

Select Poetry.

OLD HOMES.

By the way of a cottage gray,
The threshold with green grass grows over,
The path inside the door, in the broken floor,

Choice Miscellany.

MOTHER AND STEP-MOTHER.

CHAPTER XI.

It was a bright morning; the sky was clouded,
And the genial west wind sweeping over the
Springs of spring. In some sheltered nook

gentle rain, and a joy so solemn, that they held
their breath as they stood looking hand in hand
at the arch of their meeting.

When the first reports of their meeting were
over, Catherine's anxious eyes detected marks of
uncontrollable suffering in her lover's countenance.

ment of her pencil. After some minutes, she
gathered her drawing materials together, and
was leaving the room, when Sir Edward, taking

then a hasty running down stairs, and a pause
at Sir Edward's door.
"For God's sake, get up, sir!" cried Frank's
voice, in a whisper, a whistling whirr audible to

A Child's First Impression of a Star.
She had been told that Ursula and all the stars
that twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
watching the coming of the twilight on.

What Constitutes Riches.
"Be rich," said Mr. Marcy our worthy
Secretary of State, "requires only a satisfactory
condition of the mind."

A Romantic Story.

Some twenty years ago, a young man, whom
I shall call "Jamie," was pastor of a large
congregation of the Established Church of Scotland.