

eloquent words, (not *boy* eloquence;) that it was his own heart which spoke to them. And then, my heart swelled, with a song of thanksgiving, as he pictured in words of pure gold, in glowing sentences of radiant sunshine, the future of one who thus strove, with might and main, for the right.

“Who, with eye fixed above, ever went on, and on, never looking down to his torn and bleeding feet, which the rough pointed way, through which he had trodden, was wounding, but, kept his steady gaze fixed above, to the highest and loftiest; and this not because it was the first and highest place, not because there he might look down upon those who had started with him at the beginning, those whose feet had passed with him the first round of the ladder of fame, but, whom in his earnest endeavors, with his stern, determined will, he had left long ago, far behind—not that all this might be, but because it was right; not first and highest in the world’s way, but best and greatest in God’s way.—Using the talents, which God had given, not for self and the world’s service, but as thank-offerings laid upon God’s altar, ready to present pure and fair, with the answer, ‘Here Lord,’ when He should ask. ‘Where are the talents I gave thee?’ Oh! it is true, it is certain, he continued,

‘Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is *not* its goal,
Dust thou art to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end, or way,
But to act that each to-morrow,
Find us farther than to-day.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.’

“And, next to God, and God’s service, it warms the heart, it nerves the arm, it adds new strength and vitality to the brain, if before you, looms above all else one pure, earnest hope, one bright true light, which your endeavours may brighten—a mother’s love! Oh! the beacon of hope and

promise!—the cheer, the comfort, of that thought, it is for her!

“When the brain is over worked, the heart weary, the strength well nigh gone, the end seemingly so far off, so hard to gain, so long to wait for, then comes the precious restful thought, it is for her dear sake, the mother of my love, she whom my heart and life, have elected from among all other women, to be a shield, and guide, to my oftentimes futile efforts after the right, all things seem easy then, God is nearer, and more kind, our mother is his friend, and he is her sure and faithful helper; then hope comes,—he may for her dear sake, in answer to her fond prayers be ours, and with quickened pulse, and new found strength, we go on and on, never wearying, firm and true, our feet planted on a strong foundation, our eyes fixed above, never swerving, never turning, but pressing towards the highest point of yon mountain, in our right hand, our banner unfurled, and upon it written as, the poet has sung, one word, the word ‘Excelsior.’”

This is but a faithless record of Stuart’s words. He sat down pale and exhausted, amid a burst of hearty applause, and while the band played a grand march, the professors came forward and shook him heartily by the hand.

After the music, another speech was made, indeed three or four others, and Stuart came to us, to receive our congratulation, and loving speeches, dearer than all the rest. And seated between Marion and myself, I know my noble earnest, true hearted boy, was well content.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MAY 10.

JENNIE CHALTON is the only one of the girls, whom my daughters number as their friends who has anything approaching a home in this city; the rest are residents at madame’s *pensionnat*. Jennie, however more fortunate than the others, has an Aunt living here, with whom she resides, and attends the school as a day scholar. Well, Jennie is

going to have a party, and Marion, Lela, and Cora, are invited. "And are to bring their uncles, or brothers, or any one else."

"The 'any-body' else in our case, being Sandy," said Cora.

This there first party, except at home long ago, is quite an important event, and very much talked of.

"Lela is outwardly, superbly indifferent but I think at heart likes it right well," says Clarence.

"Well, Cora here, makes up in extras for any deficiencies upon 'queen's' part, for oh such cachinnation as she has been attempting, these last two days, are astounding; I really shall feel it my duty to put her in a cage, or she will commit some terrible deed, which will render her unfit for anything like parties in the future," said Stuart.

"My dear young man, I recommend silence and propriety of deportment, or I shall forbid speech-making in the future, as it evidently has a pernicious effect upon your manner towards your elders," answered Cora.

"Ahem! hear! hear! attention for Mademoiselle Coralie the great! (humbug)," under his breath, said Howard.

"Little boys should be seen and not heard."

But Stuart is right, Cora does indeed make up by her exclamations and antics, for any deficiency upon the part of the others. Her first *real* party is a *real* treat.

Adèle and Gracie with two beautiful birds from Clare "which do sing so sweetly," and a dog given them lately by Stuart, and called "Bueno," are at present above all parties.

MAY 20.

The grand party is over, and such a time, so much pleasure was never before enjoyed. I for my part am very sure there were no fairer girls among the assembly, than those we robbed and sent forth.

They had little to make them noticeable in the way of dress, although we made over to them the most appropriate of our old party dresses and ornaments, but they needed none. Marion's pale sweet face, required no outward adorning to win its way to the heart; and Lela's starry eyes,

and beautiful face would have shamed the brightest gems. Then what could have set off our Birdie, better, than her golden curls, and sunny witching smiles.

Clarence and Stuart were their cavaliers, and very proud they were of them.

"Oh mamma!" cried Birdie, "there was not one single gentleman in that whole crowd, I would have changed them for, and that is saying a good deal, for there were some very handsome men there, but 'Arty' looked so dignified and noble, and Clare was so attentive and gentlemanly, that I was real proud."

"I am glad you were so well pleased," said I, amused at her raptures. "Yes, and so were all the rest of the girls, they all thought them elegant: at first Stuart was real mean and would only dance with Marion or Lela, but after a while he behaved better; but Clare was a darling all the while, and asked every body to dance, even the little bits of girls."

Then followed a long account of Ada's splendid dress, of her diamonds and so forth, and of what a favorite she is with every one, how the gentlemen flock round her, and how saucily she treats them.

Then of the dress and doings of all the others, until Clare declared:

"Why Birdie seems to have done nothing but take an inventory of the belongings of every one of the guests."

"Mamma you must forbid those boys speaking until I am through my account," replied the saucy girl, "Marion sang, but not well at all, because she was almost frightened to death, but Nora made up for all deficiencies; I never heard her sing so well in my life. And you should have seen the ladies and gentlemen crowd round her, and beg for this song and then that. I should have been so frightened, but Lela never changed colour even, but sang just whatever they requested her to, looking all the while, as if she was the especial sovereign of every one in the room, and only deigned to amuse them."

"Oh Birdie!" interrupted Lela, "for shame!"

"It is true, believe me mamma, she had the extra Percy haughtiness on, for this especial occasion, and looked for all the world as if she was saying, 'do not attempt to be familiar with me, I am a poor Percy, but nevertheless I am

a proud one.' And I confess, she looked none the less beautiful for it."

"No, indeed," interrupted Clare, "Lela is one of the few to whom a haughty look adds a new grace."

But Lela gave him a pinch to silence him as she left the room.—

"And then," continued Cora, "there was a gentleman so elegant and handsome, named Livingstone, oh mamma you know him, Marion says, or I mean, used to. I never saw anything half so glorious as his face, oh he must be so good, he looks as if he was something more than a man, like one of the gods of the ancients, come down through ages to us, oh I think such a man as that could hardly know how to do wrong, and his eyes when he looks right at you, as he did once at me and called me his 'dear child,' have a look in them, which almost takes one's breath away, so beautiful!"

"Foolish Birdie! as if good looks could prevent a man from being evil, why they only add to his temptations," said Ernest.

"Does Dr. Wilbur speak from experience?" laughed Marion.

"Judge for yourself, my dear, my modesty forbids a reply," and he drew up his fine form, and smoothed back his hair.

"Oh fiddlesticks," cried Cora, "I wish you would stop interrupting me. I have the floor, ladies and gentlemen, remember. Well, this Mr. Livingstone who has the most hateful looking wife you ever beheld, just as disagreeable as he is agreeable, came up to Ada and begged an introduction to, 'the beautiful nightingale,' and you ought to have seen the aforesaid nightingale arch her neck, and do the condescending. A bashful man would have been extinguished."

"Which, of course, your Apollo was not," said Estelle.

"I believe not, but just as I was watching them, Louise wanted me to waltz with her, and so I saw nothing for a long while in the music room, for oh dear! I do love to dance so."

"Indeed you do, verily, I can testify you do," said Clare "you rather out-do any thing in the dancing line I ever saw."

"Papa used to call me the poetry of motion, Clare," said she, "I never get tired, I think if I should dance all night I should be just as fresh in the morning."

"Well, Birdie, let me take up your story where you left off," said Marion. "Just as Ada introduced one gentleman, another approached and asked,

"Will Miss Ada extend her favors to me also, and present me to her friend?"

I looked at Lela to see if she remembered who this gentleman was, I knew she had the other. She nodded her head quickly—as if to say "yes, I know them both."

"Let me introduce you to Mr. Marstone, Lela, one of the few gentlemen whom it is worth one's while to know," said Ada casting a saucy glance at Mr. Livingstone as she went away.

"Thank you, Miss Ada," said Mr. Marstone.

"You naughty coz," said Mr. Livingstone, who it seems is a distant relation of Ada's mother.

As soon as Mr. Livingstone had been introduced, he asked for a song, but before Lela could notice his request, Ada presented Mr. Marstone. You know how we must both have liked him mamma, for being our dear old friend's nephew, even if for nothing else."

"May I tax you to sing one more song, or are you weary with the demands already made upon you?" he asked.

"Not at all, sir, what shall I sing?" said Lela with quite a gentle face.

"*Ah non giunge* if you permit me to chose."

"Always ahead of me, Marstone," said Mr. Livingstone, with a half laugh, "always able to obtain without effort, what I sue for in vain. This song belonged to me by right, if the young lady goes upon the principle of 'first come, first served,'" and he moved to the other end of the piano and stood with folded arms, looking down as though he was far away in some other place, thinking of something very different from the scene around him. Just as I was thinking this and wondering such a little thing should have annoyed him, Lela went quickly towards him, and said in her frank earnest way.

"Forgive me sir, I had forgotten you asked me, Mr. Marstone's name had a charm for me, from old associations,

and brought up some old times so strongly, that I think my politeness has quite left me."

"Of what did his name remind you?" he replied, leading her back in a very graceful way to the piano.

"Of a great many things, but especially, how pleasant it was to be singing for a Mr. Marstone once more."

"And that it was not especially gratifying, to be singing for a Mr. Livingstone. Was that it, my bright eyed lassie?" said he looking down pleasantly into her face.

"It will be a great pleasure now, sir, if you like to hear—and will ask me," she added archly.

"That I will, and right humbly, as soon as you have sung my friend's song."

"Oh I can wait, Rolf, you know I studied patience long ago, in every thing that concerns you," laughed Mr. Marstone.

But Lela sang "*A non giunge*," and then turning said:

"And what shall I sing Mr. Livingstone?"

"You shall choose for me, sing your favourite."

"I will sing one of my favourites," she replied.

"But not the one especial and particular pet?"

"Oh, no sir, I could not do that, I could not give what I love best to a stranger, among strangers too," said she, quite earnestly.

"True, true, I was forgetting I am not even so much a friend as Marstone here, although I was presented first. You know his name and did not know mine, I remember you said."

"Oh, no sir, I did not say so, for I knew your name also, indeed I suppose I ought to know you the better of the two, as I have often seen you before, and never saw him until to-night."

"Seen me, where pray?"

"I would rather not say where, it was so long ago, and I was such a little girl, you would not remember me."

"Then if I am an old acquaintance why did you like to sing for Marstone, rather than for me?" he said keeping up the conversation for the sake of plaguing her I thought, or else because he had nothing better to do with himself.

"Because I loved a person whom I once knew, very dearly who bore his name, sir."

"And did not love me, whom you also knew, at all," he said, "was that it?"

"Yes sir," Lela answered coolly.

I thought it was so rude of him to talk as he did, that I went up then to them, and said:

"Lela, Clara wants you to waltz with her, will you go?"

"I have promised to sing this gentlemen a song, this is Mr. Livingstone, Marion, you remember."

"Yes dear, I know."

"And this is Mr. Marstone, would you have known who he was?"

"If I had looked in his face, and heard him speak, I think either would have told me. We knew your uncle sir."

"Yes, so I supposed from your sister's remarks," he replied.

"And did you once know me?" said Mr. Livingstone.

"Oh, yes sir, and you used to make great professions of friendship for me too!" I replied.

"Will you not solve the problem and tell me when, and where, and how? My memory quite fails me."

"Come Lela, Mr. Livingstone does not care for your song, and Clara is beckoning very impatiently to you to come."

"No, no, little lady, that is not fair to leave me in the dark and cheat me of my song as well."

"What shall I sing, Marion? Mr. Livingstone will not make a choice," said Lela,

"He used to like German music best," said I, laughing at his perplexity, "sing *Adelaide*."

"*In der Deutschen, liebes Schwesterlein?*"

"Certainly, Nora dear, as it is to please this gentleman."

Then I need not tell you how she sang it, mamma, you know what pathos she can put into this and every song. When she was through, Mr. Livingstone said, with a sad smile which made him seem more handsome than before,

"Thank you, I did not think any thing in the world would come so near making me feel subdued."

How strange it is that, broken off as we are, from every part of our old life, almost the first persons my daughters

met in society should be in some way connected with that severed life.

This Mr. Marstone is the nephew of our old friend, and the heir who was expected when we left, Oh! the white towers of our beloved home, cast their long shadows in at the very windows of the house he now calls his own, and yet it never gives him one joy or pang, to have it so near him, and we would live upon the sight for days.

And the other one is Rolf Livingstone. I know alas too well, from the account of this one evening that Isadore Livingstone has not belied the promise of her youth, and his life is a weary one. His warm heart is cheated of its happiness. How unsatisfying he finds a life passed at the side of this cold, heartless woman, his bitter words too plainly tell.

And I do not envy them, their lot although they are surrounded with every luxury that wealth can purchase, they cannot with all their countless gold buy that precious gift of peace and happiness, nor wedded love,

Oh! better poverty with the memory of a dear love, than a cold selfish heart next your own, which never knows one glance of tenderness for you.

I am very glad the girls did not discover to either of these gentlemen, who they are, or where they have known them, indeed I scolded them for letting them know it at all.

"But mamma," said Lela, "I should have been telling an untruth had I pretended I had never seen him, when he asked me so distinctly."

What could I say to that? Nothing but that it was as it should be, and agree with Mr. Raymond's fervent

"God bless you, dear child," as he drew her to him, "and keep you always as pure of heart as now!"

But Lela started away from him with a quick earnest look into his face.

"You are not praising me Uncle Harley, for not letting him think a story, I hope you are not?"

"No, dear child, I will praise you for something which gives you more trouble," he replied somewhat abashed.

"Thank you, I should not like to be commended for not having told a falsehood," she replied quietly.—

One thing I must put down here:— in searching among some things which have been undisturbed since we left

home, I discovered an old ring which has been an heirloom in my husband's family for ages. I never have seen any thing like it in any other place. It is composed of six links which are so curiously wrought that when woven into each other they form one solid ring with no crevices perceptible; and besides this, there is upon each of the separate links a small amethyst which when it is united, forms a *pensée* upon the top.

There is a legend connected with the flower which says, that in the olden times this was the troth ring of the Ladye Alice Howard and her lover the brave Harry, Lord of Percy, and that each wore upon their betrothal finger just such a ring as this, save the stones of his were red.—

And when he sent her messages of love from the far off land of the crusade, he would send her as a token of his faith, one of these links, which she would weave into her own and send him back with many a love word, a blue-eyed link as a token of her truth.

And the people who served the Ladye Alice in her castle bower, wondered to see the ring of blue which was a type of love, change stone by stone, to blood-like red. And they said:

"It is because she pines for brave Harry who is afar, and weeps o' nights, and pressing his troth ring oftentimes to her lips, washes the blue out with her heart's blood."

But in the land of the Saracens, Lord Harry's comrades watched his wonderful ring change color, with angry eyes, and swore he had learned of the Turks the necromancer's art; and then they whispered he was in league with the powers of darkness. And when at last they lost a mighty battle they vowed he had sold them to their enemy, and with fierce rage they fell upon him, and slew him: but when the king who was his nearest kin heard of the deed, the wicked cruel deed which had been done, he was very wroth, and sent and told them the secret of the ring, which only he beside the two true lovers had known.

And then they wept and mourned for the brave true soldier many days, but that brought not back to life and hope, bold Harry Percy. Nor did it banish the woe of the fair Ladye who wept for him in her grim old castle, until kneeling one vesper-time before the image of the Virgin, she died, saying an *ave* for the peace of Harry Percy's soul.

And when they strove to remove the ring which had been Harry Percy's from her taper fingers, her hands were clasped so closely together they could not part them. And so they buried the ring of fire within the grave of the fair Layde Alice Howard, who had died for love of her dear lord.

And thus it came, that only this with its *Pensée* flower was left, and because of the memory of those two faithful ones, it was ever after treasured among the heir-looms of the house, and was worn to this country by a fair descendant of a brother of Harry Percy's who fled (when the martyr Charles was beheaded,) to this land of refuge.

I have often heard my husband tell the legend and the children knew it by heart long ago.

I have a strange fancy to bestow it upon my little fatherless Ernestine, and so Marion and I have made a case of kid, and sewing it tightly therein have hung it about her neck. And Clare with a world of flourishes has written "Lillian" upon the outside of the bag.

"So we will let her wear it as an amulet about her neck, until the time when our Lilly-bell is a woman grown," says Lela.

"And has found her faithful Harry Percy," adds Howard.

"Oh my Lilly-bell must never know any of those naughty love-aches, which are always getting folks into such a world of trouble, making them groan and pine and die," says Cora, tossing her up, "Tiny and I beg to be excused from having the fever of love, so the faithful Harrys may stay in the land of the Saracens for all we care."

"Oh no danger, little goose, no one will ever take the trouble to come a journey after you," said Stuart pulling her curls over her eyes. But his loving look told another tale.

Ah Cora's merry words have set me thinking of the time, when one by one my flowers will be plucked away from me.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MAY 30.

"AUNT BERTHA, Pliny the younger, says, 'Ad conectendas, amicitias, tenacissimum vinculum est movum similitudo;' which can be translated, 'For cementing friendship, resemblance of manners is the strongest tie.' Now I hold that to be false, for look at Stuart and me, do we not love each other? I think there is nothing in this wide world I would not do or give up, that his happiness might be insured, and yet how dissimilar we are, why there is nothing about us alike. He has a fair complexion, brown curly hair, brown eyes, with a roguish twinkle in them, is tall and well developed, although he is so young. While I am slight and boyish in height and figure, with sallow face, straight black hair, and dull black eyes. And then how much more unlike are we in temperament. He is stirring, active, full of life, never satisfied until he has come to the foundation of every thing; possessing not a particle of faith in any thing, until he has fully proved and tried it; while I am lazy, willing to take everything for truth and right, rather than have the trouble to explore it. Then he is brilliant and talented, full of acute and versatile wit, while I am a dull plodding uninteresting fellow; and yet, for all this difference we love each other dearly, and I am sure Stuart would prove my friend and champion, no matter what came. Now is not the famous Pliny a false witness? Does he not speak unsound and foolish words? Am I not right in thinking, that opposites form closer attachments than those who are alike?"

"Who is this fellow who dares talk in this wise, forsooth! he must beware of his words," saying which Stuart with one powerful grasp wheeled Clarence into the centre of the room and held him there. "You young limb of a Latin, how dare you talk in my presence thus of my dear friend and comrade; calling him dull and ill-made. Oh! that I could shake sense into you. Now listen while I tell you how this same Clarence whom you have been calling such hard names, appears to me. I hold him at arm's length and gaze; I see a tall slight figure, every movement of which is grace, a face not very handsome, but good, a brow lofty and well developed, with long black hair shading it. Eyes, you dared

just now to call them dull ! Dull ! so is a star, dull ! no never, even in their calmest moments, they are filled with a beautiful light. Oh ! I said this fellow was not handsome, I recall the words, no one could have such eyes and not be handsome. They are like a cloudless night ; away down in their depths, they tell you there is a brave true heart. I would trust that heart with my best treasure. The light of these eyes is precious to me. Never dare to talk of this friend of mine again not being talented, not being brilliant ! Why he is one of God's chosen ones, upon whom great gifts have descended, the gifts of art, of poetry and music. He is my David, I his Jonathan, our love is like unto the love of woman. Is it not Clare ?”

And he wound his arms round the boy and looked down with his brother's love into his face.

“My brother Stuart !” in a trembling tearful voice was the reply.

“My brother Clare !” the firm clear answer.

Thus the gay words of Clarence showed the depth of love, the tender yearning love each had for the other. Brave boys ! noble boys ! God love them ! God bless them ! these good true hearts. It comforts me strangely in all my trials and griefs that these hearts are mine so really and entirely. Their hopes and fears, their strifes and victories mine as well.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JUNE 20.

• ANOTHER party on the *tapis*, and quite as pleasant as the last.

This time, not only the children, but the older members of our household are included in the invitation.

It being the custom of Madame Degrade, to close school during the warmest months of summer, it is likewise her habit to give a farewell party to her scholars. This year at the request of the pupils the entertainment is to be

varied by a coronation. The last days of school were devoted to the distribution of prizes. Lela had two of the highest, those for music and the languages ; for the former she obtained the first prize, an elegantly bound volume, containing, one hundred pieces of choice music, for the latter she also obtained the first gift, a handsome writing-desk, inlaid with pearl. Coralie had the first prize for painting, which was a handsome easel-stand, and box of colors. Ada and Leanore contested for a long while the palm for dancing, but at last it was decided in Ada's favor and she was presented a beautiful statuette of Terpsichore. Dora had an elegant writing-desk for the best penmanship, and Marion one equally as fine for the best composition. Jennie received the prizes in all the English studies over all the rest. Leanore and Mary Lee, coming in equally for the second over the others. Coralie was much chagrined by my telling her, I would rather have had the honor of being the best English scholar than any other, and vows she will try next year. Poor little Marion who was never made to shine, is quite satisfied with her report which gives her the honor of having behaved with the most lady-like deportment, during the term, and also of having stood in all her classes above the average standard ; Madame declaring, it is far preferable to be good in all, than to excel in a few and leave the rest entirely unattended to, and I quite agree, with her. “We are all well pleased with our treasure's report.” I quote Stuart's words.

Indeed I think we have no cause to complain of either the ability or application, of any of the girls, I feel sure they have done their best, and their improvement has been most gratifying. Indeed it could scarcely be otherwise, for girls so situated, they feel the importance to them and all, of every moment being improved, and every advantage which is afforded them being untiringly pursued, so as to be made of use hereafter.

The steady income we receive from our church music is a great assistance in every way, especially as it leaves their minds entirely free, from any dread of ways and means, and we have so few things to draw them from their books in the way of amusement, that I think they have every hope and inducement, and assistance, both in friends and circumstances, to enable them to become able scholars. We used to

think our needles would be our chief means of subsistence, now however, we aspire to the height of sometime establishing a school, in which we can all find more or less employment. Having this motive ever before them, the girls study with a will, particularly Leanore, whose nature it is to take the lead in every thing. The earnest untiring industry and determination with which she has pursued every advantage this year held out to her, has caused me to have serious fears lest her health would give way, but thus far she has stood hard work as bravely as Stuart himself.

CHAPTER XXIX.

JULY 6.

THE school party has passed off with the greatest *éclat*. It was held upon Thursday last, in a mountain gorge, a few miles out of the city.

They say it is a beautiful place, the rocks covered with thick soft moss, and overhead a canopy of forest leaves, casting a pleasant shade.

Lela was queen, and Cora, Flora, goddess of flowers. Then there were a long train of other dignitaries. The pieces were well learned, and the whole scene had been rehearsed well, so, to use Cora's words:—

"Every thing went on as merry as a marriage bell, and no one was out of time or out of place."

Estelle says, (she, as well as all the rest of the household, save Tiny and myself, being among the guests.)

"Lela acted the regal ladye to perfection. Even I, who know her so well, was astonished at her graceful dignity, so girlish and yet so becoming. I did not wonder at the various notes of admiration which went round among the elder portion of the audience. I saw the two gentlemen of whom the girls have spoken so frequently, and I am not surprised at their admiration. Ernest and I both exclaimed in a breath, when we saw Mr. Marstone, 'How like his uncle!' and oh Bertha! I think nothing else in the world is like

Rolf Livingstone's face. You know how handsome he was, as a boy, but you can never dream of him now he has the gravity of years upon him. I could not help but think Cora's description 'like the most beautiful of the gods,' was extremely *apropos*."

"And did you see his wife, you used to know her, I think?"

"Indeed I did, and she gave me a chill. They look like the warm bright glowing summer, and the cold icy winter united, no not united, for I never saw any couple so little united, or who took such small pains to hide their indifference."

"Did she know you, Estelle?" I asked, amused at her fierce description.

"Know me, no indeed! she did not seem to know any one, it evidently required more exertion than pleased her, to *look* at the people around her, but to know them! impossible! After the coronation was over, Lela appointed in a very regal tone and manner, certain of the gentlemen to attend her maids of honor, and suite, to the festive board, and created a good deal of amusement among the group, by reserving Mr. Marstone's services for herself. I heard Mr. Livingstone say,

"Always in luck's way old fellow, even among the children you have your pick."

"Why there you make a mistake, Rolf, for in this case I was picked," said Mr Marstone laughing.

Just then, Lela gave Cora in charge of a boy about her own age, saying,

"Will this young gentleman escort the goddess of flowers?" When to the dismay of the young gentleman aforesaid, and also to the queen, the goddess of flowers, sprung from her place beside the throne,

"Indeed, he will not do any thing of the kind; if I may not have whom I will; what is the use of being a goddess?" and catching hold of Mr Livingstone's arm, she cried, "I want you, please sir, will you not escort me?" and she looked up with her prettiest smile into his face.

"Birdie, Birdie, my dear!"—I cried, but before I could say a word of reproof, Mr Livingstone was walking off with her.

"To be sure I will, pet. I will escort you to the end of