

He is resident in his native city still,' answered the girl, looking fixedly at her interrogator.

'And you are in Paris alone?' 'Alas, madam, we are poor,' said the girl in a gentle voice, 'and we must go where we can earn our bread.'

'With that beautiful face your necessities to toil must not be great,' and as the aged catechist uttered these words in a low, meaningful tone, she fixed her eyes on the face of the maiden.

The warm, pure blood of innocence suffused the cheeks and neck of that fair girl with a blush as radiant and glowing as a moonbeam. Her bosom heaved with an emotion of offended modesty that only could express itself in sighs and tears. Like a young beautiful Niobe before censorious Hecate, she stood with bent head and streaming eyes, and sobbed like a sleeping child.

'Ah, my child!' said her aunt affected by her emotion, 'it is thus that envy operates; malicious tongues would poison the very air that virtue breathes, and malicious pens write stigmas upon the brow of beauty, merely because it is beautiful. But be ever true to virtue and yourself, and fear not. Here,' she continued, lifting the handkerchiefs which Louise had brought for her inspection, 'I did not ask you to come to me for nothing, for that would have been unjust to your employer and yourself. Take these kerchiefs, then, from me,' and she placed them in the girl's hand.

'For me, madam!' cried Louise, looking at the present and then at the aged dame, as if incredulous of her intentions.

'Yes, for you; and are they not very beautiful?' said the old lady, smiling; 'they are charming, are they not? Then take them, my darling, and in exchange for them embrace me; and if your mistress ask of you where you have been, you can tell her at the house of my old aunt Agnes.'

The maiden looked at the delighted old woman for some seconds; then placing her arms round her neck and kissing her aged lips, she exclaimed, in low, soft tones, 'How happy I am to have found you! And are you indeed my aunt?'

'Ay, that I am, my child!' and she wept as she said so.

Several weeks after this event, the second attack of palsy, anticipated by Gigandet and Baculard, actually proved fatal to Mlle. Duperron; and her remains having been consigned to the earth, these worthies were summoned to her mansion by her notary, where to their horror and dismay, they beheld, seated in their relatives easy chair, the young and blooming Louise Duperron.

Gentlemen said the notary, in a grave, solemn voice, as he glanced first at his black habit and then at the cousins, 'Mlle. Duperron, my client, has placed in my hands a testamentary act, which I shall read to you as you are parties concerned.

Seating himself and slowly unrolling the precious paper, he coughed three several times and looked three times round the floor, while the body of M. Gigandet shook like a poplar in a storm, and M. Baculard perspired as if he had been in an oven. 'I, the undersigned, &c.,' began the notary, desiring to give to all the members of my family whom I have known a token of the esteem and affection which they have inspired, desire that my goods may be divided amongst them in the following manner: First, I bequeath to my cousin Gigandet the tongs of my bed-room; they are the longest and smallest in the house. Secondly, I leave to my cousin Baculard the bellows of my parlor; they are the biggest in my possession. All the rest that pertains to me I bequeath to my dear niece, Louise Duperron, whom I discovered through an anonymous letter, who is especially charged with the execution of the legacies already named.'

'Gentlemen,' said Louise, rising as the notary finished reading, but Gigandet neither allowed her time for explanation nor comment; he bounded from the house as rapidly as if he had been Mlle. Duperron's tongue on wings, while the perspiration broke over the brow of M. Baculard and his respiration became as loud as on the day when he made his first declaration of love.

'Gentlemen,' said the notary, with a wicked smile as he cast his eye knowingly upon the legs of the one fugitive and the paunch of the other, 'I promise to keep your secret.'

He might have spared himself that declaration however; for our readers have now the secret, independent of his lawyerly caution.

Louise Duperron became rich, but she did not become proud. As she had been virtuous in poverty, so was she modest and charitable in wealth; but yet she could not look at the tongs or bellows already named without remembering with a smile the legacies, who never came to claim them.

From the People's London Journal.

INDUSTRY AN ELEMENT OF FEMALE EXCELLENCE AND HAPPINESS.

It is an old adage, conveying a fine though quaint strain of philosophy—'lazy people tempt the tempter—the devil.'

We hear a great deal in the present day about the equality of intellectual capacity and power in the two sexes, and much flurid verbiage is expended in arguing the necessity of more extended educational resources for women. Assuredly we are not so devoid of gallantry or correct feeling, as to wish to repress this newly rising enthusiasm. But the word

Education, as applied to the sex, is susceptible of constructions almost as numerous as the tongues that so glibly chatter about it. If it signify, in relation to the fair creation, that which Sir Walter Scott thought so essential, the 'education of the heart,' that we can understand and hail its advent. Why, it is a fact that one half the physical evils that afflict the younger portion of the sex, the want of vigour, the inaction of the system, the languor and sentimentalism, the hysterical sensitiveness, so common among the delicate young women of the present day—upon the authority of one of their own sex we assert it—all this is traceable, not merely to the want of well-trained mental power, and well-exercised self-control, but to the absence of fixed and regular habits of employment; a laziness, in fact, of mind and body, which, while it permits the ready entrance of gloom and misery, engenders and nurses increasing prostration of intellectual power, fosters a growing relish for poetry out of its place, an imaginative feeling that displaces common sense as a medium for the perception of persons and things. Pride, the offspring of laziness, impelled the daughter of a decent tradesman from the top of the monument; fixed and nappy habits of useful domestic educational training would have saved her from the state of mind which led to her unhappy resolution; and false pride having the same origin (why should we conceal the fact) has impelled thousands of unfortunates to precipitate themselves upon a living death, more deplorable by far than the blood-stained pavement of Monument Yard.

A clever female writer, Madame de Wahl, speaking of the physical training of girls, observes: 'Real cultivation of the intellect, earnest exercise of moral powers, the enlargement of the mind, by the acquisition of knowledge, and the strengthening of its capabilities for effort, for firmness, for endurance of inevitable evils, and for energy in combating such as may be overcome, are the ends which female education has to attain; while on the other hand, weakness if met with indulgence, will not only remain weakness, but become infirmity; the power of the mind over the body is immense.' And most cordially do we concur with this gifted lady in the opinion, that the physically unhealthy and morbidly delicate predicament of thousands of young females, arises from the neglect of the homely adage—'Keep your children busy,' from the fatal mistake of allowing the mind to prey upon itself, and run to waste. The compiler of a 'Present for an Apprentice,' puts our thought, perhaps, too strongly in advising his young ward, if he would avoid falling in love, to keep employed, for he observes, 'nothing fosters love so much as idleness.' Now without subscribing to the full extent of that opinion, as a rule, it is quite certain, that idle sentimental young men and women are extremely apt to fall in love, if their passionate attachments deserve the name; and generally their attachments are of any character, but that which bids fair for lasting happiness in domestic life. Who are the girls that forget themselves and form low improper alliances? Not the industrious, the happily employed. No, as a class, they are mostly the delicate victims of laziness, and beggarly proud gentility. In a word, the grand mistake of the present day, as we take it, is the cultivation of the intellect to the exclusion of the moral sense and the affections. A clever girl is only the more apt for evil and self destruction, if her heart be left untutored, or active as it will be for mischief, if not directed upon innocent and proper objects to rest upon.

A thoughtful, mentally sincere, and perhaps plain, though useful and diligent young woman, is often observed to secure conquests of value, and tear them from the anxious grasp of beauty. Her acquirements are of an utilitarian practical character, and thus she, while properly estimated by others, correctly able to appreciate the worthlessness of that mere superficial glitter in a lover, which would turn the brain, and enebant the fancy of sillier girls than herself. Some may say she is fortunate. No such thing. Her decisions are only in conformity with her principles; and none but men who are worth her choice could possibly estimate her truly, or seek her for a wife. Women may shield their mistresses under the cloak of disappointments; but with some exceptions, there fate is to a great extent in their own hands. It is a truth which is often learned too late, that men and women are the arbiters of their own fortunes. Laziness in youth is a living death—the precursors of all future misery—and must, of necessity, lead to irremediable and fatal mistakes, to a range of hopeless sorrow. Incorrect habits of thought and feeling are indelibly associated with misemployment. Years roll away with thousands of such—beauty, vivacity, high-souled poetic transcendentalism—these fade out; no man of sense is captivated by them; and if a fool have become their victim, so much the worse for both parties. If there be no substratum of common sense, character, industry, and steady attachment; if passion—mere passion, be all that is left to feed life's wedded lamp, it is astonishing, or rather not astonishing, how soon that is expended; then comes satiety, disgust, and sin. Sin, perhaps not in its vilest form, but the ale beach or the midnight tavern for the husband, and recrimination, reproaches, and mutual misery at home. Such a woman in early youth idly despises or neglects household duties; she is frivolous and vain, as the natural result of ignorance, pride, and the most intense selfishness; careless and extravagant from her inability to value time or money, and demanding and depending upon her personal attractions and fascinating manners for the homage and attention upon which her gratified vanity, for a time, feeds and supports existence. Perhaps she marries; and what a les-

son does her history as a wife and mother, then tell of perverted female power. She lives in a region of idealty; poetry out of place is her element; she reads for excitement not for instruction. And such an one was once young, beautiful, possessing great natural abilities, witty and clever. She is a wife now, but of the every day world she knows nothing. Lute to her is a dream; its realities are cold and repulsive. Poets have told her such is the character of human things; and she never asked herself whether the fact may not be, that he has regarded the ordinary duties and incidents of life through a diseased medium. Misanthropy, a sort of maudlin, pulsing sadness, is to her the true philosophy. What was said of Madame de Stael, applies with more force to the character under consideration, namely, that 'life presented before her a sort of drama, in the scenes of which she was perpetually looking for excitement and effect, than for truth and fact. The sentiments of virtue, rather than its duties, its energies rather than its ordinary traits, attracted her regard. She elevated into a system, and bowed down before what she ought to have kept under her feet; blending together her feelings, her convictions, and her fancies. Too subject to violent and sudden impulses, she has ever been susceptible of impressions that defied all control, where control there was none. And this malady of hers has been incurable, because she has always adopted, as the basis and rule of conduct, passion and not reason, feeling and not judgment. She has given the reins to faculties which form most excellent servants; but horribly despotic and most ruinous masters.'

Alas! this is no individual or solitary picture. Youthful mis-education and idleness are fearfully producing and multitudes, who are treading the downward path. Parents, as you value the future happiness of your offspring, and wish not that they should bring down your grey hairs, by their multiplied falsehoods and errors, in sorrow to the grave—provide for the constant employment of your children.

From the People's Journal.

LIFE:

AN APOSTROPHE.

What is Life?

It is the flower, Spring's offspring bright and fair, That blossoms for a sunny hour, Entwined around a leafy bower, Untouch'd, unscath'd by care

How happy it seems, In the sunny beams; How merrily plays In the brightening rays,

As it haughtily nods to the saucy wind, That snatches a kiss, In its joyous bliss, And with easy grace

And quickening pace, It laughingly leaves the flower behind. But ah! how soon—how soon doth change

The laughing breeze in its morning range, It stoops not to brush With a gentle rush,

The dew from the leaves of the bower: Nor deigns it to sip From its ruby lip

The kiss from the beautiful flower: Nor trestles it there In a genial air

To whisper a loving mind; But it passes along In a bustling throng

And leaves the poor flower behind. Away from the plant is its love of life, Away are its dreams of happiness hurled, This earth is but a field for strife;

Lament not, dear flower, 'tis an ill of the world! But its head stoops Its beauty droops,

It loves not now the bower: Where is its smile With its winning wile? As! poor flower.

Then again comes the wind with a boding frown, An angry, fierce destroying blast,

In its every moan its mood is shown, Alas! poor flower, thy fate is cast. Then again comes the wind with a boding frown,

And sweeps from the plant its dewy crown, With its outspread arms, and its angry face, It snatches the flower from its wild embrace.

Fallen and crush'd the floweret lay, The blast with a scream flew shrieking away; A hoarse sounding laugh gave the flying wind, And left the poor flower a corpse behind.

Life's the plant that healthy lasts Throughout bright summer's time: Life's the flower that winter blasts In all its beauty's prime.

Such the world's unhappy strife— Such alas! too—such is life!

From the Christian Messenger.

INCIDENTS AND COINCIDENCES.

A Lady who, though an invalid, was able to converse with her friends, and who cherished a strong desire for their conversion, was sitting in her room at the close of the day, after having spent nearly all her strength in personally warning those whom she had seen to give attention to the things which make for their peace. While thus endeavouring to obtain a little rest, a young lad entered the room. She felt as if she ought to speak to him concerning his spiritual interest. But then the thought

occurred to her—'it is only a lad! He will probably have other opportunities to be warned and exhorted to flee to the Saviour. Then another thought flashed upon her mind, as though it were a voice from the spirit world: 'Perhaps before we meet again, he or I will be in eternity; I must address him now!' She immediately spoke to him, and urged upon him the importance of walking in the ways of wisdom. He listened with fixed attention; his countenance was solemn, his mind was impressed; the tears freely coursed their way down his cheeks as he hearkened to her affectionate moving appeal. He left her and went his way. What the result would be she knew not. She had endeavoured to do what she felt was her duty, and was willing to leave the result with Him who has said, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.' A number of years rolled by, when on a certain Sabbath that lady entered a Church in Providence, to listen to the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Imagine, if you can, what must have been her surprise and pleasure, when as the first hymn was announced, she discovered that the preacher was that very young lad upon whom, years before, she had urged the claims of the Saviour. Her surprise and pleasure were increased at the appropriateness, or coincidence of the text with what her feelings were in the last intercourse with that young man. The words were, 'Quench not the Spirit.' But even this was not the best link in the chain or the interesting associations of that occasion.

The young preacher in the illustration of his subject, referred to the manner of his own conversion, and then narrated the circumstances which have just been related, stating that if that lady had quenched the promptings of the spirit on that occasion, and had not spoken to him, he might still have been in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. He then added, 'That lady I now see before me.' Little did she imagine when she entered that sanctuary, that she was going to pluck fruit on her own planting, or receive consolation from one in whose heart she had instrumentally fixed arrows of conviction.

She experienced the truth of Solomon's language, that 'To him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward;' and of David's 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed shall doubtless return again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'

This pleasing occurrence was recently related in a sermon by one of the city pastors, who at its close, said that the lady referred to was in that house, listening no doubt, most unexpectedly, to a second recital of that interesting incident.

From the Christian Treasury.

THE TRUE STRENGTH OF MEN AND NATIONS.

The true, permanent strength of men and of nations lies much more in character than in outward advantages. A character of solid worth is itself a permanent spring of prosperity. It exerts over external circumstances a plastic power, and shapes them into subserviency to its own high ends; while a weak and vicious character squanders all the outward advantages which may have been furnished it by the hand of fortune.

Yet few men understand this, and still fewer nations. Do we not see thousands, instead of cultivating and manuring their own powers, wasting their time and strength in the search after propitious places?—laying the fault of their inefficiency to outward disadvantages, instead of to inward imbecility?

And how do nations act? Little honour can they expect, who are silently and perseveringly labouring to form a sound national character by the diffusion of knowledge and religion among the people; because the people have little faith in the proposition that their true strength lies in these things.

But propose some noisy, tumultuous way of aggrandizing a nation—by war and conquest, for example—and they are all enthusiasts. When a battle is gained, they will toss up their caps and hurra for their country, as though some great gain had been accomplished, and this, though they may be unable to defend the justice of the war in which the victory has been won. When nations understand so little of the real sources of their strength, nothing remains but that they should be taught their folly by bitter experience.—Ohio Obs.

BOUNDLESSNESS OF THE CREATION.

About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that a grain of sand may harbor within the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems me from all its insignificance; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which