

Where come the sheep ?
 To the rich man's moor.
 Where cometh sleep ?
 To the bed that's poor.
 Peasants must weep,
 And kings endure;
 That is a fate that none can cure;
 Yet Spring doth all she can, I trow;
 She brings the bright hours,
 She weaves the sweet flowers,
 She dresseth her bowers,
 For all below !
 O the Spring, &c,

THE FAIR PENITENT.

It was evening. The last rays of the setting sun fell upon the richly painted windows of the Abbey, and threw a "dim religious light", upon the marble floor beneath, and the fretted pillars that rose on all sides. A young female, dressed in virgin white, advanced up the aisle, with slow and irregular steps, her eyes timidly bent upon the ground, and her lovely looks half-shewing a countenance in which health and innocence seemed to vie with each other, which should add most beauty to features, the form of which were beauty itself.

She stopped for a moment as she reached the open portal of the chapel that formed a recess on one side of the aisle, and then turned into the recess, entered a Confessional, and fell upon her knees.

What "ignorant sin" could this sweet one have committed, that required absolution at the hands of her holy confessor ?

We shall see.

Having first pronounced her accustomed prayer with a timid voice, she seemed to gain confidence by this act, and proceeded to relate, first, her little acts of contumacy towards her school-mistress, (for, though bordering on womanhood, she had not left the Convent School); then her little sins of actual commission; reserving the gravest to the last. At length, though she had evidently not concluded her confession she made a full stop, as if reluctant to proceed farther.

"Come daughter," exclaimed the good priest, "proceed, you must not permit a false pride or delicacy to deter you from that full confession without which absolution were vain. What more !"

The priest said something to encourage her, but the pretty penitent still hesitated; and as she covered her sweet face with her two hands, as if ashamed to have it seen, the tears made their way between her pretty fingers.

"Come—come," said the holy father, "this must not be. I must interrogate you. What is it that thus troubles you ? Have you done any thing to injure or offend your good parents?"

"Worse, father."

"Have you been reading in wicked books?"

"I've not been reading at all father."