pendance declined aid which would have launched hip semewhat imposingly) he was, as the winter advanced, attacked by fever and ague, and again the once strong and still strug-gling man was cast down.

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gling man was cast down.

This new calamity was studiously cencealed from Bertha, till the progress of the disorder rendered it impossible for him to write. Johnson was then sammoned to act as his amanuensis, and they conferred together over the excuses to be put forth till Herman exclaimed. excuses to be put forth, till Herman exclaimed, 'The attempt is folly: she would penetrate the reality, or apprehend still worse. Take a

fresh sheet and write as I dietate.

A circumstance not worth relating takes the pen out of my hand, but it is held by a faithful and attentive friend; to whom I ove more than I can express, or shall be ever able to repay. I shall reinstate my affairs, but not for some time—till then—till I can realize a home in some degree suited to your habits, I say nothing of your deserts, consent, I entreat you, to remain where you are—in the shelter of friendship, opplence, and (since in the ex-ercise of your abilities) in independence. No wach field is open for you here, and it would sink me yet lower to see you suffer with me.

sink me yet lower to see you suffer with me. Cling then to such support as you have, since I a broken reed, have none to offer you. I will again to work to baild up a home—then come to me—it will be no home till you are in it.

This effort had been followed by a fit and its usual subversion of stregth; Johnson, during his tendance debated with himself whether he arealy the careal the days of his efficies for the same transfer of the street of his efficies for the same transfer of the sam ring his tendance debated with himself whether he onght to conceal the state of his affairs from the absent wife; but Herman's malady, though distressing, was not dangerous, and he had great constitutional energy. His mind, in its ever restless action was the great bar to his recovery, and the derangement of his whole nervous system bowed his spirit at moments to the deepest depression.

the deepest depression.

When the next post brought him no letters, nor many after that, in spite of every effort, hope and confidence began to give way. He remembered the balance there was in human character: he recellected the adage, as appli-plicable to morals as machinery, that what is gained in velocity is lost in weight-he knew that the tide which will flow very high will also ebb very low. He examined his own claims to the alimited devotion of a woman so endowed, and, with the natural severity of self-judgment which high morality ever institutes, he deemed himself an utter bankrupt, tutes, he deemed himself an utter bankrupt, with no right to murmur should he find his moral wreck equal to his commercial ruin. An anguish heavier than any that had yet weighed upon his heart oppressed him and he yearned for release from the burden. He requested Johnson to leave him, and that in so decided manner, that the poor old man though unwilling and unneasy, complied. When alone, Herman, turned to his solitary fireside: he looked round at the scene of desolation his habitation presented as if taking a last survey. bitation presented, as if taking a last survey, when he perceived that the door of his apart-ment was open. The process of discomfor-ture takes increase from very minor causes; desirous to secure perfect privacy the circumassisting to steam perfect privacy the circumstance annoyed him; perhaps the cold of that November evening was making itself felt and assisting to stagnate the sinking pulses of his heart. He slowly rose, and was about to close the door, when voices arrested his attention—he paused, there was something in the murmurs that moved his languid curiosity; at least, it served to call him for a moment from a dangerous self-engrossment. There were steps upon the stairs, and again voices, and one among them of which the words were few, low, and hurred; but it fell upon his heart, not upon his ear. He moved feebly forward, in the dim light he beheld a form—it glided towards him. The next instant arms were about his neck, tears upon his face, and a heart beating warmly—wildly upon his breast.

Prosperity has no gratification that can com-pete with such a burst of happiness when it breaks upon the darkness of calamity, making even calamity precious as the purchase of a jeyso intense. Never did magician scatter gleom and call up light as did Bertha in that moment when she was folded to the bossom of her despairing husband, while to her all she had ever enjoyed was poor in comparison to the joy of bringing him comfort, and regaining her gurantee fer hope and happiness.

Little more remains to be said. Her silence had been caused by the chances that deprived her of a mother's hope: as soon as practicable converting some jewellery she passed into money the aid of the friendly Rodens, who li-berally repaid her brief but valuable services, she made her way to England under the pres-sure of deep anxiety. To this little fortune Johnson insisted on adding the savings of his life, and thus a small capital was submitted to the application of Herman's talent, Johnson resuming his old post with resolute devotion. In the outset of their new career Mrs. Miller accepted some engagements as a daily governess which, as her husband's prospects improved, were resigned for the dear exclusive duties of har domestic life. Johnson became the friend of heart and hearth in that home of unique enjoyment. Largely had all parties profited by sorrow: they felt that they owed a debt of gratitude to their calamities, since they had thrown out in such streng relief moral qualities which had never otherwise been so truly known -had tested attachments which would probably have slumbered into satiety in the fair weather of unbroken fertuhe. Their mental energies new strang—their tried atttachment permanently based, they felt that well-directed occupation and moderate relaxation were among the staples of happiness, which may be lest in the pursuit of pleasure, never in that of improvement.

CHEER YE UP. BY ADELA MORTON. CHEER up, oh! stricken-hearted! Though ye shed the silent tear; Hope and trust should not be parted,

Sighing mourner! does thy spirit Bow to sorrow, sink with care? Know that trusting souls inherit Joy and bliss surpassing fair.

By the hand of doubt or fear.

Is thy heart in trouble beating Strong emotion? trust on still-Hope and Faith will soon come meeting At thy spirit's crystal rill.

There the pearls of Promise dropping, Soon shall dazzle Hope's bright eye, And thy Faith in a sweetness stopping, Bring the jewels from the sky.

Is thy spirit now unstringing Every chord of heavenly birth? Let new Trust, her gladness bringing, Lift thee far away from earth.

Catch thee now, thou hast taken, Strains seraphic from on high, Let not now thy harp be broken, While sweet Mercy hovers nigh.

Time hath weeping, hath its burden, Time hath sighing, Time hath care, Bu: beyond there is a guerdon, Ye may gain it-it is there!

Then cheer up, oh stricken-hearted! Spirit-calm will come to thee! The mellow tints ye mourn departed, Robe the sky beyond our sea!

Then be Hoping, Trusting, Praying! Be ye steady, firm, and true! And no more shalt thou go straying, With the better land in view

Me From Jerrold's London Magazine. SIGNS OF THE (OLDEN) TIMES.

HERALDRY I take to be the art of chival-ric sign-painting. The Griffins, the Unicorns, the Draoons, the Hands and Daggers, the Bleeding Hearts and so torth, which the fore-futhers of our infallible hereditary legislators were in the practice of adopting as signs and symbols of their families; were, I presume, in their day, very much analogous to the Martheir day, very much analogous to the Mag-pies and Stumps, the Pigs and Whistles, the Swans with two Necks, and the Green Men and Stills, with which that respectable body, licensed victuallers of this empire, are still in the habit of adorning their establishments. The Bear and Ragged Staff' may be kept in countenance by the modern 'Marquis of Granby's Head,' and the ancient Black Boars and White Harts, which flourish on the baron's scutcheon, or waved in silken folds to the breeze over the square donjon of the baron's keep, still swing gratingly above the tavern door the harbingers and heralds of 'Good En-tertainment for Man and Horse.'

Now I confess having a very much greater respect for signs than for coats of arms. The one class of symbols, at all events, indicate one class of symbols, at all events, indicate the whereabouts of honest traffic, while the others, when they were in full force and glory, frequently flourished in places where lodgings for a year or so might be obtained in a cool, bequestered dungeon, at no higher rate than the whole of the wordly goods and chattels of the entertained. No doubt it was very pretty and romantic to blow your bugle at eventide before some Front-de-Bouf's castle, and see the dra worldge falling, and the seneschals hurrying forth to receive the wildered guest. But then, when one comes to reflect that the worthy baron might take it into his head to get up a pleasant and inexpensive evening's amusea pleasant and inexpensive evening's amuse-ment for his retainers, by rifling his guest's sad-dle bags, and thereafter chopping off his head die bags, and thereafter chopping off his head in the castle court, by way of a graceful finish to the festivities, I must say for my own part—the taste is horribly valgar, no doubt—that I would prefer, on the whole stopping, now-adays, at the Castle Tavern, to putting un, a few odd hundred years ago, at the Castle: that I would gladly exchange a flourish of the burle hun for a peal of the chambernaidte. gle horn for a peal of the chambermaid's bell—nay, that I would even give up the Seneschal, in favour of 'Boots.'

The fendal times were no doubt very nice time indeed to write novels about, but, on the whole, I think they are best admired at a distance. Ruined castles are very beautiful things in ruins. I doubt much, however, whether their ten-feet-thick walls, garnished with

' Loop-hole grates where captives wept,'

were such agreeable objects of contemplation to the unprotected foot traveller, as now-a-days when we catch sight of their crumbling rem-nants from a speeding railway train. The truth is, that the baronial keeps of old were very much of the same nature with those esta-blishments, which, in modern thickes' dialect, are denominated 'kens,' and 'fences'—in other words -refuges for robbers, and receptacles for stolen goods. 'The man,' said King James V. of Scotland, pointing to a Border Castle, the man who built that tower, was a thief in his old families' in Norfolk Island, had an effec-

old families' in Norlolk Island, had an effective system of metropolitan and detective police existed in the times of their founders—the Burke-la mented-days of chivalry.

I have spoken of heraldry—of coats of arms—the Signs of the bold barons of yere. The actual device was frequently not remarkable for aught but mere senseless invention of impossible monsters—distorted to impossible attitudes. Sometimes, however, the nature of the tudes. Sometimes, however, the nature of the composition gave a shrewd hint of the professi-on, tastes, and predilection of the exhibitor. Now we have a hand and dagger, indicating that the owner of the device was given to those practices, which, when they are now-a-days practices, which, when they are now-a-days made the subject of a newspaper paragraph are generally headed 'The knife again;'—occasionally the peculiarity in question was merely pictorially hinted at, by a bloody hand. Implements of war and dungeon furniture generally cut a conspicuous figure in the devices of our respectable anestors, but you may wade through many a book of heraldry without finding a trace of the slightest people of the purple of the slightest people of the property of the property of the slightest people of the

ing a trace of the slightest penchant for enlightened generosity or honest industry.

The mottoes however were peculiarities significant. If the device did not let the cat out of the bag—the legend did. The coolness indeed with which thievish mottoes was assumed in the collisions. deed with which thievish mottoes was assumed is quite delicious. We may be a nation of merchants—but so, in one respect, we always were. The fendal baren of old in his impregnable tower was a merchant, although not quite in the sense of the word as understood now-a-days. No doubt both the 'House' and the Cast e dealt, and still deal in monies and merchandise; the difference simply is, that the former makes ventures with its own property—the later, whenever it could, operated upon the later, whenever it could, operated upon

other people's.

Thus the merchant, now-a-days, enters upon Thus the merchant, now-a-days, enters upon a speculation—the foodal gentleman rode a foray: He of the counting-house has dealings with other counting housess—He of the castle had dealings with other castles: but they confined in most cases to the pillaging line of business. The man of the ledger collects his debts—the man of the lunce gathered in his black mail. The one has his clerks, the other had his mess troopers. The first had his correspondents, the other had his spies. The

other had his moss troopers. The first had his correspondents, the other had his spies. The former rears cities—the latter burned villages. Taking this view of the case, and looking at a good many of the founders of our ancient families as gentlemen well to do in the burglary and sheep-stealing line of business, nothing can be more appropriate than the mottoes which they chose, to hint the nature of their callings. The old legend of the Scotts of Harden was 'Reparabit cornua Phabe,' in plain English. 'There will soon be moonlight.' The hint is most suggestive. You could no more misuaderstand it than you can the 'Country o'ders carefully attended to' of the tradesman in the next street. Moonlight!—Can we mistake the delicate insinuation. Can we mistake the delicate insinuation. • Piana's foresters!—Gentleman of the shade!

Minions of the moon!' The ancient motto
of the Baccleuch family was similar—' Best riding by moonlight.' Yes—especially when one is burdened with his neighbours' goods, or

one is burdened with his neighboars' goods, or is making off surreptitiously with his own.

The Cramston family boasts a peculiarly self-denying and Christian legend. It is 'Thou shalt want ere I want.' But, as Lord John Manners will tell us—there was such high-minded generosity in the soaring chiralry of yore! 'Per iguem et gladium,' the motto of another noble family, breathes a fine spirit of peace and good-will towards men—strikingly contrasted with the sordid and selfish dictum,' Buy in the cheapest market, sell in the dearest,' of modern shopkeeping days. 'Forth Fortune, and fill the fetters,' ing days. 'Forth Fortune, and fill the fetters,' would be a very good legend for a turkey or a bailift. It happens, however, to be that of the Athol family, who probably distinguished their pursuits from those of ignoble cugers of criminals, by carefully abstaining from making legal captures, and only filling their fet-ters' with those who might be instrumental in filling the pockets of their captors. 'Grip Fast' is a piece of advice we have seen on an ancient scutcheon. It was probably quite su-pererogatory. 'Ride Through' is another lepererogatory. 'Ride Through' is another legend, which may, I presume, be readered 'Don't stand on bones—Go the whole hog—Make a clean sweep.' While such maxims as 'Spare Nought,' (Tweedle)—'A ma puissance,' Stamford and Warrington) give a fine notion of the power and the disposition of the magnates of those good old times which Young England would fain dig up in all her fester rottenness from the grave.

But no—they are gone—past recall. The workshop and the counting-house have put down the castle and the keep. The spirit and the symbols of the ancient age are outworn together. Burglary, highway robbery, and arson, would not, now-a-days, be accounted brilliant foray, or killing, no murder: while the peaceful merchants who now hold the sway, once exercised but by titled robbers and goldspurred burglars, would hardly think of con-forming so far to the spirit of times gone by, larting so far to the spirit of times gone by, as in forming a company or entering upon a commercial speculation—boldly to blazon such a device as a pair of loaded scales, graced with such a motto as 'Success to Swindling.'

From Hopkins on the Ten Commandments. PROFANE SWEARING.

i. It is a sin which hath very little or no temptation to commit it. The two great baits by which the devil alldres men to wickedness. man who built that tower, was a thief in his heart.' Indeed it is a pretty patent fact, that not a few of the 'great oil families' of England would be, at this present moment, 'great' but only the abhorrence and detestation of all vine truth, shed from heaven.

serious persons, and the tremendous judgment of God? The swearer gains nothing by it at prescut, but only the reputation of being a devil incarnate; and, for the future, his gains shall be only the torments of those devils and demand capities uphase language he with learners. damned spirits, whose language he hath learned and speaks. He that sows the wind of an oath, shall reap the whirlwind of God's lary.

Again, what pleasure is there in it? Which of his senses doth it please and gratify, 'Were I an epicure,' saith one 'I would hate swearing.' Were men resolved to give themselves up to all manner of sensual delights, yet there is so little that can be strained from yet there is so fittle that can be strained from this common sin, that certainly, unless they intended to do the devil a pleasure, rather than themselves, they would sever set their black months against heaven, nor blaspheme the great God who sits enthroned there. Ask great God who sits enthroned there. Ask them, why they indulge themselves in such a provoking sin? why, some cannot forbear out of mere custom; and others are pleased with the lofty sound and genteel phrase of an oath, and count it a special grace and ornament of speaking. And what are these temptations? Are these such strong and mighty provocations, that you cannot forbear? Shall the holy name of the great God he torn in pieces by name of the great God be torn in pieces by you, only to patch and fill up the rents of your idle talk? If this be the motive and inducement that makes you commit so great a sin (as commonly there is no other) know that you perish a fools perish, and sell your souls to damnation and eternal perdition, for very

Others, perhaps, will plead for these excuse, that they never used to swear, but when they are vexed, and put into a passion. But what a madness is this, when men anger thee, to strike at God, and to provoke him for more than others can provoke thee? If thou art never so highly incensed, why shouldst thou throw thy poisonous foam in God's face? Hast thou no other way of vertices they prospect to fix in the start of the contract of the contrac other way of venting thy passion, but to fly in God's face, and to revenge thyself on him, when men injure thee? Certainly thy passion can be no more a temptation to do this, than it would be to stab thy father, because thine ene-

my hath struck thee.

2. It is a most feolish sin, because it con tradicts the very end for which they commit it. The common swearer, perhaps, thinks that he shall be much the sooner believed for his oaths; whereas, with all serious and judicious persons, there is nothing that doth more lighten the credit of his speeches, than his rash binding, and confirming the truth of them by swearing. For what reason have I to think that man speaks truth, who doth as far suspect himself as to think what he relates is not creditable unless he swear to it? and certainly, he that owes God no more respect, than to violate the sanctity and reverence of his name upon every triffing occasion, cannot easily be thought to owe the truth so much respect as not to violate it, especially considering that there are far stronger temptations unto lying than under swering.

3. Consider that the dev il is the author and 3. Consider that the dev it is the author and father, not of lying only, put of swearing also:
'Let your yea be yea, and your nay nay,' saith our Saviour; 'or whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil' (Matt. v. 37); that is, it cometh of the evil one, who is still prompting the swearer; and putteth oaths upon the tip of his

LIFE ASSURANCE.

The time was when life assurance was thought a thing of doubtfui propriety. It looked like speculating upon life and death: moreover, it was considered not entirely consistent with an unreserved reliance on the providence of God. Upon reflection, however, it will be seen that there is not only no inconsistency be-tween life assurance and the principles of en-lightened religion but that there is a beautiful barmony between the principles of Christianity and those which united their together as a sol-ciety. True Christianity required its disciples to be self-denied, and life assurance taught the same lesson. True Christianity taught them to be frugal; and, by a happy necessity life assurance taught many to be frugal too. True Christianity taught them to have a warm regard to the welfare of those who had special claims upon them—the claims of natural rela-tionship; and life assurance also taught this duty. True Christianity required that wept, should not only weep with those that rejoiced; and but should rejoice with those that rejoiced; and any who heard of the immense sums of money which had been expended upon the surviving families and relatives of those who had been assured, could not doubt that a vast amount of good, must have been, under God, accom-plished in this way—good, the remembrance of which might well fill them with sympathising gratitude and joy.

While life assurance was in harmony with important moral and Chistian virtues, it was lifted to check evils which were likely to arise even among the most conscientious in its absence. In defect of life assurance, a good man who feels himself bound and who desires to make him suitable provision for his family, has no resource but to accumulate during his lifetime. But there is no small danger of this passing into a selfish and hoarding habit which may come to effect his general character. Hence one advantage of life assurance; it is a defence against anamiable and unchristian dispositions; nay, the source of danger is converted into a means of good .- Rev. J. G. Lovi-