

the brief remainder of his life in comparative poverty, under the name of the Count de Neuilly. Repose was the only benefit misfortune had brought him; all his manhood and his philosophy had departed. The British nobility and the royal family visited him in his retirement; but there was nothing in his demeanor of the calm resignation and noble fortitude which might have been expected from his checkered fortunes. On becoming a king, Louis Philippe had ceased to be an uncommon man. He died a very ordinary one.

None of his sons have earned celebrity. Ne-mours and Montpensier are involved in the disgrace of having allowed the Government to be overset in 1848 without a struggle to maintain their father. The Duchess of Orleans lives in retirement, educating her son. Of Joinville and D'Aumale the world hears nothing. It is said that the family have agreed to waive their claims on the throne in favor of Henri V., the Bourbon heir; if any such bargain has been made, it was intended as a blind to the world. If Napoleon falls, and a monarchy succeeds him, the sceptre will belong to him who has nerve and power to grasp it.

MARY RANKIN, A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

I HAD been the medical attendant of Mr. Rankin for many years. On coming to the place to start in my profession, I had been accidentally called in to his family, and was so fortunate as to establish a confidence which never deserted me. He continued my warm friend through all the struggles of my early years, and it was perhaps mainly owing to his influence that I gathered about me an amount of business, and that in the best families of the place, in a few months, which most men are glad to reach in as many years. Of course I was warmly attached to him and his family, which at the time of which I write consisted of two daughters, Ellen and Mary.

In Mr. Rankin, I am free to say, few men found any thing to like. He was a stern, proud old man, and eminently aristocratic in his notions and feelings, and so distant in his manners from those at all below him, that he had few friends among them. Among those he chose to consider his equals he was respected for his wealth, for he was rich, and this gave him influence among all classes. He had lost his wife about a year after the birth of his daughter Mary. She was a woman whose character was in strange and striking contrast with his. Every body loved and esteemed her.

The same difference existed between his daughters. Ellen was like her father—the same dark, flashing eye, the same erect form and high bearing and distant manners—while Mary grew up to be one of the gentlest of womankind. Her mild face, and calm blue eyes, and gentle ways, all spoke of the kindest feelings of a heart that was ready always to spread gladness around her.

It always seemed to me a singular feature in

the character of the father, that he would occasionally take a fancy to some individual who was struggling on in the world against the tide, and making little progress, and use all his influence to raise him up. He was never known, I believe, to use his money for this purpose. It may have been only the pride of feeling how much influence he had, more than any real satisfaction he took in such acts. I have already said that I had the benefit of this. Another was a young artist, who, like very many of his profession, had a large share of talent in the way of his art, but no tact at attracting the notice of the world. He was poor and ambitious, two qualities in general most unfit to go side by side in the same person. Mr. Rankin encouraged him—spoke of him in terms of praise to his friends—called often to see him, and stimulated his ambition; and finally—it must have been in a fit of absence of mind—very foolishly invited him to his house.

He might have known better. He might have known that Ellen would treat him with the proudest scorn and contempt, and, more than all, he ought to have known that Mary would pity and love him. There are hearts that run together as the streams of water—hearts that God made to beat side by side, and for each other. And such were those of Philip Fellows and Mary Rankin, and it was only the old story over again. The father discovered it too late, and drove him from the house. He was no deeper read in romance than he was in the human heart, or he would have known how useless that was. Mary had never known, before she met Philip, what it was to have the sympathy of another heart to lean on; and when he was gone, and she met nothing but the stern, cold looks of her father and sister—as stern, and cold, and pitiless as the icebergs of the polar sea—she felt ready to do any thing, and the very first opportunity she ran away with Philip and became his wife.

All attempts at reconciliation were vain. They did not seek for it. But all her friends did, and were met with relentless denial. Mr. Rankin's influence was exerted now to ruin his son-in-law. At first he found it no easy matter, for Philip had become a general favorite. But by perseverance he finally succeeded in drawing away his friends from his support. Mary's name seemed forgotten in her father's house. At least it was never suffered to be mentioned there.

I have found it necessary to say so much, that the reader may be prepared for the following narrative, which I shall give mostly from my diary:

"July 1. As I was stepping into my carriage this morning, I was stopped by a voice calling my name. It was my young friend, Philip Fellows, a young artist who had married Mary Rankin, three years ago, and whom I had not seen for more than a year.

(Here follows the substance of what I have stated above.)

"I was shocked at his appearance, and took him at once into my office.

"Why, what is the matter, Philip?" I inquired. "Are you sick?"

"No, Doctor, I am not sick, but Mary—" and he brushed away a tear that rose to his eye, and his words were choked in his throat.

"Sit down, my dear fellow. I have always a few minutes to spare with you, you know, and especially now, after not having seen you in so long a time. Now tell me all about yourself, where you have been, and what you have been doing. But first, where is Mary?"

"We are stopping at Mr. A.'s, where we arrived last night. I have been in New York for a few months, doing little or nothing but fighting a desperate battle with destiny, and seeing her waste away by my side, till I fear she is dying—and he covered his face this time, and wept like a child.

"We found a good friend in Doctor G——y, who knows you, and he has sent us up here again to try what the change may do for her. You will come and see her, Doctor."

"This very moment, Philip. But, cheer up! It may not be so bad as you fear."

"It can not be worse, at all events."

"We drove at once to Mr. A.'s. Mary was lying on the sofa, and I saw that, though very much altered, the change was not as great in her as in her husband. She received me with one of her old-fashioned smiles, which perhaps was a little saddened, and for some time she talked cheerfully and hopefully about herself. But it was for Philip that she manifested the most anxiety; and I began to think, before my visit was over, that he might in reality be the one who needed my services most. I made no prescription for her, and only gave some general advice as to her care of herself, promising to call every day and see her.

"Evening.—I have just returned from seeing her again. I was summoned in great haste, and found her just recovering from a sort of swoon, in which she had lain so long that they feared she was dead. Her husband was sitting on the side of the bed, holding her hand, and watching with a look of the most utter despair every breath as she slowly revived. At length she opened her eyes, and looked around on our anxious faces, and then on him.

"I thought I was dying," she said, "and the songs of the other world were sounding in my ears. But I am glad for your sake, dear Phil, that I have come back. You would miss me so—wouldn't you? And those dreary nights—how terribly dark they would be to you without me!—and then you would be thinking of the darker grave where your wife was sleeping. I am not afraid to die; but I want to live for your sake, Phil—and she wound her slender, white arm around his neck, and drew him down till his cheek rested on hers.

"He was weeping bitterly while she was calm, and every word was uttered in the plainest but most touching tones of the true and earnest af-

fection that flowed out from her gentle heart. She seemed separated only by a breath from heaven, yet bound to earth, or rather to her husband, by a tie that was stronger than death. There was an awful stillness around them in the dimly-lighted room, and we stood looking at them as if both had been dead.

"Soon she spoke again.

"Do not weep so, dear Phil. I am here with you. I shall not die yet. I can not leave you now to struggle on alone in this hard world. Look at me—speak to me, Phil. It will make me feel stronger to hear your voice."

"He loosened her arm gently from his neck, and rising up, looked in her face with a calm smile, and she smiled as she said,

"There, that is right. We shall be happy again. In a few days I shall be well and strong and by your side again. We will walk out in the green fields, and in the woods where we used to wander years ago, when we first loved each other, but no better than we do now. God has not deserted us yet, Phil, dark and dreary as much of the past has been to you. I have seen the light all the way, and it is shining on us now."

"She knew not what, nor how far off, the light was; but the strong faith and hope of her fond heart saw it, and never lost sight of it. Many and many a time, as Philip told me to-night, in the cloudiest and dreariest days of their sorrow, had she thus cheered and strengthened his faltering heart, who saw it only with the eye of her faith; and yet encouraged by her promise, believed and hoped it might yet shine on them, or on her; for he could have borne all his misery alone, but for the ever-recurring reflection that he had brought the shadow over her.

"It is a terrible thing to witness the contest of a strong mind against adversity; to see care, and anxiety, and watchfulness, and labor—hard, steady, unremitting labor, unrewarded by success; to see a noble-hearted man toiling and moiling on in the fierce battle of life—now cast down, and almost given up to despair; and now, encouraged by some faintest ray of light, rising up again to fight on; to see and know that day and night are spent in the same unremitting and vain contest; that the body is wasting away, and the eye growing sunken and dim, and the face haggard and wan with the strife of the mind against circumstances. But such are the very men, who, if the tide should turn in their favor, would be the admiration of the world. I have a great respect for such men.

"After making such prescription as was necessary, and advising that she should be kept quiet through the night, I beckoned Philip into the next room, and told him I wanted to know all about him since he had been absent. He told me a sad tale of his struggles and poverty, and how his heart would have failed him long ago if it had not been for his wife.

"And why did you not come to me, Philip?"

"Why, to tell the truth, my desertion by all my friends here has made me suspicious and

proud, and I was determined to fight my battle alone.'

"That was all nonsense. But now cheer up! I have no doubt Mary speaks the truth. She will not die now, and there are brighter days ahead. You must believe it, and let her see that you believe it; for there is nothing the matter with her but her anxiety for you. Every thing depends upon you. Trust in God, and keep a strong heart.'

"I try, Doctor; but my heart accuses me so much for making her the sharer of my hard fate, that I can not bear to look her in the face, she is so patient and resigned. I have even thought of suicide, so that she might have a chance of being restored to what she was. God bless her! She is too good for me, or for this world!"

"Not a bit of it, Philip. If it were not for the few like her in the world, I would hardly blame men for cutting their throats. But for you, who have got one of the capital prizes in this grand lottery, why, man, you ought to be content to be poor!"

"So I would be, if it were not for her sake. I can not bear to see her suffer. Do you remember her as she was when we were married, Doctor? Look here—"

"And he showed me a miniature of his wife taken at that time. It was one of the most exquisite paintings of his pencil. It was Mary herself in all but life, sitting in an attitude which she often assumed—her elbow resting on the arm of her chair, and her hand supporting her head, with her fingers partly hidden by the smooth and glossy hair under which they lay, and her thoughtful eye just elevated enough to look into yours with an expression of unutterable fondness; for she was looking at her husband when it was taken.

"It is a perfect gem, Philip," said I.

"Do you think so? You shall have it if she gets well; for I believe you would value it most, next to me."

"Then I'll take it now, for I consider it mine; and I put it into my pocket.

"He did not oppose it; and I saw that this little act went far to establish his confidence in my opinion, for he parted from me with a more cheerful face than I had seen him wear before.

"Good-night, Philip. Now keep up your courage, and especially before Mary."

"God bless you, Doctor!" and his eye glistened with something like a tear.

"July 2. 'What did you say to Philip last night, Doctor, that has made him so cheerful?' Mary asked me as I entered her room this morning.

"Oh, I only made a little bargain with him, by which he has transferred part of his property in you to me."

"She looked puzzled, and I showed her the picture.

"The consideration is, that you are to get well, which I assured him of. Now, you must do your best to help me; for I am to give it back if my promise fails."

"He is a noble man, Doctor; and I feel that it is more my constant concern for him that is wearing away my health than any actual disease."

"I have discovered that already, my dear girl, and you must set your mind at rest on that subject. I am glad he has come back here, for he will find warm friends, I know. We must make another effort to reconcile your father, Mary."

"Oh, Doctor!" she exclaimed, and her eyes filled with tears, 'if it could be done, it would take a terrible load off this poor heart. I do not feel that I did wrong, but it is very hard to live so estranged from him and Ellen. I do not care for the loss of the comforts his wealth would bring; but I want to know that he is reconciled to us, and does not hate us."

It was astonishing with what inveterate rancor her father persisted in his hostility. All Philip's old friends gathered around him again, and took a deep interest in him. I believe many of them were heartily ashamed that they had ever been led by Mr. Rankin to withdraw their support and countenance from Philip, and now exhibited a disposition to atone for it, by extra efforts in his behalf. Not a few called on him, and candidly told him the reason of their conduct, and expressed their regret. This did much to restore his self-confidence, and give him new courage; and his new cheerfulness did for Mary what all the medicine in the world could not do. She improved rapidly in strength, and soon became unaffectedly cheerful. Philip resumed his work, and once more fortune began to smile.

I called on her father, and told him all I had learned from Philip, and that they had returned here on account of Mary's health. He sneered at this, as if he regarded it only as a pretense to excite his pity, which he saw through at once. I was a little disposed to be angry, but swallowed my spite, and urged every consideration I could to induce him to relent, and was astonished at his firm and unwavering determination to have nothing to do with them.

"Will you not at least see her?" I finally asked.

"I will not," he replied; "and I will do nothing for her so long as she lives with that man."

This qualification looked like a very dim ray of hope, and yet a ray that might brighten.

"Shall I tell her this, Mr. Rankin?"

"Yes; and tell her if she will leave him, and come back to my house, she shall have a home as long as she lives. But with him—never."

I returned at once with the message, and communicated it to Mary, for I did not fear its effect upon her. At first a tear rose to her eye, and seemed ready to fall; but almost instantly it gave place to a smile of calm resignation, as she looked up into my face, as if to ask what I thought.

"Be patient, Mary," I replied to her look, "and trust in God. Stick to Philip, at all events."

At this moment he entered.

"Have you seen him, Doctor?" he asked.

"Yes," said his wife, before I could reply; "and he offers to take me back if I will leave you."

I saw a cloud gathering on his brow, which, however, vanished at once as he caught my eye, and taking her hand in his, he looked for a moment in her face before he said:

"And had you not better accept it, Mary?"

"And leave you—live without you, Phil? No—we should both die then, and now we are going to live and be happy."

There is a world of the best and truest feeling in the heart of that girl—or woman, I must call her now.

"July 15. Ellen is to be married. This, it seems, is still a secret among her friends, but has transpired in rather a curious way. A gentleman called to-day at Philip's rooms, and wished him to paint his miniature. He desired Philip to say nothing about it, as he intended it for a lady he was about to marry, and wished to surprise her with it. The artist happened to be in one of his best humors, and soon charmed the stranger with his conversation and manner, for when in such a mood, he exerts all his powers to bring out and keep up the full expression of his sitter's face. Just before the sitting closed, the gentleman referred to Mr. Rankin, and asked Philip if he knew him. His face was instantly clouded. There was something in the way in which the question was asked, that at once aroused his suspicions that the stranger was some way connected with Mr. Rankin; and he laid down his pencil and said he should do no more to-day.

"The change was not unnoticed by his companion, who instantly ran up, and approaching Philip, said, with a kind, apologizing voice and manner:

"I fear I have made some sad mistake."

"If you are a friend of Mr. Rankin," replied Philip, coldly, "you have certainly made a very great mistake."

"Firm and distant as Philip had grown under his misfortunes and neglect, he was not proof against kindness; and in half an hour more the stranger had his whole story.

"Why, this ought not to be," said he. "Perhaps you was rash and foolish. But if I am to marry the other daughter—there, I have told you now, in spite of all my caution—but if I am to marry Ellen, there must be no discord in the family. You have suffered enough; and if your wife is what you describe her, I do not think but any man would have been tempted to do the same thing."

"Come and see her for yourself," said Philip, all his good-humor restored at the stranger's kind frankness; and putting on his hat, he led the way at once to his house.

"I happened to be there when they arrived.

"Just like you, dear Phil," said Mary, laughing, when Mr. Allen had been introduced, and Philip had told what had passed between them.

"We have thus found a new, and, I hope,

powerful ally, in this man. He seems one of the most generous-hearted men I ever met; and when we had talked over the whole history of our young friends, he entered warmly into all our plans for bringing about a reunion. We left the house together, and when we parted he said:

"It must be done, Doctor. They are as noble a pair of beings as I ever knew. Mr. Rankin does not know him, or he would not treat him so."

"I shook my head, for I must confess I am not at all sanguine in my hope of reconciling them. Allen left me with his face very thoughtful. It is no light thing to discover such a feature in the character of those we love as he has this day found in Ellen."

As the summer advanced Mary's health was entirely restored. Her husband, encouraged by the return of his old friends and patrons, but especially by the unremitting friendship and encouragement of Allen, became himself again. But no progress was made toward softening the obduracy of his father-in-law. No direct attempts, indeed, were made, after my unsuccessful one, for some considerable time, for all seemed to think it would be better to wait till a favorable opportunity should present itself, when circumstances might aid us.

Allen was one day walking with Ellen, when they suddenly encountered Mary. Allen bowed with a cordial smile as they met, but his companion did not recognize her, or change a feature as they passed. The next day he called at my office and mentioned the circumstance, and expressed his surprise at it. It showed him how firm was the determination of the Rankins to disown Mary, and he did not seem to feel at all easy at the state things were in.

"I have never yet said any thing to them about my acquaintance with Fellows," said he, "because no opportunity has seemed to be just right for it. But the moment the proper one occurs, I shall improve it, whatever may be the consequences."

And it did occur that very evening. At a large and brilliant party at Mrs. T——'s, the whole company was electrified by a sudden and unexpected remark from Allen. Mr. Rankin and a number of others were discussing, in their way, the merits of a large painting on one side of the room, when Allen joined them, and made some criticism in his peculiarly clear and distinct voice. It drew the attention of the whole assembly, when he continued:

"But I met a young artist in your place, some time since, by the name of Fellows, who, I think, is one of the noblest persons I ever saw. I was no more impressed with his taste and skill than with his great intelligence. While I was at his rooms one day, a gentleman was sitting for his picture, and I was surprised at the ease with which he discovered, almost instinctively, the leading traits of his mind, and then kept him so constantly engaged in conversation, that the man

forgot he was sitting for his portrait, and lost all the restraint and stiffness one involuntarily assumes at such a time. Do you know him, Mr. Rankin?"

I was astonished at the inimitable coolness with which he turned to him as he asked the question. Rankin looked him in the face with a searching glance, but met only the calm look of inquiry which Allen had put on, and which did not desert him for an instant.

"No," was his only reply.

"You ought to know him—though it is often the fate of such men to live and die unknown. The place ought to be proud of him, though it affords too mean a field for his powers. If he had lived in ancient Greece he would have been honored by the whole nation. He would rise rapidly in the world with proper encouragement, and leave his mark when he dies. You must some of you know him, gentlemen."

The whole company was fairly and skillfully cornered, and driven into a candid acknowledgment of the merits of the young artist, in the very presence of his bitterest enemy. But Rankin and his daughter were cold and impassible, and took their leave directly after supper. The next day Allen received a note from Mr. Rankin, saying that circumstances had occurred which would make it desirable that his engagement with his daughter should be recalled. He evidently saw that Philip was regaining his former position among his friends, and that his own influence could no longer hinder it. But, in spite of this, his pride was determined not to give way, and he was fortifying himself to withstand all interference.

And thus months passed on—months of hard study and toil, but cheered and encouraged by success, and the warm attachment of friends, and the smiles of his angelic wife, so that Philip was himself again, when I was summoned one evening to see Mary. She had taken a severe cold, and had some fever. Philip was alarmed—as he always was at the slightest illness of his wife—but I soon quieted his fears, and made my prescriptions without any apprehension of danger. Two hours later I found her in a raving delirium. All that night we sat by her side, and for days after we watched her with the intensest anxiety, till life seemed on the verge of death. Hope there seemed none.

It was at this juncture that our good minister proposed that her father should be informed of her state, and volunteered to see him. The interview was one which for a long time threw a cloud over the heart of the worthy old man, who had been for nearly half a century the universally esteemed minister of the parish. Upon announcing his errand, Mr. Rankin replied:

"The same thing has been tried before, Sir; but it will not have any more effect now than then."

"But she is really apparently dying. She has not known any of us for days. The Doctor says he can not give us the slightest hope. Let me beg of you to think better of it, Mr. Ran-

kin, and not let the cold grave close over your hate."

"My dear Sir," said Mr. Rankin, looking coldly and unmoved in the face of the minister, and evidently not believing him, "I presume she will get well. But it does not look well for such men as you and Doctor P. to be lending yourselves to this little kind of trickery, to cheat a man like me into an act he has resolved not to commit. But did I believe that she was as sick as you say she is, it would not alter my determination, which has grown stronger for years. I shall make my will to-morrow, Sir, and she shall not have a shilling of my property. I was never sick a day in my life, and I am far from being an old man yet. But I will secure myself, in this point, against all contingencies. Neither she nor her husband shall ever inherit a cent from me. No, Sir—not another word on this subject. I shall make my will to-morrow, and do as I have said."

"May God forgive you!" said the good man.

It apparently made little difference in the case of Mary what course her father chose to pursue; for we looked upon her every hour as dying. The attendants moved noiselessly about the room, and we scarcely breathed aloud, for it seemed as if a rude breath might break the slender tie that bound her to us. I remember well the night when, after days had passed in the wild and furious delirium of her fever, that we saw it gradually subside, and she slept. Philip asked me if she was dying, and I could not answer him. I saw the moisture gathering on her lip and on her forehead, and her pulse was winding threadlike and quiet under my finger, and her breath came slowly while the crimson flush that had covered her face gave place to a deadly paleness, and all seemed to bear the air of speedy dissolution. Yet it might be a change for the better. It was just as we were watching her that the minister returned from his fruitless errand. He saw in our faces the fears that were agitating our hearts; and only saying, "Let us pray," he knelt and poured forth an earnest prayer for the dying girl. He prayed for Philip—the heart-stricken and weary husband—and his words breathed calmness and consolation into all our breasts. He prayed for her father—the hard-hearted and vindictive old man—that he might be forgiven, though he himself was relentless as death; and that his heart might be turned, though it should be only to the memory of his child when the grave had closed over her in its cold gloom and darkness; and though to her ear the long wished-for sound of his forgiveness might not reach, yet that he might not die before his heart should be melted. And we all said "Amen!" for the soul of every one present went up with the prayer of the good old man. And then we sat down by the bedside and prepared to keep our anxious vigils over Mary, hardly hoping that her eye would ever open again upon the coming day.

I find in my journal the following entry made the next morning:

"How strange the mutations of life! How mysterious the ways of God. I was called from the side of Mary this morning to the house of Mr. Rankin. The message was urgent, and the servant said that Miss Ellen begged that I would not delay a moment, for her father was very ill. Day was just breaking as I reached the house. All was confusion and disorder, and every face showed that something terrible had happened. I hastened to the bedroom of Mr. Rankin, and as I entered I met a most agonizing sight. He was sitting upright in his chair—his hands clenching the arms as if they would crush the solid wood in their grasp—his face bloated and purple, and the large veins distended all over it as if they would burst—his eyes wild and almost protruding from their sockets, and his chest rapidly heaving and struggling for the breath which he was gasping for almost in vain. He could hardly be said to breathe, but it was a rapid panting, like a horse that had been over-driven, each effort failing to fill his lungs. I saw at a glance that he was laboring under a severe attack of congestion of that organ. His wild and despairing eye was fixed upon me the moment I entered the room, and never left me for an instant. He could not speak, but his look seemed to ask most emphatically, 'Am I dying?'"

"Ellen stood by his side, absorbed in grief. Her feeling was all aroused now. She loved her father. They had for years been mutually dependent upon each other for society at home—they were beings of the same spirit, and now she saw him about to be taken from her side, and her grief was without restraint.

"I at once opened a vein, and as the blood flowed in a large full stream, he seemed to be relieved, and in a few moments the most alarming symptoms had passed away. Having made such prescriptions as were necessary, and enjoined the utmost quiet, and that he should not be disturbed or agitated in any way, I left, promising to be in again about nine o'clock.

"It was nearly ten when I returned, and I was surprised to find a lawyer by his side preparing to write his will. Mr. Rankin was not able to speak so as to be understood, and the lawyer was asking his questions, which he answered by signs. I of course urged them to desist, and assured Mr. Rankin that he now stood a very fair chance to recover, and that the agitation might bring on another attack. But he shook his head and motioned to the lawyer to go on.

"Do I understand you to mean, that you wish to give all your property to this daughter?" he asked.

"Mr. Rankin nodded an affirmative.

"And you give nothing to the other."

"He shook his head."

"But Mr. Rankin—"

"The old man interrupted him with a look. I then attempted to speak, but he cut me short in the same way. I did not wish to agitate him by persisting, and turned away with a heavy heart while the lawyer wrote the will. When

he had finished the paper which required but few words, Mr. Rankin by a sign indicated his wish to have it read. After the usual formal preliminaries were read, the lawyer continued: "I give and bequeath to my daughter Mary—"

"Mr. Rankin started as if he would spring from his seat—his face became intensely purple, as if the blood was ready to break through every pore—he clutched the arms of his chair with a convulsive grasp—gasped a few times rapidly, and with a strong effort for breath—and was dead!"

By some strange mistake the lawyer had inserted the wrong name in the will, and hence the excitement which caused the sudden event. Mary was now equal heir with her sister to the immense property of her father.

As soon as decency would permit I left the house and hastened to the side of Mary. To my gratification I found her just awaking from the sleep of hours, and she was evidently better. She continued from this time slowly to recover, but weeks had passed before we judged it proper to communicate to her the intelligence of her father's death.

HOW WE STAND AND HOW WE WALK.

HELPLESS and joyless lies the stone where the terrible force of a volcano or the playful hand of an infant has thrown it. Longing and yearning sees the beautiful flower its own shadow pass, as in bitter mockery, around its foot and mark the passing hour. For Motion is Life—it is the first, the only source of earthly joy. Hence there is no conscious, organic being on earth that does not rejoice, by some free and voluntary motion, in the full control over its own body. The microscopic dweller in a drop of water moves in exuberant joy through his minute world; the gigantic whale throws sportively his huge body high into the air, and plunges, with strange delight, back again into the dark world beneath the waves. Some are, like Prometheus, bound to the immovable rock, or condemned, polyp-like, from the day of their birth to build their own grave; but even these captives play merrily with fibre and fringe. How much more the happier hosts to whom it is given to roam in full freedom through the wide realms of air and water!

Human ingenuity never even imagined such a variety of truly wonderful means as Nature has bestowed upon her children on earth, merely for the purpose of endowing them with this power of motion. Here an apparently poor and neglected step-child is made to carry its own heavy house wherever it goes, and yet doomed to live not on land but in the water. But a small, long, unobserved air-bubble lies far in the innermost chambers of its dark dwelling; and when it wishes to sink to the bottom of its little realm, it draws back into its shell, compresses the air, thus increasing its own weight, and is soon seen gently to glide downward. Then again, creeping out of its hut, and leaving behind it a vacant