

nobody. I have tried to love a rich girl, but I love Mary without trying. Give us your blessing, grandma, and let 's have the wedding at once!"

The old lady, speechless, could only hold up both hands; but Alonzo, inspired by real feeling, looked so different from the soulless darling he had ever seemed, that she felt an involuntary respect which prevented her opposing his will very decidedly. It was not long

before he obtained an absolute permission to be happy in his own way. Wise grandmamma!—say we.

Mary was always a good girl, and riding in her own carriage has made her a beauty, too. She is not the only lady of the "aucune" family who flourishes within our bounds. As for our friend Alonzo, he smiles instead of sighing, as he passes Humming-Bird Place.

AARON ON MOUNT HOR.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THE summer day declined o'er Edom's vales,
As on, through winding paths of lone Mount Hor,
Three men went traveling slow. One moved with pain;
His white beard sweeping o'er his reverend breast,
And ever, as the ascent steeper grew,
More heavily did lean on those who lent
Their kindly aid.

I see the mitred brow
Of the High-Priest of Israel—and anon,
As the slant sun sends forth a stronger beam
Through the sparse boughs and cones of terebinth,
His dazzling breast-plate like a rainbow gleams.

Methinks he communes with the past, and calls
The buried years. Each, like a flitting ghost,
Comes with its memories up, and glides away.
Once more the moan of Egypt meets his ear,
As when her first-born died—the sullen surge
Of the divided sea, enforced to leave
Its ancient channels, and the affrighted cry
Of Israel at red Sinai's awful base.
Their murmurings, and their mockings, and their strife,—
The sin at Meribah,—the desert-graves
Fed with their recreant race—all rise anew,
And pass before him as a troubled dream.

But lo! his features wear a brightening tinge,
And o'er his high, anointed brow there gleams
A transient smile. Caught he a glorious view
Of that eternal Canaan, fair with light,
And watered by the river of his God,
Where was his heritage? Or stole the song
Of Miriam's timbrel o'er the flood of death,
Wooing him onward through the last, faint steps
Of wearied life?

And now they reach the spot

Where he had come to die. Strange heaviness
Settled around his spirit. Then he knew
That death's dark angel stretched a sable wing
'Tween him and earth. The altar, and the ark,
The unuttered mysteries seen within the veil,
Those deep-set traces of his inmost soul,
Grew dim and vanished.

So, with trembling hand,
He hasted to unclasp the priestly robe
And cast it o'er his son, and on his head
The mitre place; while, with a feeble voice,
He blessed, and bade him keep his garments pure
From blood of souls. But then, as Moses raised
The mystic breast-plate, and that dying eye
Caught the last radiance of those precious stones,
By whose oracular and fearful light
Jehovah had so oft his will revealed
Unto the chosen tribes whom Aaron loved
In all their wanderings—but whose promised land
He might not look upon—he sadly laid
His head upon the mountain's turfy breast,
And with one prayer, half wrapped in stifled groans,
Gave up the ghost.

Stedfast beside the dead,
With folded arms and face uplift to Heaven,
The prophet Moses stood—as if by faith
Following the sainted soul. No sigh of grief,
Nor sign of earthly passion marked the man
Who once on Sinai's top had talked with God.
—But the young priest knelt down, with quivering lip,
And pressed his forehead on the pulseless breast,
And mid the gifts of sacerdotal power
And dignity entrusted to his hand,
Remembering but the father that he loved—
Long with his filial tears bedewed the clay.

MENTAL SOLITUDE.

BY ELIZABETH OKES SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD," ETC.

THERE is a solitude the mind creates,
A solitude, of holy thought, profound—
Alone, save there the "Soul's Ideal" waits,
It maketh to itself a hallowed ground.
Lo! the proud eagle when he highest soars,
Leaves the dim earth and shadows far behind—
Alone, the thunder-cloud around him roars,

And the reft pinion flutters in the wind.
Alone, he soars where higher regions sleep,
And the calm ether owns nor storm nor cloud—
And thus the soul its upward way must keep,
And leave behind the tempests raging loud—
Alone, to God bear up its heavy weight
Of human hope and fear, nor feel "all desolate."