THE WEEKLY MAIL : TORONTO, FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1877.

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Only three days before, she had run out to the hall-door to meet him, and had had FOUR FILURES. A THRENODY. O Night, thou art not sweet! Scant rest in-dest to those who crave Lethean her to be his wife Then goinest out here who crave Lethman drangths of thee. And vain desire remaineth still the meed of those who in thy arms would even as dear men be; An fyn, tahme we seek thy spell not utterly of thee. O Night, continually unhappy men are finan. Day, thou art not giad! Thon bringest carr And way'n hopeless toil, and pleasure wearier Thon pointest out he deeds we may not dare. The ends which none may reach, the memories the one way kill: mar kill: "Pleased that you want me for y way with that you wont me for to troad the dark and y way ugith which all must tread, we cling been told all our live is of Day' Of sunders highl, which all most tread, we ching to thee, O Bay! O Time, hou art not kind! Thou bringest eid, Remores for vanish d years, and all that middle the said it so have been, As in thy giass litusions are dispelld The holiow wrath of hope, and all the sadness geen in the said it so her humour, Var hou have been the same set of the said it so low wreat of how and the second secon be s just by mournful, while with long-thickes touch conceal and mar we were ise we yearn to know the discip in. Night and Time we strive a little ain. d Night and Time we strive a little gain. -London Society. -London society. -London society. -London society. BOTH HER BOYS. (A STORY.) " Don't trifle w

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nt, IFFE, n, N.R.A.	having got ahead of all the papers, and so . Smith, who did their posting. We trust others will give the company the benefit of this ad. gratis, and thus pass them round."	<b>Bussia's Growth.</b> (From the Edinburgh Review.)	ly-striped dark bluish gray silk, with one deep flounce heading ; over-skirt of the dered with a wide bias bar
distion."	The Woodstook Review thus indulges in	Russis reached the mouths of her rivers	siik. This over-skirt droo