

There was another person whom Rosalie vainly hoped would visit her in her distress; Auguste St. Beuve—whose praises had betrayed her into the weakness of self-admiration—neither came nor sent! And the poor girl was frequently repeating to herself, “and does he, too, believe me guilty?”

Her trial had been delayed, in order to give time to discover the plate and pocket-book, and also to find out who, among the young men in the village, were the most intimate associates of Rosalie. Accordingly, the strictest inquiries were instituted; but the virtuous and modest girl had no associates whatever of the other sex; and though one young man visited her in prison, it was believed that he had no previous acquaintance with her. Auguste St. Beuve was the only one who had ever paid her any attention, and his situation in life placed him above suspicion.

At length, after she had been for many days persecuted by the entreaties of her priest and others, that she would confess, the hour for appearance at the awful bar arrived; and she stood there unsupported by any earthly aid, save that of conscious innocence. The trial was long—the examination severe—and the circumstances were deemed strong against her. To every question, she answered in a modest, humble, but firm manner; and whether it was that her youth, her beauty, and gentle graces prepossessed her judges in her favour, or whether the legal proof was not sufficient, she was, at the end of some painful hours, unanimously acquitted, and instantly discharged. Alas! the delight of being declared innocent was damped to poor Rosalie, by the fear that she should not be permitted to find shelter under a parent's roof.

Avarice, however, did for her what justice should have done. The heir of her poor friend, convinced of Rosalie's innocence, and pitying her sufferings, offered to pay her immediately the legacy which his aunt had left her; but the sensitive girl shrank from accepting it. She was suspected of having committed, or concerted the murder of her benefactress in

order to hasten her possession of the sum in question. She, therefore, positively refused to run the risk of confirming any one in the belief of her guilt by receiving it. And she persevered in her delicate and well-motived refusal, till her father, instigated by his wife, commanded her to accept the money: then she complied, and not reluctantly, when she found that, on condition of her paying for her board, she would be again received into his house.

(To be continued)

MISCELLANEOUS.

VOLCANO IN ICELAND.

The Oræfa mountain is not only the loftiest in Iceland, but has been rendered remarkable by the great devastation made by its eruption about a century ago. Nothing can be more striking than the account of this calamity given by John Thorlokson, the aged minister of a neighbouring parish. He was in the midst of his service on the Sabbath, when the agitation of the earth gave warning that some alarming event was to follow. Rushing from the church, he saw a peak of the neighbouring mountain alternately heaved up and sinking—and the next day this portion of the mountain ran down into the plain like melted metal from a crucible, filling it to such a height that, as he says, to more of a mountain which formerly towered above it could be seen than about a size of a bird—volumes of water being, in the meantime, thrown forth in a deluge from the crater, sweeping away whatever they encountered in their course. The Oræfa itself then broke forth, hurling large masses of ice to a great distance; fire burst out in every direction from its sides—the sky was darkened by the smoke and ashes, so that the day could hardly be distinguished from the night. This scene of horror continued for more than three days, during which time the whole region was converted into utter desolation.

Words and works, tongues and hearts, and lives, should go together.