

ful almost than his wildest dream of beauty, emphatically 'the star of the goodly company': when he learned that the proudest in the land had sued humbly yet vainly for her favor, pride came to the aid of his mercenary motives, and he resolved to bear off triumphantly the prize for which so many were contending. But when he was thrown almost daily into her presence, the atmosphere of purity and goodness which surrounded her, made him feel much as we may suppose a fallen spirit might feel in the presence of an angel of light. He could not meet the glance of her clear eyes, that glared so holy, so unworldly, without a pang of remorse for the unworthy incentives that had first led him to seek her. And he learned to love her deeply—devotedly. His heart thrilled at the sound of her voice, the lightest echo of her footsteps, the mere touch of her fair hand. He would have taken her to his bosom, and called her his own sweet wife, with no other dowry than the love of her pure, trusting heart. Yes, at last even Frederick Gordon loved disinterestedly.

Alas, poor Lilly Grey! While thy false lover was thus bowing at the shrine of another, did thy image never haunt him? Did not thought of thee ever awaken a sigh or a regret? Did he never drop a tear over thy memory?

In the large and elegant drawing room of one of the most splendid mansions in Waverly Place, a fair girl had just listened to an impassioned declaration of love from one who stood before her, waiting breathlessly the faintest motion of her lips. But the lady spoke not; her rapidly varying color was the only evidence that she had even heard the eloquent words that had just fallen upon her ear. The young man spoke again, and this time his voice was lower and more tremulous than before, for his heart was heavy with doubt and apprehension.

Elizabeth—Miss Munro—this suspense is very, very terrible—will you not speak to me?

A strange expression, like a sudden spasm of pain, passed over the face of the lady for a moment, and then she replied calmly—'Did I hear you aright, Mr Gordon? Did I understand you to say that you had never breathed words of love in the ear of another?'

The eyes of Elizabeth Munro were bent upon those of Frederick Gordon with a steady, searching, gaze, and his own dropped before them. At length he said falteringly—'Yes—no—that is, I was young—it was nothing more than a passing fancy—a mere flirtation with a pretty girl I met in the country.'

The red blood mounted to the lady's brow, and her eyes flashed as she took a small shell comb from her hair, and the long, brown curls that it had confined fell over her neck and shoulders. Then pushing back the ringlets from her forehead, and placing her finger upon her temple, she said slowly—'Frederick Gordon—do you know me now?'

The young man had not moved since he had last spoken, but remained with his eyes fixed upon the carpet. At the lady's words, however, he looked up suddenly, and brow, cheek and lip grew white—white as those of the dead. Then covering his face with his hand, as if to shut out some hateful vision, he exclaimed—'Lilly Grey—Lilly Grey—have you come even here to torment me?'

'She is even here,' was the reply, 'and I presume it is unnecessary for me to say that the man whose pretended love for Lilly Grey was a passing fancy, a mere flirtation—the man who for the sake of paltry gold so cruelly deserted the young being he had won, without a farewell word or line, can never claim the hand of Elizabeth Munro. Nay, hear me, Mr Gordon,' she added, as he would have interrupted her, 'entreaties are useless, I can never be your wife, but I wish to explain some things which are probably mysteries to you. My name is Elizabeth Grey Munro. My father always called me his Lilly, and by that pet name, too, I was called by Mr and Mrs Mason. When I went into the country to visit them, it was a childish freak of mine to be called by my middle name, and be known as simple Lilly Grey, rather than as the heiress Elizabeth Munro. Had you called to see me before your sudden departure, all would have been explained; but you chose to do otherwise, and of course I could put but one construction upon your conduct—that you were merely trifling with one whom you supposed your inferior in point of wealth, and that, finding you had gone rather farther than you intended, you wished to get rid of the affair as speedily as possible. I do not hesitate to say now that I once loved you, Frederick Gordon, as you did not deserve to be loved, but that passed—passed with the knowledge of your unworthiness. When we met in the ball room I saw at once that you did not recognize me—five years had changed the young and timid girl who blushed at your approach into the woman, calm and self possessed as yourself. You were blinded, too, by the fashion and glitter around me, and, in short, you looked not for Lilly Grey in Elizabeth Munro.'

'Oh, Lilly, forgive, forgive,' implored Frederick, throwing himself at her feet.—'For sweet mercy's sake forgive and love me again as in other days, I have erred deeply—deeply—but I have repented also.'

Tears rolled down the fair girl's cheeks as she replied, at the same time kindly extending her hand, 'I do, I do forgive, for the sake of the love I once bore you—but that love I can never give you again. The chord is broken and will never vibrate more.'

The young man rose and gazed wildly in her face, but he read nothing there to give him hope, and clasping her hand for an instant, he rushed from her presence.

Reader, upon one of those beautiful islands that, not far from the Mackinaw, lie on the breast of Lake Huron, like the purest of emeralds in a setting of silver, there is a little, picturesque village where the magnificent steamers that plow the lakes from Buffalo to Chicago, stop to take in wood and water. But a short distance from the village, and yet half concealed by overshadowing trees, there stands a plain but strong built house. There is nothing peculiar in its general appearance, and you would pass it almost unheeded, unless you chanced to perceive that the windows of the chambers in the south east corner of the building were guarded by strong iron bars. If you look yet more closely, you will see the form of a man, still in the prime of life, with tethers upon his wrists, his hair closely shaven, and the wild gleam of the maniac in his eye, pacing the apartment, or gazing between the bars upon the broad expanse of waters.—That face, once seen, will haunt you forever! In the yard, slowly walking back and forth, with his white hair streaming in the wind, and his hands folded behind him, is often seen an old man, whose bowed form and trembling limbs, speak of suffering more plainly than age. Anguish and remorse are stamped in legible characters upon his brow, and as he moves to and fro, the words come forth slowly and mournfully from his white lips—'Oh, Amy, Amy, thy prophecy is fulfilled!'

One more scene—a more cheerful one we trust—and our story is ended. In a small, pleasant room, furnished with exquisite taste, half-buried in the crimson cushions of a luxurious chair, sat a young mother, and upon her lap lay her first born, a fair and delicate babe, whose tiny face seemed the miniature of the one that bent over it, save that the little curls that lay upon its forehead was of a darker hue. Very lovely was that young mother—more lovely than in the brightest days of her girlish beauty, as she reclined there in the simple, yet tasteful robe of a convalescent, her pale cheek half shaded by the rich, brown curls, that escaped from beneath her cap. Her eyes wandered often from the face of her babe to the door, and at length a glad smile sprang to her parted lips as she heard the sound of footsteps in the hall. The door opened, and a fine looking man, whose intellectual face bore the unmistakable seal of genius, entered, and exclaimed joyously—'What—you here, Elizabeth? I have no words to tell you how glad I am to see you in our little sanctuary again, my own sweet wife.' He bent to kiss the lips that were raised lovingly to his. 'And our precious little daughter, too, she is six weeks old to-day, is she not?'

'Yes, Arthur—and it is about time she had a name, I think. What shall we call her?'

The young husband paused for a moment, and tears gathered in his proud, dark eyes as he replied—'Let her name be Lilly Grey, dearest. Had you never borne that name perhaps I could not call you mine now.'—And Arthur Talmadge, no longer poor and unappreciated, toiling for his daily bread—but Arthur Talmadge, the courted and honored artist, whose fame was in all the land, pressed his wife to his bosom!

#### YOUNG MAN! NEVER DESPAIR.

Young man! never despair. The darkest hour is just before day. Never leave off until you have 'done your best,' and even then, 'try again' at something else, or in some other way:

"Tis a lesson you should heed,  
'Try again.'

If at first you don't succeed,  
'Try again.'

Then your courage should appear,  
For if you will persevere  
You will conquer, never fear—  
'Try again!'

Once or twice though you should fail,  
'Try again!'

If you would at last prevail,  
'Try again.'

If you strive, 'tis no disgrace,  
Though you do not win the race;  
What should you do in such a case?  
'Try again!'

#### SERVED OUT!

ONE likes always to see an impudent lawyer, whose forte it is to banter and 'bullyrag' witnesses, brought up by a round turn by some victim of his ill-mannered bearing. We heard a recent instance of this kind which is worth relating:

A case was being tried on Long Island about the soundness of a horse, in which a clergyman, not very conversant with such matters appeared as a witness. He was a little confused in giving his evidence; and a blustering fellow of a lawyer, who examined him, at last exclaimed:

'Pray, sir, do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?'

'I acknowledge my ignorance,' replied the clergyman; 'I hardly know the difference between a horse and a cow, or a bull and a bull; only that a bull, I am told, has horns, and a bull (bowing with mock respect to the petilogger) luckily for me, has none!'

'You can retire, sir,' said the lawyer; 'I've no further questions to ask you!'

From Graham's Philadelphia Magazine.

#### I DREAM OF ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

BY MISS M. E. ALILSON.

I dream of all things beautiful—  
The glad, bright stars above,  
As one by one they deck the heavens,  
Like angel-smiles of love;  
Of moonbeams as they softly rest  
Upon the quiet lake,  
And from its darkened brow the gloom  
Of falling shadows take.

I dream of all things beautiful—  
The blush of opening flowers,  
When first their petals bright unclose  
In spring-time's leafy bowers;  
Of dew drops when they silently  
At evening twilight's close,  
Stoop down and kiss the leaflets fair  
Of sweet unfolding rose.

I dream of all things beautiful—  
The brooklet on its way,  
As sparkling bright it sings of joy  
The live-long summer day;  
Of shady woods where glad, free winds  
Are whispering softly now,  
Where many birdlings, blithe and gay,  
Sing sweet from every bough.

I dream of all things beautiful—  
The shell of ocean's caves,  
That softly parts its rosy lips  
And drinks the dewy waves;  
Of emerald isles that glisten  
Like gems upon the deep,  
Where whispering winds their music  
Untiring virgils keep.

I dream of all things beautiful—  
A home beyond the seas,  
Where flowers ever waft their scents  
Upon the sleepy breeze;  
Of summers lovely and undying,  
Bright skies of cloudless blue,  
Where nature smiles forever bright,  
In robes of loveliest hue.

I dream of all things beautiful—  
Sweet music soft and low,  
When wakened 'neath a skillful touch,  
Its gentle numbers flow;  
Of low sweet words, when angels near  
Are whispering sweet of Heaven,  
Where contrite hearts shall find their  
chains  
Of sin and darkness riven.

From Godey's Philadelphia Lady's Magazine.

#### A FEW WORDS ON GEOLOGY.

BY MARIA NOERIS.

PART II.

THE vast changes which upheaved continents and overturned rocks are to us unknown. What a destruction of life and beauty would ensue, if such convulsive throes now agitated the earth's crust! But the Deity creates to preserve, not to destroy; and, in the beautiful language of David, 'his tender mercies are over all his works.'

And yet, if these giant changes had never occurred, how many beauties, how many sources of pleasure and of industry would have been wanting! The romantic undulations of hill and dale, so important to the charms of fine scenery which have often elevated and chastened our minds, would not have existed. Imagine the earth's surface a dead flat. What monotony! It would be a constant punishment to creatures so gratified by variety as we are. Not only would our taste have been wounded, but our precious stones and metals would have been sought in vain. Their formation probably occurs too low for human labor even to have reached them, had not a mighty Hand overturned the earth's surface, and piled up in rocky storehouses such treasures as are accessible to the labor of man.

Beauty might have gazed on the dew-drops, and longed to crystallize their rainbow sparklings, and to deck herself with them as ornaments; but she might have sighed in vain over their short-lived splendor; the tremulous rays of the diamond—that temple of imprisoned light—the rich glow of the ruby, the purple shinings of the amethyst, would not have been hers; nor could she have had those robes fine as tissue, which are woven for her by machinery almost perfect, if these convulsions of former ages had not brought the metals near the surface.

It may be interesting here to state that man's labors have extended to a vertical depth of somewhat more than two thousand feet (about one-third of a geographical mile) below the level of the sea, and consequently only about one-19,800th part of the earth's surface. The temperature of the water at the bottom of a deep salt mine at Minden, in Prussia, was ninety-one degrees Fahrenheit, which, assuming the mean temperature of the air as forty-nine degrees three minutes, gives an augmentation of temperature of one degree for every fifty-four feet.

How essential are our coal formations to our prosperity as a nation! Whatever our condition might have been, at least we should have been situated widely different but for these treasures.

Is it not a strange reflection that the gas which lights our streets, the coals of the household fires about which we gather, are new forms which a gigantic primeval vegetation has assumed. Nearly four hundred species have been detected by the botanical analyst in the coal formations of the world. Among them are grasses, gigantic palms, and conifers; some of the latter exhibiting faint

traces of annual rings! Strange register of bygone ages, penned by Time himself, and incapable of falsehood!

How many changing seasons must have breathed through those green boughs—how many strange and extinct species couched beneath them, before the mighty metamorphosis was perfected! And how many reverses of human fortunes, both private and national, were sustained and forgotten, ere those great hidden riches were disturbed, and brought to light!

'In order to give some idea,' says Humboldt, 'of the luxuriance of the vegetation of the primitive world, and of the immense masses of vegetable matter which were doubtlessly accumulated in currents, and converted in a moist condition into coal, I would instance the Saarbrucker coal-measures, where one hundred and twenty beds are superposed on one another, inclusive of a great many which are less than a foot in thickness; whilst in the forests of our temperate zones, the carbon contained in the trees growing over a certain area, would hardly suffice, in the space of a hundred years, to cover it with more than a stratum of seven French lines in thickness.'

When we know that the depth of the Lancashire coal-fields is about one hundred and twenty feet, this gives us a vivid idea of not only the higher temperature of the earth during the carboniferous depositions, but also of the immense time it must have required to form and harden the measures.

We have mentioned that the temperature increases as we dig below the surface, and to account for this we may state that geologists very generally believe that volcanoes are, to use a familiar illustration, the safety-valves of the globe. This, of course, is theoretical; yet it is certainly possible, even probable, but, as we cannot test beyond a limited depth by actual observation the nature of the earth's strata, we must be contented to remain uncertain. Our theory, at any rate, is more reasonable than that of the Brahmin Scriptures, which assert that the world is supported by an elephant, upheld in his turn by a monster tortoise. 'On what the tortoise rests,' says Humboldt, 'the credulous Brahmin is not permitted to inquire.'

Here we may draw what appears to us a most reasonable and fair argument for the truth of the Bible; it is this. Our Scriptures, though they have not anticipated, do not, we believe, in any instance, when rightly interpreted, contradict science; whereas the pretended sacred writings of the Brahmins and others contain falsities which a child would scorn to credit. The Brahmin scriptures in particular contain false systems, systems of astronomy, &c., which stamp them as untruthful, when held in the light of modern scientific knowledge. No degradation of this kind has been the fate of our Bible; we have, indeed, discovered that our interpretation of its meaning has, in a few unimportant instances, been mistaken; but the corrections consequent on such discovery have been fearlessly made, and the volume of mercy is left intact—and this while the writings of the best of the uninspired ancients are full of absurdities, when they approach the subject of the world's origin and the beginning of things. Any one may be satisfied on this latter point by referring to the chapter on the Greek philosopher in 'Tyler's Universal History.'

How is every part of this world crowded with proofs of design and of benevolence! There seems not an atom of matter forgotten or neglected: like the glasses in a Kaleidoscope, the simple substances of nature are perpetually assuming new forms of attractions and usefulness; all is music to the ear, and beauty to the eye. While there is boundless profusion in nature, there is no waste; the debris of yesterday's races serve to-day a fresh purpose in the economies of the world; and while nothing is wanting, neither is anything in excess. Amid so much apparent disorder, too, all is order; the materials in the cabinet of Nature are arranged with all the regularity of a nice philosopher; or, in cases where this order is temporarily deviated from, the exception serves the prosperity of God's creatures better than the rule could have done as in the instances we have mentioned in some districts where the strata have been disturbed to place the metals within the reach of man.

There is a sadness in the reflection that the busiest life of study must leave us on a low form in the school of knowledge—sad thought, indeed, were this life our only existence; it is, however, but the lower school; and the Christian student, who sees that in the material world everything answers the end of its creation, cannot doubt that his soul, with its insatiable cravings after knowledge—his soul, from whose depths the cry 'Excelsior' is perpetually arising to heaven—is destined for a life of happy and glorious; of which his present state, in its best aspects, is but a very faint image.

It is no strange earth in which we shall all lie down until our resurrection; there is no place in it so dark that the eye of Providence is not perpetually overlooking it; and no atom of our composition can be scattered beyond the reach of His hand.

With all her wonders, all her beauties, her myriads of past and present existences, our planet is but a point in our system, and our system but a speck in infinite space!

How well does the language of Job become our lips: 'Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for gold, where they find it. Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten out of the stone.'

He (God) setteth an end to darkness, and searcheth out all perfection: the stones of darkness, and the shadow of death. He put-