

that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same.

"For he is the minister of God to thee for good; but if thou do that which is evil, be afraid, for he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil."

The unhappy Madame St. Claire still lay on her couch, in a state almost of torpor. She moved not, spoke not, but remained with her dull and glazed eyes fixed as if on some unseen object. Madeline had not left her side through all the long, dreary hours of night. The poor girl seemed much exhausted, added to which she was suffering from the effects of her exposure on the night of her brother's capture, by a severe cough. She never uttered a complaint; but it was too evident that her young and delicate frame was sinking under the accumulation of woe which surrounded her. A bright gleam of the sun suddenly pierced through the heavy atmosphere, and shone into the half open shutters of the small room. Madame St. Claire started: "What hour has struck my child?" she inquired, in a hollow voice.

"Eleven, dearest mamma," replied Madeline, sinking on her knees by her side, and taking her emaciated hand in hers.

Madame St. Claire shuddered, while the fast falling tears of Madeline told her thoughts, that the son and brother they had both so deeply loved must now be no more. Her mother gazed on her for a few moments, and then said, in a tone of great tenderness: "My poor orphan child, you will not remain long after us. That pale cheek and slight form belong not to earth. Home, home! my Madeline! there is our home!" and she pointed upwards.

Madeline hid her face on the bed, unable to reply. A low murmur of voices, and the tramp of many feet, accompanied by the slow, solemn music of a military band were now heard in the street; the sad strain wrung the heart of the wretched mother with renewed agony. "Oh! this is too much!" she groaned aloud. "Madeline, what is passing? For mercy's sake, close the shutters!"

"It is a soldier's funeral, mamma," returned Madeline, trembling as she obeyed her.

"Peace be with his spirit! they will lay him in an honoured grave. Oh! Eugene, my boy, my beautiful! where art thou?"

As the mother uttered this, a loud knock resounded at the street door. "Madeline!" she wildly cried, raising herself and clasping her hands together.

Madeline rushed down stairs—the door was opened, and Mr. Oswald entered, joy depicted in his benevolent countenance: "Your brother is reprieved, my dear child," he exclaimed; "go to your mother, and tell her, that his youth, and the extenuating circumstance of his having been the deluded victim of

crafty, designing, and wicked men, has obtained for him grace and favour: Mercy has expanded her radiant wings over Justice, and the Angel of Death has been recalled."

Madeline waited to hear no more: she flew back like a winged seraph to her mother's side. "He is respited! Eugene will be spared to us! Look up, my mother, and let us praise God together!"

Madame St. Claire gazed awhile in unutterable love on her kneeling child. One prayer of deep-felt gratitude she breathed, but, wasted and worn as she was, the sudden tide of joy rushing back upon her heart, proved too mighty to sustain; she bowed her head, and meekly murmuring: "Lord Jesus receive my spirit," she sank back on the pillow, and instantly expired.

The cries of Madeline brought Therese and Mr. Oswald into the room. He looked on the affecting scene before him, with an emotion beyond all words; then clasping the desolate orphan in his arms, he quietly led her away, and, closing the door on the chamber of death, he said, in a tone of deep solemnity: "We have there beheld what is FREEDOM!"

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(ORIGINAL.)

### THE SPELLS OF AUTUMN.

Sweet autumn day! thy shadowy gleams,  
Ling'ring with faint and gentle smile  
O'er glancing stream, and ood-crown'd hill,  
My heart of sad fond thoughts beguile.

Lonely I tread the forest path  
Where summer's faded glories lie,  
And through the thin, bright foliage gaze,  
Up to the pale, blue, hazy sky.

No sound is on the quiet air,  
Save the soft fall of dying leaf,  
That parting from its parent stem,  
Yields to decay its beauty brief.

And as with silent step I pass,  
Onward beneath the gorgeous arch,  
Wrought by the maple's crimson glow  
Blent with the deep gold of the larch,—

Fond thoughts come thronging on my soul,  
Thoughts of the absent and the dead;  
Waked by the strange, mysterious power,  
Of nature o'er my spirit shed.

And ah! my home, my early home!  
To thee, to thee, my spirit flies,  
Borne on the still, untiring wing,  
Of sad, yet pleasant memories.

The dark, grey rocks, with locusts crown'd,  
The hill, the grove, the gushing spring,  
The dwelling o'er whose vine-clad walls,  
Protecting clms their shadows fling—