

how he got there—for I shut the door after me, and fastened it carefully, as I always do.”

“Well,” exclaimed the confessor, in an anxious tone, “what more.”

“Oh, father! the worst is to come. That night in particular—it was last Thursday, father—he looked so very handsome, and seemed to be so very fond of me—and—that—in—short—”

“But,” exclaimed the priest with a sudden show of indignation, “did your mother never warn you of the terrible danger of such conduct? Did she never tell you the fatal consequences of—”

“No, father,” interrupted the terrified penitent, “she never told me there was any thing wrong in being fond of such a very beautiful cat—and—”

“A cat! was it a cat?”

“Yes, father; a large beautiful white Angora, that I was so wicked as to steal from the pastry-cook’s opposite where we live, and have kept him concealed in my room ever since.”

“*In nomine Patres et Filii et Spiritus Sancti te absolvo*,” said the good priest, and never did he pronounce the words with a more full and gratified feeling of pious satisfaction.

THE RECLAIMED HUSBAND.

Mademoiselle D. had been educated in the Convent of —, where she was placed in her infancy: and had never seen anything of the world. At the age of eighteen she was taken from the Convent, and given in marriage to Mons. C. a young man of handsome person and manners, and possessing considerable merit.

Mademoiselle was young and beautiful; possessed of a susceptible mind, and of fine talents. Suddenly placed amidst the fascinations of the world, it had the effect of enchantment upon her. This being the first time that she had ever been addressed in the tender way, her love for Mons. C. was most passionate and devoted; and on his part the passion was reciprocated with great ardor and attachment; and much strengthened by her filial attachment to her father, who being old and infirm, would not consent to part with her while he lived, which in all probability would not be long.

About a year after their marriage, a young actress made her appearance on the French stage, her beauty and grace drew forth the praises of every one who saw her. Among others, whose hearts became entrapped by the captivating charms of Miss T., was Mons. C.—It was impossible that an amour of this kind should long be concealed. It soon reached the ears of his young and virtuous wife, who was overwhelmed for a time, with grief, by the intelligence. Like most of her sex, she did not sink under the misfortune, but sum-

moned up her resolution, and even concealed her chagrin from her aged parent. She formed a plan to regain the lost affections of her husband. Having been shut up, from her infancy in the walls of a convent, her opportunities for studying the graces had been none. But prompted by strong love and desperation, she forms a determination to acquire them, and, if possible, reclaim the wandering affections of her husband. She goes to the theatre, sees her rival, divests herself of jealousy, and attentively and assiduously studies her attitudes, her manner, voice and person. Her genius being great, and her determination strong, her success was incredible.

At length, as she wished it, the young actress fell, and it was announced that she could not perform in the play of that evening. Our young wife hastens to the manager, and proffers her services to undertake the part. She is accepted, and it is given out that a “young lady, a perfect stranger, will make her appearance as the substitute of Miss T. who had been suddenly taken ill.” Every body flocked to the theatre to see the young stranger, and among them, Mons. C.

She dressed herself to great perfection, played her part to admiration, and came off with great eclat. When the play was concluded she mixed with the audience in the parterre, among whom was her husband. All were loud in praise of the stranger actress; in which she joined, and the husband warmly approved her taste and discernment.

On their return home the young actress was the engrossing theme of conversation. Mons. C. was in love, and in raptures with her.

“And pray, my dear,” says she, “which do you think plays the best, the stranger or Miss T.?”

“Oh, there is no denying it, the stranger is a perfect angel,” said the husband.

“Behold then in me, that stranger and angel,” cried she, throwing her arms around his neck; “see what I have done to regain the lost affections of a much loved husband!”

He was struck with surprise and astonishment, and could hardly credit what he heard. On her repeating some of the passages as she had portrayed them on the stage, he beheld the angel stranger in his wife. He was overcome with her love, genius and perseverance, and fell at her feet, and vowed eternal constancy; a vow which he invariably kept.

TO ETHIEL.—Original.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From avarice and ambition free,

And pleasure’s fatal wiles?
For whom, alas! dost thou prepare,
The sweets that I was wont to share?

The banquet of thy smiles!
For thee I panted—thou I priz’d
For thee I gladly sacrific’d

What or I lov’d before!

And shall I see thee go away,
And helpless, hopeless hear thee say,
Farewell! we meet no more! IDA.