

Portry

LAST WORDS.

There were sounds of wail in the darkened room, Where a fair child dying lay...

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

"My dear children," said Mrs. Mason, "do not let any thing which may appear to you strange in the village church-to-day, lead you to forget in whose presence you are..."

trollable laughter, joined by Florence and Charlotte in full chorus. Mrs. Mason seriously checked their merriment. "But the fat miller, mamma, in the white coat, with his enormous fan, killing the wasps," said little Lotty...

"I know what sister Cora wants to go to the door for," said Charlotte, looking very archly at her sister. "Stoop down, and I'll whisper it in your ear; [whispering] cousin Frank's coming."

Nearly two years had passed, and Frank Lorington was completing his professional studies in the city to which Mrs. Mason had returned with her family.

RICHARD SCORE, MERCHANT TAILOR. No. 1, Chevet's Buildings, Toronto. R. S. takes this opportunity of returning thanks to his friends...

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