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She has come to bid my cradle in For the babe uppen her breast—
The cradle bought for a mother bride And a babe of love's first dawn—
I'll have to turn my eyes when I hear That "Going-going-gone." Freceive daily from all parts of ght and the_Dominion, Watches sent to us for repairs. These are I remember how the song of the lark handled as carefully as if Drrow In the sky came trembling down The morning I brought the little orb In my wagon out from town! The daisies curtisied along the road And the thrushes took a peep:---I know they guessed that the tlup bed Was a nest for a baby's sleep! brought here in person. From start to finish an expert has the handling of your watch-we wish to impress upon the owners And while the larks and the thrushes pi And while the larks and the thrushes p In the morning diamond-dewed, The mother sang by her downy nest And the baby crowed and cooed; Fill the baby's fancy passed away One night on a stary gleam, and the mother followed him, to hear The end of his little dream! of good watches, the fact -0that we are good watch-REET makers. RYRIE BROS., What need of a house and a cradle now? What need of a nest for me?— The silence is my only mate, And my babe is memory! I give the cr?b to the mother young, With the babe on her breast at play— But I'll have to turn my eyes, I know, When she carries it away! Cor. Yonge and Adelaide, lpox amon3 TORONTO. led sixty of nce. te B. T. A. irance.