

“ O father! if you let me call you so,
 I never came a-begging for myself,
 Or William, or this child; but now I come
 For Dora : take her back; she loves you well.
 O sir, when William died, he died at peace
 With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said
 He could not ever rue his marrying me;
 I had been a patient wife; but, sir, he said
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus :
 “ God bless him! ” he said, “ and may he never know
 The troubles I have gone thro'! ” Then he turn'd
 His face and pass'd : unhappy that I am!
 But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you
 Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
 His father's memory; and take Dora back,
 And let all this be as it was before. ”

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
 By Mary. There was silence in the room;
 And all at once the old man burst in sobs :

“ I have been to blame, to blame, I have kill'd my son,
 I have kill'd him; but I loved him, my dear son.
 May God forgive me! I have been to blame.
 Kiss me, my children. ”

Then they clung about
 The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times;
 And all the man was broken with remorse;
 And all his love came back a hundred fold;
 And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
 Thinking of William.

So those four abode
 Within one house together; and as years
 Went forward, Mary took another mate;
 But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

At the battle of Balaklava, Oct. 1856, during the Crimean war, in which the armies of France and England fought side by side, the English light cavalry, commanded by Lord Cardigan, after receiving a misinterpreted order, dashed upon the Russian positions, defended by a formidable artillery, and was almost entirely annihilated. Had it not been for the timely help of a French detachment, not a single English soldier would have gone back into the trenches.

Half a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of death,
 Rode the six hundred.
 “ Forward, the light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns! ” he said;
 Into the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred.

* * *

“ Forward, the light Brigade! ”
 Was there a man dismayed!
 No, tho' the soldier knew
 Some one had blundered .
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die.
 Into the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred.

* * *

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well ;
 Into the jaws of death,
 Into the mouth of hell,
 Rode the six hundred.

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Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered :
 Plunged in the battery smoke,
 Right thro' the line they broke ;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the sabre stroke,
 Shattered and sundered.
 Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

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Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of death,
 Back from the mouth of hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

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When can their glory fade ?
 Oh ! the wild charge they made !

All the world wonder'd.
 Honour the charge they made !
 Honour the light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred.

Anonymous.

GENTLE WORDS

A young rose in the summer time
 Is beautiful to me,
 And glorious are the many stars
 That glimmer on the sea ;
 But gentle words, and loving hearts,
 And hands to clasp my own
 Are better than the brightest flowers,
 Or stars that ever shone.

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The sun may warm the grass to life,
 The dew the drooping flower,
 And eyes grow bright and watch the light
 Of autumn's opening hour.
 But words that breathe of tenderness,
 And smiles we know are true,
 Are warmer than the summer time,
 And brighter than the dew.

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It is not much the world can give,
 With all its subtle art,
 And gold and gems are not the things
 To satisfy the heart ;
 But oh ! if those who cluster round
 The altar and the hearth,
 Have gentle words and loving smiles,
 How beautiful is earth !

SPEAK GENTLY

Speak gently! — it is better far
 To rule by love than fear;
 Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
 The good we might do here!

* * *

Speak gently! — love doth whisper low
 The vows that some hearts bind;
 And gentle friendship's accents flow;
 Affection's voice is kind!

* * *

Speak gently to the little child,
 Its love be sure to gain;
 Teach it in accents soft and mild;
 It may not long remain!

* * *

Speak gently to the young, for they
 Will have enough to bear:
 Pass through this world as best they may,
 'Tis full of anxious care!

* * *

Speak gently to the aged one;
 Grieve not the careworn heart;
 The sands of life are nearly run,
 Let such in peace depart.

* * *

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
 Let no harsh tone be heard;
 They have enough they must endure,
 Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring! Know
 They may have toiled in vain;
 Perchance unkindness made them so:
 Oh! win them back again.

* * *

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
 Dropped in the heart's deep well;
 The good, the joy, that it may bring,
 Eternity shall tell!

THE END.