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Select Poetry.

A Winter Carol.

BY G. W. PASTER.

The snow comes over the mountain,
On the winds of the winter gale;
It covers up field and fountain,
In the folds of its mantle pale.
It falls where later were singing
Birds, and their homes of leaves,
Of wings in the rude land swinging,
And it fringed the cottage eaves.

Scorning the plaint of pity,
It roods from the rayless cloud,
And it wraps the shivering city
In the hems of its snowy shroud;
Along the woodman's clearing,
It was drifted for many a mile,
Above the porch appearing,
And over the summit stole.

The squirrel lay in the hollow,
Sung by his hoarded store,
And the rabbit kept close in his burrow,
Under the barn-yard door—
But the sun when dawn was dawning,
Gathered his garments bright,
And leaped from the bed of morning,
Like the king, in skirts of white.

Broad through the tree-tops streaming,
Rays as from diamonds ran,
And the icicle chauntfully gleaming,
Borrowed heat from the sun.
And the partridge commenced his drumming,
And the slight bells made music at home,
And the children went singing and humming,
For joy at the "good time come."

Oh! this for the heart of sadness,
The child's by dark despair,
Gained a ray of gladness,
Mid sorrow's wintry air.
The summer scene all departed,
And lighted each hope of bloom,
There are rays for each lonely heart,
Which at length will clear the gloom.

Miscellaneous.

From Tait's Magazine.

MARY SUTHERLAND.

CHAPTER I.

A group of young girls, with their fresh faces unclouded as yet by sorrow or anxiety, were seated in a very pleasant sitting-room, and were talking and laughing as they looked out at the bright windows of a certain house in Brighton, on a certain frosty December night.

The room was spacious, and light entered abundantly from the windows, and the furniture, yet warm and cosy-looking—the more so, perhaps, from an air of careless freedom, which, though usually rejected over the long tables, the interminable rows of chairs, and the well-filled book-shelves. The bright glances finally on the worn bindings of grammar and dictionary, on a pile of slates with ink-stained frames close by, and on a pair of gloves, for the noon enclosed in stately night-caps of green baize. But on the faces around the hearth it shone and sparkled, as if rejoiced to find something akin to its own restless vivacity.

A very fair study for thinker, poet or painter, was that festive group. There was the shabby little one with golden hair and mottled arms; the bright-faced girl, with her hair in ringlets, and her eyes and her hair, her spirit somewhat chastened by dawning womanhood, the maiden whose soft eyes were gazing into the fire. Then there was the English teacher, scarcely more than a girl herself, and so full of pleasant home-thoughts, that not even the mountain of unopened stockings before her could call up a frown. Lastly, there was the Frenchwoman, with her shining braided hair and trim dress, whose shrill voice for once was hushed in anticipation of leaving "ce pays on est en la patrie."

The great number of girls were gathered around one whose destiny certainly was to inspire attention in almost all who crossed her path, although her personal attractions were by no means striking. She had indeed the charm of a sweet voice and a winning manner, but her face, possessing little actual beauty, was thrown into the shade by some that surrounded it. Her eyes, however, were prettiest of Miss Hartley's pupils being gathered, as usual, about Mary Sutherland. It was strange to see how irresistibly she was attracted by every phase of external beauty, and how instinctively she appreciated its slightest detail. Another trait in her character might be traced in her position at that moment. One little child sat on her knees, a second nestled at her feet, and whenever the night, if by children were present, it was this she sat thoughtfully loved the little creature. One could see that the holy instincts of motherhood were there warm and strong, rooted in the depths of her nature.

Through the friend and champion of the young ones, it was seen that Mary was a general favorite, from the tender of the gay chatter to the serious, the room resounded.

"Only half an hour before we dress," said one, as the clock on the mantel-piece chimed six. "Mary, dear, whose hair shall you do first? I think you promised me, didn't you?"

"No, no, it was I she promised," called another voice, "wasn't it Mary?"

"I promised both," answered she, "but I think Amy's hair to be the first. As she spoke, a small, waxen-looking hand stole round her throat, and Amy Lawrence's face rested on her shoulder. The features were exquisitely cut, and there was a graceful languor about the little figure, and in the dark eyes, which, with the exceeding beauty and softness of the hair, bespoke her Eastern lineage. The unusual European attire, and the early separation from her parents, had given the girl a certain subdued expression, as though both thought and feeling, which, under other circumstances, might have expanded into exuberant growth, were habitually repressed. There was an unguessed depth in her voice even now, as she answered:

"Never mind the hair. Except that I think I should have done it, I would not trouble you at all."

"Do I am always pleased to hear that you are a naughty child to say any such thing, and with this beautiful hair too, added Mary fondly, passing her hand over the girl's abundant locks.

Amy Lawrence and Mary Sutherland were staunch friends, and anticipated renewing at home the friendship formed in the school-room. Both were on the eve of that great event in a girl's life, leaving school, and looking forward to it with feelings differing widely as they, their individual temperaments, Amy, grave and law-abiding for her years, felt little of Amy's bounding delight, and instead of anticipating the endless pleasures of freedom, viewed herself with disappointment and regret; and that too with a perturbation which threatened to bring about the very results she considered inevitable.

Mary, too restless happy to remain long in the same position, had set down her nursing with a kiss; and the two friends, with some contrived excuse, were passing the room no longer to be the scene of their grief and joys. Their conversation, from its widespread tone, seemed very confidential and mysterious—

"Do you not feel quite sure, Amy, dear," said Mary, "you must know this kind, though he does not often write to you."

"Amy sighed. 'I am nearly sure, dear, but you see the land is disgraced, and you have kept it in your pocket until it is quite worn through in several places.'"

"Al! I wish you never would say you felt sure about it. Is he really coming to-night?"

"Miss Hartley said so, and Aunt Lawrence too; besides, I know Aleck would be delighted at the idea; he is fond of dancing—but there's the dressing-bell—we must be off—"

And with a rustle and flutter, the girls bounded up the staircase and disappeared into their bed-rooms, Mary and Amy together, leaving some things unattended to share the same room.

Mary was especially in great request; and many were the regrets that it was the last time she would be at land, with her thousand kind offers, to prepare for the grand event of the year—the Christmas party.

Many were her own misgivings as she hastily completed her toilette, while Amy stood by waiting. "Does not Emily Dawson look lovely to-night?" she said. "And, Amy, how well you look. O! if I were but beautiful, just for one evening!"

"You need not wish yourself other than you are, dear," said her companion. And then they both stopped in trepidation, finding that their governess, Miss Hartley had entered the room.

"I have been seeking you down stairs, Mary," she said, laying a handsomely bound book beside her, "to present you with this memento of my regard, and you give me an opportunity of doing a few words of parting advice. I have observed with much regret, the undue value which you place on personal advantages; and I really fear, my dear child, that if you yield to this fable, it will seriously mislead you in the choice of your friends. Here, at least you have been very wise," she continued, kindly patting Amy's head; "but I have seen you attracted by a pretty face, where it was the sole charm, and I have been grieved to find your good sense blinded by such a false promise. I have seen you, my dear, and do not look so grave, Mary; it is very seldom, I am sure, that I have had occasion to read you a lecture."

"Miss Hartley is quite right, Amy," said Mary, as she descended the staircase, for she always willingly acknowledged her faults; "I know it is a weakness of mine, but I cannot help it."

The girls had wreathed the dancing-room with holly and evergreen, and filled with young people moving to inspiring music. It looked very bright and gay. Mary and Amy were seated at a table, and their faces were brightly lit up by the fire. They were seated at a table, and their faces were brightly lit up by the fire. They were seated at a table, and their faces were brightly lit up by the fire.

"My memory is not so defective as you suppose, Mr. Lawrence," replied Mary smilingly; "and it is, does not deceive me, we met several times last Christmas."

"Those parties were far too pleasant for me to forget," replied the young man; "but how could I tell you that I had been of them? You were thinking of me, were you not?"

"I am very glad to hear that," said Mary, "and I am sure you were very kind to remember me. I am sure you were very kind to remember me. I am sure you were very kind to remember me."

"Poor Amy looks essayer," said Mary, "a few moments ago, when she passed in the dance. She does not seem to admire your friend. See how grave she is!"

"You ladies are hard to please, Miss Sutherland," replied her partner. "Evans is a capital fellow; he dances to perfection, and last, but not least, he would be a good match for any girl in the country. However, you are right; Amy had dropped him after the third round, and with such an air, too, as would freeze anybody but Mary. It is too bad to send a fellow that way, especially when she knows he is an old friend of mine. We saw a gleam of light in her eyes over her companion's handsome features, and with a wistful look, turned the conversation into another channel."

"I shall not go out to-night, Amy," said Mary, "I have a headache, and I don't think I should do myself any good by going out. I shall stay at home, and read a little."

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