

forests of the State; a region, healthful it is true, but peculiarly desolate, especially to one unaccustomed to the soft verdure and smiling landscape of England. The tall dark trees, unceasingly sighing forth their low and mournful murmurs, seemed to Edith a fit emblem of the griefs that were henceforth to darken her life.

There was but little in her new home to call her thoughts from the sad recollections to which they were constantly recurring. Mr Blake and his wife were very kind to her, treating her rather as a guest than one to whose services they were entitled; but they lived in a part of the country very thinly settled, their nearest neighbour being at a distance of seven or eight miles, and there was a wearying monotony in Edith's daily life that weighed upon her spirits. Gratitude for the unvarying and thoughtful kindness shown to her by Mrs Blake induced, Edith to make every exertion to regain her accustomed cheerfulness, and she had in some measure succeeded, when the Christmas holidays came to remind her, by the contrast between her position and that of the persons by whom she was surrounded, more painfully of her isolation. The little family gatherings, from which she could hardly absent herself without appearing unkind to Mrs Blake's gentle get urgent requests, and yet where she felt herself among them, but not of them, recalled to her so forcibly the former seasons, when her happiness and pleasure were to all around her the one thing of the greatest importance, that, for the first time since her departure from England, Edith yielded to her feelings of loneliness, and every night wet her pillow with her tears. The reply of the Shunamite woman to the prophet's inquiry about her wants, 'I dwell among mine own people,' came with a new and touching significance to her mind, now that she began to feel that never again would she feel the sweet security and protection implied in such a position.

On New Year's eve, Edith slipped away from the merry group assembled in Mr Blake's parlors to indulge her sad meditations for a little while without interruption. As she stood on the porch listening to the mournful music of the pines, whose aromatic incense filled the air with its healthful fragrance, and watching the moon as it slowly waded through the clouded sky, now shining out in full brilliancy, and then almost entirely darkened as it passed behind the thick masses of vapour that were hanging in the vast concave, she thought that just such sudden alternations of darkness and light had been her lot in this life.

'The clouds hang heavily over me now,' thought she; 'but there will be brightness soon.'

Almost at the same moment there came the sound of an approaching arrival, and Edith hastily retreated to the house. She had hardly time to mingle with the gay family party, when, hearing her name called, she turned suddenly, while a thrill of amazed delight passed over her at the familiar tone, and saw before her Mr Hildreth, whose smile shed a light and warmth upon her heart to which it had long been a stranger.

The clouds were at once lifted off from her soul, and she was once more the light-hearted girl she had been in her English home. In the midst of her happiness there was a feeling of insecurity, a doubt as to its continuance. But that Edith would not allow herself to dwell upon. It was happiness enough for the present to think that one whom she so highly esteemed still cared enough for her to seek her out in her secluded home.

But before the last hours of the old year had passed away, walking in the serene moonlight under those pine-trees to whose mournful murmur her thoughts had been so long attuned, Edith listened with a beating heart to the avowal of the same feelings which Mr Hildreth had confessed to her father more than a year before. What had become of all the sadness that had brooded over Edith's heart so many months? It was gone like the clouds from the sky, but not to return, like them, in a few short hours.

'How did you find me out?' asked Edith, after many more important questions had been asked and answered.

'Ah, a little bird told me where I should find the runaway.'

'A bird?' said Edith, wondering.

'Perhaps it was the cage rather than the bird,' replied Mr Hildreth. 'I had been for some two or three months in search of you, or rather your aunt, with whom I was told you were staying. But she seemed to be possessed by some perverse and wandering spirit: for when I went to London to find her, she had just left with her family on a tour thro' Germany, and, when I followed her there, I learned she had gone into Italy. Into Italy I went post haste, and reached Naples just in time to learn that Mrs Burnleigh had left the week before for Egypt and the Pyramids. No whit daunted, I was about to seek you, even if I had to go to the heart of Ethiopia, when the sudden illness of my aunt recalled me to Marseilles. Her death obliged me to return to New York; but I arranged my business there as soon as possible, and had al-

ready engaged my passage in the next steamer to Liverpool, when, walking through Fifth Avenue, my eye was attracted by a cage that I recognized instantly, by certain peculiarities, as one that I had sent you just before I left England after our pleasant tour. A sudden hope seized me that some happy impulse had led your travel-loving aunt to my very hearthstone, and I lost no time in making inquiries of the lady of the house, from whom I learned all about the little Edith for whom I had been seeking in such far away places.

'And now, dearest,' he continued, after a pause, 'have you any objection to a tour through Europe? I went in such haste before that, far from satisfying my curiosity, I only increased the desire to see everything more at my leisure.'

'None at all,' said Edith, with a smile and blush.

'Well, then, I will see how soon Mrs Blake can spare you, and we will set off on our travels. I hope she will be very obliging about it.'

And she was very obliging, and gave Edith, to whom she had become strongly attached, a grand wedding in the southern fashion, which lasted two days, and she hung the pine grove with colored lamps so that the dark woods took for that occasion only, quite a festive appearance.

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

THE GRACE AND GLORY OF LIFE.

Have a respect for life. It is a great and beautiful thing, notwithstanding all the gloomy and depreciatory views that have been taken of it. The Giver puts it at your disposal, as so much raw material for you to work upon, leaving you, in accordance with that system of general freedom assigned to you, to turn it into silk or into serge as you may please. What a superb tissue it becomes in some hands, and what a horsecloth in others! Overlooking altogether the ambitious few who seek for mere distinction in the eyes of their fellow-creatures, as being set upon the glorification of their own little personalities, let us view the rational and cultivated man addressing himself to the duties placed before him, and the enjoyments within his reach, and making out of these a self-consistent respectable life, in conformity with the natural conditions in which he is placed—that is, with the divine rules that hedge his being—and then turn to any one of the numberless unfortunates who abuse this inestimable possession by sloth, folly, any wickedness, and what a contrast is presented! the one so fair a scene, the other such a desolation—a queen's robe compared with a beggar's rag! Yet what the one makes it, the other may, Each and all of us, whatever our position, may cultivate in some degree the grace and glory of life.

We wake into this world, and, after seventy years, go to sleep again. Of that round sleep, the phenomena are unknown. The waking interval, which is the subject we have to deal with, is tolerably well understood. It includes labour for the supply of wants, thoughts, affections, aspirations; a pursuit of happiness that never appears quite successful, but only because, if happiness were attained, we should find in it just the misery of having no more to seek for. Well, then, we must work, and work is always more or less, you say, antagonistic to the grace of life. Grant that it is, God has at least made it a hardship to no man—so much the reverse, that its activities and excitements are indispensable to our having a pleasant life at all. What we have here to observe is, that, if work be conducted in the advantageous ways that our ingenious faculties suggest, it need not so much engross any of us, not even the humblest hand labourers, as to preclude some decent share of attention being given to the cultivation of the grace and glory of life. The poorest drudges may have their times of cleanliness and neatness; care may surround them in their dwellings with things lovely and pleasant to look upon; they may walk the upright walk of manliness and self-respect, if they only will think they are men, and believe that to be a Man is something in this grand Economy. There is a spiritual life which such persons have often exemplified in fairer forms than those placed above them in this world; to none is this denied, not even to the slave, whose every bodily power is the property of another. It is a sad truth that, as things have hitherto been, the life of the hand-worker has every-where been one in which hardening, coarsening toil has borne too large a part. But the existing modes of working are not necessarily permanent. Continually are men discovering means of reducing the amount of labour required to produce certain results; and this process goes on at an increasing ratio. It is a mistake to suppose that the condition of the labourer has not consequently been improved. Though it were true that he still worked as hard as ever, it would be for larger wages, or for wages that could purchase a larger amount of gratifications. But it is not true that labourers in general work so hard now as they did in the last age. They have very wisely determined to have more of their time exempt from toil, and we would fain believe that this time they

have not wholly disposed on objects apart from the grace and glory of life. Where it has been given to mental cultivation, or to pleasures that awaken and gratify the higher feelings and tastes, it has been bestowed in perfect conformity with our maxim.

It were hard to say whether the worker, under the compulsion of the master's eye and the need of a trifling addition to his weekly wages, is under a greater temptation to neglect the grace and glory of life, than the master, who, having great and pressing affairs, feels called upon to give them his days and nights, that he may maintain his position, and have the chance of securing some provisions for those dear to him. Lamentable it is that so many of our middle classes thus sell themselves to a self-imposed slavery, leaving scarcely a space for intercourse with their families, much less for the cultivation of any intellectual gifts or elevating tastes, or for the duties of social life. Such a man feels that all is not right. His neglect of the grace and glory of life cannot but tell upon his consciousness in some obscure way. But he always hopes that the leisure time will come at last and make up with part deficiencies. He might as well omit taking his breakfast for a week, and then think to take seven breakfasts at once. It is worse.

Habits have set their chains upon him. The mind, narrowed down to a beggarly routine, is totally unprepared to enter upon the more refined pursuits and occupations proper to a wealthy retirement. The heart has lost its native liberality. A set of prudential maxims, very useful in different circumstances, assert an impertinent empire over him. Such in a greater or less degree, is the ultimate state of those who have neglected, for the sake of money-making, the true grace and glory of life.

Just as we believe that improvement of tools, machines, and working arrangements, will add to that leisure which the worker is enabled to employ in cultivating this grace and glory, so do we expect that better plans and maxims of business will by and by allow the middle classes to follow their industrial pursuits with the same results. The unsatisfactory character of a life wholly given to the materialities in which they deal, must be seen and acknowledged. They will find, that what they follow as the substance, is apt to prove but the shadow; while what they used to neglect as the shadow, is the true substance. Already, we are told, the progress of a conviction to this effect is beginning to be observed in some of our principal seats of industry. Streaks of rational, graceful, philanthropically social life are beginning to checker the once incessant round of business cares and duties. We begin to find men getting above considering things merely by their prospect of paying; a mean word which should be banished from all decent society. This is a great reform, and we sincerely trust it will go on, till no one shall have the face to sport Mammon's maxims as other than the partial and temporary truths which they are, but all will take a pride in promoting, by their precept and example, the true grace and glory of life.

It would go some way to advance this great cause, could we convince all that life is a thing capable of being made as beautiful as we have ascertained. We feel that it were equally out of place and needless for us to use arguments on this subject. We merely would wish those who come within our influence to observe what a wonderful work Man is, in his powers and susceptibilities, and how many fine things surround and stand in relation to him! To employ his powers on these things, so as to bring their benefits to bear upon his susceptibilities, is, in a word, the secular destiny of man. If, walking humbly with the Giver, and not forgetful of an ultimate and higher destiny, he could fulfil this perfectly, he would come as near to happiness as a being of indefinite desires ever can. Seeing what admirable things these powers and susceptibilities are and what a beautiful relation it is in which they stand to external things, how sad to see so many men misusing them, making life, consequently, a mere series of blunders alternating with sufferings, till the designs of creative Providence itself come to be called in question! Not one of us but might do better with this fine thing called life, if we only believed it possible, and were to make a resolute endeavour.

SEBASTOPOL.

The following account of the town and port of Sebastopol, by Wsevolodsky, the Russian topographer, will be found interesting at the present moment:—

This famous stronghold of the Russians in the Black Sea, is one of the most modern creations in the rapidly growing empire of the Czar, its site, until 1736, had been occupied by nothing more pretentious than a miserable village of Tartar huts named Akhtier. The splendid natural advantages of its harbor for a first-rate naval port, however, attracted the keen notice of Catherine II., and in 1780 the first stone of the new fortress and arsenal was laid, and from that period it has rapidly in-

creasing in strength and importance. Sebastopol is situated on the western coast of the peninsula of the Crimea, in an amphitheatre to the south of the harbour, extending along a point of land which separates the Bay of Yujahia-Bukhta, which forms the port, from Artillery Bay, a small indentation on the other side. The town stands on a chalky stratum, which rises from a height of 30 feet at the extremity of the point to an elevation 190 feet above the sea in the upper part. This elevation, with the deep coast opposite, which also consists of a calcareous rock perfectly defends the bay which, from the summit of the heights, appears to lie at the bottom of the deep cavity, and, indeed, at a very short distance from the shore inland it is impossible to perceive the tops of the highest masts. The town is composed of parallel streets, running up the steep acclivity, and is divided into quarters by a few transverse streets. It is not much above a mile in length, and is nowhere more than 400 yards wide; but neither the regimental barracks erected about a half-mile from the upper part of the town, nor those for the sailors, opposite the town itself, nor the hospitals, are included within this space.

The harbor, as being the most important feature of Sebastopol, and which has been compared to that of Malta, merits a more minute description. The principal bay is about three miles and a half in depth, with a width of three quarters of a mile at the mouth, widening to nearly a mile, and then narrowing to 600 or 700 yards at the head. The average depth at the mouth is not above 10 or 11 fathoms; as far as the ancient village of Akhtier where the naval magazines now are, it is about nine fathoms; and from there diminishes gradually towards the two ports to three fathoms—There is not a rock or shoal in the harbor, except opposite the Severnaia Kossa, or northern point, where there is a small sand bank, which ships entering the bay have to avoid, and where sailors find abundance of fish. At the further end of the port, the water becomes gradually shallower, in the direction of Inkerman, and the little river Byjugusen is not more than a yard or half a yard in depth, with a muddy bottom.

The entrance of the harbor is defended by strong batteries placed at the extremity of the two points of land that form the bay. Besides these, there is another fronting the town, and two more on the double point on which the town stands, with a redoubt higher up. One of these batteries which is semicircular, also defends Artillery Bay. The large harbor as well as the lesser, is perfectly protected from all winds by the chalk rocks which surround it, and which rise to a greater height more inland, so that it is only on the rare occurrence of a tempest from the west that any danger can be occasioned to the shipping in the bay. About a mile from the mouth of the bay, the grand port for vessels of war forms a sort of small arm running in a south-west direction. This arm, which the Tartars used to call Kartali Kosh (Vulture Bay) is now called Yujahia-Bukhta, or South Port. It is upwards of a mile and a half in length, with a width of 400 yards at the entrance, and has a little narrow creek of about 600 yards in length, in which ships can be laid up in ordinary with perfect safety.

On the other side of the town in Artillery Bay, is a similar creek, used to careen vessels of war, for the purpose of cleansing and scouring their bottoms. The sea worm, *toredo navalis*, which pierces submerged wood, exists in large numbers in the Black Sea, especially along the shores of the Crimea, and in the harbor of Sebastopol. In less than two years, if a vessel is not copper sheathed, these worms pierce through the whole of the outer timbers. Hence it is found necessary to counteract their operations by careening the vessel every two years, and scouring the outside of the bottom with pitch and juniper wood.

The situation of Sebastopol on a dry soil causes it to be extremely healthy, the air being tempered in summer by cooling winds, and mildened in winter by the shelter of lofty hills to the north and east. The greatest heat in summer does not exceed 26 degrees of Reaumur (77 1-2 F.) Land and sea breezes alternate successively morning and evening, cooling the air, at the same time favoring the entrance and departure of vessels. Outside the harbor the prevalent winds are north east and north west.

SHUMLA.

WHILST still in the heart of the mountains you suddenly descry at your feet the great town of Shumla, and the vast plain which stretches thence to the Black Sea and to Moldavia, or rather which has no limits, for it is already the beginning of the steppes. At Shumla rest in a superb mausoleum the last Grand Vizier who was victorious over the Russians, and the celebrated Hassan Pacha, who died during the wars with the Empress Catherine. With all the advantages of its charming and formidable position, which connects all the Danubian routes together as a central point, Shumla was fifty years ago but an insignificant place; it now contains 60,000 inhabitants. The grand the varosh,