| nohtingalea <br> Seantiful must bet the mountains whence ye sorne． <br> And brieht in the iruittal rallegsethestreams， wherelrom <br> le imarn your sonel | Ble imitated Jerry＇s tone and man－ er so well that he langhed a hittic | fall my work done gratis，for sending him no maneb traide． |  | REV．DR．TALMAGR． |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | hecepishly． <br> ＂Well，I＇ll turn over a new leat，＂he | m monch trade． <br> Three days after，Jerry dropped in－ to the postoffice n little package ad－ | as if grown to the spot，until a siarp－ nosed woman elbowed her way in front of him，to see what interested |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| air． <br> Boon the year long． |  |  |  |  |  |
| ＂Nat，larren ate thone mountains and spent the strmama <br> Out sang is the soine of fesire，that haunts our dreams． <br> A theroe of the heurt． |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| A theoe of the herert． <br> Whow pinins vis ont dim，forbulden hopea frotouns． <br> No insing coloneft not long aight can sound． For all our art． | needn me．He shall have the best ser－ vice I can give him until I am twenty－ |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| We pour ourdaris nocfurnal sneret innit then， A＋night is withitrawn |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| he brouths of May <br> Droan while the innumerable elocir of day Welcomet the slawn． $\qquad$ Bridites． | gave Jerry ．There was a fivedollar bill in town．The piece in $n$ roll of bills，atd the gold－ piece had disappeared． |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | Jerry insisted that he could not have land the money．＂I know．Aunt Lacy， Ktule Cole by med me the roll of |  | A great log heap blazed and crackled in the huge fireplace，tilling the roorx |  |  |
|  | Ttele Cale handed me the roll and I put it down in this pocket，and nerer tonched it till I got to town |  |  |  |  |
| An Old Daguerreotype． | When I took it out there were the bills just as he had handed them to me，and | 1 m n not the wind to go where i ＇m not wanted． | him，soul and body．He drew a chaii close up to it，and spread his chilly fingers to the flames． | lifung fimmeif at into iscresting light The day breaketh <br> You zee，in the firat place，that God allowe | amid grvat prisations and hardsy pryydhaved well Aftor awhithe they prym of A ，no ， ， of quaits，and these quails fell in |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | stio turneditt rrogg side out，but | Jerry hooted at the idea．＂No，they don＇t want to make up．That＇s the long nad the short of it． | ashes．The crane seemed to swint backward like a great finger，pointin， |  | and ate and atuffed themsolves unti？ |
|  | ＂Well，it＇sa mystery where it went，＂ she said．＂I can＇t understand it． | －When he finill started Weot Timm | to the past，as he sat and stared inta the fire． <br> People passing through the roor | least den：for David，dethronement and xile：for John the Baptist． <br> ine the |  |
|  |  |  |  | or Pani，a shipwreck：for John，desolato tosephine，banishment；for Mos sigourney， |  |
|  | －Poobt 1ts on mystery，＂nawereal |  |  |  |  |
|  | hie hail it toled top in the bille，but | name Year niter year he worked on， | hearth，They urver dreamed of tha |  | I，nnromeninthni while swreatling wititnel nay be triumphant we must expert that will teave ita mark upon ua．Jncoter |
|  |  |  |  |  | 为 |
|  | bib junping up white with anger |  |  | ng of the Montreal popula eefor John Brown of Edinburg，the pistol shot of Lord Clasver－ | man men umpux motit matio wit |
|  |  | lely for the pleasure of aceumulat－ <br> g． | suashine，ot long stretches of leve ＊2a－sands where the tide crawled in． | 为 |  |
|  |  |  |  | ＂taid of the Lord Bod Almighty．Nome onenaid to A Christian reformar．＂Theworld is katainat vou．＂＂Then，＂he replied，on am |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | Jtury houndee up matars to his romm， | paper，wiped hisspectaclen and scanned the rough，burly－looking man on the | all these silent years？He wondered how they would receive his long－de |  | mased through the flro do not feel as gey <br>  <br> Do not be out of patieners with these et |
|  |  | other side of the stove，as if he had been a stranger． |  | fian has his strugzle．This man had hiscom－ int inall street，this one on Broud streot this one on Fulton strect，this one on Chest | momn not out of their despondency．Theyma triumph over their tow，aud yot thetrshail tell you that they have been trowit |
|  |  | Look here，Jerry，＂he snid，pres－ ently．＂you＇re getting to look old，and | （ent | nut street，this ouse on state struet，thiv on＂on Lombind stret，this one on the bours．With thanchal misfortune you have had thie |  |
|  | down staira to his uncle． <br> 1 never naw or tonched your gold－ |  | again，pulling his beard meditatively． as he wallked townard the gate．It |  | 为 |
|  |  |  |  | Wropped into your store from loft to cellar． |  |
|  |  |  | Noemen week sine hat hateniered it |  | open to swallow down what we love be Whe Lacarits more dear to Him than ou |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| were hilied ty lightuing，nuid thut |  |  |  | not yot oscopesd，and it is uncortain whother告 will throw sau or woll throw it． Here is atiother anul in strugele with some | weop．Oum baik to wald the heart．The full into God＇s bottle．Amficted ones hat |
|  | knob，helooked back at the woman by the fireplace，with her face in her | County to miss such a show． <br> Thus it came nbout that one day |  | Lad appetito．He knew not how stenlthily it Was growing upon hitm．One hour he woke up．He sald．For the sake of my xoul，my |  |
|  | ＂tiool－by，Anut Lueg，＂he said，with a choke in his voice．＂You＇ve been awful good to me 1＇ll never for－ |  |  | Immy，of thy，（thitiren，nad of ony God，And，bhot，ho foundI muself alone tyy the brook Jabbok，and ithit |  |
|  |  |  | enough．He way going back to Unch Caleb and Aunt Lacy．－Yuuth＇s Com panion． |  |  |
|  | get thet＂ （he shat the door abruptry， | He plotded along the Mutway Fais ance，his ambrelia under his arm，and his hnuds in his pockets；he walked | The Printess and the Shoemaker． | on thim and the selized upon it，and，oh，the horror of the connice：When once a had bahit thas aroused itself up to destroy a man |  |
|  |  |  |  | and tho mias has sworn that，by the helep of the etornal（ood，he will destroy it，all henven | that in the dark nietht and by the brook Jul the were trouble touched <br> Again，we may take the illea of the ta |
|  |  |  | The Priatess and the Shaemaker． <br> Some time ago there wero stories around that Princesy Maud，daughten | drawa itwilf out in a long line of light to look |  |
|  |  | trianism，but the long furrows，en livened $\cdots$ ly by the pipe of a quail or the ery of a catbird，had never brought | of the Prince of Wales，was not as ro bust as she might be．In feat it was hinted thas she inherited a good dea | from above，and hell stretches itsolf in myr－ midtons of spite to look up from beneath． <br> themaslyos for anely |  |
|  | work his way out West as soon as he could． |  |  |  | prospects are brightening．The echuret Christ is rising up in its atrength to go for |
|  |  | the ery of a catbird，had never brought such weariness as Jerry felt now． <br> He did not realize he was no tired | of the trouble which eventually ent minated in the death of her uncle，the |  |  |
|  | Hingling with the reeollection of |  | late Duke of Albany．Some color wai given to these rumors by the fact that Princess Mand was permitted |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| order |  |  |  |  | ${ }^{\text {den }}$ |
| Gomter had teen older thin he |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | ate hatro |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| soothingly． | mell |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| conit wet nlong，no ther neid to． |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | mimem |
| Bat wimen Jerry crmo in to supper |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | ${ }_{\text {tom }}^{\text {tum }}$ |  |
| mort dhow－room for sacia a his Gaमaly firnalyle |  |  |  |  | thin |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | trat in 3 le． | atemer |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Prace |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| leeorma | ${ }^{\text {ath }}$ |  | Queer and Quaint Mo |  | tuat itiondy |
| gard toit Me Why，Aunt Luere，he |  |  | Eadyard Kipling is till seeking the cer nad quaint．Ho is now tundy |  |  |
| 9ple |  |  |  |  |  |
| they |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |

