

may all the saints of the house of Macdonald be near you!" cried Eupheme; "for misery is about to befall you."

"What misery can befall me, woman?" exclaimed Flora, for she was as haughty as she was beautiful; "is not this castle strong, and the Maclean brave?"

"Both, both," answered the other; "but in your strength lies your ruin. It was no vain vision, but the saint that presides over the blessed well, which appeared to me to-night; her signs and mutterings to me were of danger—danger, Flora, from the sea; and what danger can come from the sea which aims not at your peace; for, alas! you know how many ladies sighed that day you became a bride."

"Foolish old woman!" replied the lady Flora, "do you doubt Maclean's faith, or mine? Go look in the well again, and see a more agreeable vision."

"It shall not need," replied Eupheme; "the vision is about to be fulfilled." As she spoke, a low, deep, sullen sound came rolling landward; the waves began to raise and sparkle in the moonlight, and as Lady Flora rose and stood at her window, the foaming spray was thrown as high as the turret tops.

"Hark!" she said, in a low voice, "yonder is the thunder."

"Ah, it is thunder, lady," answered her attendant; "but it is of man, not of God; it is the sound of artillery, and intimates that souls are in jeopardy. See, a beautiful ship driven towards us by the demon of the blast! But the mermaids of Mull shall soon sing in her timbers as she lies in the bosom of the deep."

"Now all the hosts of heaven forbid!" exclaimed Lady Flora, stretching her hand to a silver call with which she summoned her attendant; "Maclean and his brave people shall save these perishing souls."

"You will perish then yourself, lady," said Eupheme, laying her hand on the silver pipe. "Shall I speak as prophetes never spoke before—I mean plainly? That ship is one of the Spanish Armada, and holds in her bosom the sole enemy of your peace. In that ship sails an Andalusian princess, who, twelve months ago, dreamed in a dream, that a chief of heroic look and beauty appeared to her, and holding out his hand, saved her from the sea, and crowned her a queen among his isles. How I know it, you may guess if you choose,—but that chief is the Maclean: thither is she come, on the wings of love, and in her father's ship, to seek and find him; and when she comes, such is her beauty, that to see her is to love her."

"I fear her not," exclaimed Lady Flora; "let her come and welcome, in all her loveliness; I can trust in the honour of him who preferred me to all the other dames of Caledonia."

"Then, lady, you are lost!" said Eupheme, with a sigh; "Maclean is fated to love her, should he once behold her; but he shall not behold her! All the winds of Mull and Tobermorie obey me."

"Stir not—speak not, I order you, on your life, old woman," exclaimed Lady Flora; and as she spoke, the ship, urged to supernatural speed, came plunging into the bay, and anchored close to the castle wall.

"The chief of the Macleans, as the ship anchored in the bay, took to his barge, and offered his services on board."

"Our mistress," said one, in the Spanish tongue, "will be on deck in an instant, and thank you in person."

"As these words were uttered, a young lady, of surpassing beauty, clad in green velvet, bedropt with gold, and carrying this little silver instrument in her hand came suddenly on deck. Her colour went and came the moment that she saw him; her knees shook, and had he not supported her in his arms, she would have fallen. She whispered a word or two to an aged attendant, on which all the ship's company raised a shout of—'He is found, he is found!' And looking in Maclean's face, she said, 'The vision did not flatter thee. I come to make thee a prince, and carry thee from this cold, barren isle, to the fruitful vales and vine-clad hills of my native Andalusia.'

"Such was the influence of her melodious tongue, and large lustrous eyes," said the chief, in relating the wild

tale in after years, "that I saw nothing but her, and all memory of my own Flora Macdonald vanished."

"The Lady Flora fainted as she beheld this from her window; while Eupheme turned east, and west, and north, and south, and muttered words in the Mull tongue, at which those who strove to restore their mistress shuddered. The wind, awakened by accident, or by her spells, rushed suddenly down, and the ship of the princess spun round for a moment, like a feather on an eddy, and went down, head-foremost."

"Thou shalt be burnt for this deed," exclaimed Lady Flora, as she recovered, and heard the loud cry of so many soul perishing.

"I care not," said the witch, for my chief is safe. Here comes the Maclean with the Spanish syren's harp, and not a hair of his head is moist."

"My tale is done, sire. Though some would add, that when the late divers visited the sunken ship, they saw the princess lying asleep, in all her virgin beauty, on deck, with two mermaids keeping watch over her slumbers."

From the Friendship's Offering for 1838.

REMEMBRANCE.

I ought to be joyful, the jest and the song
And the light tones of music resound through the throng;
But its cadence falls dully and dead on my ear,
And the laughter I mimic is quenched in a tear.

For here are no longer, to bid me rejoice,
The light of thy smile, or the tone of thy voice,
And, gay though the crowd that's around me may be,
I am alone, when I'm parted from thee.

Alone, said I, dearest? O, never we part,—
For ever, for ever, thou'rt here in my heart;
Sleeping or walking, where'er I may be,
I have but one thought and that thought is of thee.

When the planets roll red through the darkness of night,
When the morning bedews all the landscape with light,
When the high sun of noon-day is warm on the hill,
And the breezes are quiet, the green leafage still;

I love to look out o'er the earth and the sky,
For nature is kind, and seems lonely, as I;
Whatever in nature most lovely I see,
Has a voice that recalls the remembrance of thee.

Remember—remember—Those only can know
How dear is remembrance, whose hope is laid low;
'Tis like clouds in the west, that are gorgeous still,
When the dank dews of evening fall deadly and chill;

Like the bow in the cloud that is painted so bright,—
Like the voice of the nightingale, heard through the night,
Oh, sweet is remembrance, most sad though it be,
For remembrance is all that remaineth for me.

TARTAR PRAYING-MACHINES.

The following is an account given by a traveller relative to a Buriat temple, near Selingsinsk.

"The place of worship consists of about a dozen wooden buildings, of different sizes, placed near to one another. Their ideas of matter and motion have led to cheap modes of praying. The buriat procures a prayer, written on a long slip of paper, and suspends it where it will be moved by the wind or passengers, or rolls it round the barrel of a small windmill, such as is frequently placed in gardens to frighten birds. One stage contained about a hundred of these praying-mills; and so many prayers were pendant from the roofs of the chapels, that no one could move a step therein without also moving petitions. On the outside of the door stood a pole, to which was fastened a piece of coarse rag, upon which was written a prayer. The rag being agitated by the air is kept constantly in motion, and thus ascending to the god, spares the lama, whose duty it is to pray always, the trouble of so doing. He was employed counting his beads and turning a instrument of which a short account is necessary. It was a slightly constructed barrel, placed on a stand supported by four legs. This barrel, we were told, contained prayers. On the outside was a string, which when pulled by the lama, turned the barrel, and thus he offered the prayers which it contained. Speaking of other places of worship," he says, "We saw lamas here as well as at the other temples, who cut the wooden blocks for printing their

prayers. The board is fifteen inches long, and four broad. The letters are cut neatly, and on both sides the board. The lines are lengthways, six on each side; a man can finish such a book in five or six days. There was a similar board, but of larger dimensions, and used for a particular purpose, hung up in our room. It measured eighteen inches by thirteen, and was filled with repetitions of the word om-ma-in-bad-mo-hom, which signify, Lord, have mercy upon us. It is used for printing on a particular sort of their white cloths, called hadek; and several of these pieces so printed, are suspended on ropes and poles, round the graves of the deceased lamas, and other persons of consequence.

"We visited the grave of an old lama. There were, perhaps, one hundred of such printed cloths waving in the air, upon the poles beside the grave; and as each cloth contains 600 repetitions of the prayer, 60,000 were thus offered for the lama every moment.

The missionaries write, "There were shewn to us several bones of calves, which had been formerly offered in sacrifice to their gods, on which were written prayers, in the Mongolian and Thibet languages. We were told that these prayers were a kind of soul mass, or requiem for the dead. Such prayers, together with the performances of other ceremonies, at the burial of a taischi, or other rich buriat, are usually purchased by the third part of the deceased's cattle. The burial of a taischi lately deceased, cost about two hundred thousand rubies, or ten thousand pounds sterling; a handsome legacy for the lama."

Unless we pray with the Spirit, and understanding also, what are we better than the Tartar praying-machines?

FEMALE EDUCATION.—One of Daniel De Foe's projects was an academy for the education of women; on the evils resulting from the want of it, he expressed his opinion in the following terms:—"A well-bred woman and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison. Her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments, her person is angelic, and her conversation heavenly; she is all softness and sweetness, peace, love, wit and delight; she is every way suitable to the sublimest wish; and the man that has such a one to his portion has nothing to do but rejoice in her and be thankful. On the other hand, suppose her to be the same woman, and deprived of the benefit of education, and it follows thus: If her temper be good, want of education makes her soft and easy; her wit, for want of teaching, renders her impertinent and talkative; her knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical. If her temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse; and she grows haughty, insolent, and loud. If she be passionate, want of manners makes her a termagant and a scold. If she be proud, want of discretion (which is ill breeding) makes her conceited, fantastic, and ridiculous."

RACHEL'S GRAVE.—The day following, we rode towards Bethlechem, which stands about six miles south from Jerusalem. Going out at the gate of Joppa, and turning on the left hand by the foot of Mount Sion, aloft on whose uttermost angle stood the tower of David (whose ruins are yet extant), of a wonderful strength and admirable beauty, adorned with shields and the arms of the mighty. Below, on the right hand of the way in our passage, is a fountain, north of which the valley is crossed with a ruinous aqueduct, which conveyed water unto the Temple of Solomon. Ascending the opposite mountain, we passed through a country hilly and stony, yet not utterly forsaken of the vine, though only planted by Christians, in many places producing corn, here shadowed with the fig tree, and there with the olive. About a mile further, west of the way, and a little off, stands the sepulchre of Rachel (by the Scripture affirmed to have been buried hereabout), if the entireness thereof do not confute the imputed antiquity, yet kept perhaps in repair by her offspring, as a monument of venerable memory. Below it, on the side of a mountain, stands the ruins of that Rama, whereof the prophet Jeremiah speaks. *Sandys's Travels.*