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Harriel M. Jo	

Poetry.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

BY S. T. COLERIDOR.

Low was car preity not our italient rose
Feepf at the chamber-window. We could hear
Feepf at the chamber window and the preity
Our snytles blossom'd; and across the preich
Their jamines twined; the little landscape round
Wes green and woodly, and arterially the eye.
If was a pow their you might a play; well
will be the commerce maneter by,
Bristowa's clitten: Methooght is calany
With winer feedings; for he passed and loosed
With winer feedings; for he passed
With winer feedings; for a mounts seen see
I ree said to the beloved, "Seed, weet girl!
The solution winer of heap passed—
Uncertally eniorately? then only heard
And the heart littens."
It is solution with the passed and loosed
And coin, and handles; and dank of the passed
With the loosed and the loosed
And coin, and handles; and dank clip apprelate and litted bundwing pot the samp fields:
Solution winer and winer feedings;
It is search litted the loosed and seet, and landwork greet free many fields

Feed if the many litter and feel, with maked banks,
Now winding Parisht and fell, with maked banks,
Now winding Parisht and fell, with maked banks,
Now winding Parisht

THE WELCOME.

THE WELCOME.

A gem from Dasir's Irish Ballads.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warn
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before yoo,
And the ofter you come here the more I'll adore;

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my check that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than over,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers, do n't s
ver!"

Pil pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose the Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom. I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you; I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.

Ol your step 's like the rain to the Summer-wexed fa

mer,
Or sabre and shield to a Knight without armour.
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars shine above m
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, is silence, to love m

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the cyrie,
We'll tread round the path on the track of the fairy.
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.

O I she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beam

ing,
And trust, when in secret, most tanefully streaming,
Till the starlight of Heaven above us shall quiver,
And our souls flow in ane down Elernity's river."

So, come in the evening, or come in the moraing,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the off her you come here the more I 'il adore you.

Light is my check that they told me was blighted; Red is my check that they told me was blighted; The green of the trees looks far greener than eve And the linnets are siagiag, "True lovers, do n't se ver!"

THE GIPSY CHILD. BY ELIZA COOK.

He sprang to life in a crazy tent,
Where the cold wind whisted through many a rent
Aled was the roine, and rough were the hands,
That souther his wallings and swathed his bands,
No stusse of gold, no lawn was there,
No snowy robe for the new-born beir;
But the mother weet, and the father miled,
With beautiful joy o'er the Gippy Child.

He grows like the young oak, healthy and broad, With no home but the forest, no hed but the tward Half naked, he wades in be limple stream, Or dances about in the screphing beam. The destilling later of the banquet sheen Hath never fallen on him I ween; Bot fragments are spreed, and the wood-fire piled, And sweet is the metal of the Gipsy Child.

And sweet's the mess of use topsy Child.

Re yanders a Liega, while the maleon admire
His raren hair and his eyes of fire;
They mark bis check's rich taway hue,
With the deep caration flashing through;
He loughs laded, and they cores its neeth,
All pure and while as their own pearl-wreath;
And the country loane and dansels and the corest live and the country lives are lin

Will som to gaze on the Gipsy Child.

Up with he any, he is roring along,
Whisling to minic the blackbird's sone,
Whisling to minic the blackbird's sone,
He wanders at spikfull to starte the cowl,
And in haying again to the watch-dog's how!
He is limba are combackled, his spirit is bold,
He is free from the cetts of fashion and gold;
He is free from the cetts of fashion and gold;
But kings might enzy the Gipsy Child,

MISCELLOUP.

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