

At the poor girl betray'd and abandon'd,
 And left to her sighs and her tears,
 May, ere the sun rises to-morrow,
 Have the mask rudely torn from her face,
 And sink from the height of her glory
 To the dark shades of shame and disgrace.

How little we know of each other !
 Of ourselves too little we know !
 We are all weak when under temptation,
 All subject to error and woe.
 Then let blessed charity rule us,
 Let us put away envy and spite—
 Or the skeleton grim in our closet
 May some day be brought to the light.

Selected.

DUTY.

The path of duty is the way to glory ;
 He that walks it, only thriving
 For the right, and learns to deaden
 Love of self, before his journey closes
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
 Into glossy purples, which outredden
 All voluptuous garden roses.
 The path of duty is the way to glory :
 He that ever following her commands,
 On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
 His path upward, and prevailed,
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled,
 Are close upon the shining table lands,
 To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

Tennyson.

A MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY.

[The following exquisite little gem is a fragment from Will Carleton's latest poem, "Three Links of a Life," published in Harper's Weekly. It is a mother's soliloquy over her infant child, and anything more tender, and fuller of beauty and love, is not easily found in our language.—*Ithacan, Cornell University, N. Y.*]

Why didst thou come so straight to me,
 Thou queer one ?
 Thou might have gone where riches be,
 Thou dear one !