

Poetry.

ODE TO LABOR.

The following verses were printed and distributed at the recent Trades demonstration in Edinburgh:—
Onward we march, with hope in every breast.
A hardy, dauntless, unrepeating band,
United firm to raise the toll oppress'd,
And spread contentment o'er a well-loved land!

Tales and Sketches.

ALICE LINLY.

CHAPTER VII.

"Look at these beautiful flowers, girls," cried Willie Linly, bursting into their room as they sat there on the afternoon preceding the party, busy at their simple preparations.
"For me I know," exclaimed Dora, bounding from before the glass, and attempting to seize them.

"Well then, Dora, I believe I will take the buds; you are fond of the jasmine, I know."
"Yes—quite as much as of the others," replied the girl, rather sobered by her late mistake, "only you'll put them in for me, won't you?"
"Let me separate them," said Willie, searching for a pair of scissors.
"O, no!" exclaimed Alice, springing forward, "let me," and she took the flowers from her brother's hands with trembling, almost with reverence.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Well, Ally, my bird, you have fine feathers now, if you never have them again," said Harry Linly, as he lounged away an idle hour in the boudoir of Mrs. Conrad Etherington. The girl was busy at an old employment—running her slender fingers through her brother's wavy curls—and she merely laughed; a sweet, happy laugh, which reminded one of old times and her girlhood, and said with an arch glance, "Just so, brother Harry."
"And a happy bird she is," chimed in Willie, appearing at the door, "are you not, Ally?"

THE END.

NORA.

In his shabby frieze jacket and mud-laden brogans, Patrick Connor was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawn's great tin hardware store one day, and presented himself at the counter with an—
"I've been told ye advertised for hands, yer honor."
"Fully supplied, my man," said Mr. Bawn, not lifting his head from his account book.
"I'd work faithful, sir, and take low wages, till I could do better, and I'd learn—I would that."

rested by the odd speech, as he turned back again.
"Jist Nora and Jamesy."
"Who are they?"
"Who are they? The one's me wife, the other me child," said the man, who had just come from the Irish news to Connor. There was Tom Barker, the meanest man among the number, who had never been known to give anything to any one before, actually bargained an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases which a pedler brought in his basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for his Nora's mantlepiece. And here was little Dick, the apprentice, who actually worked two hours on Connor's work, when illness kept the Irishman at home one day. Connor felt this kindness and returned it whenever it was in his power, and the days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife.

There was John Jones who had more of the brute in his nature than usually falls to the lot of man—even he, who had coolly hurled his hammer at an offender, and was hurrying home to his wife's arms, would spend ten minutes at Connor's shop, reading the Irish news to Connor. There was Tom Barker, the meanest man among the number, who had never been known to give anything to any one before, actually bargained an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases which a pedler brought in his basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for his Nora's mantlepiece. And here was little Dick, the apprentice, who actually worked two hours on Connor's work, when illness kept the Irishman at home one day. Connor felt this kindness and returned it whenever it was in his power, and the days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife.