

The Old Year.

The years in swift procession move Before old father Time...

HENRIETTA TEMPLE BY THE RIGHT HON. E. DISRAELI.

That voice, too, now wilder than the wildest bird, now low and hushed, yet always sweet...

dark and perplexing future, from which his imagination in vain struggled to extricate him...

quick eye of Ferdinand instantly detected the initials of the artist in the corner...

ing his great object? What was he, Ferdinand Armine, free as the air from the claims of Miss Grandison...

The thin grey smoke that rose in different directions was a beacon to the charitable visits of Miss Temple...

not lived in vain who had beheld Henrietta Temple! All the troubles of the world were folly here...

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