

as she continued to gaze on the lovely summerers, her dark eye deepened with an intense and unutterable fondness, and a cold shuddering fear came over her, lest those buds of life so fair, so glowing, might be touched with sudden decay, and gathered back in their brightness to the dust. And she lifted her voice in prayer solemnly, passionately earnest that the giver of Life would still spare to her those blossoms of love, over whom her soul thus yearned. And as the low breathed accents rose on the still air, a deepened thought came over her, and her spirit went out with her loved and pure ones into the strange wild paths of life, and a strong horror chilled her frame as she beheld mildew and blight settling on the fair and lovely of the earth, and high and rich hearts scathed with desolating and guilty passions. And the prayer she was breathing grew yet more fervent, even to agony, that He who was the fountain of all purity would preserve these whom He had given her in their perfect innocence permitting neither shame nor crime nor folly to cast a stain on the brightness with which she had received them invested from His hand as with a mantle.

As the prayer died away in weakness of the spent spirit a pale shadowy form stood beside the infant sleepers.—‘I am death,’ said the spectre, ‘and I come for these babes. I am commissioned to bear them where the perils you deprecate are unknown, where neither stain nor dust nor shadow can reach the rejoicing spirit. It is only by yielding them to me you can preserve them forever from contamination and decay.’ A wild conflict—a struggle as of the soul parting in strong agony shook the mother’s frame, but faith and the love which hath a purer fount than that of earth and passions, triumphed, and she yielded up her babes to the spectre.

‘Behold!’ said death, as he touched the fair forms, and the beauty of life gave place to a holier and yet deeper loveliness, ‘behold the smile of innocence is now for ever sealed. They will awaken where there is not her blight.

nor tempest.—And the benign power, whom we call the spoiler, bore away the now perfected blossoms of immortality to the far off sky.

SULTAN OF MOROCCO'S DEVOTIONS

The zeal, the self-denial, and sometimes even the humility of Heathens and Mahomedans, in their religious worship, rebuke the lukewarm and time-serving bodily service of many Christians. The following circumstance mentioned in a private letter, which took place some time ago in Morocco, one of the darkest seats of Islamism, may make many a British Christian blush, and the lesson taught by a despotic prince to a slave is well worthy the attention and reception of every christian.

‘A striking circumstance,’ this gentleman says, ‘occurred during my residence at the court of Morocco. The Sultan Mulai Soliman, conformably to his usual practice, visited the public mosque of Sair Yousif on a certain Friday, but being a little after time, the area of the mosque was crowded with worshippers to the very portico.

‘It happened, also, that the congregation were in the act of adoration (in a prostrate posture,) and the Sultan could barely find room for the ceremony, by squeezing his body amidst a motley group, who occupied the threshold, and that with great inconvenience, for his head, in lieu of touching the ground, repeatedly came in contact with the heels of a slave, who occupied the space before him. The man finding himself molested, left off the devotion to inquire into the occasion of it, but instantly recognising the features of the sovereign, he started upon his feet, and would have retired on one side, had he not been restrained by the forcible grasp by which the Sultan held his bayk, and again involuntarily dragged him into the posture he had quitted. When prayers was over, Mulai Soliman desired the attendance of the slave’s master, whom he reprimanded for not inculcating into the mind of the vassal a true knowledge of the ‘Ia v of God.’ To the slave he said, ‘Mark these words which have a relation in common to the