

the world, will I rob Her who here gave me back my daughter, on a night so like this.'

'And do you wish to murder her on such a night, too?' growled the savage, with set teeth, and the look of a tiger. 'If you will not remember your promise, remember my threat. Ten minutes will take us to your house, and five more will finish our work there. Refuse, and in a quarter of an hour, you will be a childless widower.'

Pierrot's heart quailed, his frame shuddered and quivered at the thought. The moment of grace was over; the demon had again triumphed, and in the recklessness of despair, he exclaimed,

'Be it so, then: let me accomplish my doom! To work; but not by this light: no, grant me this at least; not by this light.'

'Why not?' asked the other. 'Is it not enough?'

'Never mind,' said Pierrot; 'but not by this light. Let it be in total darkness, if you please: that would be better. But rather uncover your dark lantern, that will be best.' And as he spoke, he shaded his eyes with his hand, that he might not see the lamp.

The robber, muttering something to the effect, that he too did not like that light much, uncovered his lantern. Its lurid red gleam streaming through the coarse smoked glass, appeared at once to contaminate the chaste light that before illuminated the holy place. It was like a stream of blood defiling, on a sudden, a crystal fountain; or the glare of a burning cottage breaking into the summer moonlight. Yet it was comforting to Pierrot, and seemed to dispel his fears. His companion saw it, and cheered him on, saying,

'Come on, we must make up for lost time. I see you do not like that lamp. Hâ! ha! we will get rid of it at once. It is silver, I have heard you say; so pull it down, and untie it, while I take down the candlesticks from the altar.'

Pierrot had just the same thought. So with desperate resolution, and still shrouding his eyes, he advanced to the lamp, pulled it violently down, and with one powerful breath, extinguished it.

In the same instant, a shriek rent his ears, so sudden, so sharp, and so full of agony, that it did not seem to proceed from human utterance, but to come from some being of another world. Whether it came from afar or from near, from the sky above, or from the ground below, or from the country, neither he nor his companion could tell. For it was instantaneous, and was neither prolonged nor repeated. But so immediately did it follow, or rather accompany, the extinction of the lamp, that both Pierrot and his companion naturally connected the two occurrences together, cause and effect.

The following is from the pen of Eliza Cook, a delightful writer, whose poetical articles are deservedly popular on both sides of the Atlantic.

### TIME'S CHANGES.

Time's changes—oh! Time's changes,

We can bear to see them come,  
And crumble down the cottage roof,  
Or rend the palace doom.

We bear to see the flower we nursed.  
And cherished in the spring,  
Turn withering from Autumn's wind,  
A dead and sapless thing.

The play ground as our childish days,  
May wear so strange a face,  
That no one olden linament,  
Is left for us to trace.

Time's changes—oh! Time's changes,  
They may work what'er they will;  
Turn all our sunshine into storm,  
And all our good to ill.

The cheek we like to look upon,  
May lose its downy red,  
And only carry wrinkled lines,  
Where once fair dimples spread.

The form that's dearest to our arms,  
May wane from easy grace,  
The raven tresses shine no more,  
And grey hairs take their place.

But we can lightly smile on all  
Time's changes, till we find  
Some well known voice grow harshly cold,  
That once was warmly kind.

Till hands and eyes that used to be  
The first our own to greet,  
Can calmly take a long farewell,  
And just as calmly meet—

Till gentle words are passed away,  
And promised faith forgot,  
Teaching us sadly that we love  
The one who loveth not—

Oh! better, then, to die and give  
The grave its kindred dust,  
Than live to see Time's bitter change,  
In hearts we love and trust,

**DEATH OF CARDINAL CAPACCINI.**—We have to announce the death of Cardinal Capaccini on the 15th ult, at Rome. Deceased had been raised to the purple so late as the 21st of April last, and had long been a faithful servant of the Holy See, having been successively Nuncio in the Netherlands, at Naples, and Portugal, besides holding other important offices.

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