

and he listened long and eagerly to the tale of vicissitudes which James could unfold. But he was too consistent not to repent most bitterly of thus yielding to temptation. When the king departed, he condemned himself to additional penance in order to expiate this violation of his own rules, and allowing himself to think of worldly affairs.—This severity of his discipline proved too much for his weakened frame and advanced age. In less than a year afterwards, the grave, which (according to a rule of the order) his own hands had dug, received the remains of him who was once known as the gifted, the ambitious, the voluptuous Armand de Rance. For *thirty-seven years* had he been buried in this desert of earthly affections, and, when, at the age of sixty-five, he laid down the burden of existence, the errors of the youthful priest had long been forgotten in the austerity of the pious Abbot of La Trappe.

Gentle reader thou hast doubtless listened to many a tale of romantic interest connected with the monks of La Trappe, for the mystery which must envelope men who live together, looking not upon each other's faces, and hearing not each other's speech, must ever make them a favourite subject with imaginary writers. But it may be thou knowest little of the history of the singular fraternity; it may be that thou hast never before heard of him by whose exertions it was transformed from one of the least to one of the most ascetic orders of monks ever known to exist. I can only tell thee that mine is a true record of the past; and the austerities which now waste the lives of the solitary Trappists owe their origin to the melancholy termination of an intrigue of the seventeenth century.

NOTE.—According to Jesse, the house which was the scene of Madame de Montbazon's death, and of the frightful spectacle recorded above, is still standing in Paris. It is No. 14 in the Rue des Fosses St. Germain l'Auxerois, and is now known as the Hotel Ponthieu.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.—BY WOODWORTH.

Oh, Thou, whose eye, with mercy mild,
 Surveys the sinner's bended knee,
 Thou, who wast once a little child,
 As tender and as young as we;
 Dear Jesus, Saviour, Father, Friend,
 To thee our lisping tongues would raise,
 While humbly at thy feet we bend,
 A song of gratitude and praise.
 'Twas thy creating word that made
 All things below, and all above,
 When we admiring, see displayed
 Thy matchless wisdom, power and love.
 'Twas thy redeeming love that raised
 Our soul from ruin, sin and woe;
 Then let thy holy name be praised,
 By all good children here below.
 And may those hearts thy love inclined
 To give us intellectual light,
 To pour instruction o'er the mind,
 Enshrined in ignorance and night.
 May they enjoy a rich reward,
 In conscious virtues' sweet repeat;
 Oh, bless them while on earth, dear Lord,
 And take them to thyself at last.

EFFECTS OF CIVILIZATION.—Shall your cook and your waiters, your carter and your ditchers, be accounted equally civilized with yourselves? Shall they who watch the look, and tremble at the frown of a superior, be allowed to possess delicacy of sentiment and dignity of character? No; they are deprived of all personal consequence in society. Their own interest is annihilated. They are merely a necessary part of the luxurious establishment of their principal.

We passed by the residence of Polydore. We saw his gorgeous palace and widely extended fields. We examined his gardens, his park, his orchards; and were struck with astonishment at the splendour of his establishment. And is this all, we enquired, designed for the accommodation of one man! Can one creature, not six feet high, occupy all these splendid apartments? Behold the flocks, and herds, and fields of corn? Can all these be necessary for the sustenance of one! But if all this be the product of his own labour, he has full liberty to enjoy it. Polydore must be a giant! Did he pile up these massy stones, and erect these ponderous buildings? Did he subdue the lordly forest, and cover the fields with waving grain? No: Polydore has done nothing. He owes all this to the labour of

Contradiction.—Matrimony, we all know and allow, is the consummation of love; now lexicographers say that consummation means end.