

A moment of dread silence followed,—
"Strike!"

At that instant, a distant shout was heard, followed by the rattling of musquetry, and a strange, unearthly sound—faint indeed, but sufficient to arrest the attention of every one present. It was the *Tocsin*.

"Father of mercies," exclaimed Launay, "what new outrage is about to be perpetrated? Ha! the Hotel des Invalides is enveloped in flames."

A cry escaped from the lips of St. Almer, as the axe hurled by the hands of the Gunsmith whizzed within an inch of his head, and buried itself in the woodwork of the door. Martel was instantly seized by the soldiers, and after a short scuffle, secured. During this, a large mob had collected around the prison, shouting and knocking on the gate.

"Throw open the window of the balcony," said Launay—"what would you have, citizens?"

Another shout arose, and several missiles were thrown toward the balcony. "Silence!" cried a voice above the rest—it was Robespierre's. "We would have you restore to us the person of Pierre Martel, safe and uninjured."

"It cannot be done, without an order from the King. He is a prisoner of State."

"Dare to refuse and we'll burst the gates in."

"Launay drew back in time to escape a bullet which whistled close to his ears.

"They are bringing battering-rams against the gates," exclaimed Launay, as a dead hollow sound echoed through the building. "Heaven help us or we are lost—again—again—it can stand such shocks but a short time longer—the hinges have already started from their sockets—crash—the chains are broken—the bolts give way. Mother of Heaven come to our aid!"

Crash—crash—crash—down fell the gates with a stunning noise—the mob rushed in and a scene of blood and carnage ensued—Launay was assassinated, his head fixed upon a bayonet and carried into the street—one by one was the garrison murdered, and their mangled bodies thrown out into the yard; and then the destruction of the building commenced.

But where was Martel? When the gates gave in, he burst from those who held him and pursued St. Almer through all the turns and windings of the prison until they reached the roof, where St. Almer in despair clung to the railing. With the cry of a fiend, Martel sprung upon him—he lost his balance and fell over the battlements, dragging St. Almer with him. They reached the ground just as a turret tottered and fell upon them, covering them from the sight of

every one, and burying their animosities in death.

Some months after, as the workmen were clearing away a part of the ruins of the Bastille, they came across two bodies, with their hands upon each other's throats. They were Pierre Martel, the Gunsmith of Paris, and his victim, the haughty Count St. Almer.

HAPPIEST DAYS.

THEY tell us, Love, that you and I
Our happiest days are seeing,
While yet is shut from either's eye
The change that waits on being;
Ah! life they say 's a weary way,
With less of joy than sorrow;
For where the sunlight falls to-day,
There'll be a shade to-morrow.

If ours be love that will not bear
The test of change and sorrow,
And only deeper channels wear
In passing to each morrow;
Then better were it that to-day
We fervently were praying,
That what we have might pass away
While we the words were saying.

The heart has depths of bitterness
As well as depths of pleasure;
And those who love, love not, unless
They both of these can measure.
There is a time, and it will come,
When this they must discover;
And woe if either then be dumb
To power that moved the Lover!

There are some spots where each will fall,
And each will need sustaining;
And suffering is the lot of all,
And is of God's ordaining;
Then wherefore do our hearts unite
In bonds that none can sever,
If not to bless each changing light,
And strengthen each endeavor?

Then, while these happy days we bless,
Let us no doubt be sowing;
God's mercy never will be less,
Though He should change the showing.
Such be our faith, as on we tread,
Each trusting and obeying,
As two who by his hand are led,
And hear what he is saying.