

Literature. &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

"IF IT BE POSSIBLE, LET THIS CUP PASS FROM ME."

Lift this cup pass, my Father! I am sinking
In the deep waters which surround my
soul,
And bitter grows the draught which I am
drinking,
And higher rise the waves that round me
roll.

Forsake me not in this my need extremest!
Let not Thy strengthening hand elude my
grasp!
I know thy love, even when Thou harshlest
seemest,—
Father most merciful! let this cup pass!

Life hath not laid her hand upon me light-
ly,—
I have known sorrow, disappointment, pain,
Have seen hope clouded when it burned most
brightly,
And false love fade, and falser friendships
wane.

But now, fresh chains about my heart are
linking,
And to my lip is pressed a fuller cup,
And from the draught no shuddering soul is
shrinking,
Father! I cannot, cannot drink it up!

What have I said? Will not Thy grace sus-
tain me?
Is Thine arm shortened that it cannot
save?
Powerless indeed if Thou my God disdain me,
I can do all things with the help I crave.

Haste Thee to help me! that, on Thee depend-
ing,
I may have strength to say, "Thy will be
done,"—
If this cup may not pass, thine Angel send-
ing,
Aid me, as Thou of old didst aid Thy Son!

And Thou, my Saviour! once our weakness
sharing,
Tempted in all things, yet untouched by sin,
Hear my wild cry! leave not my soul des-
pairing!
Help me the cross to bear, the crown to
win!

From Titan.

SOMETHING THAT WAS TO OUR ADVANTAGE.

"Who first we love, you know one seldom
weds,
Time rules us all.
And life is not the thing we plann'd it out
Ere Hope was dead."—*Owen Meredith.*

"NEXT OF KIN."—If the descendants in a di-
rect line of John Eaglesthorpe, Gentleman, of
the County of Hampshire, who resided some-
where near Coombe Haldon about the years
1740-1800, will apply to Jones & Burrows, So-
licitors, 39 Lincoln's Inn, they will hear of
something to their advantage.

This advertisement I read one evening to
Sister Anne, as we sat together by our little
drawing-room fire. That very day, Anne had
got from the Westcott shop a pound of fine
knitting cotton, for the purpose of knitting
some socks for Mary Trundle, her god-daugh-
ter, whose father had been curate of Westcott
ever since Dr Moreland went abroad for his
wife's health. The cotton had been wrapped
in the first sheet of the 'Times,' and Westcott
is such a remote place, and Sister Anne and I
were such quiet people, that the advent of
even a quarter of the 'Times' was quite a no-
velty. So I said to Anne, after the curtains
had been closed and the fire poked up, that, if
she pleased, I thought I had quite light
enough, my eyes being very strong, to read to
her (while she wound the cotton), first the
births, the marriages, the deaths; for we might
chance to see some one name we knew; and
after that, anything else that seemed trifling.
Anne thought the suggestion very good; so I
read on to the end of the obituary, and then
several advertisements from undertakers, giving
their scales of charges for conducting inter-
ments, which we both thought placed very suit-
ably after the deaths. Though their charges
were extremely low, still it was dismal read-
ing, and we were far more amused at the next
column, where all the letters of the Alphabet
seemed to be in search of each other, and we
both wondered very much if J. K. S. ever re-
turned to his disconsolate Marie. Then there
was quite a jeweller's shop of ornaments lost in
concert-rooms, cabs, and city sidepaths, and we
were both very sorry for the lady who offered
such a large reward for the plain mourning
locket with the curl of bright auburn hair in
it, and we hoped she had recovered it very
shortly; and then I read the advertisement to
John Eaglesthorpe's next of kin. There is
something very pleasant in those 'next of
kins'; one always indulges in a faint day-dream
of some day seeing one's own name called for,
like the old woman whose ball of knitting cot-

ton was rolled up on such a bank note adver-
tisement—a story that all our grandmamas
regaled our childhood with accounts of; but
what was my surprise to see Sister Anne lay
her half-wound ball down upon her lap, and to
hear her say, 'Sister Margery, don't you re-
collect? our mother was an Eaglesthorpe! I
was so surprised, that for a moment I could
say nothing; and then I read it over again—
of Coombe Haldon.'

'Yes, yes,' said sister; 'that is quite
right.'

So saying, she rose, and unlocking the ca-
binet, brought out our dear father's family
Bible. I poked desperately at the fire, as she
opened it, and with trembling finger pointed
to the faded entry of the marriage of the Rev.
John Hooper, Vicar of Westcott, to Anne,
daughter of John Eaglesthorpe, of Coombe,
Haldon, Hampshire.

I was but a baby when my mother died, and
I had never troubled my head much with
thinking who my maternal relatives were; my
dearest father had been the whole world of
relations in one to me; but Anne who was
pretty well grown-up when I was carried about
in long-clothes must have heard much from our
mother of our own family.

For a long time we could do little but talk
in an excited way about this wonderful inci-
dent, and Anne tried to recollect what other
Eaglesthorpes would be likely to answer to the
call; and when tea came up, we were quite un-
able to partake of it comfortably—this strange
leaf of the 'Times' had taken away our appet-
ites.

That night I felt strangely reluctant to go to
bed, I felt so excited by all the talk of by-gone
years Sister Anne and I had had; but my can-
dle was burned down to the socket, and just as
I had made up my mind to go, and had risen
up from my chair, the door opened and I saw
my sister coming into my room. I remember
her look so well that night; she had a tall, spare
figure, and her loose light wrapper made her
look taller and sparer still, and though her hair
was streaked with gray, and she was not young,
I could not help thinking what a fine looking
woman she was still. She was very dignified,
too, but this night it struck me with a feeling of
awe to see the increase of it she seemed to have
as she came over to where I stood, and laid her
hand on my arm.

'Sister Margery,' she said, in a calm, grand
tone, 'as we do not know yet what this strange
advertisement may mean, that we should not
speak of it to any of our friends at present.—
When we find some reality from it, there will
be time enough. This is my wish. Good-
night.' And she left me alone again.

Of course I assented, I never dreamed of
doing otherwise at any time, Anne was so
much older, wiser, and graver than I. She
thought of everything of us both. Indeed, I
am afraid I was a heavy charge to her; but she
bore it always gently and meekly; it is so no
longer. She was, as I said, so gentle, quiet
and grave, she never seemed unhappy. Still I
do not think she had much joy within. I do
not know.

I had had a very sunny childhood. I was
my father's plaything, and well I liked the post.
From the first days of recollection to the day
he was taken from me, when I had been a wo-
man ten years at least, we had seldom been
long apart from each other. 'Little Madage,'
and 'dear Madage,' and so I grew up, and grew
old, too.

Poor Anne it was an addition to her grief, a
heavy blow to her pride, when we had to leave
the vicarage for Dr Moreland our father's suc-
cessor, and move to a small cottage close by the
town. The last night we slept under its dear
old roof, we had spent the evening in almost
silent preparations; our hearts had been too
full of many words, and we had had the ser-
vants up for the last evening's service and we
were about to leave the drawing-room together,
when Anne spoke very solemnly to me. 'Sis-
ter,' she said, 'to-morrow you and I begin the
world. To ourselves alone we must look for
the continuance of that position and respectful
attention in society which we have hitherto re-
ceived, and which it was our fathers pride and
pleasure to support and maintain. We must
ever bear in mind whose daughters we are, and
though, when Mrs Moreland comes, the first
position here must be yielded to her when she
is present, still it must be always carefully at-
tended to, that we are never otherwise than
second. We must make it our study to repel
familiarity which may look levelling, and one
change I shall make I wish you should know of.
I think, when your baptismal name is Margery,
it is useless, to say the least, your retaining
that childish one of 'Madage'; and remember
you will soon be thirty years of age. Miss
Margery Hooper is more dignified and sounds
better than Miss Madage Hooper; you will
oblige me by attending to this from others.—
Good-night, Sister Margery.'

I cried along time after this, for I was al-
ways very foolish, and I thought of one whose
cherry voice to the last had called for his 'little
Madage,' that was silent now forever, and I
quite forgot that at my age I should have
shown more sense. Ah, Anne was always very
wise; but from that evening she never called
me 'Madge' any more, and I soon ceased to ex-
pect it from any one. One comfort Anne had

Mrs Moreland came, and turned out a confirm-
ed invalid, who never left her own house, and
as Westcott air did not agree with her, her hus-
band took her abroad and left a curate in
charge of the parish. Mr Trundle and his
young wife were pious, worthy and most inof-
fensive people, who paid Sister Anne the ut-
most deference, and never took precedence of
her; and Mr Trundle never omitted consult-
ing her on the temporal affairs of Westcott
parish. So we all got along nicely together,
and, as I said before, Anne was godmother to
their little girl.

My dear father had taken great pains with
my education, as far as English was concerned,
and I had a few accomplishments added from
time to time as opportunity served; so I was
held in great estimation in Westcott, and even
by sister Anne also, for my superior literary at-
tainments. The morning after the startling
discovery I related, Anne desired me to write a
proper and dignified (Anne was always punc-
tilious on that head) Messrs. Jones & Bur-
row, stating that John Eaglesthorpe was our
maternal grandfather, and wishing to know
what advantage would be likely to accrue from
our consanguinity. I am sure I was nervous
and fluttered at such an important step, other-
wise I cannot account for the obscurity of its
explanations; had it not been for my sister, who
sat beside me all the time knitting her sock, I
might have left out a great deal of important
family history; but, as the points occurred to
her, she mentioned them to me, and I at once
wrote them down. We thought it right to
keep a copy; so I wrote a fair one out and
gave it to Anne to keep; for we had often
heard of lawsuits in which one side or other had
been suspected of adding a forged letter to the
correspondence, for the purpose of establishing
some point in law, and knowing of how much
wickedness London-lawyers, are suspected, we
were determined to be prepared for the worst.
That copy is laying before me now, and reading
it over, I cannot wonder that we received the
answer that we subsequently did; but I am an-
ticipating. We waited some days for an an-
swer, and at last it came from Mr Burrows,
who seemed very well informed indeed about
some parts of the family history, and while he
confessed he was at a loss to know from our
letter the exact relationship in which we stood
to the deceased John Eaglesthorpe, or what
proofs we had in our possessions of the facts,
still he saw no objection to informing us of the
object of the 'Times' advertisement. A large
fortune, he said, lay invested in Indian stocks,
in the Presidency of Madras, the property of a
Henry Eaglesthorpe, who had died some months
ago at Canjam; that he had received instruc-
tions from his Madras correspondent to adver-
tise, which he had done, and, waiting the ar-
rival of a person in England who would be em-
powered to arrange matters, he wished ours and
all other claims to be lodged in hands, to be
ready for inspection immediately on the arrival
of the gentleman expected. We were, of
course, very joyful to hear of such intelligence,
and we wondered often that day when we
should hear the stranger had arrived, and above
all what we ought to write back to Mr Burrows,
who had sent us such a pleasant, civil letter.—
We were puzzled how to do about the entry in
the Bible, to let it out of our hands even for an
hour was impossible, and we doubted whether
a copy would not do as well.

But that evening it was settled much sooner
than I had expected. I was sitting at the table
writing another letter to our new friend (for so
he seemed) Mr Burrows when Sister Anne came
across the room, and laid her hand on my arm,
as she always did when very earnest and im-
pressive, and said, 'Sister Margery, I will tell
you what we will do. We will go to London.'
I looked up astonished, as well I might; for to
me London seemed the other side of the world.
But Anne calmly continued—'As soon as we
hear this person has come, we will start. In
the meantime, we will turn our black silk
dresses, and have them ready. It will be an
expensive journey, but we owe it to our fami-
lies, both the Hoopers and the Eaglesthorpes.
We shall represent my mothers branch of the
Eaglesthorpes in person; and we shall know,
then, without any suspense, where we are like-
ly to come in.' As usual, the point was settled
at once. I felt that to have such a head as
Anne's in the family was a rare thing indeed,
let what branch would have wealth. I was
quite overwhelmed by the magnitude of the
scheme, and it made me flutter almost quite as
much over this letter to Mr Burrows as over
the last; but I got through it, nevertheless,
only it was very short; for I saw Sister Anne
had brought down our dresses, and I was very
anxious to set to work at once to pick them to
pieces, and have them ready to
be remodelled and made smart for London.

London seemed a wonderful idea. I could
not sleep as well as usual that night, pondering
over such a business as our journey would be;
and, the more I thought of it, the more thank-
ful I felt that my sister had such courage, and
was gifted with such a knowledge of the world
as she had displayed throughout; the very re-
fraining from mentioning it to our neighbours
was such a deep stroke.

It had been our custom, during my father's
lifetime—indeed it had been a part of our edu-
cation—to read aloud by turns every morning

for an hour and a-half some standard work for
our mutual improvement—something solid—
and in the evening something of a lighter char-
acter as recreation. This practice, after our
removal to our cottage-home, we had contin-
ued, and the books were always selected by
Sister Anne. She inherited all my father's
contempt for the light literature of the day,
considering it frivolous and deleterious to
young minds, and it was only as a personal
compliment to Mrs Trundle, that she allowed
me to read to myself Miss Austen's 'Pride and
Prejudice,' then just come out. It was lent me
by Mrs Trundle, as something in quite a new
style compared with my ordinary studies. We
were now reading in the mornings Mrs Han-
nah More's 'Hints to a Princess,' which Anne
thought very beautiful and moral; and we had
just finished Mrs Chapone's 'Letters,' and for
evening reading, we were at the seventh vol-
ume of the 'Spectator.' But, as I had not the
same depth of comprehension as Sister Anne,
there was a great deal in all those works I men-
tion which I did not care much for, but I hon-
oured her intellect too highly to say anything
on the subject; and so we pursued the course
she had marked out.

This was such an epoch in our still life, that
Sister Anne, of her own accord, proposed we
should lay aside the reading for one morning
(there was no precedent for such a thing), and
give our undivided exertions to the ripping of
our dresses; and so we seated ourselves after an
early breakfast, in the little parlor (not to litter
the drawing-room carpet), and worked with
very great energy. Suddenly the postman's
knock was heard at the hall-door, and as Susan
ran to open it, we looked at each other—as
much to say, 'What next?' The scissors fell
from our fingers—we waited in silence. Hav-
ing had a letter from Mr Burrows only the day
before, we could not expect it would be from
him so soon again; and yet so it was, and
'Haste' on one corner. Sister tore open the
seal, and looking within, exclaimed, 'He is
come! One might imagine how such news
fluttered us; but we read on to say, that in ten
days from that day the foreign gentleman ad-
judicate the respective claims.

We were very busy for the next week; but
with such a sister as Anne, I felt no fear to en-
counter London. She had none herself, for
she had been several times up there for two
days at a time with our father, when he had
business; he liked her clear intellect at hand
when matters were to settle; and she had once
passed a week during the London season, a
good many years before, with the Honora-
ble Mrs Daubeney, and besides having seen an
opera, and a review in Hyde Park, had been
within an ace of going to Almack's; so, on the
whole, she had a very fair knowledge of Lon-
don for us to start with. On this occasion she
took from one of the secret drawers of the old
cabinet, where it had lain many years, the ad-
dress of a very quiet hotel, in a quiet back
street, not very far from Lincoln's Inn, called
the 'Golden Sheaf,' where, in olden days, she
and my father always had stopped, and wrote
to engage rooms—in a week from that time
they were to expect us.

The morning after our arrival, we inquired
our way to Lincoln's Inn, and then on until we
reached No. 39, and seeing, 'Jones & Burrows,
Solicitors,' on the door, we were quite sure we
were right. On inquiry, we were told Mr Bur-
rows was just then engaged with a gentleman,
but if we would walk into the little waiting-room
(indeed the clerk was very civil), the gentle-
man would soon be coming out. So we went
in and sat down. Besides ourselves, there was
but one other occupant of the room;—no, I am
wrong; there was a dog besides; but this one
person was a very little girl, say about four years
old—with a pretty bright face, and long, fair,
sunny curls falling over her shoulders. She
rises before me now, as she stood on a high
office-stool, balancing herself by a hold of the
faded window-curtains, and making the grim-
chambers echo with such a clear, ringing laugh,
as she held a piece of bun as high as the little
arm could stretch, and coaxing and encouraged
the dog to leap for it, and at every failure of the
dog's she laughed more joyously than ever.—
We were both amused watching her—she was
like a picture, herself and the dog—and we
watched her for some minutes. At last Sister
Anne said, 'Take care, my dear, you will fall.'
She stopped her play to look round at what kind
person it was who had spoken; for she had
been so busy, and so amused, she had not per-
ceived us when we came in. Anne had a very
pleasant manner with children, and I dare say
she looked very pleasant then, for the child at
once said, 'Do you think the stool too high,
ma'am?'

'Why, my dear,' said Anne, it is very un-
steady.

'But, ma'am,' she answered, "if I stood on
on that chair, Ponto could leap so well that he
would catch my bun, and then I would lose my
lunch.'

'And do you mean to give him none, after
keeping him jumping so long?'

'O ma'am, Ponto has eaten his half; I always
give him half first, but I keep my own piece to
play with. I do not like this room at all, it is
so dull.'

As she spoke, she had forgotten to watch the
dog, who took advantage of her abstraction to