

-hired, before the strains of 'O Henry
and tender blowing', from the beautiful
opera of 'H. Brown', floated on the
gradually drawing nearer and nearer
gently dying in the distance, and it was
the desired effect, leaving Letitia in a
-ful cheerfulness of mood, soothing her
nerves, invigorating from her long and
-ful illness.

For were these kind attentions been
-tained, for on asking permission to go
again, he was gratified by a hearty re-
-ception and thanks for the pleasure
had given.

Time passed on, and a feeling of re-
-turning strength, so delightful to him
gave fresh zest to all that pleased him
Letitia, and the organ man and his
-sic contributed not the least to give
enjoyment to her.

His delight can well be imagined.
Letitia stood at her
-window



And the organ man and his music
not the least to give enjoyment to her.



retired, she threw a mantle
and sat gazing at the beautiful moon.
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 but a different scene pre-
 sents itself to view, all was
 busy now, and laughter and
 song, float on the ambient
 air, and almost all are happy, except
 a certain sad and lonely feeling to
 Lettie and her parents, who this day
 gave their eldest child, into the keeping
 of one who truly loved her, and whose
 home would be at no distant spot from
 the abode of her childhood. Lettie would
 be their only one now, and as that thought
 came they watched her gliding in amongst
 her friends, with a kind look, thought,
 and, for every one. And Lettie what
 of her? When all had retired, she threw
 a mantle around her and sat gazing
 at the beautiful moon, sailing onward
 through the fleecy clouds, and her thoughts
 flew to her only brother in Australia,
 and to Lucy and her husband, and
 watching the shadows of the great
 trees

Light and Darkness.



How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Macbeth of Benbow.

Light and Darkness.



Once upon a time, there
was a Sprite called
Noir, and he was ve-
-ry wicked as you
will soon see; but
strange to say he
should have been
(and did pass for) a very good Sprite
and was sent to preside over a
great many thousand Sprites, no
one of these possessing the same
right of ruling over one another
as was given to him.

And no one knew one thing
how wicked he was, and



...and ...
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Slow far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Merchant of Venice.

Deduced

12 yrs & living there
was a flat called
Kiss, and he was be-
-ing picked as you
-ed from her; but
strange to say he
should have been

Let us be / & My good Spirit
as but to provide over a
thousand Spirits, no
more possessing the same
passing over one another
as given to him.

... to our knees and ball

was aware that his light did not shine
 as bright as it ought; perhaps he could
 not help that, but it made him feel
 low, and instead of his being drawn
 with the young Spirits that came to
 help him, he tried to drive them back.
 So this wicked Man went about say-
 ing, that the good Angels had not
 been found, and went about trying
 to blow out the good Spirits light,
 that is he set out to do so, but found
 them so bright, he was almost afraid
 to show his flag, and he soon found
 he had not power to extinguish them.
 Had he been able, there are still
 some shining on the dark hill
 which he never could approach.
 And then too he sent his sons
 the territory, to see what was going
 on, and then they went and told
 him, and he believed them.
 His friends did not



Yoursence shall make
 false sensation flush, and tyranny
 tumble at pasture.

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To win that golden sunshine,
 That shed thine her clouds of night,
 And thro' all the bow dark hills,
 May my gentle eyesight see
 Gleamers of that golden sunshine,
 Coming in felicity.

And when in the quiet lone grassy
 Freshly garments laid aside,
 Bailing for the golden sunshine,
 Perseverently may I abide.
 Tangles' railing, no more bailing,
 Labours precious garden bow;
 When the seedling born in sores,
 Blossom in the parting sun.

And the earthly golden garden,
 That it may be mine soon
 And aside, for heavenly glory,
 With the furniture of sin.

A. L. L.



The little Plover

Now that is very singular
 "Nobel!" exclaimed a
 young girl to her sister,
 with whom she was
 walking past a row
 of small houses, each
 having a little garden, and
 many of the windows were full of bright
 flowering flowers, but Lucy's atten-
 tion was arrested, by what seemed
 then, a very singular matter for
 a street, which was — rather a
 large plant of White Plover
 standing alone on