

And looked in the eye of the sun till it stole  
Its beautiful golden edge!

O emblem of faith ! with a steadfast eye,  
That never falters or errs,  
Would we follow *our* Sun as unblenchingly  
As the sun-flower followeth hers ;  
And e'en as she prisoneth in her face  
The glow of the golden hours,  
O, so may the sun and the dew of heaven  
Transfigure and brighten ours !

### THE FALSE FRIEND.

THERE was a wedding at a pretty, neat house in a flourishing country town. Such a charming bride was seldom seen in Lowchester. Her husband was a good-looking and clever young man. He was engaged in the engineering department of a great London establishment, in which his talents caused him to be much valued by the proprietors. As they stood in the church, with their friends around them, every one thought that Spencer Morton and Ellen White were as sure to be happy as any human beings could be.

It was strange that George Freeman, Spencer's great friend, had refused to be his "best man" on the happy occasion, saying that he wished to spend his holiday in the fields and woods. It seemed such a strange excuse; but it would have appeared still more strange if any one had seen the pale, lowering face, that looked out through the ivy upon the church wall, as the wedding party walked through the churchyard after the service, and had known that this face belonged to that very George Freeman.

The absence of his friend was the only drawback to the happiness of Spencer Morton on his wedding day. Soon afterwards he took his wife, and her neat little maid-servant, to a small house no great distance from the factory at which he worked. Every evening he returned