liar tune "The Morning Light is "The morning light is breaking"
The world's long night is o'er,
The song of nations walking,
Swells on from shore to shore.
The song of angels given,
To hail redemption's birth,
Now echoes back to heaven

he sword is king no long. The nations war no more

Three thousand banners meeting Float free to every breeze;

By prophets, bards and sages : In every land foretold! The worlds long strife is ending;
The Truce of God appears,
When peace, her throne ascending
Shall reign a thousand years.

A BRAVE BOY'S BATTLE.

All unconscious of the machinations of her enemy, Mrs. Burus, alone in her

All unconsecous of the machinations of her assumy, Mer. Burea, alone in her of her assumy, Mer. Burea, alone in her seemy, Mer. Burea, alone in the Panama Hotel, began to experience a sease of security to which she had been a stranger since leaving New York. She said: "I shall not leave" of this charge, Secora." The demanded the had been a stranger since leaving this proper strength of the shear of the sh

his host, with a courtliness of mannre covered. O that won Aldamo's consideration and there were d

y sorrowing eyes. She is lessly against it, and looking over the lower and intervening houses, contemplated the glorious sea.

Mrs. Burns leaned out of her broken window and clasping her hands together payerfully, called out softly:

"Senor, help. In the name of God, what it is to be free. I listen to me!"

The man at the upper window of the adjoining house started and looked down.

She withdrew, locking the door.

Mrs. Burns turned from the food in pulsion. She had no appetite. Why to prolonge a life so full of pain and guish as hers?

"But I have no right to throw away because it is miserable," she

I grew better, and caused myself to be the United States are entering brought to Panama. I procured board in this private house, secured a doctor and nurse, and am now well enough to

NO. 39. I would give all I have in the world bel again what it is to be free. I would pay you well to assem — "The man at the upper window of the adjoining house started, and looked down at the suppliant in the story below him somprehending smile. Evidently she arded Mrs. Burn's words as the bile of a lunatic.

"Eat! Then feel better," she said, isoning on the principle that governed rown life.

Mrs. Burns turned from the food in bullsion. She had no appetite. Why the to trelegoge a life so full of raise of the again what it is to be free. I in the name of God, listen to me!"

The man at the upper window of the adjoining house started, and looked down at the suppliant in the story below him with an, air of utter amazement.

He was a handsome stately gentleman, with hair that had once been black, and which was now iron-gray, and with keen dark eyes, and a face whose aspect, even in his present astonishment, was one of settled melancholy. He had a military air, which added to his commanding appearance.

In the name of God, in this private house, secured a doctor and nurse, and am now well enough to go on in the Golden Gate to search for my wandering child. My name is Perry.

"And mine," answered the lady, "is Mrs. Burns."

"Burns?" repeated Mr. Perry, in agitation. "My little girl, the Indians told me, was released from slavery and from my enemies, and taken to California by a lad named Burns—Eddy Burns."

The mother's agitation corresponded with Mr. Perry's.

"It was my son," she cried. "It was my with Mr. Perry's.

"It was my son," she cried. "It must have been. He went out to California a few weeks ago. I have not heard from him before since leaving the result of the exertions made to stock.

Then, with a quick, mergeded

Mrs. Burns, thrust mis degree into bergon the window may be a set to ment the window may be a set to state the water of the many pears they will be asset of the ment to do? Where an ano but of the care of God, even if the ment to the window may be ano but of the care of God, even if the water with the wat Then she paced her room with deourage and strength, and popplans of escape.

went to her window and tried to he sash. It was immovable. Burns, spaking softly, legs the should is glimpse of the street beyond the site wall, of aggresses moving along baskets of fruits on their heads, of ilor or two and she even caught sight was simply and crossed the Isthma.

If I could only get word to them of such a last might il was sized by an enemy and phad crossed the Isthma.

If I could only get word to them of situation," she thought, "Some on a largers here. My door in the heads, of interest in the house. They would seem that they ould hear. And even were it possible to call so that they ould hear. And even were it possible to make them hear, they could not obtain dmittanee into the house. They would seem that the door by Burgoyae, who would deeive them by his specious faish hoods, and send them away. What was to be done?"

An idea came to her.

She had in her pocket-hook a few blank leaves of paper for memorands, and a lead peneil. She tore out one of these leaves, and wrote upon it a declarar these leaves, and wrote upon it a declarar may involve me with the authorities here, in morrow night," said the gentleman.

I was a hoarre yell from her deserted prison cell from the passage between of the street ward of the starting up.

It was immovable. Burns, spaking softly, legs the should distarb her jujiers. "I was on my way to to allow the sales, was the result. It was a boarse yell from her deserted prison cell from the passage between of time the same of the possible to company the voice of Bargoyne yeld derecely, his tones penetrating to herear:

"Excaped! She has escaped! She is not below the paper to the same vessel with me."

"Yes, an American, who came out on the same of the popular to view the popular to the same vessel with me."

"Yes, an almerican, who came out on the same of the popular to five a paper to the same of the popular to work of the same of the same of the popular to the same of the popular to the same

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