

are comin' ? D'ye hear, d'ye hear ! At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones, seeming to promise succor to their friends in need. Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All by one simultaneous impulse fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of "God Save the Queen," they replied by the well known strain that moves every Scot to tears, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," &c.

After that moment, nothing else made any impression on me, I scarcely remembered what followed. Jessie was presented to the General on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing once more the familiar air of 'Auld lang syne.'

5. THE PIBROCH OF MACGREGOR.

Beleaguered by a fiendish crew,
The remnant of a gallant few,
By battle wasted, smaller grew,

Yet still, with belt of flame
And sturdy steel, they held at bay
The hell-hounds, longing for their prey—
But, close and closer, day by day,
The monster myriads came.

There was no time for rest or food
In that wild festival of blood;
E'en while the gun its shot made good,

The cannoner took breath;
The gallant woman, maid or wife,
Daring the danger of the strife,
With food sustain'd the soldier's life—
While he was dealing death.

They held, for days, their feeble towers,
Against the swarm of traitor powers—
But now—they fight for numbered hours,
Unless relief were near;

Yet still, with spirit undepressed,
They keep the bloody battle-crest,
And forth from every manly breast
Still bursts the ringing cheer !

The fort was mined from flank to face—
The match was lighted—short the space
Till Death, in fiery wings' embrace,
Should snatch them all from shame;

When through the roar of battle—clear—
Like music faint to dreamer's ear—
A Highland maiden's heart to cheer,
The sound of pibroch came.

She rush'd amid the battling men,
"Rescue !" she cried—"again, again
I hear the Slogan down the glen,

A Highland hive is humming:—
Ye'll na' believe me—for your ear
Is clogg'd wi' battle:—dinna ye hear
Macgregor's pibroch ringing clear
'The Campbells are a-comin' !'

They paus'd awhile—they could not hear
What reach'd the maiden's finer ear;

But soon outrang a warrior-cheer,
And pray'r from woman's lip broke,
As, piercing through the war-cloud grim
That crown'd the battle's fiery rim—
Like a redeeming Angel's hymn,
Peal'd forth Macgregor's pibroch.

Barnes, London.

SAMUEL LOVER.

6. STORY FOR THE YOUTH.

A GOOD DEED IN SEASON, BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"GET away with you, you dirty old beggar boy. I'd like to know what right you have to look over the fence at our flowers!" The speaker was a little boy not more than eleven years old, and though people sometimes called it handsome, his face looked very harsh and disagreeable just then.

He stood in a beautiful garden just in the suburbs of the city; it was June time, and the tulips were just opening themselves to the sunshine. Oh! it was a great joy to look at them as they bowed gracefully to the light winds their necks of crimson, of yellow and carnation. The beds flanked either side of the path, that curved around a small arbor, where the young grape clusters that lay hidden among the large leaves wrote a beautiful prophecy for the autumn.

A white paling ran in front of the garden, and over this the little beggar boy, so rudely addressed, was leaning. He was very lean very dirty, very ragged. I am afraid, little children, you would have turned away in disgust from so repulsive a spectacle, and yet God and the angels loved him.

He was looking, with all his soul in his eyes, on the beautiful blossoms, as they swayed, to and fro, in the summer wind, and his heart softened while he leaned his arm on the fence railing, and forgot everything in that long absorbed gaze. Ah, it was seldom, the beggar boy saw anything good or beautiful, and it was sad his dream should have such a rude awakening.

The blood rushed up to his face, and a glance full of evil and defiance flashed into his eyes. But before the boy could retort, a little girl sprang out from the arbor, and looked eagerly from one child to the other. She was very fair, with soft hazel eyes, over which dropped long, shining lashes. Rich curls hung over her bare, white shoulders, and her lips were the color of the crimson tulip-blossoms.

"How could you speak so cross to the boy, Hinton?" she asked, with a tone of sad reproach quivering through the sweetness of her voice. "I'm sure it doesn't do us any harm to have him look at the flowers as long as he wants to."

"Well, Helen," urged the brother, slightly mollified, and slightly ashamed, "I don't like to have beggars gaping over the fence. It looks so low."

"Now that's all a notion of your's, Hinton. I'm sure if the flowers can do any body any good, we ought to be very glad. Little boy," and the child turned to the beggar boy, and addressed him as courteously as though he had been a prince—"I'll pick some tulips if you'll wait a moment."

"Helen, I do believe you're the funniest girl that ever lived!" ejaculated the child's brother, as he turned away, and with a low whistle sauntered down the path, feeling very uncomfortable—for her conduct was a stronger reproof to him than any words could have been.

Helen plucked one of each specimen of the tulips, and there was a great variety of them, and gave them to the child. His face brightened as he received them, and thanked her.

Oh! the little girl had dropped a pearl of great price into the black, turbid billows of the boy's life, and the after years should bring it up, beautiful and bright again.

Twelve years had passed. The blue-eyed girl had grown into a tall, graceful woman. One bright June afternoon she walked with her husband through the garden, for she was on a visit to her parents. The place was little changed, and the tulips had opened their lips of crimson and gold to the sunshine, just as they had done twelve years before. Suddenly they observed a young man in a workman's blue overalls, leaning over the fence, his eyes wandering eagerly from the beautiful flowers to herself. He had a frank, pleasant countenance, and there was something in his manner that interested the gentleman and lady.

"Look here, Edward," she said, "I'll pluck some of the flowers. It always does me good to see people admiring them," and releasing her husband's arm, she approached the paling, saying—and the smile round her lips was very like the old child one—"Are you fond of flowers, sir? it will give me great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked a moment very earnestly into the fair sweet face. "Twelve years ago, this very month," he said, in a voice deep, and yet tremulous with feeling, "I stood here, leaning on this railing, a dirty, ragged little beggar boy, and you asked me this very question. Twelve years ago, you placed the bright flowers in my hands, and they made a new boy—aye, and they have made a man of me, too. Your face has been a light, ma'am, all along the dark hours of my life, and this day that little beggar boy can stand on the old place, and say to you, though he's an humble and hard-working man, yet thank God, he's an honest one."

Tear-drops trembled like morning dew on the shining lashes of the lady, as she turned to her husband, who had joined her, and listened in absorbed astonishment to the workman's words. "God," she said, "put it into my child heart to do that little deed of kindness, and see how great is the reward He has given me."

And the setting sun poured a flood of rich purple light over the group that stood there—over the workman in his blue overalls, over the lady with her golden hair, and over the husband at her side. Altogether it was a picture for a painter, the angels who looked down on it from heaven saw something more than a picture there.—*Boston Gazette.*