

Poetry. THE OLD HOME. It stands upon the hillside, with the tall elm bending over it. The homestead with the lilacs by the door, And the quaint old-fashioned garden, gently sloping down before it, I see it just as in the days of yore.

I remember how the sunshine fell across the golden meadows, Beyond the wooden dovecot, old and worn; And how the summer clouds, and their quickly fleeing shadows, On distant fields of rustling, rippling corn.

In the pleasant, sunny kitchen, I see my father sitting, With leather-covered Bible open wide; While my sweet-faced mother listens, as she lays away her knitting, And rocks the old and cradles by her side.

Three brown-eyed little children, with tangled golden tresses, When evening prayer in simple words is said, Come clinging round her neck with loving, soft caresses, And their tiny feet, with their tiny hands, Then merrily go tripping off to bed.

O happy years of childhood, with thoughts so true and loving, And sweet and guiltless days so full of rest! Our old hearts love to linger, after all our years of toiling, And dream of the old home, with its old and loved ones, Shall we ever in that country, the bright and glorious Heaven, Win back the simply innocent and bliss We knew, when, in our childhood, in the dear old home at even, We received our angel mother's good-night kiss?

Literature. RETRIBUTION. CHAPTER IX. MADAM LEICESTER'S RECEPTION. Madam Leicester's beautiful drawing-room was ablaze with light, and fragrant with the perfume of flowers. It was an elegant, spacious, and airy room, furnished with rich woods, and with a taste and luxury which even the most fastidious eyes could not find fault with. The room was divided into two parts by a low partition, and the entrance was through a small vestibule. The room was divided into two parts by a low partition, and the entrance was through a small vestibule. The room was divided into two parts by a low partition, and the entrance was through a small vestibule.