

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 demand, everything is to be accounted for and answered by a return of post. The golden currency of enthusiasm has been called in. There is no reverence for any features of truth behind the veil. Our temper resembles that of the Pandit 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 without 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 teach," said the Emperor Trajan to a famous Rabbi, "that your God is everywhere, and boast that He resides among your nation. I should like to see Him." "God's presence is indeed everywhere," replied the Rabbi, "but he cannot be seen, for no mortal eye can look upon His splendour." The emperor had the obstinacy of power, and persisted in his demand. "Well," answered the Rabbi, "suppose that we begin by endeavoring to gaze at one of His ambassadors." Trajan assented, 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 meridian splendour. The emperor made the attempt, but relinquished it. "I cannot," he replied, "the light dazzles me." "If then," rejoined the triumphant Rabbi, "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, she could point the King of the French to the "wooden walls 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 lovers of history by so many glorious and interesting 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 loyalty. 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 wars of other times between the French and the British empires, she now beheld the rival flags no longer rivals, floating in peace and friendship in the same breeze, and herself the bearer of a magician's wand, for she carried with her the emblems 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; showing 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 an eastern hill—the ecstatic voices of a multitudinous 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 tending towards the harvest fields;—what pleasanter sights and sounds than these to usher in the glorious 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 rurs riot amidst 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 chaos—life, teeming, vigorous, and lusty life—up springing from the heavy death like sleep of night! So morning, life, and sunshine dawn upon the 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 brooding over, embracing, and informing all.

raised to the ground. I was on the spot; 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 instant—your captors are at the door."

A loud knocking at the same instant was heard, and cries of "Open, Citizen Rosier!"

"Decide!" thundered Rosier. "Will you give up your son to the sans-culottes?"

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

"Contemtable 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 never 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 Marquis de Verneuil was safe for the present.

"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; but 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 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 watched her mother's face, to gather from that reply which the parent could not speak, testified to that precocity of intellect, that early development of intelligence which is the lot of the children of the poor. To us, this union of matured perceptions with juvenile features, is among the most painful of the train which distinguishes the offspring of those whose every step is a contestation with obstacles—whose every gesture seems 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 forgotten it! The unconscious sufferer, incapable alike of appreciating its danger, or of communicating its feelings to the earnest affection which surrounds its bed—the meekness 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 death, at each stage of the disease the invalid can communicate with attendant friends; at each pause like respite in the journey through the valley of the shadow, adieu 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 unconscious 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 slowly but surely stilling the pulses of its innocent 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 busy life, in discord with the scene, mocked the silent grief of the mother and sister of the dying child. There was a melancholy appositeness in the solitude of the place, and in the stern and natural simplicity within and without the dwelling. The light vernal winds moved the branches of the primeval tree of the forest which shaded the humble cabin, 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 fro upon the infant's lips, as if it embalmed there the flickering of its breath. This painfully beautiful thought entered the mind of the mother—and 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 of 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 withered blossom of spring, and then at the withered flower of her maternal hopes. Turning to her husband, she sunk upon his neck and wept.

The child was dear to them. Exiled, in part perhaps by a transient disposition, and that restless

"Monsieur le Marquis does not recognize me," asked the doctor.

The prisoner looked at him earnestly, and shook his head; reiterating his entreaties for compassion.

"Monsieur le Marquis does not know me?" repeated the surgeon in the same bitter ironical tone. "The great and noble find it hard to recollect the poor; it is the *canaille* that always have such inveterate memories."

"For heaven's sake, do not mock my misery!" implored the fallen noble. "You have said 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 increased every moment.

"For God's sake, have pity upon me!"

"All in good time. Eat—you have need of refreshment."

"Let me fly. The darkness of the night 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 wine and pushed it towards his guest. He did not touch it, but stood shivering with terror. A pause ensued.

"Save me! save me," again faltered he.

"Monsieur le Marquis," said the doctor drily "seems to have a very great fear of death."

The prisoner renewed his supplications.

The surgeon hesitated. At length he said, "I know of but one way to help you." The prisoner was breathless.

"You are aware," continued the doctor, "that I am an anatomist. From what the sans-culottes said, you must have known that they are in the habit of bringing me bodies from the guillotine for dissection. They do it out of friendship, for they think me an excellent citizen. You need not shudder. I have, as I before mentioned, saved several who were brought to me alive; and yet, thanks to Murat, with whom I am intimate, I have never been in want of fresh bodies. I have just now one in the house. But I cannot 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 no head.—These sans-culottes are not easily deceived. I must deliver you into their hands alive, or show them your corpse. The only method I see is this: you must drink a potion I have prepared, which will render you insensible, and apparently dead, till to-morrow evening. When my good friends come for you I will take them to the marble table where you are laid out like a corpse."

The prisoner shuddered, but after a minute said, "If you save me, I assure you, on my honor, your reward shall be princely."

The doctor turned his head with an expression of disgust.

"When must I take the drink?" asked his guest.

"Immediately."

"And where shall I pass the night?"

"As soon as you have taken the potion, you will fall into a stupor, which will soon become total insensibility. I will then call my servant, and order him to remove your body into the dissecting room, and to lay it on the table."

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 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 prisoner in mortal anguish. But only let me see the room."

"The doctor rose without reply, and taking the lamp, led the way, beckoning to his guest to follow him. At the other end of the hall they entered a passage which led to the dissecting room. It was large and furnished with wooden cases, and glasses in which were preparations of spirits of wine. More than one skeleton was visible, each in its case. On a marble table in the middle of the room lay an 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."

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

"Oh, Monsieur le Marquis distracts me!" cried the doctor. "If you knew me, I fear your confidence would not be greatly increased. But it is not right to take advantage of your ignorance. You do not remember my features, yet we have met before. I am Leonard Rosier."

The prisoner staggered back, horror struck.

"I once insulted you, Monsieur le Marquis," said Rosier. "It was on the occasion of your bridal. I heard you swear to have my life. In truth, such an insult to a noble can only be washed out with blood. Take this sword—we will have the duel out here, if you please."

The weapon fell from the nerveless hand of the terror-stricken wretch. "Mercy," he groaned; "have mercy upon me."

"Do not ask mercy from a brother of Egalité Rosier?"

There was a shouting in the street—the sans-culottes were come. The guilty prisoner sank on his knees, and clasped his hands, in the extremity of abject supplication. He crept towards the surgeon, he embraced his knees, and piteously implored his life—only his life! Rosier recoiled from his touch.

"There is one ransom," said he sternly, "Two weeks ago the Chateau de Verneuil was