

Select Poetry

A Little Gossamer

The following exquisitely simple verses, from the pen of an "Unknown," will touch the heart of every father and mother:—

Miscellaneous

Linnet Moore.

BY CLIO STANLEY

Weare Duncan stood in the half-light made by the shadow of the lace curtain, and watched the woman who just now exerted such a peculiar influence on his life.

do not let me find you here after the night. Then he turned to Linnet, who had freed herself from his embrace and stood there white but resolute.

Linnet sighed as she reached her own room; for she saw yet the steady, luminous eyes on her own, and heard the even, kindly voice that had such power to stir her pulse to a quicker beat.

God give me the strength to do right, she exclaimed, yet how uncertain and helpless I feel to night! She stood by the window, looked in thought for a long hour, her memory telling her two stories—one sad, one sweet, and the choice which she would hear, no longer her's to make.

His eyes grew thoughtful and wandered away from her, while a very tender smile lit the dark face. "It was Miss Moore who made the assertion that every true knight wore armor, and I was anxious to know if every one else thought so too."

Just then Miss Gordon was solicited for a song, and Weare offered her his arm to go to the piano. When half way down the room he passed a group of fair women with Linnet Moore in the midst, and the single glance he had from her dark eye made him take a step nearer; but she turned away in time to recall him to a realization of where he was and what was expected of him.

The others kept their ground though and Weare could get no nearer than the outer edge of the charming circle. He stood there patiently and waited for a chance of movement. Finally when his patience was nearly exhausted, the group broke up, and he went at once to Linnet's side.

"I have waited for you all the evening," he said in a deprecatory tone. "I wanted you to walk with me. Did you ever see such beautiful heavens?" he continued, throwing back the curtain and letting it drop again behind them.

"Whether the stars are floating in the soft blue, or God has covered them with His clouds—are all beautiful."

"You can feel it if you will, Weare Duncan, for the truth is easier of comprehension to you than to most of men."

He had thrown a light, fleecy shawl over her shoulders and would have drawn her arm through his own, but she drew back and said, with a little thrill of regret in her voice, "Not to-night, Mr. Duncan; it is late, and I must go up stairs; and she was gone before he could offer any remonstrance, flitting up the wide staircase with a grace of motion that Berentje Gordon secretly envied.

Berentje Gordon was an only child, and heirus, with no wish denied her

Linnet Moore that night that she was envious and unhappy. Linnet did not question her, for she knew that Mrs. Gordon's governess would be replaced if she did more than listen to Bee's complaints.

Linnet sighed as she reached her own room; for she saw yet the steady, luminous eyes on her own, and heard the even, kindly voice that had such power to stir her pulse to a quicker beat.

God give me the strength to do right, she exclaimed, yet how uncertain and helpless I feel to night! She stood by the window, looked in thought for a long hour, her memory telling her two stories—one sad, one sweet, and the choice which she would hear, no longer her's to make.

His eyes grew thoughtful and wandered away from her, while a very tender smile lit the dark face. "It was Miss Moore who made the assertion that every true knight wore armor, and I was anxious to know if every one else thought so too."

Just then Miss Gordon was solicited for a song, and Weare offered her his arm to go to the piano. When half way down the room he passed a group of fair women with Linnet Moore in the midst, and the single glance he had from her dark eye made him take a step nearer; but she turned away in time to recall him to a realization of where he was and what was expected of him.

The others kept their ground though and Weare could get no nearer than the outer edge of the charming circle. He stood there patiently and waited for a chance of movement. Finally when his patience was nearly exhausted, the group broke up, and he went at once to Linnet's side.

"I have waited for you all the evening," he said in a deprecatory tone. "I wanted you to walk with me. Did you ever see such beautiful heavens?" he continued, throwing back the curtain and letting it drop again behind them.

"Whether the stars are floating in the soft blue, or God has covered them with His clouds—are all beautiful."

"You can feel it if you will, Weare Duncan, for the truth is easier of comprehension to you than to most of men."

He had thrown a light, fleecy shawl over her shoulders and would have drawn her arm through his own, but she drew back and said, with a little thrill of regret in her voice, "Not to-night, Mr. Duncan; it is late, and I must go up stairs; and she was gone before he could offer any remonstrance, flitting up the wide staircase with a grace of motion that Berentje Gordon secretly envied.

Berentje Gordon was an only child, and heirus, with no wish denied her

Linnet Moore that night that she was envious and unhappy. Linnet did not question her, for she knew that Mrs. Gordon's governess would be replaced if she did more than listen to Bee's complaints.

Linnet sighed as she reached her own room; for she saw yet the steady, luminous eyes on her own, and heard the even, kindly voice that had such power to stir her pulse to a quicker beat.

God give me the strength to do right, she exclaimed, yet how uncertain and helpless I feel to night! She stood by the window, looked in thought for a long hour, her memory telling her two stories—one sad, one sweet, and the choice which she would hear, no longer her's to make.

His eyes grew thoughtful and wandered away from her, while a very tender smile lit the dark face. "It was Miss Moore who made the assertion that every true knight wore armor, and I was anxious to know if every one else thought so too."

Just then Miss Gordon was solicited for a song, and Weare offered her his arm to go to the piano. When half way down the room he passed a group of fair women with Linnet Moore in the midst, and the single glance he had from her dark eye made him take a step nearer; but she turned away in time to recall him to a realization of where he was and what was expected of him.

The others kept their ground though and Weare could get no nearer than the outer edge of the charming circle. He stood there patiently and waited for a chance of movement. Finally when his patience was nearly exhausted, the group broke up, and he went at once to Linnet's side.

"I have waited for you all the evening," he said in a deprecatory tone. "I wanted you to walk with me. Did you ever see such beautiful heavens?" he continued, throwing back the curtain and letting it drop again behind them.

"Whether the stars are floating in the soft blue, or God has covered them with His clouds—are all beautiful."

"You can feel it if you will, Weare Duncan, for the truth is easier of comprehension to you than to most of men."

He had thrown a light, fleecy shawl over her shoulders and would have drawn her arm through his own, but she drew back and said, with a little thrill of regret in her voice, "Not to-night, Mr. Duncan; it is late, and I must go up stairs; and she was gone before he could offer any remonstrance, flitting up the wide staircase with a grace of motion that Berentje Gordon secretly envied.

Berentje Gordon was an only child, and heirus, with no wish denied her

Linnet Moore that night that she was envious and unhappy. Linnet did not question her, for she knew that Mrs. Gordon's governess would be replaced if she did more than listen to Bee's complaints.

Linnet sighed as she reached her own room; for she saw yet the steady, luminous eyes on her own, and heard the even, kindly voice that had such power to stir her pulse to a quicker beat.

God give me the strength to do right, she exclaimed, yet how uncertain and helpless I feel to night! She stood by the window, looked in thought for a long hour, her memory telling her two stories—one sad, one sweet, and the choice which she would hear, no longer her's to make.

His eyes grew thoughtful and wandered away from her, while a very tender smile lit the dark face. "It was Miss Moore who made the assertion that every true knight wore armor, and I was anxious to know if every one else thought so too."

Just then Miss Gordon was solicited for a song, and Weare offered her his arm to go to the piano. When half way down the room he passed a group of fair women with Linnet Moore in the midst, and the single glance he had from her dark eye made him take a step nearer; but she turned away in time to recall him to a realization of where he was and what was expected of him.

The others kept their ground though and Weare could get no nearer than the outer edge of the charming circle. He stood there patiently and waited for a chance of movement. Finally when his patience was nearly exhausted, the group broke up, and he went at once to Linnet's side.

"I have waited for you all the evening," he said in a deprecatory tone. "I wanted you to walk with me. Did you ever see such beautiful heavens?" he continued, throwing back the curtain and letting it drop again behind them.

"Whether the stars are floating in the soft blue, or God has covered them with His clouds—are all beautiful."

"You can feel it if you will, Weare Duncan, for the truth is easier of comprehension to you than to most of men."

He had thrown a light, fleecy shawl over her shoulders and would have drawn her arm through his own, but she drew back and said, with a little thrill of regret in her voice, "Not to-night, Mr. Duncan; it is late, and I must go up stairs; and she was gone before he could offer any remonstrance, flitting up the wide staircase with a grace of motion that Berentje Gordon secretly envied.

Berentje Gordon was an only child, and heirus, with no wish denied her

Linnet Moore that night that she was envious and unhappy. Linnet did not question her, for she knew that Mrs. Gordon's governess would be replaced if she did more than listen to Bee's complaints.

Linnet sighed as she reached her own room; for she saw yet the steady, luminous eyes on her own, and heard the even, kindly voice that had such power to stir her pulse to a quicker beat.

God give me the strength to do right, she exclaimed, yet how uncertain and helpless I feel to night! She stood by the window, looked in thought for a long hour, her memory telling her two stories—one sad, one sweet, and the choice which she would hear, no longer her's to make.

His eyes grew thoughtful and wandered away from her, while a very tender smile lit the dark face. "It was Miss Moore who made the assertion that every true knight wore armor, and I was anxious to know if every one else thought so too."

Just then Miss Gordon was solicited for a song, and Weare offered her his arm to go to the piano. When half way down the room he passed a group of fair women with Linnet Moore in the midst, and the single glance he had from her dark eye made him take a step nearer; but she turned away in time to recall him to a realization of where he was and what was expected of him.

The others kept their ground though and Weare could get no nearer than the outer edge of the charming circle. He stood there patiently and waited for a chance of movement. Finally when his patience was nearly exhausted, the group broke up, and he went at once to Linnet's side.

"I have waited for you all the evening," he said in a deprecatory tone. "I wanted you to walk with me. Did you ever see such beautiful heavens?" he continued, throwing back the curtain and letting it drop again behind them.

"Whether the stars are floating in the soft blue, or God has covered them with His clouds—are all beautiful."

"You can feel it if you will, Weare Duncan, for the truth is easier of comprehension to you than to most of men."

He had thrown a light, fleecy shawl over her shoulders and would have drawn her arm through his own, but she drew back and said, with a little thrill of regret in her voice, "Not to-night, Mr. Duncan; it is late, and I must go up stairs; and she was gone before he could offer any remonstrance, flitting up the wide staircase with a grace of motion that Berentje Gordon secretly envied.

Berentje Gordon was an only child, and heirus, with no wish denied her

Various Items

The fewer the words the better the prayer.

If we did but know how little we enjoy the great things that they shew, we would not be so much afraid of them.

Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the fount of pleasure. He who is a stranger to labor only which gives relief and ease.

There is not an experience whose side God has not fixed. There is not a trouble so swift running that we may not safely over if we have courage and strength to pull.

There is not a ray of light from the Mammoth cave of Kentucky, nor a torch of light from the Mammoth cave, all underground, lightened, save by the torches of truth and passion.

The rich colors, so grateful to the eye, which float in our atmosphere, are escaping from the talons of the rite or rily which at our feet. Most emulous odors—floating around us all of the influence of fifty spoken errors to be dangerously great deal of truth mingled with it, can ever obtain an extensive range from extravagance, and unprincipled falsehood, the world has and never can sustain a chief.

There are 7,000,000 young our land, and only 250,000 be Christians.

A Jersey Quakeress thinks to God to force vegetables on the use of hot beds, which she invention of the Evil Spirit.

A naughty little boy, being his mother that God would be him if he did a certain one. "Yes He would—God like to little boys—that is Sunday School."

A lady has a Sunday School one of the churches. Two attend it alternately. One lady asked one of the boys to be there on the following day. "Oh no," says he, "I can't turn to snaw wood."

A little boy in a Sioux City school put a paper to his teacher was telling her class punished the Egyptians by first-born in each household. The little boy listened very and, at a proper interval, asked, "what God would have had been twins?"

Little Susie pring over which angels were rep winged beings, suddenly with vehemence: "Mamma want to be an angel, and need I?" "Why, Susie? her mother. "Hump! I can't pretty clothes and wear hen?"

Respect for the Sabbath. A friend of ours, an A is very proud of his old "Mae," recently visited of fore fathers, and among other one upon a Scotch cousin, man of seventy-four, a clear Established Church (the at "Liberty," three million

The minister invited Scotch cousin to dine with day, when happened to Our modest friend, who traditions of his ancestor "Satan day," used to be still a matter in Scotland, his minister had forgotten

the minister invited Scotch cousin to dine with day, when happened to Our modest friend, who traditions of his ancestor "Satan day," used to be still a matter in Scotland, his minister had forgotten

the minister invited Scotch cousin to dine with day, when happened to Our modest friend, who traditions of his ancestor "Satan day," used to be still a matter in Scotland, his minister had forgotten

the minister invited Scotch cousin to dine with day, when happened to Our modest friend, who traditions of his ancestor "Satan day," used to be still a matter in Scotland, his minister had forgotten

the minister invited Scotch cousin to dine with day, when happened to Our modest friend, who traditions of his ancestor "Satan day," used to be still a matter in Scotland, his minister had forgotten

the minister invited Scotch cousin to dine with day, when happened to Our modest friend, who traditions of his ancestor "Satan day," used to be still a matter in Scotland, his minister had forgotten

the minister invited Scotch cousin to dine with day, when happened to Our modest friend, who traditions of his ancestor "Satan day," used to be still a matter in Scotland, his minister had forgotten

the minister invited Scotch cousin to dine with day, when happened to Our modest friend, who traditions of his ancestor "Satan day," used to be still a matter in Scotland, his minister had forgotten