

Tight Binding

POO

Poetry.

OLD SAXON WORDS. Old Saxon words, old Saxon words, Your spells are round us thrown;

Original Story.

LA PANTHERE NOIRE; OR, The Mohawk Warrior of the St. John River. A Tale of the Early Settlement on the t. John.

"O God! see their tomahawks glistening not—hardly a muscle of his face moves; but oh! that pain—that racking pain of the fire, to which death itself would be a balm of relief, as it devours his body—eats it up by piecemeal.

The blaze mounts around him. He shrinks not—hardly a muscle of his face moves; but oh! that pain—that racking pain of the fire, to which death itself would be a balm of relief, as it devours his body—eats it up by piecemeal.

head to look around her, her eyes were swimming in tears. Then, taking the head of the young man she placed it in her lap; then looked down fondly, eye, with beaming eyes in his face.

trated observations upon human life and manners embodied in the Proverbs of Solomon, in the philosophical allegory so beautifully set forth in the narrative of facts, whether real or imaginary, of the Book of Job—an active mind cannot peruse a single chapter and lay the book aside to think, and take it up again to-morrow, without finding in it advice for our own conduct, which we may turn to useful account in the progress of our daily pilgrimage upon earth; and when we pass from the Old Testament to the New, we meet at once a system of universal morality founded upon one precept of universal application, pointing us to peace and goodwill towards the whole race of man for this life, and to peace with God and an ever-blessed existence hereafter.

Poetry.

DEPARTED HOURS. While thinking of departed hours, Of days long, long since fled, Of loving friends once dear to me, Now numbered with the dead, I also think of others, too, Who have my sad bosom torn, Who cast a withering blight on me, And strewed my way with thorns.

Miscellaneous.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE. "What does possess my children such incessant restlessness?" cries an impatient mother. The truth is, no clearer proof of a wise benevolence in all nature that this same beneficent activity in every little human being young child has no daily labor assigned him. To keep out of mischief—still—is the highest virtue expected of him. Since, therefore, no outward constraint binds him to physical exertion, the Author of nature has fixed on a temperment is given him, renders inaction a kind of torture, exertion needful to health is enjoined.