Not so! for, never to return,

I am weak, yet strong ; I murmur not! that I no longer see; Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong, Oh, merciful One!

When friends pass by me, and my weak Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face Is leaning toward me ; and its holy light Shines in upon my lonely dwelling pla And there is no more night.

On my bended knee, recognize The purpose clearly shown; My-vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see Thyself-Thyself alone. I have nought to fear; This darkness is the shadew of Thy wing;

Beneath it I am almost sacred; here Can come no evil thing. 1 14 O! I seem to stand

Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless land, Which eye hath never seep.

Shapes of resplendent beauty round methrong; From angels' lips I seem to hear the flow Of soft and holy song.

It is something now, Roll in upon my spirit-strains sublime Break over me unsought. Give me now my lyre? I feel the stirrings of a gift divine; Within my bosom glows unearthly fire Lit by no skill of mine.

THE CONQUERED ENEMY.

who lived with her grandmother in an obscure court. Fiddle had no name but Keep the child cool by means of frequency Baby until she was two years old, but at the state of the

forgot her teacher's words. In the evening, however, when the old fashioned lamp was lighted, and Mammy placed her huge spectacles on her nose to spell out a second

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

TERMS: Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

VOL. V.

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1872.

NO. 34.

Wooden l'umps,

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor,

Fiddle was a pretty little mulatto grel, furnishes the public with the following

Fiddle's father was a sailor, and went on a voyage from which he never returned. His wife died soon afterward, and twa little Fiddle was an orphan, left in charge of her good old grandmother, whom the child elways called "Mammy."

One Sunday moraing, Fiddle sat in her place in Sunday school, when her teacher said quite suddenly, "Love your enemies." She then told the children the meaning of the word enemy.

Fiddle replied, "Then Pomp Jones is my enemy, and I can't do nuffin bout lovin' him, 'cause I hate him."

Her teacher repeated he words "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

Salks listened attentially but soon.

The control of the co

When joy, like the sun, was dinras "My darling," he wrote (von'd discover That he couldn't spell well at the time "If you love me, I am your true lover,

My First Lover. A trunk full of old odds and ands,

And to prove it I and you this dime;
At Boxer's they'll give you a heap,
If you please to buy dates or heabons,
But at Trudge's they sell 'em quite ches.
And make me the happiest of Johns."

Well, we quarreled one morning severaly.

Concerning the names of some flowers.

And I fancy most quarrels spring merely.

From trifles as foolish as ours.

Alas, he's grown famous and gray now.

And has lost his fine taste for bonbons; But, reading his letter to-day, how I wished him the happlest of Johns!