

Poche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Barne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides—below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr —— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent—his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven—and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, begged to point out to his guest some striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this, and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward but sincere, in their professions of regard. They made some attempts at condolence—it was too delicate for their handling—but La Roche took it in good part. 'It has pleased God,' said he, and they saw he had settled the matter with himself, Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound,—he explained their meaning to his guest:

'This is the signal,' said he, 'for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us; if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an

attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within.'

'By no means,' said the philosopher, 'I will attend Mademoiselle at her devotions.'

'She is our organist,' said La Roche: 'our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism—and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing.'

'Tis an additional inducement,' replied the other, and they walked into the room together:

At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and placing herself on a seat within and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr —— was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined, the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand less firm—it paused, it ceased—and the sobbing of Mademoiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved—His parishioners caught the ardor of the good old man, even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PUNISHMENT OF CRUCIFIXION.

One condemned to death on the cross was termed cruciarius. The culprit was first beaten with stripes either in the pretorium or on the way to the place of execution. He was compelled to carry the cross on which he was to suffer—"Et corpore quidem," says Pliny, "quisque malefactorum suam affert erusum." Arriving at the place he was stripped of his garments—he was then either nailed by the