

Love breathes more sweet than Seraph ever sung,
Its accents are too soft for human tongue ;
Love has its sighs, on whose fair wings are borne
A beam of gladness brighter than the morn ;
Love makes me write this retrospective lay,
Whatever readers think, or critics say !
Hush, then, nor deem it wisdom to be free
Of love's gold links, no man e'er loved like me !”

“ Well Hattie, what about the other delegates from the city, did they all take part in the discussion ? ”

“ No, Aunt Fanny. Of course the ladies did not ; but the gentlemen, especially Mr. J. McMillan and Mr. Caswell, the Grand Worthy Patriarch, did good service, and both spoke well and forcibly.”

“ Now that you have given us such a pleasant evening's entertainment, I will say good night, and wish you refreshing sleep and pleasant dreams.”

THE END.