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Poetry.

HEAVIER THE CROSS.

Heavier the cross, the nearer heaven;
No cross without, no God within,
Death, judgment, from the heart are driven
Amid the world's false glare and din.
O happy he with all his loss,
Whom Godeath set beneath the cross.

Heavier the cross, the better Christian;
This is the touchstone God applies.
How many a garden would be wasting,
Unwet by showers from sweeping eyes
The gold by fire is purified;
The Christian is by trouble tried.

Heavier the cross, the stronger faith,
The loaded palm strikes deeper root,
The vine-juice sweetly isouth
When men have pressed the clustered fruit,
And courage grows where dangers cone,
Like pearls beneath the salt sea foam.

Heavier the cross, the heartier prayer;
The bruised heels most fragrant are,
If sky and wind were always fair,
The sailor would not watch the star;
And David's Psalms had ne'er been sung,
If grief his heart had never wrung.

Heavier the cross, the more aspiring;
From vales we climb to mountain crest;
The pilgrim of the desert tiring,
Longs for the Canaan of his rest.
The dove has here no rest in sight,
And to the ark she wings her flight.

Heavier the cross, the easier dying;
Death is a friendlier face to see,
To life's decay one bids defying,
From life's distress one then is free,
The cross sublimely lifts our faith
To him who triumphed over death.

Thou Crucified! the cross I carry,
The longer, may it dearer be;
And let I faint while here I tarry,
Implant thou such a heart in me;
That faith, hope, love, may flourish there,
Till for the cross my crown I wear.

Interesting Tale.

THE ASSASSIN.

A Tale in Five Chapters.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER III.

Perhaps, said Madame de Morency, with a charming grace, M. Chambel would prefer to meet the Abbe at our house, than to call upon him in a formal manner. We shall have a few friends this evening, and amongst them will be the Abbe; if M. Chambel would do us the honor to favor us with his company, he can meet M. Norton as it were accidentally.

And the honor will be the greater, added M. de Morency, if M. Chambel will undertake to bring Madame Chambel with him.

Pierre was radiant with joy as he accepted these invitations; and he returned home in a humor which, by the frankness of its delight, reassured Laura.

That evening the families of Chambel and Morency became acquainted with each other. Laura and Madame Morency soon grew intimate, and Pierre was presented to M. Norton. These two gentlemen conversed together for a considerable time; and, at the end of their discourse, the Abbe said, then I may understand, M. Chambel, that you accept my proposal, and will become the editor of the literary department of my journal, with a salary of ten thousand francs a year.

The young poet assented; and thus the objects of the Abbe Norton were accomplished.

The two drawing-rooms on the first floor opened into each other by means of large folded doors, which were thrown back on this occasion. Pierre was sitting in the back room, talking to Madame Morency; Laura was in another part of the same room, conversing with some ladies. The remainder of the guests were also dispersed in groups about the two rooms. Suddenly a servant entered the front drawing-room and announced the Abbe Fortin.

M. Norton hastily approached Madame de Morency, and said, The Abbe Fortin is just come up from the country, and had occasion to call upon me on particular business; I took the liberty of inviting him hither this evening.

The friends of M. Norton are also our friends, said Madame de Morency; and the Abbe hastened to receive M. Fortin, who now entered the room.

The Abbe Fortin was a venerable man, of advanced age, and with a benign though firm expression of countenance. His demeanor was im-

posing, his address affable, and his voice mild and agreeable. He was attired in plain black; and seemed to be unassuming and even retiring, although his appearance in reality was full of dignity.

The moment this priest entered the room a sort of stifled cry escaped the lips of Pierre Chambel; and he precipitately left the apartment by a side door communication with the passage. For some minutes his absence was not perceived, the entrance of the Abbe Fortin and the ceremonies of introduction having naturally attracted attention.

But after a short interval Madame de Morency looked around in vain for her handsome companion, and Laura's eyes equally fruitlessly sought her husband amidst the gay throng.

Where is M. Chambel? asked Madame de Morency.

I am at a loss to conceive, replied Laura, feeling alarmed.

Half an hour passed away, and still he did not return. Madame Chambel hastened home to ascertain if he was unwell, and had been compelled to leave the party abruptly.

She found Chambel in his study—pale, haggard and terrified. He was pacing the room with rapid steps in an agitated manner—as if he were laboring under violent emotions.

Pierre, what in the name of heaven is the matter? demanded his wife, hastening towards him. Nothing—nothing—a sudden indisposition—it is nearly over.

Illness does not produce such effects as this. You are alarmed—you are shocked! Tell me what has happened!

Nothing, I repeat—nothing, answered Chambel, endeavoring by a desperate effort to recover an air of composure.

The wife was compelled to be satisfied with this reply; but she could not avoid entertaining a suspicion that her husband had concealed from her the true cause of his emotions—for he had appeared to be suffering rather from mental than physical anguish.

On the following morning Chambel proceeded to the office of the journal with which he now functioned. The Abbe Norton was already there.

You disappeared most strangely last night, M. Chambel, said the Abbe, with a smile.

A sudden indisposition—an acute pain—

without raising his eyes to the young man; then, after a moment, he observed, Had you remained, you would have enjoyed the conversation of a very intelligent man—the Abbe Fortin.

Yes; do you know him? No, not at all. Does he reside in the city. He resides in the country; and he returns home this evening.

Ah, indeed, said Chambel. I suppose he travels by diligence?

What a strange question! exclaimed the Abbe, bursting into a hearty laugh. No; since you are so curious to ascertain that point, I can inform you that the Abbe Fortin will travel by post—that he will leave Paris at eight this evening, and that he proceeds by the Faubourg Montmartre towards St. Denis.

Chambel made no reply, but seated himself at the table and turned over a file of papers.

For a few moments the Abbe Norton regarded him in silence; then, with a smile, he said, Really, M. Chambel, one would think from your manner that you had lost your heart last evening, and that your thoughts were playing the unfaithful towards Madame Chambel. But enough of pleasantness—there are these books to review; you can let me have the articles this evening.

Chambel rose, received his books, and took his departure.

Ah, Madame de Morency—Madame de Morency, said the Abbe Norton aloud, as soon as he was alone, how many more victims will you add to the list of those who have already been dragged in triumph after your chariot?

Meantime Chambel proceeded homewards; and on his arrival at his own abode he hastened to his study. There he sat down to write the reviews required; but he was so fatigued by the exertions which he experienced in composing them, and even in settling his mind to the subject, it was to be presumed that deep emotions agitated him within.

The evening came; Chambel despatched his manuscripts to the office of the journal, and then sat down to dinner with his wife. He endeavored to appear more gay and in better spirits than usual; but the keen eye of woman penetrated thro' his flimsy disguise, assumed to conceal a seething state of mind. She did not, however, appear to suspect him; but endeavored to sustain the gay tone which he had given to the conversation, to the utmost of her power.

At seven o'clock Chambel rose from the table, and observed that he was obliged to go out for a few hours upon business connected with the journal.

You need not sit up for me, Laura, he said to his wife, as it is possible I may not return till a late hour.

You are going to the office of the journal? remarked his wife, interrogatively.

Yes, certainly, replied Pierre. You need therefore, alarm yourself, he added, with a smile. And having embraced his wife affectionately, he hurried from the door.

Put before he left the house, he proceeded to his study, and secreted a pair of pistols and a dagger about his person.

About an hour after his departure, a letter addressed to him, and marked 'Private' in the corner, was left at the house. The hand was neat, but somewhat formal, as if it were that of a woman endeavoring to imitate the writing of a man.

Laura hesitated for one moment whether she should open it—there was a suspicion in her mind which required elucidation; but she triumphed over the desire to violate her husband's correspondence; and accordingly despatched the letter to the office of the Abbe Norton's journal.

In half an hour the servant came back, and returned the letter to Madame Chambel, saying, M. Chambel has not been at the office this evening, neither is he expected there.

The domestic withdrew; and Laura, throwing herself back in the chair, burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming, He is deceiving me! he loves me no longer!

It was not until six o'clock in the morning that Pierre Chambel returned home. He was then ghastly pale, disordered in attire, and bewildered. His wife had been sitting up for him. She was alarmed at his appearance; but he consoled her, or endeavored to do so, by a variety of frivolous excuses.

And you have been at the office of the journal? said Laura, surveying him attentively.

Certainly! Where else could I have been? And yet when I forwarded this letter to you last evening, the servant returned with the information that you had not been to the office, neither were you expected.

Ah! a letter! said Chambel, without noticing the other portion of his wife's observations; and, taking the document in his hands, he tore it open and read it hastily. Oh, it is nothing; merely an invitation to dinner from a friend, he exclaimed, crushing it in his hand and throwing it in the fire.

Then, being anxious to avoid any further explanation of the questions from his wife, he hurried from the room. The moment the door closed behind him, Laura rushed to the grate, and drew out the only half-consumed but still burning letter from the fire. The bottom portion of the written page was still left entire. Laura cast her eyes upon it, and read the following words:

My dear sir, said M. Norton, without noticing the other portion of his wife's observations; and, taking the document in his hands, he tore it open and read it hastily. Oh, it is nothing; merely an invitation to dinner from a friend, he exclaimed, crushing it in his hand and throwing it in the fire.

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Madame de Morency. Then turning to the Abbe Norton, she said in a hoarse and hollow tone, He whom we have known as Pierre Chambel is our son—our child—the fruit of our love in my early youth! Heaven have mercy upon me!

Our son! What mean you, wretched man, cried the Abbe. Was the story that you told me of his death, ere I left the army and entered the church—

That story was false, I entrusted the innocent little being to those parents, and promised to provide for its maintenance. But I left the neighborhood with my family, as you well know, and—

My husband your son, cried Laura. Oh, madam, now all earthly influence must be used to save him! Tell me, madam—tell me—you will do all you can to save your son?

I will, I will, said Madame de Morency, sobbing violently; then, turning towards the Abbe Norton, she said, You possess the power to save him; the Archbishop of Paris is your patron—you have only to ask, and he will accede. His influence with the Court can secure the royal mercy. Go—lose no moment!

Yes, cried the Abbe, I will save my son! And the priest rushed from the room in a state of mind more readily imagined than described.

Pierre Chambel's life was saved, but upon condition that he should remain for a period of ten years in a gloomy prison.

On the same day that this commutation of his original sentence was made known to the heart broken wife, the hand of death closed her eyes forever. But she died with a smile upon her lips; for she reflected that the unhappy young man had now ample time for repentance; and that in another climate, at the expiration of his term of imprisonment, he might yet atone for the errors and crimes of his earlier days.

This hope has been fulfilled; but it was only when Madame de Morency was upon her death bed seven years ago, that Pierre Chambel became acquainted with the names of the authors of his life.

A young lady said to her beau, after fifteen years' courtship: "Charles, I am going out of town to-morrow."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"When are you coming back?"

"I am going to look for something which you have not, never had, and yet can give me without loss to yourself."

"You are welcome to it, I am sure. But what is it?"

"A husband."

"Why, you might have had that fifteen years ago, if you had only said the word; but it was afraid to ask you the question."

A Country Girl once went to the city to pay a visit to one of her old and best friends. This friend was married to a rich city merchant, and was a leader of fashion. In city etiquette, of course, the visitor was venal, and made numerous mistakes. Her friend wished to initiate her fully into the "mysteries," and as they were going to a large ball, gave her the following instructions—viz.: Eat only one small cake and one saucer of ice cream, and when your attendant presses you to take more, answer that you have mistaken a sufficiency, and more would be a superfluity."

Things went on smoothly until her attendant asked her to partake of more refreshments, when, to the horror of her friend and the amusement of the company, she answered in a loud voice: "I have evaporated insufficiently; any more would go flippity-floppity."

"Women," says Charlotte Bronte, "are supposed to be very calm, generally, but they feel as men feel; they need exercise for the faculties, and a field for their efforts, as much as their brothers do, and it is narrow-minded in their more privileged fellow-creatures to say that they ought to confine themselves to making puddings and knitting stocks, to playing on the piano and embroidering bags."

AN ANCIENT CEMETERY.—In the village of Idalion, in Cyprus, the cemetery of a former town has been discovered. Some excavations have brought to light several tombs in perfect preservation, from which have been taken a large quantity of precious stones, jewels, coins and vessels of gold and silver.

Employment so certainly produces cheerfulness," says Bishop Hall, "that I have known a man come home in high spirits from a funeral, because he had the management of it."

A Western mother is said to have thus maternally addressed her eldest jewel: "My daughter, you are now fifteen years of age, engaged to be married, and without a freckle on your face. I have done my duty."

An old bachelor's idea—When taken to be well shaken—the baby.

What Columbus did—A notion crossed him, and he crossed an ocean.

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