" Monsieur le Marquis does not recognize

"e," asked the doctor, The prisoner looked at him earnestly, and shook his head ; reiterating his entreaties for compassion "Moneieur le Marquis does not know me ?"

repeated the surgeon in the same bitter ironical tone. "The great and noble find it hard to tecollect the poor; it is the *cancille* that always have such inveterate memories."

"For heaven's sake, do not mock my mi-sery ?" implored the fallen noble. "You have

act y" implored the fallen note. "Fou may wid you could save me—" The surgeon rang a small bell, and a servant appeared, when he ordered him to bring wine and refreshments. They were set on the table, the doctor drew up chairs, and invited his guest to sit down The agony of the prisoner Buttered over a moment

Increased every moment. "For God's sake, have pity upon me "" "All in good time. Eat-you have need of "bfreshman"" refreshment.

Let me fly. The darkness of the night

"Let me fly. The darkness of the light will favor my escape." "Impossible ? There are spies about the door. My own servants would betray you. You cannot stir hence till morning: You had better eat something." "Oh, fate. How can I ?" "Drink, then." The doctor poured out a cup of whine and pushed it towards his guest. He did not touch it, but stood shivering with terror. A nause ensued

"Save me ! save me," again faltered he. "Save me ! save me," again faltered he. "Monsieur le Marquia," said the doctor drily "

"Monsieur le Marquis," said the doctor only "seems to have a very great fear of death." The prisoner renewed his supplications: The sargeon hesitated. At length he said, "I know of but one way to help you." The prisoner was breathless.

"You are aware," continued the doctor,

"You are aware," continued the doctor, "that I am an anatomist. From what the man culottes said, you must have known that they are in the habit of oringing me bodies from the guillotine for dissection. They do it out of triandship, for they think me an excel-lent citizen. You need not shudder. I have, as before mentioned, saved several who were isn citized. You need not shudder. I have, at before mentioned, saved several who were brought to me alive ; and yet, thasks to Murat, with whom I am intimate, I have never been in want of fresh bödies. I have just now one in the house. But I eannot pass him off for you, Monsieur le Marquis, because he is short, and lacks the symmetry of proportion for which you are remarkable. Besides he has at present an bead. -These same culottes are not easily deceived. I must deliver you into their hands alive, or show them your corpse. The oaly method I see is this : you must drink a potion I have prepared, which will reader you insen-sible, and apparently deed, till to-morrow evening. When my good friends come for you I will take them to the marble table where you are laid out line a corpse." are laid out like a corps

The prisoner shuddered, but after a minute said, "If you save me, I assure you, on my homor, your reward shell be princely." The doctor turned his head with an expres-

" When must I take the drink ?" asked his

" Immediately."

"Asd where shall I pass the night ?" "As soon as you have taken the portion, you will fall into a stupor, which will soon be-come toral insensibility. I will then call my servant, and order hims to remove your body into the directing your and to lay it on the table dissecting room, and to lay it on the

The prisoner groaned. "You do not like your lodgings "said the surgeon. "But you will be in no condition to notice them when you have taken the draught." "Let manual the surgeon " implored he.

"Let me only see the room," implored he. "You had better lose no time.—Hark ! what is that ?" The clock struck. "One, two ! they will be here in less than an hour." "I will take the draught," cried the prison-er in mortal anguish. But only let me see the room."

the lamp, led the way, beckoning to his guest lo follow him. At the other end of the hall they entered a passage which led to the dis-secting room. It was large and famished with wooden which end of the pre-The doctor rose without reply, and taking wooden cases, and glasses in whick were pre-Parations of spirits of wine. More than one tkeleton was visible, each in its case. On a marble table in the middle of the room lay an unconstant the spirits of wine the lamp on the uncovered body. He set the lamp on the table, pushed the corpse a little to one side, and pointing to the vacant place, said, " This is where you will lie."

raised to the ground. I was on the epot; a female servant implored my protection for an infant boy-for your son ! I saved him from the knives of the soldiers; I brought him here; he is now asleep in an adjoining apartment. One victim must be delivered up—you or he. Will you give up your son ? Decide this in-

A loud knocking at the door." A loud knocking at the same instant was heard, and cries of "Open, Citizen Rozier !" "Decide !" thundered Rosier. "Will you give up your son to the sams-colottes ?

"Oh, I cannot-cannot die!" shrieked the miserable suppliant. And the marquis fell prostrate in the agony of his fear.

prostrate in the agony of his fear. "Contemptlifie wretch," cried the surgeon. "Take the life for which you have yielded everything—honor, virtue—the dignity of a man. I will stand surety with Marat that so base a foe can sever harm the republic. Ho, patience there, my good friends." And, going to the door, he spoke a few words to the sans-culottes, who soon after retired. The life of the Maravis de Verneuil was asfe for the area the Marquis de Verneuil was safe for the present

sent. "Leave this house," he replied, on his return to the dissecting room; and I counsel you to leave Paris also—Your son shall be restored to his friends, or protected till they claim him. For years," he added, "I have longed for revenge ; bat you are not a man, -and I cannot feel anger toward you. Begone. If you are in Paris in six hours from this you may fall into the hands of those who may not have so true an appreciation of your soldier qualities, Monsieur le Marquis, as the surgeon Leonard Rosier."

THE EMIGRANT'S SABBATH. BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

" WILL the baby die, mother?'

The inquirer was herself a child, and the look of earnest curiosity with which she watch-ed her mother's face, to gather from that the reply which the parent could not speak, testified to that precoeity of intellect, that early development of intelligence which is the lot of the children of the poor. To us, this union of ma-tured perceptions with juvenile features, is among the most painful of the train which dis-tinguish the offspring of these whose every step is a contextion with obstacles-whose every gesture scens a buffet with the world. But if the face of the daughter was painfully interesting, that of the mother was no less so. Though still young, toil, anxiety, and care, and, above all, grief, had marked her countenance with the evidence that young though she might be in years, in experience she had lived out a lifetime She was bending over the cradle of an infant, whose quiet sleep seemed the suspension of its little being. Pale and wan she seemed scarce farther from the grave than her infant charge, in watching whose almost imperceptible breathings, her whole attention was absorbed.

" Will little sis die now, mother ?" the elder child again asked. There was a volume of meaning in the tone in which the inquiry was put. It expressed the resignation to which all in that little household had made-the conviction that their well-beloved infant companion was sick unto death; and all that Mary could hope in answer was that the moment of the departure of the innocent was not yet-not that instant. A half an hour seemed a long future, a day seemed years. Who that has watched the life of a child wasting away has ever for-gotten it ? The unconscious sufferer, incapable alike of appreciating its dauger, or of commu-nicating its feelings to the earnest affection which surrounds its bed-the meckness of endurance-the supplicating glances from the eyes of a dying child-oh ! how deeply do they move the heart ! When man sinks from his strength, or woman wastes from her loveliness into the arms of dealh, at each stage of the disease the invalid can communicate with attendant friends; at each pauselike respite in the journey through the valley of the shadow, adien may be re-exchanged between those who are to part at the grave, but to meet again beyond it. But where the babe, in pain, but uncon-scious from what cause or to what end, looks up imploringly to her who, though now powerless to aid, has hitherto been its solace, the mother feels she could willingly die with her child, if she could make the sufferer understand that it is death-the death appointed to all-which is at surely still cent heart. So felt the young wife and mother-but still she spoke not. No sound broke the stillness of that house in the forest-no hum of passengers, no notes of basy life, in discord with the scene, mocked the silent grief of the mother and sister of the dying child. There was a melancholy of the dying child. There was a melaucholy appositeness in the solitude of the place, and in the stern and natural simplicity within and with out the dwelling. The light vernal winds moved the branches of the primeval tree of the forest which shaded the humble cabln, and as the sun stole in between at the opening door among the leaves, the shadow of a lesser branch of the tree trembled to and tro upon the infant's lips, as if it embalmed there the flickering of its breath ... This painfully beautiful thought tered the mind of the mother-ond while she still dwelt upon it, the door was darkened-the poetic vision was lost-and her husband and her brother entered with a noiseless step. The boy had plucked a violet in the vain hope attracting the dying child's attention. It had withered in his hand as he walked, and while he stood over the couch, struck with the alteration which in a few hours had taken place, he let it fall upon the pillow. The mother took it up-she looked at the withcrod blossom of spring, and then at the withered flower of her maternal hopes. Turning to her husband, she

spirit of enterprise and adventure which is chaepirit of enterprise and adventure which is cha-racteristic of the American people, they had wandered far, before they had here pitched their tent. Accessomed in New England to the com-forts which industry places within the reach of all—to the refisement of mind which education creates—to the social habits which the institu-tions and mannets of New England foster—and how all to the reliations privileges which bless above all, to the religious privileges which bless the descendants of those who songht a new world to worship God after their own con-sciences, the Far West for many a weary month scened to them a solitude dreary indeed-but never quite a solitude. They had early learned that there is One from whose presence no crea-ture can be banished; and isolated as they were in the mighty forest, the little family never for-got that He lives, of whom it is written, " If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall uphold me

To mother-to father-to sister-and to the brother who had accompanied them in their wanderings, the birth of that child had been as a new creature—it had coast crated for them a new home, and created a tie which had bound them to the spot. The gift of God's mercy to them, it had been as a ray of light which had made the desert blossom as the rose. All their hearts clung to the little stranger; every feeble opening of the precious bud was watched-every glimmer of the fature intelligence in the child was to them as the earnest of coming. perfect day. The smiles of its infantile joy had been the sunshine of their hearts. The tree before their door appeared greener and stronger when the little one crowed its admiration in looking up, and vainly strove to grasp its branches—the clearing about the door was thought of only as little Ellen's play ground the house, which seemed before her birth-day dull and narrow and dark, was now a paradise on earth, since there the chernb first saw the the day Any shelter would have seemed a palace to them in which the babe could stand upright to learn to walk. And now the hand of death was on these

hopes-and silently they waited the fearful con-summation of his work. Thought was busy summation of his work. Thought was busy, with both father and mother—one sentiment they held in common. But a week before had any one doubted in their presence, that their cottage was an clysium, each would have elo-quently defended it; but now to each it seemed already a charnel house, and they felt as if the the damp of death was on its walls. The mo-ther's mind wandered back to the home of her childhood-to the pleasant places which she had deserted for the forest-to the cheerful had deserted for the forest—to the chcerful house, and friends sympathizing is her joy, when Maryher eldest was born. She couned oves, one by one, the kind faces which would have crowded around her, is a scene like this. She remembered the village pastor, who would have been ready with his words of consolation, words filly chosen, " like the spples of gold, in pictures of silver." She remembered the kind physician and can we wonder if she felt kind physician, and can we wonder if she felt in her grief, that his skill might at least alle-viate and postpone, if not avert the death which threatened her dear and well-beloved infant ?

infant ? The father, as he mused thought not of the past, but of the future.—To him, as to her ouger residence in that spot seemed insupporta-ble—but while visions of the home sile had left occupied the mind of the mother, the father looked forward to still another new home, is if by retreating from mankind, he could remove from exposure to discase and death. To neither could their recently pleasant dwelling longer be tolerable—with both, the place would seem to create none but melanchely associations. But he felt at last that it was his duy to siraggle to check repinings against God's providence, and check repinings against God's providence, and looking for aid to that source whence alone support in affliction should be sought, he opened the sacred volume.

His eye fell upon the history of Hagar in the wilderness. In a low but distinct tone he read of the despair of the exile in the wilderness, of the despair of the exile in the wilderness, and while their daughter was expiring far from human aid, the parents felt with the Egyptian woman that they "could not see the death of the child," and like Hagar they "lifted up their voices and wept." As he proceeded in reading "and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, what aileth thee Hagar 1 Fer not!" —the quick perception of the mother caught a movement in the cradle. All flew at once to

## The British Magazines.

## From Frazer's Magazine. WANT OF FAITH.

The defect of our times is a want of faith. We live in an age of reality—present, palpable reality. Everything is to be paid for upon de-mand, everything is to be accounted for and answered by a return of post. The golden cur-rence of enthusiasm has been called in There rency of enthusiasm has been called in. There is no reverence for any features of truth be-hind the veil. Our temper resembles that of the Paudit who inquired of Henry Martyn whether, by embracing the christian religion, he should behold the Deity in a visible shape. This eagerness to perceive every object with-out delay and impediment is a characteristic of out delay and impediment is a characteristic of minds which have not been accustomed to gaze at the luminary of truth, and might be rebuked by a Hebrew legend which we have read. "You terch," said the Emperor Trajan to a famous Rabbi, "that your God is every where, and boast that He resides among your nation. I should like to gee Him." "God's presence is indeed everywhere," replied the Rabbi, "but he cannot be seen, for no morisk cye can look upon His splendour." The em-peror had the obstinacy of power, and persisted in his demand. "Well," answered the Rabbi, "suppose that we begin by endeavoring to gaze atome of His ambasiadors." Trajan assended; and the Rabbi leading him to the open air, for it was the noon of the day, bade him raise his eyes to the sun then shining down upon the world in its metridian splendour. The emperor eyes to the sun then suming down upon ane-world in its metidian splendour. The emperor made the attempt, but relinquished it. "I cannot," he replied, "the light dazzles me." "If then," rejoined the triumphing Rubbi, "thou art unable to endure the light of one of his creatures, how canst thou expect to behold the unclouded glory of the Creator." It is a beautiful and touching parable, and teaches humility not only in religion, but in literature and in life.

## From the same. A STRIKING MOMENT.

AND that was a striking moment, too, in the life of our gracious and graceful Sovereign, when, casting her eyes on the placid waters, on which were to be seen the St. Vincent, the Caledonia, the Camperdown, the Formidable, the Warspite, the Grecian, the Cyclops, the Tartarus, and the Prometheus, the could point the King of the French to the "wooden walls of Old Encland," but at the same time throw. of Old England," but at the same time throw herself, her consort, and her retinue, into the arms of the French monarch, of his admirable family, and of his courteous and admirable people; and with the lightness and freshness of youth and of hope, tread with delight the shores of that Normandy, endeared to all lovshores of that Normandy, endeared to all lov-ers of history by so many glorious and interest-ing recollections. "God save the Queen!' Yes!--God save the Queen! were the first notes which greeted her as she landed in France. These notes she knew right well. Often had they called forth in her presence expressions of the most devoted loysity. But it was a happy thought---it was a joyous mode of welcome-+-to greet her in a strange land with the first song of her childhood, the old national anthem of her native shores. Oh, how her young heart must have beat with joy when, calling to recollection the history of past days, and remembering the long and sanguinary was of other times between the French and the British empires, she now beheld the rival flags no longsr rivals, floating in peace and friendship in the same breeze, and herself the bearer of a in the same breeze, and herself the bearer of a magician's wand, for she carried with her the mblems of respect, confidence, and amity. These, these are the fairy scenes in the world's wide history ! They are few, brief, and far between; but their results extend to ages, and stand forth to successive generations like mighty monuments of civilization ; shewing where restless ambition ceased to agitate, where rival nations ceased to suspect and to hate, where wise and enlightened statesmen took their stand for truth and for civilization, help on the history of man, and rescue human nature from the too oft material charge of freshness, pride, and want of sympathy with his fellow men.

AN AUTUMN MORNING.

Morning-the sun's broad disc peeping over

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And who will assure me, faltered the marquis, with a sudden expression of suspicion.

"Oh, Monsicur le Marquis distrusts me !" ctied the doctor. "If yoa knew me, I fear Joar confidence would not be greatly increased. cried the doctor. But it is not right to take advantage of your igborance. Petwe have met before. I am Leonard Rosier.' The prisoner staggered back, horror struck. " I once insulted you, Monsieur le Marquis," said Rezier. "It was on the occasion of your bridal. I beard non sever to have my life. In You do not remember my features, truth, such an insult to a noble can only be wash-ed out with blood. Take this sword-we will have the I heard you swear to have my life. have the duel out here, if you please."

The weapon fell from the nerveless hand of the teror stricken wretch. "Mercy," he groaned i " have mercy upon me." Do not ask mercy from a brother of Eulalie

Rosier T" There was a shouting in the street-the sans Cal

calottes was a shouting in the street of ank on his knees, and clasped his hands, in the ex-tremity of abject supplication. He crept to-wards the wards the surgeon, he embraced his knees, and pitconsly implored his life-only his life t Rester recoiled from his touch. "There is one ransom," said he sternly, "Two weeks are the Chateau de Verneuil was

maternal hopes. Jurning to her husband, she sunk upon his neck and wept. The child was dear to them. Exiled, in part "Two weeks ago the Chateau de Veracuil was perhaps by a truaat disposition, and that restless a movement in the cradle. All flew at once to the child's side, prepared to witness its last breath. But as to Hagar in the wilderness, so God was merciful to them.

The crisis was past-a gentle perspiration stood upon the sufferer's brow-its eyes opened, and a faint smile played around its lips. Affection, over ready to catch at the slightest ground of hope, was this time not deceived. As the child now again fell into a sleep, but a sleep like that of welcome rest, instead of the feverish slumber which had before harassed their affection, the emigrant family knelt in joyful thanks giving, too deep and heartfelt for loud words. The dead was alive again.

Joyona was the following Sabbath; nor did the happy family forget that Being to whom their thanks was due for the great mercy vonchsafed to them. The mother had renewed the youth of which affliction had despoiled her, and little Mary, as she leaned affectionately on her mother's choulder, smiled that awe-mingled gratitude which children as well as adults may feel, though incapable of other expression than the silent and natural workings of their happy faces. With cheerful hearts they worshipped Him who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands," and heart and voice responded Amen ! hat he father of the little household said, with the sweet singer of Israel, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever."

an eastern hill-the ecstatic voices of a multitudeness throng of larks, rushing heavenward, and pouring out the while a flood of tremulous and yet triumphant song-the jocund voices of laborers in the farm yard, of reapers in the barvest field, and early gleaners in the bowery lanes-the clinking of harness and the creaking of ponderous vains already astir and isg towards the harvest fields ;-what pleasan-ter sights and sounds than these to usher in the glorions day ? And as the blue mists roll away, -veil after veil withdrawn, and distant hills shine clearly out, and winding waters leap and sparkle in the sunshine, and hill side cottages send up their slender wreaths of white and vapoury smoke into the pure, bright, morning air, and the awakening breeze runs riot smids: the huge gnarled arms and waving boughs of every tree it meets with in its course-what seemeth in but a renewal of the primal beauty of the earth-order and light revolving out of chaoslife, teeming, vigorous, and lusty lite-up spring ing from the heavy death like sleep of night ? So morning, life, and sunshine dawn upon world: morning climbing the firmament's blue arch-life in that vocal air, life in the dancing waters, life in the twinkling grass, life in the solemn woods, life in the thrilling song of the exalted birds, life in the red-veined vine leaves clustering round the cottage porch, life in the haunts and homes of men-and sunshine brood ing over, embracing, and informing all.