

has led you to fall in respect to the daughter of the most unfortunate, as well as of the most virtuous of monarchs?

'Are you mad, my son?' said the mother in a tone of deep sorrow.

'Brother,' murmured Louisa; 'it is the Princess Maria—the angel who cured me.'

'Speak, Mikael; I command you!' said Maria. There was such an energy of authority in the tone of the young girl; that Mikael fell on his knees; hid his face in his hands, and bursting into tears; cried, 'I am a wretch; I deserve death in all its torture. Whilst she has saving my mother; and curing my sister—whilst she was giving us health, joy, and happiness—I was carrying to her death and desolation!'

'Wretched boy! that snuff was poisoned, and you intended it for my father, and fixed upon my hands to offer it to him!' cried Maria, and she would have fallen, had not Mockintsk caught her in her arms.

'Oh! it cannot be—it cannot be!' exclaimed the poor mother in accents of despair.

'Answer Mikael,' said Maria regaining a little composure.

'It is too true,' said Mikael, still quailing under the fixed look of the princess.

'It is true!' repeated the princess, clasping her hands 'it is true you wished to kill my father but who has incited you? Say—has this man, so just, unknowingly committed any act of injustice towards you? Has this man, so noble, trampled upon you because you are weak? Has this monarch, so unfortunate, visited upon you his misfortunes? Speak—speak sir, how did my father ever wrong you?'

'Never madam. But oh, I ask for no pity for myself—but for the sake of my mother, my young sister, hear me,' cried Mikael throwing himself at the feet of Maria. 'The man who tempted me to do this awful deed, drove me almost mad by perpetually saying; "Whilst Stanislaus lives, your mother, your sister and yourself, will suffer cold and hunger."'

'Then who are these men?' demanded Maria, restraining her indignation in order to learn and defeat the plots of her father's enemies.

'I am quite ignorant of their names, their rank or their number, replied Mikael; but to-morrow I am to meet him, who for the last eight days has been my evil genius, under the walls of the castle, outside the Gothic window of your royal father's room. You now know all I know myself princess. As to asking your pardon it is useless, my doom is fixed, my life is forfeited, sold either way.'

'Fear not; I take you under my protection, no harm shall happen you,' said the princess. But I must return to the castle. My father, my good father, so noble, so good so virtuous! Oh may a gracious providence bestow on you the reward of your virtues!'

'He has already bestowed it on him, in giving you to him, dear princess,' said mother Jason weeping. 'Have you not already been his preserver by the very act of loading us with benefits?'

'I have indeed been rewarded for what I have been able to do for you,' said the princess wiping her beautiful eyes, still wet with tears.

'Let us hasten back to the castle, Mockintsk; after the danger my father has been in, I long as much to see him as if we had been parted for years.'

'Thus the life of Stanislaus was once more saved; I say once more because this was the third plot to assassinate him. The first attempt was by a barber, who having undertaken to kill him, ran away, leaving the king with the napkin round his neck, and his face covered with lather, the second was defeated by a plot still more artfully contrived; and this third and last was the forerunner of an event overwhelming the family of Stanislaus with joy.'

The treaty of marriage between Louis XV. and the Infanta of Spain having been broken off, the ministers of the boy-king sought every where for the princess most likely to render Louis happy; and after some consideration they decided on Maria Leszczinska.

Stanislaus still inherited Wissemburg, when proposals for her hand was made to him through the Cardinal de Rohan, bishop of Strasburg. He repaired immediately to the chamber of his wife who was employed at needlework.

'Let us kneel down and thank God,' said he as he entered.

'Father!' exclaimed Maria 'you are reinstated on the throne of Poland!'

'Oh my daughter!' replied the dethroned king 'Heaven has been much more propitious to us—for you are Queen of France!'

The nuptials were celebrated at Fontaineblain on the 5th of September 1725.

She had scarcely been six months on the throne, when she wrote thus to her father:—
'I hope my dear papa that you will not keep me waiting longer for what you promised. Mark out clearly all my duties for me; tell me all my faults. You know me better than I know myself. Be my guiding angel. I am indeed sure that by following you I shall never go astray; but I cannot answer for what I may do if I depend upon my own poor understanding. It seems as if every body was pleased with me. I do not judge by what is spoken, for that is but flattery; but it seems as if every face was lit up with joy at my approach and that gives me pleasure. Praise be to our gracious God for all! My dear papa, I am sure you will pray to him for the king and me.'

Her father hastened to send her the advice he had solicited, and which was dictated by

the most rational tenderness and the most enlightened wisdom; and by conforming to it, she acquired amongst her French people the title of the 'Good Queen.' It is pleasing to add that Stanislaus on abdicating his claim to the throne of Poland in 1736, obtained the duchies of Lorraine and Bar, where till his death, he reigned in the affections of his people, as 'Stanislaus the Beneficent.'

From Hogg's Instructor.

WHY DID HE DIE?

BY M. C. COOKE.

'Why did he die?' the mother asked.

As tears bedew'd her cheek,

As rising sobs almost forbade

Her faltering tongue to speak.

She stoop'd and kiss'd her son's pale

corpse,

She grasp'd his hands so cold—

'Soon shall I slumber by his side,

For I am growing old.'

'Why did he die?' we ask the rose

That blooms in fragrance sweet;—

Why does it wither and decay,

And crumble at your feet?

The scent is gone which once exhaled

From 'midst the crimson leaves,

And where the blossoming flower once

hang

His web the spider weaves.

Why did he die? why melts the snow

Before the summer's sun?

Why are the dew drops quaffed away

When morning is begun?

Why bursts the bubble which so bright

Sails through the vapoury air?

Why do the flowers thus fade and die,

However bright and fair?

'Why did he die? the blooming rose

The melting snowflakes tells;

The dew drops light and bubble frail,

The reason each reveals.

For all on earth, man, woman, child,

Rose, dew drops, Snowflakes—all

Were framed for time: as he decrees

So each must drop and fall.

From the Christian Treasury.

MOUNT HOR.

BY THE REV. J. T. HEADLY, NEW YORK.

It must have been a grievous offence of which Moses and Aaron were guilty, when commanded to bring water out of the rock for the Children of Israel, to have demanded such punishment from Heaven as was immediately pronounced. That miracle must have been attended with strange exhibitions of human presumption and rebellion, or God would not have slain the two great leaders of Israel, after all their toils, on the very margin of the promised land, and conferred the honour of conducting his people over Jordan on one whose labours seemed to give him no claim to it. Said God to Moses and Aaron, 'Because ye believed me not, to sanctify me in the eyes of the children of Israel, therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them.' Aaron was the first to bow to this stern decree, and died on the top of Mount Hor, while Moses was permitted to feast his eyes on the promised land, and then buried on the summit of Pisgah. These two great leaders in Israel—these wonderful brothers to whom the Gracchi and Horatii of the world are but as dim shadows of men, died on two mountain peaks, making them immortal in history.

Aaron never appears so perfect a character as Moses. He does not seem so much above the follies and prejudices of his age. He was more a man of the times, subject to passing influences and prevailing tastes. Moses, on the contrary, was one of those rare characters in history which seem to live in the past, present, and lives in the future. Reverencing the good that has been, understanding the full scope and drift of the present, he at the same time comprehends and lives in the future. Such a man the ardour of hope never beguiles into scorn of the past, nor over-reverence of the present. Like those mountain summits which first catch the sunlight, he rises out of the darkness and prejudice below him, heralding the day that is approaching. Neither does Aaron seem borne up and onward by so lofty a feeling as he. With mind less strong, he lacked also the enthusiasm of his brother. Yet he must have possessed rare gifts to have been chosen the companion and fellow labourer of Moses in that wondrous deliverance of the children of Israel from Egypt, and in conducting them forty years through the wilderness to the promised land. Much more must he have possessed an elevation and purity of character far above his fellows, to have been chosen as the founder of the Jewish priesthood—to first to minister at the altar, and to represent a sacerdotal dynasty more glorious and more immortal than the line even of David, or any succession of kings that ever filled a throne.

Chosen by God to stand beside Moses through the night of peril and trouble on which the children of Jacob were entering, he was sent to meet him on his way from the wilderness. Obeying the command, he set out in search of his brother, and, lo, they met 'on the mount of God,' and blessed each other,

and returned together, conversing as they went to the court of Pharaoh. Who can tell the misgivings and fear of the solitary brothers, standing unprotected by human power before the throne of Pharaoh, and raising on the oppressive monarch the terrible denunciations of Heaven? Who has ever repeated their solemn interviews as they retired apart and conversed of the miracles they had performed, and the message of God which daily came to them from Heaven? Brave men! day after day they stood between their enslaved brethren and a haughty court, waiting patiently the fulfillment of the promise, still delayed, until at length their efforts were crowned with success, and the thousands of Israel separated themselves from their task-masters, and at midnight moved away from the scene of their degradation and their sufferings. Through all those terrible plagues that desolated Egypt—in the desperate retreat before the thundering chariots of Pharaoh's army—amid the murmuring multitude that clamoured against their deliverers as if they had thus led them forth only to be slaughtered—through the channel of deep waters, while the waves foamed and crested along the high brink that toppled above, Aaron never faltered, but side by side with his brother, moved firm and steady as the pillar of fire that led them on.

At length he was called forth from the congregation by the voice of God, and ordained high priest, and the solemn ceremonies that ever attended a human anointing, and the sacred robe was put about him, and he stood the mediator between the people and their Maker.

But in the sedition which he planned with Miriam against his brother, he was governed by a spirit of envy and a desire to overthrow him, and exhibited that weakness of character of which I spoke. Yet, doubtless, Miriam was the more guilty of the two in this shameful conspiracy; for when the Lord suddenly descended into the pillar of cloud, and, with Moses, and Aaron, and Miriam before him, sternly rebuked the erring brother and sister, the latter only was punished. Smitten with leprosy, she emerged from the mysterious cloud that covered the tabernacle; 'white as snow.' So also, in making the golden calf at the bidding of the people, and allowing them to degrade themselves in the eyes of God and man, he showed that he lacked the loftiness of character which made Moses so much feared, and rendered him so utterly incapable of becoming a partner in such folly and wickedness. Still he was made the first high priest of Israel, and clothed with the richest honours of Heaven.

But, like Moses, he was not to see Canaan; and when the long column of Israel's thousands stretched across the desert, and wound around the base of Mount Hor, and pitched their tents in its mighty shadow, his work was done and his career ended. Said God to Moses, 'Aaron shall be gathered unto his people, for he shall not enter into the land which I have given unto the children of Israel, because ye rebelled against my word at the waters of Meribah. Take Aaron and Eleazar his son, and bring them up unto Mount Hor, and strip Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar; and Aaron shall be gathered unto his people, and shall die there.' And Moses did as the Lord commanded, and they went up into the Mount in sight of all the congregation.

Whether the solemn event about to happen to Aaron was made known to the people, and they took a sad farewell of him, as they did of Moses when he went up Nebo, we cannot tell. But from the brief account left us, it is probable that the secret of his death was not divulged to the congregation, and when he and his son, and Moses together, left the camp and began to ascend the solitary and barren mountain. Perhaps they expected another exhibition of God there, similar to the one on Sinai. Its solitary position—its commanding top, made it a place fit for such a scene, and as they saw those three forms climbing the rugged rocks and precipitous sides, and finally stand on the bold and barren summit, they may have looked for the descent of that wondrous cloud which filled them with such terror on Sinai. God was about to speak, but to Moses, and Aaron, and Eleazar alone. The two brothers stood on that high elevation together, and gazed for a moment on the scene below.

There were the countless tents of Israel sprinkled over the plain, never more to be entered by Aaron, farther off arose the city of Edom; and still further away, like a mirror in the landscape, glittered the Dead Sea, whose dark waters slumbered above Sodom and Gomorrah; behind them rose Mount Seir, and away to the mouth of the Jordan stretched the valley of El Ghor. All was sad, mournful and silent. How long the brothers stood and talked together, we cannot tell. Their embraces and repeated farewells were not seen except by Eleazar, and the high priest's prayers were unheard by those who had so often invoked his intercessions at the altar of sacrifice. Aaron's last prayer! the brother and son who heard it, felt that the high priest had found a Mediator, before whom a broken heart and contrite spirit was the only sacrifice demanded. He had once stayed up Moses' arm in the fight, by his prayers to the God of battle, and now they sustained each other in this last greatest trial. Methinks that Aaron knelt there on the top of the barren mountain, and with his hands on the head of his son, commended him to the God of Israel with tears and intercessions such as only a parent can use. His last instructions had more of heaven than earth in them, and his last farewell was worthy of the high priest of Israel. Moses, as he stripped him of his sacerdotal robes, doubtless spoke of their speedy meeting in that Canaan of which the one they

sought was but a type. He knew that his own hour was nigh, and that his brother's death was but the prelude of his own. It was a sad task given him, to take the sacred vesture from his brother; and as it were, clothe him, while in full health, with his funeral shroud. And the son, the pure minded, noble and affectionate son—with what tears and choking grief did he see his father despoiled of his honours, and himself clad in his priestly garments! It was a heavy trial to all—to brother, father, and son, and a mournful scene there on the top of the mountain. But the last embrace was a length given and taken—the last prayer breathed, and the high priest of Israel lay down to die. Glorious was his departure from the top of that lordly mountain—triumphant his last words as his eyes closed on, his son, and opened again in heaven.

When the people of Israel saw Moses and Eleazar return alone, and were told that Aaron was dead they mourned thirty days.

Mount Hor is a lonely peak, seen at a great distance from the desert, and constitutes one of the landmarks by which the Arab guides his way. On its summit is a white building, called the tomb of Aaron, Mohammedans and Christians reverence it alike, and the sepulchre of the high priest is safe from the ravages even of the Arab of the desert. A landmark in the bleak scenery, within sight of the desolate city of Edom and its pillared rocks, overlooking the Dead sea. It is a fit place for the tomb of Aaron, and stands consecrated forever. An imperishable testimonial of the truth of the bible—a stern witness of the fulfilment of prophecy—a cursed city and a cursed mountain on either side—it arrests the traveller's eye from afar, and fill him with awe and fear, as it silently and perpetually speaks of God.

WHAT IS MAN?

I sometimes see, as I sit in my pew during the service, an idle fellow saunter in. He gazes about him for a few minutes; finds nothing to interest or affect him; seems scarcely to understand what is going forward, and after a lounge or two, goes out again. I look at him and think, 'You are a wonderful creature! A perfect miracle! What a machine is that boy!—curiosity—fearfully—wonderfully framed! An intricate, delicate, but harmonious and perfect structure! And then, to ascend to your soul!—its nature!—its capacities!—its actual state!—its designation!—its eternal condition!—I am lost in amazement! While he seems to have no more consciousness of all this than the brutes which perish—Cecil.'

WATER SUPPLY OF ROME AND LONDON.

The probable supply to the 1,000,000 inhabitants of which Rome could at one time boast amounted to 50,000,000 cubic feet, being equal to about fifty cubic feet for each individual. This is probably twenty times the quantity which London now receives for each of its inhabitants—a fact which goes far to justify the application of the disgraceful term 'bathless' to this, the largest, the most opulent, and the most powerful city in the world. How miserably insignificant do our water works appear, and how trifling the supply they furnish to this mighty city of more than 2,000,000, when contrasted with the immense flood of pure water poured into old Rome by her extensive aqueducts. And how discreditable the difference between the two capitals, when we reflect on the far superior resources which modern science has placed at her command, and on the well known fact that through the happy constitution of the strata on which London stands, she has at her command (requiring as it were the smiting of the rock to make them gush forth) boundless supplies of the purest possible water.—*Mechanic's Magazine.*

NATURAL CLOTHING.

The clothing which grows from the bodies of animals is always suitable in quality and quantity to the climate and season under which they live. In hot climates the coat of quadrupeds is short and thin, but it thickens with increasing latitudes, and yields soft and abundant fleeces. At the poles it is externally shaggy and coarse, internally shorter and fine, as in the skin of the arctic bear. How defensive is the fur of the amphibious animals; the beaver for example! How abundant and smooth upon birds are feathers, shutting up the heat of warm blood, and opposing no resistance to the air through which they fly! The birds of very cold regions have plumage almost as bulky as their bodies; and which live much in the water have additionally both a defence of oil on the surface of the feathers, and the interstices of the ordinary plumage filled with delicate down—a bad conductor, which abounds particularly on the breast, as it, in swimming, first meets and divides the cold waves. Then there are animals with warm blood which live in the water—for example, the whale, seal, and walrus; but neither hair nor feathers oiled would have been a fit clothing for them; they accordingly derive protection from the cold water by the enormous amount of blubber or fat which surrounds their bodies: it is a non-conductor.—*Arnol.*

DUTY OF MASTERS.

It is the part of a wise and of a good man to deal with his inferior as he would have his superior to deal with him. He that duly considers how many servants have come to be masters, and how many masters to be servants will lay no great stress either upon the one title or upon the other.