## Select Poetry,

## Contentment.

Oh! could we cease to drain the less Through honeyed groves and floral bow Extracting sweet from all life's flowers, From early spring till autumn leaves furn gold and die and nature weaves A bright hued robe of 'broidery rare' To throw around her form so fair; How bright our summers then would From care and sorrow, oh how free!

How much joy our lives would bless Could we the alchemy possess, With all its rare and wondrous powers, That plants life's wayside full of flowers; t turns each sunbeam into gold And drapes dark skies with roseate fold That makes our rugged pathway bright With gems and jeweled things of light; How sweet life's stream would then flow or With what glad hearts our work be done

Contentment is a jewel rare Which soon can charm away each care; Can give each hour bright golden wings And tune life's harp with heaven-touc

strings;
And diamond-like its beauties light
is always brightest in the night;
A sweet star shining over all
When gloom would cover with its pall; Then, child of earth, I pray thee v This radiant, sparkling jewel rare,

## Miscellaneous

## TOO LATE.

". What do you want?" "I did want to see my bushand But I beg pardon, for I perceive he is not here."

The question was curt, rude, rough even; the reply impetuous, cuttingly screastic, and with a hot dash of anger to its tones. You would never have thought that Maxwell Maillard—gentleman as he called himself, and the world would be compared to the control of th called him -could have spoken so to his sweet young wife, just as any coarse has sweet young wite, just as any coarse, thery man might, in an imperious mood, to an intrusive servant or an annoying beggar. Nor would you have thought, will er, that Alice Malifard could have grown so flushed and disturbed, and

was near at hand, and all day long he kiss.

"I man unhappy becase I hate sufhad been perplexed by a thousand eares inclident to his large business; besides, be thad discovered a gross error in the day long she was most at happy, and those words spoken in the libray the -result of an incompetent kook--and had taken them home with him that evening to endcavor to trace its source and rectify it.

It was in this mood, his brows knitted with perplexity, that his girl-wife came upon him in the quiet little library whither he had retired after dinner, and stealing softley up behind him, had play fully blinded his eyes with one of he soft hands, at the same time pushing away the thick ledger over the green baize-covered table.

In an instant the quick, rough ques tion, that spoke of annoyance, burst from his lips, and in an instant more the white hand was snatched away, the little grace ful head tossed high, a read spot leaped to both cheeks, and the cutting, sarcas-tic answer was flung back. And in a w moments more the merchant was left alone, his handsomely-shaped head, covered with thick iron gray locks, bent again over his books, but with a com-pression of his lips and a glitter in his aye one seldom saw there; while the girl-wife was sitting in the parlor, quiet as a statue, but with that same and excited mein with which she had left the library.

For some minutes Alice Maillard sat perfectly motionless, looking tened-a grieved, wounded look into her eyes, her shut lipes relaxed ar quivered with feeling, and she burst into and sobbed as the gh her heart would break. The sobs swelled temp-

ter a time she grew calmer.
"I am sorry I spoke so," she said, i coofessing her fault to herselv with an much carnertness as though her huse well, but I sa hand was a list-ner, "I am sourly. If is, I wanted about "I we will be the lips swelled about "Vall?" "Vall?" onfessing her fault to berself with as again), "I was hasty. I suppose those tiresome books troubled him; I will go

And apologize."

And, rising, she left the room, and walked along the hall to the rear of the

spot deepeping again on her check;

band. For it was a new thing for this oung creature-the pet of her girlhood ome and the bride of less than a year —to hear a harsh word, or utter an un-kind one; and all that long evening, while she sat there in tears, seemed an age to her. Ah, little Alice, can uch

hall, But they did not pause at the parior, though the door was partially ajar; they passed on, and he ascended the staircase to his chamber. This was too much. Hot tears swelled in the large sonsitive eyes, and womanly indig-nation prompted her to remain below Maillard?" until she was calm; and, when she went

way hight be easier for the common this own tenes; but instead, common of pure between them, but there his own tenes; but instead, common was a receive and leiness in Mr. Main, sive question:

"What makes you unbappy, Mrs grown so flashed and disturbed, and remember of peace between them, but there are soon tenes; but instead, that imparamented such a reply to the husband she loved better than life itself, and then turned and walked away with such a spineously step from his presence.

11 certainty was an unpleasant and unfortunate mood the merchant was in a courteous "good into the breakfast room again for that evening. The close of the year in unlead to bestow the certomap partial is tropic certainty that it is expet on an another product of the product of

any long she was most at happy, and those words spoken in the indray the could not settle herself about her usual; other night. I was sorry the very employments. The feelings she suf-initiate afterward."

fered were so new to here; it was something she every thought could happen thing she every thought could happen thing she every thought could happen the second of the second o into the utterance, she could never be hoppy again till it had been explained and forgiven. She would speak to her husbaud before sleep again sealed hor eyelids, though very s und, indeed, had not been the slumber that had visited her last n'ght.

When evening had arrived, and Mr Maillard came up to dinner, Alice met him as usual with an affectionate greeting, and put up her lips for the custo mary kiss; but very icy was the salu tion, and such a tone of restraint previ ded his manner that she found berself deterred from uttering a word. At ta-ble Mr. Maillard was politely attentive, and led the conversation to subjects of general intrests, keeping it up so skillfully that not on openin appeared for the introduction of any reference to the particular subject that engrossed his wife's mind, and when he rose, he said:

"I have an engagement at the club to-night, Mrs. Railhard, and it will probably

a little surprise was in his glance when he entered, but he made no comment. "It is after twelve, I know, Max-

well, but I sat up for you. The truth If is, I wanted to speak to you about--" but here she paused.

There was but little encouragement

"Unkind!" she said, now, the red to the purior of the purior of the purior. Society, as I said, ealted him a gent at many purior the purior. Society, as I said, ealted him a gent at many purior that of the purior. Society, as I said, ealted him a gent at many purior that of the purior. Society, as I said, ealted him a gent at many purior that of the purior. When I think she is sufficiently purior to write such a sentence to her! The days went by, and in her gold home the trio watched around the most beautiful that the purior girl above is taking bed to fruit such a sentence to her! The days went by, and in her gold home the trio watched around the most beautiful thanks. Two, three hours crept away: 100c; some enough felt the solitary Alice; that he had a strong, postonate nature, that he had a strong, postonate nature, and an iron will that had never been ago, upon which, now and then, a tear dropped silently. All that time, how ever her thoughts were busy, and she hend to acknowledgments binself, nor the shend to acknowledgment binself, nor the shend to acknowledgment binself, nor the shend to acknowledgment binself and the shend to acknowledgment binself. and imperious typo, he would usether ever her thoughts were busy, and she clung to her first resolve not to sheep until she had made peace with her husuance his wife's So he sat stately and frigid in the scat he had taken by the fireside

exquisitely keen suffering ever, ever, come again?

Nine, ten, eleven o'eloek struck, and then she heard the library door oper, and her hasband's floatsteps along the libil. But the did not seen and the did not seen are at all floatsteps along the libil.

"I will speak! Maxwell, you know what I want to say. I am very unhap-py!" and the hot ters thickened her

woice.
"What makes you unhappy, Mrs

Yes, that man actually a-ked this until she was calm; and, when she went to be room, her busband was, or protected to be first-looked in sleep.

Next mornin, at breakhast, the young Not an embrace—on opening of his control of the contr tended to be, first-hooked in sleer.

Next normin, at breaklast, the young Not an embrace—in opening of his wife was quite prepared to expect the tarns to draw her to his breast—no kiss way neight be easier for the establish—on her quivering mouth, no tremy in his own tenes; but instead, that imparaments

—to speake a quick, angry word to one temper I might say—disgusts me, who was all the world to her, and no I think my wife ought to know that, matter though she he wife the uter pro-

Mr. Maillard said this as lofty as though he were a judge pronouncing sentence—as though he himselv were not the cause of it all. A chill ran through poor Alice's veins. She had read of lovers' quarrels and triffing es-trangements between the married—but here was a new phase. She had expec-ted to be taken to her husband's heart She and restored to happiness again. never dreamed of being thrown off, bafy that cruel will—she, who was eart and affection. If he was only fled by that cruel will—she, downright angry with her—would even scold her roundly—then the tempest would pass. But no, there was only his lofty assumption of superiority. She was east back on herself, and could say nothing. Chilled, amazed humiliated, and half-stunned by the turn the matter had taken, the poor girl-wife tunned to ner chamber.

estously, and the tears rolled over her tarned, and he did not expect to find the hold a throb of love for his wife? cheeks, now pale with emotion; but after watcher who sat in the parlor, and Yes, he thought so. He had be He had been most ardent wooer; he unbent to enslave and subdue, and win, and no younge years ever could have so completely overpowered the sensitive impulsive, beautiful Alice Annable, as this stately, handsome, middle aged gentleman Yes, he loved her with a strong, imperious his cheerless aspect than he thought love such as men, of his type feel—a could be possible, or would have sellish love, in that she ministered to snowledged to shother. Once, enter himself more. And, as he set there looking, on an evening after he had and apologize."

And, rising, she left the room, and wasted along the hall to the rear of the bis wife's were turned appendingly held house, where the little library was sitting and the great production of tenderness to here her or the house, where the little library was sitting and the great production of tenderness to here her or an appendingly held house, where the little library was sitting and the great production of tenderness to here here or an appendingly held house, where the little library was sitting and the great production of the solution after sun had feel min, the expendent this thoughte-of his eyes interpreted this thoughte-eff intend to let her suffer. And I in tend that she shall suffer more. It is not a man's place to yield. A wife's "Home is lonely without you, Also," nated. But, laying her hand on the in the step that was now growing painsmoot of the door, she was surprised to ful to her, although the very well how "I intend to let her suffer. And I in a
dult in stead that she shall suffer more. It is sometimed?"
"Unkind!" she said, now, the red this man a handened hoor?
"Unkind!" she said, now, the red this man a handened hoor?

> her first lesson in that bitterness knowl- mer vines clauder dans odgo that ever comes to a woman's walls, the roses redicated in the garden heart—the realization that she is treated unfairly and nokindly. She half doubted that she had heard her buss deepened on the consumptive's chex. band speak at all. Had he even an and the life-tide obbed more family wered her? she asked herself. How through her heart, very far apart they seemed still. Waths the reconciliation to which she had days, when the last sunset rays shuted

> grind slowly, but they grind exceeding comes, nor Death's dark pluten droop. It small." One day that proud, imperions man will weep bitterer tears than he is now causing you.

no is now causing you.

Days, and weeks, and months followed that first rup'ure between Maxwell Maillard and his wife, and though to all outward uppearances they were attentionable to experiment to be supported by the resister's farewell kiss.

"I must be mother to you now," said the resister's farewell have been supported by the resistance of the resistance o Attainer and his wire, anoguougu to mi outward uppearances they were atten-tive, and, in society, as happy as ever, Hester—faithful, devoted woman, ten yet Alice felt that the gulf between years older than the weeper she held in them had never been bridged. She had, her arms—and then she whispered, "In ere they reached him, on the other side. your own health, now. And yet, had any one come to that man, and said to him, "You are to blanc, I drace stood by the window a long time and are daily adding to your sin," he would have indignantly denied it. the he turned said saly to his siver, and said, in a somewhat was the same and the said to his siver, and said, in a somewhat was the same are said to be satisfactory to be said to be said to be satisfactory to be said t y one come to that man, After the carriage had rolled away, "You are to blame, Horace stood by the window a long time

would have indignantly denicalit.

The truth was, his imperious will, pumpered by that first entire submission on the part of his wife, had grown with what of led upon, until it overshadowed his whole nature. Had Alice been a different woman—less submissive, less impulsive, more persistent of her rights—cven had she, in acknowledging herefore, thrown a portion of it where it justly belonged, on his head, asgry though he might have been, he would though he might have been, he would eventually have found a will that matched his own : but she was not of that ed his own; but she was not of that class. High spirited she certainly was, sympathy for each other. I seem to but most affectionate, and with the greatest sense of honor and delicery for the feelings of others, and it was often a marvel to herself how she had been a marvel to herself how she had been

month after month went by, and she hungered after the word of love that month after month went by, and she hungered after the word of love that never came. Sometimes, goaded almost to agony by this slow torture, she grew caprecious; but the cool eyes, the lofty manner, and that steady negative course by calm, self-centered woman's lip of her husband—neither repellent nor quivered: never came. Sometimes, goaded almost to agony by this slow torture, she grew caprecious; but the cool eyes, the lofty inviting—only added to her korrow.

"Her spirit is not broken yet," Mr. The boy had a tender, womanly heaving Mullard said to himself; and so he keps up his system of wifely training.

"Her way be my fancy only." I hope so, the may be my fancy only. I hope so, the my beautiful for the my fancy only. The my beautiful for the my fancy only. Hester!" But he stood long in though.

It was at this time that a summon loved with a stronger affection than so long dominant, mastered him night, Mrs. Enillard, and it will probably be hat when I return," and west out.

Maxwell Mailland sat prehaps for a latter same in the four cree he left the parlor, buried it pass so. He is cold as an iceberg. I won't let it pass so. He is cold as an iceberg. I won't let it pass so. He is cold as an iceberg. I won't let it pass so. He is cold as an iceberg. I won't leave an explanation before I sleep tonight," said Alica, prodenately in a reverie. But his thoughts were tonight," said Alica, prodenately in the first that were to make the collection of the research of the first that the closest tie of twin birth, surrounding her with such luxurice as mirely by that closest tie of twin birth, surrounding her with such luxurice as fell closey. He shan't treat me like a child any longer."

It was late when Mr. Maillard research of the parlor, and by the first that rested in his bright blue contains the same festation of his returning tiety had shaped the same festation of his returning telements, and by direct prodenate the manifestation of his returning the marringe tiety had shaped the same festation of his returning the marringe tiety had shaped the same marringe tiety had shaped the same

she traveled alone, as Mr. Maillard's business engagements were of that na-ture to detain him at home at that sea.

on. When the merchant, evening after evening, returned to his handsome house, descried save by the servants he began to grow more dissatisfied with

against the

the freside

Meantime, Alice—affectionate and sensitive, with her whole heart in her cycles, and those eyes eagerly be eaching his—stood near him, where she had advanced as she spoke. At first it had been easy for her to utter those words.

But that one unimnassioned monosyllable.

"They say that twins have a magic betrayed into that reply.

Situated as she now was, Alice grew daily more unlappy. Week after week, month after month went by and a stern, bitter expression settled on the

After their return home, anne from Alice's girllood home. Her air with return nome, or a some anne from Alice's girllood home. Her widowed mother. long an invalid, was rapidly failing, and the elder sister— mourning robes, with her pale, sad face, good, kind, wotherly Hester—and her and quiet'ways, without retaxing from that sudent twin brother Horsee, whom she

yol. word to a langery heart is bett

any gift that gold can buy!
Alice accepted all with a sy
that never failed her now. Ind Maillard marve ed to see how sai she had become. There was no she had become. There was n ings now into dumings up of high spirit; to passionate out aland no passionate yearnings for ness. Her tips were never life kiss; her eyes never sought wishtle eggerness for the find, ing rlance; her stender hand a wishful eigerness for the fund, ing glance; her slender hand is all caresingly into his. T with her was past.

One evening, sitting in the state of the state of

ing games i ner stender hand as shid caressingly into his. The with the was past.

One overning, sitting in this library where site had stolen once, the windows open to the of the Angust night, and the his eigar floating out into the Mr. Maillard fell to thinking of How different Alice is she was hast winter! My comest judicious. Her disposing to the was the has grow interest. It think the sea nir helped her, if she had though have gone hame at this time. Front this solitony Mr was r. used by a call from keeper, who sat with his wife spacious upper room of the

r who sat with his wife us upper room of the

gant mansion.

An hour later, a baby b shuttered into existence, be brief moment only, then were and the young mother lay d pillows. No kind, moth rise elder sister was there to c olct eves with a kiss, brother, who loved her wi ionate, enduring tenderness to look upon her white facts ionate, enduring tenderne

Maxwell Maillard stood dazed, when they told him moments were pouring it There was no time times a pleadings or regrets—no her sught save the few br surged in a thick, turbul his heavily-throbbinghear to receive the taint pressu outsirected hand, the law smile, and to hear the twe that fluttered over the pat as her dying gaze was as her dying gaze was

"Mother! Heaven "Mother! Heaven."
They baried her in the her village home, bead buried her dead baby on Hoster's sad face—aged passed into life's full into deeper lines, lines the deeper still with the lap that could never restore to the faithful heart of The xwin-brother.

The twin-brother, uth and promise, st sed by the terrible half his own bright yo away uuder the ear And Maxwell M

proud man, whose im never yielded before he flat of the Almigi alone with remorse eed now to empty n the ashes of w to relax his iron It was too late!

It was too late!

We are condent it portion of human suff price or human suff price read in the condent it process. The condent it process are the condent in the cap of human believe that the given the cap of human believe that the givent in the cap of human believe that the givent in the cap of human believe that the special of imperceptible springing from corr and disappointments, then half of the hum row and a broken way full vicins to the seem like advanced frine; but it is, an mind, simple truth, operations of giste.

All the countless of situations of districtions to the countless of the situations of the situations of the countless of the situations of the countless of the countless of countless of the countless of countless of countless of countless of the countless of countless