

smiled at, our preceding expectation was almost pined, as a weakness, but we knew to 'whom we trusted' and we hoped on God has given us our reward. The Fountain of freshness and grace is in possession of the Flock, they can sit down by its waters and slake their thirst for ever. Not without labour and anxiety, and weariness, and temptation, have been the days of the past few years; but—in all solemn thankfulness we declare that the event of Thursday was more than an equivalent for them all. *Hæc Dies quam fecit Dominus : exultemus et letemur in ea !*

LITERATURE.

THE LAMP OF THE SANCTUARY.

PART II.—ITS DARKENING.

Continued.

He loathed his very life, he gnawed his very heart in sorrow, and the most desperate thoughts, even of self-destruction, began to haunt his mind. His companions saw him sometimes looking over the edge of a precipice, as if deliberating whether to throw himself headlong, or feeling the point of a dagger, as if meditating a self-aimed blow. But a cold shudder would creep over his frame; he would draw suddenly back, or cast the weapon away; while his companions would break into a coarse unfeeling peal of laughter, and dare him to accomplish his thought. Yes: thanks to Heaven, Pierrot had not yet lost his belief in Eternity; he remembered there was a bottomless gulf below the depths of the precipice, and that there was a sword of Divine justice, keener than the dagger's point.

But his companions saw that they would soon lose their hold on him, that his desperation would drive him to some deed that would betray them. They, therefore, with artful villainy changed their course. They assured him of their willingness to release him from his painful life. One, only one more enterprise did they require him to join, it was an easy and safe one; and after that they would quit the neighbourhood, and he should be left at peace. At peace! little did they know or care, how effectually they had riven this from his heart, how they had banished it from his life! Still, to him there was comfort in their words; and he almost longed to commit the crime which was to be his last. A day was fixed for it, yet a month off, and this seemed like an age to Pierrot. Nor could any entreaties prevail on them, to communicate to him the nature of their intention. Only he clearly saw preparations making at their houses, for a complete and sudden flight; and in this he felt he had the best pledge and security for the truth of their promises.

Let us, in the mean time, return to consider his poor wife and child. Every month of the period, over which we have traced Pierrot's evil course, had sunk them deeper in misery and in sorrow.

Of the character of his crimes they had no evidence; for as he never brought home his share of plunder, and as he kept a moody silence and reserve, they had no grounds on which to suspect farther than he was engaged in something very wrong. Even when at home, he could get but little work, for no one now cared to employ him; and so his once neat and happy dwelling bore marks of poverty, neglect, and decay. And within, too, all was sorrow and distress; no cheerful conversation, no smile, no confidence. The mother and the daughter, indeed, understood one another, but it was more by silent sympathy, than by exchange of sentiment; for each feared ever to swell the other's grief, and repressed the gushing tear or wept alone. And let this be added to the praises of the poor, that none better than they have the inborn delicacy to honour virtue in distress, and refrain from sarcasm and reproach against those whom bitter trials oppress. Never was the conduct of Pierrot, though now notorious and a public scandal, cast into the face of these two forlorn ones, morally indeed a widow and an orphan. But rather it seemed as if a tacit honour was paid to their suffering innocence; every one made way for them, every one seemed to soften his voice as he addressed them; many a little present, artfully conveyed, so as to repress all sense of obligation, made its way to their cottage to soothe their distress; and many a kind hope that God would console them, was whispered at the church door in their ear.

And He did, in truth, console them: for without His Presence, His Grace, His Light, His Food, their hearts would long since have been broken by despairing sorrow. Again and again did they kneel at evening before the altar, and there ever found they the calm and peace which resignation to the Divine Will alone can give. It was on one of these occasions that a new association of ideas led our little contemplative to consoling thoughts akin to those which we have seen the Sanctuary's Lamp had before suggested; only from the sorrows of the Mother, it guided her to those of the Son. She had been reading in her little rude picture-bible, and had there seen illustrated the vision of Zacharias (chap. iv.) in which is described the golden candlestick before the altar, on either side whereof stands an olive tree, the overhanging branches of which feed, through golden funnels, the sacred lamps with an unfailing light and unction (verse 12.) To this her thoughts reverted as the soothing light of the lamp fell upon her; and wearied much with sorrow, she fell into one of those calm moods of meditation in which the thoughts arise spontaneously, and pass, as on a mirror, before the mind, seeming but the reflection of objects presented by an external but invisible