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Poetry.

Tell Me, Winged Winds.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Tell me ye winged winds, That round my pathway roar, Do ye not know some spot, Where mortals weep no more?

Tell me thou mighty deep, Whose billows round me play, Know'st thou some favored spot, Some island far away, Where weary man may find The bliss for which he sighs, Where sorrow never lives, And friendship never dies?

Tell me, my secret soul, Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith, Is there no resting place, From sorrow sin and death? Is there no happier spot, Where mortals may be blessed, Where grief may find a balm, And weariness a rest?

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Literature.

The Three Meetings.

Concluded.

The death of this man had been expected and prepared for, in the usual routine of the attendant nurse's work; indeed Annie was there at an hour when visitors were not usually admitted, because it was known her father was dying.

Now, Mr. Linton had often heard this governess named by families in the district, never to his knowledge had he seen her, but he recollected that some beautiful drawings, which were the ornament of a charity bazaar, recently held had been executed by her; and he wished to know the fair artist.

However, he was doomed to hear anything but favorable accounts of her this morning. Mrs. Gloss was very voluble, and talked herself angry.

She's a character, and I dislike characters—they are determined to differ from everybody else. Only think, at my own table, of the rudeness of this Miss Nobody, who comes from nowhere, as I can learn refusing to take wine with our vicar! who honored her with his notice, because of those pictures there's such a fuss about.

There was a swollen nose, the drooped under lip, cracked with fever, the puffed cheeks, and a bandage over the inflamed forehead.

'Surely,' thought the surgeon, as he looked at this mass, 'the way of transgressors is hard.'

Yet as the creature asked and began to rave for strong drink there was the accent of one who had not always herded with the vile.

The surgeon prescribed for her, for he knew how dangerous were the slightest ailments to persons of such habits as those of the present patient. He left a nurse bathing her head, and went his rounds among the other patients.

There were many sick, and his stay was prolonged more than an hour when before leaving he too, stood in again on the "tramp," as she was called. At the bedside he saw an elegant young lady, very plainly dressed, who was weeping bitterly, while the wretched invalid was reviling her.

'What have you to cry for? You've had the sweets of life, and left me the sour. You wouldn't live at home with me, and be a morning governess. No no! You must give me the slip, which I must

last night over the edge at the bottom of the garden; and just now while we were there at play we picked up this and we don't know whether it is for you or her.'

'An old man! what old man? said the mother, eagerly clutching the piece of paper.

'From the workhouse, mama; he had the union coat on.'

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THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Wagon MAKER, UNDERTAKER &c. &c. &c. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill, June 1865.