- The Columbia Spu.



Alown to his Aiden home. The lark, just
roused, was saning far into the Hluas
ether, and warbling sweetest melo Aown to his Aiden home. The lark, juist
roused, was soaring far into the (blua:
ether, and warbling sweetest melodies.-7.
Slowly rose the little birds, and shook lowly rose the little birds, and athook
heir folded wings, and with glad, free ongs greeted the Morning The por
unued fowers; still dripping with the ned flowers; still drippit

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The sunlight rested on gorgeous, palk ardens, smiling streams, fairy fhrines, leaping forntains, orange-trees, and sea-
cia bowers ; and all werc gleaming, davieing, and spa
of Morning.
A fair child, with sunny hair, hatd
neatled down among the roses, anid playa with their sof velvet petals. A wasm beam of light rested on his golden curls,
and his blue eqes Bigighty amited the Morning-gails haghee the cliild.
Such is ifite. In its inimitubly bright nd beautifal morning, Jojous-hearted
hildren, we bask in the suibhine, wo oort among the flowars, we plaj-with
ne roses ; knowing not or heeding not he thorns that lurk: benieath. Hope
rows over the fature her radiant veil, ad throagh its dim, rosy light, the path mis gay and brilliant.




The clear atill Night had succooded a arin summer's day: In the quitldy
age and the crowded oity, buatle noits,
na, hurry were over. The subduing,


4 4 getry.

ry clustering. round the. one of ite "verdant ringleta") drooped the
white head of an old man, who, seated on
the the ground, was regarding whith mourri-
ful look the objecta sround him. moon, that gentle eniprosss of hied Nighe,
mbed ber silvor light on his bowed form and seddesed face. In its ight, hope
Such, too, is life. In
is not by to cast ber bright reill of nowe color before the hiddece events. The
fature foeses ite obsims, and we turn
mournfully to the past, "'mid buried moarnfuly to the past, "'mid baried
joys to room." Whore than are the
hopes whish animathed us, when, as glod; sunny tpirited ohildrea, we uportod ninong
the fowers? Gooe, like the vanishiag
regrat
Yet the night of $i f f$ is not alwayi med
It may, be colm sod posonfol as the ehad
ows that sofly shoop on the hill-ide.-


 of tay youth;" while the marriing tight
still beems apone thee, while you allin
bright, and "the evil deye come pok""Night of thy lifo drameth nigb !
ADAMS COENTY, Nov,, 1898 .


## woundod



