

over of Maria de Padilla, the Christian, the fickle lover of Aixa, the Morisca, to the true and constant heart that beats only for her.

"Blaspheme not the name of the woman who has implored and obtained your pardon, Manasses," said the king, gravely.

"Let her be accursed!" exclaimed Esau, "if that curse can cause you to break your oath, stern judge, and urge you to release me from a disgraceful and tarnished existence. Oh, if I had conquered you; if I had won your sword, and torn the crown from your brow, Rachel would probably have acknowledged that a successful renegade was worth more than a fallen king; and who knows that she would not have loved me? Take then my life, Don Pedro."

"No," said the king, irritated at length at this obstinate provocation; "but since you insult, with such animosity, that innocent girl, I will punish you without breaking my word. Your life shall be safe; but I condemn you to a punishment a thousand times more frightful than a death. Esau, you shall be confined in the lazaretto, the refuge for the vilest and most disgusting of the human race."

At this horrible sentence a icy perspiration suffused the whole body of the unhappy Esau. To be confined among lepers!—those wretched outcasts from the world, whose deformed countenances and ulcerated bodies could not be seen without exciting horror and loathing; and whose abode was a living cemetery. This was an unheard of torture—an abyss of condemnation to frightful too contemplate!

"Ruy," continued the king, "I charge you to see my orders executed." After Pierce Neige had taken the key from the pocket of Samuel, Don Pedro quitted the armoury followed by two of his foster-brothers, who carried the fainting Rachel in their arms.

CHAP. XV.—Restitution and Proscription.

Ruy, the mower, and little Pierce Neige hastened to communicate the will of Don Pedro to the archers, and to give them the necessary orders for conveying the poor wounded Diego to an airy and quiet chamber.

At this moment Aixa approached the renegade. "Courage, Esau," said she, softly, "we are not yet conquered. The dead only do not avenge themselves."

"What matters it?" replied the renegade: "I feel I have no longer either hatred or malice in my heart."

"Do you then renounce your revenge?" said the Morisca, surprised.

"To-morrow I shall live no longer for the world," replied he, faintly.

"What! die like a soldier, who, being defeated throws away his arms?" said the Morisca; "since your life is sacrificed, assist us in our unfinished work."

"Is not Rachel lost to me for ever?" he asked.

"And you consent," returned Aixa, "to see the happiness you had anticipated for yourself enjoyed by another?"

"When I have once entered the destined enclosure, accursed by Heaven and abhorred by man, who will associate themselves with my revenge?"

"I will, Esau Manasses," answered she, unhesitatingly.

"You, noble Aixa, the daughter of a king! you make common cause with a renegade—one doomed to become a contaminated and a contaminating leper?" exclaimed Esau.

"Silence," said she, "we are observed. To-morrow you will see if I fear crossing the threshold of the lazaretto."

She hastily moved away to avoid exciting the suspicions of Ruy, who just then entered the hall at the head of a dozen bowmen, and, casting on the foster-brothers a look of mingled hatred and contempt, she regained the Mirador.

The archers took charge of the prisoners who were unable to offer any resistance, and descended with them to the grand marble staircase that led to the court-yard. Arriving there, the Jews saw with affright a double file of soldiers lining the road they had to pass, who uttered threats and imprecations against them, for Pierce Neige, who was naturally talkative, had told them the history of the chests. All the other prisoners, except Tom Burdett, who was regarded only as a conquered and disarmed enemy, were much ill-treated, notwithstanding the protection of Ruy, the mower, and their escort. Having been taken in the very act of treason, the crowd, as well as the soldiers, vied with each other who should most insult them, and some of the most violent wished to make an example of them by hanging them, without further ceremony, on the gibbets in the court-yard, whilst a hundred arms were extended to impede their passage.

With these agreeable accompaniments, they arrived at their destined prison, under the piazzas of the court-yard, and precipitated themselves therein with much haste and disorder. Never were prisoners more anxious to see the door of their prison fastened on them than the Jews, excepting Esau, who, sad and dejected, seemed unconscious of all that passed around him.

Immediately afterwards, the court-yard was animated by a different scene. Groups of Moorish warriors formed themselves here and there. Aixa had ordered Abul Haziq, the chief of the lancers, after a brief and false recital of the outrages that had been offered her by Don Pedro, to make preparations for quitting Seville immediately. Accordingly, the men saddled their horses, and donned their armour, and as the ranks began to form, low

murmurs were heard, and strange rumours were circulated.

The Castilian almogavars and Andalusian archers, astonished at these preparations for departure, crowded the court-yard, and surrounding the Moorish lancers, gazed on them with looks of curiosity and suspicion. The noise and clamour was succeeded by an ominous silence.

Samuel Ben Levi, no longer hearing the tumult around his prison, began to breathe more freely, and tried to profit by the few moments left him before going to seek the required ransom. He humbly entreated Ruy, who had escorted the prisoners, to be pleased to loosen their hands, that they might be able to affix their signatures to the tablets which were necessary to enable him to raise the sum exacted by the king for their ransom. When the mower had yielded to his demand, and his affairs were arranged with Zedekiah and the two other Jews, Samuel prepared to leave the prison, but on stooping under the low door, he cast a last look on Tom Burdett, and paused.

The brave English captain, on his side, watched Samuel as a cat would a mouse, who rears on it for a supper, and which it is preparing stealthily to catch.

"A word with you, venerable and well-beloved Samuel," said the canny adventurer, holding the treasurer by the robe.

An imperceptible smile crossed the lips of Ben Levi. "If I can do anything to serve you," said he, "command me, captain. I swear to execute your last will faithfully."

"My last will!" repeated Burdett, with a slight grimace. "By the mustachios of Calverley I did not dream of dipping so far into the future. I would only beg you to bring hither the twenty thousand marabolins for my ransom."

"Very willingly," replied the treasurer; "and to whom am I to apply for the sum?"

"You will apply to yourself, good Samuel; you will not refuse to make me that little advance, for you are well aware nobody ever repeated having served me."

"I am infinitely honoured and affected by this real mark of confidence," said Samuel, "but—"

"And you can hereafter boast with just pride," interrupted the freebooter, "it was I who restored Tom Burdett, the flower of English chivalry, to liberty."

"But," replied the Jew, "are you ignorant that I have ruined myself in the service of this ungrateful Don Pedro—that I am obliged to pledge part of my property to pay my own ransom?"

"Pledge the whole and pay for both," said Tom, roughly.

"Alas, we live in disastrous times!" returned the Jew, "in which one does not know exactly where to borrow, or what security to offer; and Heaven knows whether I shall be able to get even the sum necessary for myself. But, captain, you have pillaged and sacked so many rebel towns, what have you done with your share of the booty?"

"Heedless of the future, and misled by the example of Daguesclin, I gave with the left hand what I took with the right," said Burdett.

"Then I pity you with all my heart," returned Ben Levi.

"Listen," said Burdett, as Samuel was about to depart. "I recollect now, I have preserved in my tent an article of great value."

At this avowal, the eyes of the treasurer sparkled, and he instinctively approached his interlocutor.

"Yet," continued the Late Comer, "it will cost me much to part with it. I had vowed to myself to keep it as a sacred talisman."

"But this is a case of emergency," said Samuel, quickly; "and this talisman will not prevent your being—"

"I know, I know," interrupted the captain, with a sigh. "In short, I am resolved to make the painful sacrifice."

"Well, what is it?" eagerly demanded Samuel.

Burdett bent down and whispered, "It is the sword of the Cid, my dear friend, nothing less. The sword of the Cid, which I took myself from the hook in the Cathedral of Burgos."

The treasurer made a horrid grimace, and started backwards. And is that what you proffer me in exchange for twenty thousand marabolins; an old rusty iron sword, which they say was the Cid's, but which, in my opinion, is not worth the rope that will hang you? If I were to receive that miserable relic I should be burnt alive by the gonims."

"Do you mean to insult the great Cid?" interrupted Burdett.

"Oh no, I respect the Cid greatly, but I must have rather better security than his old sword. Seek and you will find," added Samuel, emphatically, fixing his piercing looks on the countenance of the terrible Burdett.

"I have another article, perhaps more valuable as respects its intrinsic value," replied Burdett, after a moment's hesitation, "but knowing your religious principles, dared not offer it to you."

"Offer, nevertheless," said the Jew, "I shall not be offended;" and no longer able to restrain his impatience, he shook the shoulder of the freebooter with a trembling hand.

"It is a little crucifix, curiously wrought," said the latter.

"A crucifix?" exclaimed the Jew, quickly withdrawing his hand.

"I was right in doubting whether this article would suit you," said Burdett.

"After all, if it is gold," muttered Samuel, "I might accept it. But let us pass on to something better."

"I have no other, upon my honour," was the answer.

The Jew cast his eyes mistrustfully around him, then leaning towards Burdett, he said to him in a voice scarcely audible, "And what do you intend to do with that wonderful gold table?"

The Late Comer, in his turn, drew back as if he had been stung by a serpent. "What gold table?" stammered he; "I do not understand you."

"Have you forgotten the sheepfolds of Paloma, sir?" continued Samuel. "I was also there, and I know that, conformable to your orders, Esau seized the gold table, after saving you."

"Cursed be the inquisitive!" exclaimed Burdett, exasperated. "Well, I acknowledge the gold table has fallen into my hands; but the King, Don Enrique, and my friend, Esau, have each as legitimate a right to that treasure as myself."

"But you do not intend to break it into pieces?" said the Jew, jestingly.

"I am not in the habit of disposing of what does not belong to me," replied the freebooter, drily.

"When it is a question of saving one's neck from the halter, a little latitude may be allowed to one's usual habits, sir."

"But my share alone is worth ten times as much as my ransom," remonstrated Burdett.

"Yes, until Don Pedro knows how you became possessed of his gold table," returned the Jew sneeringly. "That news would double your chances of hanging, captain."

Tom Burdett suffered a cry of rage and despair to escape him, then renouncing the idea of baffling the avarice of the Jew, he drew a small key and part of a ring from the pouch that hung from his leather girdle and delivered them to Samuel.

"You will ask for my esquire, Garwin," he said, "and if you show him this half ring he will obey you as myself. He will have the large oaken chest removed out of my tent, and beneath the oats with which it is filled, you will find the gold table, the feet of which are detached."

"It is well," said the treasurer, whose voice quivered with emotion. "I will see Garwin this very day." He then directed his steps towards the door.

"But," resumed the Late Comer, "do not defer till the last moment bringing the money which I purchased so dearly."

"Fear nothing," replied Samuel, "promptitude is the virtue of treasurers," and he once more tried to reach the door which they had just opened. "Above all think on the fast they are going to impose on me," urged the freebooter; "if you do not make haste I shall sound in my coat of mail like a clapper in its bell."

But Ben Levi did not hear this last recommendation, he had so great a desire to appropriate the gold table to himself, that breaking away from the importunate captain and leaving a piece of his robe in the hands of the latter he fled with all the haste that his age permitted.

He crossed the court-yard hastily, but at the moment of arriving at the gate of the Alcazar, the Moorish Lancers, were passing through, and he was obliged to wait till the cortege had gone by.

At the head pranced one hundred of the warriors to keep off the crowd, behind came the rich gilt litter of Aixa.

The daughter of Mohamed was not veiled, and smiling on the mob, she restrained the bitter tears that were ready to escape from her eyes; burying in the bottom of her heart her hatred and resentment, she studied to preserve in public a calm and proud demeanour.

The litter of the Morisca was followed by those of her women, who had all drawn their curtains close, to keep themselves from impertinent gazers. Then came the mules laden with baggage, and body of cavalry brought up the rear. The brilliant cortege seemed more like that of a queen than of a disgraced favourite.

Samuel, amidst all the clashing of brilliant armour, amidst the din of trumpets, cymbals, and horses, had but one thought, that of avoiding the archers of the Alcazar; that dread so absorbed him that he did not perceive, about two paces from him, an old woman, who held under her arm a small box of sandal-wood, inlaid with precious stones, and who, trembling all over, was cowering in a corner; yet this woman was Deborah, whom Rachel had summoned to her.

After having heard what passed between the father and daughter, she did not hesitate to take the side of her young mistress. Yielding to her entreaties, and emboldened by the absence of Samuel, she had been home to fetch the ornaments and jewellery of the handsome Jewess.

In the market-place, which the Morisca was compelled to cross, stood a crowd of women and children dressed in rags and tatters. They all pressed forward with eager looks round a cart dragged by oxen, which contained enormous sacks of corn and flour, which thanks to the address and courage of the drivers, had just entered the city; but the price of the provisions was so high, that none of the unfortunates who encumbered the place could purchase any.

The crowd visibly increased; men began

to arrive with sticks and bludgeons, and while the women clamoured, the men threatened to seize what inflicted on them the tortures of Tantalus. At this moment the cortege entered the open space. At sight of all the pomp and magnificence which the Morisca so ostentatiously displayed, the famished crowd left the carts to group themselves around the litters, notwithstanding the threats of the Moorish guards.

"Don Pedro has robbed the people to buy ornaments for his favourite," roared a man, clenching his fist.

"The people ought by rights to sell the ornaments of the favourite, to buy bread for their poor children who perish with hunger," said a woman, looking pitiously at her famished infant.

The popular fury have increased, Aixa made a sign to Abul Haziq to stop the escort, while she thus boldly addressed the multitude.

"Brave men of Seville—unhappy children—unfortunate women! I leave you with regret, for the famine threatens to be long and cruel; but though absent neither my good wishes nor my assistance shall be withheld. Buy these sacks of flour, which will at least relieve your wants till the morrow, and think sometimes without hatred of the unfortunate Aixa."

So saying, she directed her slaves to throw some small pieces of money among the famished mob, and while men, women, and children dispersed in the greatest confusion to profit by this unexpected windfall, the cortege was enabled to proceed without further hindrance. She arrived as far as the city gates, followed by the benedictions of some of the unfortunates who were still hoping to receive more of her bounty; but when the gate closed behind her, her features assumed a strange expression of ferocity, and stretching her hand in the direction of the ramparts, she exclaimed—"Seville, thou repulst me as an enemy—thou shalt remember the day I suffered this humiliation."

She then caused Abul Haziq to approach her litter: "You will return to Granada," said she to him, "and take with you my women and baggage; as for me, I will remain in secret here with fifty devoted cavaliers, whom you will select for me."

"In what kind of service do you intend to employ them, noble lady?" asked Abul Haziq. "I wish to starve Seville," replied the Morisca, coolly.

While the revengeful Aixa sought in her mind how she might most surely arrive at the realization of this project, Rachel had privately sold her jewels and precious stones, part of the proceeds of which she had given to the king's foster-brothers to pay the arrears due to her troops, and the remainder to purchase corn, which she directed to be brought into the Alcazar as soon as possible.

(To be continued.)

HE IS YOUR BROTHER MAN.

BY S. E. H.

Tho' he may yield,
Hard-pressed, and wounded fall
Alone upon temptation's field
He is a man for all.

But ah! how many pause to think,
Or give a single thought,
Even though he stands upon the brink
Of dread despair, by ruin wrought.

Some carelessly drift on
Across the heaving sea,
And scarcely ask "what's to be done—
What is required of me?"

Yes, that's the question you must ask,
How can I aid my brother man?
It seems to be an arduous task,
Be this your answer, "do what you can."

God placed us here to help each other;
On equal footing here we stand
Man the world over is your brother,
All linked together—a common band.

But closer united in our organization;
We are pledged to sustain each—all;
We have taken this solemn obligation,
"United we stand, divided we fall."

Good manners are the blossoms of good sense, and it may be added of good feeling, too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as in great things—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners. The happiness of our life is made up of little courtesies; little kindnesses; pleasant words; genial smiles; a friendly letter, and good deeds.

SPEAK KINDLY.—Speak kindly in the morning; it lightens the cares of the day and makes household and all other affairs move along more smoothly. Speak kindly at night, for it may finish his or her span of life for this world, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

Somebody asserted a great truth when they said:—"Mine is the highest master—his claims are as broad as freedom—his kingdom wider than the land. He is crowned with human happiness—his sceptre is plenty—his rule the only secure peace. His name is LIBERTY."

The velvet moss will grow upon the sterile rock—the mistletoe flourish on the withered branch—the ivy cling to the mouldering ruin, the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the mutations of the dying year—and, heaven be praised! something green, something beautiful to see, and grateful to the soul, while in the cold hours of fate, still twines its tendrils round the crumbling altar and broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart.

ILLUSTRATING AN OLD STORY.

(From the Louisville, Ky., Journal.)

Who has not read or sung on a winter's night, in childhood's days, the old English ballad commencing: "The mistletoe hung in the castle hall." An occurrence took place yesterday, which came very near having a termination as fatal as "Lovell's fair young bride," in the ballad.

The gentleman who furnishes us the text to this old story is named Chas. Thompson, residing on Madison street, between Eleventh and West, and is an employe of the Louisville and Nashville railroad shops. He has enjoyed but a few short and happy months of wedded existence, and being the husband of a young and amiable wife, of course, like all loving husbands should (but they don't), spend his Sunday mornings, afternoons and nights, in the enjoyment of home pleasures. Yesterday afternoon the loving couple were in the usual happy frame of mind, and, being playfully disposed, a little game of hide-and-seek was inaugurated, all to themselves.

First the wife would ensconce herself in some secret place, and was eagerly sought after in nook and corner and crevice till found, and then would come the childish scream and the struggle to escape, the surrender; and then the husband would in turn seek some place of concealment, to be looked for and found by the wife. Thus the time passed innocently and pleasantly until Mr. T. resolved when his time came he would hide where there was no probability of discovery. At the signal to "come," Mrs. T. began to look eagerly from place to place, but nowhere could her husband be found. The house was ransacked from garret to cellar; boxes, barrels, bedsteads, etc., were removed; crevices and holes where it was impossible for the hiding man to secrete himself, were closely scrutinized. A tour around the premises was made, out-houses and fence corners examined, but the truant playmate was not to be found. Mrs. T. became alarmed and called loudly for her husband, but there was no response.

A half hour was spent in fruitless search, when, acting upon any suggestion of thought, she determined to make a second search in the wardrobe. She had tried the door once before, and, finding it locked, could not believe that he had hid himself within, besides there was no key in the door, and she could not conceive of the possibility of his being inside. However, the opposite door was opened and cautiously she inserted her hand between the partition and walls of the bureau, when it came in contact with human hair in the midst of the clothing. She called the name of her husband, but there was no response. She then pressed against the head; it suddenly slipped from her hand, and a heavy weight fell to the bottom of the wardrobe. The wife, horrified at the thought that her husband was dead and locked up in the wardrobe, screamed and ran to a neighbour, relating to her in a few words what had happened. The lady and a gentleman quickly ran in, and pryed open the door, when Mr. Thompson was discovered doubled up in a half-sitting posture, with his head against the side of the wardrobe, and his chin resting upon his breast, cold, motionless and to all appearance dead.

Dr. George Griffith was immediately sent for. Meanwhile the body was taken from its hiding place and stretched upon a bed. The doctor soon arrived, and saw before him an apparent corpse. The pulse was examined, but no beating could be felt, respiration had ceased, the limbs were cold, the eyes set, and there was little doubt that the man was dead. Upon a close examination of the heart, however, the doctor discovered a faint and almost imperceptible movement. The clothing was hastily removed, and proper restoratives were administered. Soon there were slight indications of returning life, and after a few minutes moderate respiration was established. Gradually the circulation increased, warmth was restored, and in about three-quarters of an hour after the arrival of the doctor, Mr. Thompson was able to speak. His distressed wife had suffered the deepest anguish during her husband's unconsciousness, but when she saw her companion roused as from the dead her joy was unbounded.

Mr. Thompson had entered the wardrobe and bolted the door on the inside, doubtless thinking soon to come out of his hiding place. But before he could come out he had fainted from want of air. It is almost a miracle that his life was preserved. His fondness for the simple game of "hide-and-seek" has vanished, and in the future he will use his wardrobe for legitimate purposes only.

Rev. Ronald McLeod succeeds his brother, Rev. Norman McLeod, as Chaplain to Her Majesty.

An Act has been submitted to the English Parliament providing for the retirement of aged or retired Deans and Canons of Cathedrals on a pension of two-thirds of their incomes.

During the sessions of the International Prison Congress in London, morning meetings for prayer were held. The meetings were presided over by Gen. Alexander and Rev. E. C. Nice.

The "Committee appointed to look out for a pastor" for the Bond Street Baptist Church here, invited Rev. Dr. Johnston to occupy the pulpit for two Sundays. Dr. J. was pastor in Michigan and New Jersey.

Mr. Muller, of Bristol, has published his annual statement of his Orphan Homes. He says: "During the last year the institution has lacked nothing, but every part of the work has been considerably enlarged." Since its foundation in 1834 Mr. Muller has received more than \$2,500,000, "as the result of prayer and faith." The expenses last year were \$195,000.

At a recent Episcopal Convention at Baltimore, the question was asked the President of a theological college in one of the new western dioceses, "How do you get the means for your necessary expenditure?" The reply tells the "old, old story" of many a devoted servant of Christ, who has put his Master to the test: "On my bended knees!" was the memorable reply.

Rev. Mr. Medcraft, the newly appointed Superintendent of Missions in the Methodist New Connexion of Canada, has arrived in Canada. He is described as "a good specimen of an English gentleman in perfect health, about fifty years of age, with a good voice, pleasant, rich and full, and the manner of a man thoroughly in earnest." He is stationed at London, Ont.