

before her, she could no longer make a mistake.

Silverthorn would not keep the money, neither could his friend persuade him to come and take a share in his business. He would not leave Stansby. Where he had first seen Ida, there he resolved to dwell, with the memory of her.

When I saw him again, and he told me of this crisis, he said :

“ I am not ‘ poor Thorny,’ as Vibbard called me; for now I have a friendship that will last me through life. It has stood the test of money, and hate, and love, and it is stronger than them all.”

The Light of Home.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam;
And thou must go; but never, when there,
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire,
'Twill burn, 'twill burn forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tossed,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
But when sails are shivered and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home.

And there like a star through the midnight cloud
Thou shalt see the beacon light;
For never, till shining on the shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame, 'twill gild the name,
But the heart ne'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come.
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

—*Mrs. Hale.*