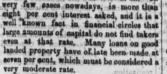
Bark Clouds over Europe.



THE LISTOWEL BANNER.

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rom your land of pain and tears a I have entor'd into rest. Ye stood by my couch of pain, And your eyes with tears were dim, But Christ was near, and I knew not fear And I dwell on high with Him. I know no gin with Him. I know no ginf of pain, For my trials all are o'er. And I know, my friends, we'll meet again. On the sun-bright rollon shore. Ye look in the glasing sys. And your hearts with all and Where the living raw that land Where the living raw that land Where the living waters flow T And know ye not that the crown Ts placed upon my hrow 7 And I prime the Lamb in joycous strains And I know no sorrow now.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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but they imagine that it may be of some

mimous nomination. -Advices from Gen. Hancock's Indian expedition state that despatches were re-

Taken away, the sweet young bride, How cherish'd, ah who can tell ! We mourn her in bitterness and tears, Yet we know that "she sleepeth well."

We gased on the lovely gentle form, On the pure and waten face. And we know that the spirit had pass'd to God, But with usTHERN'S A VACANT PLACE.

Yet we know, we prz. that we'll meet again In the giorious land above. We will meet before the throne of Him-Whom having not seen we love.