The Weekly Mail, make up his refined soul; nothing mean and narrow about the little morrels of

THE VALUE MAIL TRIBUTE AND ALL STATES AND ALL STATE

A CLOSED BOOK. I read it along ago, and as I read, A world of wonder rose before m And widened into vastness dimly 'Neath solemn skies Beyond the page my emulous desire Divined the marvels of unwritten

Never. The child has passed away, the book Is closed, and 'mid my childish memories With all its magic in it. I would look, But am afraid.

How if the visions whose dim figures thicker How if the shador, wful in its gloom,
Were dwarfed we shrivelied when the day
Hight dwared—
How it i smiled above the empty tomb—
How if I rawaelled at wasel, and him

something of surprise, as I come to defend him before the looked up with a ciglance and a light lau "What, another!" I understood by that that attorney had offered himself Because for his enchantment long ago
I had no thanks to give in later days—
Ob, dreams that flickered in the firelight gloBe his your praise! attorney had offered nimsell, that I was instructed by some interested himself in the that I was not at liberty t He gave my fancy wings, and in its flight,
No fault, no failure, could it stoop to note
Perhaps I read the book he meant to write,
Not that he wrote.

(A TALE OF THREE STORIES.)

My uncle was eccentric, but not me

can't bear in, occasion from ner objections, and once more the boy and the man romped as boys together.

Years afterwards, when the hair of the man had thinned on his head, and the down of the boy had thickened into hair on his upper lip, we were companions just the same. Both of the man had thinned on his head, and the down same. Indeed, I had no other, and I wanted none. My relations were just the same. Both of the control of the man was a formerly. I did not want their half-crowns then, still less did I want their preachings. They went their ways, and I went my nucle's; they went to church three times every Sunday in their carriages, and my uncle went once; they walked abroad in their "uprape and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the control of the man and the same." Both of the man and the same was made and was urged in the charge against the two men and herealf, and there is the every Sunday in their carriages, and my uncle went once; they walked abroad in their "uprape and the control of the man and the same." Both of the more in the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against the two men and herealf, and the charge against t

switched bound in the "graphy and the water and the property of the water of the property of the proper

hough the book has tailed out of mind, sh all that dreamy pageant I forget, low lingers; yest and undefined, And haunts me yet. e far-off glory dies in pallid gleams— annot a yearning sigh the flame rest anot I read again, and dream those

a single question, knowingly, replied, man; none of your me. Your Old Ba sir." He had som

as put in my hands at the contained only these —police-court, and del r and his wife."

orime was I to defend of the mystery was to be court mentioned, and the Michael Carter, at first

o not name it 'mid immortal works, laggard Fame is slow to find it out. ps. And yet within my soul there und me, and thronged my yet unpeopled but there was air—
How if the fear, whereat my pulses quickened,
Should not be there?

How if I marvelled at myself, and him I honoured once? Surely the Past might rise In human shape, and look at me with dim, Reproachful eyes.

Why should the knowledge that in awe in Be ended now in laughter barbed with And why take back the faith, that never of Be given again? No, he shall keep it ! Do not draw the Let my dim wonder be a wonder still— I will not read it—I am atmost certain I never will!

—Spectator, London.

ELLEN CAVANAGH.

I.

heard of, they lought over him, and tried to make him suffer in the spirit, as they had made him suffer in the flesh. They went in the sum and him suffer in the flesh. They went him mad. But they didn't succeed; and I. I ghthing for his good name, never felt happer than when I won the cause for the dead. I had loved him like my own in the cause for the dead. I had loved him like my own father is less in my memory, for he died when I was young; whereas my uncle I can picture now, with its silver-gray hair, tall upright form, and gentla kindly smile, the squire of that happy Suffolk village, where all who knew him loved him. I was my favourite uncleaded house ("Hall" it was called in the village, house ("Hall" it was ont to be realized.

I had house the comment, Christmas or June, "home for the holidays" means i' home to but you can be the comment of the house will have the comment of the house will have the was vitted and usual haunts without success. I was not to be realized.

The next morning a letter was left by and at my office, having only these words that happy the was a ville was not to be realized.

The next morning a letter was left was not to be realized. The was not prepared for the change of the was quite well. And so the days went to was a comment to have the call o