

doing extraordinary circumstances; it depends on our doing with all our heart the good we have the chance of doing at every moment within our homes and outside of them.

"I have known a word hang starlike
O'er a dreary waste of years,
And it only shone the brighter
Looked at through a mist of tears;
While a weary wanderer gathered
Hope and heart on Life's dark way,
By its faithful promise, shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of summer air:
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there.
Not the beating of its prison
Stirred it ever night and day;
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it fade away."

LOVE AND TRUTH.

A TRUE STORY.

I.

ALMOST MIDDAY!

The terminus of the Great Southern and Western Railway in the fair city is like a hive. Everyone bustling, making preparations for departure. Porters, recklessly indifferent to consequences, roll luggage trucks over the gouty, and rheumatic, over agitated nurses and straying babies, with the strictest impartiality; now double up corpulent old gentlemen, hitting them about the third button of the vest; and again, carry away two-thirds of a lady's shawl, and entire head dress, in conscientious discharge of their duty. Passengers crush for tickets, as if the supply were not happily inexhaustible, and form instantaneous schemes of vengeance against every individual within a radius of six swaying heads. Low down among the carriages, glide grimy fitters, who sound the wheels and minutest bolts with appalling energy; guards, having nothing to do in particular, slam doors violently, and open them again, as if suddenly repentant; engineer assistants, rub their iron steed, and draw back to admire the general effect; and what with labelling, registering, hammering, and polishing, with a harmonious accompaniment of cursing, growling, and screaming, the din and bustle are any-

thing but delightful. Groups of joyous excursionists scattered about, laugh and chat at intervals; but there are some knots of folks interspersed through the crowd, with whom sadness is the prevailing emotion, and whose heaving bosoms, and moist eyes, speak of separation.

"Does the train start soon?" The speaker was a powerfully built young man, little above the medium height, young, very young, not more than twenty, but with lines of care and sorrow already strangely developed on his pale large face.

"No! sir," answered the guard consulting his watch in a rapid glance, "it wants ten minutes good of the time."

"Ah! Thank you!"

"For the capital, sir?" ventured the guard, inquiringly.

"Yes! yes! certainly for Dublin, and beyond," and the young man turned away. Hardly had he proceeded a yard, when a smart slap on the shoulder brought him face to face with a glad, rosy-cheeked boy of about sixteen.

"Why, Fred, you were going away without letting me know," said the cheery arrival reproachfully, "what could be the meaning of that?" and he shook the other by the hand warmly. "Going away for years, and no one to say one kind farewell. I just heard it from—from Annie," he said in a low tone, "and ran away to catch you in time, and say, Oh so many things, before you started. Why did you not tell me?" and without seeming to expect an answer he continued, "Well I am very sor—that is glad, glad of course, that you are going to begin your real studies, and that you will be far away from the brutes here."

"Hush! George," returned the young man in a tremulous choking voice, "they are quite right, not to accompany me here, for I don't deserve—"

"Don't deserve, you! Fred," cried out the boy, indignantly, "what better, kinder,—" and he turned a look at the young man.

"Now, now," interrupted his friend, "I do not deserve, besides!" pursued he, seeing the other with a reply bursting on his lips, "besides these sisters and brothers have families to look after; and though they should, as poor father and mother are dead, try to—" and he