

is one who would ask how this knowledge may be attained, my answer is, in the study of the Holy Scriptures, and in prayer.

(To be continued in our next.)

(ORIGINAL.)

TAKE BACK—TAKE BACK THE VOW YOU GAVE.

Take back—take back the vow you gave
Since newer ties have power to bind thee;
It does not need that thou shouldst brave,
Reproof from her thou'st left behind thee.

The dream of bliss is o'er,—the spell
That bound my heart to thee, is broken,
And though my heart may sometimes swell
With pain, its wrongs shall ne'er be spoken.

Farewell—we meet no more—and thou,
May'st rove wherever fancy leads thee;
But, oh! think on thy broken vow,
And study well the tale it reads thee.

In passion's hour, when thou shalt kneel
To her for whom my love is slighted,
Think, think what that fond heart must feel,
Whose hopes, like mine, are "scared and blighted."

Be true to *her*! and still my prayer
Shall be—although my heart were riven,
That thou may'st never learn to share
The pangs thy guilt to me hath given.

Farewell! no tear is in mine eye,
Nor is my breast with anguish heaving,
But surely pride may own a sigh,
To one so loved—though thus deceiving,
Fare thee well.

LIBRARIES.

SYLLA, after the siege of Athens, carried with him to Rome an entire library that he discovered in the temple of Apollo. He appears to have been the founder of the first public library at Rome. The first public library in Italy was founded by Nicholas Niccoli. At his death he left his library to the use of the public. Cosmo de Medici enriched it after the death of Niccoli, with the invaluable Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldaic, and Indian MSS. Richard de Bury, chancellor and high treasurer of England, so early as 1341, raised the first private library in Europe. He purchased 30 or 40 vols. of the abbot of St. Albans, for 50 pounds weight of silver.

A WITTY AUCTIONEER.

An auctioneer said of a gentleman who had bought a table, but never came to take it away, that he was one of the most *un-come-for-table* persons he ever knew in the whole course of his life!

(ORIGINAL.)

LEAVES FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

II.

THE APPOINTMENT.

"Such ones 'ill judge of love, that cannot love,
Ne in their frozen hearts feel kindly flame;
For—thy they ought not, thing unknown reprove,
Ne natural affection faultless blame,
For fault of few that have abused the same,
For it of honour and all virtue is,
The root, and brings forth glorious flowers of fame.
That crown true lovers with immortal bliss;
The meed of them that love, and do not love amiss."
Spenser.

It is the eve of the New Year in Montreal. The gingling tones of the merry sleigh bells are still heard, as cariole after cariole, with reverberating sound, is dashing over the ice bound street,—this containing some three or four noisy young fellows intent on "fun and frolic," the other, a more quiet party, a bachelor and his "ladye love," mayhap, hastening to some scene of anticipated pleasure and festivity; here lines of carriages, as they meet, recklessly threading it through each other; and yonder, in unobstructed career, skimming over the sparkling snows, others are flying along with something of the speed, and with something of the appearance of the wild bird. The sky is clear and lucid overhead, the bright moon is up, and the imaginative gazer can readily fancy that the twinkling stars, aptly denominated "the poetry of heaven," which, in festooned brightness, are suspended in the firmament, have been lighted up by guardian angels, to gladden the heart of man with the bright promises of hope, as another era in his existence has been marked out by the revolving finger of time. Lights are streaming from many a window, and merry toned music, ever and anon, may be heard issuing, alike from city domicile and suburban residence, telling a tale of mirth and enjoyment within. Everything is in accordance with the season and the hour. It is peculiarly a scene of festivity and rejoicing, unbroken, save perchance by an occasional row, ending possibly in the forced and noisy conveyance of its perpetrators to the watch house.

Enveloped in the ample folds of his cloak, and seemingly unconscious of the festive indications which we have described, Walter Montaigne, with hurried strides, is wending his way in the direction of the northern outskirts of the city. To have seen him, gentle reader, hurrying along upon that evening, looking neither to the right nor to the left, apparently occupied with some engrossing idea, you would at once have fancied that he was on his way to keep an appointment, and you would not have been mistaken. Walter Montaigne, a month or two previously to the period which we refer to, had been