

She stifled the cries of her wounded heart, and mingled with the gay and joyous as if she were one of them. O, is it not often thus? Are not the bitter feelings of the soul locked within it, till it sighs like a pent-up bird to soar away into the clear blue heaven, to a home where the earth-weary may rest? Are not smiles worn, and merry words spoken, to hide the ghostliness of a breaking heart? — Ah, yes! and yet we think not that often beneath a cheerful exterior, grief is lurking like a poisonous serpent, to blast with its fatal venom the energies of the soul? Alas! for those who must weep in secret, and go abroad as gaily as if no care were oppressing them! These are those whose suffering speaks eloquently in warm tears gushing over pale cheeks, where anguish is written on every feature, but God pity those who must lock their sorrows in the far, far depths of their own hearts and live a life that is all a bitter mockery!