## 艮octry.

## every day.

Oh, trifining thakss, so often dowe,
Yret ever to be done anew 1 Oh, anees which cono with every sun, Morn after morn, the long yeara through We shirink beneath otheir radtry Away
The irkteme calls of orery day.

The rectless sonso of wasted powor,
Tha tiessuma round of little things, Tho tiresome round of little thing Its tedious iteration brings Who shall vade or who delay

The bonlder in the torrent's course By tide and tempest lasbecl in vain,
Obeys the wave wuirled pebble's force, Obeys the wave wairred peble grain by grain
And yielde $i$ its unbetance So orumble strongent lives away
We find the lion in his lair, Who tracks the tiger for his life,
May wound them ere they are wror May wound them ere they are awara,
Or conquer them in desperate strifieYet powerlest be to ocathe or slay The vexing guats of evcry day. The rtendy strain that neever stors Th mightier than the fiercest T The constant fall of water drops
Will stoove the adamantine rock We feel our noblest powers decay In feeble wars with every day.

We riés to meet a heary blow-
Our sulls a sudden bravery fills-
But we endure not al wass so
The drop by drop of little ills;
We atill deplorc and still obey
The heart which bolily faces death Upon the battle field, and dares The needlo points of frets and cares The stoutest spirits they dismay And even saints of holy fans, Whose souls by faith have overcome The molten crown of maratyrdon Bore not withount complaint away
The petty pains of every day.
Ah, more than martyr's aureole, And more than hero's heart of fire, Which daily toils and ills require weet Patience, grant us, if you may, tn added grace of every day

## ©ates ymil \$ketches

## THE CIIPSY GIRL.

A tale of edward the fourth. [conclutiz.]
Alone, half reclining apon a enshioned couch with his graceful form enveloped in a robe of
crimbon, lined and edged with costly fure, with an air of ennui and weariness, lay Eng ward the Fourth. Scarce a token was die cerrible of the warrior king, in the languid orm, the sunoy brow, and small, volnptroin mouth, as he lay with drooping eyelide, drean bg, nut of past victories, or atirring triumphs but of the many bright beantiea that grace his brilliant court.
Presently his reveries were broken by the entrance of A favorite attendant.
loked dreamily up, as the page spoke. "A 1ndy craves audience, my liego," "Is she old, or still in jouth, Francois?" "I Ahould san far advaited, gire, woro it noment, was sho drew her mantle about her Hhen my Lords Kastings and Woodville came "Then in heaven's name admit hor, with ous denfy. We have not looked upon a nem

"Throw back that envious hood," said Ed "we would fain look apon the brow of our admiringly, as sititing the action of his words, he withdrew the hood from the oomerhat
frightened girl, disclosing the beautiful face


## ter to him.

Edwand took it carefully, bat as hin glanea ling eye and frowning brow. Once or twico ho rraal, and re-read; then looking gravaly tornly, "And how pretty one came you by "Lord Frencis Clairmoit'"," sho enad, "boade oe deatroy it, but knowing it to beo nome
gou, by liege, for iafo-keeping."
to fon, thit he should deposit letternont of

 the ridder ; he loves thy fair " "There is no love botween us.-onoo it wor otherwiso ; but nuw the hoart which ho hae botrayed knows no snfter unction than revonge ora Estrauge lives but for revenge. The deed is don.,
" Nay, stay," anid the monarch, laying his hand lightly upon her arm to detain hor, "sit
thee here, poor child, by my side, and wo will pee if we cannot comfort thee", ho whispered. as hei irew her to his side. "Good beaven he must be a craven," cited the monarch
"that could be false to those bright eyes And now, pretty trembler, say, shall not Ed And now, protty yrembier, say, shal throt Ed
ward coufort the poor heart that throbe so wildly': By this token, ho swears fidelity to these lovely lips.
Ho would have pressed his own to those the pale giri, but hike ligutning she appang, up crimsoned cheel. " "Stand back, my liege,"
she said; the monarch of proud Englaud for. gets himself strangely, whien ho leaves it fo ono like me to reeall him thas. I camo not
here to complain of Lord Francis of Clairmont, or to seek the love of England's king-but to accomplish my desting. My liege,
vell," and she turned to withdraw.
The monarch stood wrapt in mute admira. tion of the bold girl as she spoke ; but when my halidom, this proud spirits suits thee well Bold, forsooth, must be the one that dares
trifo with thy woman's heart. But do you buow, girl," he said, as his eyeagain fell upoi tho paper within his hand, and ho folded it,
placing it within his bosom-"do you know placing it within his bosom-" do you know
that you have dooned your recreant lover to traitor's death ?"
Leooora sprang forward, and laid her emall red lips grew pallid, and quivering'with agony but jest with poor Leoonora? Say it not again recall the words you but now have spoken.'
Edward looked long and fixedly upon the gooized brow upturned to his, upon which remorse had already stamped its iron signet.
He laid lis jewelled haud upon the pale brow He haid Lis jewelled hawd upon the pale brow,
and bending low, whispered, "And if to thy prayer, I spare the life of Francis of Clair But no blush mantled the young cheelk ; th ife blood was pressing hearily upon her heart for the truth had struck her for the firat time, hath, was by her hand, thast Clairmont was betrayed. Hence the monarch's words awok scarcely a thought within that throbbing
heart: Raising the long lashes, her glance iell coldly upon Edwards as she answered, bestow, and if ny sovereigi be but just to have nothing else, my lige, to give." "Then, he heaven, Clairmont dies ore
nother week' has passed !" answered the $\underset{\substack{\text { king. } \\ \text { Leo }}}{ }$
Leonora drem herself up. "And Itell you, Calse kiog, false alike to honor and juttice,
hat he shall not die." And again, with flash ig eye and dauntless mien, she confronte Eygland's king, and then suddenly turned

The word was spoken. The final sentence had gone forth. Doomed to an ignominion
death, on the breaking of another damm, the young Lord of Clairmont aat in his dungoon. His head was bowed upon his folded arms his cheek was pale with the spirit's strife, and his dark eye had lost its wonted fire. Th light of his soul had expired when he learned
that he was betrayed, and by the hand of

## Long.

Long he remaned buried in deep and pain pon his arr. Unevaring his face he looked enderly down, where by his side the Lad Clare est, with her head resting upon hii mid those golden curls, clustering aroind tho pale brow, and bending down fondly, kiseed
the teariladen eyes. As he did so, he said "Thou alone, of all the world, art true."
Amid her tearr the looked up, to these He had carcely epolen, gently opened, and a muffed figure stood sildently gaziug apon the scene. Directly she dvanced with faltering stops, and epoke in
rembling aceonts. The colout came fluabio the cheek of Francis of Clairmont.
"My lord," she asid, as she threw back he mantle, and both Francis and his wifo atarted an their glancos foll upon that boantifiul face
now so man and faded
hoy has come to anve the bifo which ahe he peril
led. Whall you not truat mo $\mathrm{I}^{\prime \prime}$ she alked, in roiee of
him. hum.
Francis of Clairmont looked andly down
upon her for a momont, withoot a word : then apoke. "Have you come here, Leonorar," he
 mo to death? Yet I thankit thee, Leonoro, for wrobong thou hast done by mercy. Francis Cairmont loved thee."
Hero a lov cry broke from the young wise


Cro him, and Inoongh the slight figuro bebarp agony, that foll painfully a uoice the heart,"'sho said. "Francis the poor onipay Learl, she said. "Francis, the poor gipsy saved thy life. Behold horo-sho will still ave you. Take this cloak and hool,", casting hem from her as ane spoke; " wrap them
round theo, and pass out. None will heed hee. At the foot of the stairs a boant waits, safety. And then, lady," she said, appronch ng the Lady Clare, " "lot mo look upon tho pray for parion for all the wrong I havo don

She epoke hurricdly. Clairnnott moved not. Stic took her mantle, and threw it around the oung lord; but a sharp tarill ran through cer whole frame, as she touched the hat
often had fondly clasped her own
When the young nolleman folt the buruing Ouch of those slight fingers, be raied him celf, saying, "And can you think, Loonora, feal king $Y^{\prime \prime}$
king ?"
Edward will not harm me," answered Leonora, "a night's imprisonment will be all and it mattors little now,", she 'murmurod to herself, " whethor the roof
covera this blighted head."
Clairmont still hesitated, but she took his aund and joined it to that of the Lady Clare, aing, "She is gool and truc,-b
or. Go, before it is too late."
The iext moment she was alone
When the echo of Clairmout $s$ s
When the echo of Clairmont statep lad died way, she threw herself upon the coudh, and drew the covering around her, so that, if the
gaard looked in, he might still fancy Clair mont slept. The caution proved not in vain or in a little whilo, the door opened, and a te guard beheld that motionless form ; mur muring to limself, "He ilcops soundly his
sleep on earth," le went oul his round. sleep on earth,
Whe thall tell the bitter and asd thoug Cat swept across the soul of Leooura Estrange thatoweptacross the hours of that Leonora Estrange, They were too deep for endurance st last; for, hen the frrat grey light of carls morning fill ey the young Iord of Clairmont too the block they found only the corpse of a young girl ying quietly upon his pallet. Even the rough from the wweet pale face before them. Many yees looked upon that lifoleses form that day, ad. With a presentiment of the truath be entered the room, and bent over the dead. tear was semen to me ailently amid tho dark braits of the corpse autifal even in death.
For her gake, I pardon my Lord Franois of Clairmont,", at last, said the king. "Let
her have Christian burial ; and let masses be id for her soul."
Taught by the bitter lessons of youth, Lord Clairmont was ever after true to his sweet
vife. Bnt both he and the heires of Noor hnd often conversed sadly of Leonora Ee tange, the poor Gress Grri.

## A HALF HOUR'S RIDE.

## BY M. L. D.

I was never in my life a firt, or at all in clined to play tho coquette; so when Dan Hazton asked me to marry him, it gave me
real pain to refuse. He was a handsome fellow, most of the girls thought, and rather envied me his attention; but somehow, though not naturally timid, I shrank from his bold cer, coarso manners, and more than all, when with the fumes of liquor. I think if young men only knew how disgusting this is to a
roman, thoy would abstain from drinking, at My then they are coming into her presence. My father always called me his." little ady," and petted and spoiled me for my dead he would not have opposed our marriage. Still I could not help seocing the satisfaction in his eye
fused him
"Well
"Well, my girl", he sald, "there be some seing as how he is engineer on a train, and I nothing more than a baggage master; but think different, and ldon't feel a bit sorry to keep you a spell longor-though I fear it will
only be a apell after all, for I naw William Dean, that good-looking chap in the telegraph
, uppose he will be apking you at yoxt.",
In thiu, 'by the way, fathor was right.

ing, /whon a knock came to the door, and when
I opened it I was quite surprised to find Dan I opened it I was quite aurprised to find Dan
tanding there, for he had gone off in anch : volent pangion at my refusal, that I sciercely xpected to see him again. But I tried to
ide my astonishment, and said as pleasantly is kinew how
He camo in, ehuffling his feot, and twirling
Ho camo in, shufling hir feot, and twirling
hir hat in. his hand. I had cortainly nover
n him appoar to worse advantige.
"I juat came ovar,"
he said, "to

$r$ a follow can't almaje hold his tongue when he gets such a alap across the head, as
wore ; and I've boon thinking if I couldn't d mething for you to make up for it. So ake a ride on the engine, and as I've got to run down to Westorn station before I take $y$ afternoon trip. I thought I'd atep in and o if you didn't want to go along. I was deliggited. All my life I had longod to ride on a 1 comotive, ospecially one unincumbered by cars, aud here was the chance, Yet withal, I folt a little timid, for though I
fiad never seen Dan really under the influence fiquor, still from his heatod face and dull yes, I knew he had been drinking; yet the next moment $I$ laughed at my ready for my rido
"I will jus' step in and tell father I'm go"g," I said, as we passed the baggage room. "No, you won't," said he, roughly seizing me by the arm. Theu seeing my surprige, he d hurried me ou to the engine.
Then getting ou himself, we started off.
As we ppassed the depot my father came
out, and appeared to call to us to stop; but
Dat, and appeared to call to us to stop; but reater speed.
For a fow moments I wondored what my velty of my positionted of me; but th hought awray. I had been taking little notice of Dan, but, presently, turning to sppeak to him, saw him just taking a good-sized bot
tle away from his mouth. He smacked his tle away from his mouth. He smacked his fore he saw me looking at him.
"What is that you have been drinking? asked.

Whiskey," he answered, putting the bot oto his lips again.
"Please do not drink any more," I said, un the engine.
"And how to stop her, too, I suppose," he aid, with 2 lau
lood run cold.
"Now, my dear, I've a thing to tell you cis 'ere engine is going at a pretty good e're not hindered, we'll reach Westorn in fifteen minutes.
I gave a sigh of relief ; only fifteen minutes hey would aoon pass. He seemed to read my trink from his bottle, which was evidently ving an effect upon him, he continued :
"You think you'll be safe when you reach Western, now don't you? but"-with a horriorth, - you'll never reach there alive. you wouldn't marry moing to let you when
I laid awake all night thinking how I cónld pay you off, and ny plan has worked besutiful, for hare you
are, caught like a mouse in a trap. I wasn't nent to Western ; that was only part of my
plan ; for you know, maybe, and maybe you plan ; for you know, maybe, and maybe you thore is only a single track, and in just ton vinutes the express will be up. She don't stop at Weston, and we'l meet her about two
miles this gide of the station. They won't nee us till they're close on the curve, and then it will be too late; they will run slap into He paused, and took another long d from his bottle. Far away I thought I heard the whistle of a locomotive. An exprossion
of fright and horror passed over his face, as though he were only just conscious of what
he had done. Again I heard the whistle, thinh he had done. Again I heard the whistle, thid,
time a little londer. He staggered to his foct. "She's comin'," he said in a hoarse whis
"Sty "She'
per.
And

And before I could guess his intention ho ad sprung wildly from the side of the engine. within aight of the curre, and I axpected Witbin aight of the curve, and I expected
each minute to see the express train rounding it. I was only eightoon, and life was fair and weet to me. I thought of my father and how lonely he would bo without mo, his only
child. Was there no escape? No averting the fearful death which was so near me? On nd on we rushed ; we were at the curve.
closed may eyess and prayed-prayed as we do when death is looking us in the face waited for the crash of the two engines. We
were round the curve, I felt sure. I opened my eyea, fearing I was only opening them to eagerly forward, I thought I saw the express train standing at the station. I started to ny feet; might I not still be naved?
Oh, if I could but stop the engino Oh, if I could but stop the engine !
Like an inspiration oame the thought atart the engine, Dan torned on the steam," I
unaid, taking hold of the starting bar, "by
pulling this out ; therefore, the way to stop pulling this out ; therefore, the way to stop
must be to push it in,". suiting the action to the word. We were still about a mile from
the atation. I looked longingly at the break, the atation. I looked longingly at the break,
too heavy for my woman'e liands to torn, but felt the not moment, with a thrill of joy, that the engine was beginning to slacken hior
speed; and as we resched the further end of the platform at Weitern station, not twenty Kind hands helped train, she stopped. Kind hands helped mo from the ongin eager voices asked an oxplanation of my
utrapge position; but it: wais not given, at loenst
not by me, for sight and atronith failed me, not by me, for sight and atrongth failed me,
and I fainted. When I came to moolf, about
"Thank God, you are safe, my darling!" e said, tendorly
thought of my monderful 1 shudतerod as $I$ th "We express train had slopped at the atation. " Why, you sce," said my father, " just as
started of with Dau, William Dean came in to me and said :

For God's sake, Markman, make your drinking all tho morning, and is in no fit state to bo with her. He cannot run to Wes. tern before the express is due, and if they
mieet on the single track, thero is denth to

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { the single track, there is denth to } \\
& \text { I ran out and called to Dan to stop ; }
\end{aligned}
$$ ing, I can't tell you what I felt Oh, my dar. ling, I can't tell you what I felt when I baw acemed cortain death. I staggered like a runken man, and hadn't any mora wit than one ; but William's head was clear. "' We may save her yet,' be said, and

bed iuto the telegraph office, and sent this mossage:

## then we both started off for

 fast as we could.Whon I told them my atory thoy went to jumped off-quite dead

