

ing!" and turning away, Francis was again left to solitude and darkness.

Francis sat for many minutes lost in a delightful reverie. Liberty, the most valued of earthly blessings, would again be his, even when no hope had dawned on his mind, and no fate but hopeless, perpetual imprisonment, seemed before him. All seemed delightful certainty of success, and he forgot the labor which would be required to purchase his freedom, the many chances of failure, and every difficulty which must be surmounted, in the thought that he would once more be free from the bondage of his fearful foe. Then came thoughts of the blissful meeting with Isabella, when he should rush to rescue her from her captivity, and restore her to her home; and then for a moment, one short moment only, the thought that it was possible her love for him had been transformed to Gustavus, came over his mind. But he hastened to banish it, and gave up his heart to its excess of joy.

The tolling of the midnight hour aroused him, and starting up, he applied himself to work with all the energy of one who knows that every thing dear to the human heart, depends on one great and mighty effort, and not until a faint tinge of mellow light illumined the eastern sky, and warned him of approaching day, did he cease from his labour. Carefully concealing the evidences of his industry, he threw himself on his bed, and tired nature soon found relief in soft repose.

(To be continued.)

THE SUBTERRANEAN PALACE.

A BEAUTIFUL APOLOGUE.

THERE was an image in the city of Rome, which stretched forth its right hand, on the middle finger of which was written, STRIKE HERE. For a long time none could understand the meaning of this mysterious inscription. At length, a certain subtle clerk, who came to see this famous image, observed, as the sun shone against it, the shadow of the inscribed finger on the ground at some distance. He immediately took a spade, and began to dig exactly on that spot. He came at length to a flight of steps, which descended far under ground, and led him to a stately palace. Here he entered a hall, where he saw a king and queen sitting at table, with their nobles, and a multitude of people, all clothed in rich garments. But no person spake a word. He looked towards one corner, where he saw a polished carbuncle, which illuminated the whole room. In the opposite corner he perceived the figure of a man standing, having a

bended bow with an arrow in his hand, as prepared to shoot. On his forehead was written, "I am, who am. Nothing can escape my stroke, not even yonder carbuncle, which shines so bright."

The clerk beheld all with amazement; and entering a chamber, saw the most beautiful ladies working at the loom in purple. But all was silent. He then entered a stable full of the most excellent horses; he touched some of them, and they were instantly turned into stones. He next surveyed all the apartments of the palace, which abounded with all his imagination could desire. He again visited the hall, and now began to reflect how he should return; "but," says he, "my report of all these wonders will not be believed, unless I carry something with me." He therefore took from the principal table a golden cup and a golden knife, and placed them in his bosom. The man, who stood in the corner with his bow, immediately shot at the carbuncle, which he shattered into a thousand pieces. At that moment the hall became dark as night. In this darkness, not being able to find his way, he continued in the subterranean palace, and soon died a miserable death.

In the moralization of this fable, the steps by which the clerk descends into the earth are supposed to be the Passions—the Palace, so richly stored, the World, with all its vanities and temptations—the figure with the bow bent, is Death—and the Carbuncle is Human Life. He suffers for this avarice in coveting and seizing what was not his own; and no sooner has he taken the golden knife and cup, that is, enriched himself with the goods of this world, than he is delivered up to the gloom and horrors of the grave.

EVERY moment of a man's life begins a new era, and he knows not which may be forgotten, or which may be the pivot whereon will turn his whole future destiny. What act, then, is without importance, since it may be a precedent to many ages.

COLERIDGE, treating on the inseparable connection of truth with error, says that there are errors which no wise man will treat with rudeness while there is a probability that they may be the refraction of some great truth yet below the horizon.

TRUTH.—*Fine sentiment.*—A lecturer of the day says: "Truth is God's shadow, reflected by the sun-light of human intelligence on the plains of Time."