

husbandry now? Don't Frank! Take what I can give you—take my earnest friendship—and God grant we may never part, here or in heaven.

'Ah! in heaven—if we ever get there—you will love me again.'

She quoted those sad words which poor St. Pierre uttered on his dying bed:—

'Que ferait une âme isolée dans le ciel même?'

(What would an isolated soul do, even in Heaven itself?)

and laid her hand gently on mine.

'Heaven knows, dear Alice, that as I loved you when we first met, I loved you on that unhappy day, and love you still.'

'I am very glad to hear it,' she said hurriedly. 'Heaven only knows what days and nights were mine at first. For my life had been wrapped up in yours, Frank, and it was terrible to separate them. I thought at first that I could not live. I suppose every one thinks so when a heavy blow falls. But strength was given me, and by-and-by peace. We seem like two grey shadows, Frank, in a silent world, and we must only wait God's time, and hope that on the other side of the grave at least, this great mistake may be set right. Believe me, I am happy in being with you, Frank, happy in thinking that the same roof shelters us, and that we shall not part till one of us two dies.'

I opened my arms, and, of her own accord, she came to my heart once more; her arms were around my neck, her head upon my shoulder, and her lips meeting mine. Not as they used to do, yet tenderly and kindly.

'We are older and wiser than we were, and sadder too, dear Frank,' she said with a smile. 'Yet who knows? It may be that all the love has not left us yet.'

And thus that chapter of our life is ended.

We have never touched upon the subject since; but I have waited calmly for years, and the same quiet light shines always in the eyes of Alice; the same deep, sad tones thrill my heart when I hear her speaking or singing. An angel could scarcely be gentler or kinder than she who was once so impetuous and full of fire. She was unreasonable and exacting and ardent and imperious in those days, I know, and my slower nature was always on the strain to keep pace with hers; but, what a bright, joyous, happy creature she was!

It would have been different but for me. O you, who read this little tale, remember in time that a kind word and a loving look cost little, although they do such great work; and that there is no wrong so deep, as wrong done to a loving heart.

AN ELEGANT EXTRACT.

'GENERATION after generation,' says a fine writer, have felt as we do now, and that their lives were as active as our own. They passed away like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty, as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they are now around our paths. The world will have the same attractions for our offsprings yet unborn, that she once had for our children. Yet a little while, and all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind its way, and the prayers will be said, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left behind in silence and darkness, for the worm. And it may be for a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died, and the eye that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten with joy, and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to list our names. Then shall we have become, in the touching language of the Psalmist, 'forgotten and clean gone out of mind.'

LOSING ALL—A FAMILY SCENE.

THERE is something exceedingly tender as well as instructive in the following, which we take from the *Child's Paper*:—

'A few years ago, a merchant failed in business. He went home one evening. What is the matter?' asked his wife. 'I am beggared—I have lost my all!' he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his forehead, as if his brain was in a whirl. 'All?' said his wife. 'I am left.' 'All, papa,' said his eldest boy; 'here am I.' 'And I too, papa,' said his little girl, running up and putting her arms around his neck. 'I's not lost, papa,' repeated Eddie. 'And you have your health left,' said his wife. 'And your two hands to work with, papa,' said his eldest; 'and I can help you.' 'And your two feet to carry you about.' 'And your two eyes to see with, papa,' said little Eddie.

'You have God's promises,' said the grandmother. 'And a good God,' said his wife. 'And heaven to go to,' said the little girl. 'And Jesus who came to fetch us there,' said his eldest.

'God forgive me,' said the poor merchant, bursting into tears. 'I have not lost all. What are the few thousands which I called my all, to these precious things which God has left me?' and he clasped his family to his bosom and kissed his wife and children with a thankful heart.

Ah no, there are many things more precious

than gold and bank stocks, valuable as these may be in their place. When the Central America was foundering at sea, bags and purses of gold were strewn about the deck as worthless as the mere rubbish. 'Life! life!' was the prayer. To some of the wretched survivors, 'Water! water!' was the prayer. 'Bread! bread!' it was worth its weight in gold, if gold could have bought it.'

THE BIBLE.

How comes it that this little volume, composed by humble men, in a rude age, when art and science were but in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the human mind and on the social system, than all the other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvelous changes in the opinion of mankind—has banished idol worship—has abolished infanticide—has put down polygamy and divorce—exalted the condition of women—raised the standard of public morality—created for families that blessed thing, a christian home, and caused its other triumphs by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the winds and waves of human passion obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and yet lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried, and failed—many codes of jurisprudence have arisen, and run their course. Empire after empire has been launched upon the tide of time, and gone down, leaving no trace upon the waters. But this book is still going about doing good, leavening society with its holy principles—cheering the sorrowful with its consolation—strengthening the tempted—encouraging the penitent—calming the troubled spirit—and smoothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God?

NEATNESS IN SPEECH.

THE nose and the roof of the mouth may be regarded as the sound board of the voice. The teeth form a bridge or barrier, upon which the lips and tongue are constantly playing; and their beauty and regularity contribute much to the neatness of speech. The action of the tongue is susceptible of high cultivation, and upon its activity depends much of that silvery tone of voice which delights us. With many it lies a sluggish lump in the mouth, as when pronouncing the letter L, it so blocks up the passage that the voice escapes with difficulty. The lips are employed in the softer tones, and are chargeable with the same lassitude of expression. The chin has an important office to perform, which is to operate upon the hinge which opens and shuts the mouth, for upon its activity we either disclose a polite or vulgar pronunciation. Every one must have noticed in lazy speakers, how the words are drawled out of the mouth, as naeo for no. Others begin to talk, before their mouths are open, affixing the mouth-closing M to most of their words, as M yes for yes.—*Gardiner's Music of Nature.*

GREAT CLOCK.

HENRY C. WRIGHT, in a letter to the Liberator, thus describes the great clock in the Cathedral of Strasburg:

'The priests and military have retired, and I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock—from the bottom to the top not less than 100 feet, about 30 feet wide and 15 deep. Around me are many strangers waiting to see the working of this clock as it strikes the hour of noon. Every eye is upon the clock. It now wants five minutes of twelve. The clock has struck and the people are gone, except a few whom the sexton or head man with a wand and sword is conducting round the building. The clock has struck in this way: The dial is some 20 feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub, or little boy, with a mallet and over the dial is a small bell, the cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, that on the right strikes the second quarter. Some fifty feet over the dial in a large niche, is a huge figure of Time, a bell in his left, a scythe in his right hand. In front stands a figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter of the bell in the hand of Time, and then turns and glides, with a slow step, round behind Time, comes out an old man with a mallet, and places himself in front of him.

As the hour of twelve comes, the old man raises his mallet, and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell, that echoes through the building, and is heard all round the region of the church. The old man glides slowly behind Father Time, and the young man comes on readily to perform his part, as the time comes round again. Soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion some twenty feet higher still. It is thus: there is a high cross with the image of Christ on it. The instant twelve is struck, one of the apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns, facing the cross, bows, and walks on around to his place. As he does so, another comes out in front, turns, facing the cross, bows, and walks on around to his place. As he does so, another comes out in

front, turns, bows, and passes in. So twelve apostles, figures as large as life, walk round, bow, and pass on. As the last appears, an enormous cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps its wings, stretches forth its neck, and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside the church to some distance, and so naturally as to be mistaken for a real cock. Then all is silent as death. No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1571, and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about fifty years, when it stood out of repair.'

NOTE YOUR THOUGHTS.

LOED BACON says:—'A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought are commonly the most profitable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.' This distinguished man here advises wisely, and were his suggestion herein followed by mankind generally, what a fund of good thoughts they might transmit to posterity. Even they who think very humbly of their own thoughts, might carry a pencil in their pocket with which to write down the good and great thoughts of others they might meet with.

NEVER let your wife live with her mother unless you first resolve to place your temper on a shelf and your purse on the table, for public good.

From Mr. Russell, the Special Correspondent of the London Times.

THE FALL OF LUCKNOW.

HEAD QUARTERS—Camp of the Martinere, before Lucknow.

March 25.

The number of bodies found and buried by us up to the present time exceeds 3,000—many of them those of Sepoys, and of Nujeebs, or men of new levies. The city will never recover from the results of its rebellion, and Lucknow has fallen never to rise again. At present the notion appears to be that we should withdraw our troops from the city and hold some grand strategic points, such as the bridges and the main roads, till order has been re-established, but years must elapse before this vast city can be left without a strong British garrison, so long as the present temper of the people continues. If this temper becomes permanent and extensively prevalent, we may be called upon to solve the tremendous problem whether England is strong enough, provided she accepts the task, to govern by force of a military despotism, the 150,000,000 or 160,000,000 committed to her charge. My own impression is that there is no foreign Power whatever could maintain an army in India without the aid of a considerable portion of the population. We could not march a mile without their assistance. Unless we quadrupled the numbers of our soldiers we could not do the mere non-combatant portion of the work of an army, without striking a blow in the field, and the day will be fraught with danger to us which brings the native the knowledge of his strength in that species of warfare for which he alone is suited—predatory, harassing guerilla.

March 26.

The most stringent orders have just been issued for the suppression of plunder and outrage. An early roll call will be called. No soldier is permitted to enter the city on any pretence. Came followers will be hanged if found armed in the city. Arms are to be taken from all men not soldiers, and no soldier is to be permitted to wear his side-arms unless on guard or duty. Triangles are to be erected at proper places, and strong patrols appointed to clear the streets. The Chief engineer, Brigadier Napier, B. E., has prepared a report on the best way of clearing the city of Lucknow so as to enable our troops to operate with efficiency in case of disturbance.

March 27.

The terms of the proclamation are to be interpreted by Sir James Outram. The gloss will be large and liberal, and in his rendering the severity of the text will be mollified so far that the Oude talookdars may read and run to and not from us. So it is understood, and steps will be taken to diffuse the knowledge of this great change among the natives. Whether it is that they know it already or not I cannot say, but assuredly the townspeople are fast returning now, and even some few of the old chiefs who lived in the city are making obeisance and demanding pardon. The civil power is gradually asserting itself, and its officers are feeling their way, impeded in doing so almost as much by the action of our own soldiery and disorderly camp followers as by the results of rebellion and war. The moment Sir Colin Campbell become master of the city of Lucknow he ceased to be so, and Sir James Outram as Chief Commissioner, reigned in his stead.

The civil staff was small, but the energetic Captain Carnegie, Mr Denison, Mr Rushton and others, were installed in office, and proceeded to restore law and order and police, and the system of reward and punishment. Police were enrolled, and thannahs, or stations were established, criminals were handed over to the judge or to the triangles; the faithful receive

praise, pay or promises, but our means were and still are scanty, and we have no instruments for all the work to be accomplished. I was the other day at one of our outposts when it was reported that the head men of several villages had come in to make their submission, but, not finding any civil officer to receive it and fearing to enter the city, they returned again. The city is or has been a place of terror, and the license inevitable after the storm of a large town had been magnified and exaggerated by the natives.

It will not be safe to leave Lucknow with less than 8,000 English infantry. Bareilly, when it is taken, will require a strong European garrison, and we must keep our communications open till India is thoroughly pacified by strong posts and patrols. No one can be blind to the danger of an enormous native levies, whether of Sikhs or of others. Keen observers detect a gathering cloud in the North-West, and of all men Sir John Lawrence is the least likely to ignore the omen. The Sikhs talk loudly, I am told. They say, 'We have done all the hard fighting. We took the Kaiserbagh, and look! even the Commander-in-Chief takes us as sentries over his tent in preference to Europeans.' I believe the reason why the Sikhs are placed on duty in the head quarter camp is that they stand the sun better than Europeans, and can keep the natives in order more easily, owing to their knowledge of the language. As at Delhi they say, 'We fought against you formerly, now we fought for you. Perhaps some day we may fight against you once more.' There must always be a sufficient force to prevent the danger of a sudden outbreak on the part of this fierce and field soldiery, and 1,000 men per month, which is the reinforcements promised us, will scarcely keep this army even at its present inadequate strength.

The Sepoy is an incomprehensible being. Here we have been many days in the city, and at night the roads have been open to any person, and, yet a Sepoy, who might have got away whenever he listed, is discovered in a house by the police to-day. He shoots one dead, wounds another, and, shut up in a dark room, doggedly awaits his assailants. Captain Burroughs, 42nd Regiment an active and zealous officer, now comes to dislodge him by throwing powder bags into the room. At the first explosion a sharp report is heard, and on entering the room the Sepoy is found dead, having blown out his own brains. The force of the powder blew down a part of the wall, and Captain Burrough's leg is broken by the weight of bricks which fell upon him. How long these are to continue one is at a loss to conjecture, but as soon as the respectable inhabitants return in any numbers these fellows must be detected and handed over the police. Some are returning in sullen permission.

Mr Banks, the young Cornet of the 7th Hussars whose severe wounds I mentioned in a previous letter, exhibits a marked improvement, and very strong hopes are expressed by his medical attendants that his remaining leg and arm will be saved—a result mainly to be attributed to the courage and spirit and cheerfulness with which he bears up against his injuries. I am glad to say that Sir William Peel is daily getting better, and expects to be able to hobble about in a week or so. His companion in the same room, Major Gloster, 38th Regiment, shot through the stomach, is also recovering. Slade and Wilkin of the 7th, Chalmers of the Commissariat, and most of our wounded officers, are in a very favourable state and the health of the army generally continues to be very good. The regimental hospitals of her Majesty's regiments are most creditable to them, but I did not find the General Hospital at the Dilkosha quite as clean as I expected. Still officers and men are well cared for; stores, medicines, surgeons, are all in abundance and for every wounded or sick man there is even an attendant to brush away the flies with a hand punkah, and to fan his face. The food and provisions supplied to the army are of excellent quality, and furnish most satisfactory tests of the ability and efficiency of the Indian commissariat.

News has been received here of the Azimgur affair.

Wale's Horse and the Military Train have been detached from Brigadier Campbell's force and moved up the neighbourhood of the Head quarters camp to-day. All the palaces are about to be cleaned out and prepared as barracks and hospitals. The heat to-day at noon was only 99 deg. in the shade, tempered by the breeze, but we cannot expect much more of such weather.

I have just heard that several of the talookdars sent in to the Chief Commissioner to say that they were willing to make their submission 'if they received assurances that no attempt would be made to force them to become Christians. The Chief Commissioner assured them that Government did not now entertain, and never had entertained, any design of subverting their faith; and, as the notion has been generally spread that we are about to begin an armed propaganda, Sir James Outram has ordered a proclamation to be issued to the effect that the British government has such no intention. It may be expected that many of the chiefs will be induced to sue for terms now that their religion is secure.