

blazed on high, she could not help casting a wistful eye abroad, as though the deary thicket contained one other inmate than those with whom she journeyed. Full of these anxious thoughts, she rose and left the sleepers, whose forms looked giant-like as they lay stretched in the brightening gleam. The cold was still intense, but, clad closely in furs, she ventured beyond the bivouack, and went to that part of the thicket which lay towards her own village. In a moment her attention was arrested. An object, hid for the most part beneath the snow, attracted her eager view. It was no buried hut, for there were no habitations in that direction, nor was it the birch, whose stunted top so often peeps above its icy bed. The mind of the lap misgave her, and she hurried to the spot; but no sooner had she put forth her hand than she started back in amazement. It was the touch of the well-known *rhen pæsk** the winter garment of her country. In an instant she roused the slumbering travellers, and led them to the place where, beyond doubt, a body was now lying, and in another moment it was disinterred from the clinging snow. The high shoes, the broad belt which held the pæsk, the squirrel tippet, and the lofty cap, proclaimed at once the traveller of the north. "It is the Englishman," cried the foged, grasping his brandy-cask, and advancing toward the stranger. The damsel stepped forward, and put her hand upon his breast. "It is warm, and he still lives," exclaimed the girl with triumph. But no time was to be lost for the frost had already seized its victim, and he, whose deer had fled from its too venturesome master, had laid himself down to die. A few more minutes and he had been a stiffened corpse, bleaching in the Alpine blast. But the snow and the brandy did their usual marvels, and while Uttereon was redeeming himself in the eyes of the Kouto-keino maiden by chafing the helpless limbs, the foged was pouring his drops of life into a bosom which soon heaved to thank him for his zeal. The sad story was soon told. The young and unruly deer (as had been foreseen) threw its driver from the open pulk, and bounded on to Alten. To pursue it was vain, and the wretched traveller had with difficulty returned to the wood of birches where hope and strength, and spirit, had yielded to the fiercest cold of Lapland.

In a week after his return to Alten the Englishman had recovered. He sent instantly for the girl to whom he held himself indebted for his life. "Maiden," said he "to repay you for this great kindness, I might try to do great things. I might—as some of my countrymen have done by yours—I might take you to England, I might marry you for this generosity. But I will not snatch you from your kindred, your friends, your home." The tears flowed from the cheeks of the mountain Lap at the mention of her home. "Tell me," continued he, "what can be done for you?" The girl made no reply, but beckoned to some one from without, and Neil Uttereon immediately appeared. They made an obeisance to the traveller. "My friends," said the Englishman, "this is dealing nobly by me—I understand it well—" He paused for a moment. "Will one hundred dollars be of service to you?" "One hundred dollars," exclaimed Uttereon briskly, "will make me the master of two hundred deer; and with, care"—added he, turning to his companion, "we may be the richest of the mountain Laps." "Take them, my friends," said the Englishman, "and may God's blessing rest upon you." "Tak, tak,"† repeated twenty times, were the hearty acknowledgments for this gift, while the donor could only say *welbekomme*,‡ and bid them a kind farewell.

Uttereon and his betrothed hastened to the house of their pastor, and in a few days there were well-founded rumours of another Lapland wedding.

MUNIFICENT BEQUEST.—A very splendid grant towards the funds for providing additional churches in the destitute parts of the metropolis and its suburbs has been lately made. Mrs. Hurdman, a wealthy and pious lady, has bequeathed the sum of 80,000l. for the erection of new churches in the metropolis, which has been placed at

the disposal of the Bishop of London, under the control of the Rev. Mr. Dobsworth appointed by the donor trustee of the gift. In accordance with a wish expressed by the benevolent lady, the erection of a new church in the parish of St. Saviour, Southwark, will be shortly commenced.

HYMN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

A hymn more, oh my lyre!
Praise to the God above,
Of joy, and life, and love,
Sweeping its strings of fire!

Oh! who the speed of bird and wind,
And sunbeam's glance, will lend to me,
That, soaring upward, I may find
My resting-place and home in Thee?
Thou, whom my soul, midst doubt and gloom,
Adorest with a fervent flame—
Mysterious spirit! unto whom
Pertain nor sign nor name!

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go
Up from the cold and joyless ear
Back to the God who bade them flow,
Whose moving spirit sent them forth:
But as for me, oh God! for me,
The lowly creature of thy will,
Lingering and sad, I sigh to Thee,
An earth-bound pilgrim still!

Was not my spirit born to shine
Where yonder stars and suns are glowing?
To breathe with them the light divine,
From God's own holy altar flowing?
To be, indeed, whate'er the soul
In dreams hath thirsted for so long—
A portion of heaven's glorious whole
Of loveliness and song?

Oh! watchers of the stars of night,
Who breathe their fire, as we the air—
Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,
Oh, say, is He—the Eternal there?
Bend there around his awful throne
The seraph's glance, the angel's knee?
Or are thy inmost depths his own,
Oh, wild and mighty sea!

Thoughts of my soul! how swift ye go!
Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,
Or arrows from the archer's bow,
To the far aim of your desire!
Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,
Like spring-doves from the startled wood,
Bearing like them your sacrifice
Of music unto God!

And shall these thoughts of joy and love
Come back again no more to me—
Returning like the patriarch's dove,
Wing-weary, from the eternal sea?
To bear within my longing arms
The promise-bough of kindlier skies,
Plucked from the green, immortal palms
Which shadow Paradise!

All-morning spirit!—freely forth
At thy command the strong wind goes
Its errand to the passive earth,
Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose;
Until it folds its weary wing
Once more within the hand divine,
So, weary of each earthly thing,
My spirit turns to thine!

Child of the sea, the mountain stream,
From its dark caverns, hurries on,
Ceaseless by night and morning's beam,
By evening's star, and noon-tide's sun—
Until at last it sinks to rest,
O'er-wearied, in the waiting sea,
And moans upon its mother's breast—
So turns my soul to Thee!

Oh thou who bid'st the torrent flow,
Who lendest wings unto the wind—
Mover of all things! where art thou?
Oh, whither shall I go to find
The secret of thy resting-place?
Is there no holy wing for me,
That, soaring, I may search the space
Of highest heaven for Thee!

Oh, would I were as free to rise,
As leaves on autumn's whirlwind borne—
The arrowy light of sun-set skies,
Or sound, or ray, or star of morn,
Which melt in heaven at twilight's close,
Or aught which soars unchecked and free,
Through earth and heaven, that I might lose
Myself in finding Thee!

CONSTANTINOPLE SLAVE-MARKET.

"The slave-market is a vast uncovered court, surrounded by a roofed portico or piazza. Under this portico, which on the side of the court has a wall about waist-high, there are doors opening into the chambers in which the merchants keep their slaves. These doors are thrown open, to enable the purchasers, as they walk about, to see the slaves. The men and women are kept in separate chambers; and the women are unveiled. Besides the slaves in the lower chambers, a great number are grouped in a gallery under the portico, and in the court itself. We commenced our examination. The most remarkable group consisted of some Abyssinian girls, about twelve or fifteen in number. They were seated close together in a circle, and their faces were all turned to the spectators. Most of them were remarkably beautiful. They had almond-shaped eyes, aquiline noses, thin lips, a delicate oval contour of face, and long hair as dark and glossy as the raven's wing. The pensive, melancholy, and languishing expression of their countenances, renders the Abyssinian females in spite of their copper-coloured complexions, extremely lovely and interesting. They are tall and slender as the palm-trees of their country, and their arms are remarkable for beauty of form and grace of motion. The girls whom I saw in the slave-bazaar had no clothing but a long robe of coarse yellow cloth. On their ancles they wore bracelets of blue glass beads. They were seated motionless, with their heads resting on the palms of their hands, or on their knees. When thus gazed at, their meek and melancholy eyes were like those of the goat or the lamb, whom the peasants lead with strings round their necks to be sold at our village fairs. Sometimes they whispered one to another, and smiled. One of them, who held a little child in her arms, was weeping, because the merchant wanted to sell it separately to a dealer in children. Not far from this group, there were seven or eight little negro children, from eight to ten years of age. They were tolerably well dressed, and appeared very healthy. They were amusing themselves at an oriental game, which is played with small pebbles, arranged in various ways in holes dug in the sand. Meanwhile the merchants and buyers took first one and then another by the arm, examined them narrowly from head to foot, patted them, made them show their teeth, that they might judge of their age and state of health, and the children, when released, eagerly joined their play-mates, and renewed their game. I next went under the covered porticos, which were covered with slaves and purchasers. The Turks engaged in this traffic were walking about among the groups, superbly dressed in *farol pelisses*, and with long pipes in their hands, looking anxious and pre-occupied, and casting a jealous glance at every stranger who peeped into the rooms in which they kept their human merchandise; but as they supposed us to be Arabs or Egyptians, they did not venture to refuse admittance to any of the rooms. Itinerant dealers in *dates* and dried fruits were walking about the gallery, selling refreshments to the slaves. I slipped a few piasres into the hand of one of them and directed him to distribute the contents of his basket among the negro children, who eagerly devoured them.

I remarked a poor negress, about eighteen or 20 years of age, remarkably handsome, but with a sullen and melancholy air. She was seated on a bench in the gallery, richly dressed and with her face unveiled. Round her were about a dozen other negresses, dressed in rags, and exposed for sale at very low prices. The negress above mentioned held in her lap a fine little boy of three or four years of age, magnificently dressed; her child, who was mulatto, had a handsome and noble countenance, a beautiful mouth, and the finest eyes imaginable. I played with the boy, and gave him some cakes and sweetmeats, which I had purchased at a neighbouring shop; but the merchant snatched them from his hands, and threw them on the ground, an expression of anger and offended pride. She held down her face, and wept. I imagined that she was afraid of being sold separately from her child, and requested M. Morlach, my obliging guide, to purchase together with the child for me. I would have bought

*Reindeer cloak.

†Thanks.

‡Welcome.