## 



THE COMPILER.


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| $40 \ldots$ | A |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  | DAD IS GROWLNG OLD, JOBX. <br> DY J. Q. A. woos. <br> Ay, Ded is growing old, John, |  |  |  |
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|  | At cradle and the plow, And sarned our porridge by the eweat That trickled from his brow; Yet aever heard we hite complain, | pearance of Ida, the old man vacatod hie mountaia homes, and let it with hia youngeat grandebild; with this.know- |  |  |
|  | Yor weterer his woil might be, Upon his solid knes. |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  | But when our boy-atreagth eame, Joha, And aturdy grew each limb, Fe Drobitht on to the rellow feld, <br> To share the toil with his |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | with eorrow and wearisomeneas, accompanied by a lovely young girl, arrivedat a loue inn on the road loading direct |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | tractod the attention of tho fow porsons rusiding in the vicinity of the public house, and much curiosity was oxciter |  |  |
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|  |  | chapter, in accordance with the act. The old man looked forward to the |  |  |
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|  |  | say to bis cliildren-... You can plantRowers on my grave." Alan! the fiow. |  |  |
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|  | And each a stalwart man,And we must make their peik as amoothAnd level as we can. |  |  | The faluring olee |
|  |  |  | to the surprise of several men whoemerged from tho cave, stood the form |  |
|  | Ine Story Book. | Sose |  |  |
|  |  |  | of being seon, he turued and Ald. "Si-lence, mon-close the door, secare wolltho entrauce-I will pursue the spy"- |  |
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|  |  <br> PAGE [cosctestor.] |  |  |  |
| 15,500 \%ars |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | arelike dintillations of a brakou heart- they fall like snow flakos on a shattered tomb. |  |  |
|  | skins and curiously wroaght corerlets, at the feet of it stoud a small table upon which were the requisites for the tollet, |  |  |  |
| St |  |  |  | and |
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|  | with a deep and bitter matred, he ap- <br> proachen." fir one, you droop in my |  |  | WTV lominirems some of the Yotho- |
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|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | therg, zpparcatly asleep. The nld man <br> ged the bod |  |  |
| Bmeat sain | Who I am, and of whit I ap capable of doing-thead hands are not froe fram |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  | tontaby ristim coould propare for do <br>  |  |
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