

and from Romans, where the whole plan of our redemption is so beautifully and clearly explained, and he had the comfort to witness the mind of Harper by degrees opening more and more to its blessed truths. He was mercifully spared a whole week after his return, and the last evening the Serjeant spent with him, he endeavoured to express his grateful sense of his kindness, but was unable, from extreme weakness, to utter his thanks. The pressure of his hand alone told his feelings.

The last bugle had sounded, when the eye of the young soldier kindled, for a moment, as it caught his ear, like the flickering of an expiring lamp—as suddenly it closed. A slight convulsion seized him, and when the Serjeant turned to look at him again, his spirit had fled forever.

The death of Harper could not fail to make a painful impression on his comrades, and Serjeant Macintosh endeavoured to render it still more deep and lasting.

“My lads,” said he to several who were collected in a group, talking over the late events, a few days afterwards; “attend to the advice of an old soldier. Let the warning you have received be a lesson to you all. Give no heed to the voice of the tempter, when he would lead you to break your oath of allegiance, and to become a traitor. Spurn him as you would the reptile, whose sting is death; fulfil your duty to God and to your country, like men, and bless Him that you were born in a land of true freedom, where, the moment the slave sets his foot upon its soil, he is at liberty; respect the laws, which are given to protect the weak and to punish the wicked; love your Sovereign as faithful subjects; hold high the Royal Standard, my brave boys, preserve it pure and unsullied from reproach, serve under its banner gallantly and loyally, and so may God reward you both here and hereafter.”

Loud cheers followed this speech of the Serjeant's, as he walked slowly away, while O'Connell exclaimed:

“Thin its long life to you, and a blessin' into the bargain, for your good advice. By the powers, and it was a mighty fine oration that, an' I fale it tingling down to my finger ends. Ah, but its a mortal pity he is not an Irishman,” he continued, gazing after him; “if he had only been born on the right side of the wather, why thin (pausing) its the General himself, God bless him, would not have been a finer man; an' greater praise nor that, to my thinkin', Pathrick O'Connell you could not pay, if you were to sake for it iver so early o' the mornin', and whoever says, ‘that's blarney, now, Misther Paddy,’ why bad cess to thim, that 's all.”

TRUTH.

Truth, whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge, and the business of the under-

standing; whatsoever is besides that, however authorised by consent or recommended by rarity, is nothing but ignorance or something worse.—*Locke.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE CHILD AND BUTTERFLY.

BY E. L. C.

Beautiful child, with radiant eye!
Chasing yon gaudy butterfly
In his erratic flights;
Bounding o'er beds of fragrant thyme,
To where, in yon bee-loving lime,
The golden wanderer lights.

Quick, little trembler, grasp him now!
Here, where on this laburnum bough
He rests—a living gem!
His emerald eye, and velvet wing,
Glancing like lady's jewel'd ring,
Upon the flower-wreath'd stem.

Ha! flown again, my truant bold?
Dost weary 'mid these flowers of gold,
And seek'st the lily's breast,
To revel in its cup of snow,
Or in the soft and fragrant glow,
Of the young rose to rest?

Then fare thee well, gay epicure!
Thou'rt but a tasteless insect, sure,
Or here thou would'st alight,
On this small hand, that longs to hold
Thy gauzy form of paly gold,
With colours rich bedight.

Come, for thou'lt see the violets hue
In this soft eye of loveliest blue,
So pure, so sweet, so calm!
And on this cheek the tender flush
Of the fair rose,—its very blush,
With joy's bright colouring warm!

He heeds us not,—will ne'er be won
By thy fond wiles, my cherished one,
So sweet a spell to me!
Then leave him to his gay parterre;
Nay, grasp him not,—prithce, beware!
Let the gay vagrant be!

Ah, that glad laugh! thou hast him now,
Triumph is on thy infant brow,
The captive is thine own!
But, dearest, in thy eager grasp,
Thou'st crush'd thy prize,—see, see him gasp?
His transient life is done!

Nay, dry thy tears, and ever more,
When years shall bring an added store
Of wisdom to my child,—