

SATURDAY EVENING.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

READER! did you ever visit a rural district in Scotland, and spend a week among the simple and cheerful cottars, dwelling far away from the busy and bustling cities? Did you ever see the healthy and happy children of these honest and hard-working people? and, more than all, did you ever see them on the Saturday evening, when preparations were in progress fitly to honor the holy Sabbath Day? If you have, then the picture now presented to you will revive the memory of the scene. It is graphically "sketched from nature," by an artist who has seen it, and who had an eye for its appreciation.

But if he has not seen it in reality, when he looks upon the picture he will have seen a faithful representation of it; and, without any great stretch of the imagination, the whole of the amusing scene will be "realised." He may almost fancy he hears the cries of the unhappy object, who, condemned to his weekly ablutions, struggles in vain against his destiny; for, cry though he may, the young matron, stern in the performance of her duty, proceeds with the operation without turning to the right hand or to the left—determined that he shall be washed! Aye, though he may wake the echoes with his cries, till the very dogs bark in sympathy, she yields not, conscious that, when the deed is done, the boy will reap the benefit.

There is a story in the picture, and a moral to it. The mother does not wantonly afflict the son: her aim is to do him good. When he becomes a man, he will have other and greater trials and troubles to endure; but, though he sees it not, they are sent him by a Father who loves him with a love greater than even a mother's love; and if he has learned the lesson of life aright, he will not have been troubled or tried in vain.

room. They followed. The apartment was lighted with wax-lights; and at one extremity, on a large couch, lay two females buried in sleep. At the other end was a bed with the curtains drawn closely around. Wax-lights were burning at the head and foot. The emperor, with an unsteady step, approached the bed, and, with a trembling hand, drew aside the curtain. There, extended on a coverlid of snowy whiteness, lay the object of his solicitude, and at her feet were the mask and domino! He thought she slept; and in the low tender accents with which he first won her young heart, he breathed her name; but there was no response. He took her hand—it was cold, and fell from his nerveless grasp. He gazed stedfastly on her countenance—it was pale as, when lifting her mask, she met his astonished gaze. But this was no trance. Her eyes were now closed for ever; her heart had ceased to beat: she was beautiful, though in death! Her arms were crossed upon her bosom, and on the fingers of her right hand was entwined a chain of gold with a signet ring! None could see the scalding tears that were shed, or know the bitter and agonising remorse that tore the bosom of the emperor, as he gazed for the last time on the pallid features of one—perhaps the only one,—who had ever loved him for himself alone. Forgetful of his state—forgetful of all but his own heart—he knelt by the side of the dead, and never were accents of contrition more sincerely breathed by human being than by that monarch in his hour of humiliation.

Years rolled on. The old baron and his daughter sleep side by side in the cemetery of St. Augustine's monastery. They left no kindred; he was the last of his race; and the old castle on the Danube soon fell into decay, and became an outlaw's den. The emperor recovered in time his gaiety amidst the blandishments of his court; but as often as the season of the chase returned, his nobles remarked that he was never more the same light-hearted and reckless sportsman. Few knew why; but the associations were too strong—he could never banish from his mind the parting look of her who he had first met in the dark forest of Hungary.