Original Boetry.

A WE DARE NOT MEET.

r instruction in the property of the property Would own love's carly sway, That wish I've bid depart Would have broad my way!
To chest signife with hopes which lie,
and think in frinkly hue,
the darkest oloud in life's hisak sky

Pate not steet you; for the mid.

Would the your presents thrill

and only have dominion still;

on And, all the vows which I have made.

To have how he had been made. Would, in your presence, quickly fade

With promises untrue.

I dare not meet you, for the eye Would tell my socrets o'er, and give such poor attempt the lie To think of you no more; For love needs not a written scroll, Nor language, to reveal The deep emotions of the soul.
Which kindred spirits feel.

Service of the control of the contro

and priests. A tumilities crowd of idelatrous and adjects worthing through sported. But its price is not simply in not simply to not simply the source of the whole House forced him its price is not sported. But its price is not sported in the purposit of mobile ends by shole hearts, and admire lad, sported that which its run stree. But it has price it in a price is not sported in the purposit of mobile ends by shole hearts, and admire lad, sported in the purposit of mobile ends by shole hearts, and start lad, the purposit of mobile ends by shole hearts, and start lad, the purposit of mobile ends by shole hearts, and start lad, the purposit of mobile ends by shole hearts, and start lad, the purposit of mobile ends by shole hearts, and start lad, the purposit is run stree. But the should be sent at the purposit of mobile ends by shole hearts, and the same between the price is the street of mobile ends by shole heart lad, and the should be sent at the should be sent at the street lad, and the should be sent and the should be sent at the should be should be sent at the should be sent at

the old-dittens of this place. It was once the rendezrous of a desperate class of people, and many dark and bloody crimes are known to have been committed within its walls. Many innocent and unsuspecting girls have been lured to that house and their run zo-

Select' Boetry.

PARTING BY JOHN P. MITCHALL.

The following beautiful lines from our talent d contributor, John P. Mirousale, we city from recent number of the Waverly Magazine.

Oh, I hear the tempest sighting of the mountain and the vale, As the faded year, in dying, Bresities a melanchely wall? But a sadder voice is talling. It is message to my heart, In anguish it is swelling. To know that we must part,

And the shilling min is sweeping thield on my window, pane.

As the dying year were wearing For the vector is the fast silding. But a colder louich it grasping. The tandries of my heart, Affections's hand unclasping.

And we also I wast turn. And we, also must part.

The rude hand of Autumn covers
The dead Summer's grave with leaves,
White the shadow darkly hovers,
And the sighing tempest graves;
But a ruder hand has smitten
My eadly sching heart,
And destiny has written
That you and I must part.

The love which long has flourished.

In the summer of my heart.

And the hopes so fondly chorished.

With the Autumn will depart.

Much in Little.

-Be sure you're right, then go ahead. -A man, like a gun, in effective only

Many who think themselves, the are of the church are only its sleepers.

wouldn't be dead let him be quick.

Frequent frowns always stereotype themselves into ugly wrinkles. Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you. This is the lesson of the gospel.

Saturn It is said to have eaten his own children. He must have been a Feejee

- Old cockneys can say with some truth, the hair is thin upon the mountain

____Some singers might well have frogs in their throats if the frogs would but sing in their the

Those who apply themselves wholly to little things are sure to eatch the little.

A Bachelor editor, our west, who had a conference of oxocilent wedding cate to dream on, that gives the result on the fair half we a bride a piece of oxocilent wedding cate to dream on, that gives the result of his effectively.

We put is under our pillow, answers and a saccept as an infant blessed with a many consistence; and shored productivities as steeriy as an infant blessed with a fact we were married! Never was a little editor so happy. It was 'my love,' 'my dearest,' "sweetest," 'inging in my cars overy moment. Oh, that the dream had been of here. But no! some acting the was it into the head of our dearly to have been ding for dinner to please last love. In a hungry dream we sat down to ding for dinner to please last love. In a hungry dream we sat down to ding for dinner to please last love. In a hungry dream we sat down to ding for dinner to please last love. In a hungry dream we sat down to discuss the plate before us.

"My dang," and and dinner the first party of the plate before us.

make this ?"

"Yes, my love, and is nice?"

"Glorious! the best broad pudding F-byer tasted in my life."

"Plum pudding, ducky," suggested my
life."

"Oh, no, dearest, breed pidding. I was always fond of 'em."

"Call that breed pudding!" explaimed my wife, while her lips slightly coxled with contempt."

"Certainly, my dear; reckon T've had enough at the Sherwood House to know bread pudding, my love, by all means."

"liusband, this is really too bad. Plum pudding is twice as hard to make as bread pudding, and is more expensive, and is a great deal better. I say this is plum pedding, sir!" and my presty what a now mushed with excitements.

"My love, my sweet, my dear love, ex-