

ver be shed, they adhered to the first confession and rejected the last; confirming the decree of death. The hour came. Emma's heart was calm—her eye bright with heavenly hope. She moved in the procession of death, drinking in with eager ears the consolations of the monks, who accompanied her, feeling that she had removed the last millstone from her soul, and left it free to soar, when it should be separated from its fleshy tenement. * * * * *

There is one other requisition of the criminal code of Lucerne, more peculiar and affecting, though not, perhaps, so momentous in its consequences as the confession I have spoken of. It is, that the last condemned and unconfessing prisoner, shall stand upon the scaffold by the one first executed after his condemnation, to catch the head as it falls from beneath the axe, and carry it in his hands to the place of burial!

Jose was brought from his dungeon; he well knew for what dreadful ordeal. With his hands bound behind his back, he was guided by an officer on either side to a place in a procession composed of soldiers, officials, and monks, that soon began to move along the crowded streets to the place of execution. From the moment that he was brought into the open air, he did not raise his head, nor cast one glance about him. It was only by the stoppage of his progress that he knew himself to be by the scaffold, upon which he was to act an appalling part. The officers conducted him to the steps, assisted him to ascend, and then unbound his hands. "Stand ready," said one, "when I give you warning, to catch the falling head!"

Still he did not lift his eyes, for he had resolved to spare himself much of the horror of the scene by excluding it from sight. What he was to do was terrible enough of itself, and, weakened by imprisonment and remorse, he feared for his power to accomplish it.

The last solemn service of the Catholic church was ended; and Jose felt that the victim was preparing for the fatal stroke. After an interval of appalling silence, the word was given to him to

turn and perform his office. Mechanically he obeyed, as the sufferer was kneeling for the last effort, and involuntarily he lifted his eyes. "Jose!" "Emma!" burst from one and the other in gasping tones. "Farewell, Jose," said Emma, calmly, "repent, repent, and we shall meet again in heaven!" The executioner adjusted her head immediately—the axe fell, and she was no more! Jose stood without motion, from the moment he had uttered her name, for he felt to his soul in life-sapping horror, that he was now a two-fold murderer! An officer pushed him forward as the executioner was lifting his hand to disengage the axe; but instead of touching the head, he fell down with a shriek upon the scaffold, as one dead. He was lifted up—but ere they had borne him from the fatal spot, his guilty breath was gone for ever!

Stanzas to a Lady.

THE hand that prints these accents here,
Was never clasped in thine;
Nor has thy heart, with hope or fear,
E'er trembled back to mine.

And yet from childhood's early years,
Some being like to thee,
Unseen, amid my doubts and tears,
Hath sweetly smiled on me.

And oft in dreams I've twined the wreath
Above her eye of flame;
Then listened, if some bird might breathe
The music of her name.

And oft have vainly sought to trace,
Amid the fair and young,
The living type of this sweet face,
On Fancy's mirror flung.

But in its unresembled form,
The shadow dwelt with me,
Till unperceived, life-like and warm,
It softly fell on thee.

Then into substance passed the shade,
With charms still more divine,
As on thy face its features played,
And lost themselves in thine.

PIETY is neither the dream of a mystic nor the fanaticism of a recluse. It is a solid, sober, rational devotedness, to the source at once of goodness and wisdom. It is not gloomy, it is not severe; it is cheerful as the light of heaven; the only sure principle of happiness and enjoyment.