SELECTED VERSE:
persian hove mong. Tell me, gentle traveler, thiou
Who hast wandefed tar and Who
Seen the sweetest rones blow, And the brightest riverx gitideWhich the fairest land has ten, Lady, shall I tell thee where Var above, aff climes beside Tis where those we love abide And that titte spot in blessed wo Jourivey go on a journey tay away over the oceand for many an dax Good-bye," anh he kissed me once ag Sut only a few short months hat ned,
When agatn I answered my husbuades could not tarry away." he saild:
"There is teever a gaip I stood by my husband's sicd "I go on a journey, sweet, to day;
over the river the bwatmen gltay-Good-bye: 1 shall linger long away. 1 sald, as 1 stooped for the parting kixa He cannot tarry, he told me so-
There is never a tand so fatr a未 t But many a mohth and many a year
Have tlown slinee my darling weat a Will he never come hark to meet me here
Has he found the region of perfeet day? over the river and lingers there: over he botman! call my name-
ohow me the region wo wondroas fain. O\% no son of Delvex oct.
 That was burning teep in the old man's he Sow, wife, remember !"-the troubled years
Had rohised her cheek of the likht of Joy But do your best to forget the boy !" The days The days went by, and though netther spoke
of the atweat one, who was once thetr joy.
Yet every Yet every nook in the old house woke Twas here he sat in his Htlle chair.
A lovely infant with smiling eyes, And in the corner, fust over theres, His books he stadied and won the prize.
Andrthe mother said, "There is no denyla That Love was never yet eonquered by trying The farm is a lonely place," she sald,
"And it does not follow when ehildreit That Into the paths of sin they tread, Ah, no; and PIl never betleve my boy so faise to his noble traits coull be:
But some or these days with pride and He'll surely come back to his home and may For hearts are true ; and there's no denying
That Love was never yet congere The old man traveled and tolled about Andedid-the cherea; but there war-no dont He thought of the boy he main semt away or now and then he would turn his head.
Or rise this fuce, with no look of wrath. Had suddene he imagined dead Ah, well-a-day ! there tis no denying How of we say to the hearr "Forget!" And hide ourseives behind grim redoubt,
While we journey onwurd, remembering yet The Joys we fancled were driven out. And day after day, though he whispers Of his deep regret and sorrow, 'tis prain
That the old man's hope and his only thous Is to have the dear outcast at "homeme again." It in alwayn wo nat hed therest no denying
That love was never yet conquered by was never yet conquered by tryliug:
-Josephine Pollurd, in N. Y. Ledger. A SONNET Amor, che ne ta mente mi raxiona.- Dante. Ahere be any one ean take my place
And make you happy whom I krieve Think not that I can krudge it, but belleve do commend you to that nobler gface, Yea, since your riches make mee rich, canceive And thread the bridal dance with Jocuyd pace, or 4 I did not love you, it might be That I shoutd grudge you some one dear delight: Your pleasnre is my pleasure, right my right, our honorabte treedom makes me tree,
And you companloned, I am not alon

THE SEASONA.
blueered ehild that sits amid the noon O'erhung with a laburnum's drooplng sprays, Singing her ittle songs, while sofuy round
Along the graiks the checkered sunstine play il beauty that is throned in womanhood Paeing a Aommer garden's fountain walks. That stopa to smooth a glossy spaniel down,
To hide her fushing cheeks from one who talk happy mother witt her fatrfaced- siris, In whosesweet Spring again her youth she sees,
With shout, and dance, and laugh, and bound, and strippling an Autuínn orcharuls laden treek.
Frout on the pane, Wintry room-
Fout on the pane, without the whirting snow
Of sorrows past and joys of long ngo.

We lose the pence of years when-we hunt after
he rapture of moments.


Janky W. Goisa.












HENEPmber. A. D. Dest.
Holletor for the Piminitir.

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## December 12, 188.

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