

cause I've been readin' up English history, and, by what I can make out, I can do *that* character without bustin' with virtue; but I do object to the neighbours calling me 'Saint George.' By ginger! it's enough to make me go and do something wicked just to prove I *ain't* no saint. But, comin' back to business, I don't want, and won't take, a half interest in the farm. Father's disposed of *that* question, and I will see that his wishes are fulfilled—every one of 'em. But I will, with your permission, take Sally to be my wedded wife, to love her, and cherish her, to—how does it go, Sally? All the girls, I'm told, have the marriage service off by heart."

"Never mind *how* it goes, George, so long as it *does* go."

"Well, then, name the day, and yer mother's the witness. I'll have

ye up for breach o' promise if ye go back on it, mind."

"Next Thursday, then."

"Cæsar's ghost, what—what a shock to the neighbours!" (Here he indulged in a long, low whistle). "Accordin' to the biographies I've read, all geniuses are eccentric. Sally, yer a genius."

And they were married and lived happily ever after—that is, up to date. They have a family of one-sixth of a dozen assorted—that is, also, up to date. Of course, they are beautiful and all that, you know. One's George, t'other's Sally. O yes! and the old lady's the proudest, happiest and best kind of a grandmother you ever saw. And—but, in the language of the vernacular, there ain't no more to tell, because they're all alive and kicking.

DICK WHITTINGTON.

A Winter Night

The stars ars glittering in the frosty sky,
 Numerous as pebbles on a broad sea-coast;
 While o'er the vault the cloud-like galaxy
 Has marshalled its innumerable host.
 Alive all heaven seems; with wondrous glow
 Tenfold refulgent every star appears;
 As if some wide, celestial gale did blow,
 And thrice illumine the ever-kindled spheres.

Orbs, with glad orbs rejoicing, burning, beam,
 Ray-crowned, with lambent lustre in their zones;
 Till o'er the blue, bespangled spaces seem
 Angels and great archangels on their thrones:
 A host divine, whose eyes are sparkling gems,
 And forms more bright than diamond diadems.

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.