

awful night, which preceded that morning destined for his execution. Madame St. Claire for weeks had been declining in bodily strength to a painful degree, yet no internal suffering could keep her from her child—she had given up her humble home in order that she might be near him, and it was wonderful to witness the holy calm which succeeded the violence of her first feelings, when she learnt that his fate was sealed. God did, indeed, uphold her, and nerve her for the fiery trial; and though the hue of death was visible on her cheek, yet on her countenance shone the expression of an angel's. Not a murmur passed her lips—for her hopes were now all garnered in heaven.

Mr. Oswald had actively employed himself in behalf of his unhappy friends—he refrained from breathing reproaches in the ears of Eugene, for he felt that the weight of his own conscience was terrible enough to bear—he listened to his confessions—and the doubts which had from the beginning, assailed him, whether he was pursuing a right course; doubts which were now confirmed but too fearfully—and he strove, with the spirit of a true Christian, to tranquillize his mind, and to prepare him for the far more awful tribunal at whose bar he was so soon to appear.

It may be imagined, with what feelings this true and kind friend accompanied Madame St. Claire and Madeline, to the prison, for the last time. He supported the feeble steps of the mother, who would have fallen to the earth, had not his arm upheld her. On entering the gloomy abode, and hearing the door grate harshly on its hinges, as the jailor unlocked it to admit them into the cell of the condemned, a cold shuddering pervaded her frame, and it was feared that she would be unable to sustain the terrible conflict of her feelings. Eugene was sitting before the only table in the narrow room—a book of prayer lay open before him, and beside it appeared a silver crucifix—a small iron lamp, suspended above his head shed its feeble rays over his pale face, as he raised it, on their entrance. The deepest melancholy was depicted in its expression, when his dark eyes rested on the faded, drooping form of his mother, who, tottering forward, was clasped in his embrace in silent agony. Madeline cast herself at his feet, clinging to his knees, while the most violent sobs assailed her. Mr. Oswald withdrew, he felt that the scene was too sacred to be intruded on even by him. Eugene drew his mother down on the seat by himself, his arms still around her, while her head rested on his shoulder. Some time elapsed ere she could gain the courage to look upon him; at length she raised her eyes to his, and fixed them with an earnestness, as if she desired to have every beloved lineament forever impressed on her memory. The collar of his dress was thrown open, and she laid her hand fondly on his neck, and groaned aloud—

How soon would the rough grasp of the executioner be there? Oh, God, the thought, how maddening."

"My mother, gaze not so wildly upon me," said the distressed Eugene, pressing his lips on her pale cheek; "show yourself superior to this grief, which will unman me; in another and a better world we shall meet again never more to part—ours will be but a brief separation."

Madame St. Claire replied not; her voice, her powers for utterance, seemed gone; she shook her head mournfully, and again hid her face on his bosom. He continued to address her in the most soothing accents, but the very sound of his voice, so familiar and beloved, and which was so soon to be hushed in the silence of death, added to the intensity of her sufferings, and she trembled so violently that it required his utmost efforts to sustain her. Madeline was forgotten in the higher claims of the parent. She sat crouched at his feet, her face concealed within her hands, and bowed on her knees. She looked like a lily, over which the blast had swept, laying it prostrate on the earth. One hour of agony thus passed, when the jailor re-appeared, with Mr. Oswald. A piercing scream burst from the lips of Madame St. Claire—Eugene looked wildly around him for an instant—he repeatedly kissed his mother—on the lips, the brow, the cheek: "farewell, farewell, beloved and dearest," was all that he could articulate, as he gave her into the arms of Mr. Oswald.

"Oh, God! Eugene, my own darling boy—not yet, not yet—only let me look on him once again," were her last heartrending words, ere they bore her from the cell; Eugene clasped his hands together, then raising Madeline from the floor, he strained her to his heart, while fond adieus, stifled by bitter sobs, were breathed by each. He led her to the door and beheld her depart with feeble tottering steps. It was then closed upon him for the night.

The morning which followed, rose dull and heavy. Dark clouds were seen driving along the heavens, as if nature mourned over the sorrows which had been carried into the homes of the innocent, by the unholy ambition of those who had vainly endeavoured to subvert and overthrow that beautiful code of laws, laid down as our guide, and, without which, where would be our peace, our safety, our prosperity, and our happiness. Can man fight against His Maker and prove successful? and is he not striving with impotent arm to do so when he raises it against those whom God has commanded him to honour in these his own blessed words:

"Let every soul be subject to the higher powers; for there is no power but of God, the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to evil; wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? do