

own. I sought her again and again, and under presence of serving the prince, I won her wholly to myself.

“It is a long story and full of dark passages—why should I dwell upon it? My treachery, her faithlessness, were discovered, and in a moment of ungovernable rage, I saw the prince's poniard pierce her heart. But I was not slow in avenging her. With the same weapon, he met his fate from my hand, and leaving them both weltering in their blood, in the garden of her villa, where the tragedy was acted, I escaped through a private gate, and that evening was the gayest and most brilliant among the revellers at the banquet of a Neapolitan noble. The first beam of morning revealed the terrible transaction; and but one, and that the most natural solution, was put upon the mystery. His passion for her had become a matter of notoriety, and it was at once supposed that, in a fit of jealous rage, he had first stabbed her, and then himself to the heart; and this belief received confirmation from the circumstance, that the poniard, which was found lying beside him, where I had cast it, and which bore on its hilt his cypher, had also been the instrument of her death, since one of the jewels which encrusted it, had loosened from its setting, and was found hid among the folds of her dress, where it had doubtless fallen when the fatal deed was committed.

(To be continued.)

## THE VOICE WITHIN.

BY S. LOVER.

You ask the dearest place on earth,  
Whose simple joys can never die;  
'Tis the holy pale of the happy hearth,  
Where love doth light each beaming eye!  
With snowy shroud  
Let tempests loud  
Around my old tower raise their din;  
What boots the shout  
Of storms without,  
While voices sweet resound within?  
O! dearer sound  
For the tempest round,  
The voices sweet within!

I ask not wealth, I ask not power;  
But, gracious heaven, oh, grant to me  
That, when the storms of Fate may lower,  
My heart just like my home may be!  
When in the gale  
Poor Hope's white sail  
No haven can for shelter win,  
Fate's darkest skies  
The heart defies  
Whose still small voice is sweet within!  
Oh heavenly sound!  
'Mid the tempest round,  
That voice so sweet within!

## THE REAPER'S SONG.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

The harvest is nodding on valley and plain,  
To the scythe and the sickle its treasures must yield;  
Through sunshine and shower we have tended the grain;  
'Tis ripe to our hand!—to the field—to the field!  
If the sun on our labours too warmly should smile,  
Why a horn of good ale shall the long hours beguile—  
Then, a largess! a largess!—kind stranger, we pray,  
We have toiled through the heat of the long summer day!

With his garland of poppies red August is here,  
And the forest is losing its first tender green;  
Pale Autumn will reap the last fruits of the year,  
And Winter's white mantle will cover the scene.  
To the field!—to the field! whilst the summer is ours  
We will read her ripe corn—we will cull her bright flowers.  
Then, a largess! a largess! kind stranger we pray,  
For your sake we have toiled through the long summer day.

Ere the first blush of morning is red in the skies,  
Ere the lark plumes his wing, or the dew drops are dry,  
Ere the sun walks abroad, must the harvestman rise,  
With stout heart, unwearied, the sickle to ply:  
He exults in his strength, when the ale-horn is crown'd,  
And the reapers' glad shouts swell the echoes around.  
Then, a largess! a largess!—kind stranger, we pray,  
For your sake we have toiled through the long summer day!

## SPECULATION AND PRACTICE.

It is not difficult to conceive, that, for many reasons, a man writes much better than he lives. For without entering into refined speculations, it may be shown much easier to design than to perform. A man proposes his schemes of life in a state of abstraction and disengagement, exempt from the enticements of hope, the solicitations of affection, the importunities of appetite, or the depressions of fear, and is in the same state with him that teaches upon land the art of navigation, to whom the sea is always smooth, and the wind prosperous.—*Johnson.*

## THE POOR.

'Twould be a considerable consolation to the poor and discontented, could they but see the means whereby the wealth they covet has been acquired, or the misery that it entails.—*Zimmerman.*