

Poetry.

THE GOSPEL OF THE MORNING.
And the great multitude round,
And the great multitude round,
And the great multitude round,

Biographical.

LETTER FOR THE TRAIN.
It was dead water at Wansford Road Station.
The life of trains,
The life of trains,
The life of trains,

had an engagement I wished especially to attend to.
'I'm very sorry, Sir Francis,' said the station master, 'but I'm afraid you can't go.
The station master, Sir Francis, was a young man of about thirty years of age, with a high forehead, a prominent nose, and a pair of eyes that seemed to follow you wherever you went.

hoped might prove the restorative.
The surgeon had not been easily convinced.
Sir Francis brought him at last, as he had said, a 'trapped' case.
At this moment a whistling steam train was passing through the station.

one myself at last. But were John Somers when you saw Richard Freeman sitting at the table?
'Yes, John Somers it was,' said the man, 'but he was not at the table.
'You've been married?'
'Yes, I have,' said the man, 'and I'm very happy.

case, but he was not quite sure whether he could venture upon a job on that subject with a baronet's sister.
'You're a young man who has called her brother my brother at one time, and now you're calling her my sister?
'You're a young man who has called her brother my brother at one time, and now you're calling her my sister?

Table with 2 columns: Description of notices and their respective rates.

regiment's certificate of the late Mr. Gordon, single woman, of Wansford, in the year 1868.
'I don't want to enter into any particulars that might be painful to you, but I will say that the lady was a very young woman, and that she was a native of the county of Lancashire.