

TERMS OF THE HERALD.

To village subscribers \$2.—by mail \$2. or \$1.75 advance.
 Individuals and companies who take their papers at the office \$1.75, or \$1.50 in advance. Companies on stage route the same.
 To those supplied by our south-western post rider, delivered at their doors, \$2.—companies and individuals living off the route \$1.75, with defalcations in both cases of 25 cents if paid in advance in cash.
 No subscription will be taken for less than six months.
 No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, unless the publisher choose so to do.
 Advertisers on the usual liberal terms. As our circulation is large and general throughout the country, merchants, mechanics, post masters, and all others having occasion to advertise, will find it to their advantage to resort to this paper.

PIGMY'S WAY SONG.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

I'm bound for the house of my Father;
 Oh, draw not my feet from the way,
 Nor stop me these wild flowers to gather,
 They drop at my touch and decay!
 I think of the flowers that are blooming
 In beauty unfading above,
 The wings of kind angels performing,
 Who fly down on errands of love.

Of earth's shallow waters the drinking
 Is powerless my thirst to allay;
 Their taste is of tears while we're sinking
 Beside them where quicksands betray.
 I long for the fount ever living,
 That flows by my Father's own door,
 With water so sweet and life giving,
 To drink and to thirst never more.

The gold in this bright happy dwelling,
 Makes all lower gold to look dim;
 Its treasures all treasures excelling,
 Shine forth and allure me to Him.
 The gems of this world I am treading
 In dust, where as pebbles they lie;
 To win the rich pearl that is shedding
 Its lustre so pure from on high.

For pains a torn spirit is feeling,
 No balm from earth it receives,
 I go to the tree that is healing,
 To drop in my wounds from its leaves.
 A child that is weary with roaming,
 Returning in gladness to see
 Its home and its parent, I'm coming—
 My Father, I hasten to thee!

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Herald.
 "THERE IS A GOD."

To demonstrate this all-important fact there is ample proof, arising from innumerable sources. All nature declares, in one harmonious concert, 'There is a God,' and its sound echoes and re-echoes from pole to pole, through earth's wide expanse. All things, animate and inanimate, above, beneath, around proclaim, 'There is a God.' The monitor within repeats the faithful tale, 'There is a God.'

If the contemplative eye turns to those worlds and systems of worlds that move in so wonderful harmony in the etherial arch above, the beholder is not only astonished at the beauty of the scene, but is furnished with a visible manifestation of the presence of the Almighty. He sees an infinite of worlds describing their respective circles around one common centre, attracting and attracted in turn. Beholding this wonderful display of Creative power, the Atheist unconsciously drops the weapons of his unholy warfare, feels the presence of Jehovah, and catches a momentary glimpse of immortality. He seriously inquires—are all these astonishing exhibitions really the productions of blind chance and the results of casual circumstances, or are they the systematic designs—the wonderful accomplishments of Omnipotence? Is it possible that all this beautiful symmetry of form, all this regularity and harmony of motion, which characterize the endless variety of objects in nature, are without a design or an architect?

Of deluded and strangely infatuated man, that would deny the existence of a God, whose presence is even stamped upon every living thing that moves; and whose existence is marked in every pulsation of the heart, and manifested in every respiration of the breath? When the heavens declare the glory of God, it certainly seems unaccountably strange, that man, intelligent, civilized man, whose prerogative it is to reason from the abundance of evidence with which he is surrounded, and exercise at all times those inestimable powers of mind, which have been conferred upon him by his Creator, to elevate him in the scale of creation, and to enable him to commune with the author of his existence in a manner conducive to his highest happiness, and to expiate with thrilling anticipations upon a life to come, can, notwithstanding the above weighty considerations, deny the existence of an overruling and all-sustaining Power.

Let him, who denies the existence of a God, study the workmanship of his own mysterious and complicated system; let him examine with an eye bent upon truth, all the multitudinous organs that compose this complex arrangement of man's constitution; let him behold them performing their respective functions by the simple promptings of the will, and even so without the volition which commences their operations incessantly through life and then ceases—what has so wonderfully strangled and adapted them to their respective offices, the creation of which would destroy life, if there be no God? Yet, it was him who said in the beginning, 'Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness.' And it is his breath that supports that involuntary action which sustains man in being. Without that power man never would have arisen from that, to which he must shortly return.

BY A STRANGER.

We invite a perusal of the following excellent article, from a London periodical, by such individuals as are in the habit of running a parallel between the practical operations of Republican and Monarchical Governments, and are disposed to draw conclusions in favor of the latter.

REPUBLICANISM AND MONARCHY.

No two documents can form a greater contrast than the annual Address of the President of the United States to the American Congress, and the Speech from the throne to the Houses of Parliament. The one is a clear, statistical and veracious statement of the finances and public affairs of the Union, with all the interests, and very nearly all their feelings, or at least their public feelings the other is always a most mendacious document, or escapes the guilt of falsehood by losing itself in vague and unmeaning generalities. The President's Message is always read with deep interest in every cabinet, and throughout every portion of Europe, where Royal speeches are never read at all, or are read only to be ridiculed and despised. At this time of the year it is customary for the press to vent its spleen and pour forth its venom and falsehoods against republican and free institutions, and it is our duty to supply the antidotes.

We are told that two millions four hundred thousand votes were actually given to the recent election of Gen. Harrison, as President of the Republic. This is at least three times as many votes as our miserable constituency can give for all the representatives, or rather non-representatives of England, Wales, Ireland and Scotland. The whole male adult population of the United States cannot, at most, amount to three millions and a half, and if we take into consideration the many hundreds, or perhaps thousands, who, from absence, accidents, or various causes, did not vote at all, we arrive very nearly to the point of universal suffrage. Another great distinction is, that the votes in America are free, whilst it is not too much to say that in our kingdom, with the exception of a few large towns, nine-tenths of our votes are more or less corrupt. Be it remarked that those votes were given not upon an election of some representative of a borough, but for a sovereignty of the Union. We find very few charges of bribery and corruption; not any case of an electioneering riot, except one charge of corruption, which, when brought before the Grand Jury was dismissed; and yet, in so severe a contest, which involved such very strong party feelings, numerous charges would have been brought, had there been any foundation for them. Such are the practical effects of the ballot! There are many scrutinies in our House of Commons, at every general election, and almost in every session, which expose erroneous perjury and corruption, and which cost, probably, four times the expenses incurred in this great and glorious contest of political freedom, this superb exercise of civil rights. The American writers assert that there very few qualified persons who did not vote, and yet, at a general election in our country, how many thousands there are that dare not, and do not vote at all, being reduced to the blackest perjury, or of incurring ruin by voting against some patron or landlord! With respect to religion, morals, the public peace, private decency, and the general welfare of the nation, it is obvious that Republicanism is infinitely superior to Monarchy.

But who was this General Harrison, the candidate for the sovereignty of this immense country; of an extent of nearly ten times that of England, and with a population almost as large? What pretensions did he put forth? He urged his competent age, his long experience, and acknowledged talent in public business, his manifold services in the country, and the praise which his enemies gave him for his private virtues.—Do all these things, or any one of them, constitute a claim to the European throne? When that dreadful tyrant, George the Third, ascended the Throne, his mother avowed that he was little better than an idiot, and the press proclaimed that he exhibited the strongest and very worst symptoms of raving madness. These were no impediments to his ascending the throne, and our taxes, our debt, and the loss of probably three millions of lives throughout Europe, were the consequences. When his son succeeded him, it was not denied that he was in a state of hopeless imbecility, arising from habits of the most gross vices, and yet he was allowed to ascend the throne; and such was his tyranny that in despite of imprisonment and execution, had he lived five years longer, the country would have been in a state of civil war. Had not his successors been of more liberal principles, this calamity must have taken place. The Reform Bill brought things to this crisis. But far be it from us to speak with the slightest disrespect of her present Majesty, but we may be allowed to contrast her sex and youth on coming to the Crown, with the claims to supreme power put forth by the American President. General Harrison explained his principles. He stated his aim; the services rendered by his father in the war which rescued America from the iron tyranny of our detestable monarch. He set forth his own services under Washington; his military exploits against the Indian tribes; his able government of two of the states of the Republic; his long and useful services in Congress, and his victories over England when he drove General Proctor and our troops from Upper Canada. These, with many others, we need not repeat, were the claims on which he was elected, and for heaven's sake, let any man worthy the name of a rational being, compare these with the European system of persons succeeding to thrones without the slightest regard to their age and sex, or any other quality whatever. Were our Queen and her infant to die, the King of Hanover would find it extremely difficult to set forth any merit which qualified him to govern a powerful and enlightened nation like Great Britain. A French toy writer, whom we recently exposed, maintained that America, with her elective franchise, never could be governed by a person powerful in war; and yet this General Harrison and General Jackson too, performed greater feats in the field than all the monarchs of England since the death of William III, who was a Dutchman. This General Harrison contrived to drive from Canada the flower of the Duke of Wellington's army, while General Jackson defeated similar troops at the attack on New Orleans. And thus a Republic, even in war, may be more powerful than the most firmly settled monarchy. The Americans admit to the franchise as many as they possibly can, whilst we throw every impediment in the way of granting it, and yet, what with our Chartists and Socialists, our Clergy persecutions and our Ecclesiastical Courts, infamies, with similar evils, our nation is in a state of anarchy, compared to the American Republic. Republicanism insures stability, for there is always a strong authority, and the President is always responsible for his conduct to the people—whereas the madness or death of a sovereign in England occasions infinite confusion. What can be more fallacious than the hackneyed doctrine that monarchy insures peace and stability of measures? The struggle for thrones in France, Spain and Portugal, alone, within the last fifty years, form a most singular contrast with the peaceful succession of one American President to the other. Our pub-

lic writers are perpetually arguing upon Poor Laws, Corn Laws, and equal or unequal taxation, the ballot and the suffrage, but they do not reflect that these questions were no longer speculative and that America has practically solved the whole of them. In all probability, France and Sweden will be Republics at the death of their respective monarchs, and what will be Spain and Portugal? and what then will be the march of intellect in England? The king of France has been prosecuting the celebrated M. Lamennais, for exciting hatred against the Government, by a pamphlet, and the Jury have been long enough to find him guilty. Such a trial could not be instituted in America, and if it were, a Jury would scoff it out of Court. Every man has a right to expose the errors or vices of rulers, and to excite disapproval of a system of Government or Constitution or otherwise, all reforms would be absolute, without responsibility or control of any sort. There is neither vice nor virtue in exercising hatred against a government. Either one or the other may be the case, according to the facts and arguments of the writer, and these to be left to the reasoning faculties of the public, and not to the mercies of an Attorney General. General Harrison would astound the Americans if he thought of prosecuting a writer for trying to bring his government into hatred or contempt. The Americans would argue that if his government were hateful or contemptible, the pamphlet was just; if they were not, the pamphlet was harmless. The sentence was merciful compared to those passed on our Chartists.

POPULAR READINGS.

THE SHAKER LOVERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAY MARTIN," "GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS," &c.
 (Concluded.)

'Ah! thou vile young heretic!' at length exclaimed the Elder, tauntingly; 'I have caught thee at last, then, in thine own iniquities, eh? What was thee saying to the maiden?'

'What thee will not be likely to be much the wiser for,' indignantly replied Seth, who felt confident that, whatever the Elder's luck had been as a spy, he could not, from the distance of his position, have gained much in the character of an eaves-dropper.

'Ha! dost thou defy thy appointed rulers, young man? Confess thy sins unto me, lest I make an example of both thee and her in punishment for thy heinous offences.'

'Hypocrite, I know thee, and for myself defy thee! but I bid thee beware how thee shall further persecute that innocent girl; for, as sure as thee injures a hair of her head, I will hunt thee while I live, and haunt thee when I am dead!'

Accustomed to witness only tokens of the most abject submission in the deluded people over whom he had so long tyrannized, and totally unprepared for such bold language from the young man whose spirit he had greatly underrated, the astonished Elder stood a moment fairly choking with rage, unable, from the violence of his passions, to utter a single word.

'Get—get—get thee back to the buildings!' at length he sputtered in exploding rage.—'Get thee back, thou audacious—thou—thou God-forsaken reprobate! Get thee back, I say, instantly!'

'Man, I shall not obey thee!' said Seth in a cool, determined tone. 'I no longer acknowledge thy authority; and, from this hour, I am no longer one of thy blinded and deluded people. I go hence, he added, turning out of the path with the view of passing by the other.

'I will detain thee—I will seize thee—I will curse thee, and, verily, I will smite thee!' again exclaimed the fuming Elder, springing at the other and making a desperate grasp at his collar.

The young man, however, was not taken unprepared for the onset, and the next instant the wrathful Quaker was sprawled for the pond with the object of getting out upon the water before his discomfited antagonist could recover himself and reach the shore in pursuit.

Seth quickly gained the landing, hastily unfastened the skirt and leaped aboard; but, before he could succeed in clearing the boat fairly from the shore, and as he was stepping backwards, with his hands out, to take his seat in the stern, the infuriated Elder came puffing in hot haste down the bank and dashed into the water up to his knees after the receding boat, which even at that moment had just passed out of his reach. Repeating, however, the end of the tie-rope, which, in the hurry of unfastening, had not been taken up, and which was now dragging through the water within reach, he instantly seized it and gave it a sudden and furious jerk. Unconscious of the oversight he had committed, and, therefore, wholly unprepared for this movement, the young man lost his balance in the violence of the shock, was precipitated backwards over the end of the skirt into the water, and instantly disappeared beneath the surface. With a desperate effort the Elder first drew the skirt up high and dry on the shore, then hurriedly catching up an oar and springing back to the water's edge, he held the formidable implement uplifted over his head as if in readiness for a fatal blow the instant his victim's head should reappear on the surface. In a few seconds the young man came up just out of reach of the weapon, when, perceiving the threatening attitude of his antagonist, he apparently determined on his destruction should he attempt to come ashore, he seemingly became panic-stricken and confused; and, after glancing wildly around him an instant, sunk again, with a gurgling sound, beneath the surface to rise no more to the view.

With a look of still menacing attitude, the ruthless Elder stood waiting for a second appearance of his victim a full moment, when he began to exhibit tokens of surprise and lowered his weapon a little, still keeping, however, his eye keenly fixed on the spot. After waiting in vain nearly another moment for the drowning man to rise, the Elder became thoroughly alarmed, and, throwing down his oar, hurriedly retreated a rod or two on the bank. Here he turned and threw a shivering anxious and troubled look upon and around the fatal spot. A few faint bubbles, rising successively to the surface, aroused his inquiring gaze; and, reading in them conclusive evidence of the horrid truth, he gave a convulsive start, and fled in terror toward the buildings as fast as his quaking limbs could carry him, mumbling and chattering to himself as he went—

'Now, who would have thought! If the youth could have swam—and am I to blame for that he never learned to swim! Of a surety I am not. And then did he not lift his hand against a gifted Elder of God's church? And, moreover, have I not saved the family's boat, which he was about to purloin? Verily, I have done a good thing, though I think I will not name the matter to the people, lest it lead the temptation of evil speaking against rulers, and, peradventure, get to the world's magistrates. And then, again, there is the youth's property, which he was so froward and perverse about relinquishing to the church. Nay, I will not let the affair be known, but go to work right cunningly and secure it all for God's heritage. Yea, verily, I have done a good thing.'

Thus strangely reasoning, and thus desperately grasping at straws for his troubled feelings, the terror-stricken Elder reached home, and, without uttering a syllable of what had happened to any one, immediately betook himself to his solitary lodgings, not there to find peace and repose, but to writhe and turn under the scorpion stings of conscience—that unescapable hell of the guilty which retributive Heaven has planted in the bosom of Man for the certain punishment of his crimes.

Meanwhile the lovely and conscientious Martha, wholly unapprised of what had befallen her lover, retired to her peaceful pillow, and endeavored to reflect calmly on the new and interesting subject which her recent interview had opened to her mind; but, finding herself unable to do this from the thousand crowding thoughts and sensations which contributed to swell the gentle tumult of her bosom, she discreetly deferred the task for a cooler moment, and, having piously commended herself to the protection of her Maker, yielded herself to those quiet and peaceful slumbers that constitute not the least among the rewards of virtue and innocence. On awakening the next morning, her thoughts immediately recurred to the subject that occupied her last waking moments; and, as she now figured in her mind her lover far on his way from the place, rejoicing in his freedom from the oppression he had at length escaped, she again and again recalled the tender professions he had made, and ran over the arguments he had advanced in urging her to leave her present situation, and go forth with him into the world as his companion for weal or for woe. The more she thought of the proposed step, at first so startling, the less fearful did it appear. The more she weighed his reasons with those she found herself able to bring up in refutation, lighter and lighter grew the objections which had caused her to hesitate even in giving him a definite promise of acceding to his request when they should again meet; and as her scruples yielded and gave way, the unchecked pleadings of her own heart came in and soon decisively turned the already inclining balance, leaving her now free to wander unhesitatingly over the new and bright field of destiny which had been presented to her view.

After indulging in her pleasing reveries as long as inclination prompted, the maiden arose, dressed, and was on the point of descending from her chamber to join in performing the domestic duties of the morning, when her attention was arrested by an unusual commotion among the family below, which she soon ascertained, from some words that reached through the partially opened door, to be caused by the discovered absence of Seth, for whom search had already been made, but in vain. The consciousness that within her own bosom she harbored the secret of the missing one's absence, which she might not reveal, made her, for the first time in her life, feel like a guilty one; and, dreading not to go down lest her appearance should betray the agitation she felt, she paused at the head of the stairs, and stood some time endeavoring to compose her feelings and gain a command of her countenance, which should save her from showing any excitement that might not be natural to the occasion; but, while doing this, the poor girl was little dreaming of the thousand times more difficult task in reserve for her—that of controlling her feelings under the heart-crushing blow which she was destined the next moment to receive. The appalling announcement now passed from mouth to mouth among the family that Seth was drowned in the pond, the evidence of which, in addition to his unaccountable absence, was found in the circumstance that his hat had been discovered floating near the shore, while at a little distance one of his shoes had been espied sunk on the bottom, fished up and identified.

It can better be imagined than described what were the feelings of Martha on hearing these mournful tidings. No word or sound, however, escaped her lips on the occasion. She turned deadly pale, indeed, and for a moment leaned her head for support against the door-casing; and this was succeeded by a quick heaving of her bosom, while with clasped hands and closed eyes her trembling lips moved rapidly, as if earnestly engaged in silent devotion. But the next moment, as she opened her eyes, and with a firm step descended from her room, a spectator could have detected nothing more in her placid though mournful countenance than might have been seen in the faces of the rest of the sisterhood, among whom she now immediately mingled.

Most of that day was spent by the Shaker men in dragging the pond in search of the body, from which, according to Elder Higgins kept studiously aloof, though the nervous restlessness he constantly exhibited throughout the day, and the many anxious and inquiring glances he frequently cast toward those thus engaged, plainly told that he felt a painful interest in what was going on. The search proved a vain one. This, however, did not lead any one to doubt that the young man's fate was any different from the one first supposed, as the body, it was conjectured, had floated off and sunk in some of the deepest parts of the pond. But, although all were unanimous in the opinion that Seth had met his death by drowning, yet, with regard to the manner in which the casualty could have happened, there were many and various minds: some supposing that he must have waded in to secure something which he saw floating near the shore; others that he had risen in his sleep and gone in, while others considered either of these suppositions to be highly improbable, since some of the young men now made known the fact that the deceased was an expert swimmer. These and many other conjectures equally erroneous were formed respecting the mysterious event, till, wearied with the fruitless discussion, it was given up as a case entirely hopeless of any further elucidation, and therefore permitted to rest.

Seth had been a peculiar favorite with the family generally, and his loss for many days cast a deep gloom over the minds of the little community who were thus unexpectedly called to mourn his premature decease. The impression, however, like all others of the kind, were gradually away from the minds of all except the bereaved Martha and the conscience-stricken Elder, from whose bosoms the memory of the lost one, for reasons peculiar to each, was not, as may well be supposed, so easily to be erased.

Although the circumstances in which Martha was placed forbade any manifestation of her peculiar griefs, and wholly precluded her from communicating them to others and receiving in return those alleviating sympathies which it is the privilege of ordinary sorrow to re-

ceive, yet none the less heavy for that fell the affliction, and none the less keenly was felt that that now in secret strong her guiltless and sorrow. Young Love was beginning to shud at and happily influences over her pure and heart, and his twin angel, Hope, had just as snowy union to her unaccustomed vision, po to a land of earthly felicity which never be in her brightest dreams, had been pictured to but all these grateful feelings had been sudd ted and frozen in the current that was so waiting her away to the promised haven of —all these bright visions had vanished, her future not only blank and cheerless, but dark tions of persecution and woe, from which the hope of escaping. These circumstances on render the poor girl's loss no ordinary berea and most persons of her natural sensibili probably have sunk under the weight of the But Martha was a Christian; and she mo beneath the chastening rod, and turned for to that life spring on high which is never lo fountain to the meek and devoted followe who once himself knew earthly sorrows.

But, while Martha was thus comforted and, no such consolation remained for the d wretch who had been the cause of her trou the more he tried to still his startled con more did its accusing spirit rise up to disqui only for the hand he had in the young man's de for the part he had previously acted toward his general misusage, and more particularly in an which only a slight allusion has as yet been t About a month previous to the time of whi speaking, a stranger from the neighborhood of early residence called at the establishment, bea him a letter, which he expressed a desire to de person; but the young man being at work in the some distance from home, and the stranger being ous to resume his journey, the letter was at len trusted to Higgins, on his promise of deliveri Seth as soon as he returned. Having repeated junctions, the messenger departed, not, howev the inquisitive Elder had fished from him, as ca as he evidently intended to be some clue to the tents of the letter. No sooner was the stranger's fairly turned than Higgins retired to a private and broke open the letter, which proved to from a neighbor of Seth's uncle, whom we have mentioned, and which announced the successive de within a few days of each other, of that uncle and nephew living with him, by which event, it was s as no will or wills had been made, Seth became g to her to the estate thus left, consisting of a farm and considerable personal property. The w closed by advising the young man to leave his p situation, come home and taken possession of his rty. After reading the letter, carefully over s times, the perfidious Elder committed it to the fl and spent the remainder of the day for Seth's sign an acquaintance to the family of all the property he or of which he might become the heir. And next day, after having smoothed the way for the tempt, as he supposed, by an unusual display of ability and parent-like kindness, he cautiously bro the subject to the young man and tried to induce him sign the paper, falsely affirming it to be one of their ultations to require such an act of the young mem of their society, whether they had any property or when they arrived at legal age, at which Seth, happened, had a few days before attained. The la however, secretly meditating upon leaving the fa soon, had no notion of cutting himself off from right of property which might some day accrue to though now he certainly had no such expectations, he therefore, firmly refused to comply with the El request. After renewing the attempt several tim and resorting to every art and falsehood which he de ed likely to aid him in his purpose, Higgins was e pelled to relinquish his fraudulent design, with no e result than that of exciting the suspicions of S that there might have, indeed, something occurred his uncle's in his favor, and of hastening his deternation to leave and go and see for himself.

It was no wonder, then, when all these injuries, ed as the dark catalogue was by the death of the v tim, rose in review before the mind of the guilty El that his conscience troubled him. He had not, it w true, really intended quite to destroy the young m life, but he could not disguise from himself that acts had as much produced the fatal result as if u own hand had dealt the death-blow, and that, too, under feelings but little less holy than he needed to ha possessed to have rendered the deed the foulest in list of human crimes. In vain did he try to shut these disquieting thoughts from his mind; in vain e he try quibbling and sophistry to still the voice of conscience, and he soon became the prey of the mo horrible fancies. He remembered the accidental tr made by Seth among the lastlings he uttered—I w haunt you when I am dead—I will haunt you when I am dead, rang constantly in his ears, and so str were his guilty fears, and so serious and excitable he became, that to him the memory was often literally fulfilled in the dread shamings of his discomfited imagination. By day he appeared distracted and mien—now heedless and lost to every thing around him—now wildly starting at the rustling of every leaf, and by night raving out in his sleep, and disturbing his wonderer people by his strange and almost unearthly outcries.

Such was the punishment of the miserable Elder; but, whether this was not rather the result of his fears than any sincere penitence making for his own benefit we will not attempt to decide. One thing, however, is certain; it operated greatly to the relief of the before persecuted Martha; for, from the eventful night on which she parted with her lover, she saw for several weeks no indications of any renewal of her trials. Much, indeed, did she wonder to what cause she owed this happy exemption; though she believed it, without being able to tell exactly why, to have some connection with the fate of Seth, concerning which a horrid suspicion occasionally flitted across her mind. She tried, however, to banish such suspicions from her thoughts, and charitably strove to believe that her persecutor had resolved to lay aside his designs against her peace and become a better man. But she at length began to perceive that her hopes were to be disappointed—she again saw that in the demeanor of the Elder towards her which unequivocally told her that she was still the marked victim of his unalloyed designs; and again day to day she lived in constant dread of being again summoned to the scene of her former trials. Nor was such summons long delayed. One day, as the family were retiring from their noon meals, the Elder approached the terrified girl and notified her to meet him alone after worship in the room which he had formerly decorated by his infamous conduct; but the hapless maiden was not prepared for so wretched a fate as that which now so menacingly hung over her. An unexpected incident intervened between that and the dreaded hour, which was destined to form the most important era in her life, while it brought defeat and confusion upon her enemy. [See 4th page.]