

getting late, and still she had many things to ask me and to tell me. I returned with her towards the lodge. We went in at the gate and she left me at the door, while she entered and bade her sister guess what stranger she had brought with her, and then called me to surprise her. It was late when I left her; promising to come again early in the morning; but I found an inn still open in the city. I rose early, and Alice and I walked again together in the park, recalling the old times and visiting all our favourite places. I kept my promise not to leave her; and wrote to my aunt to come to us, telling her, for the first time, all our story.

So Alice became my wife. And when, in after years, I attained to honour in my profession, I gave the praise to Alice; who restored to me my hope and spirit when they failed.

The Library.

BY MRS. ADDY.

Oh! marvel not that day by day
I love to seek this quiet robin;
Although the thoughtless and the gay
Deem it a haunt of lonely gloom.

The shelves around, whose crowded rows
Appear so dull and grave to thee,
To my enraptured sense disclose
A bright and goodly company:

Lessons of varied kinds they teach;
They tell me tales of former times;
Nay, oft assume the very speech
Of distant lands and foreign climes:

Not strive they with officious zeal
My praise and notice to command,
Each with persuasive, mute appeal,
Invites my eye and courts my hand:

Sometimes a stranger I select,
On whom my eager gaze to bend,
Sometimes salute with fond respect
An old and well-remembered friend.

And many a friend surrounds me here
Of long-tried worth and changeless truth,
Some, my wise guides through life's career;
Some, the dear playmates of my youth:

Even in childhood's opening day
My shining toys I oft forsook,
And stole to solitude away,
To hold sweet converse with a book:

And, as new comprehension came,
More brightly glowed instruction's page;
And lighted with a steady flame
The path of my advancing age.

Most soothing then appears this scene,
Renewing fancies of the past;
Where knowledge has our first-love been
It seldom fails to be our last.

What varied claims invite my choice;
Historians here their records pour;
Statesmen contend with fluent voice,
Sages reveal their learned store;

Philosophers the secrets tell
Treasured by nature and by art;
Poets unfold with sweeter spell
The secrets of the human heart:

And writers purer, nobler yet,
Sparing all earthly themes above,
With faithful zeal before us set
The blessed truths of gospel love!

Such truths indeed one volume fill,
Our safeguard through this world of strife,
Beyond all works of human skill,
The Book of Wisdom and of Life.

Yet mortal skill each holy truth
May place in lights distinct and plain,
To fix the faith of timid youth,
And prove the skeptic's doubting vain.

And mortal pen may well express
The fortitude that never faints,
The patience, peace and holiness
Of God's own hand, his chosen saints.

Encompassed by such spirits here,
Whose voices reach me from the dead,
Shall I desert this tranquil sphere,
And seek the trifling crowd instead?

When o'er these volumes I have hung
A few absorbing hours, I then
With spirits braced, and nerves new strong,
Can go among my fellow men.

Secure that if ordained to meet
With disappointment, care, or pain,
I soon can seek my still retreat,
And greet my silent friends again.

Nay, smile not at my warmth—I deem
My loved pursuits of better worth
Than pleasure's spell, ambition's dream.
The praise of man, the pomps of earth.

Oh! would that all who own their ties
The glittering thralldom could resign
And learn to cherish and to prize
Such calm and peaceful joys as mine.

Pierre Pitois.

In the year 1809, Pierre Pitois was sergeant in the twelfth regiment of the line, then quartered in Strasburg. He was a native of that half-savage, half-civilized part of Burgundy known under the name of Morvan; and his comrades never spoke of him but as "a tough customer." Always the first and the last to fire, he had the reputation of liking but two things in the world—the smell of powder, and the whistling of bullets.

Now, one fine day our friend Pierre took it into his head to address a letter to his Colonel, in which he applied for leave of absence to go and see his aged mother, who was dangerously ill. He added that his father, being seventy-eight years of age, and suffering under a paralytic affection, could not be of any use in nurse-tending the poor woman; and he pledged himself to re-