

ner from the public storm, as also another corner in my soul. Our contest vainly changes its forms, and multiplies and diversifies itself in various parties—I never stir. Among so many armed houses I alone, I believe, in France, confined mine to the protection of heaven only, and have never removed either money, or plate, or title-deed, or tapestry. I was resolved neither to fear nor to save myself by halves. If an entire gratitude can acquire divine favour, I shall enjoy it to the end; if not, I have gone on long enough to render my escape remarkable; it has lasted now thirty years.” And he preserved his philosophy through all, “I write this,” says he, in one of his essays, “at a moment when the worst of our troubles are gathering about me; the enemy is at my gates, and I endure all sorts of military outrage at once.” He gives an interesting account how, on one occasion, by presence of mind and self-possession, he saved his castle.

A certain leader bent on taking it and him, resolved to surprise him. He came alone to the gate and begged to be let in. Montaigne knew him, and thought he could rely on him as a neighbour, though not as a friend; he caused his door to be opened to him, as to every one. The visitant came in a hurried manner, his horse panting, and said that he had encountered the enemy, who pursued him, and being unarmed, and with few men about him, he had taken shelter at Montaigne’s, and was in great trouble about his people, who he feared were either taken or killed. Montaigne believed the tale, and tried to reassure and comfort him. Presently five or six of his followers, with the same appearance of terror, presented themselves, and then more and more, to as many as thirty, well equipped and armed, pretending they were pursued by the enemy. Montaigne’s suspicions were at last awakened; but finding that he must go on as he had begun, or break out altogether, he partook himself to what seemed to him the easiest and most natural course, and ordered all to be admitted, “being,” he says, “a man who commits himself to fortune, and believing that we fail in not confiding sufficiently in heaven.” The soldiers having entered, remained in the court yard—their chief, with his host, being in the hall, he not having permitted his horse to be put up, saying he should go the moment his people arrived. He now saw himself master of his enterprise,—the execution alone remained. He often said afterwards—for he did not fear to tell the tale—that Montaigne’s frankness and composure had disarmed his treachery. He mounted his horse and departed, while his people, who kept their eyes continually upon him to see if he gave the signal, were astonished to see him ride off and abandon his advantage.

On another occasion, confiding in some truce, he undertook a journey, and was seized by about thirty gentlemen, masked, as was the custom then, followed by a little army of arquebusiers. Being taken, he

was led into the forest, and despoiled of his effects which were valuable, and a high ransom demanded. He refused any, contending for the maintenance of the truce; but this plea was rejected, and they were ordered to be marched away. He did not know his enemies, nor, apparently, did they know him; and he and his people were being led off as prisoners, when suddenly a change took place: the chief addressed him in mild terms, caused all his effects to be collected and restored, and the whole party set at liberty. “The true cause of so sudden a change,” says Montaigne, “operated without any apparent cause, and of repentance in a purpose then through use held just, I do not even know now. The chief amongst them unmasked, and told me his name, and several times afterwards said that I owed my deliverance to my composure, and to the firmness of my words, which made me seem worthy of better treatment.”

(ORIGINAL.)

THE STAR OF HOPE.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

What though I love the glorious sun,
With beauty tinging earth and sky,
As, sinking when his race is done,
He, robed in splendour—passes by,
What though I love the Queen of Night
Whose solemn influence fills my breast,
Pale Luna—with thy robes of light,
Thrown o’er the sleeping world at rest.

What though I love the thunder’s roar,
The lightning’s flash, the midnight wind,
The murmur on the ocean’s shore,
The voice of nature unconfined:
Though prized all these—and dear they are,
Something above them all I see,
There is a star, more glorious far,
Than either sun or moon to me.

When dark and low’ring clouds are near,
And cast dark shadows o’er my way,
Nought could my fainting spirit cheer,
Did not that star, with Hope’s bright ray
Point to the realms of bliss afar,
From pain and sorrow ever free—
And O, that star, more glorious far,
Is more than sun or moon to me.

EQUALITY.

Equality is deemed by many a mere speculative chimera, which can never be reduced to practice. But if the abuse is inevitable, does it follow that we ought not to try at least to mitigate it? It is precisely because the force of things tends always to destroy equality, that the force of the legislature must always tend to maintain it.—Rousseau.