled the mind with solemn awe to read on the spot the words of God's prophet uttered 2500 years before: "I will make Samaria as a heap of the field, and as plantings of the vineyard; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof." Every clause reveals a new feature in the desolation of Samaria, differing in all its details from the desolation of Jerusalem, and every word has literally come to pass. We had found both on the summit, and on the southern valley, at every little interval, heaps of ancient stones piled up, which had been gathered off the surface to clear it for cultivation. There can be no doubt that these stones once formed part of the temples, and palaces, and dwellings of Samaria, so that the word is fulfilled: "I will make Samaria as a heap of the field."

We had also seen how completely the hill has been cleared of all edifices, the stones gathered on it as in the clearing of a vineyard, the only columns that remain standing bare without their capitals; so that in all respects the hill is left like "the plantings of a vineyard"—either like the bare vine-shoots of a newly planted vineyard, or like the well cleared terraces, where vines might be planted. Still further, we had seen that the ruins of the ancient city had not been left to moulder away on the hill where they were built, as is the case with other ancient cities, but had been cleared away to make room for the labours of the husbandmen. The place where the buildings or the city stood has been tilled, sown and reaped; and the buildings themselves rolled down over the brow of the hill. Of this, the heaps in the valley, the loose fragments in the rude dykes that run up the sides, and the broken columns on their way down into the valleys, are witnesses; so that the destroyers of Samaria (whose very names are unknown), and the simple husbandmen, have both unwittingly been fulfilling God's word. "I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley." And last of all, we had noticed that many of the stones in the valley were large and massy as if they had been foundation stones of a building, and that in many parts of the vast colonnade nothing more than the bases of the pillars remain. But especially

we observed, that the ruined church had been built upon foundations of a far older date than the church itself, the stones being of great size, and bevelled in a manner similar to the stones of the temple wall at Jerusalem, and those of the mosque at Hebron, and these foundations were now quite exposed. So that the last clause of prophecy is fulfilled with the same awful minuteness: "I will discover the foundations thereof." Surely there is more than enough in the fulfillment of this fourfold prediction to condemn, if it does not convince the Infidel.—*Narrative of a Mission to the Jews.*

PUNCTUALITY.

Punctuality to engagements is a species of conscientiousness—a conscientiousness towards our neighbour's time. The gentler sex are sadly deficient in it, probably from their being less accustomed to business arrangements than men. A whimsical friend used to recommend those having appointments with ladies always to go an hour too late. "You have the moderate revenge of keeping them waiting a quarter of an hour for the three quarters of an hour they would have been sure to keep you waiting, if you had been punctual."

FILTH AND FEVER.

DEFICIENT drainage, if not the parent, is most certainly the nurse of fever. My own opinion is, that fever is a contagious disease, spreading from person to person just as small-pox or scarlet-fever does; and, like those diseases, haunting over-crowded or ill-drained districts, and all places, where, from any cause whatever, the air is foul, and filled with animal and vegetable exhalations. It loves the banks of rivers, the borders of marshes, the edges of stagnant pools. It makes itself a home in the neighbourhood of cesspools and badly constructed drains, and takes special delight in the incense of gully-holes. It has a perfect horror of fresh air, soap, and white-wash; but when left to itself will linger for years amid scenes of filth and corruption, and hold in its deadly embrace all human beings who have the same depraved taste, or are so unfortunate as to be thrown into its company. It is the favourite child of *laissez faire* (in plain English, let alone), and bears the same relation to filth that crime does to ignorance.—*Lectures by D. W. A. Guy.*

SAVAGE AND CIVILISED.

STRIPPED of all its fictitious ornaments, savage life, though it has natural beauties, yet the darker shadows of its vices overcomes the lustre of its virtue; and though we may regret the individual loss, we cannot but rejoice in the universal advantage and progress. The mill and the factory of the white man may be less picturesque than the deer-skin edge of the red, the smoky steamer, as, panting and rattling, she cuts through the lakes or rivers, less in harmony with their features than the undulations of the buoyant canoe; the blackened clearing less grateful to the eye than the woodland glade; the dusty road than the forest trail; but the perfection to which they lead; the bright day of peace and love of which they are the harbingers—though but dimly discernible in the long perspective of years to come—it is too pregnant with the happiness of the human race, and the glory of the Deity, to leave any serious pain, from the means by which it is of necessity to be obtained, upon the mind which looks forward to it.—*Rev. C. Nicolay.*

APPROBATIVENESS.

WHAT the phrenologists call 'approbativeness' is an excellent development; but we may have it too full. People born without it are intolerable—those who have a superabundance pay dearly enough for being agreeable. They win, without conscious effort—instinctively as it were—'golden opinions' from those with whom they are associate; and too good a reputation is sometimes a severe tax in more ways than one. As with other luxuries, it costs a good deal to support it.—*Mrs Kirkland.*

CHEERING INFLUENCES OF SYMPATHY.

We are affected with delightful sensations when we see the inanimate parts of the creation—the meadows, flowers, and trees, in a flourishing state. There must be some rooted melancholy in the heart, when all nature appears smiling about us, to hinder us from corresponding with the rest of the creation, and joining in the universal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their cheerful verdure, if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation in their most advantageous dress, can inspire gladness into the heart, and drive away all sadness but despair; to see the rational creation happy and flourishing ought to give us a pleasure as superior as the latter is to the former in the scale of beings. But the pleasure is still heightened, if we ourselves have been instrumental in contributing to the happiness of our fellow creatures, if we have helped to raise a heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that barren and dry land where now water was, with refreshing showers of love and kindness.—*Seed.*

As many locks, whose wards differ, are opened by one master-key; so there is a certain comprehensive view of scriptural truth which opens hard places, solves objections, and happily reconciles, illustrates, and harmonizes many texts, which, to those who have not this master-key, (frequently styled the analogy of faith, appear little less than contradictory to each other. When we obtain this key, we shall be sure to have the right sense.