

written with a definite, didactic aim ; there may be little moralizing and no formal exhortation—the less of either the better ; yet the reader may find a chord struck which needed only striking to vibrate to the end of life, but to which the key-note had never yet been found : he may see there depicted with a life-like pencil, the contest with a temptation against which he is himself struggling, the termination of a career in which he has just taken the first hesitating step, the holy endurance and the happy issue of a trial similar to one which is at the moment darkening his own path : he may see how suffering is borne, how victories are won ; by what moral alchemy, and through what dread alembic, peace and good may be made to spring out of evil, anguish, and conflict : he may meet with reflections and analogies which reflect a sudden light upon his soul and reveal to him the deepest and saddest secrets of his own being—till the hour when he perused that humble volume becomes a date and an era in his existence. Nor are works which thus operate upon the reader by any means always or necessarily those which display the greatest genius in the writer : for the production of such effects, simple fidelity to nature, the intuition of real sympathy, or some true and deep experience of life, are often more powerful than the most skillful and high-wrought delineations.—*Edinburgh Review.*

#### FAITHFUL FOREVER.

IT is a dear delight for the soul to have trust in the faith of another. It makes a pillow of softness for the cheek which is burning with tears and the touch of pain. It pours a balm into the very source of sorrow. It is a hope und deferred, a flowery seclusion into which the mind, when weary of sadness, may retreat for a caress of constant love ; a warmth in the clasp of friendship forever lingering on the hand ; a consoling voice that dwells as with an eternal echo on the ear ; a dew of mercy falling on the bruised and troubled hearts of this world. Bereavements and wishes long withheld descend sometimes as chastening griefs upon our nature ; but there is no solace to the bitterness of broken faith.

Jennie was the morning star of my life. Long before I trod the many wide deserts of the world, I pledged my hope to her. She was so young that my affection came fresh as dew upon her heart. She was gentle to me, and tender, and fond, and sometimes I thought that she loved me less for my own sake than for the sake of love. So I watched the opening bloom of her mind. I wondered what springs of truth were bursting there to make her a joy and a blessing on the earth. I knew that every pulse was warm with a sacred love ; but it was not then that I learned all the deep and abounding faith that had its home in the heart of my Jennie.

Jennie was slim and graceful, with a light step and a gentle dignity of demeanor, which, with her joyful ways, was like the freshness of shade near a sunny place. Her face was fair,

with sometimes a pensive expression ; it was a good, loving face, with soft, blue, floating eyes, full of beauty and tender thought. A smile always played on the lips—not forever of gladness, but of charity, and content, and trust in the future to which her hope was turned. And often a song poured through those lips, as though some happy bird were nestled in her bosom, and sang with her breath its hymns of delight in the joys of life.

All this did Jennie seem to me, and more than this she was ; and she loved me, and I was confident in her affection. For I was then young, and my heart was warm and my hope was strong. I was buoyant as the breeze, and my life was for years a perpetual summer's day. It was the time when the pure springs of nature had not been wasted among the fickle and the cold ; it was the golden season when trust is the companion of truth ; it was the first harvest which garners into the bosom those thoughts and emotions amid which, as on a bed of flowers, "hope clings, feeding like a bee." The heart of Jennie was as deeply stirred, but her soul was more serene than mine.

There was a fearful storm in Europe. I heard of grim tyrants sitting on thrones, whence they gave their commands to armies which marched to the east and to the west, and tore up the vineyards, and trod down the gardens, and blotted out the peace of the world. Anon, there came rumors of a mighty host that had melted away in the north, and glutted with its blood the Russian snows.

Then there came a strange ambition into my mind. My blood became hot. A calamitous frenzy filled my brain. The name of Glory consecrated all these murders to my imagination. I would carry a flag in one of those armies. I would mix in the crimson throng. I would myself bear a sword amid those forests of flashing steel.

And I told this to my Jennie. I thought she would certainly bless me as a hero. I thought she would bind a scarf about my waist, and bid me "go where glory waits thee," if I still remembered her. But, when I said I should leave her for a while and come back with honor, and pride, and the memory of brave acts, and the conscious gratulations of a breast that never knew fear, she became pale, and looked at me sorrowfully, and fell upon my neck, weeping most bitter tears. I asked her why she could grieve, and said the danger was one chance among innumerable probabilities of success. But she only sobbed and trembled, and pressed me to her bosom, and prayed me not to go.

I reasoned with Jennie. I tried to persuade her of the glory of the war. I told her how much more worthy of love she would think me when I came back adorned with laurels. (O how green are the leaves that bloom from slaughter!) I said her image would be my companion ; her voice would be my vesper-bell, her smile my star of the morning ; her face would be the visitant of my dreams ; her love the mercy that would

shield me from every danger. She listened with suspended sobs and trembled, and all the while her eyes were appealing to my own, and penetrating to my heart to invoke its faith, that I might not tempt misfortune to blight the early bridal of our hearts.

When I had done, her answer was as if I had not spoken, for still she only said that I must not go. She gave no more reasons now. And I—did I deserve her love, when I thought that explaining and persuading were answers to the pleading tears, and swelling bosom, and quivering frame, and speaking eyes of that maiden Niobe shaken by her mournful fears?

"You will be changed when you return," she said

I change! I knew I could not change! Why should Jennie doubt my truth? I would prove it. My mind was fixed. My fancy was flushed by ambitious anticipations. I was resolved to leave. Jennie, at length, when her entreaties failed, reproached me, but so gently, that her very upbraiding sounded like a benediction. And so it was. It was not even the selfishness of affection. It was a pure, tender, earnest solicitude. She told me I was breaking faith with her in thus going away to engage in war. Was it for this that she had become the affianced of my heart? Was it for this that she had pledged her love, with every sacred vow, to answer mine? Was it for all this that I should take my hand from the pleasant cares of peace to corrupt it in the villainies of war; that I should mix with the worst of my kind; that I should ride over the harvests of the poor, and carouse in the glare of their burning homes, and see sweet babes made fatherless, and wives bereaved, and brides left desolate in the world? Oh, no. It was I that broke my pledge. I was not true to my early vow. I was not all for her. I had made a new idol for my heart. I had declared I would never cause any sorrow to her, by denying to her love one of its earnest wishes. And now I was doing this. I was making her grieve; I was risking the leaving her desolate to the end of her days. For the sake of what? For the sake of a soldier's ambition. Ambition! As though to wear the gray hairs of a good old man were not a nobler hope than to die in a trench, or live, shuddering with the memory of carnage, and fire, and blood, and all the nameless horrors of a war!

I can not tell all the sorrows of that parting. An infatuation burned in my head, and blinded me. At length I went. Jennie's last blessing upbraided me more deeply than her first reproach. When she knew that I should go, she said not one more desponding word; and then did I feel how gentle she was in sorrow, as she was serene in her days of joy. But I comforted myself. I decided that Jennie, good as she was—dear, loving, noble—could not comprehend the idea of patriotism. And, once, a thought of falsehood crossed my mind. I reflected that I had never tried her—she might not be true to the absent: it would be good to test her faith.

And so I went. Let me forget the horrors and the crimes of that long adventure. Instead of two years I was away seven; and from the first I was sad, sick, remorseful. Nothing but memory recalled to me the thought of love. And then did Jennie's reproaches rise up in judgment against me. I was long lost from her during the confusion of that terrible campaign. A solid continent now lay between us, and now an ocean. I heard not of her during four years. Ah! she has forgotten, said I, the fiery, willful one to whom she gave her early love.

At length I returned; but I was not he to whom she had said that sweet and dear farewell. I was maimed, mutilated, disfigured—a cripple, an object. I came home with a fleet filled half with trophies, half with the limbless, sightless remnants of a glorious war. But then it *was* a glorious war. Yes; in twenty years the earth had been dyed with the blood of six millions of men. What a miserable thing—the relic of a man—I looked, when in the sunny summer we bore down the Channel. I thought of Jennie, as the parting cup went round. I already looked upon her as lost; I had not falsified my pledge, yet had I not broken my own faith in doubting hers? I repented all I had done. Could I bind her to her own? Could I ask her to take, instead of the manly figure she had last seen, a wretched creature such as I then was?

I had feelings of honor—naval honor—honor that blooms on the drum-head—honor that struts in a red sash, and feathered hat. I would release her! As though love were an attorney's bond. As though a penful of ink could blot out the eternal record of a heart's first faithful affection. I wrote to her. I said I heard she was unmarried still. I had come home. I was also unmarried; but I was maimed, distorted, disfigured—an object to look at. I had no right to insist on our contract. I would not force myself upon her. I would spare her feelings. I would not extort a final ratification of her promise. I loved her still, and should always with tenderness remember her, but I was bound to release her. She was free!

Free! Free, by virtue of a written lease. Free, by one line, when the interwoven memories of a life's long faith were bound about her heart; when every root of affection that had struck into her bosom had sprung up with new blossoms of hope to adorn the visionary future. Free, by my honorable conduct—when she cherished as on an altar the flame of her vestal love, made fragrant by purity and trust. *Her* letter was not like mine. It was quick, passionate, burning with affection. It began with a reproach, and the reproach was blotted with a tear—it ended with a blessing, and a tear had made that blessing sacred too. Let me come to her. Let her see my face. Let her embrace me. Let me never leave her more; and she would soothe me for all the pains I had endured. Not a word of her own sorrows!

Scarcely could that happiness be real. And had my long absence; had my miserable disas-

ters, made no change? Was I still, for Jennie, the beloved of other days? "What did you tell her?" said I to my confidential comrade, the one-eyed commodore, a bluff old hero, with a heart as warm as ever beat under gold buttons. He had taken my letter, and brought back Jennie's answer.

"I said you were battered about the hull, till you were a wreck."

"And what did she say? Did she shudder, as with aversion?"

"No; she sobbed, and cried, and asked me if you were injured much, and said you must have suffered bitterly; but she said, too, that you must come to her. 'Miss,' I said, 'he is so knocked about that you won't know him. He'll frighten you. He's a ruin. He has hardly any body left.' And then she flushed to the brow; 'Give him that,' she cried, 'and tell him to come. If he has enough body left to hold his soul, I'll cling to him!'"

And where in tale or song, in history or fable, is an answer recorded of more heroic beauty? What had I to teach *her* of honor. Hers was the honor of the heart; the truth of the soul; the fidelity and love of a woman born to bless this world. Mine was an honor worn like a feather in a cocked hat, like an epaulet, like a spur. It was regulation honor—honor by the rules of "the service." Jennie's was better than mine.

I lived with her near the old place. And my wife, the love of my early days, was still the fond Jennie—gentle, tender, trustful—and, from that day, I buried my ideas of the pride of war.

Jennie was my only glory, and she was faithful to me forever!

#### THE LOST FOUND.

IN the year 18—, the little watering-place of A—, on the western coast of Ireland, was much agitated by a circumstance which occurred there. A nice family had come to pass the summer, and were occupying the only large house which A— could then produce. We will call them by the name of Trevor. They were people of the upper class of life, and wealthy. The father was an Englishman and a clergyman, and had married a niece of the nobleman whose park wall we had just been admiring. And it was a pleasant sight to see his tall, slight figure by the side of his still handsome and graceful wife, and their two fair and fawn-like girls sketching on the shore, or reading on the cliffs, or botanizing in the fields, or climbing the rocks for samphire, or visiting among the cottages of the poor to teach, or comfort, or relieve, which they did most bountifully, and were greatly beloved in the place—the free hand being ever popular among the Irish. They were always together—ever forming one group, like the figures in a piece of statuary; and appeared greatly attached, and drawn to each other as much by affection as by community of taste and habit.

But one evening they had an addition to their

party, in the person of Henry Trevor, the only son of the family. He had his mother's soft, dark eye, and his father's tall, slight form, and in all other respects seemed perfectly identified with the tastes and habits of his parents and gentle sisters: a hundred new enjoyments seemed to have arrived with his presence. The three young people now lived in the open air. Bathing—and Henry was a splendid swimmer—or boating, and Henry was equally expert at the oar or the tiller; or they would go on walking excursions along the cliffs and headlands; or, mounted on rugged little fiery shelties, they would penetrate into the gorges and ravines, and beside the lakes of the C— mountains, which towered behind their house, the haunts of the hill-fox, the otter, and the large golden eagle. In the month of June the place was visited by a tremendous storm; I remember it well. I was then at Brighton, and the loss of life and of craft among the south of England fishermen was lamentable. This tempest came suddenly, and went in like manner, dying off in half an hour, after blowing a hurricane all day, as if exhausted by its own strength. The sea scene at A— was grand in the extreme. The immense long bright billows of the Atlantic, crested with foam and fire, fell one after the other, bursting, like thunder-bolts, up the beach; and seeming to shake the shore and rocks with the explosions of their dread artillery; or, raging round the worn bases of the cliffs, whose blue heads looked placidly out on the warring waters, like a great mind unshaken amidst troubles.

At evening a small brig was seen by the red glare of the setting sun, drifting rapidly on a sunk ledge of rock which guarded the little bay. (At the ebb of tide a rapid current set northward just outside this dangerous reef, but the tide was flowing now). She evidently was not aware of the hidden danger till she had struck, and then appeared immovably wedged into the rock. She was seen to hoist signals of distress, and the roar of a solitary gun came shoreward on the wind. Mr. Trevor and his son were watching her from the beach along with many others, and the former now offered a handsome gratuity to those who would launch and man a boat, and go off to her assistance; but all shook their heads, for, truth to say, the marine of A— was in a very discreditable condition; and, except one middling-sized pinnace, they had no craft fit for such a sea as was then running and raging before them. On this, Henry Trevor, leaping into the pinnace, which was rocking in a little cove, protected by a broad, flat stone from the sea, declared he would go alone, when four young fellows, who often had rowed him in his fishing expeditions, started forward to share his enterprise and his danger; "it was but half a mile to the reef"—"the wind was lulling—the tide at the full—and they would go for the love they had for the young master." The cheek of Mr. Trevor waxed deadly pale, but he was a brave and noble-hearted man, and thought his son was in the path of duty; he was