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| song wevemid the moandion fir rend vitide, |  |  |  |
| Songs were amid the moantaing fir and wide, nith |  |  |  |
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| A nd torrent murmurs broke the golitude,Where, straying lonely, as øithstips of fear.I marked the deepening gloom thit shrouds thefading year. |  |  |  |
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| Pale, withered leaves! 'nce to the breezea free. Thay waved in spring and summer's gotden prime: |  |  |  |
| Now, even:as claugis, or dew, how fast they flee! Weak, trembling on the boughs in autumn's $\qquad$ <br> clime. |  |  |  |
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| Had perisher, and were buried where they While the wild autumn wind their mournful requiem sung! |  |  |  |
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| THE MORALIST. |  |  |  |
| Prom tha United States Gaigatea.INTERROGATIONS AND RESPONSES. Say, Holy Father what is hope? |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |
| Say, Holy Father what is hope? A deep imagining of future bliss In other worldsUntnown! alas! in this |  |  |  |
| And what is joy?The gilded cup from which we drink |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| The poisoned draught- A straw we catch at as we sink. |  |  |  |
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| Yet on the morrow, Where is its brightness? -fled away! <br> This world ecems bright |  |  |  |
| As the sun beam on the frozen rill; <br> The wrarmest beart will chill. |  |  |  |
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| CARDUS AND WILLIAM, Of late, Mister Editor, a good deal has been |  |  |  |
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| fortable life, they or I? who were the most use- ful members of Society? They died and left thetr wives and childron beggare. If I die to- |  |  |  |



