

great gusto a "stirrup cup." He drew his sleeve across his mouth, smacked his lips, gave a twitch of the muscles of one cheek and then of the other, and after tightening up, with a determined air, the bridle reins, gave his Sheltie a tremendous whack with his big oak stick, his burly form disappearing in the darkness.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY ARNO.

Within a farm-house, rude and old,
There dwelt a tiller of the soil,
His beard was long and grizzly grey,
And furrowed were his cheeks with toil.

Before the ruddy blaze he sat
And thought o'er num'rous days gone by,
His first young years he lived again,
His sands far spent: His end was nigh.

A score of years had passed away
Since, in the quiet, old churchyard,
The aged partner of his life
Lay buried 'neath the fresh greensward.

And many and bitter were the tears
That slowly coursed adown his cheek,
As to the solemn grave he walked,
Behind the hearse, a mourner meek.

The old man's darlings too, were gone,
Forever hushed in silence dread,
The infant sharers of his love,
His blue-eyed pets—all—all were dead.

And as the fitful candle gleams
And slowly flickers, till it dies,
So sank to rest his well-lov'd friend,
Who, cold and deep, in dark earth lies.

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Alone, the old man sat and mused,
To embers now the flames had fled,
The morrow dawned, the sun peeped in
And found the farmer cold and dead!