

on the 11th of April, 1770, at eight o'clock in the morning, bade adieu to Versailles for ever. Accompanied by the Vicomte and Madame de Chateaugrand, to whom since her former visit to the convent she had been all kindness, she stepped into her carriage and drove to St Denis. As by taking the veil she renounced all earthly distinctions, and amongst the rest that of being buried with the Royal family of France; she now visited these vaults for the last time; and having knelt for some minutes at the tomb of her mother, she repaired to the convent leaving her two attendants in the carriage. The abbot, who having been apprised by the Archbishop, was in waiting to conduct her to the parlour, now addressed several questions to her with respect to her vocation, represented to her the extreme austerity of the order, which was indeed a sort of female La Trappe. She answered him with unshaken firmness; and then without once looking behind her, she passed into the cloister, where the prioress and the sisterhood were informed of the honor that awaited them. She next proceeded to the chapel, where a mass was performed; and having thus, as it were sealed her determination, she requested that her two attendants might be conducted to the parlour, whilst she through the grate which now separated her from the world, told them that they were to return to Paris without her.

The effect of this unexpected intelligence on Madame de Chateaugrand was more than the princess had anticipated. She wept, entreated and expostulated; but the Vicomte St. Phale, after standing for a moment as if transfixed, fell flat upon his face to the ground. Amazed and agitated at so unexpected a result; the princess was only restrained by the grating which separated them, from flying to his assistance; but before she could sufficiently recollect herself to resolve what to do, the prioress fearing the effect of so distressing a scene at such a moment, came and led her away to her own apartment.

It would be difficult to describe the state of the princess's mind at that moment. The anguish expressed by Saint-Phale's countenance could not be mistaken. He that she had supposed would be utterly indifferent to her loss! Why should it affect him thus, when he had still with him his love, the chosen of his heart—Hortense de Chateaugrand? She did not know what to think; but certain it is, that the resolution which had been so unflinching an hour before, might perhaps, but for pride, have been now broken. With a bewildered mind and a heavy heart she retired to her cell, and there kneeling, she prayed to God to help her through this last struggle.

From that time nothing more was known with respect to Madame Louise till six months afterwards, when, her novitiate being completed, she made her profession. On that morning the humble cell inhabited by the princess exhibited a very unusual appearance: robes of gold and silver brocade, pearls and diamonds, and a splendid lace veil were spread upon the narrow couch. In this magnificent attire she was for the last time to appear before the world, and for the last time her own women were in attendance to superintend her toilet. When she was dressed, everybody was struck with her beauty; and as she wore a superb cloak, the only defect of her person was concealed.

Of course the profession of a 'daughter of France' was an event to create a great sensation. All Paris turned out to see the show, and the road from thence to St Denis was one unbroken line of carriages. Mounted officers were to be seen in all directions, the Royal Guard surrounded the abbey, and the pope's nuncio came from Rome to perform the ceremony.

On this solemn occasion, of course the attendance of the princess's ecyer and lady of honour was considered indispensable, and Louise had prepared herself to see them both; but instead of Saint-Phale, to her surprise she beheld advancing to offer his arm her former attendant, the Baron de Brignolles. A pang of disappointment shot through her heart: he had not cared, then, to see her for this last time, and she should behold him no more! She felt that she turned pale and trembled, and she could not trust her voice to inquire the cause of his absence; but De Brignolles took an opportunity of saying, that hearing the vicomte was too ill to attend, he had requested permission to resume his service for this occasion. Louise bowed her head in silence—she durst not speak.

At that solemn ceremony were present Louise XVI, then dauphin of France, Marie-An-toinette, the queen of beauty, and the idol of the French nation; the Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., and the Comte d'Artois, who had subsequently, as Charles X., likewise lost the throne.

After an eloquent discourse by the Bishop of Troyes, which drew tears from every eye, the princess retired for a few moments, and presently reappeared stript of her splendour, shorn of her beautiful hair, and clothed in the habit of the order. She was then stretched on the earth, covered with a pall, and the prayers for the dead pronounced over her. When she awoke, the curtain which closed the entrance to the interior of the convent was altered, and every eye was fixed on it as she passed through the opening, to return to the world no more. As that curtain fell behind her, a fearful cry echoed through the vaulted roof of the abbey, and a gentleman was observed to be carried out of the church by several persons who immediately sur-

rounded him. Every one however, was too much occupied with his own particular feelings at the moment to inquire who it was. On the ear of the new-made nun alone the voice struck familiarly; or perhaps it was not her ear, but her heart that told her it was the voice of Saint-Phale.

Louise was a Carmelite; the proficiencies of the king and the court proceeded as before Madame de Chateaugrand, instead of marrying her cousin Saint-Phale, married M. de Rivremont, to whom it appeared she had been long engaged; and Saint-Phale himself, after a long and severe illness, which endangered his life, quitted France for Italy, wither he was sent for the sake of the climate. At length, in 1777, when Lafayette astonished the world by his expedition to America, the vicomte astonished his friends no less by returning suddenly from the south, in order to join it; and in spite of the intreaties of his relations, he executed his design, and there he fell at the battle of Monmouth, in the year 1778.

He did not, however, die in the field, but lingered some days before he expired; during which interval he wrote farewell letters to his father and mother; and one also, which he intreated the latter to deliver according to its address, which was to 'The Sister Therese de Saint Augustin, formerly Madame Louise de France.'

As soon as the poor bereaved mother had sufficiently recovered the shock of this sad news, she hastened to St Denis to fulfill her son's injunction; and the sister Therese having obtained permission of the superior, received and opened the letter. The first words were an intreaty that she would listen to the prayer of a dying man, who could never offend her again, and read the lines that followed. He then went on to say that from his earliest youth he had loved her; and that it was to be near her, without exciting observation, that he had solicited the situation of ecyer; but knowing that, from the inequality of their conditions, his love must be for ever hopeless, he had studiously concealed it from its object. No one had ever penetrated his secret but Madame de Chateaugrand. He concluded by saying, that when that curtain hid her from his view on the day of her profession, he had felt the world contained nothing more for him, and that he had ever since earnestly desired that death which he had at length found on the field of battle, and which he had gone to America on purpose to seek; and asking her blessing and her prayers, he bade her farewell for ever.

Poor Louise! poor Therese! poor nun! poor Carmelite! For a moment she forgot that she was the three last, to remember only that she had been the first; and falling on her knees, and clasping those thin transparent hands, wasted by wo and vigils, she exclaimed with a piercing cry, 'Then he loved me after all!'

Rigid as were the poor nun's notions of the duty of self-abnegation, such a feeling as this was one to be expiated by confession and penance; but as nuns are still women, it was not in the nature of things that she should not be the happier for the conviction that her love had been returned—nay, more than returned, for Saint-Phale had loved her first; and if she had forsaken the world for his sake, he had requited the sacrifice by dying for her. It was a balm even to that pious spirit to know that she, the deformed, the bossue, as she called herself, who had thought it impossible she could inspire affection, had been the chosen object of this devoted passion.

Madame Louise survived her lover nine years, and they were much calmer and happier years than those that preceded his death. She could now direct her thoughts wholly to the skies, for there she hoped and believed he was, and since human nature, as we have hinted before, will be human nature with the walls of the convent as well as outside of them, she had infinitely more comfort and consolation in praying for the repose of his soul in heaven, than she could have had in praying for his happiness on earth—provided he had sought that happiness in the arms of Madame de Chateaugrand, or any other fair lady.

THE LABOURS OF JOHN B GOUGH.

The last number of the Massachusetts Catechist contains an interesting letter from Mr. John B. Gough, giving an account of his labours for the past year, accompanied with some remarks on the present state of the Temperance cause. Mr Gough states that during the year he has spoken 240 times, besides addresses to children, travelled 7,313 miles; obtained 19,836 names to the pledge, besides children; and visited 162 cities, towns or villages. In all his travels, of about 45,000 miles, by stage, steamboat and railroad, he has never met with any accident, not been detained by any casualty.

We copy the following extract from the letter of Mr Gough, as giving the opinions of one who has had ample opportunities of judging in relation to the present state of the temperance cause.

'In looking at the cause, I feel that it rests on a firmer basis than it did five years ago, and though there are fewer songs of victory, and less rejoicing over expected triumphs, yet there is a greater depth of feeling and determination,—a clearer conviction of the magnitude of the evil and the necessity of adopting right measures for its removal,—and above all, a more universal acknowledgment of God as the Author of the movement, and a deeper sense of dependence on Him, for success in this great work. This is all encouraging.—Then the enormity of the traffic is forcing itself every day upon the attention

of the people, and in spite of the combined efforts of manufacturers, importers, traffickers and drakers, and worse than all, of caterers to the rum interest from personal, pecuniary or political motives, a sentiment is obtained, that will, I think ere long speak loudly through the Legislatures, that the traffic must cease. That sentiment will increase, and that mighty command be obeyed.'

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MARIA ROSEAU.

Speak gently to the little child,
So guileless and so free,
Who, with a trustful, loving heart,
Pats confidence in thee.
Speak not the cold and careless thoughts
Which time has taught thee well,
Nor breath one word whose bitter tones
Distress might seem to tell.

If on his brow there rests a cloud,
However light it be,
Speak loving words, and let him feel
He has a friend in thee:
And do not send him from thy side
Till on his face shall rest,
The joyous look, the sunny smile
That mark a happy breast.

Oh! teach him, this should be his aim,
To cheer the aching heart,
To strive, where thickest darkness reigns
Some radiance to impart;
To spread a peaceful, quiet calm
Where dwells the noise of strife,
Thus doing good and blessing all,
To spread the whole of life.

To love with pure affection deep,
All creatures great and small,
And still a stronger love to bear
For Him, who made them all.
Remember, 'tis no common task
That thus to thee is given,
To rear a spirit fit to be
The inhabitant of Heaven.

New Works.

NIGHT SCENE IN THE HOLY LAND.

From D'Israeli's Tancered.

The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane, and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron, and the dark abyss of Jehosaphat. Fall falls its splendour, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills, far more famous than those of Rome; for all Europe has heard of Zion and Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are as ignorant of the Capitoline and Aventine Mounts they are of Malvern or the Chiltern Hills. The broad steep of Zion, crowned with the tower of David; nearer still, Mouni Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, built, alas! by the child of Hager, and not by Sarah's chosen one; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and fairy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool; further on, entered by the gate of Saint Stephen, the eye, though it is the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary, called the street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of human, as well as the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the Divine Son of the most favoured of women, twice sank under the burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honour. Passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Selem, where Melchisedec built his mystic citadel; and still remains the hill of Scopus, where Titus gazed at Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and himself in their imperial capital, and the God of Abraham, of Isaac and Jacob, is now worshipped before every altar in Rome. Jerusalem by moonlight! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail; and while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivalled scene. A fortified city almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the centre of chains of far spreading hills, occasionally offering through their rocky glens the gleams of a richer and distant land. The moon has sunk behind the mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-prevailing stillness is broken by a breeze, that seems to have travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm tree trembles as it pauses, as if it was a spirit of wo. It is the breeze that has travelled over the plain Sharon from the sea, or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save! Their spirits surely would

linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose late Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this mount. Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour when the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city. There might be counted heroes and sages, who once shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher whose doctrines have modelled civilized Europe; the greatest of the Legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers—what race extinct or living can produce three men such as these? The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind, a white film spreads over the purple sky, the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of the Kedron and the valley of Jehosaphat.

The tower of David is merged into obscurity, no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopus, can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very lines of the walls gradually elude the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

While the barque Tropic, Capt Hodges, was on her passage from Quebec to London, and 500 miles from any land, one day a hawk, a carrier pidgeon and a lark came on board. The pidgeon was the bearer of the price of stocks. The feathered trio were welcomed kindly by the crew, and treated according to their several necessities. When the vessel reached Dungeness on Monday last, the captain took the lark from his cage, and set it at liberty, but strange to say, after taking several turns high in the air, it returned to the hospitable ship and perched itself on the hand of the captain, who now declares that death alone shall part him from the grateful and affectionate little bird.

A THIRTY THOUSAND POUND NOTE PAID TWICE.

An extraordinary affair happened about the year 1740. One of the directors, a very rich man, had occasion for £30,000 which he was to pay as the price of the estate he had just bought, to facilitate the matter, he carried the sum with him to the bank, and obtained for it a bank note. On his return home he was suddenly called out upon particular business, he threw the note carelessly on the chimney, but when he came back, a few minutes afterwards, to lock it up, it was not to be found. No one had entered the room, he could not suspect any person. At last, after much ineffectual search, he was persuaded that it had fallen from the chimney into the fire. The director went to acquaint his colleagues with the misfortune that had happened to him and as he was known to be perfectly honourable, he was believed. It was only about 24 hours from the time that he had deposited his money; they thought, that it would be hard to refuse his request for a second bill. He received it upon giving an obligation to restore the first bill, if it should ever be found, or to pay the money himself if it should be presented by a stranger. About 30 years afterwards, an unknown person presented the lost bill at the bank, and demanded payment.

It was in vain that they mentioned to this person the transaction by which the bill was annulled; he would not listen to it, he maintained that it had come to him from abroad, and insisted upon immediate payment. The note was payable to bearer; and the £30,000 were paid to him. The heirs of the director would not listen to any demands of restitution and the Bank was obliged to sustain the loss. It was discovered afterwards that an architect having purchased the director's house, had taken it down, in order to build another upon the same spot, had found the note in a crevice of the chimney, and made his discovery an engineer robbing the Bank.—History of the Bank.

THE BIBLE.

How comes it that this little volume, composed by humble men in a rude age, when art and science were in their childhood, has excited more influence, on the human mind, and on the social system, than all other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvellous changes in the opinions of mankind has banished idol worship—has abolished infanticide—has put down polygamy and divorce—exalted the condition of women—raised the standard of morality—created for families that blessed thing, a Christian home—caused its other triumphs by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the winds and waves of human passions obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and yet lost none of its virtue?—Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried and failed, many codes of jurisprudence have arisen, run their course, and expired. Empire after empire has been launched into the tide of time, and gone down leaving no trace on the waters. But this book is still going about doing good—leaving society with its holy principles—cheering the sorrowful with its consolations—strengthening the tempted—encouraging the penitent—calming the troubled spirit—and soothing