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Selected Poetry.

Up with the sun at morning.
To see the garden her bloom,
To see if the sleeping blossoms
Have begun to open their eyes;

Miscellaneous.

PREAR FARM.
A gray horse and a yellow wheeled chair
stood under the poplars which shaded a
brown farm-house.

insist upon separating us when he knows how fond we are of each other, and for no reason under heaven than that I'm an orphan and poor.

out of the keepin'-room." And Mrs. Kittredge opened the door softly into that room.
"Perhaps it would be pleasant to sit in the sitting-room," feebly suggested Margaret.

good about it. You won't think hard of me for speakin' out?" she added apologetically.
"Hard of you! Indeed I won't," replied Margaret; and then, comprehending suddenly that she might have wounded her good old friend by her quick manner,

"Haven't found her yet," was the laughing rejoinder.
But he did find her. Margaret, sitting alone in the dusk, heard a step coming down the walk.

and rosy cheeks clearly defined against the purple twilight sky—standing on the very edge of the huge, drenched rock, some ten feet from the shore, but in the sweeping current of the river!

turn frosts fell, she was the fifth Martha Warren of old.
At the time of the freshest, the bridge over the Ammonoosuck had indeed been swept away, but Mark, impelled by an uncontrollable fear—almost presentiment—had crossed the river at the risk of his life, on a log raft, and reached home only to find it vacant.