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Select Poetry.
I AM WEARY.
BY ANNIE E. HUBBARD.

"Preserve me, O God, for in Thee do I put my trust."
I am weary, O my Saviour,
Weary of life's woes and care;

When I'm weeping, sadly weeping,
O'er the loved ones—cold and dead—
O'er their dust so sweetly sleeping
In the graveyard's quiet bed.

Select Story.

DR. BOULDING'S LOVE STORY.
BY GEORGINA S. PURDUE.

The chamber was luxuriously furnished,
and had an air of comfort, too, that told its

By the fire, in his easy chair, sat the doctor;
scated on a low stool at his feet, her cheek

"It must be twenty-two years ago, though to me
it seems as yesterday, that I, a thin, nervous,

"Then, changing his voice to one of the deepest
sadness, and laying his hand on the forehead

"I had been all my life so closely tied to
school, to college, to lecture, and to books,

"We were walking down a shady lane—I
remember, it was called Vineyard Lane—I

"That is fortunate. I am so glad you called,"
said Geraldine, as we followed her

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

PERSEVERE.

Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 7.

upon which the lovely patient pressed
herself relieved. I also think I made some

"Mrs. Collins was very willing. She could
not have chosen, she said, a more desirable

"I went up to town and worked like a slave.
I started in my profession, and wrote to Mary

"The moment I was out of Court I started
off for Wallington. I was not very rich, so

"I resolved to walk. Walk, did I say, I ran
—I flew. I paused one moment at the gate;

"Mary met me at the gate, all smiles and
tears, and looking more beautiful than ever.

"I was so struck, however, that I was
pleased with the love between them after

"That is fortunate. I am so glad you called,"
said Geraldine, as we followed her

"Then turning to Mary, I said, 'Mrs Collins,
where is your mother?' As she did not

"It was five years after I had lost my Mary
—five prosperous years for me—that one

"As I took her hand she opened her eyes
and looked long and fixedly upon me; then

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off for Wallington. I was not very rich, so

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The Tolling Bell.
Not many months ago, in one of my
summer rambles, I found myself, on a beautiful

"There is a very melancholy history con-
nected with that young man. It is now some-

"The guests at the clergyman's heard terrific
screams. Dreading some tragic termination

"It was on an autumn evening, nearly five
years ago, that Isabella, the only daughter

"The hour at which such parties usually
broke up had already passed, and there was

"You do not, however, believe it to be a
ghost, do you?" said Martin. "Nobody

"I never like to cause or impress pain,
if it can be avoided," answered Martin blushing.

"Ha! ha! what a poor excuse!"
You are brave enough to be sure but tender-

"Here, before these, our friends, I promise
that this ring shall be yours," she continued,

"I was near a quarter of a mile to the
church-yard, which was approached by a

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The Poisoned Lancet.
A Tartar chief once rode with his court on
a hunt. A dervise met them on the road,

"Whoever gives me a hundred gold-pieces,
I will give him excellent advice." The chief

"Such an occasion soon offered. But as
the physician was about to raise the silver

"The chief perceived it, and asked why he
had laid aside the lancet. Receiving the

"The conjuror and the Yankee.
Anderson, the wizard, met with a Yankee,

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