

A ROYAL RACE.

By James M'Carroll.

Among the fine old things that reign
In simple wooden throne.
There's one with but a small domain,
But, mark you, it is all his own.

For the Hearthstone.

THE HOSPITAL GONDOLA.

By Isabella Velancy Crawford.

"Come Queen Mab, it's delightfully fresh
now, and I wish you'd come for a sail.
Run for your hat like a little darling."

Mabelle's eyes turned from Nettie to Gerald
with something of alarm in them, and she
opened her lips as though about to speak, but
Gerald with a glance of intense anger at the
whole group, springing down the steps, overturning
as he did so either by accident or design,
the basket containing the roses from which
Mabelle had been twining her garland, and as
she rolled over the lawn, he went towards the
bench, from which the villa was distant about
half a mile.

from which they could see the ocean now one
sheet of snowy foam, and St. Quentin said
anxiously.
"James, do you know if Gerald D'Arcy is in
the house?"

dear, as a fearful groan issued from behind the
dark curtains which concealed the sufferer
from the public view, but suddenly Nettie ut-
tered a piercing shriek, and pointed to the gon-
dola, which had now passed ahead, and cried,
"O! there! look there!"

In that nonsense about being thicker than
water. All those old-fashioned theories have
been abandoned as fallacious, and we will have
none of them.