

Lowell. It was very touching. I do not remember it exactly, but so far as I can recall it, it was a scene in a winter night in one of our large cities. It was cold and blasting, and the snow fell pitilessly. Crouched on the door-step of a house in the fashionable and wealthy quarter of the city, was a pale and worn woman, thinly clad. Her face, when she raised it in the flickering lamp-light, was the face of a woman still young; and spoke of refinement and of beauty that were gone. Her large eyes were partly wild and partly regretful. And ever the snow fell pitilessly, and ever music and song and warmth streamed forth from the lighted windows. They, inside, had forgotten the beautiful young girl who had gone forth from them to follow through the world a villain swearing of love, and beloved even in his proved perjury. In the morning they will find her—there, on her father's door-step, dead,—dead in the snow outside her mother's home.

A. G. L. T.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

A PLAY-FUL ELEGY.

The sun doth bid good night to heaven,
Lo ! how his great orb sinketh low !
This eve the water is so even,
Oh ! tell me, is't not even so ?

The cloudy ships majestic glide
Along like floating worlds sublime,
They must come down at time of tide,
And so, of course, are tied to time.

The echoes of the druid cliffs
Growl o'er their progress as they go,
With rows of rowers in the skiffs,
The dull wave roaring as they row.

It is a noiseless evening, save
That the breeze breathes a low, faint whine;
And on the cliff the pine doth wave,
And underneath the wave doth pine.

And here the filmy bat doth float,
The hermit owl doth here complain ;
The nightingale doth strain his note,
Oh ! let us pause and note his strain.