

Poetry.  
Long Ago.  
There comes a sweet remembrance,  
Half bid by the wind of years,  
Like a spirit of the past,  
Bathing my soul in tears:  
It comes on silvery pinions,  
From the depths of the shadow past:  
Mingling with dreams of the future,  
That hope hushes around me cast.  
Like music's faintest echo,  
As it falls over the twilight gleam,  
By the gentle evening breeze,  
Wafted again and again;  
Like the river's sweetest murmur,  
So dreamy, soft, and low,  
Thence comes to me a vision,  
Of the cherished long ago.  
Golden-tinted clouds are hovering,  
Over a pathway fair,  
Soft, sweet music is floating  
On the fresh morning air;  
Beautiful flowers are springing  
Over the grassy mead,  
The earth with melody ringing  
In childhood's month of May.  
Blessed, happy childhood,  
Beautiful time of flowers,  
How many loves that were  
Round my smiling brow,  
It soothes the weary spirit,  
It soothes the heart's pain,  
As over the drooping flowers,  
Falleth the summer rain.  
It lifts the heart to heaven,  
In earnest hopeful prayer,  
It hushes the worldly strife,  
As we muse on the days that were;  
It seems to quiet life's billow  
That tosses us to and fro,  
Thank God, for bringing to use in dreams,  
That precious long ago.

Literature.  
THE THREE SISTERS.  
CHAPTER VII.  
LA VIE PARISIENNE.  
"Reputation is a life and most false im-  
position; 't is got without merit and lost  
without deserving; it has no reputation at  
all unless you repulse you such a lower."  
Othello.  
Henrietta, or, as she now called herself,  
Henrietta, was just eighteen years old.  
She was not pretty, certainly, but still  
quite attractive enough to make the at-  
tention of a young Frenchman decidedly  
expressed. She was rather small and slender,  
but possessed of a good figure and  
fair abundant hair. Her nose was unmis-  
takeably retroussé, and her mouth wide;  
but the latter was not of great importance  
as her teeth were white and regular. The  
chief charm of her face was her eyes, ex-  
pression, which at times lighted her up into  
absolute piquancy and prettiness. Now  
that she was at her case she was very gay  
and amusing, and made them all laugh by  
her drolleries and quick wit. She was al-  
ways cheerful, always good-tempered, al-  
ways ready to oblige every one, and so,  
naturally enough, became a general favorite.  
She might have stayed on at the  
Chateau Garnier until the end of the hol-  
idays, but that Madame became uneasy at  
the increasing intimacy of her son and the  
petite Anglaise. Not uneasy on her son's  
behalf, as an English mother might have  
been, for there was no fear in her mind  
that the Baron de Garnier would relin-  
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Saint Mary in favor of the petit pension-  
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"You forget, monsieur," she said, a  
little piqued, "I must have some care for  
my reputation."  
"How?" exclaimed Rene, with a sur-  
prised smile. It seemed to him a word  
of supererogation for Henrietta to be  
thinking of her reputation, when she had  
consented to accompany him to Paris.  
"Do you wish your mother and sister,  
and Mademoiselle Valentine, to know that  
we are together?" asked Henrietta.  
"Mon Dieu, no!" remarked the young  
man, naively.  
"Nor I either," answered Henrietta.  
"And Madame Lemaire must not sus-  
pect."  
"But what to do?" cried Rene, discom-  
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