

MOONLIGHT THOUGHTS,

— B Y —

ELLEN NOEL.

'Tis night!—hushed is the noisy city. The streets that a few hours before were crowded with people, are now nearly deserted. A calm has succeeded the busy day, and the moon, in her quiet beauty, looks down on the silent earth, seeming to say—all is peace! Yet, many are the scenes of woe on which she shines. Let us glance at some of them!

Over the short white curtains of that low window let us peep. Is that pale young mother at rest, as hour after hour, with a breaking heart, she listens for her husband's footsteps? although she dreads to hear them, for she knows, alas! too well, that when he does come, it will be from the