## Binding

POO

Fébruary 14:
Titerature.

Ohe a wornderfal stienn is the river of Thime With a funs through the realmo of toars
 How the winters aro drifting like fankes. And the sumumers like buds bitween, ennow On tief river's brenst, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides through the shaduw and sloeome

 And a song as sweet her verpercticime
And the Junes vith the roperore otaying And the name of this idele is the Long Ago. And we-bery urt trensures heres is.

There are fingments of sengs thnt thobody singsi And partof ant infunts. prayers, Therfara broken vows and piecesof of fings
And the garment that shib used towerr. There are hands that are waved whem: the fuiry Bhtre
By the mirage in lifted in air;
And wo sometines hear it the
sweot voieses wo heard in the days pone before, When the wint doww the river is fain.



KATE DOUGLASS.

All went'on smmothly enought for the firast fow

 days of their happinesis. There was then n. wrott iot seon, and I thought that ant mast ioe well
where ench so trusted and loved 'the 'otheri. Mr. Maitland did not sivenk to mow owit the subjict
which engrosed all my thoughtsuntili That heen somn time in town, and his siil ence would havvsur-

 viver iti, and
hanp piops wa
uy horizon.
I hadizo. beom n month in London, when I hearad
the avowvatoo Mr. Mnitlands love for my sisters from lis own lipe. Ir-member the day now, as
foll as ifitionty happened yesterday, and so, 1
 pormpany us. Kato was wild with delifight as sho
 could not help thinking that, ns Mr. Mnitand did
 nt the bare iden of fiving it op. That monnung.
when Mr. Muitland called as usual, hie asked to
 hari, and snid she had diven lime every hope, that
ghe returned his feelinywe He troke kindy wrmp yof the loss which I Imatt sustain when




 inct that interriev, only that the resalt was satis-
factory to him was proved to me by his hoppy amile as hie soor after passed thi windor where
Istood. $I$ I left Kate alone for $a$ while after be left. Sut when I went up to the drawing-room,
sho was sitting oulm!
enough though with traces






