

Poetry.

WINTER'S SNOWS.

Under the snow surely winter defying, Under the drift that the clouds are still flying, Earth, her lap full of dead blossoms, roses, Shades of shed lilies and ruins of roses; The children are dead, but the mother endures;

Literature.

RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOME AGAIN.

Kenneth gained in strength rapidly and was soon able to set up, but how he missed his gentle nurse no one but himself knew. Day after day he sat watching the door, hoping she might return to him, if but for a few moments; but every time it opened and closed he turned away with a sigh of disappointment and weariness.

the family, and it was really the first pleasure that he had experienced during all his wanderings—this kindly, hearty "welcome home." Lady Durward greeted him as if he had been a long absent son. Caroline, whom he saw at once as very much subdued and improved in every way, was delicate and languid, but her eyes, while his lordship was overjoyed to have him back again, and appeared more like his old self than he had done since his return to the Towers.

As they emerged from the ruins and came out into the bright sunlight, Caroline felt as if a new dawn had begun for her; and her heart thrilled with sudden rapture when Kenneth tucked her little hand within his arm and led her down through a long, shady walk before taking her back to Lady Durward.

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