

SELECTED.

"Sipping only what is sweet;
Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

Marjory May.

Marjory May came tripping from town,
Fresh as a pink in her trim white gown;
A picture was Marjory, slim and fair,
With her large sun-hat and her saulit hair;
And down the green lane where I chanced to stray,
I met, by accident, Marjory May.

Marjory May had come out for a stroll.
Past the gray church and round by the toll,
Perhaps by the wood and the wishing-stone,
There was sweet Marjory tripping alone,
"May I come too? now don't say me nay,"
"Just as you please," laughed Marjory May.

So it fell out that we went on alone,
Round by the wood and the wishing-stone;
And there I whispered the wish of my life—
Wished that sweet Marjory May were my wife;
"For I love you so dear. Is it aye or nay?
Come, answer me quickly, sweet Marjory May!"

Marjory stood; not a word did she speak,
Only the red blood flushed in her cheek;
Then she looked up with a grave, sweet smile
(The flush dying out of her face the while),
"I like you so much, but not in that way,
And then there is John," said Marjory May.

Years have rolled on since that fair summer's day,
Still I'm a bachelor, old and gray.
Whenever I take my lonely stroll
Round by the wood, and back by the toll,
I pass by the house where her children play,
For John has married sweet Marjory May.

A Beautiful Legend.

There is a pretty love-story told in connection with the introduction of the manufacture of fine lace into Brussels. A poor girl named Gertrude was dying for love of a young man, whose wealth precluded all hopes of marriage. One night, as she sat weeping, a lady entered the cottage, and, without saying a word, placed in her lap a cushion, with its bobbins filled with thread. The lady then, with perfect silence, showed her how to work the bobbins, and how to make all kinds of delicate patterns and complicated stitches. As daylight approached, the maiden had learned the art, and the mysterious visitress disappeared. The price of the maiden's lace made her rich, on account of the valuable patterns, and she was able to marry the object of her love.

Many years after, while living in luxury, with her numerous family about her, she was startled by the mysterious lady's entering her comfortable house—this time not silent, but looking stern. She said: "Here you enjoy peace and comfort, while without are famine and trouble. I helped you; you have not helped your neighbors. The angels weep for you and turn away their faces." So the next day Gertrude went forth with her cushion and bobbins in her hand, and, going from cottage to cottage, she offered to teach the art she had so mysteriously learned. So they all became rich, and their country also.

"Our" Money.

The following excellent advice is given to young men, about to marry, by Dr. Dio Lewis:

Before the day of your marriage buy a nice bureau; have a fine lever lock with two keys put on one of the little drawers. Have it taken to your chamber, and when you conduct your wife to that room, hand her one of the keys and say to her.

"Into that drawer I shall put all our money. It is ours, not mine. If you wish to know what we can afford you may find out by opening that drawer. Go to it whenever you need money."

You may be a wise man, you may be what they call "smart as lightning," but you will never perform another act as wise or smart as this. I began my married life that way and have constantly looked back to it as the happiest step in my life.

An Early Marriage.

Lady Sarah Cadogan, daughter of William, first Earl Cadogan, was married at the age of thirteen to Charles, second Duke of Richmond, aged eighteen. It is said that this marriage was a bargain to cancel a gambling debt between their parents, Lady Sarah being a co-heiress. The young Lord March was brought from college, and the little lady from her nursery for the ceremony, which took place at the Hague. The bride was amazed and silent, but the husband exclaimed: "Surely you are not going to marry me to that dowdy!" Married, however, he was, and his tutor then took him off to the Continent, and the bride went back to her mother. Three years after Lord March returned from his travels, but having such a disagreeable recollection of his wife, was in no hurry to join her, and went the first evening to the theatre. There he saw a lady so beautiful that he asked who she was. "The reigning toast, Lady March," was the answer he got. He hastened to claim her, and their lifelong affection for each other is much commented upon by contemporaneous writers—indeed, it was said that the Duchess, who only survived him a year, died of grief.

Sunken Cities of Ireland.

There are numerous legends of sunken cities scattered through Ireland, some of which are of a most romantic origin. Thus the space now covered by the Lake of Inchiquin is reported in former days to have been a populous and flourishing city; but for some dreadful and unabsolved crime, tradition says, it was buried beneath the deep waters. The "dark spirit" of its King still resides in one of the caverns which border the lake, and once every seven years, at midnight, he issues forth, mounted on his white charger, and makes the complete circuit of the lake, a performance which he is to continue until the silver hoofs of his steed are worn out, when the curse will be removed and the city reappear once more in all its bygone condition. The peasantry affirm that even now on a calm night one may clearly see the towers and spires gleaming through the clear water. With this legend we may compare one told by Burton in his "History of Ireland."

"In Ulster is a lake 30,000 paces long and 15,000 broad, out of which ariseth the noble river called Bann. It is believed by the inhabitants that they were formerly wicked, vicious people who lived in this place, and there was an old prophecy in everyone's mouth that whenever a well, which was therein and was continually covered and locked up care-