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Original Moral Cale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.] Valuat atraca

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CHAPTER XV.

Wretched man! The pangs of a guilty conscience are lashing him. A thousand scorpions have fastened themselves upon his soul. Every inlet of light to it is blocked up, while legions of black, hideous monsters have their revels there. Those deep, blue eyes-those innocent eyes-have pierced his soul through and through, like barbed, poisoned daggers.

And thou art young! yes; and noble, genform just developing itself into such manly proportions-into a symetry, and grace, and beauty seldom rivalled-to think, that such a form should encase a soul so black, cruel, and detestable! But the best may fall, and fall only to rise again, better and wiser. We must therefore, be sparing in our consures.

This young man, however, could endure the intense, bitter agony of his soul no longer, and after remaining for an hour, with despairing looks, he had rushed from the hall of the court

The trials progressed,-rather more slowly, however, than usual. The Emperor seemed lenguid;-you would said, perhaps, stupified with drink or excessive debauchery. He managed, however, to send several to the

flames-to their crowns of rejoicing. Three only remained, Vertitia, and tw

"Stand up !- you," said the Emperor, at

Vertitia rose to her feet. The Emperor drowsed back in his seat while; and then, with an effort at rousing himself up, he cast his bleery, blinky eyes at her

Vertitia hung her-head, and endeavored to conceal her face with her hands.

for a time.

"Soldiers!-holloa, there;-I say, soldiers! -d'ye hear? You may take this nice looking thing back to prison, or use her for your pleasure, to night. D'ye hear ?" saying which, this brutal monster, rose to his feet, and staggered from the hail, followed by his guard.

The crowd mostly followed, and rapidly dispersed, as it was a late hour of the night.

At the last words of the Emperor, Vertitia had fainted, and fell from the block, upon which she had just a moment before seated herself. Several of the more rude, beastlylooking soldiers had gathered around her.

She lay for some time insensible; at length, she opened her eyes; but seeing the monsters bending over her, she shricked, and again

It was some time before she revived-only when the soldiers had raised her up, for the purpose of carrying her from the hall. She made a faint resistance, and attempted to break loose from their hands. But, poor Vertitia! thy virtuous efforts were fruitless .-Their hands grasped her struggling arms like vises, while they laughed and shouted like de-

With Vertitia and the two poor old men, they have entered the square. The fires have burnt down, and nothing was visible to the eve, save a few glowing chunks, and piles of whitened bones, or half consumed bodies .ful scenes have mostly gone, with the excention of a few loiterers here and there.

The square is filled with a dense, suffocating smoke, and the odor of the burnt and halfburnt bodies is nauscous and offensive in the might have compelled to remain.

Then, the heavens were in their wrath .-scene. The thunders were rumbling in all dilence and death seemed to hold a joint and

undisturbed reign over the city. a moment; and, after a short consultation, four | of anxiety passed over the face of the speaker. of them hurried off with the two old men towards an adjacent prison, while the two remaining ones, laying hold of Vertitia, dragged her from the square, and pulled her after them up a narrow, filthy street.

Vertitia pled, begged, prayed screamed .-"O ! take me to the flames! Do throw me into the flames. O: dear, blessed Jesus! have mer- their attention and the conversation dropped. cy-mercy!" and her voice died away, and she became insensible.

most indecent, brutal manner.

palled the stoutest hearts.

rived at the door of a low, black, filthy den, and which they were about to enter; when two men, from under cover of the intense darkness, rushed upon them, and, with well aimed blows, sent the two soldiers sprawling in the street.

Vertitia, insensible, fell against the door; but, in an instant, she was in the arms of a strong, powerful man, who, followed closely by his companion, soon turned a corner, and struck into a long street which led to one of the city gates.

In a few minutes she was placed in a chariot; and which, the next instant, was dashing off down the street, with frightful rapidity, through a wild, roaring tempest of wind, rain, lightning, and darkness.

To becontinued.

THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS M. MILES. "

Star after star had come forth, and the clock of the old church of the village had pealed forth the midnight hour as Roland Cranstoun knelt for his mother's blessing. On the morerous, and brave. But, ah! to think, that in a row he was to go forth from the familiar scenes of his boyish days, to tempt the wild waste of ocean; and the sweet spell of posey was on his spirit as he murmured forth

"Pray for me mother, pray that no blight May come o'er my hopes and prospects bright, Pray that my days may be long and fair, Free from the withering touch of care".

And most fervently did the mother's prayer go up amidst the deep hush of midnight.

Roland Cranstoun's step had ever been amidst lordly halls; but his father was dead, leaving him but a younger son's portion and a haughty spirit for an inheritance. The army was open to him, and soon the name of Capt. Cransfoun was read in the public papers of the day, and that his regiment was ordered abroad.

"What! though these broad lands are mine, brother, are not our hearts the same as in the days of our boyhood? Stay with your kindred. Roland, stay to witness my happiness, and my

sweet Anna shall be to you a sister." Roland Cranstoun wrung his brother's hand with strong feeling, and there was a slight quiver of his proud lip as he answered: "I know your generous spirit Henry; I know what I sacrifice, but you must have the means of supporting the dignity of our ancient house, and I could not brook dependence. Do not tempt me

my brother; I must go forth unshrinkingly." The morning dawned fair and bright but there was a "vacant seat at board and hearth;" and the inmates of Cranstonn Abbey feit as if one gleam of sanshine had departed from their dwelling :

> Speed on, speed on, thou gallant bark! Thy flag is waving free,

And let the ocean caves give forth, A fitting minstrelsey !-

And Roland Cranstoun was pacing the deck of the gallant ship with a thoughtful brow but proud step, as the merry shores of England receaded from view.

"Whither are those sighs wafted, Cranstoun, my good fellow?" asked a brother officer, upon whose arm leaned a young and beautiful female. "Is there any maiden fair

"Weeping in lonely bower?" "No! I am free, but my thoughts were

homeward bound, Sedley !" "So would mine be," replied his friend, but that this foolish girl chose to leave home and kindred to follow a soldier's fortunes;' and the look of fondness that he cast upon the young being beside him, showed how much he felt her devoted love. "Come, I must introduce you to to Mrs. Sedley."

Sedley and he had been friends from their earliest days; but the former's duties the last two years had cast their lots in different places: and it was with all the warmth of kindly feeling that they met previous to their embarkation on board the same ship. He had recent-The spectators and participators in these dread- | ly married his cousin, and to Roland she soon became almost as a sister; so confiding was she in her friendship for her husband's friend.

"Do you know who that young girl is, Roextreme. No marvel, that the crowd had fled | noticed her earnest gaze more than once, fix- him to a dread account." as soon as possible-even those whom duty ed upon you. There is something singularly beautiful about her face."

"I have seen those brilliant eyes before, I Great, black clouds were gathering over the am sure, but where I cannot think. There, she has vanished again. They say you dark rections, and forky lightnings were playing off | browed subaltern is her father , and that he has their freaks all through the air. The night forbidden her appearing on deck. Her face was unusually dark; and, for the present, si- | haunts me like some vision of my childhood."

"Her name is Florence, so I heard them call her," said Sedley joining them, "but her fath-The soldiers, on entering the square, halted | er, Cranstonn, do you know him ?" and a shade "No! I know no one by the name of Ridg-

> ley; why do you ask?" "Only to bid you be on your guard; I fear

he means you some evil." "Me!" but ere he could give expression to his astonishment, the glad shout of the seamen and soldiers, as they neared the shore, called off

"Spain! sunny Spain! Oh, there is breathing beauty beneath thy skies," murmured the On they carried her-dragged her-in the young officer, as he was wandering forth one red upon my blade, then, only then shall I rest he be taken, his fate is certain." evening. His regiment was stationed not far satisfied." And he shook the bared weapon | Sister Theresa laid her cold hand on Sed-The thunders were roaring, cracking, and from .____, the then seat of war; though as yet | tauntingly in the direction they had taken. | ley's arm-"Guard well your friend-my duty | He replied not, but turning to Roland with a | wife had been converted to his creed, and crashing in the heavens, like the quick dis- they had seen no actual service. He was alone | Suddenly a young girl sprung forth, and calls me away, there is danger around him- look of undying hate, hearsely cried-"Do knelt a humble worshipper at the same shrine charge of flying artillery; while the vivid and sad, for his dreams were of the "ancient knelt low at his feet. The shadows of six- and as he values life let him leave not this you remember the smuggler's cave by the sea of prayer with himself. flashes of lightning were enough to have ap- Abbey;" and the voices of his kindred seem- teen summers could hardly have touched her room till I bid." And gathering her veil shore, near the village of A, in merry Eng-

The soldiers, with their victim had just ar- through orange groves. The shadows of night were beginning to fall ere he turned towards his quarters. Suddenly a sweet and thrilling voice warbled close to his ear-

"There's danger when the soft winds sigh, And stars beam out in you sweet sky— There's danger in the star-lit path. The warning comes from one of earth."

Startled, he darted forward to discover the hidden songstress, but he caught only a glimpse | memory of my sainted mother, abjure the of a slight figure as it disappeared amidst the dark deed. Are we not forbidden to take grove of limes. The warning was evidently vengeance?" intended for him; but he was perplexed and amazed. Who in this stranger land could do alone can wash out the memory of that hour. him injury; and who, for the voice was that of And mark me, Lelia, I do distrust you of late. a female, should take this interest in his fate? By my faith I believe you entertain some girl-But he was not long suffered to indulge his me- ish affection for this same youth. Ha! do you ditations. A bright weapen flashed before his dream one of the proud Cranstoun's race eyes, and he found himself attacked by three | would wed a smuggler's daughter. Lelia, he ruffians. Determined to sell his life as dearly dies by my hand-and you, girl, may wear as possible, he drew his sword, and for a few | the willow if you will." moments kept them at bay. He had received sunk to the ground; but ere the bared knife of that shall give you to a dungeon and chains. the taller ruffian had reached his heart, a shout I love you not, father; and but that I promis-One of the ruffians was killed, but the others escaped. The body was recognized as that of that I will warn Roland Cranstoun-and the toun's wound was not dangerous, but was of a light step she bounded away. such a nature as to prevent him from using his arm for many months, and he soon obtained | tered the man as he slowly follwed. leave of absence; though inwardly murmuring that his proud hopes of distinguishing himself in the approaching strife, were crumbled to the dust. The laurel wreath he coveted was not to grace his brow.

Home! home! was his thought; and all preparations being made, he was to start on the morrow. He was sitting with his friends beneath the sweet moonlight, that was resting on the mouldering ruins of what was once a palace, belonging to some proud grandee, whose very name had died on time's records.

"Would that I too could see the faces of mine own," softly whispered Mrs. Sedley, through her tears. "Mother! sisters! you will see them all, and tell them that their Flora's heart is often with them."

"But still, my Flora would follow me to share my dangers and privations," said Sedley. "Does she now repent? The soldier's bride must give up much, but the soldier's heart feels deeply her devotion."

"Never, Horace! Your lot is mine;" and her eye was lifted to his face, with a look he could not mistake. "But, even you sometimes long for a sight of old England; and Roland will soon see her dear shores."

Turn! turn! from fair England, there's death in thy Tho' her bowers may smile the fairest of earth; [path, There's danger around thee, Its meshes have bound thee.

and mourning shall be in the halls of thy birth. Every one started up as the words fell upon their ear, chanted in a low sweeet voice, yet distinct enough for them to catch each sound. the contents of the cup, dashed it to the They searched the ruins but could find no trace ground, where it shivered into a hundred of any one's having been secreted there.

"Strange!" exclaimed Cranstoun. "That I have some enemy I cannot doubt; but from and the soft air of evening, such an eve as is whom come these mysterious warnings? 1 only met with beneath Italia's skies, was stealwill stay and unravel this plot."

"Do not stay, Roland," said Sedley carnestly. "Nor seek England either. Distrust not by pillows near the open window, and there this second warning; I will endeavor to find some clue to this labyrin h. You must leave to-morrow, but your destination must be a se- strange that one so young and fair should cret, and a chosen band shall guard you beyond the reach of danger. I suspect Ridgley has something to do with these dark doings; for I have seen such a look scouling hate upon his dark face, when his eye has been bent

upon you, as has curdled my very blood." "But why should he seek my destruction? I know not the man, except as one who holds aloof from all companionship with his fellows. Why should he thus pursue me!"-and his haughty brow darkened as he looked at his land," she asked one day, just as they came | disabled arm. "Could I but wield my good in view of their "destined haven;" "I have sword," he fiercely added, "I would soon call

> Mrs. Sedley laid her hand upon his arm imploringly, "Roland, Roland, beware! there may be more listeners beneath these sweet skies than you wot of now. Hush! for pity's

sake, and let us leave this spot." "Yes!" said her husband, "for you know we can form our plans."

And they lett the old ruin, with the sweet moonbeam resting peacefully on the desolate by the embowering trees, when a dark figure some danger." came forth from behind a ruined arch, and gazed

ed blent with the evening winds sighing fair brow, and there she knelt,

With head upraised, and look intent, And eve and ear attentive bent, And locks flung back, and lips apart, Like monument of Grecian art'but no sound broke the deep silence.

"Lelia!" and the tones of the voice were stern and low, "what do you here girl?"

"Father!" and the thrillingly sweet accents came like music on the ear. 'Father! by the

"Tush, girl, have I not told you that blood

The maiden sprung to her feet: "Beware, a severe wound in the shoulder, and was fast father, or you will find your child has some losing strength from the effusion of blood; a portion of your own spirit. Taunt me again sudden faintness was stealing over him, and he with my deep love, and I will say one word recalled his fleeting senses, and Sedley and a ed my gentle mother, on her death bed, to band of his gallant soldiers burst upon them. watch your dark course, I would go forth a wanderer through the world. I tell you again, a peasant, who was supposed to hold communi- knife shall reach the heart of your daughter cation with a well known brigand band. Crans- ere it be stained with his life blood; and with

"Fool! idiot that I was to trust her," mut-

Cranstoun was in Venice, and two months went by without bringing any solution of the mystery; the third found him laid low with fever. In his delirious dreams he fancied that the mysterions warnings were again on his ear and he was conscious that a gentle hand smoothed his pillow, and held the cordial to his parched lip. A long heavy sleep fell upon him; when he awoke, he saw one in the garb draught, and put her finger to her lip in token of silence. In a half dreaming state he again sunk back, but not before he was conscious of looking upon a face of exceeding beauty. A heavy step was heard outside of the door-it opened, and the dark-browed figue of the ruiped palace softly entered the room. Cautiously he stole towards the table, on which

was many a drink and medicine. "Simpletons!" he muttered, "they are afraid of the fever; and laud me for braving the danger for my friend. Well friend, let it be. this powder will give him short shrift, and 'tis surer than the dagger or knife:" and he turned it into a chrystal cup that held some prescribed drink, and hastily left the room. Roland saw the whole, and knew 'twas Ridgley's form and face, but he was too weak to raise his voice or hand. But there was one other watcher, the fair being who was watching his weary couch. She sprang to the table, and with a glance at pieces. It was roison!

The stars looked down in their quiet beauty, ing gently into the sick room of Roland Cranstoun. He was reclining on a couch propped

with an anxious brow was Sister Theresa. "Tell me your name, sweet lady? It is keep such fearful virgils by my couch."

"Tis my vocation to soothe the sick and sorrowful," answered she in tones of music. "Surely I have heard that voice before, and met a face strangely like thine. But my head is weak yet, and I cannot reccollect. Surely

it was not always Sister Theresa." A knock at the door interrupted them, and ere she could reply, it was burst hastily open, and the glad greeting of Horace Sedley fell like a tone from home upon the yearning

heart of the sufferer. "Now the blessed virgin be praised," murmured Sister Theresa, and the shade of anxiety passed from her brow.

"Sedley, my dear friend, where do you come from?" exclaimed Roland, as he warmly wrung his hand, "I thought you still in sunny Spain." "No! my old uncle has departed this life, leaving me heir to his wealth and titles-a mine are only conjectures. We can bring for- good long rent roll mine is too. I immediateward no proof of this man's villiany. Let us ly sold out, and shall expect you to receive be wending to our own dwelling, and there Sir Horace Sedley, and lady, with a deal of form and ceremony."

"What! is Flora with you?"

"Yes! Nothing must do, but the silly girl ruins of halls, where mirth and music once had | must see Italy, though she has since confessbeen. Their forms were nearly hid from view | ed that she had a presentiment you were in

"And so I have been, Horace, from more than after them with a fiend-like smile upon his face. one cause-Ridgley has been here and though "Ah! go forth Roland Cranstaun, with your | this gentle maiden warded off the blow, and from lofty brow and stately bearing. Go forth with her lips I can gather nothing, yet I am cofident

your sage advisers to 'scape me-Ha! ha! my he has attempted to remove me by poison." coils are round thee, and I will compass sea and "Ah! I was just going to say that Ridgley land for revenge. When your heart's blood is deserted but a few weeks after you left. Can

about her, she glided from the apartment. | land, Roland Cranstoun?-Aye, do you re-

is the same voice that I heard in the old Queen." an angel by my side. Is it not strange that fortune should have singled me out as the hero of a romance like this-I would give my good sword to know what the end will be."

A gondola is gliding swiftly o'er the blue waves, and the moonlight is giving a silver gleam, and the soft evening air just curling their surface-strange that evil thoughts should

have a place in such a scene of loveliness. "Antonio, I tell you that twice, thrice I have failed that girl is my bane. I verily believe that there is an evil spirit in that beautiful form to circumvent my designs. Before her only do Pquail. Take her off my hands, and gold, aye, gold beyond your thought shall be yours."

"Ridgley, I have told you I love the girl, and will be kinder to her than her own fatherbut she hates me, I read it in her eye"-

"But nevertheless shall wed thee to-morrow Antonio, she shall be yours. And then, when you have borne her afar, you, boy, shall know the depth of Ridgley's hate.

The gondola glided onward, and those dark spirits formed their plans for the morrow.

Silence was in the streets of Venice, as Ridgely entered his temporary dwelling. A young fair gir! had laid her weary head upon her arm by the open window, with only her own clustering ringlets for a screen from the night air. The step roused her from her slumbers, and springing up she stood erect before

"Lelia, I have blithe news for you. To-morrow, ere the sun goes down, you will be the bride of Antonio Montoli; am I not a kind father to provide so well for you?"

The beautiful being before him raised her eyes to his face. The rich color that had tingof a sister of mercy by his bedside; he was too ed her cheek faded away, and gave place to a exhausted for speech; but she held a cooling | marble paleness. There was a smile on her father's lip that the maiden too well understood. In a moment her resolution was taken.

"Father, for naught have I to thank you, save for sending me to the convent where I early learned lessons of Christian love and duty. For the education there received, I do. thank you; for it has fitted me to fulfil higher duties than falls to one of my station. But, father! you have reviled and tormented me .-You have turned the sweet waters of affection to bitterness. I have borne all in silence, but father, henceforth our destinies are sundered for ever. I will not give my hand to your match-I will die sooner-no force shall compel me. Father, farewell for ever." And she turned to go forth a wanderer from the home of him who should have shielded her from haim.

But the passions of the parent were roused. and he sprang forward and grasped her fiercely by the hand. There was a glitter of something in the moonshine-but with a powerful effort she burst away.

Mrs. Sedley was anxiously awaiting her husband's return, when her servant ushered into he apartment a muffled figure. She started up. "Lady, fear nothing," said a low sweet tone

that thrilled to her heart. .- Lady, I claim your protection:" and whilst she held one hand pressed to her side, with the other she flung up the veil, and discovered the features of Florence Ridgley,-Mrs. Sedley uttered an excla mation of wonder.

"Lady, I am alone in the wide world, and throw myself on your protection. My strength is fast failing me-I am wounded, and by my

She sunk upon a couch pale as death, and Mrs. Sedley saw with horror that her hand and dress were stained with the dark current that to her lover. was oozing from her side. In terror she despatched a servant for her husband and medical attendance, and then applied what means It was not deep, and after dressing it, the English physician, who had attended Cranstoun. enjoined strict quietness; and having adminis-

tered an opiate, left them. Two days went by, and Roland was impatient to breathe the fresh air of heaven. Sister Theresa came not, and the third, in spite just reached me. I give you joy, Cranstoun, of Sedley's remonstrances, he determined to for I have still more than I know well what to accompany him in his carriage to the -- Vil- do with. So my pretty little Lelia will have la, which he had hired during his stay. His almost a fairy house, for Mossside is a little foot was already on the step when the click of paradise." a pistol fell on his ear, and a ball whizzed past him. Involuntarily he started back-it saved his life, for in another moment William, his faithful English servant had caught another from the hand of the assassin, and fired it; the hand, and they turn with deeper blessings upman fell with a groan, disclosing the dark features of Ridgley. He was conveyed into the very room in which he had attempted to poi-, son Roland.

A priest was soon sent for, at his own request, to shrive the dying man, and Cranstoun

bent above him. He raised himself up.

the holy man, crossing himself. "Is there there was a deeper well-spring of happiness in aught on thy conscience?"

Sedley started, "Why, Cranstoun, that surely member when a youth, you wandered to the lone spot one summer eve. One met you and Conviction flashed upon Roland's mind. Yes | warned you to depart; but you, with your fearhe was sure he had heard those thrilling tones less daring, would go on. The man laid a strong before, and he met that sweet pale face. "Sed- hand on you to turn you back, and your flerce ley-yon beautiful being is certainly a guardi- spirit was roused, and with the bitter words of 'dog and smuggler,' you struck him a blow in the face. The remembrance of that hour has never been washed away, and in it was sworn a deep oath of vengeance. Look at the subaltern Ridgley, and read in his countenance the name of Matteo Levesci; a name at which

you have often quailed in days gone by. "I have followed your footsteps, and vengeance would have been mine, but that, dolt that I was, I trusted a child with the secret .-She warned you well-my malison be on her head for it. I hate you with a bitter hatred", -and clenching his teeth he sunk back.

It all came back to Roland Cranstoun's memory. The sunny spot and the dark cave that had beguiled him from his home in the days of his boyhood to see what treasure it contained, and the bounding step, and bright beautiful smile in the fairy-like child who often stole away with him by the sea-shore, when the smuggler's bark was afar; and the moment of passion in which that blow had been struck. and the disappearance of Martin Walters soon after. It all come back to him like some half forgotten dream. Now he knew where he had heard the voice, and met the eye of the young girl whose kindly warning had so often saved his life; and he turned shuddering away from the dark page of human passions which Walters' life presented. Ridgley waved them all from him, and desired to be alone with his priest. When the old man came forth from the chamber, it was to say that his soul had gone to its final account.

Gently as possible was the news of his death communicated to his suffering child. A feeling of pity and horror at his impious end was all the emotion it could excite. His own hand had torn asunder the strong ties of filial love.

"No! no! my sweet Lelia, as this is your true name, I cannot so soon part from you .-Immure yourself in a convent for life-No! you shall go back with me to England, and be to me a sister."

"But, kind lady"-and her tones were

Such as when winds and harp strings meet." 'I have none to welcome me there. I am poor and alone. Few years may go by ere I shall be as one forgotten, whilst you, and those with whose destiny mine has been so fearfully interwoven, will be in halls of gladness and

mirth, surrounded by all you love." "Never, Lelia, never," exclaimed Cranstoun, who stood now before the astonished girl-"never-I love you, Lelia-nay, turn not away; and it must be as my bride that you again go forth into the world that has so sore-

y tried your youth." "But I am not of your faith or country, for my mother was an Italian, and I am poor in

wealth and name." "My kindred shall be thine, Lelia. They owe you a deep debt, it shall be repaid in affection; and though our creeds differ, our

hearts worship the same Being." Still she hesitated, and flush after flush was mantling her cheek and brow. She, the smuggler's daughter, to be the bride of the high born Cranstoun, and carry naught of dowery to him. There was woman's strong love, and stronger pride, contending for mastery.

Lady Sedley took her hand-"You are

young, Lelia, to quit the bright world, and pass years of lonely vigils and penances. Think deeply-a happy home, and affection's spells may yet be yours."

The maiden's face was bowed down, but not before one single word had pledged her faith

"Why, you all look in sober guise," exclaimed the gay voice of Sedley, about half an hour after as he entered the room. "But cheer up, she had within her reach to staunch the wound. | Cranstoun, there is blythe news from fair England. My old uncle, with the eccentric generosity that chrracterized him, has left you the pretty estate of Mossville, with sixty thousand pounds to support its dignity, in consideration of the affection he bore you in your childhood-so runs the will, a copy of which has

Home, home-the "Old Abbye" is in sight, the gates are thrown open, and Roland Cranston is again in the midst of his kindred. The mother blesses her son, the brothers grasps his on the head of the beautiful being beside him, whom they greet as his bride. She had saved their Roland from death, she had watched him in sickness in a foreign land, and their hearts yearned towards the stranger. Never wis such a joyous peal rung out, or did the old walls resound to such shouts of merriment as shook them that eve, for there were warm "The sands are running low, my son," said hearts to welcome back the wanderer: but, his soul a few months after when his young

A close mouth shows a wise beed