

hold, was left alone with her infant child. He could not persuade himself to abandon her while surrounded with such imminent danger, and in such trying circumstances. He immediately altered his purpose, and taking the two helpless beings that had just been thrown on his protection, he hastened into a chamber, where he concealed them under a box, at the same time secreting himself under a barrel. He had barely effected this, when the savages burst into the house, plundering and destroying every thing before them. They entered the chamber in which he was secreted—they even seated themselves on the box which concealed a helpless mother and her still more helpless infant. He could distinctly hear their conversation, and understanding their language, he was made fearfully sensible of the perilous situation in which they were placed. The least noise from the infant, and their destruction was inevitable. But an unseen hand protected them—the child remained quiet—the savages left the room and he at last heard their retreating footsteps, as they sallied forth into the streets. He now breathes freely again. But a dense smoke with which the room is filled, gives him the intimation of the approach of new danger, and warns him that it is time to leave his retreat. He finds the bed in flames—this he extinguishes, and, going below, he perceives that the chairs, tables, and the like, had been piled up in the middle of the room, and the whole set on fire. A pail of water had been left. This is dashed on the ascending flames, and the whole is extinguished. All this was hardly the work of a minute—it is done, and he returns to his retreat beneath the barrel.

The village is now in possession of the savages.—The flames are doing their work of destruction at a rapid rate. The groans of the dying, the shout of victory mingling with the war-whoop, the report of musketry and the crash of falling buildings, contrasted with the stillness of approaching morning, are borne in fearful sounds to those who are still surrounded by real danger. The savages again return to the house they had just left. They set fire to the piazza. There is now but one alternative.—The flames are ascending to the roof of the house; few moments delay may be fatal—something must be done or he may be consumed by a more ruthless enemy than the foe without. At this crisis, he had the presence of mind to observe that the dense smoke which proceeded from the burning house, was borne by a fresh breeze towards a neighboring thicket. This suggested to him the means of escape, and taking the widowed mother and her helpless infant, for whose safety he had already encountered so many dangers, under cover of the smoke, he reached the thicket unperceived, and finally escaped.

[How wonderful are the ways of Providence, in delivering the helpless, and what

encouragement this Narrative affords to children to trust in God in all times of danger.]

AN IRISH HEART,

Is the name of Mr. Sargent's eleventh Temperance Tale. The extracts which follow are the unpolished eloquence of a broken-hearted Irish woman. She stands before the Governor of New York, pleading for the pardon of her husband, "daar Thaddy," who had been sentenced to the State's Prison seven years, for the commission of a crime while under the influence of the "crathur." Hear her:—

"An it's right to pray that we may na be lid into timplation, is it right to mak laws which sills the land wid shebeens, where he that sills the crathur, may timplt ony poor baddy to his ruin?—Whin we come to this contree, fro' the dee we lift Lim'rick till we ranch'd Montreal, na woman iver had a moor obliging mon, than Thaddy. He was iver talking good nathured wid myself, or playing wid the childher, or spaking o' happy we wud be in the new contree. He thrithened na buddy, he was ceevil and dacent to all aboard. An it's just bekasé there was na a dhrap o' the crathur to be had. Your honor wull forgi' a poor buddy, but I wud ax, an a governor wid all the contrecervers o' the law has na as great a power to prevint this sart o' throuble, as a captin o' a marchant ship? Whoosh! sir," continued Kathleen, forgetting, in her zeal for her husband and for justice, the presence she was in, "pit na the cheens round the neck o' poor Thaddy, that daar innocent mon that he is, but upon them what maks and what sills the maddening crathur, or upon them, what permits sich prosadings: na offince t' yer honor, onyhhow. Whin the dee is done, the poor buddy, waary and darty, and drouthy, rins to the sheben as aisily as the baby, whin it's hungry, rins after the brist. An there was no shebeen, he wud rin hum to the wife and childher, and be moor happy there. Woe be to them, the book tills us yer honor, by whom th' offince hath come. But, ah ye'll na regard the prayers and the taars o' a poor woman, Ise one friend to whom I can go."

"You mean the priest or bishop, I suppose," said the Governor.

"Na, indaad, yer honor," said Kathleen; "its this blissed book," taking her little bible from her bosom, "that taught me moor than tin years ago where to saak the bist relaaf for a broken heart, and the daarest friend a poor buddy can ha' in a coult ward."

The Governor was much interested by the zeal and honesty of this devoted creature; and having heard, soon after the trial of Mashee, some circumstances of a palliatory character, he was strongly inclined to mercy. The marks of weariness were evident on the features of Kathleen and her little boy.

The high color upon her intelligent and honest face, was not the glow of health, but the flush of a protracted and painful excitement. The Governor requested his daughter who came accidentally into the room, to bring some refreshments. She soon returned with her mother, and a little brother, whose curiosity she had excited, by her account of the pretty Irish woman and her children.

"It's your leddy, sir?" said Kathleen, dropping a courtsey.

The Governor nodded his head, and gave some little account of the poor woman's errand, while she gave little David some of the refreshment, and partook though sparingly, herself.

"You had better take something more," said the Governor's lady, "you have walked several miles since your breakfast."

"It's na breakfast Ise bin ating the dee, maam," said Kathleen, "It's hard ating wid a hivy heart. My own taars it is, that's bin maat and drink to me mony a dee. An ye was i' the same case yourself, daar leddy, wid your swaat childher haar dependant upon yourself alone for a bit o' bread, and your good mon put in prison, for siver waary years, it's na o' ating ye'd be thinking, moor nor to keep sow! and buddy together, till ye saad him ha' his leeberly agin. Och sir," continued Kathleen, turning to the Governor, and pressing an argument, which her sagacity assured her had not been presented entirely in vain;—"Is it jist in the sight o' God, to spread a shnare at iv'ry corner, and whin as t' was na moor nor raasonable to be ixpected, a poor immigrant or ony other poor buddy falls in't, to put him in prison for seven yaars? And ye vad jist put the crathur, that did the ill wark, in prison for siver yaars, wid them that maks it, and them that sills it, ye'd do a sarvice, and saa a dale o' difference onyhhow. Ise haar'd afore I lift Ireland, that Amiriky was a fraa country. It's a fraa country, for ayen the dacons o' the charches, Ise toulit, to make the accursed crathur o' Sabbadee; it's a fraa country for sich as the like o' they, who profess to love t'be Lard, that wint about doing good, to sill the pistilent poison that it is, an to win the bit of bread o' the little childher, and drive the poor brokea-hearted mother to dispiration, and laad the misguided husband and father to offind agin the law. It's a fraa country for all this, indaad it is. But whin the wretched mon, craz'd wid the crathur, commits an offince, it's na fraa country for the like o' him, onyhhow."

The energy and honesty of this poor supplicant's manner can scarcely be conceived. The Governor's lady and daughter were deeply impressed by the native eloquence of this untutored Irish woman. Their tears were already telling the secret of their sympathy.

"Maybee," continued Kathleen, "maybe ye's think Ise too boult and plain spaking, indaad it's not myself that maans on