POETRY.

hen Christ, the Prince of Peace, was born

'Tis Christmas day, Good cheer! good cheer! Angels are near. Loud let the joy-bells ring,

The dear Lord loves such offering.

'Tis Christmas day, Good cheer ! good cheer ! Angels are near. Loud let the joy-bells ring, And sing, oh, sing, 'Tis Christmas day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"It shall be as you wish, madame, said Villefort; more especially since your wishes coincide with mine; and as soon

understand? Well, before dying, I wish to see my son-in-law. I wish to tell him to make my child happy; I wish to read in his eyes whether he intends to obey me; in fact, I will know him-I will!" continued the old lady, with a fearful expression, "that I may rise from the depths of my grave to find him, if he should not fulfil his duty!"

lay aside these exalted ideas, which almost assume the appearance of madness. The dead once buried in their graves,

though the cup of sorrow seems already his plan, the ladders and the fence. At length the hour drew near. Never did a man deeply in love allow the clocks to go

PAID IN HER OWN COIN.

And for them in bag capacious Gifts of toys I bring.

Ne'er was known in life or story Such a king as I. Christendom I rule supremely, And, though old I am extremely,

She hetcheled the flax and carded the wool, and wove the linen, and spun the band and ten children. She made butter

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