

After a while the little girl by means of gentle words from her parents and sister, became quiet, and when the school hour came she went with a joy that surprised her mother, but the secret came out.

"Mother," said the elder sister, about nine years of age, "you can't think how Maria is going to fix it."

"Fix it?" was the reply, "fix what?"

"Why, those girls; I planned it for her; we went out on the hill, and found some strawberries, and when she gets to school, she is going to tell the girls she will give them some," said the peacemaker.

At the usual time, five o'clock, Maria came running home with a heart full of glee, and clapping her hands with delight, she exclaimed, "O, mother, I made friends with them all; I did just as sister told me. I told the girls I had got something for them, and they looked ashamed, but I did not notice it; and then I said, 'I have got some strawberries which I will give you if you will be good; and then I gave Emily and Mary three a-piece, because, you know, they were the ones that hurt me; and then I gave Sarah Carleton two, she told that story about me; and all the rest of us had one. Was not that a nice way?'"

The mother put her arm round the neck of the dear child, and kisses mingled with smiles, and there was joy there, because "evil had been overcome by good."

### Very True.

A poor Irishman who appeared for a license to sell ardent spirit, being questioned as to his moral fitness for the trust, replied "Ah, sure, it is not much character a man needs to sell rum."

### The Sleepers.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!  
A holy thing is sleep,  
On the worn spirit shed,  
And eyes that wake to weep:

A holy thing from heaven,  
A gracious, dewy cloud,  
A covering mantle, given  
The weary to enshroud.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!  
Reverse the pale, still brow,  
The meekly-drooping head,  
The long hair's willow flow.

Ye know not what ye do,  
That call the slumberer back  
From the world unseen by you,  
Unto Life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away,  
In her childhood's land perchance,  
Where her young sisters play,  
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound  
Her spirit haply weaves;  
A harmony profound  
Of woods with all their leaves:

A murmur of the sea,  
A laughing tone of streams—  
Long may her sojourn be  
In the music-land of dreams!

Each voice of love is there,  
Each gleam of beauty fled,  
Each lost one still more fair—  
Oh! lightly, lightly tread!

### Library.

The place that does  
Contain my books—the best companions  
—is

To me a glorious court, where hourly I  
Converse with the old sages and philoso-  
phers;

And sometimes, for variety, I confer  
With kings and emperors, and weigh their  
counsels,

Calling their victories, if unjust got,  
Unto a strict account; and, in my fancy,  
Deface their ill-placed statues. FLETCHER.

### Memory.

So have I seen the cloud-rack, fast and free,  
Come thronging onward from the distant  
sea,

Along the hill-tops, till the rising sheen  
Of morn had spread their parted woof be-  
tween,

And laugh'd away the masses dark and dull,  
Into a radiance glad and beautiful—  
E'en so the glorious past came floating by,  
O'er the dark chambers of his Memory.

SHARPE.