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POETRY:

The Bying Renewa's Irea,
Hebrew knelt, us the dying light,
is eye was dim and cold,
he hairs on his brow were silver wi
all his blood was thin and old.
le lifted his looks to his latest sun,
or he knew litat his pilgrimage was
and as he are God's skadow there,
is spirit pourod itself in prayer!

'I come unto death's second birth, Beneath a stranger are, A pilgrim on a dull, cold earth, As all my fathers were ill my fathers were '
men have atamped mo with a curid it is not Thine.
mercy—like you aun—was made
ne as them—to shine;

thosefore, share I lift mine eye
rugh that, to thee—hefore I die!

"In this great temple built by thee, Whose alters are drivine Beneath you lamp that, ceaselessly, Legits up this own true shrine, Oh! take my latest sacrifice—Look down and make this sod Holy as that where, long ago, The Hehrew met his God!

Andy it that waters, ong ago,

"I have not control the widow's tears,

Nor dinated to ophan's eye.

I have not control the widow's tears,

Nor dinated to ophan's eye.

I have not stailed the wigor's years.

I have not stailed the wigor's years.

Have ever been most sweet.

Have ever been most sweet.

My "shoes were off my feet."

I have loved "he in the whiterion,

"I have hown "He in the whiterion,

"I have hown "He en'll!

I dream! Thee in the whiterion,

"I was "Dee, in the hundre,

I was "Dee, in the hundre,

And sweedlyped, in the might

And sweedlyped, in the might

And sweedlyped, and which itself.

To hear Thy "all! until voice: "I

Lare no feet my got's hing.

Far from Thy presence driven,

Lare no feet my got's hing.

Far from Thy presence driven,

But all them Thee and Herware.

Shut out from Thee and Heaven! Mast I the whiteviel resp, because My father sowed the storm! Or shrink—because another sinced— Brenath by erd right sum! On many of the wee drily sent, Bell with out the my crass from ano, I turn to Thee shous! On! but my fainting spirit laws, And what is duft, reveal, And what is duft, or of foreign, And what is rely, of foreign, And what is rely, of the other And what is rely, and the same from above, and cleases my nature from above, and cleases my nature from above, and cleases my nature from above, in the deep Jordan of thy love.

In the deep Justim of they here.

"I have not if the Christian's haven
Sadd to the same a mine.

And taken home to thine!

I wader on a far, dinn stead,
Whose mensions are as tombo.

And taken home to thine?

I wader on a far, dinn stead,
Whose mensions are as tombo.

Where there are many homes:

Where there are many homes.

Where I would be the same and the same and

The Lady Bug and the Ant

BY MRS. SIGGURNEY,

The lady bug sat in the rose's heart,
And smiled with pride and scorn,
As she saw a bikin-drest ant go by.
With a heavy grain of corm—
So she drew the outsian of damask ros
And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her glass of a drop of dew
That lay in the rose's breast.

Then sho loughed so food that the ant i.

And seeing her haughty face,
Fook no more notice, but travelled on
At the same industrous pace:
But a sudden blast of notumn came,
And rudely swept like ground,
And down the rose with the lady bug i.

And acastered its leaves around.

For the houseless lealy was much amazed For she knew not where to go, stud house November's early blast. Had brought with it rain and anow: let wings were chilled, and her feet were And she wish'd for the ant's warm cell, and what she did in the writty storm, I'm sure I cannot tell.

Uncertainty of Life.

av meshop ngaga.

esth our feet, and o'er our head,
equal warning given,
outh us lie the countless dead,
hove us is the heavon.

eyes have seen the rosy light youth's soft check decay, fate descend in sudden night (manhood's sudden day.

And now het the 300,000 drunkards join inthe procession: soc their spowing, and inser their dreadfundinc so they pass along. And finally risk aparticular and their dreadfundinc so they pass along. And finally risk aparticular and their dreadfundinc so they pass along. And finally risk arminized.

Financieved men, he remarked, had cred-like children, settle municery of the latere. Hat here were fees, in comparison with which the lighest wrought representations of the theatre were

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we could scarcely find time and strength to execute such characters.—Phila. Ledger.