

the rocks they climbed together, the wild flowers that perfumed their resting places upon the mountains,—the stars that gazed in seeming gladness on their mutual joy, were all the witnesses of their vows of everlasting love. As months rolled on they became more and more closely united, the stream of their affections gathered new tributaries every day, and the waters increased with every new occurrence. Neff beheld their increasing fondness for each other with pleasure; he was glad to give his fair haired daughter of the Alps, as he called her, to one so worthy of her as Albert. Old De Visa's heart danced for joy at the prospect of the satisfactory settlement of his daughter, and the peaceful and happy life that seemed before his family, and the hope that they should all eventually meet in the better world on high was the ultimatum of his felicity: he often reflected upon the partner of his early pleasures and wept with gratitude when he thought of beholding her a saint redeemed in his father's house above.

One beautiful moonlight evening Noricene stole unobserved by the little company in the cottage, to indulge in a ramble through the garden. Moonlight among the Alps, presents a scene of surpassing beauty. The contrast of silvery radiance with the deep shade distinctly delineated;—the moon herself seeming, as she really is, a sphere floating through space detached from the blue expanse beyond—light thrown from the sun, reflecting from some mountain of crystal upon her surface and radiating to a thousand points, dimming the bright orbs that spangle the breadth of the horizon, and reaching through the forty miles of atmosphere that gathers about the earth, representing crag and cliff and the long phalanx of forest trees in perfect outline. The pale phosphorus-like flame breaking through the deep fissures of huge frowning rocks and pouring through the openings of the trees painting with perfect exactitude every feature, the mingling of shadow from the rugged heights thrown promiscuously upon ravine, stream and plain, and above all, and the reflection from some snow capped summit, miles above the beholder, is exceedingly lovely: 'tis then the moon looks like a living thing coursing proudly on her cloudless passage, transferring life to hills of snow, that breathe her diamond lustre back and catch new radiance from her mightier beam.

The moonlight scenes painted around the dwelling of Noricene were too vivid for description, like the untold joys that revelled in her bosom, sensation was their only home and fancy's finger never touched realities so sweet. She visited in her ramble each well known spot, that had contributed so often to her happiness, and which memory had sanctified to love.—In her return to the cottage she thought to stop a moment at the dearest of them all—the place where her mother slept. During her absence, her father with Albert and the minister left the cottage, and were feasting richly on the "joy of grief" upon the spot that death had rendered doubly dear to them all. Noricene paused a moment at the entrance of the bower, fearful of intruding upon the hallowed scene before her, the next she was in her father's arms, and a while they wept in silence. De Visa's tongue became eloquent. "O!" he exclaimed, "when shall we join our hands in that eternal house, whose maker and builder is the living God, our harps that sometimes hang on willows here below shall wake to ceaseless, everlasting song, and fill the courts of yon bright world with praise;—no sickness there, no death shall stop the strains but through the live-long sabbath of the skies one endless shout shall employ our willing tongues to Him who in his own precious blood has washed and made us white."

With the consent of all concerned, Albert and Noricene fixed upon a day that was to make them one in fate forever. The cottage was to be their home, and De Visa their companion, until death should divide the little flock. Nothing intervened to interrupt their happiness, all was peace and pleasure, and blissful anticipation. Time rolled on by the "might of his wings," and brought the wished-for period. The lovers appointed the day, custom fixed the hour for their marriage: in the evening an hour after sunset, the sacred ceremony by the minister and the blessing of the father and friends were to be pronounced. Neff

promised to be at the cottage for dinner, Albert, to come before the sun should hide himself behind the snow upon the hill top. The busy "note of preparation" was over at the cottage long before the time for dinner. Noricene laboured, assisted by a few of her female friends with unusual activity, and they all sung the while like birds, whose only care was to sport upon the mountain winds. Sweetmeats and pastry were prepared, and every thing the humble retirement afforded was provided that would make the entertainment agreeable, and the guests happy: some few acquaintances were invited to dine and spend the afternoon with the minister. They came early decked for the bridal to sport with the young betrothed. Rapidly flew the hours, for

"Lightly falls the foot of time;  
That only treads on flowers."

The sun-dial shadowed twelve ere the light hearted group were aware of it: they forgot to take the note of time and moments went like the wind. Theirs were the joys of nature uninterrupted by the cold rules of etiquette; it was the mingling of heart with heart, and in the gush of feeling unrestrained there was real pleasure beyond all the studied efforts of more refined life.

"I wonder what can detain our aged friend," said Noricene to her father with some anxiety; "I never knew him to be a moment behind his engagements."

"I know not," replied De Visa, "some unforeseen circumstance has prevented his coming no doubt; he has always been very punctual, but perhaps this time he—"

"O, I hope he is well," returned the impatient Noricene, interrupting her father and very perceptibly agitated, "did he complain of any thing when he left the cottage?"

"Not that I know of," replied the old man, partaking somewhat of his daughter's suspicion.

"Come girls," cried Noricene, with a trembling voice, "let us away to the mountain, we'll meet the missionary and bring him to his dinner."

"And scold him too," was the reply of several.

Noricene snatched up her sun bonnet and was soon hid among the hills; the girls all followed, running to overtake her, but she went like a deer and kept her distance ahead.

Upon the tallest summit of the pass of Guil they met the minister; one of the members of his flock had been injured by the falling of a tree and detained him at La Chalp. Civilities were exchanged, and they prepared to return to the cottage. But where is Noricene? A hundred questions were asked and left unanswered. Perhaps she was among the hills concealing herself for sport, perchance she had gone to the cottage and was waiting to surprise them when they returned;—but there was no path by which she could get back unnoticed. Conjectures were a few moments indulged in, when the company separated to climb among the cliffs. De Visa alarmed at their stay, left his home tenantless and joined them. Albert too, who was before his hour and finding the home of his beloved without an occupant, unconsciously took the road to the pass. The father was in agony: he wrung his hands and wept. Neff endeavoured to console him but wanted consolation for himself. The name of "Nori" resounded over the mountains,—the echo of a thousand valleys repeated Neff—and the stillness of death succeeded. Old Sicho the faithful dog who had twice rescued the lost one from death when she was a child, went howling from place to place; after a long absence he returned and seizing the missionary by his coat pulled him towards Dormilleuse, this he repeated several times, then laid himself at the feet of his master writhing and moaning in most pitiful accents. It was enough for the poor old peasant. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away" said he, "and my trial is come? For what purpose shall the bright heavens shine and the beautiful valley be green before me. Nori is gone and I am left alone in my sorrow."

"Trust thou in God," replied the missionary; "he will hew a shelter in the rock for thy safety and his right hand shall be thy salvation." So saying he followed the dog down the pass towards the cottage; about half way down the animal made a halt, and reaching his head over the

precipice howled more piteously than before; as the company approached him, he sprang from the passage and was hurried in the torrent below.

"Power of the highest!" exclaimed Neff as he looked over the rock and saw the body of the unfortunate girl; her long light hair had caught in a fissure and held the body on the edge of the stream; the waters were rolling by it with fearful violence.

De Visa fell senseless on the narrow rock and was prevented with difficulty from rolling over the form of his daughter into the foaming surge; he was carried in a state of insensibility to the cottage. Until midnight did Albert labor to recover the cold body of his betrothed, that instead of his, had become the bride of death. When the moon buried herself behind the mountain he stretched himself upon the pass, and held his dismal wako by the body of the dead.

Through that long, solitary night, alone he kept his silent watch; ever and anon lifting himself up from his damp couch to cast an earnest glance upon the light form tossing to and fro in the writhing waters of the mountain torrent, that it escaped not from him forever. The flood of wild thoughts which rushed over his agitated soul during that lonely waking of his betrothed, were such as left their dark lines forever channelled in his memory. The fearful concentration of a thousand heart-breaking reflections, almost made him a madman; and when the dim light of the early morning kindled faintly upon the hills, it found him faint and feeble as a child.

At the early dawn he renewed his exertions, and accomplished what no human being would have imagined possible; the pale corpse of his beloved he drew up dripping from the defile and carried it in his arms down the pass to the cottage, the effort overcame his strength and he fell fainting by its side. She sleeps upon the bosom of her father beside her mother's grave. Albert extended the bower over both the graves, and the pilgrim-shrine of his beloved became the flowery temple, where the missionary and himself rehearsed in the hearing of the peasantry of Dormilleuse, the doctrines of redemption, and told them of the better world where death shall trouble not and where the weary are at rest.

The sleep of the righteous is sweet; and the memories which come over our hearts as we linger above their narrow dwelling are very pleasant, no matter how they have passed away—whether in the lingering disease or in the sudden visitations of death. There is a light resting upon their tombs which strikes a ray far into the shadows of the dark valley.—*Baltimore Athenaeum.*

PRAYER.—The river that runs slow and croops by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into a little hollowness, and spends itself in smaller portions, and dies with devotion; but when it runs with vigorousness, and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to creep into its little hollows, but runs into the sea through its and useful channels. So is man's prayer; if it moves on the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling incident, and stays at the corner of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and does not arrive at heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermediate regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends down showers of refreshment.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

PULSATION.—The Pulse, in the time of Hippocrates was, probably, not more than sixty beats in a minute from which, probably, originates our smallest division of time, denominated the *moment*, or *second*, which divides the day into eighty-six thousand four hundred parts. The human species refine, probably the pulse quickens, so completely are we machines, that, like a clock, the faster we go the sooner we run down.—*London Saturday and Medical Journal.*