

without his master's knowledge or permission, to see a young woman at Bellevue whom he was courting. On the way home, he saw two men approaching, carrying between them what seemed a dead body. He concealed himself in a ditch, and saw them throw the dead body into the old well near the Croix-Rousse. He was very much terrified, and did not know what to do. Next day he thought of informing the authorities, but, like many of our peasants, he had a horror of having anything to do with the police in any way whatever; so he thought of writing what he had seen on a slip of paper, and putting it into the pastor's Bible; which he did. That was the way the thing happened.

'But,' interrupted I, 'the pastor declared that when he looked at his text in the vestry the slip was not there, and that the book never left his hands till he found it—how was that accounted for?'

'I shall tell you presently; it was the commissary explained that. Antoine Pouzadoux married the girl of Bellevue, and told his wife the secret. She advised him to confess all to the pastor. He did so, much to M. Martin's relief, for the worthy man had been sorely puzzled on the subject. The pastor told the commissary, who sent for Antoine, and gave him a terrible scolding for not having declared openly what he had seen. He then came to the pastor's, and asked him to show him his Bible, and the text he had intended to preach from on the memorable Sunday. M. Martin complied: and, after a short examination of the book, he said, 'I think I understand the thing. You see, M. Martin, that the last verse of your text is over the page. When you looked at the passage in the vestry, either from hurry, or from knowing this last verse by heart, you did not turn the page, and so did not see the slip of paper, which was placed, not between the leaves where you began, but between those where you ended.' And the pastor said it was likely enough.'

'So it was,' said I; 'but how did Antoine know where the pastor was to preach from?'

'The pastor,' replied the schoolmaster, 'had always a few written notes placed at his text—that guided Antoine. There, that's my story.'

'And a very good one it is, and capitally well told. I am indeed much obliged to you,' said I.

The schoolmaster seemed much gratified, crossed his legs the other way, and gave the fire a poke with his wooden shoe.

'And there,' cried his wife, who had risen and taken something out of a drawer—'there'—here she thrust the object close to my nose—'there's the button! Besnard got it for me after the trial, and I keep it as a souvenir of the commissary, who was such a good clever man.'

LONG BREAKFAST.—A farmer observing his servant a long time at breakfast, said "John, you make a long breakfast." "Master," answered John "a cheese of this size is not so soon eaten as you would think of."

REVENGE.—A person being asked why he had given his daughter to a person with whom he was at enmity, answered, "I did it out of pure revenge."

ANGEL EYES.

THE cold night-wind blew bitterly;
The rain fell thick and fast;
The withered trees sighed mournfully,
As a Woman hurried past.
What does she here, on a night so drear,
Alone amid the blast!

Her face, though fair and youthful,
Is worn with want and pain;
And her hair, that was once a mother's care,
Is tangled with wind and rain;
And nights of sin and days of woe
Have wrought their work on her brain.

There is no tear upon her cheek;
But a wild light in her eye,
And she turns her sin-seared countenance
Up to the frowning sky,
And prays the quivering lightning flash
To strike—that she may die!

The wild sky gazed unpitiful
On the wilder face below;
The lightning mocked her desperate prayer
As it darted to and fro;
And the rain ceased and the stars came forth,
And the wind was hushed and low.

"Oh, stars! have ye come forth to gaze
Upon me in my shame!
I left the city's wicked streets,
For I could not bear the blame
That was heaped upon me as I went,
And that cruel, cruel name!

"I passed the house of the false, false one,
Who tempted me to sin;
I stopped and gazed through the window pane,
And saw the bright fire within;
And he sat there with wine and cheer,
While I stood wet to the skin.

"Behind me, on the wintry sky,
There gleams the city's light;
Before me, shine the clear cold stars,
Like the eyes of angels bright;
I cannot hide from men's eyes by day,
Nor from angels eyes by night.

"I know a pool that's still and deep,
Where, 'neath the willow's shade,
When a happy child, the water-weeds
And rushes I would braid;
But I little thought within that pool
My grave would e'er be made."

She sought the place with hasty steps,
And a wild and rigid stare;
But she saw the mild, bright eyes of the stars
Had got before her there;
And to Him who sent them to soften her heart,
She fell on her knees in prayer.