

Poetry.

THE MAN WITHOUT CREDIT

BY WILLIAM COX.

He was a very tall, brown man,
And his dress was grand and old,
And his face was long, and his step was long,

FAREWELL TO HOME.

Farewell, Father! on the morrow
We must take our leave of thee,
But let not a cloud of sorrow

Miscellaneous.

THE FRENCH PEASANT GIRL.

Mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,

Madame triumphed in the success of her oratory.
But the young girl turned away from her congratulations and promises, and, for the first time, perceived who had made one of her audience.

shuddering frame felt it to be the language of irrepressible emotion.
She was borne from the stage to her own dressing room, where she soon recovered, at least the outward appearance, of composure.

misery were blotted out, and she was again his own, his pure—his first, and only love.
Suddenly Pauline lifted up her pale wan face from his bosom, and shook back the damp and dishevelled masses of hair which had half concealed it.

He also knew, that many would take advantage of the miracle, and wrest it to their own undoing, and it is within the scope of possibility that this is one reason why it was wrought.

Communication.

DIALOGUE ON ABSTINENCE.

BAR-ROOM OF DEACON DEMAS.
Deacon Demas, (sings)
And when my spirit drinks her fill
At some good word of thine,