

A VISIONARY'S FANCIES.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

They called him dead, they told me he was laid In yon old forest—his loved's shade—

Of in the soft light of the eve's first star, A broken string from off his lute, guitar,

There comes the moon—oh, he is coming too! He wanders with her thro' the unbounded blue;

A pale, slight, youthful form 's reclining there Like the unfathomed blue of midnight skies,

LORD WINCUP.

A DRAMA IN PROSE.

BY OLIVER SINCLAIR.

SCENE I.

THE YOUNG LORD AND THE FORESTER'S BRIDE.

Two young men were seated at a table, over their wine, in one of the old baronial halls of England.

One of them was the young lord of the manor, who had but a few days previously, by the death of his father, the earl of W—, come into the inheritance and into the possession of the proud titles of his ancestors.

He wore the uniform of the Guards, was handsome, but with a sensual eye; and flushed with wine and pride, as he now was, his looks were imperious and disagreeable.

He had given a dinner that day, and these two alone remained sober, or rather not so inebriated as their fellows, who one after another had been led by mocking servants to their rooms.

"What! now you—you—are to be married in a month, my lord?" said his bottle companion, a poor, college toady, who worshipped wealth and rank, and was mean enough to be the shadow of his patron?

"Bah! I marry for fashion's sake, and to unite the broad acres of Lady Emma to my own domains. She is a beauty, too, and I shall be proud of possessing her, and showing her about in London! Besides, you know I shall win a cool ten thousand on her!"

"Ah, indeed, my noble lord!" ejaculated the sycophant, sipping his wine, but not daring to drink deep, as his "noble master" had commanded him to keep sober, and look after him, if he should succumb!

"Lord Tom Berkeley bet me a cool ten I could not win her!"

"Ha, ha, he, he! You've won the cup there, my lord! A good pun, eh?"

"A deuced bad one! But I have him for half his income! This will pay for Lady Emma's trousseau!"

"Wine and wassail, that is my motto," said Mr. Fispet, a little tipsily, swinging his glass quite irreverently, both as to the act and his quotation. "You don't drink, my lord! Let me fill your glass?"

"Aye, but let us drink to the three w's!"

"What are they, Harry?"

"Sir?" thundered out the young noble, glaring upon his humbled companion.

"Beg ten million pardons, my noble lord! Didn't mean to call you so familiarly! When the wine 's in the wit's out! I was a fool, you see!"

"Yes, a precious fool! The three w's are—"

"Woman, wine and wassail!"

"Good, excellent, bravo!"

In his excitement, and wishing to atone for his undue familiarity, Mr. Fispet actually rose and stood with one foot on his chair and the other upon the table, and drank the toast with a "Hippip-hurrah!" in response to which Lord Harry Wincup dashed his glass upon the board, saying that it was broad day, and time "for honest folk to be in bed."

The nobleman (not the noble man) then leaned on the shoulder of Fispet and reeled out of the banquet-hall. A few moments after their disappearance Mr. Fispet stole in again, and going to the wine poured out and drank several glasses rapidly and with a stealthy air, as if to make up for his forced bibulous abstinence.

"Thinks I'm a f-fool! my lord does! I'm wise e-enough to f-f-feather my own nest, I am! Fispet is not the f-first w-wise fellow that has p-played the fool for his own ends! Eh! This house 's 'mazing unsteady on its foundations! How it moves up and down, and round and round! There go the table and decanters in a circle about me, faster and faster and f-f-fis—"

And down Mr. Fispet fell upon the floor, after in vain stretching out his hands to grasp some object to steady him.

Lord Harry Wincup prided himself on never getting so drunk that he could not walk! Great nerve and powers of endurance were his boast and pride.

After Fispet had left him at the door of his room, he entered it and was about to cast himself upon his bed when through the window he saw a beautiful young woman in the park below, talking and wringing her hands, and apparently in the deepest distress.

Her singular loveliness, enhanced by her tears and grief, alone impressed him. He went towards the casement and looked out. She was talking with the porter.

"What is it?" called the nobleman.

"Her husband, one of the tenants, has been taken to jail, my lord, for debt, and—"

"Send her up here, George!" said the young lord. "I will hear her story and perhaps can relieve her."

With a hesitating step she followed the porter in, who conducted her to a room adjoining the apartment from the window of which Lord Wincup had seen her. He went in to speak to her, while the porter closing the door retired.

"Ah, a deuced beautiful creature!" soliloquized the half-inebriated nobleman, as he drew near her as she stood with her apron to her eyes, at a moderate distance from him. "What is the trouble, my love?"

"My husband was owing the shopkeeper, but being long ill was not able to pay, and this morning was carried off to prison, my lord. I did not know what to do; but as you are the landlord of my husband, my lord, I came to you!"

"You did perfectly right. I am charmed to see you! What is your husband's name?"

"William Eaton."

"Then you are the pretty Mary Eaton I've heard of! I am glad to see you, Mary! I'll do what I can! Don't spoil those beautiful eyes by weeping. Dry up your tears! I will have William out of jail before the sun now just rising sets!"

"Oh, my lord, you are too good! William told me not to come to you. But I would not heed him; for I knew you would help him! for has not God placed you in authority over him to do us good and be our best friend?"

"I am your best friend, my sweet Mary—" As he spoke he laid his hand upon her fair shoulder, from which in her hurry to come to the castle she had lost the kerchief. She shrank from beneath his touch, and the rose-like glance of his eyes, and retreated a few steps.

"Pardon me, my lord," she said, blushing and humbly, yet firmly, "I am a married wife!"

"Not the less lovely, maid or wife! Nay, do not fly! Nor, mark me, do not trifle with me, or your husband may stay in jail longer than you think! I am not in the humor to be thwarted. Give me a kiss, and I will pay you the money in hand to release your husband, my under game-keeper. The fellow has no right to keep such a sweet doe in my preserves all to himself!"

"My lord, I can not consent to what would displease William! You do wrong to ask me what I have no power to bestow; for a wife's lips are sacred to her husband!"

"Do not preach to me with your pretty lips, child! I will kiss you, will you, all you!"

As he spoke he advanced to clasp her in his arms, when she darted past him. In doing so he caught her by the arm. As she released her person, he, half tipsy, could not preserve his equilibrium, and reeling, pitched headlong to the floor!

The next moment the young wife fled the room, and in a few seconds might have been seen flying across the green, towards the forest, in the depths of which was her lonely and deserted home. Lord Wincup was hurt by the fall, and with a bleeding wound in his temples, caused by falling upon the corner of a chair, he staggered to his bed, and rung for his servant, with deep and bitter curses upon his tongue.

SCENE II.

THE YOUNG ARTIST AND THE WIDOW.

Ten years have elapsed and we present to our readers the second scene of our little drama.

In the door of the porch of a picturesque cottage, shaded by overhanging forest trees, and situated by a running brook that wound through a noble forest ere it gurgled past its door, clear and sparkling, sat a young widow; for such her attire showed her to be.

The paleness of a mourning heart for the loved husband of her youth, had not withered the exquisite tone of her beauty. There was about her an air of soft refinement and sweetness, which Sorrow's pencil can alone lead to female loveliness; yet the grace of her charms was rustic, not courtly. She was a modest daisy of the vale, not a flaunting dahlia of the green-house of fashion.

She was engaged in knitting a pair of boy's hose. Behind her, within the door, sat a boy of ten years upon a low cricket, with a pencil in his hand and a smooth piece of board before him. He was engaged in making a clever drawing of his mother as she sat, with a look of pleased consciousness at his occupation!

The boy is the mother's likeness fashioned by the Divine Hand, and to which the pencil of health has lent the rosy tints, which care and sorrow have driven from the maternal cheeks.

His fine attitude as he bends backward to catch the delicate lines of her features, the spirited head with its curling brown locks, his bright black eyes alight with the inspiration of true genius, the noble air of his countenance, all constitute in themselves such a picture as Raphael might have painted of himself in his boyhood, in his happiest moments.

"A little to the left, mother! Now bend your forehead—not too much!—very slightly! There—that is right! Oh, how beautiful you are, dear mother!"

The mother smiled, but sighed. "Beauty, Charles," she said sadly, "is not to be coveted in one in my position of life! To the poor, beauty is often a source of misery! Had I been less lovely I might now have been a happy wife instead of a widow!"

"Ah, mother, beauty is a glorious and wonderful gift! Forms of beauty and color are my joy and delight! I could not love the ill-formed or the plain! I love to sit and imagine a world ten thousand times more beautiful than this! You don't know what lovely scenes, splendid cities, gorgeous birds, brilliant skies, lovely flowers, that do not exist, I create by thinking! When I am a man I will be a painter, and then you will see what beautiful pictures I will paint that I shall take out of my thoughts!"

"You have too much imagination, dear Charles! You must be a poor man! You are not born to be a great man!"

"I will make myself great then, mother," cried the lad, with the light of the star of fame kindling in his glance. "When Lord Wincup returns from India, I will ask him to send me to school where—"

"Do not talk of my lord!" said Mary Eaton. "I pray he may never return! You are old enough to hear what I wish to say! and discreet enough to keep it. It is my duty to undeceive you. Think not of my lord! He is my enemy as he was your father's!"

"Then he shall be mine, were he twenty lords! Why was he father's?"

"Because he is a wicked and powerful man. He took dislike to William and persecuted him, and finally, by artfully getting him entrapped into a position where he appeared to have been guilty of poaching, he had him imprisoned on false accusation. It broke poor William's heart; and your father died five years ago in prison."

"I will kill Lord Wincup!" cried the lad springing to his feet and clenching his pencil as if it were a dagger.

"Nay; God is his Judge! Let us leave vengeance with him!"

"I wish I were a man! I will revenge myself on him! He shall be twice judged; here and before God!"

"Charles! This is wild talk and sinful!" The lad bowed his head in submission to her reproach; but his eyes were full of the hot tears of passion.

"Forgive me, mother!" he said, kissing her hand. "But why do we live here on his lands?"

"I have no other home!"

"When I get large you shall have one, dear mother!"

"I know it, my noble child! But this is the only shelter earth affords us; and by the kindness of your uncle Walter, William's brother, who is now the under-keeper in your father's place. Do not speak to him about this; for he does not understand or believe my lord's hatred of William! He believes his brother was really guilty!"

"But he was not!"

"No; and this Lord Wincup well knows; and Heaven may yet cause him to do your father's memory justice!"

"I will make him when I am a man! Who said this wicked lord was coming home?"

"The steward! You know my lord went to India with his regiment, and has been raised to some high post there, so he has been away for five years. But he has left the army and is to come home to reside. He may be here to-day. But be careful, Charles, and do not anger him!"

"Why not?"

"Because it will be dangerous to your safety." "I don't care for my safety!"

"Then care for mine! It will injure me!" "For your sake, then, I will forbear," he answered. "But I hope he won't come home."

"Finish my picture, Charles! It is pleasanter drawing than talking about such a disagreeable subject."

The lad resumed his pencil and had just completed an admirable likeness of his mother, when a gentleman with two out-riders dashed up along the forest road. Charles ran to the door to see who they were, as his mother, hastily rising to hasten in, exclaimed with terror—

"It is Lord Wincup!"

"Nay, but this is fair Mary Eaton," cried the sun-browned Indian soldier as he drew rein at the door before she could get in from the porch. "Do not fly me, Mary! By the roof! But time has only mellowed your beauty. Salute me; for I have been long away, and now you are a widow and your sweet lips are my own!"

"My lord, I hoped that time had changed you for the better! Excuse me—I must retire! Come in, Charles!"

"That lad is yours, I see by his brow and eye! A spirited boy! What hast thou in thy hand, my man? A drawing, eh?" he exclaimed, as bending from his saddle he took it from the young artist's hand. "Rough, but faithful! A good transcript of thy fair features, Mary! I shall prize it! Here, lad, take this gold and leave me the picture!"

As the nobleman spoke, he cast a doubloon to the ground, and pressing his lips to the picture's said—

"I faith, but if I may not have the substance, I'll e'en put up with the shadow, hoping better things in store for me by-and-by—eh, fair widow?"

The young woman's cheek burned with modest anger, and without a word she was retiring when she saw her son leap upon the stirrup of the rider, snatch the picture from his hand and spring back with it to the porch steps, where, stopping only to impress his own lips upon the spot where the noble's had been touched, he fled into the cottage, closing the door behind him.

"A mettled youth," said Lord Wincup, turning to Mr. Fispet, who accompanied him, now somewhat changed by years and climate outwardly, yet inwardly my lord's toady and tool.

"Shall I alight and chaste him with my whip, my lord?" he cried.

"No, not now. I have other revenge in mind. Come to my side, and let us talk while we ride on."

The two men then conversed together in a low tone, in which Mary Eaton's name was mentioned repeatedly, and after a mile had been traversed, they came in sight of the castle, to which, after an absence of five years, its lord was now first returning.

SCENE III.

THE TYRANNY OF POWER.

The earl had been two months back at his castle, the best part of which time he had spent in fruitless attempts to destroy the honor and peace of the lonely widow of his victim William. Descriptions of lustful violence are not to our taste, and we enter into no details. His arts, his force, his power were all foiled, and he vowed vengeance. It was necessary he should so obtain it as to conceal from the public eye the true motive. By his command, the brother George was sent to another estate as forester. The widow was permitted to remain until a quarter's rent had accumulated. On that day Lord Wincup, accompanied by his shadow, Fispet, and six men of his laborers, rode over to the cottage of Mary Eaton.

By his orders the furniture was taken out and carted off to be sold for the rent, and the house unroofed. The widow and her son, driven from the doors, took shelter from a storm that suddenly came up, under an oak. Lord Wincup sat by in his saddle, with a stern visage, and superintending the whole despoliation. Fispet, eager to go beyond his master, drove her from the tree-shelter.

"Now, woman, who might have shared a room in my halls, and been served on silver, and been gaily attired, let thy virtue supply these things, and find thee a roof! Off from my estate, you and your brat, and if I ever find either of you on a foot of my land again, I will put you both in the stocks!"

Thus speaking, in a menacing manner that was in keeping with his words, he spurred away from the scene of outrage to find covert from the storm, which now raged, accompanied by angry lightnings, and heavy, reverberating peals of thunder. Heaven is not pitiless. There is One stronger than man. The widow and her son found shelter in a woodman's hut that night, and the next day the curate of the next parish received them into his hospitable home. Here the mother found constant employment, and the promising young artist was sent to school, where his talents and genius and noble nature won him many friends. But he never forgot the scene of his mother's and his own ejection from their cottage. It seemed engraven on his mind and memory in every detail as with a pen of iron. At the age of twenty he was taken under the patronage of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and became his favorite pupil. In his twenty-sixth year he had won fame by a life-like portrait of the Duke of Sussex, and a landscape from his pencil (for he was as skillful as a landscape artist as in portraits) won the third prize at the Royal Academy. His name was now become known at court, and his fame as an artist of the first degree established.

Let us penetrate to his studio, or rather atelier. He has upon his easel a head of the Great Duke, for which the hero of Waterloo has given two sittings; yet already the resemblance is wonderful, and strikingly characteristic. Two or three friends, noblemen and artists are present, conversing with him as he paints. From the beauty of his person, the manly carriage of his head, his air of self-possession and independence, he looks the superior nobleman of them all. He feels the conscious power of genius, which, in itself, ennobs the whole man. He is the petted and lionized painter of the day. Prince Albert has not only sat to him, but dined with him at his own table. Of course all the nobility regard him as socially their equal. Yet he has the modest air of genius, as well as the spirit of its lofty pride.

One of the young lords jestingly says— "Charles, do you know I am dying with woman's curiosity to know what picture engages

your attention behind that brown curtain. Your friends say it is the portrait of your lady-love."

Over the face of the artist passed a slight cloud, but he banished it with a smile, and said— "It is for the Prince Albert Exhibition!"

"A mystery?"

"Yes—till then!" was the answer, in a tone so peculiar that no further questions were ventured. In the meanwhile Lord Wincup had risen to eminence as a politician, for a man's private crimes and personal corruption, if he be rich and great, do not intermingle with his public position in Europe; but these discrepancies will no doubt be all corrected in "the new heavens and new earth wherein shall dwell righteousness."

He had not only his hereditary seat in the House of Lords, but was the leader of a new party, and was spoken of for the new ministry. His name was prominent before all men, and when his "great speech" was reported in the "Times," and read by thousands, it did not reveal Mary Eaton and her wrongs. He had probably forgotten her and his revenges. But it has been said by a wise man, that all men will sooner or later again meet their misdeeds face to face, that either here or in eternity we shall all meet our earth-life again. Happy he who fears not to encounter it. Lord Wincup now sought everywhere popularity. His hat was lifted to men he despised, and to the poor and humble, to the base and groveling, that he might be all things to all men, and "so gain some."

Charles Eaton, the great artist, in the meantime went on painting in secret the mysterious picture which had so excited the curiosity of his friends. His mother was living with him in London in secure independence, and proud and happy in the fame of her son, who had in truth fulfilled his promise "to give her a home when he should be a man." Will his threat to be avenged, on Lord Wincup be as literally accomplished?

We will wait and see.

SCENE IV.

THE REVENGE AND PUNISHMENT.

The reader is transported to the Prince Albert Gallery—an especial public exhibition for the purpose of giving an opportunity to all artists, foreign and native, to compete for prizes and honors. The vast hall is crowded with the nobility and fashion.

What picture are so many assembled before, eager to gaze upon it? and what remarks of surprise, and recognition, and wonder, fly thus from lip to lip! Others press forward to see and hear, until the picture—a large landscape of a forest scene, and a cottage with figures—becomes the central object of attention.

A group of gentlemen are just entering. It is Prince Albert, accompanied by the Duke and members of the House of Lords. The Prince at the moment is talking with the bright, particular star of the day, Lord Wincup, who is in high spirits, and proud of the distinguished regard paid to him so publicly by his Royal Highness.

As they slowly advanced, the Prince said: "There seems to be an unusually attractive painting, my Lord. Let us approach."

"With pleasure, your Royal Highness." At their approach the crowd gave back, but with such peculiar and significant glances at Lord Wincup, that he would have believed that they were noticing him with more honor than the Queen Consort but for an expression in their eyes that he did not like. He heard his name in fifty voices, but took it for homage. He was so taken up with bowing to the crowd that he did not look at the picture. His attention was drawn to it by the Prince.

"Bless me, my Lord, who has painted this piece! What a likeness!"

"Perfect! It is he himself," uttered a score of voices. "What can it mean?"

Lord Wincup looked at the picture. It was a scene as large as the life. Before him, to his horror and amazement, he beheld the forest on his estate, the cottage of the widow, which some men were unroofing, while others were carrying out the furniture. He beheld himself, seated upon his horse, gazing as he actually gazed upon the scene of outrage. The form of the widow and of her son, portraits to the life, were seen as Fispet (a speaking likeness) was driving them from beneath the sheltering tree. The heavens in the picture were black with a tempest, and across the scene flashed lurid lightnings, which illuminated the ferocious face of the chief actor in the scene. The whole picture was eloquent, and told its own story.

The Earl of Wincup stood before it, pale, and trembling in every limb. It seemed to him as if a page from the Doom's-day book had been torn off, and presented to his appalled gaze beforehand. To steady himself he actually caught at the arm of the Prince Royal. It seemed no picture, but the reality itself.

"What means this, my Lord?" said the Prince. "I know not! Some enemy hath done this!" he stammered; and so greatly was he overwhelmed with confusion and shame, that he lost his self-command and sunk insensible to the floor.

At this every one cried: "There is something in it! Who can solve it?"

SCENE V.

THE DENOUNCEMENT.

The artist, Charles Eaton, sat at his easel, when a visitor was announced. It was Lord Wincup! He had guessed the unknown artist, for the catalogue had not revealed his name. He entered humbly and suppliantly, for the Prince had believed the tale the picture had told the world, and the Queen had demanded of the nobleman an explanation.

"I have come, Sir Charles," (we forgot to say that he had been knighted by the Queen for his genius,) he said, "to ask you what amount I shall pay you for your picture in the exhibition."

"It cannot be purchased, my Lord. Revenge is dear, dearer than gold!" And the artist went on with his work.

"I will give you ten thousand pounds to withdraw it from the exhibition!" said the Earl, pale as death.

"It is placed there by the committee, and must remain for the whole period of the season!"

"Sir Charles Eaton, have pity upon me! You have had your revenge by brooding for years upon that accursed picture in your heart, till your hand had the skill to transfer it from your memory to the canvass. Remove it, sir, and I will give you double my offer!"

"No, my Lord! The picture was painted for this exhibition."

"Will nothing move you?" cried the Earl, in despair. "If it stands there I am infamous!"

"No, sir. It is your judgment. It is but one scene of what will have to meet your eyes of your acts on earth! If you cannot endure to see this revived, how will you stand before the reproduction hereafter of every act of your wicked life!"

The Earl drew a pistol, and shot at the heart of the artist. The ball was flattened against a miniature of his mother, which hung above it. The next moment a second bullet went crashing through the nobleman's forehead by his own hand!

The soul of the intended murderer and suicide was now already on its way to its judgment from that "Book of Remembrance," one leaf of which, presented to his gaze on earth, had driven him to despair.

It was said in the papers that the Earl had died of apoplexy. The Prince alone knew the whole secret. The public gossiped, and once truly, that the ambitious Earl's true character having been exposed by the painting, he had committed suicide to escape the scorn of the world's eye.

The next day thousands flocked to the exhibition to see the picture; but it had been removed privately in the night! The son had justly avenged the mother and father, and the picture disappeared forever!

GRANDMOTHERS.

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

Even in a city "Grandmother's House" is a beloved and serene old place, but when it is in the country words fail to describe its deep, deep peace and delightful content. It must be experienced to be understood. To come, after years of struggle, noise, and confusion, after a long and wearing strain upon every bodily and spiritual power, and sit down and uncover your head, and throw off restraint and care, under the roof where you (and your mother before you) danced and played through many an hour of happy childhood, is, indeed, like entering "into rest." It is enough to make one, weary with the contest of life, wish to remain hid forever from the world, abiding for a few serene, unclouded years beside the comforter of one's infancy, comforting her until her journey ends, and then lie contentedly down beside her and share her sleep. You look upon her, the dear old saint, standing so near the land of glory that its beauty shines about her, and its gentleness and love are in all she does and says, and you wish, oh! so sincerely, that your work were as nearly over and as well done as hers.

The aged are a marvel to the young. How far backward they can look; and how strange it is to be able to look back so far.

"Tell me a story, Grandmother. Make believe that I am a child again—that I never left your side. Make believe that this dear old house, and the scenes about it, that your form and face, and the faces and forms that here were wont to assemble, are all that my heart and memory hold; that no cares haunt me, that no thoughts fly out and go seeking elsewhere for their objects; that no wishes and yearnings reach beyond this blue horizon, and that the heart which beats once more beside dear grandma, the heart that a few years ago was that of a simple-minded and unworried child, is not bound by any bonds to distant and far different places and people. Tell me a story, Grandmother. And your Grandmother pushes up her "specs" and takes her knitting, and says, looking at you with a pleased and happy smile—

"Well, child, I will"—and then follows relations of wars with the red-coats and the Indians, of old forts in the fields about, of old-fashioned ways of living; of what a fine, gentlemanly man your grandfather was—of how his ships went down at sea, and his houses went up in the war, and of the many ways by which you, the descendant of wealthy ancestors, came to be a poor, portionless, and homeless child.

Oh! Grandmother! to some thou art the last tie that binds the heart to all the sacred influences of childhood, and when thy life is over and thy home desolate, such will be cut loose forever from their early life, and left floating up and down, up and down, in restless and unsatisfied endeavor, until they too are overtaken and quieted by That which giveth final rest. Oh! Grandmother, waiting a moment in the border land, joyful to thee will be the hour of thy departure, but to us it will be most grievous.

ANTI-CHRISTIAN.

The more you educate and polish man's intellect, unless his moral nature be kept equally under improving influences, the more like Satan you make him; for Lucifer is intellectual and well educated; without doubt, too, he has a superior refinement of his own; he is aristocratic and proud; and the spirit of exclusiveness and stand-aside-for-I-am-better-than-thouism, comes altogether from him.

Christianity builds no walls; it is no aristocrat, but a leveller, (not by casting down, but by lifting up,) in its very essence. It knows no distinction except between right and wrong, and acknowledges but two classes—the righteous and the wicked. The spirit which regards as best and most worthy of notice that which is peculiar to the few, and which looks with less interest and regard on that which affects the many, is anti-Christian. The spirit that would elevate the few at the expense of the many; that is more respectful to Classes than it is to Humanity, is from beneath. So are all men, all books, all papers, let their pretensions be what they may, whose influence is for Classes rather than for Humanity. How many could be called by name—men refined out of all naturalness, polished out of all steadfastness, educated out of all humanity, who call themselves Christians, yet make it manifest in all that they utter or perform that they are profoundly ignorant of the first principles of the Gospel of Christ.

It is a fact that the works of bold and open infidelity are not so much to be dreaded as are the insidious influences of polite and exclusive Anti-Christ which goes regularly to worship in the holy temple; but is not to be caught, even there, near to a sinner of "the lower classes."

By so much as deeply rooted pride is worse than transient passion, by so much as settled scorn and contempt are worse than momentary anger, and by so much as heartlessness is worse than a heart untrained, is the spirit of refined selfishness worse and more hopeless than the roughness and vulgarity of the unrefined masses.

THE SENSATIONS OF YOUTH.

The sensations peculiar to youth, being the result of impulse rather than reflection, have the advantage over those of manhood, however the pride of reason may give the latter the superiority. In manhood there is always a burden of thought bearing on the wheels of enjoyment. In manhood, too, we have the misfortune of seeing the wrecks of early associations scattered every where around us. Youth can see nothing of this. It can