

*"AND THE YEARS GLIDE BY."*

her last year at school. It is soon gone, and then the last farewell is given to teachers and classmates, and our little friend's student-life is over. She is now nearly eighteen, and bears away the honours of the school as "first graduate of the season," and, better than all else, she has secured and leaves behind her "loving favour and a good name," those precious things "rather to be chosen than great riches."

She says good-bye to the kind uncle and auntie who have so long been tender and careful guardians to her, and leaves the pleasant home they have provided, sorrowfully, and with reluctant feet.

But all sorrow for the friends left behind, and every feeling of reluctance, vanish as she approaches the dear old home she left so sadly nearly three years before. Other places may have beauties and attractions, but this is, after all, nearest her heart, and must ever be best loved.

She walks about the old familiar grounds, and through the silent house, with a "joy that is almost pain" in its very intensity.

But not much time can be given to musing. Her papa is expected the first week of September, and the three intervening weeks must be very busy ones, in order that everything may be prepared for his coming, and the old time look of cheerful comfort be given to the rooms and furniture. An efficient helper presents