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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Southern Rose. THE MISSIONARIES.—A TALE. THE RESOLUTION.

One summertwilight, two girls yet in the opening bloom of life were resting on a summer seat by the border of a Southern River. The fingers of one rested between the closed leaves of a book, while the glow of a communicated thought from its pages dwelt on her abstracted countenance, and the other was pointing out the softening glories of a western sky. An artist might have lingered near that lovely spot. Above and around were spread the branches of an oak, from which the grey moss hung quietly in the lush of nature, sweeping the greensward below; a garden rich with flowers, lay near in front of the white walls of the family mansion; an amphitheatre of woods enclosed the planted fields, forming a green curve in the distance, stopping where the river beautifully clear, came in with its graceful flow at the foot of the oak, one huge branch of which looked at its own glossy leaves, and gray drapery mirrored in the waters; a warmly tinted sky broke in bright flickerings through the leaves, and tinged the stream, while the birds of day flitted to their nests with farewell strains. The only other sounds that interrupted the stillness were the splash of an oar, and the distant horn or chorus of the negroes.

'Look up, Isabel,' said the speaking girl, 'from that book to this glorious sunset. It is worth a thousand volumes.'

Isabel shook her head gravely, her downcast eyes bent to the turf at her feet. At length she sighed and said, 'Cousin Ellen, a solemn duty is pending over me which makes me deaf and blind even to these great natural manifestations of Deity. I begin to feel with a thrilling consciousness, that I have no right to linger over these scenes of my early joys. This book describes the wants of the heathen, the poor heathen, who, when they look at nature, acknowledge no creating hand; and if they possess a friend dear to them as you are to me, Ellen, know nothing of that world where such friendship shall be made brighter and unbroken through eternal years.'

A soft and solemn depth was in the tones of the speaker, and her full dark lids were wet with tears.

'And can you be willing to think for a moment,' said Ellen, 'of leaving your well defined fireside duties, your father, your mother and little Rosalie, for an uncertain sphere among the heathen?'

'There is nothing uncertain in the Missionary's path,' exclaimed the enthusiast, as she rose and clasped her hands with an onward gesture.—'Every step she takes is heavenward; every sorrow he endures adds a gem to his immortal crown. Yes, dear garden, where my childhood's foot has trod,—skies that have so long looked down upon me,—birds which have sung me songs from year to year,—father, mother, sister—farewell! A prophetic hope of good is upon me. I must go.'

'With which of these handsome students are you about to partake the crown martyrdom?' said Ellen, archly, yet trying to suppress the smile on her lips.

'With Henry Clayborne, as his wedded wife,' said Isabel, with dignity, scarcely a blush tinging the delicate hue of her cheek.

Ellen turned deadly pale—a rush as of sudden winds sounded through her brain; and recovering instantly, she stooped to caress a tame fawn which was browsing at her side. We will not penetrate the secrets of that young heart in loneliness, but too happy if it can suffer unseen.—Isabel, absorbed in the contemplation of her own lofty purposes, did not observe the agitation of her cousin. These almost masculine purposes belonged to a young and seemingly fragile being; but it is wonderful how feminine enthusiasm bears up the frail and delicate, where seemingly stronger spirits fail. One who noted Isabel's slight figure, and looked into the soft depths of her eyes, and heard her gentle voice, would never have dreamed that she could voluntarily leave the feathered nest of her childhood for the dangers of the ocean, and the hardships of an Indian exile; but such have not studied the promptings of human will, coupled with strong religious enthusiasm.

That evening Henry Clayborne came to hear his final sentence; he felt that it would be, for Isabel's touching welcome told more than words. It was not the down cast blush of common acceptance, but the frank determined glow of a holy resolution.

'This kindness augurs well for me,' he said, fondly, as he held her confiding hand, 'but I have come resolved not to take advantage of it. Better, dearest, is it for me to brave this wild path alone. I leave no mother who nursed my childhood to weep over my absence, no father to sigh for attentions he just begins to realize, no little sister whose opening mind I ought to mould. Beside, I am a man, and can tread through dangers where your softer spirit would droop. I could not bear, love, to see this white brow, burning beneath those sultry skies; I could not bear that those tender feet should fail in the wilderness, nor that your intellectual powers and affectionate heart should languish for sympathy. Be my bride, and with that claim upon you I shall depart braced for danger, but I must go alone. My dreams were terrific last night, and when I awoke, the glow of the missionary was lost in the remembrance of the lover. You must remain, my Isabel.'

'You have been tempted, Henry,' said the brave girl, caressing the hand she held. 'God has withdrawn his countenance from you, or you would not talk thus. My parents will shortly feel a holy pride in their bold missionary girl, as friend after friend gathers round with religious sympathy. Beside, Henry, who shall think of such things, when God calls? We must tread the waves at the voice of Jesus. His voice is near, I hear it now. Help, Father, help, or we perish,' she exclaimed, and her face glowed like an angel's, as she sank on her knees with clasped hands and prayerful eyes. 'Shall we sink, while he is by? Look on thy servants in this hour of need, the storm of temptation is near, the billows rage, put forth the hand and save.'

Henry knelt beside her; he caught the soaring enthusiasm of his promised bride, his voice was not heard, but his lips moved. In those moments of stillness a sublime self dedication had been made. They both rose. 'We go together,' he whispered, and folded her to his heart.

A MOTHER'S TRIALS.
'busy preparations for the bridal

and voyage. Religion, love, friendship, were active, and even strangers as they heard the story of the self immolation of the young and beautiful girl, sent in their testimonials of interest.

When friends entered and bestowed their parting kisses on her sister, Rosalie's pretty eyes filled with tears; but the gifts, the bustle, and novelty of preparation soon dried them up again. A doubting cast of care was on the father's brow, but he bade God speed and bless his child. Ellen went mechanically through her duties. If she was sadder and paler than her wont, was it not for Isabel, her dear friend and cousin? And how fared it with the mother of the young exile? She busied herself, for she dared not to be idle.—She checked the struggling sigh, and wiped off the gathering tear, and her short ejaculatory prayer for patience and submission went up when none could hear. Time sped, (how soon he flies with moments counted by parting friends!) and the bridal was to take place on the morrow, the departure the succeeding day. One by one the family retired, the mother last, for a troubled and restless emotion made her wakeful. As she sat alone, the ticking of the timepiece seemed almost shrill to her excited ear. She recalled the childish joy of Isabel, when, raised to that old clock, she clasped her hands at the revolving moon, whose round face looked upon her; there was the little chair, now Rosalie's, in which Isabel had sought ambitiously, but in vain, to rest her dimpled feet on the floor. That room could almost tell her history. There was the framed and faded sampler, mocked by the changing fashions of the day; the more elaborate and tasteful decorations of the pencil; the piano forte, which had soothed and brightened her varying hours. Was it possible that those dear hands should touch its chords no more for years, perhaps for ever? There was the work-box, the quiet but precious instrument over which a woman's heart pours out its home emotions in most unconscious freedom. She opened it with a trembling hand. How tasteful, how judicious! Character was visible in all its combinations; it spoke of economy, just arrangement, and fancy, while little touches of the affections peeped forth from its many compartments. As she gazed on these things tears gushed forth, and she heard not Isabel's light footstep, until her arms were thrown around her.

'I would that you had not witnessed these emotions,' said her mother, almost coldly. 'You have chosen your path, and leave me to go down coldly to mine. Strangers are to occupy the heart which I have trained for eighteen years. But go. Console yourself as you will, midnight and tears are my portion.'

Isabel clung to her mother beseechingly, the lofty look of heroism almost driven from her brow. 'Mother, your parents doted on you,' she said filially, 'as you on me, yet you left their arms for an earthly love. How much greater is the duty that calls me from you! to give salvation to the lost, life to the dying. Oh mother, she continued, grasping her hand with kindling eye and solemn gestures, 'should I die in this enterprise, go boldly to the court of heaven and ask for your child. How proud will be your joy to see the weak and humble girl you nurtured in your bosom, surrounded by the white-robed souls she has rescued through Christ's mercy, perchance leading their hymns in heaven, as she has done on earth? Oh mother, will they not greet you on earth with a new song of joy, 'Welcome thou whose child has opened unto us the book of life?'

The mother was awed, silenced. She took the dear enthusiast to her arms, stroked the falling hair from her glistening eyes, and pressing that soft cheek to her bosom said, 'I will resign thee, beloved, God's will be done.'

THE PARTING.
The bridal was over, the few guests had gone, and silence settled on that little group so soon to be severed by rolling seas. Isabel touched a few chords on her piano-forte. At first her hand trembled, and Rosalie who stood by looking wistfully, wiped her sister's cheek with her little handkerchief. Gradually her fingers became firm as her thoughts possessed themselves of her great mission, and her voice full and deep as in her freest moments, while she sang to the tune of the 'Bride's Farewell,' the touching verses of a Southern poetess.

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

BY MISS MARY PALMER.
Farewell, Mother—Jesus calls me
Far away from home and thee;
Earthly love no more enthralls me,
When a bleeding Cross I see.
Farewell, Mother—do not pain me
By thine agonizing weep.
These fond arms cannot detain me,
Dearest Mother—I must go!

Farewell, Father—Oh! how tender
Are the cords that bind me here;
Jesus! help me to surrender
All love, without a tear.
No—my Saviour! wert thou tearless,
Leaving o'er the buried dead.
At this hour, so sad and cheerless,
Shall not burning tears be shed.

Farewell, Sister—do not press me
To thy young and throbbing heart;
Oh! no longer now distress me,
Sister—Sister—we must part.
Farewell—pale and silent Brother—
How I grieve to pain thee so:
Father—Mother—Sister—Brother—
Jesus calls—Oh! let me go!

Every heart was throbbing, every eye gushing with tears except that of the rapt singer, who sat with upward looks like a bird preparing to wing its upward way to warmer skies.

Rosalie had been cradled in her arms for three years; that night was her first banishment, and the child had sobbed herself to sleep in the little crib assigned to her by her mother's bedside. Isabel sought the slumberer alone, for the first time overpowered by regrets stronger than religious duty. She locked the door and trod lightly to the bedside. The little sleeper's face had resumed its tranquillity, but there was a deeper flush than usual on her rounded cheek, and as Isabel put softly aside the entangled hair on the pillow, she found it wet with tears.—Long and earnest and loving was the gaze of the Missionary's bride, and as she looked, the chest of the child stirred with a prolonged and trembling sob like the heaving of a billow when the gale has died away. Isabel disengaged one of those moist curls, severed it from its luxuriant companions, & placed it in her bosom pressed her hand a mo-

ment an her own throbbing heart. The struggle passed away, and kneeling by the bedside, she whispered a prayer.

'God and Father of innocence' she said, as I love the soul of this little child, so may I love the soul of the benighted ones who are in the darkness of heathenism. Let me crush every love which would draw me away from my high calling.

She rose from her knees tearless in the night of holy resolution, and bending over the little girl, kissed her hands and forehead; then looking upwards said again, 'God bless thee' young angel, and teach me to save kindred souls.'

A low knock at the door and a tender voice aroused her, and with a light tread she left the room.

THE VOYAGE.
The young bride at sea! Who has not seen her gush of parting sorrow dried slowly away, as one for whom she had left all, stands near to comfort her? And she is comforted. The long, long day, listless to others is full of thought to her for he watches her steps, her smile, her sigh—his future and hers are one. She loves to see the sunlit waves, the evening stars with him, and the storm loses its dreadfulness, for she is clasped in his arms through the tumult. 'Young, confiding bride, be it ever thus even on the ocean of life! May thy trim ship tread well the waters, the sky of heaven be bright above thee, the winds wait thee kindly on, and he who holds the helm be true!

It was sweet to hear the hymns that rose from time to time, from the young missionaries, in the holy joy of their souls. Isabel's voice kindled in rapt delight, until the roughest sailor paused and caught the religious glow.

There was little to try the fortitude of the Missionaries in the voyage, which was marked by the common incidents of sea-life, until they entered the Bay of Bengal. The day previous had been oppressive; there was a stagnation in the air as if its circulation had been suddenly suspended, and on the following morning, the experienced commander reefed his sails, though the winds as yet but threatened in light gusts. A yellow haze loomed ahward the sun which was strangely reflecting in the gurgling waters; this aspect continued through the morning. Henry and Isabel observed a change in the countenance of seamen, which they could scarcely think was authorized by the appearance of the heavens, for though unusual, there was nothing terrific in the brazen hue of the clouds but as they continued to gaze, there was a mystery in the stillness as if the foot of the Eternal might be treading on his wonderful watery creation. After a few hours a steady gale commenced, gigantic clouds roled like troubled spirits through the air, as they strode low like seeming monsters above and around. Isabel shrank nearer to her husband. At twilight the hurricane began—and the chafed ship, like a living thing, now sank as in despair, now leapt over the swelling billows.

The Missionaries summoned the strength of their souls and awaited in silence God's will. It was a night of fearful anxiety; no one slept but Isabel, who leaning on her husband's arm dreamed sweetly of her orphaned son beside the river, startled only when the Captain's voice spoke in the deep tones of the trumpet and overtopped the gale.

Suddenly a heavy sea struck the ship astern and the waters rushed in the cabin.—The shock was tremendous. Henry bore his dripping charge in his arms to the Captain's cabin. She was quiet insensible, her loosened hair fell about her in wet masses, her lips were blue and her whole frame rigid. Henry chafed her cold hands wrung the damp from her hair, and gave her restoratives. She opened her eyes at length, spoke his name, and laid her head on his shoulder like a glad child.

'We will die together,' whispered she 'and though we are not God's favored instruments, he will carry on his good work by other hands.'

And now the uproar on deck became dreadful terrific; huge billows burst over the bows of the ship, writing, and spouting, and glittering with phosphoric light, while the lightning darted over the ocean. The Captain lost his assumed calmness, and the wild oaths sounded amid the storm like the shouts of a demon. Isabel shuddered at the impiety which could thus brave heaven, when seemingly so near its final judgment. At this period the vessel was inert and powerless, drifting like a disabled swan on the waters. Isabel sat, her hands clasped in Henry's, her eyes upturned and her lips moving as if in prayer. At length the welcome sound of relief was heard, the vessel righted, and the waves rushed like released prisoners from the deck.

The morning rose in beauty, and soon the lines of green so dear to the landsman's eye opened on the view.

'Is your heart still strong beloved?' said Henry, as he pointed to the distant shore.—'Are there no yearnings for friends and home?'

Isabel smiled and pressed the hand of her husband. 'The Lord has not preserved me from a watery grave, that I should bear a faltering heart. I feel strong in his arm; let him lead me where he willeth, so I can aid his cause.'

THE NEW HOME.
Isabel's emotions she heard the shores of Hindostan were almost dreamlike, and she asked herself, as objects of strange novelty met her eye, 'What am I who have ventured thus? An atom amid the ocean; but the Lord careth even for the sparrow.'

The new perfume from the flowers was among the first things that told her of her distance from home.

'I have to remember, she said to Henry 'that the same God secured these rich blossoms, who gave the odor to my garden rose; let me not forget that he too is the God of the heathen as well as Christian souls.'

They were touched with the picturesque beauty of the scene as they sailed up one of the mouths of the Ganges. Hindoo cottages in the form of haystacks, without chimneys or windows, clustered beneath luxuriant trees, contrasted in their rudeness by the more elaborate pagodas. Wide fields of rice and grass of exquisite verdure were spread around, while herds of cattle fed on the banks of the river. But a glance at the inhabitants concentrated the thoughts of the Missionaries, and fixed them on the worth of human souls. They were willing, in the devotion of their feelings, to enter one of those hovels and begin the works of salvation. But new objects arrested their attention, as they journeyed to the

seat of the mission. A bridegroom about ten years of age, was carried in a palanquin crowded with flowers, followed by procession with musical instruments. Tears started in Isabel's eyes as they following this idle pageant, at the thought of the rational and simple rites of her own betrothal.

The next object that called prayer deep from the souls of the strangers was the worship of Juggernaut, the miserably painted wooden idol before which immense multitudes assembled with overwhelming shouts. Henry and Isabel cast down their eyes at the sacrifice, and remembered the simple church at home; where spiritual prayers were the choicest gift to heaven.

Their curiosity was attracted by a rude kind of basket, suspending from a tree. On looking within they discovered the partially devoured remains of a little child. Isabel shuddered, and thought of the happy home of her childhood, and Rosalie pillowed on her mother's bosom.

But the most horrible scene to Isabel in this memorable journey, and one which Henry would willingly have spared her, was the sacrifice of a woman to the manes of her husband. In vain the missionaries tried to move away from that harrowing scene, there was a spell, a fascination even in its terrors, that chained them to the spot, and Isabel sick at heart, with starting eyes and panting chest, looked on. 'A grave was dug near the river, large and deep, and after a few initiatory rites as unintelligible as they were fantastical, the widow took a formal leave of her friends and descended into the chamber of death. It may be that she was stupefied with opium, for there was a mechanical insensibility about her that seemed scarcely human. As soon as she reached the bottom of the pit, to which she descended by a rude ladder, she was left alone with the body of her husband, in a revolting state of decay, which she embraced and clasped to her bosom, and then gave the signal for the last act of this shocking scene to commence. The earth was deliberately thrown upon her, while two persons descended into the grave and trampled it tightly round the self-devoted sacrifice. During this tardy and terrible process, the doomed woman sat an unconcerned spectator, occasionally caressing the corpse, and looking with an expression of almost sublime triumph as the earth embraced her body. The hands of her own children aided in this terrible rite, heaping around her the cold dust to which she was so soon to be resolved. At length all but her head was covered, when the pit was hurriedly covered in, and her nearest relatives danced over the inhumed body with frantic gestures of extacy or madness.'

Before the termination of this scene, Isabel, who had lingered with infatuated interest, fainted. On recovering she said to Henry, 'Assist me, my husband, to hate this act more than I do. Again and again, I thought I could bear to die thus with you, rather than live without you. Will God forgive my idolatry?'

At length the young Missionaries reached their home. Home? And was this the abode of the delicate Isabel? The late inmates had died of the fever of the climate, and no kind hand had arranged the few relics that remained. The dwelling consisted of two rooms, made of bamboo and thatch, with doors opposite each other; an air of desolation prevailed every where around. Day after day Isabel labored with those fair hands so unused to toil, until an air of comfort wrought its charm around her; then her love of the beautiful broke forth; she trained the native shrubbery around the dwelling, and planted a spot on which her husband's eye might gratefully repose as he sat at his daily studies; but alas—hunger, and heat, and debility often took from her the power of more than necessary effort. Nothing is more wearing to an ardent Missionary, who has sacrificed every thing for spiritual good, than to find himself trammelled down to the physical wants of life. Isabel felt this pressure a trial almost more than she could bear, and it was a day of prayerful thanksgiving for her, when she was permitted by the employment of other hands in menial occupation, to aid her husband in teaching. His labors were lightened by her active spirit, and it was a blessing to her soul to toil with him, to listen to his earnest voice as he preached of salvation. And oh how beautiful he was to her, as he stood with earnest eyes and gestures breaking the bread of life to the benighted souls around him; and then, when evening came, they could sit by their garden, and talk of distant America. Were they happy? Troubled thoughts and forebodings sometimes shot through their minds like an ice-bolt, for death might come and sunder them; conversions were slow; brutish ignorance or ingenious skepticism baffled their dearest hopes; the seed which they planted seemed strowed on stony hearts, but still their hearts were firm; strong prayer went up daily, hourly from the temple of their heart, though all others were closed against them; faith looked with her bright, keen glance beyond the present hour, and showed them precious souls redeemed by their toils.

In the midst of these emotions, Henry was seized with the fever of the climate. Poor Isabel left all for him. Night and day she bent over his pillow, and forgot that it was wrong to realize the faint glow of health kindly on his cheek, to aid his faltering steps, to feel the cool hand which had so lately burned and throbed beneath her own touch! Isabel sat at his feet, and looked and looked, until tears started to her eyes for love and joy.

One evening Henry was summoned to his wife's apartment. She had given birth to a boy. The little one lived but to receive a father's first and last blessing, before his perfect features settled to repose. And Isabel was departing too;—the loving eye grew dim, the sweet voice low. The boy was brought to her, his young eyes closed, the discolored lips where the dark touch of death first appeared bound up, and his little hands the exact pattern of his mother's crossed on his cold breast. She pressed him feebly in her dying arms, raised one meek glance to heaven, then fixed it on Henry who stood statue-like before her. That look recalled his fitting senses and kneeling by the bedside he threw his arms around her, and bent his face to hers.

'God calls for you Isabel,' she whispered.—'Send for Ellen, marry her, Cease not to labor

for the perishing heathen.' A slight convulsion passed over her face and the lovely spirit was gone.

Henry wept not, his soul seemed darkened to stone; he placed the babe in his mother's arms, and it was a strange pleasure to lay that little hand on her bosom, and twine their cold hands together. Night came, his attendants left him alone; the breeze that swept through the open doors waved the white garment of the dead. Henry started! a burst of woe, a loneliness most drear and dreadful came over him; he wrung his hands, he traversed the floor with groans of unutterable despair, he bent over those pale forms with clenched hands. What was life, what was duty to him? He must tread the world alone, the silence was unupportable. He shouted aloud,—'Isabel! Isabel! speak. Speak, my boy, utter a sound, one human cry. Oh, death! death! The wretched man threw himself on the floor, and wept aloud. From tears followed prayers. The spirit of God descended, and wrapped him in his folding wings, and he grew calm.

Morning came; he was tranquil. He laid his beloved at the foot of the garden beneath the tree she loved, the baby in her arms, and left her there; but when evening drew nigh, and the night odors breathed abroad, he sought the spot. It was a terrible joy to be there, he laid his face to the sod, and listened as if her voice might answer, and the breathings of her heart respond to his own. He struggled for prayer, but his lips were parched, and the words died away; he felt as if an awful temptation were on him, as if God had forsaken him; he lay gasping for breath; dim and dreary shadows flitted about him, wailings as of new born infants passed through the air, mingled with grating death moans; he touched cold forms and they clasped him with chill clatterings. He was found in the morning in high delirium.

THE CONFLICT.
Henry recovered, and returned to his duties, but a deep cloud of sadness invested his soul; loneliness as of a desert was around him; there was light, but no warmth in his existence. As he sat one evening in his desolate abode, a keen rush of memory like sudden winds came by him, and he fancied he heard a voice saying, 'Do not alone, send for Ellen, marry her.' He started; he drove the thought away like a guilty thing. It came again and again; it clung to him in the midst of duty, in silence, in prayer; the winds whispered it; it rose in dreams. He ceased to visit the grave of Isabel, young flowers were springing there and he knew it not. Impulse ripened to resolution. He wrote to Ellen, he told her of her friend's dying request; he made bare the sorrows and wants of his bereaved heart, and he asked if she would be the ministering angel to heal his wounds. He promised to cherish and love her, and though a cloud would shadow their memories, it would be tinged by the hope of aiding each other in the great cause of rescuing souls from death.

Henry's frame of mind for some time after sending this letter was calm. If his proposal was accepted the answer would be in person, as an immediate opportunity offered for Ellen's departure. But as the time drew near for her arrival, he became nervous and depressed; he re-arranged and removed every object that directly reminded him of Isabel. He never glanced at her grave, the shrubs grew wildly on its rank soil, and the turf was green. Time flew so rapidly, that Henry sometimes caught his breath at the nearness of his fate. He labored in every possible shape; there was a rapidity in his step and eye, that showed a hurried mind; he slept little, and the mearest companions were more welcome than solitude. Did he wish Ellen to come? She arrived; the conflict between varying feelings and motives had almost rent her frame, but she came, shrinking, sensitive, and loving. Trembling to her heart's very core, she extended her hand to Henry; he shrank as from a basilisk, and uttering a loud, deep cry of horror and disgust, sank on a chair and wept. Ellen, deeply affected herself, scarcely comprehended the nature of her feelings; she was unwilling to weep for the lost and gentle Isabel. Henry roused himself, but there was a strange and hurrying tone of manner that agitated the embarrassed girl. He urged their immediate marriage, as his house was their only residence, and that evening she became his bride.

A year, just a year that night Isabel had died.—What image haunted the new bridegroom? Not that of the adventurous girl, who had braved every thing, even reputation for him; no, the cold pale form of Isabel was before him, and as he glanced at the apartment where the evening breeze had stirred her shroud, he shrank from entering, and instead of the bridal chamber he sought her grave.—Hour after hour passed away; a new alarm filled the breast of poor Ellen, a stranger and alone. She drew back the curtain of her window, the air was sultry, and bore heavily the odor of night blossoms on its wing. She leaned from the easement; the blossoms looked silvery soft in the moon's rays.—Her fears gushed forth, for she felt forsaken and she knew that the world would point to her in derision. She heard a moan, deep, wild and piteous, like that with which Henry had greeted her, when she had sought him with love's true confidence.—Oh, heaven! was this the meeting on which her thoughts had dwelt with such dreams of hope and tenderness? Why had she fancied that his arms would have enfolded and supported her? Her brain grew dizzy, and she leaned once more from the window. Again that groaning shriek met her ear, more wild and fearful than before, and straining her sight in the remote part of the garden, she saw Henry, with frantic gesticulations, embracing a grassy mound. The truth flashed upon her—she had sought the grave of Isabel rather than her arms.—Desolate and broken hearted, she swooned away.

The morning awoke her to misery. Henry's raving in the delirium of a fever, now calling on Isabel and his boy, and now shrinking as from some demonic vision; he dared not name. A few days passed away, and gradually and humbly poor Ellen introduced herself into his apartment, her eyes downcast, her voice in whispers, and performed the gentle offices of woman's love. By and by the sufferer began to call her Isabel, and stroke her hand fondly as if by his side, while with the other she smoothed the tangled hair on his burning forehead. He listened as Ellen talked of Isabel and showed him her picture, the gift of early friendship; he took the gathered flowers which she told him they were fresh from Isabel's grave; she sang him the hymns they had once sung together, in soft tones like Isabel's, and kneeling by the bedside prayed that her pure spirit might look down and bless them. The struggle of reason was awful and mysterious, and some time Ellen's heart failed within her, and a sickness like death came over her soul; then would she go to Isabel's grave, and pray. The soft breeze revived her, and as it played amid her curls, she looked like the spirit of hope and tenderness, and trod back with a lighter step to that scene of darkness and care.

One day as she read, and thought Henry slept, he was gazing upon her, and presently he spoke her name. Was it a dream? Ellen clasped her hands in eager hope.

'Ellen,' he said, softly and tenderly. 'Ellen, my wife!'