

bled in the bosom, it consumes the dross, purifies the heart from every selfish earth-passion. Pride, envy, jealousy, anger, and unkindness, melt away before it. It expands the heart and makes room there for all brotherhood of man; all, all, Mary, the purest and most despised. It even gathers its golden circlet the whole intelligent creation, and sends up earnest aspirations for the business and happiness of every creature God has made. *Without it we are nothing.* No, it never faileth. While eternity endures it will continue to glow with a purer, brighter radiance, and more and more assimilate the blessed spirit to the image of its God. Here it burns so feebly; our desire to do good is so weak; our power so limited. But in heaven will we not be ministering spirits, with an angel's power, sent forth to fulfil our Father's purposes of love? Happy thought!"

She spoke at intervals, and with difficulty; her mother, fondly kissing her cheek, said, "Will you not rest a little, love?"

"Yes, dear mother," she replied, with a tranquil smile, "in Heaven; the dwellers there are never weary."

There was a pause, a perfect stillness, while the anxious watchers gazed upon her fair and radiant face. The mother felt a gentle pressure on her hand she held; she bent her ear to hear, possible, another precious word; it was softly murmured, "Peace, perfect peace." And the spirit was in Heaven.

TO "CLARA."

When late I turned those leaves most fair,
Where oft thy name I met;
I found not my loved "Clara" there,
Own I felt regret.

For, since from that deep silver cloud,
Descended sweet "Estelle,"
With grace and loveliness endowed,
To glad each grove and dell.
In angel form those leaves has graced,
In perfect taste displayed;
The sweet enchantress has been traced,
In truth and love arrayed.

Let awake again some moving strain,
With all thy taste and skill—
The touching picture trace again,
And wake the gentle thrill.

Shall my muse thy past renown,
In softest numbers sing;
Or cupid twine thy May-day crown
With the young flowers of spring.

John, February, 1843.

EGBERT.

ADRIAN HARANGUER.

ALL the fair dames who looked from the balconies of the Place Royale, upon the assemblage which filled the streets of Brussels, on the 5th of April, 1865, turned to gaze after one figure clothed in the garb of a countryman, removed one step above the lowest class. The spell that rivetted so many bright eyes was to be found (after the advantages of a fine youthful figure and handsome countenance,) in the intelligence and animation of his features, and their deep concentrated expression of devotion to the cause for which this remarkable procession had been assembled. By his dress and mien he was plainly marked for one, of the many in that company—the poor heirs of noble houses long decayed in fortune. Such a figure in this assembly could not be viewed, even by the most unreflecting, without mingled admiration and fear. For at a glance might you see that he well knew for what he went to claim redress, and that he was of those to whom redress can never long be denied. Of the grievances which the Flemish protestants endured under the haughty Philip and his cruel minions, there are but too many melancholy proofs. It is true that the Regent Duchess of Parma was not herself, by her sex or disposition, inclined to tyrannous cruelties, but she was too often made an almost passive instrument in other hands; and partly from fear, partly from compulsion, she became an unwilling agent in many deeds of oppression from which her soul revolted. Well knowing in her own heart what strong grounds the unhappy protestants had for their remonstrances, she was panic-struck at this assemblage, and received the deputation with much outward kindness and many fair words. But her knowledge of Philip, and her fear of him, prevented her from giving any direct pledges, or from redressing any grievances. Aware that she was merely temporising with them 'till she had gathered more military strength around her, the petitioners were rather irritated than deceived by her forbearance and general protestations.

These feelings were stronger in Adrian Haranguer than in most of the assembled delegates. For he had just married a young wife, and though too lofty and fearless in character, to use this as a scripture reason why he "could not come," yet he had an additional motive to have rejoiced in any fair settlement of the dissensions of his unhappy country. It was, therefore, with much bitterness of indignation