

the beautiful waxen images over the altars, in the midst of gold, radiant lights, incense and flowers, yielded in loveliness and bloom to the little English cherub. At times she was seen, with light step, gliding through the court and gardens, herself the fairest flower there; and when, weary of the close demure cap of the order, which boarders are obliged to adopt, she would take it off—O! how redundantly fell her waving ringlets over her fair forehead and snowy shoulders! one would have thought that a shower of gold dust was sprinkled on her classically formed head, as it glittered in the sunbeams. Her smiles were the offsprings of the innocent joy that reigned in her bosom and sparkled in her full deep blue eyes, diffusing universal gladness around to all.

"It was no wonder then, possessed thus of beauty so fascinating, a gifted mind, and manners equally so, that the Mother Abbess and Nuns should dote on her, and hail the sound of her light foot, and the music of her voice, as she moved from cell to cell, to cheer the solitude of the devout recluses within; it is no wonder, that they all bewailed so heavenly endowed a creature should be a heretic—should be in the wrong path—and that they combined to save her therefrom. Her elasticity of disposition gave them confidence of success.

"Alas for poor Selina! though so young and seemingly thoughtless, she soon evinced the reflection of age; her mind became oppressed by care and thought. It is useless to repeat the endeavours of the religious enthusiasts to bend her from the faith of her fathers: hints, arguments, persuasions, were successively tried in vain—but though they conquered not where they wished, they tamed her spirit. Her native home, liberty, and her beloved father—she pined for objects so dear; her affections were deep rooted and strong—long, long did the time of her father's absence appear. These repinings, added to the continual temptations she endured, oppressed her young heart; her complexion faded, her eyes downcast, save when raised to the grating, in hope of seeing there that beloved indulgent parent, whose arms would restore her to all she longed for—"But she had not a friend to take her part." At length the father came—his noble form bespoke him of no mean race, anxiety deep and tender was depicted on his manly countenance, as he presented himself and enquired for his daughter, his heart no doubt throbbing with sweet expectations of beholding his darling and blooming child hasten to clasp her snowy arms around his neck,—press her rosy cheek to his, sunk and faded with sorrow and affliction, and looking forward to long after years of happiness, to a home rendered a halcyon nest by her careful cares—to an old age, perhaps,

supported and rendered not only endurable but sweet, by filial love and tenderness. How delightful were her father's anticipations!

"The doors of the reception parlour opened—he started up—held out his arms—but it was not his Selina—the Abbess entered.

"Ah, Heavens!—A glance at her serious, mournful countenance told him the sad tale that awaited him.

"His Selina, child of his love, object of his sleeping and waking dreams—that creature of youthful beauty, health and innocence personified his eyes were never more to dwell upon. The cold grave now held his child—she had died of a broken heart. When, after a long and weary lapse of insensibility her sorrow-struck father sufficiently recovered to enable him to act—he raised that tomb to the memory of his darling, and having poured out his heart in sorrow, disappeared—none ever saw or heard of him more, and if his days were cut short, no doubt they were ended in sorrow and despair."

## THE WIND.

BY MRS. MOORE.

Stern spirit of air—wild voice of the sky—

Thy shout rends the heavens—and earth trembles with dread;

In hoarse hollow murmurs the billows reply,

And ocean is roused in his cavernous bed.—

When the thunder lies cradled within its dark cloud,

And earth and her tribes crouch in silence and fear,

Thy voice shakes the forest, the tall oaks are bowed,

The electrical flash tells that danger is near.

On thy broad rushing pinions destruction rides free,

Unfettered they sweep the wide deserts of air;

The hurricane bursts over mountain and sea,

And havoc and death mark thy track with despair.—

When the Lord bowed the heavens and came down in His might,

Sublimely around were the elements cast;

At His feet lay the dense rolling shadows of night,

But the power of Omnipotence rode on the blast.

From the whirlwind He spake, when man, wrung with pain,

In the strength of his anguish dared challenge his God—

In thunder he told him, man's wisdom was vain,

Till he bow'd to correction and kissed the just rod.

When called by the voice of the prophet of old,

In the "valley of bones" to breathe over the dead;

Like the sand of the sea, could their numbers be told!

They started to life, when thy mandate had sped.

Those chill mould'ring ashes thy summons could blud,

And the dark icy slumber of ages gave way;

The spirit of life took the wings of the wind,

Rekindling the souls of the children of clay.

Shrill trumpet of God! I shrink at thy blast,

Which shakes the firm hills to their centre, with dread

And have thought in that conflict, earth's saddest and last,

That thy soul-thrilling sigh will awaken the dead.

Hellville, 1845.