

THE COUNTRY OF THE SAVED.

Just over there, Beyond the solemn rivers darkling flow, Where trees of life by crystal fountains grow, It lieth fair.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REVENGE.

Obadiah Lawson and Watt Dood were neighbors. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers.

rode home, where he informed the people of the fate of his filly. No threat of re- crimination escaped him: he did not even go to law to recover damages, but calmly awaited his plan and hour of revenge. It came at last.

so at eight o'clock I found myself tightly wedged in between an Irish washerwoman with two dirty infants in her arms, and a down-faced, careworn looking man, who looked as if he never could have been young or seen green fields and blue sky.

most unpolished and ungentlymanly laughter imaginable. Stanley roared; Lord Morton said "Hear! Hear!" every- body else laughed; and Wilkie Collins wiped his spectacles.

take upon themselves more. The farming community are w... do; no suffering; they may take care and apply themselves earnestly to their farms, and produce all they can, for they are sure of a sale at fair prices.

bread was... that she dre... satirical rem... worry at her... fast. She w... spicuous,—at... two months... home to her... ple, her ove... duties. Was... thinking of... two month's... the house? ... more selfish... yes, and suffi... stream. But... religion, and... text floated... ed are ye th... there was th... thoughts. ... She said no... an opportuni... aunt by and... quence so st... she was mis... next mornin... Mrs. Leslie s... "Laura ha... I do not wis... said, decisiv... a parade of b... know." ... "Whoever... ther?" asked... "Well, I c... not have any... What ever w... behaviour is... therefore to b... "I perfectly... grave answer... And Mab, w... with a little b... and an imper... ders, but said... ed, for the p... was concern... no questions... again, and La... criticism at h... pathy. ... From the f... had taken the... was a crowd... were not too... received her v... that her com... path at least... class of boy... know what to... left us sudd... too full to t... rather not s... led Laura to... There were... from ten to... saw at a gl... social level, a... ing a differ... two little E... inquisitive ey... man boys. ... little Cuban... one pale and... stant pain, th... ion but curio... Laura und... trepidation. ... terials to d... means sure... them. She l... ever, of win... sympathy, an... she felt that... She strength... the following... nities to go... in their hou... some of the... and in them... the exercise... Her little... ford, was th... him living in... scanty fire, a... board. His... himself, was... shirts; and... night she co... she told La... close to get... was paid, b... work. ... The Ger... Here was a... tive sister, a... in a bakery... the family... came bottom... get employ... ways, and th... Laura's pur... home from t... ful heart's b... teaching as... children we... in the hard... lives. ... To tell... months' wor... these colum... sults can be

"BESIDE ALL WATERS."

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

Laura Curtiss sat at her window, one Saturday afternoon, in a brown study; hands folded in her lap, eyes looking out into the sunshiny, busy street, but taking no note of what passed before them.

THE QUEEN AT HOME.

Figaro has interviewed John Brown with the following effect:

"Her Majesty leads a very regular life, I believe?" I said. "Yes; it's generally the same, day after day," was the reply.

STICK TO THE FARM.

A contributor to the Germantown Telegraph has the following to say in regard to the condition of the farmer, and his prospects, in Maine:

The hard times, in my opinion, have been brought about by excessive extravagance in nearly every family, and the glowing advertisements to lure the young to run away from the farm and the trades and all honorable pursuits, and look upon labor as dishonorable.

STRAY RECOLLECTIONS OF NORMAN MACLEOD.

BY D. C. MACDONALD.

On a dreary Sunday in 1864, I was walking down Howard Street, Glasgow, when, turning the corner, I stumbled against two men, apparently laborers, who were talking in loud tones, and were evidently under the influence of drink.

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