

THE ANGEL AND THE INFANT.

Un ange, au radiex visage
Penché sur le bord d'un berceau
Semblait contempler son image
Comme dans l'onde d'un ruisseau.

Radiant with glory an angel
Bent o'er an infant's cot,
As in the face of a lakelet
He'd seek his own image, I wot.

Charmant enfant que me ressemble
Disait il; oh! viens avec moi
Viens, nous serons heureux ensemble
La terre est indigne de toi.

Sweet one! thour't all but an angel
Come then, I pray thee, with me;
Come! let's be happy together
Earth is unworthy of thee.

La, jamais entiere alegresse,
L'ame y souffre de ses plaisirs;
Les cris de joie ont leur tristesse
Et les voluptes leurs soupirs.

There there's no peace without troubles,
The soul there cries tears in her joy;
There pleasure that gold of the worldling,
Is mixed with an earthly alloy.

La crainte est de toutes les fêtes,
Jamais un jour calme et serene,
Du choc tenebreux des tempêtes
N'a garanti le lendemain.

Fear sits at all of her banquets,
No day is all calm and serene,
High o'er the shock of her tempests
Come doubts of the morrow, I ween.

Eh quoi! les chagrins, les alarmes
Viendraient troubler ce font si pur,
Et par l'amertume des larmes
Se terniraient ces yeux d'azur?

What! shall that forehead so gentle
Be clouded with sorrows and fears,
What! shall those eyes of deep azure
Be dimmed with the saltness of tears?

Non! non! dans les champs de l'espace,
Avec moi tu vas t'envoler;
La providence te fait grace
Des jours que tu devais couler.

No! through the fields of the boundless,
With me as thy guide thou shalt flee;
Heaven will brighten the days it
Had portioned out to thee.

Que les fronts y soient sans nuage,
Que rien n'y révèle un tombeau,
Quand on est pur comme a ton age,
Le dernier jour est le plus beau.

There shall the brow know no dark'ning,
None shall there speak of the tomb,
When one is pure as at thy age,
Evening is brighter than noon.

Et secouant ses blanches ailes
L'ange, a ces mots pris son essor;
Vers les demeurs eternelles—
Pauvre mère—ton fils est mort?

Spreading her white wings, the angel
Rose at the words towards the sky;
Knew'st thou not weeping mother,—
Thy infant was chosen to die?

REBOUL.

H. B.

THE ORPHANS;

OR,

THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH

He would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of "the devil and all his works," had not his path been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghost, goblin, or the whole race of witches, and that was—a woman.—*Washington Irving.*

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"To the door, madame. He has been most kind and attentive all the way."

"Mr. Longworth could not be other-
wise."

She rings a bell, and a second and
more youthful woman servant appears:

"Show these young ladies to their

rooms, Catherine, and wait upon them. Are you too fatigued to come down stairs again this evening? If so, Catherine will bring you whatever you may desire to your rooms."

"We will, come down, madame, with your permission," answered Marie.

"Very well, I dine at three. Early hours best agree with me, I find. I take tea at seven. It is now half-past six—sufficient time for you to change your dress. Your trunks shall be taken up at once; you shall hear the bell at seven." She motions to Catherine to lead the way. Both young ladies make a sliding obeisance in passing, which she returns with a stately bend. A court reception could hardly be more formal or cere-