

curiosity induced him to inquire the cause of the destitution in which he found him, and his questions at length elicited from the youth a history which would prove a striking illustration of the fact, if it was needed, that rectitude, generosity, and nobleness of soul, are of no degree, but the spontaneous growth of an upright heart. But the recital wrought a change in Ronald's prospects of which he had not dreamed.

"He who for the sake of truth and justice would make the sacrifice you did, is deserving of all confidence," said Drummond. "The factor of my estates is dead; you shall be his successor: in your hands I should not fear for the safety of my whole fortune. Go to Loch Earn, and bring back Jessie Cameron as your wife; she shall not want a portion while Drummond of Glentyne has one to bestow, or a friend while he lives."

The first news that greeted Ronald on his arrival at St. Fillans, was the intelligence that the abductor of McDonald's sheep was found in the person of a labourer of Angus McKenzie's, whom, burthened with a large family, he had suddenly cast upon the world; in revenge for which the man had travelled many miles to place the skin and feet of the animal he had stolen beside McKenzie's dwelling, in anticipation that suspicion might fall upon him.

Not many days after, the bells of St. Fillan's church rang forth a merry peal, which echoed across the still waters and amongst the mighty mountains, as if they too rejoiced that worth had been recognised and rewarded on earth. It was in honor of the bridal of the factor of Glentyne, with one who, though her head had been promised, and almost given to another, had always remained unchanged and true in heart. As the newly wedded pair left the church, a burly form bustled up to them, and grasped the bridegroom's hand.

"I wish you joy Ronald," he exclaimed heartily, "I'm glad to see you have gotten on the right road at last."

"I always told you I was on the right road," replied Ronald. "Had I not regarded the precepts of Rectitude and Truth, I should never have known the unclouded happiness of this hour. No," he added smiling, "nor have been Factor of Glentyne."

From Scenes and Characters among the Descendants of the Pilgrims, by Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe.

THE SABBATH.

SKETCHES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

THE Puritan Sabbath—is there such a thing existing now, or has it gone with the things that were, to be looked at as a curiosity in the museum of the past? Can any one, in memory, take himself back to the unbroken stillness of that day, and recall the sense of religious awe which seemed to brood in the very atmosphere, checking the merry laugh of childhood, and chaining in unwonted stillness the tongue of volatile youth, and imparting even to the sunshine of heaven, and the unconscious notes of animals, a tone of its own gravity and repose? If you cannot remember these things, go back with me to the verge of early boyhood, and live with me one of the Sabbaths that I have spent beneath the roof of my uncle Phineas Fletcher.

Imagine the long sunny hours of a Saturday afternoon insensibly slipping away, as we youngsters are exploring the length and breadth of a trout stream, or chasing gay squirrels, or building mud milldams in the brook. The sun sinks lower and lower, but we still think it does not want half an hour to sundown. At last he so evidently is really going down that there is no room for scepticism or latitude of opinion on the subject; and with many a lingering regret we began to put away our fish-bags and hang our hoops over our arm, preparatory to trudging homeward.

"Oh, Henry, don't you wish that Saturday afternoons lasted longer," said little John to me.

"I do," says Cousin Bill, who was never the way to mince matters in giving his sentiments; "and I wouldn't care if Sunday didn't come but once a year."

"Oh, Bill, that's wicked, I am afraid," says little conscientious Susan, who, with her doll in her hand, was coming home from a Saturday afternoon visit.

"Can't help it," says Bill, catching Susan's bag and tossing it in the air; "I never did like to sit still, and that's why I hate Sundays."

"Hate Sundays! oh, Bill! Why, Aunt Kezzy says heaven is an eternal Sabbath—only think of that!"

"Well, I know I must be pretty different from what I am now before I could sit still for ever," said Bill, in a lower and somewhat disconcerted tone, as if admitting the force of the consideration.

The rest of us began to look very grave, and to think that we must get to liking Sunday time or other, or it would be a very bad thing for us. As we drew near the dwelling, the compact and business-like form of Aunt Kezzy was seen emerging from the house to meet our approach. "How often have I told you, young ones, not to stay out after sundown on Saturday night? Don't you know its the same as Sunday, you wicked children you? Come right into the house, every one of you, and never let me hear of such a thing again."

This was Aunt Kezzy's regular exordium always made strange mistakes in reckoning time on Saturday afternoons. After being duly gone to bed, and remembering that to-morrow was Sunday, and that we must not laugh and play in the morning. With many a sorrowful look

did Susan deposit her doll in the chest, and give one lingering look at the patchwork she was piecing for dolly's bed, while William, John, and myself emptied our pockets of all superfluous fish hooks, bits of twine, pop-guns, slices of potato, marbles, and all the various items of boy property, which, to keep us from temptation, were taken into Aunt Kezzy's safe keeping over Sunday.

My Uncle Phineas was a man of great exactness, and Sunday was the centre of his whole worldly and religious system. Every thing with regard to his worldly business was so arranged that by Saturday noon it seemed to come to a close of itself. All his accounts were looked over, his workmen paid, all borrowed things returned, and lent things sent after, and every tool and article belonging to the farm was returned to its own place at exactly such an hour every Saturday afternoon, and an hour before sundown every item of preparation, even to the blacking of his Sunday shoes, and the brushing of his Sunday coat, was entirely concluded; and at the going down of the sun the stillness of the Sabbath seemed to settle down over the whole dwelling.

And now it is Sunday morning; and though all without is fragrance, and motion, and beauty, the dewdrops are twinkling, butterflies fluttering, and merry birds carolling and racketing as if they never could sing loud or fast enough, yet within there is such a stillness that the tick of the tall mahogany clock is audible through the whole house, and the buzz of the blue flies, as they whiz along up and down the window panes, is a distinct item of hearing. Look into the best front room, and you may see the upright form of my Uncle Phineas, in his immaculate Sunday suit, with his Bible spread open on the little stand before him, and even a deeper than usual gravity settling down over his too-worn features. Alongside, in well-brushed Sunday clothes, with clean faces and smooth hair, sat the whole of us younger people, each drawn up in a chair, with hat and handkerchief ready for the first stroke of the bell, while Aunt Kezzy, all trimmed and primmed, and ready for the meeting, sat reading her psalm-book, only looking up occasionally to give an additional jerk to some shirt-collar, or the fifteen pull to Susan's frock, or to repress any straggling looks that might be wandering about "beholding vanity!" A stranger, in glancing at Uncle Phineas as he sat intent on his Sunday reading, might have seen that the Sabbath was in his heart—there was no mistake about it. It was plain that he had put by all worldly thoughts when he shut up his account-book, and that his mind was as free from earthly associations as his Sunday coat was from dust. The slave of worldliness, who is driven, by perplexing business, or adventurous speculation, through the hours of a half-kept Sabbath, to the fatigues of another week, might envy the unbroken quiet, the sunny tranquillity, which hallowed the weekly rest of my uncle.

The Sabbath of the Puritan Christians was the golden day, and all its associations, and all its thoughts, words, and deeds, were so entirely distinct from the ordinary material of life, that it was to him a sort of weekly translation—a quitting of this world to sojourn a day in a better; and year after year, as each Sabbath set its seal on the completed labors of a week, the pilgrim felt that one more stage of his earthly journey was completed, and that he was one week nearer to his eternal rest; and as years, with their changes, came on, and the strong man grew old, and missed, one after another, familiar forms that had risen around his earlier years, the face of the Sabbath became like that of an old and tried friend, carrying him back to the scenes of his youth, and connecting him with scenes long gone by, restoring to him the dew and freshness of brighter and more buoyant days.

Viewed simply as an institution for a Christian and mature mind, nothing could be more perfect than the Puritan Sabbath; if it had any failing, it was in the want of adaptation to children, and to those not interested in its peculiar duties. If you had been in the dwelling of my uncle on a Sabbath morning, you must have found the unbroken silence delightful; the calm and quiet must have soothed and disposed you for contemplation, and the evident appearance of single-hearted devotion to the duties of the day in the elder part of the family must have been a striking addition to the picture. But, then, if your eye had watched attentively the motions of us juveniles, you might have seen that what was so very invigorating to the disciplined Christian was a weariness to young flesh and bones. Then there was not, as now, the intellectual relaxation afforded by the Sunday-school, with its various forms of religious exercise, its thousand modes of useful and interesting information. Our whole stock in this line was the Bible and primer, and these were our main dependence for whiling away the tedious hours between our early breakfast and the signal for meeting. How often was our invention stretched to find where-withal to keep up our stock of excitement in a line with the duties of the day. For the first half hour, perhaps, a story in the Bible answered our purpose very well; but, having despatched the history of Joseph, or the story of the ten plagues, we then took to the primer; and then there was, first, the looking over the system of theological and ethical truth, commencing "In Adam's fall we sinned all," and extending through three or four pages of pictorial and poetic embellishment. Next was the death of John Rogers, who was burned at Smithfield; and for a while we could entertain ourselves with counting all his "nine children and one at the breast," as in the picture they stand in a regular row, like a pair of stairs. These being done, came miscellaneous exercises of our own invention, such as counting all the psalms in the psalm-

book backward and forward, to and from the Psaltery, or numbering the books of the Bible, or some other such device as we deemed within the pale of religious employments. When all these failed, and it still wanted an hour of meeting time, we looked up at the ceiling, and down at the floor, and all around into every corner, to see what we could do next; and happy was he could spy a pin gleaming in some distant crack, and forthwith muster an occasion for getting down to pick it up. Then there was the infallible recollection that we wanted a drink of water, as an excuse to get out to the well; or else we heard some strange noise among the chickens, and insisted that it was essential that we should see what was the matter; or else pussy would jump on to the table, when all of us would spring to drive her down; while there was a most assiduous watching of the clock to see when the first bell would ring. Happy was it for us, in the interim, if we did not begin to look at each other and make up faces, or slyly slip off and on our shoes, or some other incipient attempts at roguery, which would gradually so undermine our gravity that there would be some sudden explosion of merriment, whereat Uncle Phineas would look up and say "tut, tut," and Aunt Kezzy would make a speech about wicked children breaking the Sabbath day. I remember once how my cousin Bill got into deep disgrace one Sunday by a roguish trick. He was just about to close his Bible with all sobriety, when snap came a grasshopper through an open window, and alighted in the middle of the page. Bill instantly kidnapped the intruder, for so important an auxiliary in the way of employment was not to be despised. Presently we children looked towards Bill, and there he sat, very demurely reading his Bible, with the grasshopper hanging by one leg from the corner of his mouth, kicking and sprawling, without in the least disturbing Master William's gravity. We all burst into an uproarious laugh. But it came to be rather a serious affair for Bill, as his good father was in the practice of enforcing truth and duty by certain modes of moral suasion much recommended by Solomon, though fallen into disrepute at the present day.

This morning picture may give a good specimen of the whole livelong Sunday, which presented only an alternation of similar scenes until sunset, when a universal unchaining of tongues and a general scamper proclaimed that the "sun was down." But, it may be asked, what was the result of all this strictness? Did it not disgust you with the Sabbath and with religion? No, it did not. It did not, because it was the result of no unkindly feeling, but of consistent principle; and consistency of principle is what even children learn to appreciate and revere. The law of obedience and of reverence for the Sabbath was constraining so equally on the young and the old, that its claims came to be regarded like those immutable laws of nature, which no one thinks of being out of patience with, though they did sometimes bear hard on personal convenience. The effect of the system was to ingrain into our character a veneration for the Sabbath, which no friction of after-life would efface. I have lived to wander in many climates and foreign lands, where the Sabbath is an unknown name, or where it is only recognized by noisy mirth; but never has the day returned without bringing with it a breathing of religious awe, and even a yearning for the unbroken stillness, the placid repose, and the simple devotion, of the Puritan Sabbath.

From the "Story of the Seasons." THE SONG OF AUTUMN.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

I scatter plenty o'er the land,
I reap the yellow corn;
Mine is the joyous harvest home,
And mine the hunter's horn:
The full round moon
Will look down soon
On fields all closely shorn.

I bid the thrushes wing their flight
To climes beyond the sea;
The nightingale, by day or night,
Singeth no song to me:
For I send the blades
That flieeth fast
To strip the forest tree:

But first I tinge the quivering leaves
With crimson and with gold,
And cover it as with a robe
Right glorious to behold.
Then out I call—
"Pride hath a fall!"
And it standeth bare and cold.

I shake the rattling nuts to earth,
I send the acorns down,
With fir-cones strew the forest-walks,
And when I chance to frown
The mightiest tree
Submissively
Boweth his stately crown.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE HUNTSMAN'S CHORUS IN DER FREYSCHUTZ.

ON one stormy night at Vienna, a young man stumbled over a corpse which lay in the kennel. He shuddered, for he fancied that he had trodden upon the victim of some misfortune or some murder; but on stooping to assist a fellow-creature, he soon ascertained that his foot had only touched a man who had taken too much wine. "Thou drunkard," exclaimed he. At these words, the brute, wallowing in the mire, raised his head, wiped the mud off his forehead with the back of his hand, and,

with a faltering voice, said, "Don't go, I pray you, M. Weber. I am a drunkard; but it's no reason I should be left to die here. Take me home; I live close by, in the new stead. Have no fear—you are already soaked enough with rain not to dread being wetted by me."

Weber, moved by compassion, took the drunkard by the arm, and proceeded with him towards the quarter he had mentioned. Being put on his legs and in motion, the tippler recovered some strength, and some small share of his senses. In the struggle between mind and wine various incoherent sentences escaped his lips.

"What a storm," said he—"a splendid storm, indeed! and yet I beheld one much more magnificent, fifty years ago, in the environs of Torre del Greco, in Italy. Then, M. Weber, I was young, handsome, and, like you, had talent. I composed operas, as you do. Brute that I am, I then dreamt of fame, glory, and wealth, whilst doomed, in the pursuit of art, to fall into an abyss of gross intemperance and drunkenness. Once plunged into such infamy, it is as well to fall dead drunk into some kennel, and forget all for some hours." Here he had a fit of laughter so loud and bitter that the howling of three or four terrified dogs responded to it. "Let me see," continued he, "what was I just now saying? Ah! I recollect. I was wandering about Torre del Greco in as horrible weather as this. I repeatedly knocked at the door of an isolated house. At length a 'Who's there?' was uttered by a feeble voice. 'A stranger, who has lost his way, and wants shelter,' cried I. The door was opened, and I beheld before me a pale looking young man, who had just left his bed, whither he was suffering, to afford me a refuge. Shelter was all he could give me, for I found in the room neither a morsel of bread nor a drop of wine. When we had made some little acquaintance, I could not help expressing to my host my surprise at his loneliness. 'I have come hither,' said he, 'to conceal my shame, and die unknown.' 'Unknown?' exclaimed I. 'Yet I see here musical manuscripts, with numerous corrections, which seem to denote that you are engaged in composition. It is a singular chance that brings us together. I also dream of a maestro's glory, and am seeking through poverty access to the sanctuary of art. I have fled the shop of my father, a respectable and rich tradesman of Vienna, and am travelling in Italy with a purse which never was a very round one, and which is daily flattening. But what care I? I have glory before me, and guided by it, I walk on merrily.' 'You have a father, a father, and friends, and you have deserted them to run after a treacherous and lying phantasm! Ah, I should not have done so! Listen to me, and the narrative of my life may save you from the fate that awaits you, and that has already befallen me.' The poor fellow then related the events of his life.

What a life it was! A foundling of Cesaria, brought up by the charity of a tailor, admitted through charity also, in the Conservatory of the Poor of Jesus Christ at Naples; he had labored with fanatic fervour to obtain access to the scientific secrets of the musical art. His master, Gettano Graeco, had carefully promoted his marvellous disposition and persevering patience, and on reaching manhood he had proceeded to Rome, and courted public notice. None had condescended to listen to his operas. Such as he had succeeded in bringing out, at an immense cost, had met with a complete fiasco, and the unhappy musician, repulsed, baffled, and derided, had doubted his own powers, fled to the foot of Vesuvius, and retired to the humble roof where I had found him. 'Come, come,' said I, when he had told his mournful tale, 'you must not despair thus. Success often awaits us when no longer hoped for. I am sure the music you have just written will yield more glory than your preceding works.' I now took up the music, sat myself down to a wretched spinnet that stood there, and began to play. It was a sublime melody, that you well know, M. Weber. It was the *Stabat Mater* of Pergoleze. By degrees a voice, at first feeble, but afterwards powerful and expressive, mingled with mine. Angels must sing in heaven as Pergoleze sang. The voice suddenly became more splendid—and then I heard it no more! I stopped. Behind me lay a corpse which had dropped upon the floor. Pergoleze was ending in heaven the notes he had begun uttering on earth! I spent the night by him in prayer, for I then prayed. Next day I spent my remaining cash upon the burial of the poor, great composer, and left for Rome with his immortal *Stabat Mater*. All pronounced that unparalleled work sublime. Pergoleze's operas were revived at the theatres, and he whom the obscurity of his name had killed became renowned after his death. This is a melancholy tale, M. Weber, and yet I know one more woful still: it is that of a man who has relinquished the life of a respectable tradesman to go in pursuit of fame, and who has found but misery and opprobrium. In short, M. Weber, it is my own history. When, overwhelmed with want and humiliations, I saw that I had mistaken my course, and that Heaven had not gifted me with the sacred fire of genius, I remembered poor Pergoleze's advice, and would return to my father's shop. Alas! I could no longer breathe it; it was unto me a narrow cage, wherein I felt as if I was dying, for having rashly attempted to spread my wings towards the broad heavens. To quell my despair, to forget all, I took to drinking. Such is the reason why the boys daily pursue me in the streets, shouting out, 'There goes the drunkard!' Such is the reason you have just found me rolling in the mire!"

As he was uttering this he had reached the door of a wretched dwelling. His voice was no longer affected by his potation; his step had become firm and steady. Weber was