

er's death, and also that you have had the kindness to take charge of his orphan children. I presume, madam, I am rightly informed?"

With a countenance, the varying expressions of which it could be difficult to describe, Mrs Russell replied—

"Miss Maxwell, sir, has been an inmate of this family since her father's death."

"And in her father's stead, allow me to express my gratitude for the kindness which you have manifested. Had I only known of my brother's circumstances, I might have been the happy means of preventing much distress; but as I am deprived of the happiness of conducting his comfort, I rejoice that Providence has allowed me the opportunity of providing for his children. I trust, madam, your benevolence will not prevent you from admitting my claim to assume the care of my young relatives?"

Mrs Russell, vain and arrogant as she was, could not appear composed under the circumstances. Scarcely able to articulate, she said, "Miss Maxwell no longer resides here."

"Indeed," said Mr Maxwell. "I have then been misinformed. But you can, of course, direct me to her present residence?"

"Really, sir," rejoined the lady, "I am sorry I cannot give you information on that point; Miss Maxwell left the house this morning without informing any one of her place of destination."

"This is a singular matter," said Mr Maxwell, excitedly. "I hope no disagreeable circumstance has occasioned Miss Maxwell's abrupt departure?"

"The circumstance is one which Miss Maxwell can herself best explain," said Mrs Russell; "and I have no doubt, that when you meet with her she will do so satisfactorily."

After a few more fruitless inquiries, which added to the stranger's perplexity, he rose up to depart, fortunately at the moment that a messenger arrived at the house for Miss Maxwell's parcels. Mr Maxwell directed his servant to obtain the proper address, and in a few minutes more the carriage stopped at the retired sequestered spot occupied by Mr Anderson. The sequel is soon told. The wealthy stranger announced himself as the long-absent brother of whom Miss Maxwell had so frequently heard her father speak, and with great delight he clasped to his breast the children to whom alone of all the world he was bound by consanguinous ties. Having heard the whole history which we have recounted, he expressed in the warmest manner his admiration of the noble and disinterested conduct of Mr Anderson and his worthy partner; and with equal warmth denounced the unfeeling and ungenerous behaviour of Mr and Mrs Russell. His own history was that of many who have spent years in the same regions. He had accumulated wealth to excess, but his constitution was broken and shattered. His niece and nephews removed with him to a residence of princely magnificence, and soon became a constituent portion of the highest circle of London society. But to Miss Maxwell, no delight was equal to that of being able practically to express her deep sense of the kindness of the excellent missionary, and of aiding in schemes of a useful and charitable nature. Mr Alexander Russell, by letter, resumed his addresses; but Miss Maxwell, who could never bring herself to feel towards her cousin any other sentiment than that of friendship, in respectful and kind terms, but, at the same time firm and decided, sent a negative reply.

Could she not love him? "Curious fool be still:

Is human love the growth of human will?"

The disappointed lover soon after went abroad.

In a morning paper which Mrs Russell accidentally took up, about a twelvemonth after these events, it was announced that Sir Charles Arlingford had led to the hymeneal altar, the beautiful and accomplished Miss Maxwell, niece to John Maxwell, Esq., one of the wealthiest commoners in England. And in another column of the same paper, it was also stated that the young baronet just named had presented Mr Matthew Anderson to a valuable living on his estate in —shire.

From Sacred Mountains, by the Rev. J. T. Headley.

PICTURE OF THE FLOOD.

NOAH, whose head was whitened by the frosts of six centuries, laid the foundation of his huge vessel on a pleasant day, when all was serene and tranquil. The fields were smiling in verdure before his eyes, the perfumed breezes floated by, and the music of birds and sounds of busy life were about him, when he by faith alone, laid the first beam of that structure, that was to sail over a buried planet. When men, on enquiring the design of that huge edifice, were told its purpose, they could hardly credit their senses; and Noah, though accounted by all, a very sprightly and respectable man, became a jest for children. As the farmer returned at evening from the fields, and the gay citizen of the town drove past, they christened it "Noah's folly." Those more aged and sober, shook their heads wisely, saying, "The old man is mad." Even the workmen engaged upon it, laughed as they drove the nails and hewed the plank, yet declared they cared not, as long as the foolish old man was able to pay. Still the ark went up, and the day's wonder ceased to be talked about. When it was finished, and curiosity satisfied, it was dismissed from the mind as a passing folly.

Yet I have sometimes wondered what people thought when they saw the beasts of the field, and the forest, and fowls of the air, even the

venomous serpent, and the strong-limbed lion, coming in pairs to that ark. This must have staggered them amazingly, and made the ark for a while, a fresh topic of conversation. At length the patriarch with his family entered—the door was shut in the face of the world, and he sat down, on the strength of a single promise, to await the issue. That night the sun went down over the green hills, beautiful as ever, and the stars came out in the blue sky, and nature breathed long and peacefully. In the morning the sun rose in undimmed splendour and mounted the heavens. Deep within the high structure, Noah could hear the muffled sound of life without. The lowing of herds came on his ear, and the song of the husbandman going to his toil, and the rapid roll of carriage wheels as they hurried past, and perhaps the ribald shout and laugh of those without, as they expended their wit on him and his ark together. To say nothing of the improbability of the event, the idea was preposterous that such a helpless, helpless affair could out-ride a wrecked world. Thus day after day had passed on until a week had gone by, but still the faith of that old man never shook. At length the sky became overcast, and the gentle rain descended—to Noah the beginning of the flood—to the world a welcome shower. The farmer, as he housed his cattle, rejoiced in the refreshing moisture, while the city never checked its glee or the man of wealth his plans. But as the rain continued day after day, and fell faster and fiercer on the drenched earth, and the swollen streams went surging by, men cursed the storm that seemed determined never to break up. The lowlands were deluged; the streams broke over their banks, bearing houses and cattle away on their maddened bosoms. Wealth was destroyed and lives lost, till men talked of ruined fortunes, famine, and general desolation; but still it rained on. Week after week it came pouring from the clouds till it was like one falling sheet of water, and the inhabitants could no longer stir from their doors. The rich valleys that lay along the rivers were flooded, and the peasants had sought the eminences round for safety. Yet still the water rose around them, till all through the valley nothing but little black islands of human beings were seen on the surface. Oh, then, what fierce struggles there were for life among them! The mother lifted her infant above her head, while she strove to maintain her uncertain footing in the sweeping waters; the strong crowded off the weak, as each sought the highest point; while the living mass slowly crumbled away, till the water swept noiselessly above them all. Men were heard talking of the number of lives lost and the amount of wealth destroyed, and that such a flood had not happened in the remembrance of the oldest man. No one yet dreamed of the high grounds being covered—least of all the mountains. To drown the world, it must rain till the ocean itself was filled above its level for miles, and so men feared it not, and sought for amusement within doors till the storm should abate. Oh, what scenes of vice and shame, and brutality, and revelry did that storm witness in the thronged city; and what unhallowed songs mingled in the pauses of the blast that swept by!

But at length another sound was heard that sent paleness to every cheek, and chained every tongue in mute terror. It was a far-distant roar, but faint and fearful, yet sounding more distinct and ominous every moment, till it filled the air. The earth trembled and groaned under it, as if an earthquake was on its march, and ever and anon came a crash as if the "ribs of nature" were breaking. Nearer, and louder, and more terrible it grew, till men, forgetting alike their pleasure and their anger, rushed out in the storm, whispering "The flood! the flood!"—and lo, a new sea, the like of which no man had ever seen before, came rolling over the crouching earth. Stretching from horizon to horizon, as far as the eye could reach, losing itself, like a limitless wall, in the clouds above, it came pouring its green and massive waters onward, while the continual and rapid crash of falling forests, and crushed cities, and upturned mountains, that fell one after another in its passage, and the successive shrieks that pierced the heavens, rising even above the deafening roar of the on-rushing ocean, as city after city, and kingdom after kingdom disappeared, made a scene of terror and horror, inconceivable—indescribable. "The fountains of the great deep were broken up."

But the last cry of human agency was at length hushed—ocean met ocean in its flow, and the waves swept on without a shore. Oh, what a wreck was there! the wreck of two thousand years, with its cities, its cultivated fields and mighty population. Not shivered masts and broken timbers, the wreck of some gallant vessel, were seen on that turbulent surface, but the fragments of a crushed and broken world. It was a noble wreck—splendid cities and towers, gorgeous palaces, gay apparel, the accumulated wealth and luxuries of twenty centuries strewn the bosom of the deluge, like autumn leaves the surface of some forest stream.

But amid the sudden midnight that had wrapped the earth, and the frenzy of the elements and utter overthrow and chaos of all things, there was one heart that beat as calmly as in sleep—one brow over which no breath of passion or of fear passed; for in the solitary ark that lifted to the heaving billows, the aged patriarch knelt in prayer.

Amid the singing of that fierce ocean his voice may not have been heard by mortal ear, but the light of faith shone round his aged form, and the moving lip spoke a repose as tranquil as childhood's on the bosom of maternal love. The Patriarch's God ruled that wild

scene, and Noah felt his frail vessel quiver in every timber, without one tremor himself. Uphorne on the flood, the Heaven protected ark rose over the buried cities and mountains, and floated away on a shoreless deep. Like a single drop of dew this round sphere of ours hung and trembled—a globe of water in mid-heaven. I have often wondered what the conversations were during the long days and nights that lonely ark was riding on the deep. As it rose and fell on the long protracted swell, massive ruins would go thundering by, whole forests sink and rise with the billows, while ever and anon an upturn hill, as, borne along by the resistless tide, it struck a buried mountain, would loom for a moment like some black monster over the waves, then plunge again to the fathomless bottom.

Amid this wreck and these sights, the ark sailed on in safety. How often, in imagination, have I pictured it in the deluge at midnight! To a spectator, what an object of interest it would have been. Round the wide earth the light from its solitary window was the only indication of life that remained. One moment it would be seen far up on the crest of a billow, a mere speck of flame amidst the limitless darkness that environed it, and then disappear in the gulfs below as if extinguished for ever. Thus that gentle light would sink and rise on the breast of the deluge, the last, the only hope of the human race. Helmless, and apparently guideless, its wreck seemed inevitable; but the sea never rolled that could extinguish that star-like beam that told where the ark still floated. Not even the strong wind that the Almighty sent over the water to dry it up, driving it into billows that stormed the heavens, could sink it. Though it shook like a reed in their strong grasp, and floundered through the deep gulfs, it passed unerring on to the summit of that mountain on which it was to rest; and at length struck ground and ceased its turbulent motion. Noah waited a week, and then sent forth a raven to explore the deep. Though the waters till swept from mountain to mountain, the myriad carcasses that floated on the surface furnished both food and resting place, and he returned no more. He then sent forth a dove. It darted away from the place of its long confinement, and sped on rapid wing over the flood, now turning this way and now that, looking in vain with its gentle eye for the green earth, and at last turned back towards the ark of rest. The tap of its snowy wing was heard at the window, and the patriarch reached forth his hand and took it in. The fierce pantings of its mottled breast, and its drooping pinions, told too well that the earth gave no place of repose. But the second time it was sent abroad it returned with an olive leaf in its mouth, showing that the earth had risen from its burial, and was sprouting in verdure.

Then the patriarch went forth with his family, and stood on Mount Ararat, and lo! the earth was at his feet, but how changed! Cut into gorges, which showed were the strong currents had swept, and piled into ridges, it bore in every part marks of the power that had ravaged it. Noah and his family were alone in the world; and he built an altar there on the top of the solitary mountain, and lifted his voice in prayer, and the Almighty talked with him as "friend talketh with friend," bidding him go forth and occupy the earth. And as the flame of the sacrifice rose from the mountain top, bearing the patriarch's prayer heavenward, the promise was given that the earth should never again be swept by a deluge, and lo! God's signet ring appeared in the clouds, arching the man of God, and shown as a warrant that the covenant should never be broken.

Baptized by the flood, consecrated by the altar, illumined by the fine fresh rainbow, Mount Ararat stood a sacred mountain on the earth.

ENTERPRISE OF THE DUTCH.

THEY have bestowed immense labour in regaining their soil from the sea, and have based cities on the domain of the ocean itself. When they plant a house where the ground is marshy, they proceed as follows:—They trace the square of its dimensions; bore o the depth of seven or eight feet till they find water; pump it dry; and drive stakes round the square by means of a weight of twelve or fourteen hundred pounds, suspended from a pulley; the stakes are from forty to fifty feet in length, and each requires, on an average, an hour and a half for driving it down. One hundred of these blocks or stakes are sufficient for a small house.

The royal palace at Amsterdam took 13,595. When it is considered what immense labour the towns in Holland have required for construction, what immense sums they must have cost, and what industry the people must have possessed to enable them to prosper with such drawbacks to their exertions, the Pyramids of Egypt, the ruins of Thebes, the hanging gardens of Babylon, appear no longer as visionary dreams of gigantic enterprise, but as the works of man.

DEATH OF CHILDREN.

LEIGHTON thus wrote on hearing of the death of a child: "Sweet thing, and is he so quietly laid asleep? Happy he! Though we shall have no more the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor of being sick, nor of dying."

"Tell my dear sister, that she is now so much more skin to the other world; and this will be quickly passed to us all. John is but gone at an early hour to bed, as children use to do, and we are undressing to follow. And the more we put off the love of the present world, and all things superfluous, beforehand, we shall have the less to do when we lie down."

European News.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Germany.—Berlin, April 20.—Order is established at Cracow. Bands of peasantry had been scouring the country and committing many acts of violence; but they had returned, or were about to return to their duty. The Austrian Government has determined to make great concessions to them. The assassinations by the peasants have been so numerous, there is scarcely a noble, or, as you would say in England, a country squire, left in the district. A report has been current that Prussia, Russia, and Austria, intend to divide among themselves the republic of Cracow.

Switzerland.—Geneva, April 23.—The Berne people, by their Assemblée Constituante, have drawn up a *projet* of their new constitution, which will, no doubt, be eventually adopted. It is so democratic that it would have delighted the heart of General Jackson, had he been alive, to see it.

Poland.—The news from Poland is of a very contradictory character. A letter from Lembreg, the capital of Austrian Galicia, dated April 7, states that the greater portion of the bands of peasants who continue under arms had been dispersed, but that assassinations were daily taking place. In the town of Styria a peasant, who had taken a very active part in attacking the chateaux of the nobles, had died of his wounds, and was interred with extraordinary pomp. The public authorities, both civil and military, attended, and military honours were given—a circumstance so unusual and improper that it disgusted not only the Poles but the Germans, and especially the officers of the army.

The poor in the Highlands of Scotland are said to be in a state of great destitution.

The *Delhi Gazette* contains an account of the capture and death of a serpent, which measured fourteen cubits in length and two in circumference.

Fears are entertained that the cholera will visit Western Europe in the course of the present summer. In Germany, the alarm on this subject is considerable.

An edict has been pasted on the walls of Rome denouncing the modern innovation of gaslight, and ordering that all private gasworks should be suppressed.

A storm of *Black rain* is described by the Worcestershire Guardian, which lasted two hours, and had a smell as of soot and paint mixed, as having fallen in the northern part of Worcestershire.

The Rev. Mr. Sibthorp, who joined the Church of Rome some time ago, and has since returned to the communion of the Anglican Church, has imposed a silence of three years on himself as a mark of penitential regret.

The deepening of the Clyde formed the subject of a paper recently read before the Institution of Civil Engineers, Sir John Rennie in the chair. A number of shoals had been cut through or dried up. The present navigation had been so improved that ships drawing seventeen feet nine inches of water sail up to Glasgow; and a case was mentioned of a ship drawing nineteen feet having ascended the Clyde last summer.

The building of the new colleges in Ireland is to be commenced forthwith.

The Rev. Mr. Walsh has been appointed Bishop of Kilkenny by the Pope. It is said that a struggle took place between the repeal and anti-repeal portion of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics on this appointment. Dr. Murray and Dr. Kennedy supported the successful candidate; Dr. Higgins gave his influence to the Rev. Mr. Hanton, an ultra-repealer. It would appear from the issue, that the Pope has little sympathy for repeal.

The accounts from various parts of the country give painful evidence of the existing distress. Many of the districts are suffering the horrors of famine, and fever is on the increase. The Ballinasloe Advertiser states that the district hospital in that town is very crowded. There are many fever cases. The Galway Mercury gives an account of a relief meeting in that district, where the sum subscribed was totally inadequate to the emergency of the evil. In Malinbeg, fears of an outbreak have been general. In Clogheen, oatmeal and coarse flour had been distributed to above 1000 starving creatures. In Waterford, the respectable sum of £850 had been subscribed in one day, and other sums had since been added. In Tralee, money had been raised and provisions distributed to the famishing populace. The accounts from the districts on the south and south-western districts are nearly