|  |  |  |  |  | God ：wo have in our countig is rieilher poterty nôr riches，＂in the Europenn seception of these termi． |
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|  | vol．xyin． | turday morning | JULY |  |  |
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|  | To voice thy diearying hour： ＂The butterfly bas ctosed its wings， Upon a lity flower！？ |  |  |  |  |
| Sast mexitr， | God bless me，and make me a good girl．＂－Amen． <br> Not such the dream by slumber throw＇ When griefs rough swell is o＇er， |  |  |  |  |
|  | ＇Not such the dreain by slomber throw When grier＇s rough swell is o＇er， The ebb of pain，its after moan！ |  |  |  |  |
|  | The prayer，is butthe echoing Of waling pace and love， The rustling of the Spirit＇s wing |  |  |  |  |
|  | The cooing of its duve！Th？rases of the Pervinn field， |  |  |  |  |
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|  | bless me，and make me a goodigirl．＂一Amen That infent coullopras． |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | The play was over，and my tormentors recommenc－ ed talking of the young gir！nith the grey hair． 6．For my part，＂aaid one， 4 l think it not at all |  |
| mate |  | ，put iself in motion，brcaking in－ |  |  |  |
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| $\left\lvert\, \begin{aligned} & \text { acyuid } \\ & \text { acica } \end{aligned}\right.$ |  |  |  | ， | ，mima |
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|  | think，lute coutd I bave thought，when together we were exposed to the peris und suffrings of a frontier |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  | Sis， |  |  |  |
|  | tracy，and every generuus mind wil understand， why I could nut then give as free a scope to my feclings as now．My narrative was confined to the |  |  |  |  |
|  | fects，which indeed when related as they ofcurred， are sulficient to justify the General from all asper－ |  |  |  |  |
| On，Shad x ？ |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  | When 1 proprose to give full course to the dictates of my heart，and to say of hion in the tomb，what |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | ding the batle of the Thames，meluding the pursuit of l＇noctun．Having remarked that Major Woon and hinself lad gone to reconnoitre the eneay＇ |  |  |  |  |
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| －вв вамкам． |  |  |  |  |  |

