THE WIEST MALE TOOLS FROM PRINTING AND PRINTING ASSESSMENT OF THE PRINTING AND PRINTING ASSESSMENT OF THE PRINTING ASSESSMENT OF

her I have mentioned before Robinson, but such is the f

Hark! a distant gun is sounding ; der the waters, which counding; Raying waves are last surrounding; Some wrecked ship to-night. On the shore the beakers, roaring, loud at thunder no s are pouring; Far a signal high is soaring.

Moon and stars their aid denying, E on to seek the living—dring— Wao, to prayers and town replying, Will the tempest face? Oh! for some brave ocean-ranger, Who would, through the cold and di Go to save perchance, one stranger Stience, for a syace.

Hark! the life-boat bell is ringing.
64 lant men are wildly springing.
Life and home—their all—theyr'e fit
So the lost they save.
Rockets now are brightly flashing.
Through the shingle sharply mashin
Off the Life-boat's swiftly dashing.
Heavan guard the brawe!

ricer's guard the grave!
Through the right, that wases so also "Little ones," is accents holy, Mothers, wives, in dwellings lowly. Breaths their heartfelt prayer. Waen the stormy see is swelling, Aching hearts is regal dwelling. All their pride and power quelling. Knoel as heipless there.

While the torches dimly burning. Show the tide at less is turning. Show the tide at less is turning. Hundreds west, for tidings yearning. Watch, with eager eyes: See ! the first faint gimps of morning. The dim eastern sky adorning; Hark! I he soldiers' bugle, warning That the sun doth rise.

Fas: the fatal aands they're leaving; Hall! the life boat proudly cleaving Where the sagry see, is heaving Mountain-waves of foam. Onward homeward, qitckly nearing. Mid the ringing, deaf ning cheering. Jife the consuscer

Far away the wrock is lying: But they bring, 'neach colours flying, Five poor Frenchmen, spared from dying safe to Engiand's isle. English hands they're warmly pressing, English children they're caressing. Asking, praying beaven 's blessing.

Simple words toil acts of daring— Unknown heroes laurels wearing, Bryther-like all honour sharing. Speed the life-bost, Engiand's daug E. see her path across the waters; Tell her gallagt doeds of glory; Spread the truthful noble story. Far from Engineers of the control of the

A OUEER CLUE. IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER 1.

CHAPTER I.

As an ex-detective, I am often saked to relate my adventures, and at one time I was ready menugh to do so e; but I soon found that my takes were looked upon as dull provy things, and not at all like what detectives ought to have to say for themselves. Everybody seemed to think that detectives ought to have to say for themselves. Everybody seemed to think that detectives ought to find things out by a sort of magical divination; but I was reckened a pretty good one, and I have known some of our grashest celebrities; and the only way any of us ever found anything out was by inquiring of everybody who was likely to know a little, keeping our eyes on any probable party, holding our tongues, and putting all the scrape together. Now and then we are befriended by a lineky chance; and when this happens, we get a hundred times more presse than when we pusted out the darkest and toughest case. The last affair I was ever engaged in was of the kind. I was first concerned in its two years before I left the politoe, after, by-the-py, I had quite given up the detective branch; and I resumed it three years after. I had left the police; and this is how it occurred. I must first say, however, that I don't st all regard this as one of the dull prozy oases I. I had time to hear and notice before the declar of the house itself. In the time to hear and notice before the declar of the delective of the dull prozy oases.