

Yet this knowledge of his own power came to him fraught with sorrow, for he knew how almost insurmountable were the obstacles which intervened between his hope and their fulfillment. He remembered the desires of his late benefactor; he thought of the faith he had pledged to his gentle cousin and a myriad of ties seemed to bind him to the life he had already entered upon. But Allan was not one who could silence the voice of an imperative desire within his own heart. He became moody, melancholy, a most misanthropic in his habits, and at length ventured to confide to Faith the true nature of his unhappiness. The gentle girl listened to the tale with more pain than she would willingly have disclosed to him. She had none of his enthusiasm, and when he dwelt upon his aspiring hopes of fame, she could only listen in silence. But when he spoke so eagerly of quitting his native land, and seemed to find all his anticipations upon long residence in Rome, as the primary step toward his future honors, it needed all a woman's power of repression to keep down the swelling anguish of a loving and sorrowing heart.

But Faith knew not what it was to yield to selfish impulses. From the moment when she became acquainted with Allan's wishes she had determined that they should be gratified, but she had been so much accustomed to take plain and practical views of life, that she clearly saw all the difficulties which were to be overcome. She was entirely ignorant of the probable expenses of a prolonged residence in Europe, and Allan had very exaggerated ideas on the subject, so that she was convinced a much larger sum of money than she could command would be required. She was resolute and persevering, however, and she therefore consulted with a neighbor, a man of business habits and cold temper, who would merely give her the desired advice without troubling her with disinterested counsel. The result of it all was, that Faith mortgaged her little patrimony, and the amount thus obtained was placed in the hands of a banker, to be drawn upon as Allan's necessities might require. This was done without the knowledge of her cousin, for she anticipated his generous opposition to the sacrifice, and she was too firm in her purpose to subject herself willingly to his remonstrances. But Faith did not know Allan's true character. His joy at the prospect of now accomplishing his desires—his wild excitement at the idea of visiting the old world, and exploring its treasures of art, made him totally forgetful of the means by which he had compassed his wishes. He thanked his cousin warmly and heartily, but he was quite unmindful of the sacrifice she had made and must continue to make. His hurried preparations were soon completed, and without one misgiving of conscience on account of her to whom he was leaving the bitter legacy of hope deferred, he set out upon his pilgrimage.

Month after month passed away. Allan's letters were full of hope and happiness, for he was wandering in a land replete of loveliness, and he was drinking deeply of the joy which is poured out in such excess upon one who, for the first time, finds himself in a clime where simple breath is enjoyment. He was fostering his genius under the genial skies of a country where life is poetry, and he had little thought to waste upon those he had left in his distant home. Yet the time which had flitted so pleasantly to him, had brought care and sorrow to Faith Templeton. She was surrounded by anxieties, for the weight of debt, that hardest of all things to a woman's conscience, was upon her, and she seemed to become more deeply involved by every struggle to free herself. Three years after Allan's departure, during a season of general pecuniary distress, she found her means quite exhausted, and a sale of the homestead where she had been born and bred, became absolutely necessary. A small sum remained

after the incumbrance on the estate was removed, and Faith soon perceived that she must depend on her own exertions for her future livelihood. Accordingly she opened a school for the better class of village children, and, as every one was willing to aid the 'minister's daughter' in her attempts at eking out her narrow income, Faith soon found that with economy and industry she could secure her aunt as well as herself from the pressure of want.

How different was her patient and toilsome life from the luxurious existence which Allan now led, in a land where the sweet delight of idleness makes up the sum of human enjoyment. Yet he knew nothing of the privations Faith was suffering for his sake. He asked no questions; and content with a vague belief that all was right, because he heard nothing to the contrary, he continued to draw from time to time, in small sums, the money which still lay in the bank's hands, occasionally satisfying his conscience by selling a few pencil-sketches, or clay-models, as a slight aid to his own support.

Was there magnanimity, genuine, unmistakable magnanimity in Faith's conduct? Had she been but ordinarily selfish, Allan would have been probably pursuing his studies at home, in the near prospect of fulfilling all her father's hopes, and she would still have possessed her little patrimony, and been happy in the society of her lover. It is easy to play a grand part in great things, but it requires a very noble soul to be great in the small duties of life, and few, very few women, could have acted the part of the self-sacrificing, the self-forgetting Faith Templeton. Yet her affections were such habits of her being, and their gratification was so essential to her happiness, that her sacrifices were unnoted by herself. In a heart like hers, tenderness is a plant of slow growth, but it takes deep root, and when love has grown up in such a nature from childhood, it can only be destroyed by the slow decay of time and death.

Four, five, six, seven years passed on, and Allan spoke not of return. His letters had become changed in tone. They were less frequent, shorter, and contained less tidings of himself. Though he had for some time provided for his daily wants by his own industry, and skill in modeling copies from the antique, yet he seemed now less hopeful of success. He seemed to have grown weary and morbid, yet he said nothing of the associations of his boyhood. He wrote to his cousin kindly and tenderly, but with a degree of reserve which troubled her gentle spirit. At length the whole tale was told: Faith received a long letter from him; the handwriting was tremulous, and in some places it was blotted and blurred as if tears had fallen upon the page.

'You will hate me, Faith,' he wrote: 'you will hate me, and I deserve that you should yet I swear to you that I did not mean to wrong you. I loved you dearly when we parted, and I fancied that my heart swelled with the full tide of passion when I bade you farewell. Alas! had I never left you I should still be happy in such belief. When I found myself first in strange lands, a feeling of loneliness took possession of me; and then a sense of beauty, dazzling, intoxicating, bewildering, came upon me. The enervating influence of the genial clime, the presence of beauty in earth, and sea, and sky, the personification of beauty the speaking canvases and in the breathing marble, all combined to make me conscious of a new sense, a new capacity for enjoyment. I did not cease to love you, Faith, but I felt myself capable of a deeper and stronger feeling. You were my sister, my friend, my gentle, sweet companion, and as such your memory was fondly cherished; but my blood coursed like molten lava in my veins, and my brain thrilled with wild fancies when the presence of the beautiful entranced me. I began to imagine to myself the true form of Love. Shall I confess to you, Faith?—I confess to you, Faith, that I

my boyish fancy.

'Yet I resolved to renounce all these maddening fantasies; I resolved to devote myself to the acquisition of fame, and when I had won for myself the hope of a name, I meant to return to you, and make you my honored and cherished wife. I resolved to crush these new impulses, which were as viipers to my heart. I would be a man of honor even if the sacrifice of my deeper nature were demanded. But you seemed so content in your absence from me, you were so resigned, so quiet, so almost cold in your patient suffering of our long protracted separation, that I could not believe you were unhappy. So I lingered on, amid these sweet excitements of soul and sense, until the magic of their influence had perverted my very soul.

'I dared not write to you the truth; I dared not tell you that my being was consumed by a wild and fierce and untamable passion. I dared not tell you that she for whom I would have periled life and honor was the wife of another—the wife of one who scorned and ill-treated her. Yes, in all her bright and glorious beauty, she was flung off like a worthless thing, because the man who claimed the right to dispose of her destiny was given up to grovelling vice. I forgot you, Faith; I forgot all that bound me to my native land. A tress of Teresa's raven hair could bind me with a stronger band than honor and loyalty. For the first time in my life I loved madly and passionately. Oh! how different was the wild, fierce joy of such a feeling from the calm, still, pulseless tenderness of my early affection.

'Yet I looked not to any happy future. Teresa was already a wife, and only dark hopelessness could rest on such a love. Yet I told her how I loved her—I taught her to seek my sympathy—and she first wondere at such burning passion in one who came of so cold a clime—she wondered at it, and then was won by it. But I must not linger thus in my tale. Teresa's husband died; a tavern brawl sent him to his last account, and left her free. He had wasted his wealth in riotous excess, and she was now friendless and poor. She claimed from me the sympathy I had so often proffered, and I gazed on her glorious beauty until I had no remembrance of aught beyond my present joy. I listened to her voice of music until the accents of duty were unheard.

'Teresa is my wife, my wedded wife, Faith, and I have treated you like a villain.

'It is more than a twelvemonth since I married; and want and sorrow have made fearful havoc with me. I am coming to you, Faith, with my wife and child; they must not starve when I am no longer here to watch over them. As for me, my gentle cousin, I am dying; my days are numbered; the hallo cough that racks my feeble frame, the fevered pulse which now keeps rapid time for the march of death, are tokens not to be mistaken. It may be that I shall live to reach my boyhood's home, but it will only be to lay my bones in the old church-yard. In three days more I shall embark for my native land. I know not how to ask you, Faith, and yet I would fain have you meet me in New York. I would hear from your own lips that you forgive me, and I would commend to your care my helpless Teresa. She loves with an affection which your calm nature could not fathom, and I dread for her, more than for myself, the moment when death will sever us. Meet me, my sweet Faith, and let me place in your safe keeping my heart's treasures ere I go hence to be seen no more.'

To describe the feelings of Faith Templeton as she perused this terrible letter would be worse than useless. The current of her feelings had been so quiet that she knew not their depth, until now when they were so fearfully stirred. She had never before suspected her own capacity for suffering; but the wild and tumultuous emotions which now assailed within her bosom taught her how

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strong is the human heart in its agony. Oh who that has ever known this terrific upheaving of the tranquil waves of feeling, but remembers with what cold horror they watched the receding waters. Hope, and Love and Truth, even faith in Providence, and trust in God, are sometimes whelmed beneath the mighty tide; and from the wrecks of our richly freighted bark, we can only build an altar to 'Time the Comforter.'

Hours of tearful, prayerful anguish did Faith endure she could summon her wonted energy to her aid. Her heart was crushed, and yet her magnanimous soul did not cease to utter the oracles of truth. The path of duty seemed plain to her; and she resolved to tread it firmly and patiently. To meet Allan with a kindly welcome—to receive his wife as a sister, and his child as a new claimant on her affection—to revive his drooping spirits, as she hoped, to renew his failing health by her care—such were the thoughts of the heart-stricken but noble woman.

Deputing the charge of her little school to a friend, until her return, she set off for the city, accompanied by Allan's aged mother. On the day she reached New York the ship was reported as arrived, and with mingled emotions, Faith prepared to meet her cousin. She had pictured him pale, feeble and suffering, and she had schooled herself to perfect calmness at their meeting that she might spare his feelings. Alas! she was soon freed from all such tender anxieties. On the evening before the ship reached port, Allan had breathed his last. To look upon his lifeless body, and to listen to the piteous wailings of his desolate widow, were now all that Faith could do. Poor Faith! it was a bitter trial. She had hoped to minister to his comfort, to make his last days happy by her friendship, to assure him of her forgiveness, and to receive from his hands the trust of those whom he loved. But now death had destroyed the last pale hope that shivered at her heart. She could not breathe pardon and affection in his leaden ear, she could not press with kindly greeting his icy fingers. She was destined to offer sacrifices without reward, without appreciation, and henceforth she must cherish life for the sake of those who wept his death. Poor, poor Faith!

Allan's widow was young and very beautiful, but she was as childlike in character as her own fair babe, whom she fondled like a plaything in the midst of all her grief. She could not speak a word of English, and the accents of her soft Italian tongue were musical but meaningless in the ears of Faith. Yet a sympathy of feeling seemed to unite the mourners, and Teresa was gentle and docile in her sorrow. The body of Allan Graham was borne to his native village, and laid in the old church-yard where he had often played when a boy; while Teresa and the child became the inmates of Faith's humble home. Ceaselessly now was the lonely-hearted woman called to toil, for those who had been dearest to Allan depended upon her daily labor for their every comfort. Yet there was much kindly sympathy awakened in those who had long known and loved her, and Faith soon found, that while her health and strength remained, want would never come nigh them.

Many and great were now her trials. Allan's mother had now been failing, and now this unlooked-for sorrow had hastened the work of time. She became infirm in body and imbecile in mind, a burden upon Faith's hands as well as upon her heart. Teresa, too, with her childish ways, her ignorance of the restraints of northern life, her waywardness of temper, her reckless gaiety at one time, her frightful moodiness at another, and her fierce, ungovernable anger at the slightest opposition to her will, filled Faith with anxious cares, and left her little enjoyment of that peace which was the true atmosphere of her soul. Yet was she ever quick and patient, for she looked upon all her trials as so many offerings to the memory of Allan. She

bore her aunt's infirmities and caprices with gentleness, and though she had more to dread from Teresa's untamed character, yet she despaired not of winning her to better impulses by the influence of kindness. She taught her the language of her adopted land, and strove unweariedly to instruct her in the duties so essential to womanly character in a country where happiness grows not up without careful culture. Allan's child, too, the little Angelo, as his mother fondly called him, came an object of especial interest to Faith, for as he grew older she saw much of his father's vacillating temper and of his mother's wild nature in the beautiful boy. Around her was care and life-long anxiety, and yet the sweet, trusting character of Faith led her to fashion ever some gentle hope for the future, and now all that remained to her of anticipation was associated with the boy, the child of her affection.

Years passed on, and the lines which time and sorrow write on every brow were traced deeply on the forehead of Faith. Silver threads wove themselves thickly amid her brown locks, and she knew that, in weariness and toil, she was now treading the downhill of life. But never yet was human suffering utterly in vain. Dark and gloomy as seem the paths of sorrow, yet do they ever lead to light and goodness. Mrs. Graham, after years of helplessness, died with a blessing on her lips, and Faith felt that so far her cares had been repaid. But it was not until long, long afterward that the wild temper of Teresa was subdued beneath her gentle influence. Many a weary season of discomfort and dissension and dissatisfaction did Faith undergo—many were the trials of her patience with the wayward and undisciplined creature 'who had come in between herself and happiness. Yet never did Faith indulge in one word of unkindness or rebuke toward her whom Allan had loved. At length Teresa, too, was gathered to the shadowy regions of the dead; but in her life's last hours Faith's pure heart swelled with grateful joy when she found that her efforts had not been in vain, and that a prayerful reliance upon Heaven had taken the place of Teresa's proud defiance.

A quarter of a century rolled away—what an age in the heart's record!—and Faith, now an aged and decrepit woman, lay stretched upon the bed of death. One only hope had not deceived her; Allan's child had realized her fondest anticipations—in him had her prayers been answered, and now his every tone and look spoke the faithful ministrant of gospel truth, as he sat beside the dying and read the precious promises of Holy Writ. Faith Templeton had been to him as a second mother—she had nurtured his childhood in piety, she had directed his steps in the paths of wisdom, and she had been suffered to behold him filling the humble but useful station which had been her father's pride. But now her duties had been all fulfilled—her mission was accomplished, and the gray ghastliness of death was fast settling upon her face. Suddenly a light, as if an angel wing had swept across her pillow, illumined her countenance.

'All is clear now,' she murmured; 'the trials of a long and weary life—the heavy darkness which sometimes involved my soul—the long-suffering of my patient heart—all is now made clear to me. The mysteries of life are revealed to the dying eye, and now all is bright. Through much sorrow are we purified—through suffering alone are we perfected for Heaven.'

And with these hopeful and trusting words her gentle spirit passed away.

Why is the jaundice like fresh water Because it appears in the spring.

Going it to kill.—A person having occasion to notify a doctor to visit his wife, said to him that she was stepping into his chaise.—Now, doctor, you'll drive to kill, won't you? Yes, certainly, replied Doctor.

Why is the letter f like an habitual coward? Because it is always in fear.

THE FOLLY OF ANGER.—What is so foolish as to get angry? A passionate man is never master of himself—but his bad feelings master him. He is the meanest of slaves. Better a thousand times suffer meekly an affront, or an injury, than to permit your temper to rise and make a fool of yourself, and excite the laughter of others. Who has not seen an angry man, rave and storm like a fool, not knowing what he was about, until he had driven away his best friends, and opened the gates for a flood of ridicule from his enemies for months after? Cease, then, to get angry—for

Rage is a sharp, unmanageable evil, Preys on itself—is a devoted foe To truth and virtue.

Very Novel Petition.—Mr. Sharman Crawford presented in the British House of Commons a petition from two thousand citizens of Rochdale, praying that hanging may be done by 'a clergyman of the state church,' instead of being done by 'a hireling of a sheriff.' They say that it ought to be done so as to make 'a serious and solemn impression,' when these 'hirelings' often do it without even 'due decorum.'

Why is a person who endures great abuse from another, like one who picks his pocket of a large amount? Because he takes a great deal from him.

MODERN LEXICON. 'Plain-Dealer'—A Quaker dealing a hand at 'Whist.'

'Santa Fe Expedition' (?)—Getting from Galveston to Mexico in six months.

'Prize Fight'—Whipping a lottery broker, because he sells you a blank.

'House Rent'—The state of an oyster-shell when the tenant is departed.

'Animal Magnetism'—Politicians pointing to the polls.

'Criminal Court'—A bribed judge and a perjured jury.

'High Gratification'—Kissing a woman on the dome of the St. Charles Hotel.

'Down at the Heel'—The Tendon Achilles.

'Faults Report'—The history of a man's misdeeds.

'Eloquent Circular'—A lady's month.

'Melancholy Reflection'—The image of a constable in your parlor mirror.

'Flying Artillery'—Fragments of Captain Stockton's big gun.

'Records of Time'—A watchmaker's day-book.

'Question of absorbing interest'—Trial of an usury case.

'Sweet Music'—That produced by a drum of figs.

'Minor Considerations'—What you'll do 'when you are twenty-one.'

'Animal Chemistry'—Lie-big's account of a frog transformed into a French fricassee.

'The Blue Hen's Chickens'—As our readers have doubtless observed this phrase frequently used in connection with the little State of Delaware, we give the following explanation from the Baltimore American:—'It will be recollected that Delaware adopted the banner of 'Blue Hen's Chickens' in honor of her Revolutionary Soldiers, who by their gallantry, in thirty-three pitched battles, won the name of 'Game Cocks,' and from their blue uniforms the State was called by the soldiers 'Blue Hen,' and her troops the 'Blue Hen's Chickens.'

W. B. Goodfellow, a student of medicine at St. Louis, was drowned the other day in attempting to cross a swollen creek near that city. He was on horseback, and the first intimation that an accident had occurred to him, was the return of his horse dripping with water.