

THE WOODLAND GATE.

MEMORY, tell of that bright party
 On a sunny summer's day,
 When with mirth unchecked and hearty
 We stole down the lane to play.
 Down the lane and through the meadow,
 O'er the bridge that crossed the stream,
 Where the lily mocked its shadow
 Dancing in the noonday beam;
 By the hedgerow, tall embowering,
 Like an emerald chair of state
 For the foxglove, proud and towering,
 Till we reached the woodland gate.

'Twas the scene of many a frolic,
 That old glade by trees o'erhung,
 Where across the scarce used pathway
 Our prime playmate idly swung;
 Horses—carriage!—it combined them;
 We were ragged—it was old,
 But we prized its time-worn framework
 More than kings can value gold.
 Seated high above the greensward,
 What cared we for chance or fate?
 Pleasure, mirth, and careless gladness
 Centred in the woodland gate.

We were five—five old companions;
 Old in play 'tho' young in years—
 Bessie, like a woodland fairy,
 Full of kindness, smiles, and tears;
 Tom and Harry—two bold brothers,
 Careless, ragged, free as air,
 With poor little Joe, who ever
 Had of blows and fun his share.
 Happier five ne'er played the truant
 With their childish hearts elate,
 Happier five ne'er laughed and wrangled,
 Swinging on the woodland gate.

Years have passed, and many changes
 Marked the circling round of time;
 Bessie moulders in the churchyard,
 Gathered in her budding prime;
 Tom and Harry, two young soldiers,
 Fought, and bled, and died for fame,
 But the level turf above them
 Bears no stone to mark their name.

Little Joe—a city lawyer,
 Fills the courts with idle prate,
 All forgetful of his childhood,
 And that joyous woodland gate.

Life has ploughed my brow with furrows
 Since those days of youthful glee;
 Clouds have shadowed o'er my pathway,
 Care has been a friend to me;
 But they all come back with freshness;
 Memory, cease! thy record stay!
 Mingle not those bygone hours
 With the toils of yesterday;
 For the tears are keenly starting,
 Bitter drops are gushing fast,
 As I hear thy voice recounting
 All the pleasures of the past.

When I see the buds of promise
 That my early springtime bore,
 Shame o'erwhelms my heart with sorrow
 That those blossoms are no more.
 O'er life's dusty, beaten highway
 Idly swinging—such my fate,
 Others move me—others climb me
 Like the once-loved woodland gate.

—E. G.

LIGHT FOR THE WAY.

A LITTLE BOY set out to walk with his
 father, in a dark night, through a thick
 wood. The road was one in which there
 were a good many things to be avoided.
 The father knew the road well, but the
 boy had never been that way before, and
 there was danger of his getting into holes,
 or stumbling on stones, or striking against
 trees. There were other paths too, which
 led out of the right one, and any person
 who did not take great care was apt to go
 off the way, and on by one of these, and
 so come to places where he was very
 likely to be greatly hurt, or even killed.

The father, knowing all this, not only
 was to walk beside the boy, but gave him