

matted with the blood which flowed from a slight wound he had received, falling over the face, where played that bright unmeaning smile we see on the lips of an unconscious babe; at his feet his sweet child, my sister, over whom had passed the agony of years, bringing on old age in a night of time! Oh, how I shuddered when I thought on the evil passions that were now in arms against both these hapless beings! For when did a Turk ever forego his revenge?

In my terror for their safety, I had not thought of bringing with us the means of subsistence, and my heart died within me when I thought that I must leave them alone, and return to the village to procure it, where I might be detained, and their retreat discovered, I delayed going hour after hour; but when at last the miserable old man wept like a child for food, I could endure no more, and fled. I was fortunate, before I even entered the village, in meeting with a friend, who supplied me with all I required: but he told me that our peril was, if possible, greater than I had supposed. For when our enemy found we had fled, his rage knew no bounds, and he swore to track us out, though we had buried ourselves in the heart of the earth. I returned to these dear ones full of terrible forebodings; but we dragged on a few miserable days, like so many years, undisturbed. Again it became necessary that I should go forth in quest of food. This time I penetrated into Minidi with the first dawn of light, whilst the villagers were all asleep; and at the door of my own house, as though he had known by instinct I was coming was my well beloved brother, my Stavros. He flew to meet me; and in his warm embrace I experienced the first moment of joy I had known for long; little dreaming, alas! how black a traitor I was holding to my heart. He told me, as the other had done, that our danger was most imminent, and expostulated with me on the risk I ran for myself and them also in thus coming forth; and then he prayed me earnestly, for the sake of those to whom my life was precious to tell him the place of our secret retreat, that he might himself supply our necessities. For a moment I hesitated. There seemed to pass before my eyes a warning vision of that mournful group. But Stavros made me speak, and called me brother! and I told him the secret upon which they all depended. I left him, with the promise that he was to bring us food, and even to take measures for our removal to a somewhat less miserable place of refuge. It was early morning when I parted from my brother, and I remember well how bright the world seemed once more for me throughout that whole day. The sun had just set, and I sat watching my father, who had fallen asleep with his head on my sister's shoulder, when suddenly there came, on the hitherto unbroken silence, the sound of horsemen advancing at a rapid pace, with the clatter of arms and the murmur of voices. I could see, even in the faint light, the livid whiteness that overspread my sister's face, and my own limbs seemed paralysed with an agony of fear. Surely we were discovered! Through a crevice in the rock I could look to ascertain the truth; and oh that death had overtaken me ere mine eyes were blighted by so cruel a sight! A troop of thirty or forty Turks were riding rapidly towards us.

At their head was the haughty chief, our terrible foe, and by his side—oh daughter, daughter! does it not make your blood run cold?—rode my brother, my Stavros, pointing out our place of refuge, and claiming his reward! Yes; even in that hour of agony and horror, when I knew that father and sister were lost for ever, it was the certainty of his base treachery which made my brain reel. They came on—the very spot; they tore down the stones and brushwood which had concealed us so well, they dragged them forth with shouts of triumph—the old man and the shrieking child! I was as one deprived of reason, I knew not what I did. I flung myself upon my father's body, to shield him from their blows. I scarce knew that the daggers pierced my own breast. I felt the twining clinging arms of Photini torn from around my neck—I heard her shriek; and then all became night before my eyes, and I felt no more.

When I came to myself, I was lying in the house of one villager, who in this extremity proved a friend. He had come to seek me, stifling in my wounds, and carried me home, to cherish the spark of life which my enemies had unwittingly left in my breast. He had also buried my murdered father where he lay. He told me he had ascertained that my wretched sister had not long survived the horrible hour, and Stavros had gone with the Moslem chief to fight—base traitor that he was!—against his country.

And now, daughter, comes a dark period in my existence. I rose from that bed of suffering animated solely by one dire and fiend-like passion, and this was the desire of revenge—of revenge on him I had loved so well, and for that very cause now hated with a more deadly hate! I was as being transformed; the hopes, the thoughts, the feelings of my former existence had all subsided into one fierce and cruel burning—to find, and with my own hands to slay, the brother for whom, a little before, I would have given my life! So utterly had this feeling drunk up my very soul, that I could not mourn my father and sister as I mourn them, but rather dwell upon their agonizing death, because such thoughts but fed my fiery thirst for his blood who betrayed them! Ah, my child, when men now call me holy and a saint, and stoop to crave my blessing, I shudder to think how I then, for a season, was given over to the power of evil! I returned,

then, to life, with this one deadly purpose for its aim and end. I set forth to seek for him who was at once my brother in the sight of Heaven, my bitterest enemy, and now to be my victim. Alone, with the phantoms that pursued me crying 'Avenge us, avenge us!' I followed the steps of my traitor brother. For weeks he baffled my pursuit; but a length one day there was a skirmish on the heights near Salamis, in which my countrymen were conquerors. I had seen the renegade Stavros go forth with his Moslem allies to the fight, but he did not return with the fugitives who escaped. I roamed over that field of carnage like a wolf seeking his carrion prey. I sought with horrible eagerness among the heaps of the slain, heedless of the groans of the wounded.

At length I heard a moan, faint and distant: it was his voice, his well-known voice. I rushed to the spot, and there, prostrate, wounded, and still alive, lay Stavros. I flung myself on my knees beside him, and as he met my gaze, and recognized me, there passed into his eyes a look of agonizing terror, such as I hope never to behold again. I drew my dagger, but my hands trembled with excess of eagerness, and grew powerless. I drew a long breath, and looked up to heaven. Daughter, my eyes remained fixed on it, as though I were petrified! Oh, had you seen how awful was the contrast of that pure lucid glorious heaven, and the bloody earth whereon I knelt! What was I about to do? To send up once more before the brightness of the stars the smoke of new shed blood. I looked down upon my enemy; I knew not what my eyes told him, but he started up, the blood gushing from his wounds, and seized my hand. 'Do you forgive?' he frantically cried; and I answered 'I forgive!' and then, for the first time, I wept—I who had looked with tearless eye upon a father's corpse.

His wounds were mortal but he lingered long. I soothed his last hours of remorse; as a priest, I administered to him the consolations of our holy religion, and he died at last with his head on my breast, and his hand in mine. Daughter, since then I have suffered much; I have been lonely, desolate, oppressed; the world has been dark to me, for the cold earth held my treasures. But from the hour that, beneath the gaze of the eternal stars, I forgave my enemy, I have known a peace which I would not barter for all that this world can give.

The good old igoumenos concluded his narrative with a parting blessing, for the sun was now rapidly rising on the horizon, and he himself urged the travellers to proceed before the heat should grow dangerous. He stood beneath the gateway as they mounted, and when a turn in the rocky path was about to hide him from their sight as they descended, they turned to take a last look, and saw him wave a cordial farewell with the same placid smile which welcomed their arrival, the same perfect serenity upon the unwrinkled brow, half hid by the flowing white hair.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE GOOD OLD TIME.

BY THOMAS LINDSAY.

The good old time, the happy old time;
You surely all have heard about the comfortable time;
For the old, and the young, and the middle-aged chime
Like bells, when they speak about the good old time!

For then no chimneys did exist all to let out the smoke,
Which thus was forced deliciously a coughing to provoke;
The houses then were finished off without the aid of lime:

Oh, these modern days are nothing to the good old time!

No stockings then did incommode the nether man at all;

No shoes to cram the feet into; no hat the head to gall;

The windows had not any glass, whatever was the climate:

Oh, we think with admiration of the good old time!

And when some money you'd amass'd with many a heavy sigh,

'Twas so enchanting then to think, that there was nought to buy;

For the race of men most surely then was only at its prime:

Oh, the enviable pleasures of the good old time!

Roads were not then expressly made to dislocate the bones,

Nor had M'Adam then arisen to roughen them with stones;

No railway coaches rattled on, but reason, or but rhyme:

And we'll never cease to mourn for the good old time!

Then, if you chose to travel on to England, or to France,

Your adventures might have furnished out a volume of romance,

'Tween overturns and robberies—that was the age of crime:

Oh, we'll never cease to sigh for the good old time!

But if by sea you choose to go, much rather than by land—

No tossing on old ocean's back, impossible to stand—

But, creeping snail-like near the shore, you flounder'd in the slime:

We may weep, but weep in vain, for the good old time!

From Hogg's Instructor.

BRITISH PROGRESS.

If hope and happiness be synonymous, Great Britain never was so happy as at the present hour. National hope has attained its meridian. From all but the gloom of despair we have suddenly emerged into light and sunshine, the lustre of which scarcely as yet admits of our being aware of the extent or even nature of our blessedness. National perseverance has brought forth at length the fruits of patience. Nor have we forced concessions in our favour from the grumbling and reluctant; what has been delivered up gains additional value from the cheerfulness which has marked its surrender, and the faces of our present legislators, instead of that sullen stamp of gloom which indicates vexation at having been compelled to give so much away, seem to wear the benignant smiles that more than words demand of us whether they can be of any farther service.

In a political point of view, it is neither our wish nor our province to interfere. Since, however, extensive changes have been all but unanimously brought about, we deem it not out of place to address a few words of caution. To what beneficial results the late magnificent measures of our British governors may conduce, it is impossible to predict. That good must be consequent upon their operations is all but universally conceded; the amount of benefit no one can guess, and, therefore, as we have said, the star of national hope never climbed so high as now, nor blazed so brightly in her horizon, since Britain took rank among the civilised nations of the globe. Nor can it be denied that less of selfishness ever mixed itself up with the joyous expectancy of the national mind. It is not these alone who were the immediate sufferers who rejoice in hope. The rich, the prosperous, and the powerful, are unanimous in their anxiety to see the poor man happy. They are desirous of placing artisans and labourers in a position where they may be able, without an undue amount of physical effort, to provide for themselves and families a moderate share of those good things without which it is scarce possible to regard existence in the light of a boon. Now, this is as it ought to be. While much has been done for man as an immortal being, too little attention has been paid to his physical comforts. That man has a soul is certain; that, destined to survive the body, and responsible at the bar of God for the deeds it has made the body do, while its temporary inhabitant, a regard to its interests is of the last importance, and ought to take precedence of every thing else, is quite undeniable; but when a few years ago thousands of our noble intelligent mechanics were sauntering up and down the streets of grand cities, without heart, without hope, listless and starving, it was poor consolation, after scenting the flavour of a cook-shop, to cross the street for relief, and leaning against the brass guard of a rich bookseller's window, to read bills laudatory of cheap tracts got up for the information of the people. 'This ought ye to have done,' said Christ, 'but not to have left the other undone.' Regard for the soul, in former years, took precedence of that philanthropy which should, like our Lord's, have begun with the body; and there is danger that, like all similar changes consequent on reaction, we now degenerate into an opposite extreme. We have some fears that the watchword may now become the body, the whole body, and no part but the body. The outcry raised only a few years ago, was all about the mind. What benefit could an ignorant uneducated population derive from the most salutary legislative enactments and changes? Educate, instruct, enlighten, and then demands at present refused may possibly be conceded. Moral and mental improvement, therefore, passed into a kind of law. The working classes had every thing attempted to make them acquire literary or scientific tastes that mortal ingenuity could coin, invent, or desire; and the consequences have verified prediction and possibly exceeded hope.

At no other period of her history could Britain exhibit a population equally intelligent with her present. Not only have her artisans and peasantry been allured to read, but, generally speaking, the appetite for information thus excited has been gratified by intellectual and moral food of the healthiest and soundest kind. Men of learning, genius, and talent, have vied with each other in efforts to provide, at the cheapest rate, tracts, periodicals, and volumes calculated at once to elevate the intellect and improve the heart. Nor do we yet perceive the slightest abatement of desire to do good. On the contrary, the desire for sound information so decidedly evinced by the working classes and peasantry of our island is responded to by those who, in providing as cheap and useful reading for the people as they can, consult their own interests while they endeavour to fulfil a sacred trust. Our legislative rulers, too, while so frankly and cheerfully granting, in almost every instance, the poor man's prayer for physical redress, never evinced so decided, and we may add rational, a desire to promote his mental improvement as they now display.

This is as it should be, only, instead of abating, let the efforts at present put forth to better the intellectual and moral part of man exceed rather than fall short of those now so vigorously displayed to provide for his physical comfort; for, as we have already said, there is danger that, like all other reactive influences, the desire at present evinced by persons in power to see the poor man physically happy should diminish to a certain extent the firmly avowed determination to promote at all hazards his mental interests. Should this take place (may the Almighty avert it!) our national prosperity will have a short day. If benevolent laws, by which the luxuries as well as necessities of life may be put within the working man's reach, and that too without a too severe straining of his bodily energies, have a tendency to make him neglect mental culture, and lose in inferior gratifications a remembrance of the noble uses for which he is designed, then adieu, a long adieu, to all our greatness. Were we to choose between difficulties, we would rather see our masses in the condition in which they existed only a few years since, but at the same time noble, intelligent, religious and moral in their tastes, dispositions, and practices, than squandering upon licentious or frivolous gratification alone, the money which they have begun to earn with an ease which heretofore is lacking in precedent. Should, heretofore, the hopes to which recent legislative measures have given birth be speedily realised, let the population of our favoured isle be on their guard. Let all who exercise influence over the popular mind teach lessons calculated to render permanent a prosperity which, if it extinguish national intelligence by inducing national degeneracy, will assuredly prove a curse rather than a blessing. How far the government of a country should go in promoting by legislative enactments, its moral or intellectual progress, is an open question. But that, in their several departments, ministers of Christianity, teachers of the young, men of professional eminence or individuals respected for their rank of family standing, can do an incalculable amount of good by promoting in the town, village, or district they inhabit, whatever may have a tendency to keep the labouring peasant or industrious mechanic from frequenting the haunts of dissipation, and of encouraging the promotion of studies at once instructive and amusing, must be obvious to all.

We intend this essay to be one simply suggestive of hints to the virtuous and benevolent, which they can easily take up and reduce, under present circumstances, to immediate practice. Happy at perceiving the means of employment placed within the reach of the willing, and rejoicing that a competent remuneration is likely to be realised for all industrious effort, let them at the same time, more than ever use their influence to prevent prosperity or relaxation from exercising those baneful and corrupting moral tendencies which experience of the past teaches us to anticipate in reference to the reference to the masses of our isle. When, without undergoing a certain amount of moral degeneracy, did Britain ever before exult in a prosperity all but universal? What has been may be—what has been must be—unless those methods of precaution are adopted which sound reason equally with enlightened Christianity teach us to be best calculated at once to avert the danger and avoid the evil.

It is a trite observation that the press is omnipotent for evil or for good. The power which it is calculated to exercise over the popular mind has never, probably, been better expressed than by Cowper, in his Progress of Error:

How shall I speak of thee, or thy power address.
Thou god of our idolatry, the Press?
By the religion, liberty, and laws,
Exert their influence, and advance their cause:
By the worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befall.

Diffused, make earth the vestibule of hell.
Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise.

Thou ever bubbling spring of endless lies;
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.

The verses of Cowper might have been applicable enough to his own times, but in their full extent they are far from giving an accurate description of the press of the present day. The harp of the poet, equally with the pen of the philanthropist, is at present embarked in the service of progressing humanity. What can be nobler than the following ode from the pen of Dr. Charles Mackay?

Men of thought! be up and stirring,
Night and day:
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
CLEAR THE WAY!

Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may!

There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness changing into grey;

Men of of thought, and men of action,
CLEAR THE WAY!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say

What the unimagined glories
Of the day?

What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper—aid it type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,