

Lily.

What! a child of three-years' growth! Nature then hath known no sloth In a work so fairly done...

Every living curve is bright With a dazzling morning light; Every dimple is a pool Of ethereal vintage full...

PEMBROKE OF THE ARGUS.

BY MARY FRANCES WILLIAMS.

He sits at his office desk, in the waning light of a winter afternoon, with head bent and brows contracted; sits, and speeds his pen, with vindictive energy, across and across the lengthening copy of to-morrow's leader...

advertiser's name.—Mrs. Edna French Vane. Pembroke is thirty-three years old; and it goes without saying, that he has not arrived at this age without an experience of the heart.

expresses the hope that Mr. Pembroke will remember old times when he charges for the advertisement, and make it easy. Pembroke constrains himself to make a decently civil answer; and, rising, says to Edna...

I must sleep—sleep!—and dream of Edna! And Pembroke of the Argus lays down his head upon the desk and sleeps; that long, that dreamless sleep, which knows no waking upon earth.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE. CURRANT JELLY.—Rub the fruit through a sieve and then squeeze through a fine cloth; three quarters of a pound of sugar to every pint of juice; set over a good fire and skim and stir occasionally. When it is done, it will fall from the skimmer in sheets.