

elsewhere and finish the fight, Thorne sulkily admitted that he "did not want any more." A cheer was raised, which the near approach of the master did not check. When he came up, Thorne had disappeared. "Oh, I see what has been going on," was the master's remark, as he took Ned by the arm; he had been a boy once at an English public school, and never had been able to sympathize with that horror of a fair fight which some prigs or puritans feel or affect to feel. By the principles of the latter class of male and female old women, long may the boys who are the hope of this great kingdom of Canada continue unquacked and unperturbed!

(To be continued.)

AGATHA.

I.

A space of summer sun,
A happy year, you say,
Since you parted, Gerald,
And you, that sainted Day,
Ere he went to traffic and win
In the world's wide way.

II.

And the pied roses bloom
Still as fair in your face,
And your fairy feet flit
With the same girlish grace,—
And the soft lapse of Time has left
About you no trace.

III.

Yet Time bringeth changes
Wondrous and manifold,
And dimmeth, and hideth

Beneath the Church-yard mould,
The rarest and fairest of forms,—
The dearest we hold.

IV.

And you sitting saint-like there,
In the twilight dim,
May fashion sweet shreds of songs
In your heart for him,—
But the goldenest meeds are marr'd
And mulet for a whim.

V.

And aching hearts will sleep
From their sorrow and strife,
And weary eyes will weep
And memory dreary be,
While the world holds its beaten way,
And men their follies keep.

VVVYAN JOYEUSE.

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