

The Leisure Hour.

A LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWS JOURNAL.

OXFORD, N. C. FEBRUARY 25, 1858.

VOL. 1—NO. 3.

T. B. KINGSBURY, EDITOR.
F. K. STROTHER, PROPRIETOR.

From the Atlantic Monthly.
SANTA FILOMENA.—By H. W. LONGFELLOW.
When a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our midst being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And fit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened, and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Herodotus of her speech and song,
That light rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

*Saint Nightingale—a tribute to Florence,
the saint of the Crimea.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.
THE OCEAN CHILD.

The sea in its great stillness seemed one
huge sheet of glass, reflecting from its gently
heaving bosom the sun's warm glistening rays.
Heaven spread her canopy of deepest azure,
whereon white, fleecy gold-tipped clouds float-
ed like tenant specters of the air—sporting here
while in mimic chase, and then vanishing into
an essence more ethereal than themselves.

Nothing of earth, dull earth, was visible—
Not one trace of land to dim the brightness of
the glowing scene—not one being of human
mould; nothing of earthly life to mar the holy
beauty of the ocean solitude. Yet there was
life; and beings of life floated on each rippling
wave—dancing on the creamy foam. Life—
strange, unknown life to poor blind mortals—
life of the spirit kind, dwelling in rare cabinets
of beauty; for there were nymphs with flowing
locks of gold and snowy skins, and beaming
eyes of fatal brilliancy, which woo—and win—
and promise—but to curse.

The sisters of the deep kept holiday; as fre-
quently they sported on the surface of their
world. They touched their harps of shells
with fairy fingers, and in sweeping cadence
drew forth rich tones of melody, and then they
sang and laughed, and sung again, in very
mirth and mischief.

"On to the emerald of the ocean, on," and
away they sped, that merry crew, borne on
great dolphin's backs. On to that spot which,
with truth, they styled the emerald of the ocean
—an island—a mere speck of earth—an oasis of
beauty in that great desert of the waters. Tall
pines grew from the mossy turf, which seemed
but floating in the clear green deep. Tall pipes
of melancholy form and moulding, looking as
though they were the tenements of disembod-
ied spirits imprisoned there—so the mind
would suggest—for some dim error of the past.

Thither the water spirits fled—thither to hold
their festival, and their songs and gleesome
mirth rang in wild music over the broad ex-
panse of ocean.

But one being, and she the loveliest of
them all, rested so sad and silent. No melody
springing from her harp—no mirth dwelling on
her ruby lips; her eyes cast down, and pearly
tears imprisoning the heavy lashes to her
cheeks; her hair, even her hair seeming to
hang in sadness, and shroud in gloom the
beauty of her fairy loveliness.

"Eola," and the gay sisters clustered round
her, and linked their arms, and danced—she in
the midst, like a pure marble.

"Eola, ay, ay, ay; come join with us and
cast off this dull part of grief, which better fits
the cold children of mortality than ocean's
fairy daughters."

Then Eola mused, and mused, and then re-
peated their light words—repeated them, as
dreaming of their import, forgetful of their ut-
terer.

"Stolid children of mortality," she said, "can
they be dull whose outward form enshrines the
precious diamond of a soul; the gem which
sparkles through the whole tenor of the life?
A never-dying, never-ending soul; a spirit
reaching through all space and time. O bless-

ed fate!—to be more than a mere bubble—
more than a thing of foam—a breath—a va-
por."

And now she stood alone; for her gay com-
panions, wearied of her mood, had left her.
Then a balmy air spread around her, waving
her golden tresses, lifting them from her snowy
skin; and looking up, she saw descending on
his outstretched pinions the radiant form of one
of the great spirits of the air.

"Eola," he said, as alighting he stood
beside her, "Eola, to heaven's great dome thy
words have fled, betokening a high, aspiring
dream in thy poor perishable mouldless form;
speak now, and say why shouldst thou wish to
more than thy gay companions? or pine for
aught more lasting than this life upon the moon-
lit waters—of merrily gamboling on the sun-
warmed waves?"

She raised her eyes, and the intense expres-
sion of those blue orbs answered him.

"Why should I wish to be other than I am?"
she said. "Why? because the subtle question,
Why art thou thus? hath forced itself upon me
with restless eagerness, and my spirit-mind, O,
that which should be mind, hath answered to
that great question, I know not. The ban of
ignorance hath fallen so darkly on me, that I
have cried for knowledge; thence came the
hope, the longing, the one wish, to have part in
that great state, when all ignorance shall be
changed into most perfect knowledge. And kind
spirit, answer thou that question, Why am I
that I am—the fleeting bubble of a day? He
bent his glance upon her, sternly yet sorrowing.

"Why art thou even that?" he said. "Shall
the clay say to the potter, Why didst thou
form me? Look at yon glittering ray of light
sparkling on the bright waters, canst thou tell
why that was made—created? Earth would
have given her golden fruits without that
gleam; man would have breathed, and all exist-
ence been as joyous had that single stream of
liquid light been dimmed in its birth by some
dark heavy cloud; yet, 'tis there—the fact we
know; but the why? remains one of the count-
less mass of mysteries which surround us.

Mysteries, which as they open to us all, reveal
the startling truth of the great goodness and the
love of Him who made us and all things with us,
their own bright hour, and then it dies, hav-
ing done its destiny. Thou art a sunbeam of
the ocean; thou with thy bright presence, and
thy locks, which fall like a golden shower
around thee, and thy short day will cease when
the inexplicable purpose for which 'twas given
shall be accomplished. Pine not for that which
is withheld—thy day is brief, but free from toil
and care."

I would bear toil, and care, and racking pain
and sorrow to be like thee; to have that which
thou shalt live forever; to know that the thoughts,
the feelings, and the hopes which stir me shall
exist, when the frail body fades; to know that
I shall live again, when ocean and her children
are naught but a dreamy atom of the transient
past."

"Thou wouldst have an immortal soul?"
"I would." And her blue eyes sought the
angel's, and her lovely form dwelt for an instant
in his heavenly orb.

"Would that thine own immortal nature
could leave its impress on this frame, even as
my image exists there."

And she pointed to the reflected picture of
herself.

"O spirit! messenger, or whatsoever ye be!
speak to my longing ear, and bid it hope; tell
my weary heart there is some way, some blessed
way, in which I, the bubble of the ocean,
may become something more than that," and
she bent her knee before the angel, and raised
her snow white arms, as though she would have
caught the promise as it fell from him.

"Child of the Ocean, thy prayer is heard and
answered. Seest thou yon vivid ray of rare
electric light? Swifter than thought, swifter
than aught thou couldst conceive, thy prayer
on it flew upwards, and the answer came ere the
breath of thy last word had circled in the air.
Thou wouldst become immortal—in spirit im-
perishable—seek then that which is unchange-
able; to dwell therein be thine existence,
thought, heart-feeling; be enshrined in that
which is eternal, and then thou shalt become."

"To aid thee in thy purpose, help thee in
thy course, I will bestow all human attributes—
reason, reflection, intellect. Thou shalt retain
thy fairy nature, thou poor ephemeral of an
hour, but I will clothe it with a human form,
resembling thy fair self, of more than human
beauty. Now speed on thy way, and seek to
incorporate thyself with some imperishable glo-
ry."

He waved his wings, and as she stood trem-
bling beneath the soft breeze of their fanning,
a change came o'er her, a wondrous change.
Her blue eyes melted to a deeper light, her lip
was curved with thought, her brow grew to
reflection, and her form, wreathed but simply
graceful, now, in each rounded line, each gen-
tle movement, became expressive of the pathos
of the soul; while garments—garments of
mortal shape—came as a dreamy mist, and
clad her wondrous beauty.

Meekly she bowed her lovely head, and
waited for the next command; and then the

angel wafted her forth on her mortal path, in
quest of an immortal destiny.

She stood—and a fountain of clear limpid
water mirrored her graceful form. Lost in a
childlike admiration of her beauty, revelling in
her new-born human feelings, hoping with hope,
for the first time in her existence—for hope is a
part of a prospective future, which only now
was hers—she feared to move, lest she should
crush some fresh-found thought or feeling. "Seek
the imperishable, dwell in that, and thou shalt
be so too," she murmured as she looked around
her, as her eyes fell on the beauty of the place
to which she had been wafted.

It was a garden—a bright paradise. A soft
verdant lawn stretched in the distance. Trees,
of dark foliage and graceful forms, bordered
this lawn; while marble statues, and broad
marble steps, the work of man, added their mute
embellishment to the scene, and the blue sea r-
moted idly in the distance.

The Child of Ocean stood entranced. A peac-
cock's gaudy feather lay at her feet. "Where
art thou, then, proud bird?" she said. "Wilt
thou not bear me company in this sweet place?
Where art thou, bird? Art gone—gone?"
Then echo, from her rocky hiding place, repeat-
ed, in successive tones; "Gone! gone! gone!"

"Is this my future destiny—here to dwell?
over here? Is this fair scene, and all that I
behold, imperishable?" and she glanced around
her.

Alas! the massive marble of the steps had
cracked; weeds trailed their length along the
ground; the autumn tints dwelt on the droop-
ing trees; while falling leaves completed the
sad picture of decay creeping over the now de-
serted garden.

Then Eola's head drooped low; for, with her
fresh young hopeful feelings, she had thought
to make this place her rest, her home.

"But I must hence," she sighed—"hence;
there is naught enduring here"—and she cast a
sorrowing glance around her, as again she took
her way to a lofty mountain-ridge, and rested
on the summit of a snow-clad peak. "Can
these perish?" and her eye wandered over the
massive grandeur of the scene. "Can these
mighty giants of the earth crumble beneath the
almost imperceptible touch of time? Surely
the imperishable dwelleth here, in these mighty
monarchs of the world!"

But a voice answered her:
"Foolish being, fit type of erring human wis-
dom—pause and reflect—exercise that attri-
bute bestowed on thee. These rocks, these
massive mountains, of gigantic strength, shall
crumble into dust before the destroying influ-
ence of time! Time!—the mere instrument of
him to whom both they, and time, and all
things are subservient."

"But even could their colossal grandeur en-
dure through the long forever, how couldst
thou incorporate thyself with them? Thou,
a being of light and love, grow into their cold
and stony nature? Leave these dead rocks,
and speed thee to the city. Scan the minds,
and thoughts, and hearts of men. Look to the
immaterial for endurance; all that is material
must perish; the immaterial only lasteth to all
eternity. Now, on thy way again."

But the gentle Eola shrank from the noisy
city, and her timid eyes fixed on the angel's
face.

"Thou wilt be near me, great and heavenly
guide!" she said; "near me—shielding off
arm and danger!"

"Those who would strive for the boon thou
cravest, must enter boldly on their contest with
the world—willing to dare each danger, cross
each shallow of their tortuous path, meet every
threatening peril. Canst thou do this?"

"Alas!" she cried, "I cannot dare the perils
thou dost speak of; I am too weak alone to
meet the terrors of the world. But thou shalt
strengthen me. Oh! I will wear thy wreath
mine earnest prayers till thou dost grant me all
the strength I need." And again she knelt be-
fore the angel; but he bade her rise.

"Bow not the knee to me," he said; "to such
as I am, prayer is not permitted; that alone is
made to One before whom I am but dust.
Pray unto him, ask him to uphold thee in thy
hour of danger; for to those who thus pray his
great word is passed, that his strength shall be
made perfect in their weakness."

And a smile of glory played round his angel's
lips. Then Eola walked along, her eyes raised
to the heaven of their own color, her heart
yearning for the help her trembling lips refused to
crave.

Entering the city with a lagging step, tread-
ing its masses with timid fear, she passed
through each crowded street and thoroughfare.
Thousands of human beings all hastening
with speed, and bent on some special purpose,
passed before her, jostling each other in their busy
traffic, heedless of all, it seemed, save the im-
pulsive action of the moment. How her mind
grieved for solitude, repose! Her mind seem-
ed crushed by the moving mass of life before
her.

Faint and weary, she leaned against the sculp-
tured pillar of a gateway, and her sad eyes
looked round, and asked for sympathy—sought

to find one congenial spirit to her own—but
sought in vain; and then her heart wandered
to her good angel guide. "Great spirit," she
cried, "through whose inexplicable power I
now stand here, grant me thy presence—if but
for one moment—thy cheering presence; leave
me not thus alone, in this dread place, to pine
and droop, and die!" But the angel, though
near, still held himself invisible; and she—poor
Eola—even as she spoke, sank fainting on the
hard unfeeling earth.

But not unheeded; for, at that instant, forth
from that gate came one who gazed on her as
she lay—gazed on her face of matches beauty,
on her veiled eyes, closed as in death, on the ra-
diant brow and ruby lip, the graceful form, and
wavy tresses of the golden hair; and as he
gazed, he wondered whence should come such
matchless beauty, such rare loveliness; and
then he thought, why was she there alone—
was she then friendless? She should be so no
longer. He would be friend, and more than
friend to her.

With tender care he raised her from the
ground, and bore her safely into the palace at
whose gate she lay; and as he held her in his
arms, as gently as if she were an infant, his
breath blew on her pallid face, and warmed it
into life again. And then her blue eyes opened,
and, with a start, she would have dragged her-
self away, but he held her closely, and tried to
soothe her with words of kindness, and begged
of her to trust to him, to listen to him, look on
him, to live for him and be his own forever.

"Forever!" and she raised her timid eyes;
"forever—for the long and dim forever? Shall
I dwell here with thee forever, loving, and loved
by thee?"—and her wild eyes looked start-
ling in their eager brilliancy as she waited for
his answer.

A smile dwelt on his arching lip as his ad-
miring look clung to her face.

"We will dwell in each other's love," he said;
"mine, for thee, will last through life, through
death."

"And I shall live, and move, and dwell in
that, and be, when all I know is not?"

He kissed her glowing cheek, and hushed
her questions with words of new promise.

And Eola drank in with eager thirst those
promises: "mine, she murmured, "mine, the
great boon now! I have found that which shall
outlive all time!—and I live in it! Mine the
great gift of immortality!" And her own words
lulled her into a graceful slumber, as she lay
resting in his arms.

She dreamed, and her vision was of a garden,
where each bright flower seemed to outvie in
beauty its gay companions; birds of dazzling
plumage, insects with golden wings, flitted from
flower and shrub, and filled the air with their
gay songs and dreamy hummings.

But a strange, cold blight came o'er the
scene; the flowers withered, the bright birds
drooped their colored pinions, and their glad
songs were mute! Slowly all faded from her
straining sight—naught but a misty void re-
mained—while a voice spoke words of sad
meaning:

"Child of the Ocean!—spirit of the deep!—
trust not to fleeting earth for permanence!—
Mark well this passion vision, and lay it to thine
heart. Where are the flowers and birds, and
all that gave life and beauty to the scene? In-
deed—gone—and lost. Thus shall it be with all
hopes rising from earth and earthly bliss.—
Child of the Ocean! thou art in a misty dream,
following a cheating phantom, which lures thee
on to bitter woe and disappointment."

With a sob, she woke, and flung her arms
around the neck of him who held her.

"Thou dost love me still?" she cried, "and
thy love shall last? Oh! I have had a dream,
dashing the cup of happiness from my lip, and
offering in its place a bitter draught of sorrow.
But thou wilt love me ever?"

And again he answered her: "Forever, dear
one, ever." And the days passed on, each hour
giving birth to some new joy, until, as in her
dream, her path of life was studded, strewn with
flowers; and the music of her own glad heart
rivaled the melody of the birds of song.

But the dream was metaphors more closely,
for the dull blight came—came as it had come
in the vision, marring the beauty of the scene.
The love of him she loved as well grew cold;
the dull blight came in that; his words of sooth-
ing kindness ceased, and frigid courtesy, or
scarcely that, usurped their place—there fell the
blight again. She sought to chase the growing
mist far from her, but it crept on and on,
shrouding her in its damp, death-like coldness.

Her cheek, her bright young cheek, became
pale and wan with grief, and her dim eye be-
tokened naught but sorrow, and he—the idol
she had worshipped with her warm young heart
—cared neither for the pailor nor the sorrow.

There, in that hour of woe, back to her des-
pairing mind, stealing o'er her smarting senses
came a low and gentle whisper:

"Child of the wave, thou hast built thine
house upon the sand, and it hath fallen around
thee; thou hast placed thy hopes in the fleeting
things of earth, and in mercy those hopes have
been destroyed. Thou hast but tasted of the
fate of all mundane creation—change."

She listened; and as the angel spoke, she
stretched her arms towards heaven to Him who

must endure when all things else are gone, cry-
ing: "Take me to thyself, enshrine me in thine
own imperishable love, let me dwell there, in
that which can, and shall, and will endure,
when this world, with its false and cheating
hopes, is gone."

And with clasped, outstretched hands, with
thoughts and hopes of heaven springing in her
heart, and warm and fervent prayers on her
lips, she turned her eyes upwards.

Then came a glorious band, who, with
their balmy wings wafted the damp and noxi-
ous mist away—wafted her woe far from her;
wafted her earthly hopes, regrets, back to her
earthly home.

Once more her guide hovered above her.—
"Blest child of heaven now!" he said, "learn
the one great truth: life—eternal life, such as
thou wouldst have, can be found in this great
love alone; a love which dwells in every thorn
and brier of man's tangled path; a love
which, scourging that it may repay, draws the
sad heart bleeding to Him who heals it with
the balm of his free salvation."

He ceased: and the sky became one beam of
glory. The dull earth sank beneath the feet of
Eola. On the clear air she rose, borne by the
gentle breath of angels' wings, through the
ethereal azure of the sky.

"Farewell, ye earth," she sighed; "farewell
ye palaces and scenes, which promise as much
brightness to the craving heart, and cheat it
with that promise."

"I have tasted of your sweets, and they turned
to bitterness in my mouth. I have quaffed
the cup of your false-named delights, your wild
intoxicating pleasures, and turned from them
with loathing to the draught of Heaven's deep
well of crystal purity—that living water which
quenches thirst forever."

"Farewell, beings of earth! who strive, and
toil, and run the race of life with eagerness,
for some bubble which, when gained, bursts in
the hand that grasps it: some glittering toy
which throws its tinsel brightness in your eyes,
blinding them to the glory of the Son of Righteous-
ness."

"Farewell!" and with her eyes fixed up-
wards, her clasped hands extended, and her
lips murmuring her fervent words of prayer and
praise, she rose higher and higher, until she
passed from our sight into the endless vista of
eternity.

From Fraser's Magazine.
ABDALLAH AND SAIDA.

A TALE OF MESOPOTAMIA.

The glory of Bagdad has departed. The
city where a Caliph once displayed a gorgeous
splendor and magnificence that astonished an
embassador from Stamboul, and where Har-
oun-al-Rasheed used to play his pranks of love
and merriment attended by Jaffer the vizier
and Mesroor the executioner, amid gilded halls
and luxurious gardens, is now reduced to the
insignificance of a dirty, second-rate Turkish
town. Bagdad, formerly her rival in wealth,
has shared her fall; those quays and magazines
which of old teemed "with the wealth of Ormuz
and of Ind," are now silent and unfrequented;
a population of two hundred thousand souls
has been reduced to six thousand; marshes and
stagnant pools have replaced her fragrant
orange-groves and her rose-beds, famous as
those of Shiraz. Such have been the consequ-
ences of plague, cholera, and deadliest pest of
all, Turkish rule. Nor has the country fared
better than the towns. All this region, like
Holland, depends for its prosperity on its dykes
and embankments; the remains of such works,
constructed by ancient princes, are still of an
extent and magnitude to arrest the traveler's
eye and claim his admiration; but, having been
long neglected, they have fallen into ruin, and
now the greater part of the south-eastern district
of Mesopotamia is a huge lake, interspersed
with jungles of reed, the habitation of frogs,
wild-fowl, and amphibious Arabs. The great
tribe inhabiting the northern side of this pen-
insula, washed by the Tigris, is the "Abou
Mohammed"; the tribe exercising dominion
over the southern or Euphrates side, is the
Montefik. Both nominally acknowledge the
sovereignty of the Porte; but they levy black-
mail, which they modestly term "duties," on
all boats passing through their waters, and woe
be to the luckless wight who endeavors to
claim exemption from payment by exhibiting a
firman from the Pasha of Bagdad! Circum-
stances have lately led me to pass through this
region in a native boat. I found myself one
day in the Hyeah, a large water-course con-
necting the waters of the Tigris with those of
the Euphrates; the black tents of the Montefik
were numerous in the neighborhood, though
not visible from the river, owing to the dense
jungle that lined the bank. While our men
were cutting some wood to cook their break-
fast, one or two Arabs came down, and I over-
heard them saying, that during the night a lion had
carried off and devoured one of their cows, not
far from our boat; some of our crew had heard
the loudly brute roaring over his prey, but I
had slept too soundly to be thereby awakened.
This incident led me to talk with the Arabs
about lions, of which there seem to be a con-
siderable number in those jungles; and one of

them told me the following story, which he
stated to be founded on facts well known to
persons still living:

"Some years ago, a wealthy merchant of
Basrah, having contracted his daughter, Saïda,
in marriage with the son of a brother merchant
in Bagdad, sent her up, with several female at-
endants, in one of his merchant-ships, in or-
der that the contract might be fulfilled. One
night, while the boat was moored to the bank
of the Hyeah, it was attacked by a large party
of the Montefik, who, having easily mastered
and bound the crew, proceeded deliberately to
appropriate and carry off the bales, which
promised an amount of booty exceeding their
most expectations. In the party was a young
Arab named Abdallah, famed for his daring
courage, who, having made his way suddenly
into the cabin, found himself in presence of the
females there assembled. Saïda, in her fright
and confusion, had dropped the veil from her
head; and he was so struck by her exceeding
beauty, that he caught her up in his arms and
carried her off to his head-hut, unnoticed by his
companions, who were too busily engaged in
their work of plunder to pay any attention to
his movements. The booty obtained by the
plunderers proved to be of such great value,
that Abdallah, who was equally feared and
liked by his comrades, and who claimed no
share of the spoils excepting a box containing
Saïda's clothes, was permitted to retain his prize
unquestioned and unopposed.

"The city maiden had already passed several
days under the roof of her wild captor, who
treated her with as much reverence as if she
had been a queen, and he her subject. Her
every wish was a law—her slightest word a
command; but she was a prisoner on parole—
for when he went out to provide for her the
fattest lamb, the tenderest partridge, and the
daintiest antelope, he made her promise not to
leave the hut, and to draw the bolt of the rough
door that he had constructed for her protection;
thus did he hunt for her, cook for her, and
watch over her, as a miser over his treasure;
at night, he lay on the roof of the hut, with sword
and spear by his side, to guard her from all
harm. In truth, the love of her had struck
deep into his heart; his liver was consumed by
its devouring fire, and his soul was a sacrifice to
the dust beneath her feet."

"And how felt that maiden toward Abdallah?
Daughter of a wealthy and haughty merchant,
she had never stirred beyond the luxurious pre-
cincts of her father's harem; she had never
dreamt of having any will but his; and now,
when she saw the proud and fiery eye of Ab-
dallah melted into tenderness whenever it rested
upon her—when she saw the graceful and
slender limbs that daily traversed miles of desert
and jungle in her service, and the muscular arm
that trembled as he offered her the choicest
morsels of his chase, is it to be wondered at if
she sighed with emotion hitherto unknown, and
if her little heart fluttered within her like a
bird newly engaged? One evening they were
sitting together in the hut, after having finished
their simple supper; the door was open, and
she was seated opposite to it, he being at a little
distance, listening to her articulate descrip-
tion of her childish days in Basrah, when a slight rus-
hing sound was heard without the hut, immedi-
ately followed by a faint cry from the fright-
ened maiden: 'The lion—the lion!' To draw his
sword, to envelop his left arm in the triple folds
of his blanket, and to throw himself between
the door and Saïda, was to Abdallah the work
of a moment. There, confronting him, were the
glaring eyes of the jungle-king. Could he enter
the hut, Saïda's life might be endangered; Ab-
dallah hesitated not for an instant, but rushed at
the lion, and plunged his sword into its breast.
Fruitless were the struggles of the wounded
lion; in vain did it rend to shreds the blanket
that enveloped Abdallah's left arm, tearing
away with them several pieces of the skin and
flesh. Twice and thrice did Abdallah's sword
pierce the vitals of his enemy; and at length a
terrible expiring groan announced the victory of
the heroic Arab."

"What were the feelings of Saïda that night,
as she bound up the lacerated arm of her de-
liverer? Was not her heart in her eyes and on
her tongue, when she looked into his face and
prayed to Allah to bless and reward him! But
no word of love was spoken between them.
The proverb says: 'There is a road from heart
to heart'; their spirits may have traveled on
that road, but their thoughts were still untrig-
gered. Abdallah's healthy and hardy frame soon
recovered from the effects of the contest with
the lion, and again they were sitting together
in the hut after their evening meal, Saïda's
tone of voice and manner had of late uncon-
sciously become more soft and tender, and she
was much surprised at hearing him abruptly
exclaim, in a tone of anguish, as he prepared to
rush from the hut: 'Allah, Allah! I can bear
this no longer!'

"What has happened, Abdallah?" said
Saïda, holding out her hand gently to det-
rain him; 'have I offended you? have I done
anything wrong?'

"No; you are an angel, a houri; O, Saïda!
it is I who am a monster!'

"You, Abdallah!" said Saïda, in unimagined
astonishment; 'you, who have been so bi-

ously kind to me, who have treated me as a
queen, and who have loved me as if I were
a queen?—what can be the cause of this
sudden change?—tell me, tell me, tell me,
what is the meaning of this?—what is the
meaning of this?—tell me, tell me, tell me,
what is the meaning of this?—tell me, tell me,
tell me, what is the meaning of this?—tell me,
tell me, tell me, what is the meaning of this?—
tell me, tell me, tell me, what is the meaning
of this?—tell me, tell me, tell me, what is
the meaning of this?—tell me, tell me, tell me,
what is the meaning of this?—tell me, tell me,
tell me, what is the meaning of this?—tell me,
tell me, tell me, what is the meaning of this?—
tell me, tell me, tell me, what is the meaning
of this?—tell me, tell me, tell me, what is
the meaning of this?—tell me, tell me, tell me,
what is the meaning of this?—tell me, tell me,
tell me, what is the meaning of this?—tell me,
tell me, tell me, what is the meaning of this?—
tell me, tell me, tell me, what is the meaning
of this?—tell me, tell me, tell me, what is
the meaning of this?—tell me, tell me, tell me,
what is the meaning of this?—tell me, tell me,
tell me, what is the meaning of this?—tell me,
tell me, tell me, what is the meaning of this?—
tell me, tell me, tell me, what is the meaning
of this?—tell me, tell me, tell me, what is
the meaning of this?—tell me, tell me, tell me,
what is the meaning of this?—tell me, tell me,
tell me, what is the meaning of this?—tell me,
tell me, tell me, what is the meaning of this?—
tell me, tell me, tell me, what is the meaning
of this?—tell me, tell me, tell me, what is
the meaning of this?—tell me, tell me, tell me,
what is the meaning of this?—tell me, tell me,
tell me, what is the meaning of this?—tell me,
tell me, tell me, what is the meaning of this?—
tell me, tell me, tell me, what is the meaning
of this?—tell me, tell me, tell me, what is
the meaning of this?—tell me, tell me, tell me,
what is the meaning of this?—tell me, tell me,
tell me, what is the meaning of this?—tell me,
tell me, tell me, what is the meaning of this?—
tell me, tell me, tell me, what is the meaning
of this?—tell me, tell me, tell me, what is
the meaning of this?—tell me, tell me, tell me,
what is the meaning of this