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No 2

Hoetry.

, THE MIDNIGHT CHIMES.

Hark across the startled midnight, How the solemn echoes swell; Peals the Old Year's parting kneh "All its, flush and vernal beauty, Wealth of summers golden prime, Harvest joy and winter sadnes Ended with that farewell chime

Sinks the heart in painful musing, And the Old Year swift departeth Memory's busy pencil painteth Scenes we do not care to view ; Voices that we fain would silence Thrill the darkened chamber through

O the golden days departed! Could we live the hours again, Never should their memory waken Such a mournful spectral train. All the blessings coldly slighted, Burdened hearts we have lightened, Loying deeds we might have wrought:

Sad, reproachful looks they cast Till they cross the shadowy threshold, Entering on the silent past. But regret, and shame and sorrow Not alone to us remain ; One whose blood can cleanse each stair

He hath marked each upward effort, Knowing all the pains it cost; Told contrition's falling tear drops, And our labor is not lost. Thus with judgment mingles mercy, Blends with grief the song of peace, As the voice that stills the ocean Bids the spirit's tumult cease.

Hark ! the bells' sweet clangour changeth, "Welcome to the New Year's dawning," And the Past and Future meet. And the chimes resounding o'er us Wake a glad responsive tone, While upon the path before us

Beams of heavenly light are thrown.

Press we onward to the prize, Where the crown of fadeless glory Waits for us beyond the skies. Soon o'er Times dark waters swellin Sweeter notes than these shall ring .-Songs which only victors sing.

Yet awhile the work and waiting, Still with sin the mortal strife, But eternity to rest in, Glorious with immortal life. Time flows on, the rapid river Soon will mingle with the sea; Let us through the fleeting Present Labour for Eternity!

GOOD LUCK.—Many curious instances of individual good luck might be given. Some time ago there was a paragraph in the news papers, which I believe was correct, stating that an old lady, childless and friendless, suddenly made up her mind to leave a large property to the children of some chemist or green provided the children of some chemist or green around his that an old lady, childless and irrendites, said dealy made up her mind to laste a large property to the children of some chemist or green green at whose shop she had always received great civility. It is worth noticing that civility has always had luck as an allay. There is a story told of some gentleman, who, on a hattle field, happening to bow with manch green to some officer who addressed hin, a cannot hall just went through his hair and took on the bear of the bear curious story of luck on a battle field is, I becket perfectly authentic. A ball passed throat man's body, and the man recovered. Thus much is not unparalleled, but there was something more, highly curious and lucky. The man was consumptive and had formed tubercles, and the man recovered, not only from the wound, but from the consumption. There is a well known traditional story, which I should be glad to see authenticated, of the famiable old lady who left all her fortune to the gentleman who, in a thronged church, offered her a seat in his pew, He was probably the gentleman who took two sittings, one for hinself and one for his hat—London Society.

Which rose bushes thrust their blusking buds, making both a sweet shade and fragrance—The canary, overhead, burst forth every moment in wild snatches of glorions music—Helen was at work on long, blue stockings, nearly finished, and her fingers flew like snow hirds. You knit most admirably. Are you fond of it?

Yes, quite, I like it better than anything lesse—that is, I mean I can churn well.

A do you read much? Fred's glance had traveled from the corners of his eyes to every witable, shelf and corner, in search of some books or papers, but not a page, nor a leaf, yellow or rare, repaid his search.

Oh, yes, said Helen, with a sanctified air.

The spirited girl who married a man with a large purse and a small head must have pre-

Enteresting Cale.

No, r-joined the other audibly—she shows or even looked up from her book; you are safe; she could not by expression would be received in go d so it! he has found a treasure! was whispered it!

om her book; you are safe; she could not ave heard you, but what an angel, she is

Yes, Helen was an angel as far as outward by drop like pearl on her lips more remarks and region ment the econium. She sat all around the room.

Meanwhile Frederick Lane stood like one her with a lovely rose apple, that filled between the wee hands, and running toward him enchanted, while his rustic wife quoted books with perfect abandon, admired this one and beautiful an expression in a human face—state of the restriction of the restricti have heard you, but what an angel, she is

beauty might merit the econium. She sat beauty might merit the econium. She sat half reclining on a rustic seat striving to smooth out the dimples in her checks as she half her book aside and began to twine an unlimished wreath of wild roses.

Leaning on one white arm, the gnarled white oak tree a back ground, flowers a rewell around her, peeping from her dress, she sat quite at case, apparently quite unconscious that two hand-ome young gentlemen were so that the fell at Helen's feet, figuratively speak ing, and confessed his love for her.

It will be worth trying condemned that.

A sedure looking student lost himself in a Latin quotation, llelen smilingly finished it, and she received a look of cloquent thanks.

I care not, Helen, only be mine, was his imagery, fell from her beautiful lips, as if they had received a touch from some fairy hand.

Still Frederic was by her side like one in a dream, pressing his hands over his eyes to be would are you would eat it. I know. What did you wish when you came? Can I do anythe sure of his senses, when he saw her bending the for you? coming in as I spoke.

his mirror had set the scal of faultless elegance; Frederick Lane took the liberty of asking if the young lady would inform him where Mr

Tell your tather, said he, that I shall do myself the henor to call upon him tomorrow lis will remember me Frederick Lane, at your service.

Yes, sir, I will tell him for you, "said Hellen, tacking her sleeve around her pretty arm, and making a rather formal courtery. Then catching up her books, and gathering some flowers, she hurred home.

Now, father, mother, annt and sis, exclaim el the morry girl, bounding fito the room where the family were at supper, so sure as you and I live, that Mr Lane you talk so much shout is in the village. He will cell her to-morrow—the first specimen of a city beau, (as of course he is,) all sentiment, refinement, faultless in kids and spyliess in dicky, important and self assured as one of that kind you lin of liep one word about music, reading and writing in his presence because I have a blooked as if he would have swert back so long.

I lelen, you are not quite respectful, said, her Gather.

Forgice me dear fartner, and her arias went a recreating with heads of solong.

The young bride the converse with bang her become a flower, she have a because of the first specimen of a city for the more of the convergence of the price he truly felt, the booked as if he would have swert back solong.

I lelen, you are not quite respectful, said, her Gather.

Forgice me dear fartner, and her arias went a round his neck. I always means well, but I received to exceed the converse with be filled and her creating with books and fartner and besides on the single price of the condensation of the condensation and the condensation of the learner of the price her the will be such that the condensation and the condensation of the condensation and the

Oh, yes, said Helen, with a sanctified air.

Literesting Cale.

All, of course not, and what do we not find in the silver strains float up:

All, of course not, and what do we not find in the silver strains float up:

All, of course not, and what do we not find in the silver strains float up:

Aye! care I not for cold neglect

Though tears unbidden start,

And scorn is but a bitter word

Save when it breaks the heart,

If one be true,

If

It all langued Helen frying, but it was a very planissimo laugh way down in the very corber of her heart. Hidden by the trunk of a large tree, she sat reading within a few feet of the egotist.

The young man felt more in pity than in large tree, she sat reading within a few feet of the egotist.

It handler moment the young lady came in sight. Fred's face crim-oned, and he whis pered with visible trepidation?

Do you think she heard me?

No, rejoined the other audithly—she shows po resentment, she has not even looked up.

Often, as he was wondering how some home.

It congratulate you, Fred, said the young smile broke over her face like a burst of some at his side, but he spoke to marble. The looke at his side, but he spoke to marble. The low at his side, but he spoke to marble. The low at his side, but he spoke to marble. The low at his side, but he spoke to marble. The low at his side, but he spoke to marble. The low at his side, but he spoke to marble. The low at his side, but he spoke to marble. The low at his side, but he spoke to marble. The low at his side, but he spoke to marble. The low at his side, but he spoke to marble. The low at his side, but he spoke to marble. The low at his side, but he spoke to marble. The low at his side, but he spoke to marble. The low at his side, but he spoke to marble. The low at his side, but he spoke to marble. The low at his side, but he spoke to marble. The low at his side, but he spoke to marble. The low at his side, but he spoke to marble. The low at his side, but he read to see her clasp a filthy little ereat towards her;

It he was speechless with amazement, so cloved the neck. Everybody was "nice" never did before, they flashed like diamonds. A crowd gathered to compliment her. In a graceful against marble and he wis side. A crowd gathered to compliment her. In a graceful against marble and he was a freshness about what she said or did. She perplexed as well as delighted him.

Often, as he was wondering how some home.

It startled him to see her saide, her, the how

by the relatives of the bridegroom, II len tender memory, ri-e and fall in sweet and sor-looked more beautiful than ever. Her has rowful cadence. up.

Mr. Irving, the only one living in the village, is my faction, said she, rising in a grace-tul-and charming manner. The large house on the high ground, half hidden by trees and thick shrutbery, that's where we live. The she heart failed her.

Mr. Irving, the only one living in the village, is my faction, said she, rising in a grace-tul-and charming manner. The large house on the high ground, half hidden by trees and thick shrutbery, that's where we live. I be was an accidenty once, that's a sort of select school isn't it? with the most natural simplicity, surning to Fed.

Mr. Irving, the only one living in the village, that she should did not insist that she should did part from simplicity, and indeed without jew-ls or laces, with that fresh, white rout; jew-ls or laces, with that she should did not insist that she s

select school isn't it? with the most natural simplicity, turning to Fred.

Shall love him as deady, she asked her, self, if I find he is askaned of me? I cannot bear the thought; but should be overcome all conventional notions; then I have a hu-band to be homored, and then he shall be proud of his wite.

Yes sir I will table to self, if I find he is askaned of me?

Sorry, my glorious wife. But, Helen, you could not deceive. Did I not understand you had never—

Been, at an academy, she hash.

Been, at an academy, she hash.

scarlet. There is a deep silence unbroken you think it is." "Well, your honour and the silver strains float up:

They were married, had returned from their wedding tour, and yet at the expiration of their honeymoon. Fred was more in love than ever. At a grand entertainment, given by the relatives of the bridegroom, II-len looked more beautiful than ever. Her hose looked more beautiful than ever.

Tell me, he said, when alone, what does this mean? I feel like one awakened from a

was the baid 'spoken word arrested, the cold war once saw a comet, and we'e somewhat surprised and laughty head were turned in listening surprise. Such melody! Such correcting tonations! Such breadth, depth and 'vigor out touch! who is she? She plays like an They approached him and said:—"We want. What books! permit me to ask.

I read the Bible a good deal, she said

And agair bark! A voice rolls—a flood of me lody; clear, powerful and passing sweet, inquire about that thing up there."—'Now, astonishment gives many a faint check a deep before I answer you, first let me know what another's money.

ittle act. He seemed to hesitate.

Take it, said I cheerfully; Pet would rain

I don't know as I want anything, ma'am .
-well-I-I-don't know as I need is Have you a home ? I asked.

A-a-home-that's what I never had Dive him somefin more, manma, said to

ng glance. I have two or three cords of wood that ve splitting and piling down in the cellar, said I'll do it, he cried brightening. I looked at him keenly.

Can I trust you? I asked; but I tried to

My wailing angel, my scraph guils to the courts of heaven? My one dear child what never gave the heart that loves her a single pang! "Of such is the kingdom," and with uch my blessed darling is safe for evermore [Selected.