

Poetry.

Heaven is the land where troubles cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er;
The sunny clime of rest and peace,

Book Notices.

HEAVEN. Heaven is the land where troubles cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er;
The sunny clime of rest and peace,
Where cares distract no more,

O, she ought to have looked into her
little mirror then! We think she would
have been frightened at the reflection of
her face—indeed, we are sure of it!

"I am just as sorry as ever I can be. I
was never half so sorry—never in the
world!"
"That's right. Now go with me to
mother."

ger besetting her young and beloved hus-
band and her infant child.
They succeeded in flying from France.
It was their good fortune to escape from
the bloody land where Robespierre and his
associates were busy at the work of death.

of the parapet five feet four inches. The
towers are thirty-one feet three inches high,
and twenty-eight feet one inch broad.

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