willow

protec

the va

to-day Gener had,

anxiet dethro dresse "Jo

I the

eyes of the

"Only a Soldier."

AN INCIDENT.

By Agnes Macdonnell.

This incident is narrated by a lady who Unarmed and unattended walks the Czar, Through Moscow's busy street one winter

The crowd uncover as his face they see—
"God greet the Czar!" they say.

Along his path there moved a funeral, Gray spectacle of poverty and woe. A wretched sledge, dragged by one wear

man, Slowly across the snow. And on the sledge, blown by the winter

wind,
Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare,
And he who drew it bent before his load,
With dull and sullen air. The Emperor stopped and beckoned to th

"Only a soldier, sire!" the short reply.
"Only a soldier, dead."

"Only a soldier!" musing, said the Czar;
"Only a Russian, who was poor and brave,
Move on. I follow. Such an one goes not
Unhonored to his grave." He bent his head and silent raised his cap; The Czar of all the Russias, pacing slow, Following the coffin, as again it went, Slowly across the snow.

The passers of the street, all wondering, Looked on that sight, then followed silently Peasant and prince, and artisan and clerk, All in one company.

Still as they went, the crowd grew evermore, Till thousands stood around the friendless grave,
Led by that princely heart, who, royal, true,
Honored the poor and brave.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

D'Auban was very near saying, "What were you made for ?" but he checked the were you made for? but he checked the sneering thought. In the prime of life and full enjoyment of a vigorous intellect, he had been tempted to despise the feeble fidgetty old man before him, forgetting that the race is not always to the swift of the battle to the strong. We sometime wonder what part some particular person is sent to fulfil on earth. He or she seems is sent to ruini on earth. He or she seems to our short-sighted view so insignificant, so incapable, so devoid of the qualities we most admire, and all the while, perhaps, what appears to us his deficiencies, are what appears to us his deficiencies, are qualifications for the task or the position assigned to them by Providence. There are uses for timid spirits, weak frames and broken hearts, little dreamed of by those who, in the pride of health and mental vigor, know little of their value.

Some further conversation took place between the neighbors, which ended by d'Auban's promising to draw up an agreement based on M. de Chambelle's pro-It was further decided that they posal. It was further decided that they would take this paper to the Mission of St. Francis, and request Father Maret and another French habitant to witness its signature. A day or two afterwards this was accordingly done. M. de Chambelle rubbed his hands in a transport of delight, and complimented Father Maret on the beauty of his church, in which he had never set his foot. The missonary was amused at hearing himself called M. l'Abbe, and took an opportunity, whilst his guest was flitting about his rose-bushes like a supergamuated butterfly to achieve the second of the second signature. A day or two afterwards this like a superannuated butterfly, to ask d'Auban for the history of his new part-

"I am almost ashamed to own how little I know of him," was his answer. And then he gave a brief account of the arrival of these strangers—of the purchase of St. Agathe, and M. de Chambelle's total inability to manage the concession.

When Father Maret had heard the particulars, he smiled and said, "This partnership is, then, an act of charity. But take care, my dear friend, how you involve yourself with these people. I strongly advise you to be prudent. We have hitherto been out of the reach of adventurers, but there seems to me something a little suspicious in the apparent helplessness of this gentleman. Do not let pity or kindness throw you off your guard."

"If he were to turn out a rogue, which I hardly can believe possible, he could not do me any harm. You see he leaves everything in my hands. I might cheat him, but he cannot injure me. I shall feel to understand him better when I have seen his daughter. Is it not strange her shutting herself up so entirely."

"There seems to me something strange

about the whole affair. Have you sent

"Yes, and took the opportunity of asking M. Dumont what he knew about him; but months may elapse, as you know, before I get an answer.

most doubtful feature in the case. It is not often that European women of good character come out to the colonies. Who knows what this one may be? It is most knows what this one may be? It is most impossible that all this hiding is only a trick by which she hopes to pique your curiosity, and interest your feelings. But here comes your friend. Poor old man! He certainly does not look like an im-

The partners took their leave. As they walked away, it was impossible not to be struck by the contrast presented by d'Auban's tell figure and firm step, and his comungraceful form and shuffling gait, or to see the latter's admiring confiding manner towards his companion and doubt its sincerity. The priest could not, however, divest himself of a vague apprehension as to the character and de of the strangers. Experience had taugh him sad lessons with regard to colonial speculators, and his fatherly affection for d'Auban made him suspicious of their designs. It was in Russia that the intimacy between these two men had begun, and in America it had deepened into friendship. There was a difference of at least twenty years between their ages. Father Maret was bent with toil, and his countenance bore the traces of a life of labo and privations. When at rest, melancholy was its characteristic expression, as if continual contact with sin and sorrow had left its impress upon it; but when he conversed with others, it was with a bright and gracious smile. His step, though heavy, was rapid, as that of a man who, weary and exhausted, yet hastens on in the service of God. His head fell slightly

thin and gray, but in his eyes there was a fire, and in his manner and language an energy which did not betoken decay of body or mind.

The first years he had spent in America

had been very trying. Till d'Auban's arrival he had seldom been cheered by in-tercourse with those who could share in tercourse with those who could share in his interests or his anxieties, or afford him the mental relief which every educated person finds in the society of educated men. Some of the Indian Christians were models of piety and full of childlike faite and amiability; but there must always exist an intellectual gulf between minds untrained and uncultivated, and those which have been used from childhood un. which have been used from childhood upwhich have been used from childhood up-wards to live almost as much in the past as in the present; and this is ever the case to a certain degree as regards religion. The advantage in this respect may not al-ways be on the side of civilization and of a high amount of mental culture. There is man; "Who is't thou bearest to the grave?" he high amount of mental culture. There is often in persons wise unto salvation and ignorant of all else, a simplicity of faith, a clear realization of its great truths and unhesitating acceptance of its teachings, which may very well excite admiration and something like envy in those whom an imperfect, and therefore deceptive, knowledge misleads, and who are sometimes almost weavy of the multiplicity of knowledge misteads, and who are some-times almost weary of the multiplicity of their own thoughts. But it is neverthe-less impossible that they should not miss, in their intercourse with others, the power of association which links their religious belief with a whole chain of reminiscences and connects it with a number of outly and connects it with a number of outlying regions bordering on its domain.
Viewed in the light of faith, art, science
literature, history, politics, every achievement of genius, every past and present
event, every invention, every discovery,
has a particular significance. Names become beacons in the stream of time—
signal lights, bright and lurid as may be,
which the lapse of ages never extinguishes.
This continued train of thought, this
kingdom of association, this region of This continued train of thought, this kingdom of association, this region of sympathy, is the growth of centuries, and to forego familiarity with it one of the greatest sacrifices which a person of intellectual habits can make. D'Auban's society and friendship had filled up this void in Father Maret's existence, and there was another far greater trial which his residence in this settlement had tended to mitigate.

In New France, as in all recently disovered countries, a missionary's chief difficulty consisted not in converting the natives, or (a greater one) in keeping them from relapsing into witch-craft and idolatry—not in the wearisome pursuit of his scattered sheep over morass, sluggish streams, and dreary savannah -but in the bad example set by the European settlers. It was the hardened rreligion, the scoffing spirit, the profligate lives of the emigrants swarming on the banks of the Mississippi, tainting and pol-luting the forests and prairies of this new luting the forests and prairies of this new Eden with their vile passions and remorse-less thirst for gold, which wrung the heart of the Christian priest, and brought a blush to his cheek when the Indians asked— Are the white men Christians! Do they

worship Jesus?"

He felt sometimes inclined to answer, "No, their god is mammon, a very hateful idol." To make his meaning clear, he used to show them a piece of gold, and to say that for the sake of that metal many a biptized European imperilled his immortal soul. The Indians of the Mission got into the habit of calling gold the white man's manitou, t.at is, his domestic idol. maniton, that is, his domestic idol. It became, therefore, an immense consolation to Father Maret when a Frenchman came into the neighbourhood whom he could point out to the native converts as an example of the practical results of true religion. He was wont to say that d'Auban's goodness and Therese's virtues made and so goodness and Therese's virtues made and so goodness and Therese's virtues made to the passed successively be consequent the passed successively be consequent to happing form of a Marshal of France, crosses the ness or a warning of evil which stirred the should be ness or a warning of evil which stirred the calm depths of his tranquil soul as he mused on days gone by? He did not know; he did not analyze his feelings, but gave himself up to a long reverie, in which, like in a drowning man's dream, the events of his life passed successively be closely-shaven chin is unusually long, and does not convergent with the small. more converts than his sermons His own example he, of course, counted for noth-It was not, then, extraordinary that he should feel anxious about the character of the new inhabitants of St. Agathe, and their probable intimacy with his friend. He had often regretted that one so well fitted for domestic life and social enjoyments should be cut off by circumstances from congenial society. The amount of friendly intercourse which was amply sufficient for his own need of relaxation could not be so for one whose solitary xistence was an accident, not a vocation He might not be conscious of it as vet out with advancing years the want of a keenly felt. Glad, indeed, would be have been to think that his partnership, that these new acquaintances, were likely to fill up his void, and to prove a blessing to his friend. Never was a more fervent prayer breathed for another's weal than which rose from Father Maret's heart that night for the companion of his soli tude. None feel more solicitude for the happiness, or more sympathy with the trials of others, than those who have renounced earthly happiness themselves. There is something in their sympathy akin to a mother's love or a gurdian

angel's pity.

Therese met the priest as he was turning back towards the village. After salutin him in the Indian fashon, she said, "Th eagle spreads his wings over the nest of the white do e. The strong befriends the weak

It is good, my father. "I hope so," the black robe kindly answered, as he led the way into the church, where the people were assembling for evening prayer.

CHAPTER III.

The present hour repeats upon its strings Echoes of some vague dream we have for got; Dim voices whisper half-remembered things, And when we pause to listen—answer not.

Forebodings come, we know not how o whence, Shadowing a nameless fear upon the soul, nd stir within our hearts a subtler sense Than light may read, or wisdom may con-trol.

And who can tell what secret links of thought Bind heart to heart? Unspoken things are

heard,
As if within our deepest selves was brought
The soul, perhaps, of some unuttered
word. Adelaide Proctor. of a concession, trod the earth with a lighter step, and strelled through the plan-

M. de Chambelle, no longer the manager tations, bowing affably to the negroes and chatting with those of the labourers who spoke French or German. As to d'Auban, he applied himself to the business he had undertaken with his usual energy and weary and exhausted, yet hastens on in the service of God. His head fell slightly forward on his breast, and his hair was

which work is as necessary as food or air. He was glad also to adopt, with regard to the slaves on the St. Agathe estate, the measures he had successfully carried out measures he had successfully carried out for the benefit of his own laborers. Though he had not yet seen Madame de Moldau, the very thought of a European lady such as Therese had described her living so near him, in the house he used to call a felly, seemed to make a difference in his life. At all hours of the day he pictured her to himself, and tried to imagine her existence within those four walls, with no other companion than her garrulous old father, who chattered as if he could keep nothing to himself, and yet never droppe a word that threw light on her sorrow

her story, whatever it was, or gave the least clue to their past history. One evening, as he was passing through the shrubbery, he caught sight of her on the balcony of the pavillion. Her head was thrown back as if to catch the breeze into heads. was thrown back as it to catch the breeze
just beginning to rise at the close of a
sultry day. He stood rivited to the spot.
"She is very beautiful," he said, half
aloud, "Much more beautiful then I expected." She turned her head and their eyes met, which made him start and instantly draw back. He was distressed at stantly draw back. He was distressed at having been surprised gazing at her, but he could not help feeling glad he had seen her at last. Who was she like? Very like somebody he had seen before, but he could not remember where. "I am sure her face is not a new one to me," he thought. "How instensely blue her eyes thought.

thought. "How instensely blue her eyes are? What a peculiar-looking person she is! Her dress is different, too, from anything we see here. What was it? A black silk gown, I think, opening in front, and a lace cap fastened on each side with coral pins. What a start she gave when she saw me! I am so sorry I took her by suprise, I ought of all things to have avoided the appearance of a rude vulgar curiosity." That self-reproach occupied him all the evening. He made it an excuse to min-self for thinking of nothing but Madame self for thinking of nothing excited and

self for thinking of nothing but Madame de Moldau. He was at once excited and depressed. All sort of fancies, some sad and some pleasant, passed through his mind. Europe with all its associations rose before him, conjured up by the sight of that pale woman dressed in black.

For the first time since leaving France a vague yearning, half regret, half presentiment, filled his heart. Can we doubt that there is such a thing as presentiments?

True, we are sometimes haunted to a be-

True, we are sometimes haunted to a be-setting thought, or we have an agitating dream, or we are seized by an unaccountable depresson which we consider as a foreboding of coming evil, of some event which, in the poet's words, casts it shadows before it, and the thought passes away, the dream fades in the light of morning, a draught of spring's delicious air or a ray of genial sunshine dispels the melancholy which a moment before seemed incurable and the voice which rang in our ear like a warning, subsides amidst the busy sounds of life, leaving no echo behind it this frequently happens, and yet in spite of these deceptions, we cannot altogether disbelieve in the occasional occurrence of subtle and mysterious intimations which forbode future events, and, lik whispers from heaven, prepare our souls for coming Was it an effect of memory, or a trick of the imagination, or memory, or a trick of the imagination, or a simple delusion, which played the fool that night with d'Auban's well-regulated mind, suggesting to him a fantastic resemblance between the face he had seen that evening and a vision of his earlier years? Was it a presentiment of happiness or a warning of evil which stirred a strange distinctness. How the remembrance of our childhood comes back to us as we advance in life! We lose sight of it midst the noise and excitement of youth and middle age; but when the shades of evening fall, and the busy hum of voices subsides, and silence steals on the soul as it spreads over a darkening landscape, the thought returns of what we were when we started on that long journey now drawing to a close. And even in the noon-tide of life there are seasons when we pause and look back as d'Auban did that night. When the future assumes a new aspect, and we dimly foreassumes a new aspect, and we dimly fore-see a change in our destiny, without dis-cerning its form, even as a blind man is conscious of approach to an object he does not yet touch or behold, a feeling of this sort sometimes drives us back upon the past, as to a friend left behind, and wellnigh lost sight of.

On the following evening to the one when d'Auban had for the first time seen Madame de Moldau, her father walked into the room and in a tone of unusual imortance and animation invited him to dinner for the next day. The blood mounted into d'Auban's face. He longed to accept, but pride disinclined him to do so. After the great reluctance she had

rinced to see him, he did not like to trust himself into her society by availing him-self of an invitation which only gratitude r civility had, in all probability, induced er to send. He accordingly made some

"Ah! my dear friend," exclaimed M. de Chambelle, "you must not refuse; it is impossible you can refuse."

It was with a pained expression of countenance that this remonstance was made. The old man seemed shocked and

"Indeed, my dear sir," said d'Auban kindly, "my only reason for refusing is, that I fear my presence will not be acceptable to your daughter and perhaps compel her, as she did before, to keep her own

Ah! that was becouse she had a headache. Of course you would not wish her to appear if she was ill."
"Of course not. I only wish you would

not consider yourself obliged to invite me; I assure you I do expect it."

1 assure you I do expect it."
"But she wishes to see you, and thank
you for all your kindness and civility.
Indeed, I cannot tell her that you refuse

to come."
"Well if you make a point of it, I shall be happy to accept your kind invitation.
At what o'clock do you dine?"
"At one," answered M. de Chambelle;

"At one, 'answered M. de Chambelle; and then recovering his spirits he added, "Our cuisine, I am sorry to say, is of the New World school, in spite of all our efforts to instruct our Indian valet in the mysteries of French cooking; but having witnessed the hermit-like nature of our

repasts, I am not afraid of your despising the roasted kid and wild ducks which the female savage has provided for our enter-tainment. We will add to it a little glass

tainment. We will add to it a little glass of 'essence of fire,' as the Indian calls our good French cognac. Well, I will not take up your time now. To-morrow at one o'clock; you will not forget."

When he had reached the door, M. de Chambelle turned back again, and, laying his hand on d'Auban's arm, he said in a tremulous voice.

tremulous voice:
"You will not be angry if she should change her mind and not appear to-morrow? Her spirits are very unequal; you don't know what she has gone through."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NAPOLEONS AND THE POPES.

THE FALL OF THE ENEMIES OF THE

AN IMPRISONED POPE.

In a room of the Imperial Palace at Fontainebleau, there stood, in the year 1813, a richly dressed page. The young count, who had attained the age of fifteen, was a descendant of the house of Rethel. He was remarkably handsome, and had received his appointment from Napoleon I. At the time of which we write, sadness and heartfelt sympathy overshadowed the expressive countenance of the youthful noble. His eyes were filled with tears, which unrestrainedly fell upon the gold embroidery of his uni-

form; but no sound or gesture betrayed the overwhelming emotion of his heart. He stood firm and erect, like a soldier of the proud Imperial Guard. The cause of grief is evidently the sight of a venerable man who sits in a chair in an adjoining room, and whom Joseph of Rethel, with weeping eyes, constantly gazes upon through the open door.

The aged man wears a long white

cossack; no mark of dignity is visible; his cossack; no mark of dignity is visible; mis modest and simple dress is in striking contrast with the grandeur which every where surrounds him. Traces of hard suffering are imprinted upon his fine features; his face is pale and worn, the cheeks are hollow, and the eyes sunken; but holy resignation is visible in the countenance of the sufferer, and it is this especially which affects Joseph so deeply. The whole appearance of the man clothed in white seems to cry out like an accus-ing voice against force and abuse. His attitude is that of prayer; his hands are folded on his knees, his head is bent down, and the vividly felt presence of the Almighty casts a mysterious brightness over the whole scene; for the profound silence becomes absolutely solemn, and the splendid apartment now seems changed into a consecrated spot. Rethel regards the suppliant with respect and astonishment; his tears cease, and with holy awe he recognizes him as the Head of the Church, the Representative of Christ

church, the Representative of Christ upon earth; for the old man is none other than Pope Pius VII., for four years the prisoner of Napoleon I.

An approaching sound startles the noble youth. He stands listening. The noise approaches nearer through the open door on the right. Short, measured steps glide over the carpet, and in the next moment a gentleman, dressed in the uni-form of a Marshal of France, crosses the and does not corre and with the small fine face, but it is the sign of an iron will; his eyes have a peculiar expression-commanding, penetrating, and threatening; in a word, the look of the conqueror of

Europe, of Napoleon I.

After a hasty glance, Napoleon entered in the presence of his illustrious prisoner. Pius VII. slowly lifted his head, and rising received his oppressor with a gentle smile. The page moved a chair forward for the

Emperor.
"Pardon me, Holy Father, if Linterrupt
"Pardon me, Holy Father, if Linterrupt your pious meditations," began Napoleon with a slight nod of his head, "affairs are pressing; there shall be peace between the Emporer and the Pope. Have you not found, after calm consideration, that it would be to your interest to accept the

offer I made you yesterday?"
"Perhaps it would be to my personal interest, but not to my interest as Pope," replied Pius VII. You may put an end to the cruel imprisonment in which I have been kept already four years, you may pay two millions of interest every year, that is all very well; but yet you will not restore the patrimony of St. Peter; you retain possession of Rome and of the States of the Church. I cannot consent to this robbery. When Divine Providence called me, although unworthy to be the representative of Christ upon earth, I took an oath, which every pope must take, that is, never to consent to the spoliation of the Papal States, and I would rather die in prison than break my oath, or burden my conscience

with a crime.
"And I shall never return what I have gained by force of arms," replied the proud emperor. "You should not be ungrateful," he continued, in a tone of reproach. "The revolution had destroyed religion in France. The clergy were either expelled or murdered. The sees of either expelled or murdered. The sees of the bishops were suppressed, the churches demolished; but I have restored all. The dioceses have again their bishops, the con-gregations their pastors. The church must thank me alone for the regeneration of France. And the Pope has no confidence in me, the savior and protector of religion. This is imprudent, ungrateful, and—I may add—dangerous also!

add—dangerous also!"

The imprisoned Head of the Church fixed his mild gaze upon the face of the emperor, and his features seemed illumin-ed. "Almighty God values the intention only, your Majesty," said he in reply. "If you have restored religion in France, out of love for truth and out of obedience to the Most High, the lord will reward you for it; but if you were not willingly and

intentionally an instrument in the hands of Divine Providence, eternity owes you nothing."
"This language of your Holiness is somewhat obscure; may I be permitted to

ask for a clearer explanation ?'

"My candor will offend you Majesty," answered Pius VII., "but you have the right to demand the truth from the Pope. In chains and even in danger of death, the vicar of Christ must fulfil his sublime mission, which is the salvation of souls and the preaching of truth."

He remained silent for a few moments, evidently trying to find words in which to convey the truth, in the plainest manner, to the proud and easily irritated em-

Napoleon sat, full of expectation, drumming with the fingers of both hands on the arms of his chair; his sharp eyes rested like two coals of fire upon the venerable pontiff.

The page stood listening in the ante-chamber, and every word of this re-markable conversation became deeply im-pressed upon his memory.

"It seems to require of your Holiness great preparation, in order to tell the em-peror the golden truth?" impatiently ex-

peror the golden truth?" impatiently exclaimed Napoleon.
"I will speak, your Majesty, and in a few words as possible," commenced the pope. You know the causes of the revolution which devastated France in such volution which devastated France in such a horrible manner; it was but the natural result of things. For fifteen years has in-fidel philosophy and anti-Christian science, as well as a wicked press, labored to effect the ruin of social order. God and his commandments were mocked at in the newspapers, pamphlets, and so-called scientific works. Religion was everywhere derided and that which an impious science and a sacrilegious press had sown among the people, at length grew up. The morals of the French became corrupt. Through the highest circles of society, inidelity, malice, and crime were so widely spread that it soon reached the great mass of the people. When France turned away from the Lord of life, from the fountain of temporal and eternal happiness, when France became infidel, the most terrible of all revolutions broke out. A set of wicked men declared themselves rulers, and the whole land became one vast scene of murder, blood, and ruin. All order was destroyed. In open day the most revolting crimes were committed, innocent persons were massacred by the thousand. Neither life, property, nor honor were re-

spected. Everything became a prey to an inhuman mob. Your Majesty then apeared, richly endowed by Almighty God with intellect and strength of will. You overthrew the monster of revolution, and placed it in chains. Your Majesty restored order; and because you knew, sire, that religion is the foundation of all order, that without respect for the divine law no state can exist, you recalled the exiled priests, and commanded the gospel of salvation to be preached to the demoralized French people. Infidel philosophy and infidel science had loosened the bonds of society; they had evoked the spirit of revolution by expedition from the heart of men by by expelling from the hearts of men, by means of mockery, all Christian morality and faith. Your Majesty acted, therefore, in a politic and prudent manner when you restored the church in France, for she

"Ah, now I understand your Holiness!" laughingly exclaimed the emperor. "My manner of acting proceeded only from political motives, and not from a sincere desire to do good. I must not expect any reward from heaven, because I have done

"I am not at all of your opinion," re-plied Napoleon. "The temporal power of the Pope is not an article of faith. On the contrary, I think that this temporal power is an impediment to the strict discharge of the spiritual duties of a Pope. Renounce, therefore, this power, and live free from all the cares of government, under the protecting wings of the French

'Free in the claws of an eagle, sire?" said the prisoner, with a sad smile. "My fate is a striking proof that the Head of the Church can only fulfil his duties when s free. The Pope should not be the he is free. The Pope should not be the subject of any monarch, because the sovereign would abuse the dependence of the Head of the Church, and use it for political purposes. Divine Providence, therefore, has so ordained it, that, in the States of the Church, the Popes have always found an asylum of liberty."

on the part of the Emperor of France is very flattering; but the Pope must in conscience tell the emperor what you demand is wrong,—doubly wrong, because you ask from the one who has special charge to watch over Christian faith and morals an approbation and sanction of your robbery."

"The Pope sank exhausted into his chair. The emperor stood with folded arms, his looks fixed upon the sublime arms, his lo imprisoned man, the offer of friendship on the part of the Emperor of France is

your robbery."

"Splendid, excellent!" exclaimed the offended Napoleon, "It seems that the vicar of Christ alone is permitted to say uncivil things in the emperor's presence."
"I am very sorry, your Majesty, if you consider truth uncivil."

"Better yet!" said the haughty ruler of Europe, and he rose from his chair in a passion. "Let us drop the matter. Your Holiness has despised my friendship, you shall now feel my enmity

replied the Pope, with resigna-"Sire," replied the Pope, with resigna-tion, "I lay your threats at the feet of the Crucified, and leave God to vindicate

my cause, for it is His own."

"What nonsense!" said Napoleon, contemptuously. "The God whose cause you "What nonsense!" said Napoteon; con-temptuously. "The God whose cause you represent is only the production of a su-perstitious imagination." "Cease, emperor!" interrputed the Pope, with uplifted hands. "The God of old still lives!"

"What do you mean?" "He who has said, 'Heaven is My

throne, and the earth My footstool,' hears your sacrilegious words."

"I wish no sermon from your Holi-

ness," exclaimed the angry emperor, "but tell me simply what you mean by your words, 'The God of old still lives!' Per-

words, 'The God of old still lives!' Perhaps a threat?''
'Yes, and at the same time a kind, paternal warning.''
'You probably wish to say that God feels himself at length impelled to execute the anathema which your Holiness has pronounced against me?''
"According to the laws of the Church, an anathema was pronounced against the

According to the laws of the Church, an anathema was pronounced against the church-robber, Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of France. Before Almighty God, sire, all men are alike; princes also are bound to keep the commandments of God."

Napoleon laughed uneasily. He walked up and down the room several times. "Ha, ha! to tell me that! Me! This is another unwarrantable liberty taken by the vicar of Christ."

"It is the sacred duty of the vicar of Christ," responded the Pope with earnestness. "Who shall remind the powerful of the earth of their duties, if the Pope does not ?" does not?"
"Enough, enough!" exclaimed Bona-

Enough, enough!" exclaimed Bonaparte. "You must remember that we are not living in the Middle Ages."

He continued his walk through the apartment. Disquiet and anger were visibly striving for the mastery within him.

'You said, 'The God of old is yet liv-

g.' What does your Holiness expect and "I expect and know that the Almighty and Faithful God will keep His word,"

and Faithful God will keep His word, said Pius VII.

"What has the Almighty and Faithful God promised you?" ironically asked the

emperor.

"He has promised assistance and protection to his church against all her enemies, and her continuance even unto the end of the world," solemnly answered the venerable pontiff.

"That is a grant of the world of the world," solemnly answered the venerable pontiff. "That is a great promise! We shall see! I am dissatisfied with the Pope and with the church of the God of old. Perhaps I shall form a national religion, whose head will be, not the vicar of Christ,

but the emperor.' "You overrate your power, sire!"
"My will is law throughout Europe!"
exclaimed the proud emperor. "I am
only resisted by an obstinate old man,
who calls himself the vicar of Christ; I
cannot bend him to my will, but he may
nevertheless die in prison."

nevertheless die in prison." The Pope rose from his seat, and a look of righteous indignation overspread his permit me to open to you a few pages of the history of the world, and show you the hand which will crush you?" The emperor looked with surprise at

the suddenly transformed figure, which stood before him, erect, like a prophet of the old law, and surrounded, as it were, by a supernatural light; and Napoleon eye, whose very look governed armies and

prison, to persecute the church, to uproot her, to establish a national religion," continued Pius. "What you desire to do, more powerful kings t an you have tried reward from heaven, because I have done nothing for God, but only for the emperor. Granted! Yes," continued Napoleon earnestly, "there must be religion. To govern a people without religion is absolutely impossible. I will never permit the Christian worsh to be openly ridigitation. absolutely impossible. I will never permit the Christian morals to be openly ridiculed and despised. No prudent statesman will approve of such a course. He who allows the Christian feelings of a people to be undermined, will one day be the victim of of his own folly. Why, then, does your Holipus hesitate to account the friendship. of the protector of religion?"

"You ask the Pope to commit a crime against religion in the same moment in which you proclaim yourself to be the protector of religion," answered Pius VII.

"I am not at all of your opinion" and the protector of religion, answered Pius VII.

"I am not at all of your opinion" answered Pius VII.

"I am not at all of your opinion" answered Pius VII. martyrs new Christians arose. What was the reason of this strange phenomenon? Simply because the same God of old, whom your Majesty ridicules, has kept his word, and protected his church against all her enemies, even against the powers of hell. Where are now the Roman em-perors? They have passed away, and their powers perished with them; their thrones have crumbled into dust, as have the altars which they dedicated to their pagan deities: the church, however, still exists detries; the church, nowever, still exists. Read further in the pages of history; in the Middle Ages also there were kings who offered violence to the Popes. Rude assaults were made upon the church and her head, but the divine arm which protects the church has also crushed her enemies. You yourself, sire, imprisoned States of the Church, always found an asylum of liberty."

"Very remarkable, indeed!" said Napoleon, in a sarcastic tone. "All the princes of Europe listen to my suggestions, all nations yield to my victorious armies. Only an old man, who is my prisoner, Only an old man, who is my prisoner, one friendship."

Pius VI.; you allow chains. I, too, have suffered bitterly. Death has often seemed about to end my tri ls, but I still live. Yes, and I will live to see you crushed by the arm of God. Your measure is full; you will soon share the fate of all persecutors of the church." my predecessor in office, the holy Pope Pius VI.; you allowed him to die in

"The Pope sank exhausted into his

sphere, and Napoleon like an angry spirit of the deep.
"Your priestly arrogance has reached its height," he exclaimed furiously.
"God crushes fools—not an emperor like me; but let me tell your Holiness that I will crush you yet!" and with these words

he left the room in a rage.

During that night Napoleon slept very little. He walked the floor of his bedroom, muttering unintelligibly, but now and then his youthful attendant would distinctly hear the exclamation, "The God of oid crush me? Me? Ha, ha! I defy him! I defy the whole history of the past!"

CHAPTER II.

THE IMPRISONED EMPEROR.

Two years later, Napoleon, the former ruler of Europe, was a prisoner on the desert isle of St. Helena. Very few trees are to be seen, but rocks are everywhere visible, together with volcanic rains,-a

frightful prison, in mid-ocean. Near the sea-shore grew a we jing-