

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1855.

FURS FOR THE LADIES; AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.

In the course of our inquiries respecting the various animals which supply fur for the use of the ladies, we found frequent mention of nutria skins as a very important article of commerce, and learned that the fur was applied to the same purposes as that of the beaver. We sought for a long time in vain for any account of the animal, who furnished the furriers with what are called nutria skins, and were on the

point of giving up the research in despair, when, in an article on the fur trade, we found coypou given as the synonym of nutria. With the natural history of the coypou we were already familiar, and we were aware that, in its structure and habits, it was so nearly assimilated to the inestimable fur animal of the north, that it might with some propriety be called the beaver of South America.



THE COYPOU.

The coypou, says a recent writer, is among the largest of the rodentia, measuring about one foot nine inches and a half in length, independently of the tail, which is about one foot two inches and a quarter. The legs are rather short, as compared with the size of the animal, being not above four inches and a half in length. The

incisive teeth are maroon red on their external surfaces; the claws are black; the ears, which are small and rounded, have the convex surfaces thickly covered with short hair. The general color of the fur on the back is maroon brown, becoming brighter on the flanks, and passing into bright red; while the under part

winter," Lucy answered, eagerly, dreading more of a scene than she cared for at that moment. "We always go to Washington in the winter, and have such a large visiting circle that it takes all the summer to catch one's breath again."

"If you only knew how irksome society is sometimes to me," she said, when pleading forgiveness of what seemed very much like continued deception towards her future husband. "I have been so weary of the *éclat* of an heiress, ever since I can remember. My very nurse used to flatter me. Good old Mrs. Williams was the first naturally sincere person I ever had seen, and I grew up to be almost one of her family. It was such a relief to get away up there every summer, and do just as I pleased."

"But your milking, and biscuit-making, and gardening. Recollect, I have seen all that. What did your aunt say to it?"

"Do you suppose it ever occurred to her, or any of these people, that I could or *would* do such things when not obliged to?" Lucy laughed merrily. "I thought Mrs. Hamilton knew who I was, and had told you, when I found she did not."

"You should have done so, you little traitor."

"If you only knew how nice it was to be loved for *one's self*!" And one of those hard-working but still pretty hands nestled into his own.

"I thought *I did* know, Lucy."

Mrs. Schuyler returned to escort them to the lunch-table, just then, or very likely forgiveness would have been sealed in the manner usual to lover's quarrels.

"This is some of the Hill Farm butter," Mrs. Schuyler said, quite innocently, as she helped herself to a delicate roll.

Lucy held up her hand slyly. Two days before, Mr. Austin had surprised her in the milk-room shaping these very prints.

"Aunt would be horrified," she said, too low for the lady's preoccupied attention.

"Your sister is a very fine person," continued the stately lady, bent on being agreeable, "and Mrs. Hamilton is a distant relative of ours, though I never met her before. I am really delighted that Lucy is to have such a chaperon as Mrs. Huntly."

It is not probable that she would have dwelt on the subject so complacently, if she had known how near that amiable lady had been, only that very morning, declining the honor of such an appointment.

"You ought to have seen Clara," said Mrs. Hamilton, relating the day's adventures, conjugally, to her husband.

"Quite cut up, I suppose." Mr. Hamilton rubbed his hands delightedly. "I wonder how the boy has got along without you all day? I thought he was old enough for a top. I used to like a top." And he produced one very nearly the size of its destined owner's head. "When does the wedding come off? John Austin always was a lucky dog; an heiress into the bargain! What do you suppose the boy will say to *that*? Well, I told you he'd be worth something yet, when he kissed the baby!"

THE MUSIC BOX.

BY MARION HARLAND, AUTHOR OF "MARRYING THROUGH PRUDENTIAL MOTIVES," "THE THRICE WEDDED," AND THE NOVEL OF "ALONE."

I HAVE a crazy little sanctum, Mr. Godey; an impregnable retreat when driven thither by the "azure imps," or the heavy, iron realities of out-door life. It is cool and shady in summer; the brightest, most cheerful room in the house in winter. The weather is bitter cold without to-day. By raising my head, I can see the hurrying passers-by; robes fluttering, and forms bent in the biting, furious blast; but the sunbeams fall still and warm upon the mingled vine and fern-leaves of the modest carpet, and, striking through my hour-glass, are shivered in prismatic hues over the paper upon which I write. The anthracite in the grate is all aglow,

and there is the sound of soft music ringing through the otherwise hushed air; tones light and clear as the sleigh-bells of Queen Mab's coursers, and anon, plaintive and slow, like the "sad—sad, and changed of that dear dream." It is hard to believe that the source of melodies, so various and so skilfully executed, lies in the unpretending case of dark wood upon the table in yonder corner. For me, each air has its meaning—its association; one, a glad, rippling gush like a fast shower of pearls, reminds me of a happy young girl far away, with a heart full of life's most precious things, love, and hope, and joy. I call it by her name; but sweeter, if

sadder, emotions are inspired by the most melancholy tune of "the set." It, too, is renamed; a title I do not speak when others are by, for it brings up the memory of a beloved absent friend and a heartache. Another begins mournfully, changes to a wild, swift movement, reckless, almost unmeaning; then sinks suddenly to the original strain, the wail of a hopeless sorrow. My eyes fill as I listen; I rise softly, unlock a drawer, and draw from thence a worn manuscript book, its yellow leaves covered with faded characters. It is a simple, true record of a woman's inner life. Will you read

EFFIE'S DIARY?

Nov. 5th.—I went down to the Rockeeping this morning. The day is bleak; the gale last night has almost stript the trees of their autumn dress; the very water looked blue and troubled. I shivered as I stood there alone, the winds tossing my curls over my eyes, and numbing my limbs. I could not realize that, but yesterday, I sat for two hours upon the stone under the elm, never thinking of discomfort. Sunny and mild as it was then, a careful hand wrapped my shawl about me, and held it in its place to-day. Oh, Bertie! How shall I learn to live without you? He is many miles on his way by this time, surrounded by strangers, bound for a distant shore; but his heart is ever turning backwards towards the loved spot, answering, beat for beat, the sorrowful throbbings of mine. Tears blister the page as I write, but they are welcome drops, shed for him, and bringing relief to the anguished soul. I would not shake off this sadness if I could. He has been so much to me! the only one who ever really understood me. Strange, that with his gifts of mind and person, he should have been drawn towards me! plain in body; ordinary in intellect; strong in nothing but my love. How well I remember his answer when I once said as much to him! "You cannot see yourself, Effie; do not know what a beautiful light of thought and feeling glows through those quiet eyes and pale cheeks at times. To me you are always lovely, if only for your deep, full heart." I used to mourn that so few cared for my affection. There were seasons when the repressed tide produced a sense of aching and suffocation; now the stone is rolled away from the well's mouth, and how gloriously its streams leap forth for him who gave them liberty!

6th.—A letter! but a few lines, written at the end of the first stage of his journey, yet more precious than gold or diamonds. Had he only snatched time to pen those three words—"My

darling Effie," I would have wept over them in speechless gratitude, and worn them next my heart. How thankful am I then for tidings of his welfare and continued love!

15th.—A package from New York, a parting gift. First and best, eight closely-written pages of the unmistakable language of the heart; his heart, lofty and true; tender as a woman's. He sends me, he writes, something which will often talk to me of him, beguiling me into smiles in my most lonely hours; and bids me remember, when listening to its strains, that he has heard them too. It is a music-box; a large, exquisitely-toned instrument. Upon lifting the lid, I found a folded slip of paper within, bearing the opening line of that beautiful little poem—"Your heart is a music-box, dearest;" one then which knows but a single theme, dear Bertie!

18th.—His first Sabbath upon the ocean. It is one of the loveliest of Indian summer noons. The air is warm and fragrant; the veil of blue haze deepens the belt of forest into purple, and softens the jagged outlines of the mountains beyond. Is he gliding over calm seas, under a sky as smiling as that above me? He misses the Sabbath bells; the sound of prayer and praise; the communion of spirits in the holiest of duties, purest of delights. Yet, I can see him, as the hour for service approaches, withdrawing from the careless throng, to send his thoughts far over the waters to his home. If my name is too often the burden of his petitions; if his image is ever borne upon my heart as I kneel to offer mine, He who knows our frame, and the loving Father, will surely forgive it.

Dec. 25th.—The house is in an uproar, dressing, and feasting, and romping; for the usual party of relations, young and old, are celebrating the anniversary with us. I have helped arrange the supper-table; looked into the guests' chambers to see that all is in readiness for the evening toilet, and wearily sought my room to refresh myself by writing to the beloved exile. He has reached the land of gold ere this. Prosperity attend him there! My frame quivered, and cheeks burned with suppressed passion to-day, on overhearing a censure of him for "leaving country and friends in pursuit of gain." It was denounced as "heartless and mercenary." How I longed to vindicate him from this most unjust assertion! The speaker knew, as well as I do, that he has set out in no vague chase after wealth, but embarked in a regular business enterprise, invited to, and sustained in it by men of well-established character and standing in the commercial world; that the end of two years will as certainly see him again in his native

place as he is a living man. But these thoughts do me no good, and unfit me for conversing with him. I shall inclose a Christmas gift; a chain woven of the "nut-brown curls," which were his favorite playthings.

July 15th.—I have had a delightful surprise. The morning was very warm, and having finished my household duties, I donned a white dress, and, it being the day for writing, carried my desk into the parlor, as the coolest place I could find. As is my custom, I set the music-box upon the window-seat beside me, touching the spring as I took up my pen. It was in the midst of its merriest peal, my pulses vibrating to every note, for I was talking to him, when, chancing to lift my eyes, I saw a gentleman—a stranger—standing before me. I closed the desk hurriedly, and stopped the music; but his easy politeness relieved my embarrassment, and his second sentence, after the customary "Miss Ray, I believe?" made me forget forms and bashfulness together. "I am the bearer of a packet from a friend in California, Albert Falconer."

Bertie's letters introduce him as his partner and intimate companion, and refer me to him for information respecting his occupation and prospects. "He visits the States ostensibly upon other business, but, I suspect, in quest of a wife. He is a fine fellow, Effie, handsome, fascinating, intelligent, and so on; but do not lose your heart, or steal his, for I shall not give you up." I smiled when I read this, for what are beauty, accomplishments, and wisdom weighed against a love which is all mine? Mr. Grafton is agreeable, I grant, and I anticipate much enjoyment during his stay near us; yet I wish leave of absence had been accorded to his partner instead.

22d.—A ride with Mr. Grafton. He complimented my horsemanship. I am perhaps a little vain of it myself, for I attribute my proficiency to my teacher's lessons and example, as indeed what do I not owe to him? I have had a pleasant time this week. Thanked Bertie yesterday for the entertaining companion he has sent me. I fancy the latter looked surprised, but is evidently much pleased by my innumerable inquiries about his southwest life. His penetration cannot but divine that it is only a modest way of learning how another's time is employed; yet, with great delicacy, he never suffers this knowledge to appear.

Aug. 4th.—Have just come in from a moonlight stroll, not to the Rockspring (I never lead strangers in that direction; it is consecrated ground), but down the Willow Lane, very beau-

tiful at this season. Mr. Grafton has been telling of the loneliness of the sojourner in the land to which he must soon return. Poor Bertie! Nine months absent! Fifteen more before he can hope to see his home!

Sept. 30th.—I am astonished and pained, yet I cannot see that I am in fault, except that I have erred in taking for granted that Mr. Grafton was aware of my engagement. As I told him, it is inexplicable how he could have retained any respect for me while ignorant of it. How open, how unblushing must have appeared my encouragement of the attentions which I considered him privileged to pay to the betrothed of his friend! The worst of it is that my parents strenuously advise me to accept his proposal. My mother left me but a moment since. She spoke even harshly of my "obstinate perseverance in a childish whim, which nobody but myself regarded in the light of an engagement of marriage." "Albert will forget you; and you may never have another offer like this. Your unprotected situation is a great distress to your father. He has met with heavy losses recently; and his health declines daily. Your sisters have families of their own, and cannot afford to give us a shelter; at his death, we will be utterly dependent. Can you bear this?"

I prayed her with tears not to array my duty to her against my solemnly plighted vow; promised to toil for her bread and for mine; anything but deceive his trust and perjure myself! She reasoned with me, calling me her "best daughter," and other fond names seldom addressed to me before; but when I assured her, upon my knees, that I dared not obey her, and fasten this great sin upon my soul, she tore her dress from my clinging hands, and sternly saying, "You will live to repent this in dust and ashes," went out in anger. I am very—very miserable! Bertie! Bertie! what would I not give to lay my head upon your bosom and weep!

Oct. 1st.—I am calmer to-night. Mr. Grafton has gone. We parted kindly, as friends, who were never to think of being more. He saw that I was suffering, and entreated my pardon for the pain he had unintentionally inflicted. His manliness and generosity touched me. I shall always esteem, although I cannot love him. I envy him, even in his disappointment, for he goes at once to San Francisco.

Dec. 24th.—A stormy Christmas Eve. Evil spirits might be riding upon the blast, so unearthly and fierce are the shrieks, so mournful the sobs and groanings which fill the air. The rain dashes heavily against the shaking windows, but there is no gloom in my snug room. The

fire roars a jocund response to the tumult without, and needs no aid of lamps to drive the shadows out of every corner. And the music-box! I could believe that elfin fingers are sweeping the keys, so joyous is their tinkling magic. I ought to know every note by heart, but this evening there are certainly variations which seem new; and it does not require to be wound up half so often as usual. I have read Bertie's last budget through twice since it began to play, and it is ringing away bravely still; chimes—Christmas chimes!

This letter removes a load of anxiety. He has received the one sent by Mr. Grafton, and has no suspicion of what has passed between us. "You have a high place in his good graces, Effie. I cannot conceal my pride when I hear his high encomiums. Did I not always tell you, little infidel, that you are, that you only needed to be known to be, loved and admired?" But the concluding paragraph is that which has lent a new glory to life, so lowering for many weeks: "It will be nearly Christmas when this reaches you. Will you enjoy the festival any the less for knowing that we shall together taste the pleasures of the next? This is my 'merry Christmas news' for you, darling."

Those happy chimes! like fairy laughter! How deliciously they carol! What sounds to my soul, like "peace on earth; good-will to men!" I have even feared to speak of present joy, lest it should depart as soon as remarked upon; but to-night, I am happy! I will write it, though the clouds gather to-morrow!

Dec. 25th.—A year and a day since I have opened my journal. I had almost forgotten that I ever possessed one, until I happened upon it awhile ago, while rummaging through an old chest, brought from the homestead in F—. I read the last lines of my Christmas eve record with a thrill, as acknowledging a fulfilled prophecy. Heavily and hopelessly have the clouds gathered. The following dawn saw me fatherless. The messenger had come at midnight, and the Master's call was urgent. With scarcely a struggle, he passed to his rest. Our worst forebodings with regard to our worldly estate were accomplished. Penniless and inexperienced, too proud to live upon charity, I willingly accepted an invitation to this remote settlement, to assume the charge of the "Academy"—sounding title to those who had never seen the establishment dignified by this name—in a western village. It furnishes but a scanty support, acquired by unremitting toil; but, as yet, we have been able to live, and not at the expense of others.

My poor mother! The change tells fearfully

upon her. Grief has deprived her of energy; a succession of afflictions of hope and faith. I can conceal my sorrows, in consideration of her greater woe; can labor uncomplainingly while strength endures; but it is hard! It wings my soul, that she will chide me as the cause of our present misfortune! Perhaps, after all, I sinned in not sacrificing self upon the altar of filial affection; but, I believed that I held, as a sacred trust, the happiness of one who had committed it freely, without a doubt, to my charge. Could I violate that confidence; break his heart as well as mine? Thus stood the case then. Now—but this is forbidden ground.

An hour later.—"Ground" I feel constrained to tread. After writing the above, finding the holiday hang tediously upon my hands, I returned to the old chest. I was tossing over its contents listlessly, when suddenly a strain of remembered music broke forth from the midst of the confusion. I had accidentally touched the spring of the unseen case; the next moment, I had drawn it from its hiding-place, and was sobbing over it like a child. It brought it all before me: the delicious sadness of the parting; the dreamy pictures of the future; the abiding faith of those early months; letters—white-winged doves! which came surely and frequently, to nestle in my bosom; the bright promise of reunion; then the lengthened interval of silence; the long, slow agony of expectation, terminated by the return of my last letter unopened! Had this dispensation come directly from the Father's hand, I could have borne it better, for against him I have sinned in my absorbing devotion to the creature; but when I prayed—

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee."

I little thought that the thing adored was itself to fall with crushing weight upon the soul of its worshipper!

Feb. 22d.—These holidays are wearisome to me. My daily bread is distasteful unless sweetened by labor. I dread inaction, because it gives me leisure for reflection. I dare not think! Even my mother's lamentations are preferable to my meditations; and while she sleeps, I seize my pen to kill time and ennui. Ennui! what have I to do with it? It is the disease of the rich and gay; the term they give to the palling of the newest pleasure. Is this mode of life and thought wise? Is it right? worthy of a heaven-fearing, heaven-desiring spirit? When I sicken of an objectless existence, am I not forgetful of a daughter's love and duty; wickedly regardless

of the "recompense of reward?" These are questions I set for my study; force my unwilling mind to their contemplation. Does a palsied soul always accompany a dead heart?

June 10th.—A rich, fervid summer day. The scarlet blossoms wreathing the rude casement sway gently in the breeze, whispering and nodding to their gorgeous mates. I remember the time when I would have had rare conceits about them and the quick-glancing humming-birds, their constant visitors. I have no inclination to pursue such fancies now. "Life is real," and, to me, hard, not "earnest," unless it be the earnestness of the galley-slave, while the scourge is suspended above him; yet they call me cheerful—my poor mother says "heartless"—and that it is "a great thing to be able to throw off trouble so easily." I believe I wear a smile generally, I cannot tell why, unless from the force of habit; and if I am expected to laugh, I do it, I do not know how; but in the shrouded inner chamber no sunlight gleams—no mirth-tones echo. There ever brood the darkness, the stillness, the unwholesome chill of the sepulchre.

Nov. 1st.—I have never called this uncomfortable dwelling "home;" but it is a trial to resign it for one yet more humble, as befits our straitening circumstances. I barely earned a subsistence a year since; my utmost endeavors do not obtain that now. A new school has deprived me of half my pupils. He who hears the young ravens cry alone knows how all this is to end.

Our landlord calls this afternoon for his rent, which is not ready. I have written to him to come at five o'clock. My mother is usually asleep then; and she must be spared the further degradation of representing our condition, and suing for his forbearance.

Evening.—The dreaded interval is over. Mr. Mills entered, punctual to a minute, at the time appointed; a tall sinewy figure, but in nothing else the backwoodsman. I had seen him before, yet not noticed him particularly; and was struck now with a sort of honest intelligence, mingled with much good-nature, which somewhat revived my sinking courage. He only called, he stated, in consequence of my message.

"In this part of the world, we are not strict in our observance of pay-day. I am obliged to you for reminding me of it on one account. I have not visited the place for so long, that I was no aware how shamefully out of repair it is. You cannot be comfortable here, Miss Ray. It would have been a pleasure to me, no less than a duty to you and myself, to attend to this matter six months ago."

This was a fortunate opening, and I improved

it, by expressing our reluctance to ask for what we could not expect; to which we were not entitled, inasmuch as we found ourselves unable to pay the very moderate rent—

"Which I cannot have the conscience to charge for the house in its present tumble-down condition," he interrupted, laughing. "If you think half of the original demand reasonable, well and good; if not, a quarter will satisfy me. I will send workmen over to-morrow; and esteem myself lucky in not having lost a good tenant by my negligence."

Dismissing this subject, he rambled to others, chatting easily and sensibly, with a chivalric deference to my opinion, which made me forget his want of polish. He had learned through his nieces, who are among my pupils, of my mother's state of health.

"Does she ride much?" he questioned.

"Never. We have no conveyance."

"My sister is just recovering from a spell of sickness. I drive her out every day. Would your mother object to accompanying us occasionally?"

I thanked him most cordially. The darkest hour was this morning. "At the evening-time, there is light!"

May 5th.—This is an unlooked-for trial. From the time of his business call last fall, Henry Mills has been our best, almost our sole friend in this neighborhood. I feel for him gratitude, only second to my esteem of his noble qualities; but I cannot give him a love belonging to the past—entombed with it! But my mother. A refusal will wellnigh quench her feeble spark of life. As his wife, I can give her a home, and every comfort needed for her declining years. What is it that holds me back? I can no longer plead a prior pledge; can allege nothing but the stubborn denial of my selfish heart. Oh, that Providence would point out, by some undoubted sign, which is the path of duty!

7th.—My prayer is answered. Yesterday, in recess, I espied a torn newspaper under one of the school-room benches. It was quite upon the opposite side of the room, but some irresistible impulse forced me to cross over and pick it up. It was a New York paper. I had hardly observed this, when my eye fell upon an extract from a California journal:—

"We regret to learn the death of Mr. Albert Falconer, of the firm of Grafton, Falconer & Co., well-known merchants in this city. He set out in excellent health and spirits on the 10th inst., in company with eight or ten others, upon an expedition into the interior; but the party had not proceeded more than a hundred miles, when

Mr. Falconer became seriously ill, and unable to advance. An attempt to remove him to the nearest settlement was rendered abortive by his increasing danger; and after lingering until the morning of the 21st, he expired, thousands of miles from family and home; but surrounded by a chosen band of faithful comrades, to whom his high moral character and amiable qualities had endeared him."

The struggle is ended. Self is buried in his wilderness grave.

June 1st.—My wedding-day.

15th.—Henry handed me a letter this morning. It was post-marked F—; and without examining the superscription myself, smiling at his remark upon its being my maiden name, I opened it in his and my mother's presence. I could just drag my heavy limbs from the room, and lock myself in my chamber, before I fell as one dead. *It was from Albert Falconer, and dated four days since!*

When I awoke, it lay beside me; and still reeling in that terrible heart-sickness, I read it.

It was Grafton who died, holding his deceived friend's hand in his, and imploring his forgiveness with his last breath. He had intercepted my letters, withheld Bertie's, and finally directed the one to me which closed the correspondence. A merciful Judge have pity upon his wretched soul!

"I have come for you, my true, cruelly-wronged Effie," says the letter. "I am not certain as to your place of refuge, but direct this to what I am told was once your address. If I do not receive an answer speedily, I shall not wait for it to tell me where to seek you; but start, guided by Love."

I wrote but a line in reply: "I believed you dead. I am married."

For further justification, he must await the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

CHEERFULNESS.

THERE is no one quality, says the Hartford "Courant," that so much endears man to his fellow men as cheerfulness. Talents may excite more respect, and virtues more esteem. But the respect is apt to be distant, and the esteem cold. But it is otherwise with cheerfulness. It endears a man to the heart, not the intellect or the imagination. There is a kind of reciprocal diffusiveness about this quality that recommends its

VOL. L.—27

possessor by the very effect it produces. There is a mellow radiance in the light it sheds on all social intercourse, which pervades the soul to a depth that the blaze of intellect can never reach.

The cheerful man is a double blessing—a blessing to himself and to the world around him. In his own character, his good nature is the clear blue sky of his own heart, on which every star of talent shines out more clearly. To others he carries an atmosphere of joy and hope and encouragement wherever he moves. His own cheerfulness becomes infectious, and his associates lose their moroseness and their gloom in the amber-colored light of the benevolence he casts around him.

It is true that cheerfulness is not always happiness. The face may glow in smiles while the heart "runs in coldness and darkness below," but cheerfulness is the best external indication of happiness that we have, and it enjoys this advantage over almost every other good quality, that the counterfeit is as valuable to society as the reality. It answers as a medium of public circulation full as well as the true coin.

A man is worthy of all praise, whatever may be his private griefs, who does not intrude them on the happiness of his friends, but constantly contributes his quota of cheerfulness to the general public enjoyment. "Every heart knows his own bitterness;" but let the possessor of that heart take heed that he does not distil it into his neighbor's cup, and thus poison his felicity. There is no sight more commendable and more agreeable than to see a man, whom we know fortune has dealt with badly, smothering his peculiar griefs in his own bosom, and doing his duty in the society in which Providence has placed him, with an unruffled brow and a cheerful mien. It is a duty which society has a right to demand—a portion of that great chain which binds humanity together, the links of which every one should preserve bright and unsoiled.

It may be asked: What shall that man do whose burden of griefs is heavy, and made still heavier by the tears he has shed over them in private? Shall he leave society? Certainly, until he has learned to bear his own burden. Shall he not seek for the sympathy of his friends? He had better not: sympathy would only weaken the masculine strength of mind which enables us to endure. Besides, sympathy unsought for is much more readily given, and sinks deeper in its healing effects into the heart. No! no! cheerfulness is a duty which every man owes to the world. Let him faithfully discharge the debt.