ing. The song ceased when the drawing-room door opened. Isabel was there as lovely as ever, though much thinner than when I first saw her. She wore the same bright smile, however, and assured me she was happy. One of her young cousins had been engaged with her music lesson, and she remained as if expecting me to take leave soon, while Isabel took up some work—a child's dress—and sewed while we talked of past times. I invited her to spend the evening with me; but, after some hesitation, she excused herself saying that her aunt was engaged to go out, and she should be obliged to remain with the children. Nor could she accept an invitation to a drive in the country on the following morning. The children had their lessons. I saw that my presence had been an interruption, and departed, promising soon to call again.

The same afternoon I met Isabel walking out. She was accompanied by the four youngest of her uncle's children, three girls, and a boy of eight. She showed them to me, smiling, and said she had promised them a walk on the hill, where they were to gather flowers for mamma's vases.

I soon discovered that the time of my young friend was completely occupied with her cousins, Mrs Lantrem having neither leisure nor health to attend to the education of her children, and being prejudiced against schools. The eldest of eight, a girl of fifteen, was at an age to profit most by the lessons of Miss Carrington. Her mornings were devoted to teaching, her afternoons to music lessons and walking with her pupils, and in the evenings they were left under her care, their mother, when not engaged in visiting or receiving company, usually retiring to her own room for the sake of quiet. She assisted too, in superintending their dress and employment. The children were all so fond of 'cousin Bell' and she seemed to have much pleasure in instructing them! It was so much better than to intrust to a stranger the formation of their young minds.

It was certain Isabel did take pleasure in thus imparting knowledge to those she loved. And the constant occupation of her time prevented the indulgence of painful memories. She assured me she was happier than she could have expected to be, after the loss of her beloved parent. But there were enjoyments for which she was fitted, of which she never partook. So strictly had she devoted herself to her self-imposed duties, that no time was left for amusements or society; and her aunt and uncle, though they sometimes asked her to accompany them, and playfully rallied her on having grown thin and pale from too much confinement, never insisted on her sacrificing, in any instance, the wish for retirement that was but natural in her desolate condition.

'You must leave your duties awhile Isabel,' I said to her one day, 'and go this summer to ——Springs. Your health is giving way.'

'It is impossible for me to leave home she replied.'

'I know you are very useful here, and will be much missed. But your health should be the paramount consideration.'

'There are other reasons,' she said, with a slight sigh, 'why I cannot travel. I have no means for such indulgences.'

'But your uncle.'

'My uncle is very kind, he gave me a home when I was destitute'—her eyes filled with tears—'and suffers me to want for nothing. I could not think of encroaching on his generosity.'

'His generosity !' I involuntarily repeated.

'Last summer,' she said, I spent three months in the country.

'But it was to take charge of three of the children, who were expected to benefit by the air. You then had as little opportunity for recreation, as now.'

'My uncle is very kind,' repeated the orphan, dropping her eyes on her work, as if desirous of fixing the idea firmly in her mind. 'I owe much, very much, to him.'

It was plain that Isabel thought herself the obliged person. With the delicacy of a generous nature, she dwelt on what she received, overlooking what she gave. The articles of dress bestowed were always in the way of presents, and were received as favors by her. She never considered herself entitled to them nor did it occur to her that she was rendering far more than an equivalent. Her talents, her accomplishments, her time and energies, were all devoted to her uncle's family; and all she could do seemed insufficient to show her gratitude. She was in fact, a governess, without the salary her services merited. With resources that could have commanded independence anywhere, all tasked to their utmost, she was weighed down by a perpetual sense of obligation.

Mr. and Mrs Lantrem were far from imagining they were wronging their orphan niece. They regarded her they said, as one of their own children. They considered her avoidance of society as a matter of simple choice, not as the result of a feeling of inferiority, growing out of morbid sensitiveness and mistaken delicacy.

'What salary do you pay Miss Carrington?' asked a blunt man once. Mr. Lantrem indignantly replied, that his niece was no hireling governess. It would have been better for her if she had been.

Some equally inconsiderate or impertinent person offered Isabel a situation in his family, with a salary of six hundred dollars, exclusive of board; but Mr Lantrem regarded the offer as an insult, and his niece was easily persuaded to think its acceptance would be a degradation.

There was a fancy ball given in C—— and Isabel's taste and skill were in requisition for the arrangement of costumes for her aunt and eldest daughter.

'Is it not provoking,' asked Mrs. Lantrem with a smile, 'that Isabel will not be persuaded to go?'

'She does not care for society, though we have given her every advantage, as if she had been our own daughter.'

The aunt looked upon herself as the benefactress, not the debtor. Many had seen the praises lavished on her as well as the generous Mr Lantrem, when Isabel first came to his house, for their disinterested benevolence.

Some time after I heard of the marriage of Isabel. Her husband was a man of coarse tastes and selfish character, and altogether unfit for companionship with so gentle and refined a being. She was not happy with him. People said they did not pity her, for she ought not to have quitted such a home as she had to marry such a man. They knew not, in 'giving a home,' what a sacrifice of pride and feeling had been exacted; they knew not how painful the position had been, in which nothing she could do could be considered an equivalent for what she received; they took not into account the sinking of the spirit under the sense of dependence, the weariness of the heart, the failing of energies, the paralysis of will and judgment, under which she had gradually lost the power to sustain herself so that from any change in her mode of life relief was expected. Her uncle was displeased at the match, and there was but little intercourse afterward between them. Her daughters sadly missed 'cousin Bel,' and showed in their abandonment the fruit of her devotion to them; but they seldom named her, and always thought her very ungrateful in marrying contrary to papa's advice, when he had been so very kind in 'giving her a home.'

From the Columbian Magazine.

MEMORY.

Let others tell of sunny Hope,
And gladly sing her praise;
I used to love her tales as well,
Before I knew her ways.
I used to place implicit faith
In everything she told:
But true it is, we wiser grow,
The while we're growing old.
I do not trust the syren now,
Whate'er her promise be;
But turn to one who ne'er deceives,
To faithful Memory.

Sweet Memory! her pictures lack
Hope's glowing, roseate hue;
But whatsoever they may be,
At least they all are true.
My home that stood among the trees,
Beside a little brook—
The dear old place, it always had
A cheerful, homely look—
The happy scenes of childhood's hours,
In colors softly bright,
Young faces, fond imaginings,
She brings them all to light.

Dear Memory! let Hope go play,
Among the future's bowers,
And weave her garlands, fresh and gay,
Of all its brilliant flowers.
But you and I will quiet sit
Upon this mossy stone,
And while we chat of other days,
Take comfort of our own.
Come, let us talk the old times o'er,
Their scenes from first to last,
Till we may fancy we've exchanged
The present for the past.

From a sermon by Archbishop Tillotson.

ADVANTAGES OF SINCERITY.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to everybody's satisfaction; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man' conscience, but which is much more, to God, who searcheth and seeth our hearts; so that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it hath less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a strait line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greater trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

But a dissembler must always be upon his guard and watch carefully, that he do not contradict his own pretence; for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore must put a continual force and restraint upon himself. Truth always lies uppermost, and if a man do not carefully attend, he will be apt to bolt it out; whereas he that acts sincerely hath the easiest task in the world, because he follows nature, and so is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions he needs not invent any pretences beforehand, nor make excuses afterwards, for any thing he hath said or done.

But insincerity is very troublesome to manage, a man hath so many things to attend to, so many ends to bring together, as make his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. Oportet mendacem esse memorem, 'a liar had need of a good memory,' lest he contradict at one time what he had said at another, but truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon his lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation. for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it and, because it is plain and open, fears no discovery of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them: he is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and, whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business, it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words: it is like treading in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than bye ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted, when perhaps he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought, that God hath in great wisdom hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs, these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect, they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last.—Were but this sort of men wise and clear sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love of honesty or virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interest, and therefore, the justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion, or good word; it were then no great matter (speaking as to concernments of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw; but if he be to continue in the world and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions, for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end; all other arts will fail. but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

It is the observation of Solomon, (Prov. xii. 19.) 'The lip of truth is established forever, but a lying tongue is but for a moment.' And the wiser any man is the more clearly will he discern how serviceable sincerity is to all the great ends and purposes of human life; and that man hath made a good progress, and profited much in the school of wisdom, who valueth truth and sincerity according to their worth. Every man will readily grant them to be great virtues and arguments of a generous mind but that there is so much of true wisdom in them, and that they really serve to profit our interest in this world, seems a great paradox to the generality of men, and yet I doubt not but it is undoubtedly true, and generally found to be so in the experience of mankind.

From Hogg's Instructor.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT WINDS.

Wind is air in motion. This phenomenon is caused by the sun's heat and the elasticity and fluidity of the atmosphere. A particular part of the earth's surface is acted on by the solar rays, and this heat operating upon the air rarifies it, and, causing it to expand and ascend, produces a motion in the atmospheric fluid like the motion of the waves of the sea, towards a central point. This is what may be termed the fundamental law of winds; other causes operate in producing the great variety of eolian phenomena. We intend to confine ourselves at present chiefly to the names and character of winds, referring to No. 60 of the Instructor for a more particular notice of the phenomenon.

Winds assume names as numerous as the human sentiments and passions, and of which they may be termed no bad illustration. The ancients, who embodied every idea or appearance of nature in their mythology, gave to the winds a very important place in their 'system of ideas, Eolus, the god of the winds had his halls in those islands of the Medditerranean called the Laprai Iles, and here he confined the four brothers (*quotuor fratras*)—Boreas, the north wind; Eurus, the east; Auster, the south; and Zephyrus, the west. These, however often escaped his vigilance and his chains and then maniac Boreas went howling and screaming over the bosom of the frightened Tellus, hurling down rocky peaks and tearing up mighty oaks, until he was exhausted captured, and led back to prison, Eures was sometimes ardent as a lover, sometimes cold as charity—a very heimit who could blow hot and cold with one breath, Auster was severe as austerity itself, Zephyrus gentle as a sleeping baby's breath, and soft as the aroma of flowers, which the cunning wanton flattered, wooed, kissed, and then deserted. The monsoons, or trade-winds which blow six months in one direction, and then blow in a contrary direction for another six months, following the sun towards the solstice, were known to the ancients under the name of 'Etesian winds' The word monsoon is said to be derived from the *mausim*, meaning a season, because the trade winds return periodically, or at stated seasons, another etymologist derives it from the Latin *motiones*, the Portuguese called them *moncoes*; but the English word monsoon is immediately derived from the French *monson*. Those dreadfully devastating winds which occur in very hot countries, and are seemingly accidentental, from their suddenness and fury are called 'hurricanes' or 'tornados.' Hurricane is supposed to denote the four winds all blowing against each other, and creating much devastation in their terrible elemental war. The word tornado may be more properly applied to a whirlwind, however, being taken from the Spanish voyagers calling it *hurrucan*, the French *ouragan*. The word tornado may be more properly applied to a whirlwind, however, being *tornar*, to turn, and hurricanes often blow in direct lines. These fierce commotions in the atmosphere are the cause of much destruction to property, but neither are they of unmixed evil, for they drive before them the pestilential miasma of the stagnant pools, and, clearing the air, for some time increase the salubrity of the countries where they occur. Hurricanes or tornados are common in the East and West Indies, and akin to them is the *pampero*, or wind of the pampas, of South America. This terrible wind has its origin in the Andes from which it comes sweeping like a destroying angel eastward to the Atlantic. It sweeps up the dry earth in its course, and water from the lakes and rivers, and these mingling, from a complete wind of mud, which destroys life and property by stifling density and terrible force. Of a some similar character with the wind of the pampas is that of the Sahara, called 'simoom.' This wind, blowing over the sandy region with a whirling motion, raises the loose sand, and forming pillars of this easily disturbed soil of the desert, sends these pillars dancing over the plain, overwhelming caravans, and burying men and camels. whose bones, perhaps, will be found by succeeding wayfarers. The simoom often passes over travellers, who, following the instinctive example of the camels, throw themselves on their faces, and, after suffering the most intense heat and sense of suffocation rise up to behold the wind and sand sweeping away over the plain.

One of the most singular of the winds is the 'sirocco,' an east wind that blows from the Levant, and prostrates the energies of the Sicilians while it lasts. When the sirocco begins to blow, the Sicilians close their doors and windows, and fling themselves down in a state of complete inertia Every physical faculty is suspended—motion is intermitted—business is stopped—and nothing is in requisition save couches. If a robber capable of sustaining all his powers under the influence of this wind were to enter the house of a Palermese during its continuance, he could rob with perfect impunity. Immediately upon its sessation people rouse up as if a load were taken from their breasts, and for some time engage in friendly visits to congratulate each other on the change of the wind.

The word 'tempest,' from the Latin *tempestus*, time, season—which is again a derivative from *tempus*—was applied according to Pliny, exclusively to times of foul weather. A tempest is a storm of hail or rain and wind. A fall of hail, or snow or rain, individually, would not constitute a tempest unless fierce winds were blowing; and yet a wild commotion of the winds constitutes a tempest, independant of rain hail or snow. Tempest has been peculiarly adopted by old writers as a type of the human passions. Erasmus beautifully says, 'I have ever rejoiced when that, in these long storms and tempests of war, there would be some fair weather of clearness of peace shine upon us out of one quarter or other.'

In addition to the phenomena already mentioned, there is the steady 'gale,' and what seamen term the snoring 'breeze;' and then there is the sudden and dangerous 'gust,' which resembles bursting bubbles of rising passion. Winds that blow from the sea, which preserves a very equal temperature during the wole year, are generally temperate. The west wind which come to us from the bosom of the Atlantic, is mild soft in winter, and in summer it is cool and refreshing; while the east windwhich comes driving from the cold continent in winter, is very piercing and hurtful to invalids, and inequable in its nature.

The winds have often been used as images of strength as well as the hills, the former, however, is used in an active sense, the latter in a passive. Ossian, in apostrophising his