

head upon his, her raven hair falling around his neck and shoulders, declaring she would perish with or save him. The Indians gasped for breath, fearing that Powhattan would slay his child for taking such a deep interest in the fate of one he considered his deadliest foe. But human nature is the same everywhere: the war-club dropped from the monarch's hand—his brow relaxed—his heart softened; and, as he raised his brave daughter to his bosom, and kissed her forehead, he reversed his decree, and directed Smith to be set at liberty! Whether the regard of this glorious girl for Smith ever reached the feeling of love is not known. No favour was ever excepted in return. 'I ask nothing of Captain Smith,' said she, in an interview she afterwards had with him in England, 'in recompence for whatever I have done, but the boon of living in his memory'"—*Sketches of Virginia*.

I.

Upon the barren sand
A single captive stood,
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim:—
The Chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

II.

Above his head in air,
The savage war-club swung;
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen-humb,
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

III.

"Unbind him!" gasped the chief,
"It is your king's decree!"
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
"Fis ever thus, when, in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him."

Montreal Garland.



THE mistakes of a layman are like the errors of a pocket watch, which affects only an individual: but when a clergyman errs, it is like the town-clock going wrong—he misleads a multitude.

CHARLEMAGNE, or Charles the Great, King of the Franks, and subsequently Emperor of the West, has been dead 1026 years. Charlemagne was born in 742. Although the wisest man of the age in which he lived, he could not write, and he was forty-five years of age before he began his studies. His favourite preceptor was Alcuinus, librarian to Egbert, Archbishop of York. On the 25th of December, 800, Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of the West; and, on the 1st of December, in the following year, Alcuinus presented him with a magnificent folio bible, bound in velvet, the leaves of vellum, the writing in double columns, and containing 449 leaves. Prefixed is a richly ornamented frontispiece in gold and colours. It was enriched with four large paintings, exhibiting the state of the art at this early period; there are moreover thirty-four large initial letters, painted in gold and colours, and exhibiting seals, historical allusions, and emblematical devices, besides some smaller painted capitals. This identical bible was sold by Mr. Evans, in London, on the 27th of April, 1836, for £1500. When Charlemagne issued the instrument by which the Roman Liturgy was ordained through France, he confirmed it by "making his mark." Mezerai, the French historian, observes that below the "mark" was commonly inserted, "I have signed it with the pommel of my sword, and I promise to maintain it with the point."

Charlemagne was interred at Aix-la-Chapelle. "His body was embalmed and deposited in a vault, where it was seated on a throne of gold, and clothed in imperial habits, over the sack-cloth which he usually wore. By his side hung a sword, of which the hilt, and the ornaments of the scabbard, were of gold, and a pilgrim's purse that he used to carry on his journeys to Rome. In his hands he held the Book of the Gospels, written in letters of gold; his head was ornamented with a chain of gold, in the form of a diadem, in which was enclosed a piece of the wood of the true cross, and his face was bound with a