

"Ah, those children, ils m'ont presquetuée," she declared, flinging herself into her fauteuil again. "If their dinner-time had not come, I should have been altogether dechirée."

"My dear," said Miss Kendal, in her usual sober tone, "you must not allow them such license. They are good children, but they have high spirits."

"O, les pauvres petits, je les aime de plus en plus. I have pleasure in playing with them, chère madame. Don't deprive me of it, c'est à dire, pendant qu'il fait mauvais temps," she added, with a little yawn. "And truly my cousins are better companions than the visitor of just now."

This was uttered after a pause, and in a tone of pique.

"Indeed! I thought you liked the gentleman."

"O, in London he was well enough." She pulled at her apron ribbons, musingly. "But I suppose one can't flirt convenablement in the country."

(To be continued.)

"AT THE LAST."

ST. JOHN.

Life's narrow moon of hate and wrong
Shall wane through months and years—
Till gladness break with golden song
Through olden grief and tears.

The way is wild! the goal is far!
And hearts are faint and weak!
But Faith shall gleam, a constant star,
To guide the feet that seek.

SOCRATES.

Friends, and all things that are,
Shall glide with the years to the Past—
And a Song and a Star
Shall dwell in my heart at the last.

Weary the way and long—
Rocks and ruins and sea-foam past—
Ere I fashion the Song,
And the Star shine bright at the last.

J. FREDERIC.