| Goetry. |  |
| :---: | :---: |
| Both siaes <br> a man in his cerriage was riding along <br> An gaily dressed wife by his nide; And he like a king in his pride |  |
|  |  |
| A wood-sa'wyiar atood on the thereet as they passed <br> Hin said, osriage and couple he eyed, <br> nd said, as he worked with his saw on a log |  |
|  |  |
| The man in the oarriage remarked to his wife <br> "One thing I would give if I conld- Id give all my wealth for the strength and the <br> health <br> ot the man Tho baveth the wood." |  |
|  |  |
| A pretty young maid, with a bundie of work,Whoge faoe as the morning was fair,Went tripping slong with a smile of delight,While humming a love-breathing air. |  |
| She looked on the <br> Arraybd in apparal so fine <br> And atid ins whispor, "I wh from my heart Those satins and laces were mine. |  |
| The lady logked out on the maid with her work, So fair in her oilico dress,And said; cury relinquibh possession and wealth, Her beaíty ond youth to posees. |  |
| Thus in this world, whatever our lot Our mindasint our time we employIn longing and, alghing for what we have not |  |
|  |  |
| We welcome the pleasure for which we havesighed, The heart has a vold in it still Growing deeper and wider the longer welive, |  |
|  |  |

## Witatary lofites.



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