POETRY.

As one very weary night
And passes on the day,
With hopeless sight in path to sweep,
So would I pass to-day.

Half-way! and looking down the road,
The pleasant summer sun,
The summer days, the summer leaf,
Make the short rest soon over—

Half-way! a hain obscure my sight;
Yet I can see the road
As, looking downward from the height,
I count my journey's half—

Half-way.

Ah, me! how bright and happy seem!
Their paths are strewn with flowers!
But others stepped see in their gloom
And bring back day to me!

Half-way!

How many a treasure then my gray
Has dropped, the long and weary way
Yielding! Thy strong and steady step
I took upon my journey—

Half-way!

But why sighing? Took do not
Nothing can I say.
My Father's guidance and his love
Are all in all to me—

Half-way!

Half-way! and I may never count
My three score years and ten—
But looking on, the rough ones at
Thinks that this night have been—

Half-way!

Ah, looking down! How my not
Why treat the Moment of Good,
I am would gone to rest—
And sleep life's weary load

Half-way!

—Christian Union.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER XLV.—(*Continued.*)

The last train from Market Basing leaves at nine o'clock, and is at Euston at half-past ten. They had to wait for the train for Dick Ishof luggage and always kept changes of raiment and fine linen at his chambers in Jermyn street. Crossing the river, Dick bethought him that he had not seen his father for some days. So he passed through the gardenlets the house.

Mr. Mortiboy was in his bed. Hester was feeding him with a spoon; his breakfast consisting of bread and milk. He frowned at his son as usual, and then quickly took his milk a spoonful at a time until the basin was emptied. Dick ate his fry at the bed-rail, and washed down his meal. He ate it as very good; altogether there was a great change in him. The fired smile had simply left his mouth, and the distortion of his face was much less noticeable. Then his eye was brighter, his memory better, the cloud seems to be gradually lifting from his mind. As his son sat by his bedside watching Hester feed the old man, and thinking of all that had happened, suddenly there flashed upon his memory an old, old day, so long ago that it had never come come back to him; a day more than a quarter of a century old; an autumn day like the present, when the golden time were on the leaves; a morning when a child he walked hand-in-hand with his father, and asked him questions. He remembered how his father, lifting him in his arms, stroked his cheeks and kissed him; how he flung his arms round his neck and kissed his father again. A simple childish caress; it happened perhaps a dozen thousand times to most children; to Dick it seemed only to have occurred once, because Mr. Mortiboy was an undemonstrative man, and with him such events were rare. As he remembered this, another thought came upon him; it was, that never once since that day, save when his own crime caused regret, had his father love caused to burn in a steady flame. He knew it now; he recognized it even in the dulled state of mind he lay in. He knew that he had; yes, in the tyranny of his youth; even in the hard word and long hours to which his father subjected him. But others stepped see in their gloom and bring back day to me—

Half-way!

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Yielding! Thy strong and steady step
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