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#### TO "A THING OF BEAUTY."

#### BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Sweet boy, I'll rave not of thy lip or brow, Or darkly-clustered hair, or flashing eye; But I had dreamed not there was anglt like thou, This side the lovelinesses of the sky!

Nay, in my visions of the blest afar The wingéd glories nearest to the Throne, The glittering guardians of sun and star-I've seen few faces fairer than thine own.

I do rejoice that I have looked on thee; Life will seem brighter now, for thou wert given, In thy young splendor thus, to prove to me t earth, however dimly, mirrors Heaven.

Oh, if in those poetic climes away, The shadow of a shadow, Venus dwells, And loves, unseen of mortal eyes, to stray Where Southern blossoms hang their radiant bells;

And if beneath those warm and glowing skies, In memory of her God of Beauty gone, She haunts the wind-flower, in whose perfumed sighs, 'Tis said she hears the music of his tone—

Yes, if she lingers 'mid those storied groves. And ruined temples of religions fied, And moans her sorrow for her vanished loves To winds and waves, and ghosts of Ages dead-

I would that she could look on thee to-night.

For well I know it would not be in vain; Her check would bloom anew, her smile grow bright, And she would say: Adonis lives again ! -

#### DESERTED.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

#### CHAPTER I.

A lonely mountain tarn, waveless and tideless dusky and deep in the shadow of its banks, pellucid and chill in the open light, and eovered not what region gave birth to the painter's fancy It was my impression that neither Scottish hills nor English lowlands boasted such a placid spot. I imagined, rather, that the rugged, heathery hills in the background, and the rush-edged margin of the shore, belonged of right to a land in which painters and pocts are apt to lose themselves-the land where strange figures meet the eye, and strange music falls upon the car: where at one turn you meet Ali Baba in his woodman's dress, and at another come upon a fairy princess, as she walks, at evening, in the "Island of Calm Delights." To that land belonged the gray, neutral tint of the night skythe one cloud hanging above the hills—the pale, crescent moon, mounting slowly in the heavens, deserted by her court of stars, and dreaming sadly of the false Endymion. Above all, that land could claim a figure in the foreground, from which the picture took its name—"The Spirit of the Water Lily." Gracefully she floated, out from the shadow into the pale moonlight, among the flowers-enveloped in a gauzy vail, through whose soft folds the undulating curve of every limb could be distinctly traced one hand playing with the water, the other hold-ing a gem-like cluster of lilies (whose wide petals and dark green leaves sent a shower of drops down upon her white shoulder and outstretched arm.) above her head. Lilies twined about her limbs and blossomed at her feet-lilies touched her gauze-vailed breast, more pure and white than they—lilies starred the rippling masses of brown hair that fell over her shoulders. She was gazing out from the picture with the softest and saddest of brown eyes; her brow was that of a queen; her lovely mouth half smiled, but with a smile that only comes to human lips after the heart is broken. Something in her aspect suited well the dim repose of the scene, the lonely hills, and the quiet sky. She was an Un-dine, leaving the world that had betrayed her, and sinking down, after one last look, through the green depths of the sca, to her expectant sisters.

That picture ranked in the list of my household gods. I had purchased it at a city auction, getting it at so low a price that I was almost ashamed to pay it. I had it mounted after a farcy of my own—white and gold lines enclosed the sombre canvas, and in their turn were framed in polished black. It hung above my writing-table, in a certain vine-shaded study sacred to myself; and it was my eustom, as I paced up and down the room in the twilight to stand long before it, and muse. The Spirit of the Water Lily was no spirit at such times. but a woman, like myself, who smiled her moonlight smile, and spoke in her reed-like voice, of secrets which only she and I knew. I fancy some matter-of-fact reader will laugh at what I am going to say: I grew, at last, to regard her as a kind of shadowy friend—dead to all others, but alive to me-quiet upon her watery bed all day, yet summoning reality of expression to her eyes at night-feeling glad when I rejoiced, and suffering if I was sad. I even talked to her at times; the taking away of that picture would have left a terrible blank in my life. If any one thinks me a fit candidate for Bedlam after this avowal, I cannot help it-it is made. The vellow light of an August moon shone softly on the canvas, the same light trembled on the vines and flowers outside, and made a bril liant pathway over the sca, whose blue waters swelled beneath the window of my study. leaned against the open casement, and looked out. What a sight! What an earth! If it could be so fair below, oh! what would Heaven be. My little boat rocked softly on the tide, her brilliant banner hanging idly from its staff; on the beach a band was playing, and I heard the mingled sound of voices and the roll of carriages-the gay crowd had been seduced into lingering longer than usual by the sea. Moonlight, music, youth, and love (for that always ends the catalogue,) yes, they were all there and with me were music, youth, and moonlight Cupid having taken to himself wings a little I sighed at the thought, and the while before. sigh reminded me that I must look for Mark (my husband,) and his cousin Amelia, who was our guest. I had not far to go. Stepping through the hall, and out upon the vine-wreathed balcony, I saw them-Amelia sitting, looking now out upon the bay, and now upon a book which was lying in her lap; Mark Felton standing, a little apart, playing with the teudrils of the vines, and looking at her. The old pang at my heart came, wrung it for a moment, and was gone. I stepped forward, knowing that that man and woman loved each other, (purely as yet, but only God could tell how long that would be.) and feeling that I was the obstacle in the path of their happiness. They had met too late, and were devoid of honesty and conscience, that was all; and in those words may be told the story of many a wrecked life besides theirs. What could I do to help them? I could not go away and leave them to cach other's society. that would be to plunge three souls into a bottomless pit of angulsh, and remorse, and crime. had no right to take the life that God had given me; besides, I loved that life; and the dear face of Nature almost consoled me for the human one which had been averted. The path of duty was plain, and also disagreeable. I must I must watch them zealously. I must remain.

task ; but I can lay my hand npon my heart today, and say to myself that I did my best. They made room for me between them when

they heard my step. I leaned against the pillar of the portico, and said something of the beauty of the night. Amelia raised her great, dark

eyes. "Ah! but you have not enjoyed its real beauty—the change from twilight, the first rising of that lovely moon."

"I saw it from my study window." "Ah, that study! If I was Mark I should be jealous of it. I would burn it down." "And why?"

"Let him answer," she said, softening her voice instinctively as she turned towards him. Mark only smiled, and said, quietly: "I am not jealous of it." And then, as if he

imagined his tone and manner betrayed too plainly how utterly impossible it was for him to be jealous of *me*, he added : "I believe Ruth is very happy there."

"With her wonderful picture," said Amelia, with a light laugh, that made the blood rise in my cheek. But I did not answer her. Finding she could not provoke me, she changed her tactics.

"Cousin Ruth," she said, caressingly, "are you not going to the sea-side this summer?" "I am at the sea-side already, Amelia." "Oh, I know; but in another week every one

will have gone away-all the gay people, I mean."

#### "Let them go."

"Cape May will be very pleasant this summer. I should so like to go there—indeed, my mind is quite made up, if I can only get you to chaperone me, my dear Ruth." I could not help smiling, but my husband

saved me the trouble of replying. "Are you in earnest, Amelia? Do you really

wish to go?" "Yes, Mark."

"Then Ruth will accompany you, of course." Ruth had her own thoughts about the matter her mind being "made up" also, but she said nothing. A slight breeze fluttered the leaves of Amelia's book; she looked down a moment, then a peculiar smile stole across her lips and she began to read aloud.

"Heigho! 'tis evident we're made of elay, And harden unless kept in tears and shade; This fashionable sunshine takes away

Much that we err in losing, I'm afraid! wonder what my guardian angels say About the sort of woman I have made!"

The last words checked her-she read them again more slowly—and then considered, looking up towards the calm night sky, as if she saw the faces of those grieved angels there. Perhaps she did. Perhaps they shaded her with their white wings one moment, and whispered in her ear; she looked as if she was struggling with herself-she half rose.

"I must go in; it is getting late," she said. "Oh, not yet," said a pleading voice, and my husband took the book. "You were reading to

"Yes, but I will read no more. Ruth, are you sleepy ?" "No. But we had better go in." I saw that

it was a favorable moment; her conscience had been roused; now was my tlme to talk to her, as I had long intended to do, and to beg her to leave me and Mark, before the mischief she had done became quite irreparable. I drew her hand through my arm-we had taken two steps across the balcony when my husband spoke.

"Stop-listen. This poetry suits the moonlight well."

"Ob, in that kiss how much of Heaven united !

What hasto to pity-cagerness to bless! What thirsting of a beart, long pent and slighted, For something fair, yet human to caress! How futhomless the love so briefly plighted!

What kiss thriled ever more—sinned ever less! So love the angels, sent with holy mereics! And so love poets—in their early verses!"

The hand that rested on my arm relaxed and rembled. He laid down the book and came in front of us both.

"Is it not beautiful, Ruth ?"

I started at my name; he was speaking and looking as I had seen him speak and look before, long, long before, in the carliest days of our acquaintance. My heart beat quicker; could it be that he loved me yet? That I had mis-

taken his conduct towards Amelia? "It reminds me of 'auld lang syne,' Ruth," aid, putting his arm around my waist, a

I was not quite awake. I lay quietly upon my pillow, sceing how the dark clouds chased the wan moon about the heavens, ever and anon rushing upon her and hiding her from the face of the earth; and hearing how the sea moaned and plained in the distance. Strange fancies crossed my mind-a tale I had been reading that day, a wild story about a haunted house, a murdered man, and a lonely churchyard on the hill, got possession of me. Suddenly I heard a step in the hall, another and a lighter one followed it, then came the murmur of voices, low, but quite distinct. "I cannot-I cannot-do not urge me," sobbed

one, and then the deeper one chimed in :

Was that the spirit of the murdered man? Had he come up the lonely road at midnight? would he drag back the murderer to the churchyard with him? I had forgotten if the story said so; I remembered though that there was a winding

saying, urgently : "Hush! For God's sake !"

some one wanted me—that some one had called my name, seized upon me—and yet I felt powerless to stir. It was so delicious to lie, neither asleep nor awake, and watch the night! By and by as I was sinking back into slumber, I heard the soft plashing of oars in the water under the window, and I began to think of a long sum-mer's day I had spent alone in my boat just outside the harbor line. I could see the bright sunshine—the blue waves—the clear bottom of the sea as I rocked up and down near the shore -could feel the soft west winds also, and hear the sailors singing on the ships as they weighed anchor beside the piers. The sound of grew fainter—I mustered energy enough to lift my head, and saw a boat rapidly crossing the bay-a flash of lightning came, and a dark cloud passed over the moon. As I sank back, I happened to remember my husband, and without

turning my head, I said drowsily— "Mark, they are going to cross to the beach." He did not answer. Doubtless he was asleep, as I was, almost before the words were uttered. Late the next morning I awoke, feverish and

parched with thirst. The sun was high in the heavens-I could hear the servants talking below as they went about their work, and Mark had already gone out. I arose and looked into the dressing-room-it was empty-and draining the water-glass of its contents I began my toilet. A dull pain in my head made me slow about the task. I felt dizzy, too, and staggered now and then; but at last I was ready. I stepped out into the study—the glass-doors were wide open —the balcony as we had left it last night, with my straw hat hanging from a chair by one string. A crushed rose was lying on the floor, and a pencil-case, which Amelia had used for marking the pages of her book. The ocean was still and calm, but some traces of the last night's storm might be seen far down upon the beach, where tangled sea-weed and kelp were lying in great masses. could not hear Mark or Amelia about the house. I tapped at the door of her room, and receiving no answer, opened it. There was no one there. Coming back to he study, I looked out of the window again, and saw that my boat was gone. That was it—they had breakfasted early, and gone out for a sail. Amelia had long been anxi-ous to pass the harbor line, and Mark had in-So I rang for my breakfast dulged her.

They were long in bringing it. When it came at last, I was out upon the balcony looking to see if any grapes were ripe. I came in, hearing the servant with the tray, and said to her-

"You need not stay to make the tea. I shall take a glass of milk." She hesitated. I thought it was because she

expected them in, so I added, "Your master and Miss Amelia will not come.

They have already breakfasted, I fancy." "Yes ma'am," she said, still lingering. She was an old family servant, who had nursed me, and who on that account, would let no other person supply my wants. I had taken up a pa-per beside the window, but she made me nervous

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

#### BY AUGUSTA HERBERT.

My Father, my Father, I asked thee to guide me, To keep me from harn till life's journey was o'er; And still in each danger I found Thee beside me, Imparting Thy wisdom, and courage and power.

When those that Thou gavest to guard me forsook me; When death, or unfaithfulness, left me alone; To Thee, as a covert, I weeping betook me, And prayed Thee to seal me forever Thine own.

My young, helpless heart I laid open before Thee, Its pain and its sorrow I poured in Thite ear; My cry reached Thy heart, and Thy pity flowed o'er me, And peace banished sorrow, and hope banished fear.

Then sought I a refuge where fond friends were near me But not amid kindred Thy pllgrim might dwell; No love but Thine own was appointed to cheer me, And way-mark and watch-word for me was "farewell.'

And so, with a prayer that could take no denial. That favor and grace in their eyes I might find Who were able to aid, I went forth to life's trial, And, Father, Thou knowest their names who were kind

I name them before Thee at evening and morning, And cold will my heart he, and silent my voice. E'er they are forgot who the hour before dawning,

Said to the lone stranger, "Look up, and rejoice. Thy promise was "yea and amen," to Thy daughter, The furnace flamed high, and loud howled the wild

flood :

But fire could not harm, and the dark, raging water But brought to her rescue her Father and God. Oh! child, when thy father and mother forsake thee,

Let not thy poor heart in its agony break; A better than father or mother will take thee, Will love and protect thee, and *never* forsake

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#### SERENA.

#### BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

She is ever welcome ! Welcome at all hours, welcome in all seasons! When the hour is one of darkness, her coming dissipates its heaviest shadows-when the season is one of joy, her pres ence increases its fulness—she brings Heaven's sunshine in the doors with her! To depict a balmy, all-pervading atmosphere, to paint a deliciously soothing aroma, would be tasks not more difficult than to define the nameless, soulpenetrating charm that hangs around Serena, as perfume about a flower. To sit beside her, to be near her, communicate an internal satisfaction wholly indescribable. It is not because she is always so cheerful, for many a gayer friend has not the same exhilarating power. Serena's influence is at once tranquilizing and enlivening. A sense of quietude, brightness, harmony, ac-companies her. At the sound of her voice, the gentle pressure of her hand, the soft beaming of her face, calmness falls upon the restless-courage is infused into the disheartened-peace comes to the troubled-discordant Ate is put to flight in the most demon-possessed household.

All reserve melts away when we converse with Serena. We confide in her involuntarily; yet she never seems eurious-never desires to know more than we are disposed to impart-never, by a random question, touches upon a painful or humiliating subject-never tears open a healing wound-never hunts for the skeleton hidden in our closets. We are not fearful of wearying her by recounting the history of our vexations and disappointments-she makes them her own, for the moment, hearkening with patient interest while we pour out all our sorrows. And how many a full heart has been lightened of its oppressive burden by talking away its grievances to some mild and sympathizing listener! We are not afraid of letting her behold our

weaknesses—our errors—nay, our grave mis-deeds. We are sure that she will bestow pity and spare censure. Rahel said rightly, "he alone is worthy to be called a friend to whom we dare show ourselves as we are." Screna is so lenient and so compassionate that we almost venture to believe she herself has erred as sadly as we. Thus we gain courage to rise from the mire, into which some false step has plunged us, humbly to wash our garments in tears of penitence, and dare to hope that we may stand as upright, and

wiser and better. Call it tact, good nature, charitable forbearance, what you will—she never jars the mournful with her gaiety—she never throws a shadow over the mirthful by her seri-

human high-road, and pass by on the other side, without stopping to greet, to raise, to pour oll into the bleeding wounds. But, do not imagine that she has, even now, an ample share of worldly blessings; measured by the gauge of what con tents others, her portion is poor, but of every blessing, even the smallest, she is conscious : for every one, even the most common-place, she is thankful; and thus, her humble store seems to her as sufficient and as inexhaustible as were the never-failing meal and oil to the hospitable widow of Sarepta.

Serena has not forgotten her own chastening afflictions; but she never repines, never broods over them-seldom even alludes to them. Her cheerfulness is not simply a matter of temperament; it has been cultivated upon principle. She valiantly wages war against morbid melan-choly—she looks upon its indulgence as a positive sin. There is a passage in "A Woman's Thoughts about Women," which we never read without calling Serena to mind. The author says, "if women did but know what comfort there is in a cheerful spirit! How the heart leaps up to meet a sunshiny face, a merry tongue, an even temper, and a heart which either natu-rally, or what is better, from conscientious prinhas learned to take all things on their ciple, bright side-believing that the Giver of life, being all-perfect Love, the best offering we can make to Him is to enjoy to the full what He sends of good, and bear what He allows of evil. Like a child who, when once it thoroughly be-lieves in its father, believes in all his dealings with it, whether it understands them or not." Even so the hearts of all who know her leap up towards Serena.

We are acquainted with many women who take pleasure in being voluntarily useful; but Serena likes what most people detest, to be made use of-to be unceremoniously looked upon as a ready helper. When there is sickness in the home of a friend, she is petitioned to watch night and day beside the couch of pain, and she never grows weary of her vigils. When there is work to be done in haste, preparations for mourning, or for festivity, her active, willing hands are, as a matter of course, called upon to aid. When there is discord in a household, she is summoned to be an umpire between the dispu-When there is sorrow she is sent for to tants. cheer and counsel. When there is misfortune and need, her assistance is unhesitatingly asked and promptly given, to the full extent of her narrow means. It never occurs to Serena that her willingness to serve sometimes causes her to be imposed upon, she does not account it imposition to be expected to lend all the help she s able to offer.

It is often difficult to repress a smile at the natural way in which Serena takes out her needle, thimble, and scissors (which she always carries, accompanied by a well supplied, little pincushion, in that capacious pocket of hers), and speeds the work of some Martha-like friend whom she is casually visiting. When her hostess remonstrates, Serena says, truly, that it gives her pleasure to aid, that she finds work promotes conversation and is less wearisome than sitting with ones hands folded.

The perfect melody that pervades Screna's soul has communicated its music to her voice, and and her sweet singing lulls to sleep many a pain, and soothes many an ear, wearied by the clamor of the world. Her touching carols gush forth at our bidding as though she never thought them of sufficient value to be withheld from common use. And then that beautifully modulated voice, rich in its pathétic sweetness, liquid in its joyous clearness, is often used in reading aloud. Her rapidly varying intonations give a living presence to the characters, emotions, imagery portrayed, and reach the highest climax of art in making the listener forget alike reader and author, in the reality of the scene, or interest of the subject. For that reason we never tire of her reading, though we have often listened for hours without pause.

We once said to her when she was exerting herself with unremitting zeal to serve and console one who was almost a stranger, who had no claim forming herself to the mood in which she finds us, even while she is changing that mood to a wiser and better. Call it that sould be a sould be sion in her mild, hazel eyes,—it was not a re-proachful look, yet it sank deeper than auy reproach—and answered gently, "I never find any-thing that I can do, too much trouble—it never seems to me trouble at all. I struck that word

# "All is lost now; there is no time for scruples. You must follow me."

stair inside the house, and how it turned, and turned, and turned; then was I trying to follow its mazes, till my head whirled, and yet I could not see the bottom step. What next ?" A pleading tearful outcry-then a low voice

and then steps stealing lightly towards the door-a breath of fragrance from the flowers outside-and all was still. A dull consciousness that

drawing me towards him. Amelia, seeing the embrace, stood apart; he noticed it, and looked at her.

"We all look sleepy, you most of all, Amelia. Shall we say good-night ?

"If you like," and she went after her book. He led me to the hall door, and then exclaiming that his meerschaum was outside, went back for it. Amelia leaned against the pillar, the book at her feet. I saw him lift it and put it into her hand; I fancied he whispered something at the same time, for she started violently; then he possessed himself of his meerschaum, and they came back together. In the hall we met—Amelia looked pale and agitated—my husband was humming a fragment of "Love Not."

"Don't sing that-I cannot bear that song,' she said, putting up her hand.

"And why? You, of all women, ought not No one ever will forsake you." to fear it.

"Why not ?"

"You will not give him the chance."

"Ah, there is something in that," she said, laughing. " night, Mark." "Well, good night, Ruth-good

"And pleasant dreams," he added, holding her hand a moment.

"Nonsense. After twenty-two no one can dream pleasant dreams-I defy them." "What does Ruth say?" asked my husband,

esting his hand lightly on my shoulder.

"That it is a mistake "

"See if you are not a convert to my creed beore the weck is out," said Amelia; briefly. She turned towards her own room; my husband looked after her with a smile.

"Come, Ruth-come and try those dreams," he said, softly, and passing through my study, we went into our own apartments. All was still within and without the house-one might have well dreamed even while awake.

#### CHAPTER II.

But I slept. I was happy. I think I must have smiled often in my sleep, for Mark had talked long and kindly to me; as we sat in the moonlight, he had pledged me in a cup of wine. It was like the old days of our courtship coming back again.

The night was hot. In spite of the bright moon, there was thunder in the sky, and the air oppressed me. Half waking, with the booming the breakers on the shore, and the muttering behind the distant hills, I lay with my face turned towards the window, wrapped in a tranee-like languor that was far too delicious to lose by a movement or a thought. Faces passed before me that I had not seeu for years-voices spoke that had long been silent in the tomb-flowers bloomed that had faded and been forgotten-songs were sung that I had never thought to hear again. Even my husband was forgotten-I was a girl once more, and happy among those who had made the brightness of my girlhood's years.

keep them from plunging into the gulf upon From this Elysian trance, I came by degrees the instrument of happing whose edge they stood. It was a thankless into a state more akin to my usual one, but still who does not despise it.

"You need not wait," I said, turning round

impatiently. But when I saw her face, something in it struck me. The paper fell from my hand-I sat down in my easy chair, and said faintly : "What do you want to say ?"

She burst into tears. "Speak! is your master ill?" She shook her head, and a fear came over me o terrible that I closed my cyes, and leaned my head upon the cushion of my chair. She thought I had fainted and came forward to support me, but I waved her back. "No, I am not ill. I only want you to answer

my questions. Is Mr. Felton in this house ?" "No."

"Is Miss Amelia here ?"

"She is not."

"Have you or any other scrvant, seen them leave the house together ?"

"No one saw them, but I think I heard-" Heard what ?"

"Steps in the house last night, and afterwards a boat rowing away from the wharf. But I thought nothing of it then."

My own dream-or what I had believed to be a dream-flashed over me. I went back into the bedroom, and took the wine cup, which still stood upon the table, and raised it to my lips. A few drops still remained. I could discern both the taste and smell of laudanum. I had been drugged then, while my husband smiled upon and caressed me, he had been arranging his flight! No, I could not believe anything so monstrous. I went back to the servant.

"Do you believe they have gone together ?" asked, sternly.

"A boat—your own boat—did go from here last night," she said sadly. "A carriage was waiting on the beach-the man who drove it has returned, and says that he took a gentleman and lady to the ---- station at midnight. He was told to call here on his way back and deliver a note. Here it is," and she put a folded paper in my hand, and stepped out into the balcony. I open hand-writing: I opened it it was in my husband's

hand-writing: "I do not ask non to forgive—only to forget me. I have wronged you deeply—bitterly—the only recompense I can make, is to promise that I will never insult you by presence again

That was all. Through the storm and darkness they had gone, in storm and darkness their memory would be forever shrived by me. I never knew their after fate; I never sought to know it, but I think it could not have been a happy one. For me, I still dwell in my sea-side cottage-alone and well content. If life's glory has departed, its passionate troubles have gone also. Gray-headed and gray-hearted, I yet count myself happy above all others-in that I have learned the great secret of seeking in Nature alone, that pleasure which companionship with Nature's restless worshippers can never give. -----

DESPISE NOT TRIFLES .- If a straw can be made the instrument of happiness, he is a wise man

ousness-she never scoffs at the self-created miseries with which the fretful martyrize them. selves - she never excites the irritable by misplaced opposition-she never tortures the ner vous by ridicule ;-she comprehends all-makes allowances for all; and forbears to rebuke the unhappy state which she is softening or dispelling. Possibly, Serena's virtues are not greater than

those which adorn thousands of other womenbut her virtues are none latent-are ever in full activity-ever go out of her at the touch of a needing hand, at the sound of a supplicating voice-and truly

### " If our virtues Did not go forth of us, 'twere all allke As if we had them not."

She magnetizes to the surface all the best qualities that slumber deep in our spirits, and renders our evil propensities quiescent, without making us lose a consciousness of their existence. We never feel as though there is such a large capacity for goodness within us as when we sit within her sphere. And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, we never regard our own at tributes with so much humility.

No misfortune ever assailed us which the holy alchemy of her mind could not transmute to good. She impresses us with the conviction that circumstance is but another name for the will of Heaven; that hope has been rightly in terpreted by the queen-poet of the age as "belief in God," and that a cheerful acquiescence to circumstance and a belief in God, which keeps hope alive, expand the soul and bring it into a state to admit the blessings which our gracious Master dispenses according to our capacity to receive.

There are always pleasant words dropping from her lips, that strike upon the kindly strings of the heart until they vibrate with an involun tary response. But we can not analyze the manifold little ways by which she stirs some pulse of pleasure within us, even when we are perversely resolved to sit in the gloom of thankless dis It is impossible to define the appacontent. rently insignificant agencies by which she duces these agreeable results; because, as Cole-ridge says,—"the happiness of life is made up of minute fractions; the little, soon forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of plea

surable thought and genial feeling."

And yet Sercna is by no means one of those fortunate beings whose own lot can be called thoroughly happy. Though she is so placid and sunny, she has not enjoyed an existence of uninterrupted felicity. Far from it; she has known bitter disappointments-pinching privations-heart-convulsing sorrows. But they have not crushed her elastic nature-they have not soured its instinctive sweetness, and the very patience and heroism with which she has borne her burdens have fitted her to impart to others the Her own anguish has secret of endurance. taught her a tender, helpful sympathy with all

sufferers, all mourners. She cannot look upon the present we say, di a fellow-traveller, lying prostrate upon the great, darn your poetry too."

ut of my Lexicon

We never think of thanking Screna for what she does-thanks seem out of place because they are so inadequate. We never talk to her of gratitude, nor ever utter praises, she expects neither, desires neither. On one occasion when a heart overflowing with thankfulness poured itself out before her, we heard Serena laughingly reply, You might as well thank the brush, in the hand of a noble artist, for painting a picture, instead of thanking the artist himself. I am but as a brush, a weak instrument in the Divine Hand, which uses you, and uses me, according to our willingness and quality, and finds the best of us but rude brushes, unfit for the grand designs which it strives to trace out through our Imperfect touches."

There is nothing in Serena's quict demeanor which proclaims her better than others-there is none of that self-complacency which wakes antagonistic feelings-none of that conscious superiority which impels us to dispute its claims. We are sure she is never thinking of herself, and it is her thinking of others that makes us think of her. When her opinions differ from ours, she never implies, by word or look, that those she holds are indubitably right, and ours as iudubitably wrong. If we gradually arrive at the con-clusion that she is right, it is because she has such a modest, but lucid mode of conveying her convictions that we cannot fail to recognize the heavenly halo around the brow of Truth

We do not know whether artistic judges call Serena beautiful; but to us her face is lovely beyond all picturing. We never tire of dwelling upon the soft lights of her eyes, the changing expressions of her lips, melting one into another with cloquent transitions. It may be a foolish fancy, but she always scems to us as if she wore an unfading heartscase, in her white bosom, and as though that symbol, plainly visible to our sight, gave a beauty far surpassing that of rarest gems, to her attire.

O! true sister of charity, bound by unerring impulses, stronger than all vows, would that thy welcome feet might find their way into the homes of all whom we love, that thy serene countenance might leave its image in the minds of all who need to learn how much strength can be allied to tranquility !

UNGALLANT.-A contemporary says :- " An interesting female correspondent sends us a piece of poetry, with a request for its publication. The moon is called 'bright;' the stars are flat-ing the stars are flattered with the original appellation of 'meek eyed;' the trees come in for a full share of eulogy; and the falling spring is pronounced 'silver plaited,' or something to that effect. Besides this, the poem is equally instructive on other im-portant matters. If Mary will send us an affidavit that she washed the dishes, mended the hose, and swept the house for a week after she was 'blasted with poetle fire,' we will give in, and give in, and startle the literary world from its lethargy. For the present we say, darn your stockings, and