

were stained with blood! "What!" exclaimed Llewellyn, raising his hand, and at the same moment his wife leading the way, they both rushed into the nursery; and, as they saw the floor marked with blood, they hastily snatched the curtain from the cradle, and their infant babe was gone! The mother cast one glance at the savage animal, that came following after them, screamed with horror, as she pointed her finger to the cause, rolled her eyes wild and madly to heaven, and fell backwards. The father drew his sword, and with one thrust transixed the monster, which fell at his feet, still wagging his tail, and looking duty and affection, as if in mockery of the deed he was supposed to have done! He howled out the expression of his own agony, moaning piteously, and expired—his eye, even in death, still fixed on his master.

Llewellyn, in his distraction, upset the cradle, and underneath it safely lay, sleeping, with a smile on his countenance, the infant babe! In another part of the room he found the body of a wolf, torn, mangled, and dead! He turned his eye to Ciliart, and he too was dead! What would he not have given to restore him to life? The instinct of the faithful animal had discerned the way-laying and near approach of the wolf, and withdrawn him from following his master to the chase; he had watched the movements of his adversary, and found that he had scented human flesh in his master's habitation; his sagacity had contrived to remove the babe, and to deposit it safely beneath its cradle, in anticipation of the coming fight; he had obtained the victory; and he waited for his master's return, to deliver up his charge, and be caressed for his fidelity.

The following is an extract from the journal of a traveller who visited this place:

"While I was at Bedd-Gelert I found myself one evening almost void of employment, and the moon shone so beautifully bright that I was tempted to ramble alone as far as Pont Aberglaslyn. The scene was not clad in its late grand colours, but now more delicately

shaded, and arrayed in softer charms. The darkening shadows of the rocks cast a gloom around, and the faint rays, in some places feebly reflected, gave to the straining eye a very imperfect glimpse of the surface it looked upon, while in others the moon shot her silver light through the deep ravines, and brightly illuminated the opposite rocks. All was solitude, serene and mild. The silence of the evening was only interrupted by the murmuring of the brook, which lulled to melancholy, and now and then by the shrill scream of the night owl fitting by me. I hung over the battlements of the bridge, listening to the hoarse fall of the water down the rocks, and watching, as the moon ascended the heavens, the decreasing shadows of the mountains."

It was here that Llewellyn the Great slew the faithful Ciliart in the phrensy of his supposed bereavement.

RELIGIOUS.

TRUST IN GOD.

The grandeur of religion appears more conscious, it attains a sublimer attitude, and shines with a surpassing majesty all its own, when employed in solacing and sustaining the Christian under distress and personal bereavement. When his family are torn from him by the cold, rude hand of death, or a valued friend drops into the grave without any intimation of the change, and deprives him of all he loved below, he appears a wanderer, a sort of solitary detachment of humanity, to himself, disconsolate, unknown, were it not for that blissful assurance, that the separation is only temporary, and that there is a time coming, which will usher in a resurrection of the just, by Him, who on earth declared, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Religion, which abounds with precepts for his entire trust in God, enables him also to bear with patience and pious resignation, the troubles and perplexities of life. While it in-