

Poetry.

"Jesus has a Home for Me."

Last words of a youthful soldier-organist, in the Army of the Potomac; an incident related by a delegate of the Christian Commission, in the Christian Instructor, (8 Sept. 19th.)

On a lowly bed, in the hospital tent, A boy lay, breathing his life away; Every pulse, as it came and went, Shortened the sands of his earthly day.

Round him were gathered, with faces sad, Comrades and friends of the hard campaign; Eyes that it battle had looked almost glad Poured forth their tears on his pillow like rain.

Over him bent, too heart-broken for tears, Grieving to part with his youngest born The father, whose love through the circling years Had been lavishly poured on his noble son.

Hush! his lips move! Dend closer to hear What he will say in his dying hour, Does he think of the night-march, long and drear, Or the fight where he fell in his youthful power?

Does he ask for the flag that he bravely bore O'er the hill when the charge was made? Oh! the banner may droop! but will ride no more To bear it in front of the proud brigade!

Sweet as the tone of a silver bell, The name that he learned at his mother's knee, Is the name that he speaks, while the dark waves swell, "Jesus, my Lord, has a home for me."

Only that! "his last good-by!" "Hold the hands on the silent breast, Never to leave with one painful sigh; The soldier of Jesus hath gone to rest."

Carry him back to his olden home, Tenderly back to his olden bed; Wrap the flag he loved round the poor, maimed form; Strew the sweet flowers o'er the early dead.

Mother! who bore him so long ago, Kiss thro' thy tears the bitter clay; He whom thou mournest in bitter weep, Christ hath crowned in the heavens to-day.

Soldier of Freedom! 'twas much to bear Her symbol of glory through deadly strife; Soldier of Jesus! 'twas more to share Thy faith triumphant in parting life.

There! where the palm of the victor waits; There! where the many mansions be, Soldier and saint! thro' the golden gates— Jesus, thy Lord, has a home for me!

William Pittenger, one of the Adventurers. With an Introduction by Rev. Alexander Clark. 12mo., pp. 255. Philadelphia: J. W. Daugherty. For sale by John P. Hunt, Fifth street, Pittsburgh.

With some faults, the book before us has many excellences. It is certainly one of the most interesting of the war-narratives which we have yet noticed. The description of the Railroad Chase is a high degree graphic and exciting. The book is worth reading for the sake of this animated sketch, irrespective of other merits.

MY FARM OF EDGEWOOD. A Country Book. By the Author of "Reveries of a Bachelor." 12mo., pp. 313. New-York: Charles Scribner. For sale by R. S. Davis, Pittsburgh.

The mine, sprightly style which characterizes "My Farm's" previous works, gives fascination to the present volume by the same author. Its literary merits are sufficient of themselves to recommend it to the general reader. To the amateur farmer the book will be especially interesting. We would not take the responsibility of saying to our unpretentious country farmers around us, that they will coincide with the author in all his views, though we think they may obtain from his work some valuable suggestions.

While we think favorably of the book, in the main, we must take exception to the author's disposition to give scope to his style by expressionsavoring too strongly of profanity. This is a sad blemish.

Mr. SCHMIDT announces on his list of Fall Publications the following works. 1. Letters to the Young, by Timothy Titcomb; 2. A New Edition of Bitter-Sweet; by the same author; 3. The Fable of the Fox and the Grapes, by T. H. Felt; 4. The School-Girl's Garland, a selection of poetry, by Mrs. Kirkland; 5. A History of English Literature and of the English Language, by Prof. Craik; 6. A History of Christian Doctrine, by Rev. Dr. Shedd; 7. Work and Play, by Rev. H. Bushnell, D.D.; 8. Gilead, or the Vision of All Souls' Hospital, by Rev. J. H. Smith; 9. An Outline of the Elements of the English Language, by Prof. Clark; 10. Stanley's Tour in the East; and, Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church, and Lectures on the History of the Church of Christ, by the same author; 11. Ewald's Hydraulics; 12. A Book of Public Prayer; 13. My Father's House, by Rev. J. M. MacDonald, D.D.

For the Young.

Going to Sea. BY MRS. P. H. PHELPS.

George was disappointed with farm-life. He complained that it was drudge, drudge, drudge—never any rest, and very little pleasure in it. He was tired of death of fiddling, milking, hoeing, weeding, raking, husking. He was never meant for it. He was tired of the country, too—such a dull place—nothing to do—nothing to see to be seen there. He could not spend his whole life in his little out-of-the-way native town, where there was not even a village; that was certain.

What should he do? What would he do, if he could? He hardly knew. He had some ideas of the sea. He sang of it as "the bold, the grand, the ever free." He fancied that he should like to ride its proud waves, to battle with its storms, to "play with and conquer it," in accordance with some fanciful book-talk. There he would see everything—whales, dolphins, flying-fish, all the wonders of nature, and all celebrated and strange countries and people.

As George grew discontented, he grew unprofitable. He worked grudgingly, slowly, and sometimes badly. "How I do hate to milk!" he said, as he took his pail. "I'm sick of hoe, hoe, hoe," he said, when sent to the cornfield, and left half the weeds to rot. He would not work for the farmer with him, and often reproved him. This made him the more dissatisfied, and he kept saying inwardly, "I will not stay here to work, and be scolded for nothing." "What should he do?" he seriously questioned. "Should he go to sea? It would trouble his father, he did; that would be one good thing. But man would miss him and be sorry enough that he'd scolded him. So George said, in his foolishness and wickedness. But his mother! It would break her heart. It might kill her. He loved his mother more than anything else.

He had made up his mind. His mother must bear it, for he must go away. He would not stop to deliberate again. He had done it once, and to no purpose. He had delayed only to lose time. He should be his last night at home. He would go the first dawn of the morning. "He was very sober and quiet now, with this great decision lying on him, standing and looking in, as he did, at the door of a great future.

He began to feel badly when he gave his last dollar to the cows, and felt that it was the last; he never had so much kindness for the patient animals before. When he had led the horse to water, and tied him in his stall, he lingered by him, for he found it hard to leave him. Would the old horse miss him? He knew he would. "Good-by, old friend!" said George, smoothing his mane, and brushing away a tear. He played with his little sister, and smiled at her so tenderly, that she pulled down his head to kiss him, and told him she never knew he loved her so much before. George never knew it, either. He had no idea she was so dear to him. Oh, how much he would do for her in the bright days to come! He would bring her rare shells and birds, and many wonderful things. Silks and pearls and riches should yet be hers. He would make her so delighted and happy!

He looked at his mother—at her sweet face, and turned away. He dared not trust himself to look at her, or be with her longer. Another instant might unnerve him. He hastened to his room. Half-way up the stairs, he called out a faint, "good-night!" And was this all the leave-taking for those who loved him better than life? Would he go on the dangerous, treacherous sea, on the dangerous, treacherous ocean of life, without his father's tender blessing, his mother's farewell kiss, without their prayers? "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child!" So saith the wise man.

George slept little that night. He was awake before the dawn, dressed, and with bundle in hand left his home forever. He did not look back till he came to the turn which would shut it out from his view. Then he paused, leaned against the fence, and took a last look of the dear old place. It was printed on his heart, every feature of it, so deeply that he could always call it up, and see it as a living picture. He knew he should want to see it when very far away, in the long and lonely twilights, and on the Sabbath days.

But he would see it again in reality before long, he thought. He would come back to it, proud with success. He would gladden it again. He was grieving its loved inmates now; he would make them rejoice. A dark, terrible thought crossed his mind. Would they all be there when he came back? How could he bear to visit them, and find them not—only their cold, still, unliving graves? No, he must be forgiven. He was already half-pent-up. "God protect them, the dear ones!" he whispered. "God help them!" and choking down a sob, he grasped his bundle more tightly, and hurried on his way. We need not follow him to see his weariness, his lone hours, his hardships; we can only say that his heart to see his yearnings and regrets, his misgivings and fears, his remorse. He was a wretched boy, hurrying on after a dream. He carried enough wretchedness in himself to spoil even a paradise.

Let us go to his home. The sun is high in the sky, and the leaves are lowering for the pasture, still unutilized. "Where is George? I have not seen him this morning. His chores are all undone," said the father. "How late he sleeps! He may be sick!" responds the mother. "Alas, she will never wake him more! She finds the open couch—the deserted room. "George is up here," she says, returning. "Where can he be?" the father anxiously inquires, as if of himself. "Where can he be?" responds the mother. "Have you called him?" she asks.

The barn—the woods echo back his name in vain. He will never hear himself called by a father's lips again. And this is the last time the father will speak his name without a tear, or groan, or inward sigh.

The breakfast is eaten in silence. Then the father, forgetting his work, walks the room and says, "It is so strange about George! He never did so before."—But he does not breathe his dreadful fears. No. If it is so—if it is so, let the truth come slowly to the gentle-hearted mother! The mother goes quietly and alone to her poor boy's chamber, and she had guessed anything before, she knows now. God help her! Such faintness, such sickness of soul can come to us but a few times in our life. Thanks for that! Death itself is nothing to this dying still in life. George's room is but little disturbed. It was always neat and orderly, and is so now. He left it so on purpose, thinking of his mother. But some things are gone—his best clothes, his port-monnaie, his little writing-case, a book or two are missed. Is his Bible gone? Thank God it is. Oh, there is some consolation—a little softening of the anguish in this! The mother prays, "God of the Bible, God of the Bible, bless my boy! save him! O, save him! For the sake of the beloved Son of Mary, hear a mother's prayer!"

The father has guessed the truth before it is told! "God forgive me! Was I severe to the boy?" he asks himself. "Oh, that I had been more gentle, more patient and considerate! Have I driven out mine own son? Whom I so loved?" He hastens after him. Which way? Where? To the nearest city. Arrived there, where shall he go? To the wharves, to the ships, to all his acquaintance. He advertises, he inquires of every one who may by any possibility know anything of the whereabouts of his son. But he must search on. He cannot return to the broken-hearted mother without tidings.

They come at last. In another city, George has shipped for a sea-voyage. Blessed news! He is still alive, he may be found. The vessel may not have sailed, and the son may be regained and persuaded back to home and land. But oh, if the father should be too late! If the vessel with George on board should have sailed!

Alas! the father is too late. The vessel with George on board has sailed. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have forgotten us all. Three years without him will bow me to the earth. Ah, it will not take so long to break the tender heart of her who bore him." "Such are the father's thoughts. "When will the ship Julia return?" "In three years." "What a voyage! In three years the boy will be a man, and have