

sheriff a paper which contained the expression of her sentiments. She therein avowed herself a Protestant—deprecated the restoration of Popery as a judgment for national sins, disclaimed herself from the charge for which she was about to die, and offered her hearty forgiveness to all her enemies: her resigning as she said, "in the expectation of pardon and acceptance with God, through the imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ."

Thus perished, in her old age, one of the most virtuous and blameless of women. Surely the excess of loyalty which estranged her from the husband of her youth, and condemned her to a life of melancholy seclusion, was rewarded by the doom which sentenced her traitor's death.

Reader, I might have drawn upon my imagination for many an adornment of this plain, unvarnished tale. I might have sketched many accessories to the picture which has now been presented to you; but I could do nothing of all that without detracting from its perfect truthfulness. The Lady Alice Lisle is no creature of fancy. In the church yard of Ellingham, Hampshire, is still to be seen a head-stone inscribed with her name and the date of her death; while, until within the last twenty years, Moyles Court, the spot so long hallowed by her noble presence, was still standing in all its early quaintness. The Lisle family is now extinct,—the estate has passed into other hands, and of the stately pile of buildings which once echoed to the sounds of busy life in England's troublous times, nothing now remains save an humble farm house. The hand of time has anticipated the ravages of war, and a part of the edifice has been pulled down, but the drawing of the fine old mansion as it existed in the days of the last lineal descendant, now before me, and, as I look upon it, the image of the Lady Alice rises before my fancy with the reality of outline, which no mere "word-painting," can convey to the mind of another.



RAD MORALISTS.

Rad moralists produce no better effects than the preachers; who admonish Christians of their duty in general, and exhort them to practice it; but neglect to inculcate the principal duties of life—so that the hearers hence become wiser, nor live after a better manner than they did. Admonition, indeed, should be used; instruction is more essential. Admonitions of use, but to be always repeating the same things, cannot be necessary.

THE COVENANTER'S BURIAL.

A LEGEND OF THE SCOTTISH PERSECUTIONS.

DEEPLY embosomed in the wild gorges of the Pentland Hills, seven Scottish miles, at least, from any human habitation, there stands a small, old moss-grown chapel, partly dilapidated, although it is still in use, built in the very earliest style of Norman architecture. It has no tower, nor aisles, nor transept, and could not readily contain a hundred worshippers, consisting merely of one oblong apartment, with a short, massive column at each angle whence spring the groinings grotesquely carved in dark grey freestone, which support the steep slated roof. It is lighted by one large pointed window at the east end, and a small loop-hole, more resembling a crenelle for arrow-shooting, than an aperture designed to admit air and light on either side. The entrance is by a low-browed arch facing the window, and immediately beneath the little open belfry, which is perched like a dove-cot on the point of the gable. The whole exterior of the chapel has, evidently, at some former day, been decorated by full many a sculptured effigy of virgin, saint and angel, as may be still seen from the empty niches wherein they stood enshrined until the rude hand of the puritans in the days of Scottish reformation hurled them down, and ground, in the wild zeal of their new faith, the very stones of which they were composed, into dust, which they scattered to the four winds of heaven. In the interior, likewise, two or three vacant niches still remained, with a large font of stone, made to hold holy water, now consecrated to baptismal uses; besides this, a few oaken benches of the most rude and antique form, and a huge reading desk of the same material, composed the furniture of this most primitive place of worship. Around the wall lay a small burial-ground, with many a green half-sunken headstone peering up from out the rank growth of dark coarse herbage, nettles and thistles, and yet viler weeds, which betrayed, by their rank luxuriance, the fatness of the soil, enriched from the decay of mortal bodies. A few of them had been, as was still evident, the last homes of personages not void of dignity and rank—there was one, in particular, a vast uncouthly sculptured block of freestone, where might be distinguished the form of human figure, with a small hood upon his head, a heater-shaped shield suspended from his neck, his folded hands resting upon the hilt of a huge cross-handled sword, and his legs crossed in that peculiar manner, which indicates that he who sleeps beneath, was a