

## LITERATURE, &amp;c.

## The British Magazines.

From the London People's Journal.

## THE HEART AND THE WORLD.

BY WALTER ROWTON.

A chaste, confiding, truthful heart  
Was pitilessly hurld,  
By harsh, unyielding circumstance,  
To battle with the world.

All joyously it sped its way,  
To sip the sweets of life,  
Unwarn'd that they embittered were  
By enmity and strife.

And hopefully, one sunny morn,  
The Heart its flight began,  
And stray'd, ere yet 'twas eventide,  
To where a river ran—

Which, in the sunshine, rippled on,  
And cherished with its spray  
The flow'rs and fruits it flow'd among,  
That, else, would die away.

"I see in thee my destiny!"  
The Heart exclaimed aloud—  
And noted not the swift approach  
Of an o'er spreading cloud.

Which, envious, burst, and sullied o'er  
The beauty of the scene,  
Till scarce a single trace remain'd  
Of what it once had been.

"'Tis this shall be thy destiny,  
Thou too, too trusting Heart!"  
It heard the voice, but heed'd not,  
And straightway did depart.

But speedy woe and misery,  
False friends and blighted love,  
Provd but too soon how truly spoke  
The warning from above.

But, ever trustful, still it hoped,  
And fresh air-castles built,  
Which only rose to be o'erthrown  
By enmity and guilt.

Its claims to earthly happiness  
The selfish world denied;  
It's truth unknown, it's virtue scorned,  
It early pined and died.

Thus, crushed by woe, and wrecked up-  
on  
Affliction's hidden shoal,  
The Heart fled through the vale of death,  
Beyond the world's control.

Forgiving all who injured it,  
Its sins were all forgiven,  
And happiness, denied on earth,  
Was found at last in heaven.

From the same.

## HOW PHILIP CLAYTON PUT HIS MONEY OUT AT INTEREST.

BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO.

"I shall be very happy—wont you?—when we have a little money laid by," said Philip Clayton's pretty wife as she poured out tea for him in their cheerful little parlor, through whose open window stole the soft breath of summer, laden with the fragrance of the sweet briar that fringed the grass-plot, and the honey-suckle that draped the rustic porch.

"I am very happy now," replied Clayton, smiling, as he glanced from the fair face that looked on him to the laughing boy who was romping with a spaniel on the grass.

"Well, and so am I," said Mrs Clayton, smiling also: it would have been strange if she was not happy, with a husband who loved her devotedly, and no sorrow or danger glooming on the sunny horizon of her life. "But you know what I mean—it will be a great comfort and satisfaction when we are able to lay up something as a provision for the future. And think what a pleasure it will be to find the interest coming in at once to help us!"

"No, no," laughed Clayton; "to carry out the thing properly we must not spend the interest, but lay that up also to accumulate into a large fortune by the time we are three or four score years old. But come, Hetty, let us not concern ourselves so much about a future that may never come. If it does come, God will, I trust, enable us to provide for it; but the blessings of the present are ours to enjoy and be thankful for. So give me another cup, and then let me hear that song you sung me yesterday; it has been echoing in my ears all day; and every line I wrote seemed to be accommodating itself to the tune."

So the song was sung and others followed, drawing the child dancing in from his gambols to hear the music, and the evening passed pleasantly as it was wont to do, making Mrs Clayton forget in her happiness of the present her anxiety for the future.

Years passed by, and found and left greater happiness at the little flower wreathed cottage—for other childish voices made its walls resound with merriment, and not one blessing had been recalled to leave a shadow on remembrance; and, moreover the cherished wish of Henrietta seemed on the point of being realized; for the first hundred pounds were very nearly amassed, by their care and frugality, out of Philip's salary from the banking house where he was a clerk; and already his anxious wife reckoned the five per cent. interest in those days given, as the small

yet welcome addition to their income which should enable the second hundred to be more quickly collected.

Even Philip knew not how great a hold the desire of providing against contingencies had on the mind of his pretty and amiable Henrietta. His own nature was generous and hopeful; and, beyond doing everything for the best, he did not much ponder over what might be the freight and fortunes of the coming years, cheerfully trusting that if they brought him misfortune, they would bring him the means or the strength to struggle against it, or endure. He had at the outset ensured his life, which secured some provision to his family, should he be taken from them, and he saw no cause for doubt that his exertions would maintain them comfortably while he lived; and pleasant were his thoughts as evening after evening he walked a mile through quiet lanes, where the trees met and the birds sang sweetly above his head, to the village where he dwelt among scenes so different from the large town where his occupation lay.

On the other side of the clear stream which glided quietly through the village, stood a house, whose inmates had known far less of prosperity than was the portion of the Claytons. Yet there had come a brightness over their prospects; and after many misfortunes Richard Allen thought that the darkest clouds had passed at length, and the long delayed sunshine was gleaming forth; for a situation as manager of a brewery promised him not merely a competence, but the means of setting his son, a fine boy of fifteen, forward in the world. He had been six months in his situation, and twice that time in the neighborhood, where he was of course but little known, though that little was calculated to win respect; and of all, Clayton perhaps knew and liked him best.

One evening they were leaning over the bridge which spanned the stream, watching Frank Allen as he altered, and worked at, and launched, and guided on its course the little bark which Harry Clayton—six years his junior—was unable to make sail down the stream, and they smiled to see how the child clapped his hands with delight, and pleaded Frank was to aid the ignorance and awkwardness of his little companion.

"Strange," said Allen, "that as men we should lose the feelings which seemed inherent to us in childhood and in boyhood. In those years our first impulse is to help those who are weaker or more inexperienced than ourselves. But as time passes those feelings die away and are forgotten; and how seldom it is that we find men eager and willing to extend a helping hand to those who are less fortunate than themselves! How much more frequently do they appear to exult in their advantages all the more that others are without them. And if they do aid a feebler brother, is it not usually and reluctantly, as an acknowledged but disagreeable duty, instead of with the pleasure and alacrity which characterized our boyhood's exertions to help those who needed?"

"There are exceptions," replied Philip Clayton, "and I would wish to think they are numerous."

"So would I," said Allen, "and they ought to be numerous; for surely every year of our lives shows us more and more how dependent men are on their fellow creatures in some shape or another: it seems designed to teach us mutual kindness, charity and forbearance; but the lesson is too often unheeded, and sometimes read backward to serve a different end; but don't think me a grumbler or a misanthrope because I say this. I know there is much good in the world; but I cannot help saying that there might be and ought to be much more."

"I suspect we need only look into our own hearts to own the truth of that," said Clayton, smiling. "But here comes Mrs Allen, and I know my good little housewife has been patiently waiting for us this hour past."

And so she had been; for with all her prudence and frugality, Mrs Clayton was very proud of her cakes and preserves, and the Allens were at all times among her most welcome guests. There were but themselves this evening; and long was it remembered at the cottage, and often in after days Henrietta would tell how, when they were going away Mrs Allen went back to kiss the children a second time as they slept, and how Mr Allen said as he shook her hand—

"What a very happy evening we have passed!"

She and Philip stood at the door until their friends crossed the little bridge homewards; they watched the crescent moon sink behind the distant hills, and then, closing the door upon the dimmer light which streamed in starry rays on bough and stream, there soon was rest and silence in the cottage as everywhere around.

It might have been two hours after when the barking of a dog awakened Clayton. His first idea was that it was broad daylight, so bright a light was shining through the window. But in another moment he was conscious that the glow was redder than the reddest morning. And springing to the window, he saw flames bursting from Richard Allen's house.

Clayton hurried to the spot. A crowd was beginning to gather around the house, but its inmates still slept. Efforts were made to arouse them to a knowledge of their danger, which became every instant more imminent, so rapidly the flames spread and strengthened, and the door was forced open at the same instant that a wild shriek rose from within; but suffocating smoke rolled through the doorway, and flames darted their forked tongues round the staircase, and nobody dared to enter.

"Mrs Allen was speedily seen at a window. 'A ladder! a ladder!' was loudly called for, but there was none at hand; and while some ran off to the nearest place to get one, the unhappy woman cast herself down upon the gravelled walk to escape the fiery death she dreaded. She was taken up insensible and carried to the cottage which she had quitted in health and happiness so few hours previously. In another minute Allen, who had gone to rouse his son, came with him to another window. The ladder had arrived and was quickly planted at it, and he was observed desiring Frank to descend.

"Allen! save yourself; your wife has escaped," cried Clayton.

The last words never reached the ear they were addressed to; but were lost in Allen's answering cry of "No, no!—my wife! my wife!" as he disappeared to seek the partner of his many years' wanderings and misfortunes.

"Allen! Allen!" was echoed in twenty voices to call him back. But a crash followed—some part of the flooring had fallen in—and he was never seen again.

Wildly the flames rose and fell, despite the quantities of water from the stream which had been so lavishly cast upon them, flickering, and dancing, soaring up towards the sky, whose stars were now invisible; and casting a broad, red radiance on the crowd, the wide, smooth meadows, and the waters of the quiet stream. Frank Allen sat on the grass, gazing on the fiery mass, which gazed, and hissed, and crackled, above the form he had so loved and honored. Just old enough to feel to its full extent the anguish of that moment, without the capability of endurance which added years might have imparted, he watched the remorseless flames with an intensity of grief which forbade all attempts at consolation, and resisted every endeavor to withdraw him from the spot.

The night passed, the fire began to die out, and the rising sun found a heap of smouldering ruins where he had left a happy dwelling; while beneath them lay what had then been a living and breathing form, in full health, and all the strength and energy of manhood's prime. Then Clayton led away the sorrowing boy to his own home, where, for the first time he learned that his mother, whom he had thought safe and well, was suffering greatly—it soon proved, dying—beneath the same roof; and the dawn of another day found Frank Allen alone—an orphan and destitute, without a relative and or a friend from whom he had a right to claim protection or assistance.

But this thought did not at first come to grieve him, for all considerations of self were lost in deep and overwhelming sorrow; and he alone was careless of his future lot, while the whole village was busy talking over it, and wondering what it would be. There had been some doubt, too, about the funeral, when it was known that the Allens left nothing; but Clayton set that at rest at once by charging himself with the expenses; and when that day was over, Frank Allen's fate was the undivided subject of conversation in the village.

Several of the most prosperous inhabitants were talking together on the subject. None of them were rich, but all were capable of spending a good many pounds on anything they chose, without much caring whether it was wisely spent or not; yet not one, while wondering what should be done with the boy, ever spoke of doing anything for him beyond the merest trifle.

"I wonder what he is fit for," observed one of them.

"I think his father spoke of sending him to sea," said another.

"And the best thing that could be done with him," added a third; "I daresay we could collect money to fit him out; I should not mind a few shillings myself towards it, and I should think the parish might do something."

"Ah, his father thought of sending him in a very different manner!" said the first speaker, pityingly. "But all that's one now, and Frank must be content to get his living as he can."

Philip Clayton stood by in silence. He could not join in those remarks, their tone and manner jarred upon his feelings; and as he walked alone along the streamlet's bank he thought of Allen's words on the last evening of his life. Truly they were soon verified; a few pounds from each of those men and Frank might be given the power of working his way up in the world.

"But poor Allen was right," sighed Clayton, "the impulses of our maturer years are not aid the weak and helpless."

It was a long walk which Philip Clayton took that night. When he returned he found Frank Allen still watching the heap of ruins with which he thought all the happiness of his life had fallen forever. And even so Clayton mused; his own Harry, yet younger and more helpless, might have mourned over the desolation of his home, and been cast upon the coldness and charity of strangers. But his mind had been made up fully during that long and solitary walk, though indeed the purpose had been gathering there stronger and stronger all the while.

Yet he feared to tell his gentle, loving, Henrietta, for he knew that though she tended Mrs Allen as though she had been a sister, and wept with Frank, and strove to soothe and comfort his grief with all a woman's tenderness and softness, still money was too dear to her to be easily parted with, even for the sake of one whom she pitied and sympathized with so deeply. But Philip was resolved; and though on hearing that he was going to pay fifty pounds as an apprentice fee for

Frank, to secure for him proper instruction in the line for which his father destined him, his wife shed more tears than words of his had ever caused her to shed before, and reproached him bitterly with throwing away the money they had so slowly gathered, he still was firm; for the memory of Allen's words came as a bitter reproach to human nature in which he could not bear to share.

"You ought to think of your children," said Henrietta, pressing the youngest to her bosom, as if to guard it from some evil which his father's action was drawing down upon it.

"I do think of my children," replied Philip with much emotion, as he took the other little one in his arms, and glanced out at the field opposite, where Harry was vainly striving to draw Frank from his sorrowful contemplation of the sad dark spot before them.

"I do think of my children; and that, if there were nothing else, would bid me act as I am doing. For I think, Hetty, that one of our beloved ones might have been left desolate as Frank has been. And I think also, Hetty, that we know not how much they may yet be dependent on the kindness and bounty of others. And this thought alone would make me do to Frank as I would should be done unto my own children."

"But this will only make them poorer, and more likely to be so dependent," again urged Mrs Clayton, in a tone of feebler remonstrance.

"Oh Hetty," said her husband, "I wonder that with so much of love there can be such devotion to Mammon in that kind little heart. Do not forget that poverty and riches depend on a mightier will than ours?"

"Then I suppose it must be so," sighed Henrietta. "But it must be a long while yet before we can have any money out at interest."

Clayton did not answer; but he learned to know that this was indeed a bitter disappointment. However, the letters were written, enquiries were made, and by using every exertion he got Frank most advantageously placed on board a ship trading to the East.

Five or six months after, Clayton received a letter by some encountered vessel, full of the outpourings of a young heart's gratitude; and a year after there came another, but it was the last. In another year Clayton wrote to the owners, when he heard that the ship had been chartered and employed in going from one part of India to another, and had not returned, but that no accident to Frank Allen had been reported. So as his own letters to Frank remained unanswered, Clayton supposed that his young charge had grown weary of gratitude. Yet, though Henrietta sometimes dryly intimated that it was an unmerited return for all his kindness, Philip never regretted the part which he had acted, for he wasted not gratitude and thanks, but merely the consciousness of doing right, and the approval of his own heart. This was pleasanter to him than the gratification of her darling wish—the having money at interest, which had been at last attained—was to his pretty, gentle and amiable, but anxious and calculating wife.

How quickly years glide away, and how soon people are forgotten when they are no longer seen! It took little time for Frank to pass from every one's remembrance but the Claytons'. And then Clayton moved to a distant seaport town, where a higher salary was given him by another bank, and he and his were soon forgotten.

The fleeting years were pleasant to the Claytons. Their children grew up fair and promising. Already Harry was in a solicitor's office, an articled clerk; the younger boy William, was to be a medical man, and the little Violet was as lovely and honest as her name-flower. And Henrietta had another happiness—they had laid by many hundreds now; and it was not merely the usual interest that was received for them, for Clayton had been admitted to a share, though a very trifling one, in the concern, and the sum, small as it was, that he invested, returned him a per centage far larger than that given to depositors.

But sunshine cannot last forever. The first cloud was a change in Clayton's health. A severe illness, followed by a stroke of paralysis, left him with his powers of mind unimpaired, but so infirm as to preclude all hope of future exertion. Then what comfort it was that they had so well guarded against an evil day. And what a satisfaction that Clayton had obtained a small share in the banking concern, now that he could do nothing to make an income; and the mere interest of their savings would have been very little for their support. But within a couple of years the bank broke and all was lost, the trifling share which had seemed such a blessing only serving to make ruin more complete; for he was involved in the liabilities, and the policy of insurance, which had always rendered his mind easy on his wife's account was taken from them.

Still there were their sons—Harry two and twenty and William seventeen—who were eager to exert themselves for their parents and sister. The younger's prospects of course were altered; but a situation in the custom-house was obtained, enabling him to be at once an assistance to the family. And Harry was in high hopes that he should get into practice as a solicitor, for which he was now qualified. He appeared to be doing so for a few months; when an election came on, during which a portion of the bustings fell, and Harry Clayton was carried home, living indeed, but with a spinal injury with which he might linger on for years, but only to grieve over the thought of being a burthen to those he hoped to have supported.