

At the same moment his plumed cap falling off a cloud of rich dark curls burst from the confinement of the slight band that held them, and fell so low as to sweep the ground.

"Villaret," this is no page, but a lady," said the man, as he wiped a fresh gush of blood from her lips.

"I am De Clisson's wife," she faintly murmured—"let me die in his arms."

"Your wish shall be obeyed," said Villaret, "and De Clisson shall live, if my own life prove the price of his."

The massy door of the prison-room was thrown open, and Amira was conveyed to the presence of her husband. At sight of her, De Clisson, forgetful of the fetters that bound him, attempted to rush forward. She feebly extended her arms towards him, but they fell down powerless—her eyes closed, and she was no longer conscious of joy or sorrow. De Clisson placed his hand on her heart. There was a slight pulsation that told that life was not extinct.

Weeks had passed away, and in the same apartment on the low embroidered cushions, where we first beheld the Lady Amira with the rich glow of health mantling her cheeks, she was again reclining. As the morning breeze, laden with the delicious perfume of flowers and ripe fruits, swept through the apartment, a faint, yet healthful colour, such as tinge the outer petals of the water-lily, came to her cheeks, and her eyes beamed with a soft and natural brilliancy. De Clisson sat beside her, and while one hand rested on his, the fingers of the other roved playfully amid the profuse curls of her hair.

"And have you nothing to fear from the Duke of Brittany," said she, "or have you been amusing me with false hopes?"

"No, Amira," he replied, "I have not been amusing you with false hopes. My life, as respects him, is perfectly safe, but it has been redeemed at an immense price. Little is left me but this castle and you, my beloved Amira—but with these I envy not the Duke his ill-gotten wealth."



TO VIOLETS.

SEE in how small a space,
Nature's skill'd hand can trace,
Proportions fair—
Beauty and sweetness vie,
To charm the sense and eye,
With colours rare!

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many associations, sweet and hallowed, crowd around that short sentence, "Saturday night." It is indeed but the prelude to more pure, more holy, more heavenly associations, which the tired frame, and thankful soul hail with new and renewed joy, at each succeeding return.

'Tis then the din of busy life ceases;—that cares and anxieties are forgotten;—that the worn-out frame seeks its needed repose, and the mind its relaxation from earth and its concerns—with joy looking to the coming day of rest, so wisely and beneficently set apart for man's peace and happiness by the great Creator.

The tired labourer seeks now his own neat cottage, to which he has been a stranger perhaps for the past week, where a loving wife, and smiling children meet him with smiles and caresses.

Here he realizes the bliss of hard earned comforts; and at this time, perhaps more than any other, the happiness of domestic life and its attendant blessings.

Released from the distracting cares of the week, the professional man gladly beholds the return of "Saturday night," and as gladly seeks in the clustering vines, nourished by his parental care, the reality of those joys which are only his to know at these peculiar seasons, and under these congenial circumstances, so faithfully and vividly evinced by this periodical time of enjoyment and repose.

The lone widow, too, who has toiled on, day after day, to support her little charge, how gratefully does she resign her cares at the return of "Saturday night," and thank her God for these kind resting places in the way of life, by which she is encouraged from week to week to hold on her way.

But on whose ear does the sound of "Saturday night" strike more pleasantly than the devoted Christian's? Here he looks up amid the blessings showered upon him, and thanks God with humble reverence for their continuance.

His waiting soul looks forward to that morn when, sweetly smiling, the great Redeemer burst death's portals and completed man's redemption. His willing soul expands at the thought of waiting on God in his sanctuary on the coming day; and gladly forgets the narrow bounds of time and its concerns, save spiritual, that he may feast on the joys, ever new—ever beautiful—ever glorious—ever sufficient to satiate the joy-fraught soul that rightly seeks its aid.