

in death were not divided. The father and child rest there together, and the family vault received at once the last lingering remnants of a long line. Shall I not say—they sleep well?

Harley I found at an obscure fishing village of Devonshire. He was calm, very calm, and quiet; the strong hand of grief had tamed him, and every wild pulsation of life had departed. He was so gentle, too, that I could do with him exactly as I pleased; and at times he would talk to me with something of his former animation; when, as it were, surprised at his own cheerfulness, he would pause in the midst of a sentence, and in the fitful uncertainty of grief leave it unfinished. "She was not dead," he would say—"he was going up to town to meet her, and be married. That was a cruel story those unfeeling people were spreading abroad!" Then his eye would fall upon his own mourning ring, and the dreamer's cup be dashed in a moment to the ground.

At last, one day he told me he had made up his mind to leave England, and for ever. Its sky was a pall, its memories too overpowering for a heart so crushed and riven as his own. I did not oppose his wish, for I saw the springs of life so evidently loosening where he was, that any change must be for the better. Italy he might not go to; but just then was the glorious struggle made by the Greeks for their liberty, and he told me he would devote whatever military skill he possessed to their cause. He did so, and not only that, but munificently contributed his pecuniary means; and I have reason to know that some of the earliest successes which infused the confidence of victory into the national mind, are due to the heroic daring of the one I have described under the name of Harley.

I was acquainted with many of our Phil-Hellenist countrymen; some were my own private friends; others I sought out because of Harley's joining himself to them. But very different motives from his had led them to the battle-fields of that interesting land; they had been looking for glory: he, I knew, had gone to seek a grave, and he found it. In that desperate night-attack at Laspi, where Mark Bozzaris with a handful of men nearly cut to pieces a whole Turkish army, Harley was a volunteer. When the Greek leader fell, he endeavoured to rally the dispirited Sulistotes, and disdaining to retreat with them when by one blow they might finish the whole campaign, he was cut down by a Mirdite scimitar; and there that broken heart found its coveted repose and a soldier's grave to rest in.

Long, long after, I happened at Constantinople to suggest, out of a very limited knowledge of medicine, some simple but efficacious remedy for the ague to an old Mussulman in whose house I lodged. In his gratitude, he not only would not receive any remuneration from me while I remained in the city, but on my leaving gave me a valuable diamond, and an ornament which he said once belonged to one of my countrymen, for which reason he thought I might value it. He would not tell me how it came into his possession. It was a ring, and one glance told me it had been Harley's. If I need any confirmation, I found it in the inscription on the inner circumference,—

(" Love my Memory, C. M.")

If you should ever go to Ashton, you will find the chancel of its little church filled with monuments of the ancient house of Montagu. There are altar-tombs of airy fretted work, as if the cunning hand of the sculptor had learned to weave the stone, not carve it. And there are couches of faded marble, whereon repose the warriors of the Crusades, each with his lady by his side—with hands no more grasping the sword-blade or poleaxe, but meekly joined together in prayer. And again, later than these, are plenty of the times of Charles and James. You will know them by the peaked beard, and short ruff, the padded hose, and rosetted sandals. But if you look for poor Emily's memorial you will find it in the wall adjoining the pulpit. It is no more than a small slab of marble relieved by a black ground, and it bears nothing besides her name, her age, and a sentence in French. This last was a sore puzzle to the worthy villagers; it even baffled the school-master, and in consequence was regarded

with awe on account of its sublimity. Casual visitors, to be sure, read and understood it, and often wondered that an English girl should have this continental inscription over her; but they did not know her history. It had been placed there by her own dying direction to Harley, and was the same her father was deciphering to her when we first found them at Santa Cruz.

P o e t ' s C o r n e r .

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

List to the dreamy tone that dwells
In rippling wave or sighing tree;
Go, hearken to the old Church bells,
The whistling bird, the whizzing bee,
Interpret right, and ye will find
'Tis "power and glory" they proclaim
The chimnes, the creatures, waters, wind,
All publish, "hallowed be thy name!"

The savage kneeling to the sun,
To give his thanks or ask a boon;
The raptures of the idiot one
Who laughs to see the clear round moon;
The saint well taught in Christian lore;
The moslem prostrate at his flame—
All worship, wonder, and adore;
All end in "hallowed be thy name!"

Whate'er may be man's faith or creed,
Those precious words comprise it still;
We trace them on the bloomy mead,
We hear them in the flowing rill,
One chorus hails the Great Supreme;
Each varied breathing tells the same,
The strains may differ; but the theme
Is, "Father! hallowed be thy name!"

L O V E .

There's a love that only lives
While the cheek is fresh and red;
There's a love that only thrives
Where the pleasure feast is spread,
It burneth sweet and strong,
And it sings a merry theme,
But the incense and the song
Pass like flies upon the stream.

It cometh with the ray,
And it goeth with the cloud;
And quite forgets to-day,
What yesterday it vowed;
Oh, Love! Love! Love!
Is an easy chain to wear,
When many idols meet our faith,
And all we serve are fair.