

OUR GOLD STRING.

JANE W. BRUNER.

Our minstrel's harp was daintily strung
Empearled like a shell of the sea—
Sweet the cords we swept as we sung
In pride of our minstrelsy.

THE LOVER'S QUARREL.

BY SAFIZ.

"Never, while I live," said Miss Rashleigh,
"never while I live, will I see your face again!"
She meant it when she said it; and as she spoke,
she threw her betrothal ring towards her lover, who had offended her.

temptuous courtesy. "I'll remember my manners,
if other folk forget theirs. Only there's other folks
as likely to be old maids as me, and I fancy it's Mrs. Spear's
affairs now if anything has happened to her boy!"

"It was her fault. I was a confounded fool
throughout!" cried Orville. "I knew the closet had a spring-lock.
No; don't blame Cornelia."
"I shall always blame myself!" sighed Cornelia.
"O, how pale you are!"

Carlyle's Description of an Irish Workhouse.
The concluding part of Carlyle's "Reminiscences of my Irish Journey"
appears in the July Century, and is equal to the first part
in lively picturesque description. A visit to an Irish workhouse
is described as follows:

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.
The supreme sin is the suppression of light.
Men have sight, women insight.—[Victor Hugo.]
Men make laws—women make manners.—[De Sequor.]
Fortune does not change men, it only unmasks them.