

Poetry.

SONG OF IRON.

My hot ships through the burning seas,
My sharp spears above the lands;
I bind the western prairies
Unto the eastern sands.

THE POOR MAN'S SABBATH DAY.

The merry birds are singing,
And from the fragrant sod
The spirits of a thousand flowers
Go sweetly up to God;

Tales and Sketches.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

"Yes, Ah, the waves have always to me a
sad, uncertain sound."
"Don't be soft, Tom."
"But don't you it is true! Just listen, now,

would be a success, at least, in the eyes of
love-sick girls."
"No, no! Alf, you are sarcastic. You mis-
understand me. I can tell you a sad tale that

Irene sat upright, clinging to the seat, with
a willow in her eyes, and a frightened flush
on her cheeks; it made her dazzlingly beau-
tiful. As soon, however, as she realized that

"With an exclamation of distress, Irene
placed herself between us."
"Keep silent, James," she entreated, "and
listen, Mr. Blanchard, what I am going to say

coached with the carriage and horses, had
departed secretly during the night."
"Then, as no trace to be seen of what di-
rection they had taken. Numerous unpaid