

A sad smile played on Catherine's lips, as she said, somewhat bitterly:

"It is not difficult for women who marry those they love to be virtuous."

Abel looked at them both with curiosity; he could not comprehend the thanks lavished upon him, for the pleasure to himself was so great, he felt indebted to them for giving him the opportunity of enjoying it. He took their hands, pressed them to his heart, and said with an enthusiasm which partook of the tenderness that filled his whole soul:

"Oh! you have made me know the full pleasure of furies,—bring to me all the unhappy."

Juliette promised often to return. Then the two young girls, taking up the bag of gold, turned their steps towards the village.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LINES WRITTEN IN MY BIBLE.

Has grief's rude hand, thy bosom torn?
And dost thou weep some fatal truth?
Art thou untimely left to mourn—
The blighted visions of thy youth?
The tear that trembles in thine eye,
Flows it for friend-ship ill repaid?
Or, does thy heart in secret sigh,
O'er hope deceived, or love betrayed?

Then Pilgrim! turn this soothing page,
Here find a solace a solace for thy care,
That can life's darkest ills assuage;
And calm the tortures of despair:
And learn with gratitude to know,
This sacred book to man was given
To light his erring steps below,
But 'twill be realized in Heaven.
Orms town, 1844.

GEM FROM THE OLD POETS.

HERRICK—1591.

TO DAFFODILS.

Faire daffodills, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay
Until the lusting day
Has run
But to the even-song:
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.
We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything.
We die.
As your hours do, and drie
Away,
Like to the summer's raine;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found againe.

CANADIAN LEGENDS.

BY CLARENCE ORMOND.

NO. I.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

CHAPTER I.

ON the banks of the St. Lawrence, about midway between Montreal and Trois Rivières, the curious traveller will find a ruined mansion with which is connected the incidents of the following tale. A deserted house usually attracts but little attention, as it is generally supposed that the owner, becoming dissatisfied with his residence, has sought another home. We have seen many a house deserted in this manner just as the proprietor would get comfortably settled in the world; but with the restless disposition so characteristic of the western settlers, they would leave all the enjoyments of life to seek a precarious subsistence on the frontiers of civilization. Having premised thus much we will proceed to the relation of the incidents above referred to.

About the year 18—, a man calling himself William Caruthers, made his appearance in the little village, near which are situated the ruins, and having purchased the land necessary, erected a handsome two-story dwelling. Though he freely mingled with the villagers and neighbors, yet all marked an air of mystery about him, and when questioned about his former life he returned surly answers and was evidently annoyed. Thenceforth this was a topic not to be touched upon in his presence. In course of time the stranger married the daughter of a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood, and to all appearance, was a thriving man.

Twenty years passed on, and still Caruthers' neighbours could discover nothing about him—the same impenetrable cloud of mystery was wrapped around. Often he had dropped obscure hints, which his wife and family, consisting of a daughter about sixteen, and two sons of the respective ages of nine and twelve, in calmer moments ventured to question him about, but sternly forbidding them to seek to know his secret, he drove them from his presence. Then, and then only had he ever spoken rudely to them.

It was an evening in December, about twenty years after his first appearance in the village. The sharp cold wind whistled fiercely around, and snow drifted in banks against the side of the house—while the family within were gathered around the ample fire-place, from which a huge pile of hickory logs diffused a genial warmth throughout the room, each pursuing their wonted avoca-