

Hope, is not a large one; but surely there is a Hope somewhere else, where your account is kept in golden letters, even though nothing but the clouds had baptized you, no missionary had cast water on your head, and God only knows who taught you to be honest."

The book is handsomely printed and illustrated, and will doubtless have a large circle of readers.

A MONODY.

FOR A WIFE DEPARTED.

"*And they twain shall be one flesh.*"

I.

To die, and yet to live;
To lose all conscious power,
Yet conscious be of death
And its stern attributes;—
The sightless eyes, deaf ears,
Mute lips, still heart; and worse,
The cold, sad ceremonies,
And solemn ceremony
Of burial; and then,
Decay, interment; earth
To earth; the final sod,
The solitary sleep!

II.

But nay, my bleeding heart,
Flesh is not *all*; nor blood
Thine only element!
Hold to thy warm embrace
The *Spirit*, fled to light;
And wait the hast'ning hour,
When so thine own, let loose,
Shall flee to hers, and with it
Blend; as *flesh* of twain could,
Never.

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HOW I LOST MY INTENDED.

I AM not a rich man—I never was, and very much fear I never shall be; for, notwithstanding my having courted and wooed Fortune, that fickle goddess has persistently turned her back upon me. I have often asked myself the question—"What have I done to deserve this treatment?" and have always come to the conclusion that I am the innocent victim of circumstances—still, I *am* a victim, and find but little consolation in being an innocent one. In proof of this assertion, I will relate how I lost my intended.

Some few years back, it was my chance to be invited to a large croquet party. Of course I went, and being a first-rate player, soon became an object of interest to the fair players, and one of envy to those of the sterner sex. Amongst the former was a Miss Sophia Wrenton—a fine handsome girl of about eighteen. She played croquet admirably—almost as well as I did—and was dressed exquisitely. It was a perfect sight to see her walk across the lawn: her golden hair, glittering in the sunshine, escaped in heavy masses from beneath her pretty little hat; her blue satin dress, looped up just high enough to show an exquisite ankle and