BE PERNSYLVANIA CYCLONE.

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THE CENTRAL STRIKE.

ort will be made to seal the PIVE MILES IN THREE MINUTES.

GOEAN GREYROUNDS. THE ST. CLAIR TUNNEL.

ENGLAND'S NAVY.

Ayel and could the gentle Wesley to our war have gain'd access, he Would have lov'd Tim's patient smile. (Potent witness that the lowly are not shunn'

Would have for a nur a not shunn'd of the More Roy. Nor the More Roy. For, builds the pasimist's versee, harmless foll a isher's our of many a drunken scene). By a mother's prayer from harm he had enlisted in the erry Of the humble Nasarene.

Of the number statement. Yet our potting never spoll'd him-God, in suf-facing, had assol'd him heart ; Nought but hind words sould one utter to this offoring of the gutter. Who had nickoath a better part. E'en that south a botter part. In the south is to assool; and " Sarly '(ours' of eorns and bunions) said (in a south of the ours' in the nickoath of the south of 'Fity that warn't more like him."

How he low'd those secred pages, and that dear hym." Rock of Ages. (Baim to earth's sad, weary once). Pasing sweet his sailable singing, after many days, came ringing Down our work hose trab's tones. Brave young heart, and good as fearless—his the only synch to secred all hope was vain.— Ney 1, who heart smile came over him, as of one who near before him.

Automn fading into winter saw his strength grow daily fainter, Yet he samid's with childish gies When our Sants Claus had sough this, and with many finds samiles brought him and the same of the same stree; But his glassid over solemn warning told us, sro the coming dawning.

The deals stream own availant to a stream of the stream of

The death-screen round his cot. In the shadow'd hours dispelling, while the bel-fry's naisl swelling. Unber d in the Christmas morn, One more schilty fetter riven-one more with the saints in heaven-Ose more white-robed singer born : But so pessefully he left us, such the last sigh abadegroups and ingering at his side. That we only work, and wonderd when the soul and body sundard, For we knew not when he died.

For we knew not when he died. Far removed from earthly sorrow, in that land whose stailess morrow Knowsh not the parting test, Whore, in peace, the shivering mortal stands illumin'd at the portal, And the shadows disappear Yest and while dear memory lingers, till we jow the angle singers, Till we gaze once an sanght us, and the midnight hour we harought us Bruisd and batter'd little "Tim." HEREWARD K. COOKIN.

The Surling Corn. Where the prairies of Kansas stretch away Their leagues of hillock and plain; Where winds from the Norry Mountains play With forests of waving and the Surlive O'er a cabin root, as day light broke. In the stillness of early for broke. I saw a wreath of pale bine smoke. The smoke of the burning corn.

Within, when forms are pinched and gaunt, A farmer stand and his wife; Her checks are all with care and want, due there is a start of the start of the Ad use is a baby lies asleep-Alias that children are born Where fathers soil and mothers weep By the light of the business corn.

They have made them a fire of yollow ears, And cooked a morsel of mest, Abreakias so seant that it can be a solution Enough for a blat as long as there's light. For this they not fasts forlorn, To toil by day and hunger by night. In the hand of the burning corn.

All day the husband must work in the fields, But what will his labor earn?

But what will his labor earn? For the riobest harvest the earth can yield it uscless scoget to burn a woman's art. Their poor, were though hope down, For love will hims with a burning hope depart From the lad of the burning corn.

The will sit by his side at the close of day, And smooth with her gestle hand a Those hairs that are growing so thin and gray in the toil of this terrible land. It is strange that sometimes her eyes grow dim As she think of the wording more, When she left her home to come with him To the land of the burning com?

Do yon ask me why such things must be In the heart of the fortile West, Where God is honored and man is free, And there's safety for all oppressed; While far in the East there are hosts of T Whome faces, so pinched and work,

-An Ohio olergyman surprised his con-preparion less Bandar by making the follow-ne antennegutent ; " I would remind you, pethren, that the collection plate is not a mickel-in-the-slot machine, and that a few bills would come in very handly in the work of the oburch."



