

"You!" faltered the novice, gazing at her strange visitor with mingled astonishment and alarm. "And who are you, that could resist the fiat of that Thomas de Torquemada, before whom, they tell me, even the crowned heads of Castile and Arragon vail low?"

The monk half rose, with an impatient and almost haughty start at this interrogatory; but, reseating himself, replied, in a deep and half-whispered voice, "Daughter, listen to me! It is true that Isabel of Spain, (whom the Mother of Mercy bless! for merciful to all is her secret heart, if not her outward policy,) it is true that Isabel of Spain, fearful that the path to heaven might be made rougher to thy feet than it well need be." (there was a slight accent of irony in the monk's voice as he thus spoke,) "selected a friar of supine eloquence and gentle manners to visit thee. He was charged with letters to yon abbess from the queen. Soft though the friar, he was yet a hypocrite. Nay, hear me out! he loved to worship the rising sun; and he did not wish always to remain a simple friar, while the church had higher dignities of this earth to bestow. In the Christian camp, daughter, there was one who burned for tidings of thee; whom thine image haunted; who, stern as thou wert to him, loved thee with a love he knew not of, till thou wert lost to him. Why dost thou tremble, daughter? listen yet! To that lover, for he was one of high rank, came the monk: to that lover the monk sold his mission. The monk will have a ready tale, that he was way-laid amid the mountains by armed men, and robbed of his letters to the abbess. The lover took his garb, and he took the letter and hastened hither. Leila! beloved Leila, behold him at thy feet!"

The monk raised his cowl; and dropping on his knee beside her, presented to her gaze the features of the prince of Spain.

"You!" said Leila, averting her countenance, and vainly endeavouring to extricate the hand which he had seized. "This is, indeed, cruel. You, the author of so many sufferings, such calumny, such reproach!"

"I will repair all," said Don Juan, fervently. "I alone, I repeat it, have the power to set you free. You are no longer a Jewess; you are one of our faith; there is now no bar upon our loves. Imperious though my father, all dark and dread as is this new power which he is rashly erecting in his dominions, the heir of two monarchies is not so poor in influence and in friends as to be unable to offer the woman of his love an inviolable shelter alike from priest and despot. Fly with me! leave this dreary sepulchre ere the last stone close over thee for ever! I have horses, I have guards at hand. This night it can be arranged. This night—oh, bliss! thou mayest be rendered up to earth and love!"

"Prince," said Leila, who had drawn herself from Juan's grasp during this address, and who now stood at a little distance, erect and proud, "you tempt me in vain; or rather, you offer me no temptation. I have made my choice; I abide by it."

"Oh! bethink thee," said the prince in a voice of real and imploring anguish; "bethink thee well of the consequences of thy refusal. Thou canst not see them yet; thine ardour blinds thee. But, when hour after hour, day after day, year after year, steals on in the appalling monotony of this sanctified prison; when thou shalt see thy youth withering without love, thine age without honour; when thy heart shall grow as stone within thee beneath the look of yon icy spectres; when nothing shall vary the aching dulness of wasted life, save a longer fast or severer penance; then, then will thy grief be rendered tenfold by the despairing and remorseful thought that thine own lips sealed thine own sentence. Thou mayest think," continued Juan, with rapid eagerness, "that my love to thee was at first light and dishonouring. Be it so. I own that my youth has passed in idle wooings and the mockeries of affection. But, for the first time in my life, I feel that I love. Thy dark eyes, thy noble beauty, even thy womanly scorn, have fascinated me. I, never yet disdained where I have been a suitor, acknowledge at last that there is a triumph in the conquest of a woman's heart. Oh, Leila! do not, do not reject me. You know not how rare and deep a love you cast away."

The novice was touched: the present language of Don Juan was different from what it had been before; the earnest love that breathed in his voice, that looked from his eyes, struck a chord in her breast; it reminded her of her own unconquerable love for the lost Muza; for there is that in a woman, that, when she loves one, the honest wooing of another she may reject, but cannot disdain; she feels, by her own heart, the agony his must endure; and, by a kind of egotism, pities the mirror of herself. She was touched then—touched to tears; but her resolves were not shaken.—"Oh Leila!" resumed the prince, fondly, mistaking the nature of her motion; and seeking to pursue the advantage he imagined he had gained; "look at yonder sunbeam struggling through the loop hole of thy cell. Is it not a messenger from the happy world? does it not plead for me? does it not whisper to thee of the green fields, and the laughing vineyards, and all the beautiful prodigality of that earth thou art about to renounce forever? Dost thou dread my love? Are the forms around thee, ascetic and lifeless, fairer to thine eyes than mine? Dost thou doubt my power to protect thee? I tell thee that

the proudest nobles of Spain would flock round my banner were it necessary to guard thee by force of arms. Yet, speak the word—be mine—and I will fly hence with thee to climes where the church has not cast out its deadly roots, and, forgetful of crowns and cares, live alone for thee. Ah, speak?"

"My lord," said Leila, calmly, and rousing herself to the necessary effort, "I am deeply and sincerely grateful for the interest you express, for the affection you avow. But you deceive yourself. I have pondered well over the alternative I have taken. I do not regret nor repent, much less would I retract it. The earth that you speak of, full of affections and of bliss to others, has no ties, no allurements for me. I desire only peace, repose, and an early death."

"Can it be possible!" said the prince, growing pale, "that thou lovest another! Then, indeed, and then only, would my wooing be in vain."

The cheek of the novice grew deeply flushed, but the colour soon subsided; she murmured to herself, "Why should I blush to own it now?" and then spoke aloud: "Prince, I trust I have done with the world; and bitter the pang I feel when you call me back to it. But you merit my candour: I have loved another; and, in that thought, as in an urn, lie the ashes of all affection. That other is of a different faith. We may never, never meet again below, but it is a solace to pray that we may meet above. That solace, and these cloisters are dearer to me than all the pomp, all the pleasures of the world."

The prince sunk down, and, covering his face with his hands, groaned aloud, but made no reply.

"Go, then, prince of Spain," continued the novice; "son of the noble Isabel, Leila is not unworthy of her cares. Go and pursue the great destinies that await you. And, if you forgive, if you still cherish a thought of the poor Jewish maiden, soften, alleviate, mitigate the wretched and desperate doom that awaits the fallen race she has abandoned for thy creed."

"Alas, alas!" said the prince, mournfully, "thee alone, perchance, of all thy race, I could have saved from the bigotry that is fast covering this knightly land like the rising of an irresistible sea, and thou rejected me! Take time, at least, to pause, to consider. Let me see thee again to-morrow?"

"No, prince, no—not again! I will keep thy secret only if I see thee no more. If thou persist in a suit that I feel to be that of sin and shame, then, indeed, mine honour—"

"Hold," interrupted Juan, with haughty impatience; "I torment, I harass you no more. I release you from my importunity. Perhaps already I have stooped too low. He drew the cowl over his features, and strode sullenly to the door; but turning for one last gaze on the form that had strangely fascinated a heart capable of generous emotions, the meek and despondent posture of the novice, her tender youth, her gloomy fate, melted his momentary pride and resentment. "God bless and reconcile thee, poor child!" he said, in a voice choked with contending passions, and the door closed upon his form.

"I thank thee, heaven, that it was not Muza!" muttered Leila, breaking from a reverie in which she seemed to be communing with her own soul; "I feel that I could not have resisted him."

THE SPANISH CAMP.

It was the eve of a great and general assault upon Grenada, deliberately planned by the chiefs of the christian army. The Spanish camp (the most gorgeous christendom had ever known) gradually grew calm and hushed. The shades deepened, the stars burned forth more serene and clear. Bright in that azure air streamed the silken tents of the court, blazoned with heraldic devices, and crowned with the gaudy banners, which, filled by a brisk and murmuring wind from the mountains, flaunted gayly on their gilded staves. In the centre of the camp rose the pavilion of the queen: a palace in itself. Lances made its columns; brocade and painted arras its walls; and the space covered by its numerous compartments would have contained the halls and outworks of an ordinary castle. The pomp of that camp realized the wildest dreams of gothick, coupled with Oriental splendour; something worthy of a Tasso to have imagined, or a Beckford to create. Nor was the exceeding costliness of the more courtly tents lessened in effect by those of the soldiery in the outskirts, many of which were built from boughs still retaining their leaves, savage and picturesque huts; as if, realizing old legends, wild men of the woods had taken up the cross, and followed the christian warriors against the swarthy followers of Termagant and Mahound. There, then, extended the mighty camp in profound repose, as the midnight drew deeper and longer shadows over the sward from the tented avenues and canvass streets. It was at that hour that Isabel in the most private recess of her pavilion, was employed in prayer for the safety and the issue of the sacred war. Kneeling before the altar of that warlike oratory, her spirit became rapt and absorbed from earth in the intensity of her devotions; and in the whole camp (save the sentries) the eyes of that pious queen were, perhaps, the only one unclosed. All was profoundly still; her guards, her attendants, were gone to rest; and the tread of the sentinel without that immense pavilion was not heard through the silken walls.

CHINA.—Kien Long, Emperor of China, inquired of Sir G. Staunton the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, with some difficulty, his majesty was made to comprehend the manner of paying their physicians so well in England for the time they were sick, he exclaimed, "Is any man well in England who can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you how I manage my physicians: I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed: a certain weekly salary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, their salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you that my illnesses are very short."

SELECT READING FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

MEDIATORIAL SCHEME.—One feature there is in the plan of revelation more prominent than the rest,—that mankind are to be saved not directly but through a mediator. Now, nothing can be more strictly analogous to the constitution of nature than such a provision as this. For is it not through the mediation of others, that we live, and move, and enjoy our being? Are we not thus brought into the world, and for many years sustained in it? Is there a blessing imparted to us, which others have not, in some measure contributed to procure? Nay, more, (for even the details of this dispensation are singularly coincident with our actual experience,) when punishment follows vice as a natural consequence, is not a way opened for escape very commonly by the instrumentality of others? Is not a shield thus mercifully interposed, more or less, between the transgression and the extreme course which would otherwise have alighted upon it? For instance, a drunkard is on the point of falling down a precipice and breaking his bones;—had he done so, it would have been a very natural consequence of his wilful folly, in 'putting an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains.' But a sober man steps in and rescues him from his peril. Here, then, is the case of a mediator mitigating the just severity of the ordinary wages of intemperance. Or, nobody happens to be at hand to interpose for the protection of the delinquent, and, accordingly, down he goes and fractures a limb. But now, in his turn comes the surgeon, and once more snatches from the ulterior ill effects of the righteous accident. Here, again, is the case of a mediator, again lightening the curse. But the man is lame and incapable of earning his daily bread, and if abandoned, must, after all, perish of hunger. And now in comes his parish, or his benefactor, with present food and promise of more, and once again is a part of his heavy sentence remitted. The mediator is still upon the alert. Not, indeed, can the universal practice of vicarious sacrifice be easily explained, unless it be allowed, that (howsoever originating) there was something in the constitution of nature, which unobtrusively, perhaps, and in secret, cherished its continuance,—so that nations who retained little else of God in their thoughts, retained this.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE LAST SUPPER.—Let the imagination portray the "upper room" of the primitive sacrament, and see if it do not excel in glory all that the pomp of art could invent, by its beautiful accordance with the simplicity of that transaction which the evangelists record. There were no marble pillars supporting the gothic arch and the fretted roof; no altarpieces of elaborate workmanship with a sculptured or a pictured back ground, to allure the sight; no gaudy colored window to intercept and modify the light, to aid the effect of sombre shadows upon the senses; no deep-toned organ pealing its sacred melody along the aisles, and echoing along the lofty building, no costly vestments to impose upon the eye, and attract the reverential gaze of spectators. But there were feeling, solemnity, purity, peace. It was the "guest chamber," befitting the man of sorrows, with his few disciples, harmonizing with the moral greatness that chose for its birth-place the manger of Bethlehem, and held its hallowed festivity in an upper room in Jerusalem.

The time of this commemorative feast, enhances the interest of it. "In the evening he cometh with the twelve." From the course of nature, as well as from the constitution of the mind, it is common for all persons to be conscious of the tranquilizing influence of this closing portion of the day. It is favorable to meditation, and supplies it with ample materials. It is the hour for mental repose, and is peculiarly suited to concentrated and pious thought—to solemn and sacred purposes.—It is then that transactions which have the stamp of heaven and eternity upon them seem peculiarly appropriate; for as the approaching shadows spread their mistiness and obscurity around, the future seems to be absorbing the present, and time appears to be passing the boundary line of the visible and the temporary, and stepping into the invisible and eternal.

But it is not so much the hour itself of this memorable evening, as its associate circumstances, that renders it so solemn and awful. It was a night of crime—"the same night in which he was betrayed"—and the treachery which opened the path to the Redeemer's crucifix was not perpetrated by a foe who had tracked his steps, and watched his privacy, but by an avowed friend—a disciple, an intimate, a confidential officer of his little household—by Judas Iscariot! Just at the moment when his countenance beamed with inexpressible benignity upon the circle of his chosen ones, and they were sharing the last supper, and participating the