

that morey she addressed. The cloud passed, but she sunk back on her pillow exhausted with the conflict. The unhappy father bent still nearer, anticipating the last struggle. Suddenly he exclaimed, as if to call back the yet lingering spirit.

"Live, my Constance! Could I save thee, thou blighted bud,—blighted by my——" His lips grew pale; he struck his forehead, and a groan, like the last expiring throes of nature, escaped him.

"Would the destroyer of my peace were here! 'Tis too late, or I would not now forbid thy love. But he was a traitor, a rebel else——"

Constance gradually revived from her insensibility. On a sudden, the spirit rekindled—a new and vehement energy, contrasting strangely with her weak and debilitated frame.

"I have seen him!" she cried. "Oh, methought his form passed before me;—but it is gone!" She looked eagerly around the apartment; other eyes involuntarily followed; but no living object could be distinguished through the chill and oppressive gloom which brooded over that chamber of death.

"It was a vision—a shadowy messenger from the tomb. Yet, one more if I might see him—ere I die." A deep sob, succeeded by a rapid gush of tears, relieved her; but it told of the powerful and all-pervading passion not yet extinguished in her breast.

"We shall meet!" Again she raised her eyes towards that throne to which the sigh of the sufferer never ascended in vain.

"Yes, my own, my loved Constance, now!" cried the stranger, rushing from his concealment. He clasped her in his arms. A gleam, like sun-light across the wave, shot athwart the shadow that was gathering on her eye. It was the forerunner of a change. The anxious father forbore to speak, but he looked on his daughter with an agony that seemed to threaten either reason or existence. Constance gazed on her lover, but her eyes became gradually more dim; her hand relaxed in his grasp; yet her features wore a look of serenity and happiness.

"Oh, most merciful father! thou hast heard my prayer, through Him whose merits have found me a place in that

glory to which I hope to come. Be merciful to him whose love is as true as mine own, and faithful unto death. 'Tyronce, we meet again! Oh, how have I prayed for thee!' Her eyes seemed to brighten even in this world with the glories of another.

"Farewell!" I hear the hymns of yon ransomed ones around the throne; they beckon my spirit from these dark places of sorrow. Now—farewell!"

She cast one look towards her lover; it was the last glimpse of earth; the next moment her gaze was on the brightness of that world where sorrow and sighing flee away. So sudden the transition, that the first smile of the disembodied spirit seemed to linger on the abode she had left, like the evening cloud, reflecting the glories of another sky, ere it fades for ever into the darkness and solitude of night.

A CHRISTIAN LEGEND.

If we are to believe the Acts of the holy martyr Alexander put to death for the Faith in the year of grace 119, Hermes a man holding a high station in the Imperial administration (some make him Prefect of Rome, which is not probable) was converted to Christianity, not by the learned discourses of priest or doctor, but by the touching example of an old blind slave, who was nurse to his son. This son just approaching boyhood had languished for years in a decline. In vain had Hermes and his wife wearied the gods with prayers and sacrifices; the child died. "Why did you not carry him to the tomb of the most blessed Peter?" asked the Christian nurse of her pagan master; "he would be living now." "You are blind," answered Hermes; "why have not you been cured, if you think thus?" "If I believed with a sufficiently strong faith," said the slave, "I should be cured." Then summoning all her faith, she set out to find the bishop of Rome, the saintly Alexander. Telling him her trouble Alexander prayed for her, and immediately her eyes, for five years dark, recovered the light. Thereupon running to her master's house, she took up in her arms the cold dead body of her master's child, and returning to