

softness of a female voice. "Keep the dollars, pastor," said Hans Hosland, when he heard all that Thorsen chose to tell—"I am old, and my daughter may marry Brande our kinsman—keep the purse to feed this poor boy, if the year should pass, and no friends remember him."

Thorsen returned well satisfied to his home, but the stranger was gone, and no one in the hamlet knew the time or way of his departure. Though a little Lutheran theology was all that education had given the pastor, he had received from Nature an acute judgment and a bountiful heart. Whether the deep mystery in which his guest had chosen to wrap himself could be connected with that which involved his ward, was a point beyond his investigation; but he contented himself with knowing how much the blind boy deserved his pity. To be easy and useful, was this good man's constant aim, and he always found both purposes united.

The long, long winter and brief summer of Norway passed away without event. Adolphus, as the blind boy called himself, though he soon learned the Norwegian language, could give only vague and confused accounts of his early years, or his journey to Dolstem. But his docility, his sprightliness, and lovely countenance, won even the old fisherman's heart, and increased Claribell's pity to fondness.

Under Hans Hosland's roof there was also a woman who owed her bread to Claribell's bounty. She was the widow of a nobleman, whose mansion and household had suddenly sunk into the abyss now covered with the lake of Frederic-Stadt. From that hour she had never been seen to smile; the intense severity of a climate in which she was a stranger, added to the force of an overwhelming misfortune, had reduced her mind and body to utter imbecility. But Claribell, who had been chosen to attend her during the few months which elapsed between her arrival in Norway and her disastrous widow-hood, could never be persuaded to forsake her, when the rapacious heir, affecting to know no proofs of her marriage, dismissed her to desolation and famine. The Lady Johanna, as her faithful servant still called her, had now resided ten years in Hans Hosland's cabin, nursed by his daughter with the tenderest respect, and soothed in all her caprices. Adolphus sat by her side singing fragments of Swedish songs, which she always repaid by allowing him to share her sheltered corner of the hearth; and he, ever ready to love the hand that cherished him, lamented only because he could not know the face of his second foster-mother.

On the anniversary of that brilliant night which brought the stranger to Dolstem, all Hosland's happy family assembled round his door. Hans himself, ever gay and busy, played a rude accompaniment on his ancient violin, while Adolphus timed his song to the slow motion of the lady Johanna's chair, as it rocked her into slumber. Claribell sat at her feet preparing for her pillow the soft rich fur of the brown forest cat, brought by Brande, her betrothed husband, whose return had caused this jubilee. While Hans and his son-in-law were exchanging cups of mead, the pastor Thorsen was seen advancing with the stranger. "It is he," exclaimed Claribell, springing from her kinsman's side with a shriek of joy. Adolphus clung to his benefactor's embrace, Hans loaded him with welcomes, and even the lady looked round her with a faint smile. They seated their guest among them, while the blind boy sorrowfully asked if he intended to remove him. "One year more, Adolphus," replied the traveller, "you shall give to these hospitable friends, if they will endure the burthen for your sake."—"He is so beautiful!" said old Hans.—"Ah, father!" ad-

ded Claribell, "he must be beautiful always, he is so kind!" The traveller looked earnestly at Claribell, and saw the loveliness of a kind heart in her eyes. His voice faltered as he replied, "My boy must still be your guest, for a soldier has no home; but I have found his small purse untouched—let me add another, and make me more your debtor by accepting it." Adolphus laid the purse in Claribell's lap, and his benefactor, rising hastily, announced his intention to depart immediately, if a guide could be procured. "My kinsman shall accompany you," said the fisherman; "he knows every crag from Ardanger to Dofresfield." Brande advanced, slinging his musket behind his shoulder, as a token of his readiness.—"Not to-night!" said Claribell; a "snow-fall has swelled the flood, and the wicker bridge has faded."—Thorsen and Hans urged the tedious length of the mountain-road, and the distance of any stage-house. Brande alone was silent. He had thought of Claribell's long delay in fulfilling their marriage contract, and his eye measured the stranger's graceful figure with suspicious envy. But he dare not meet his glance, and no one saw the smile which shrivelled his lips when his offered guidance was accepted.—"He is bold and faithful," said the pastor, as the stranger pressed his hand, and bade him farewell with an expressive smile. Brande shrunk from the the pastor's blessing and departed in silence.—"All were sleeping in Hosland's hut when he returned, pale and almost gasping."—"So soon from Ardanger?" said Claribell, "your journey has speeded well." "He is safe," returned her lover, and sat down gloomily on the hearth. Only a few embers remained which cast a doubtful light on his countenance.—"Claribell!" he exclaimed, after a long pause, "will you be my wife tomorrow?"—"I am the lady Johanna's servant while she lives," answered Claribell—"and the poor blind boy! what will become of them if I leave my father?"—"They shall remain with us, and we will form one family—we are no longer poor—the traveller gave me this gold, and bade me keep it as your dowry."—Claribell cast her eyes on the heap of rubies, and on her lover's face—"Brande you have murdered him!"—With these half articulate words, she fell prostrate on the earth, from which he dared not approach to raise her. But presently gathering the gold, her kinsman placed it at her feet—"Claribell! it is yours! it is his free gift, and I am innocent."—"Follow me, then!" said she, putting the treasure in her bosom; and quitting her father's dwelling, she led the way to Thorsen's. He was awake, reading by the summer moonlight.—"Sir," said Claribell, in a calm and firm tone, "your friend deposited this gold in my kinsman's hands—keep it in trust for Adolphus in your own." Brande surprised, dismayed, yet rescued from immediate danger, acquiesced with downcast eyes; and the pastor, struck only with respectful admiration, received the deposit.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEM. SOCIETY.—A meeting of this Society was held on Tuesday morning at Exeter Hall, the Bishop of London in the chair.—The large Hall-room was completely crowded, and among the audience were a great many fashionably dressed ladies. The Bishop of London, taking the chair, shortly addressed the meeting, and after expressing his satisfaction at the progress of the principles of the society, particularly in the manufacturing districts, proceeded to defend the report made by the committee upon drunkenness, last session. He said that, notwithstanding the sneers cast on that report, he thought it was characterized by good practical sense and Christian feeling. The Secretary then read the annual re-

port, of the increase of temperance in England and Ireland, particularly in the province of Ulster and also in Scotland, and in some foreign countries. It appeared from the report, that the number of Temperance Societies in England and Wales is 557. Several gentlemen addressed the meeting in support of the principles advocated by these Societies. Several members of Parliament were present.—*Liv. Times.*

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.—This society held their 31st anniversary meeting at Exeter Hall, May 6th. The meeting was more numerous attended than any former meeting; the great room was crowded to suffocation, and a smaller room in the lower part of the building was filled with the overflow from above stairs. Lord Bexley was in the chair. The business commenced with the reading of the report by the Secretary, the Rev. E. Brandram. From this report it appeared that the receipts of the past year amounted to £107,926 1s., being the largest amount ever received in one year since the formation of the society. This amount includes the sum of £11,695, a bequest of the late Horatio Cock, Esq. and a sum of £15,000, which had been raised expressly for the purpose of supplying the negroes in the West Indies with the word of God without interfering with the general funds of the society. When these were deducted, the amount was still nearly as great as that of any former year. The free donations from auxiliaries were £29,184.

The whole number of Bibles and Testaments issued during the year is not given, but it is stated that the distribution by the Paris Bible Society had in the year amounted to 62,192 Bibles and Testaments. The accounts from Paris contained most gratifying intelligence of the progress of the society in Switzerland, in some parts of which a distribution to the amount of 27,000 copies had been effected by two of the society's colporteurs. From Dr. Pinkerton's report of the distribution of Bibles and Testaments, in the north of Europe, it appeared that 27,935 copies had been distributed last year in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, Polish, and other languages, and that a considerable number of these had found their way into the hands of Roman Catholics.—Among the persons present on the platform were Bishop Melvaine of Ohio, and Rev. Dr. Spring of New York.—Dr. Spring addressed the assembly as the representative of the American Bible Society.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any just demands against the Estate of the late DONALD M'INTOSH, of the Fox Brook, East River, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same, duly attested, within eighteen calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate, are hereby notified to make immediate payment to CHARLES M'INTOSH, Fox Brook, who is authorised to settle all accounts.
THOMAS MUNRO, } Ex'rs.
RODERICK MCKAY, }
East River, 16th April, 1835. b-w

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber, about to leave the Province, for a few months, has left in the hands of Mr. John Patterson, his Accounts and notes of hand, with full authority to collect and sue for the same.
THOMAS D. UNDERWOOD.
July 15th. b-w

D. SPENCE,
BOOK BINDER,

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Pietou, that he has commenced business in the above line, in a room below the Bce Office, where, or at the said Office, BOOKS will be received for binding according to order.
[June 29, 1835]

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE ALMANAC
(36 pages), price 3d, each.
Also: *Crawley on Baptism*—price 2s.