



TEMPERANCE REFORM, PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE Ben Franklin Steam Printing House, CARE OF CLARK.

Poetry.

To the Lily of the Valley.

Sweet flower, why dost thou love to dwell, Like some fair sun within her cell, Afar from public sight!

Selected Gale.

Written for the Daily Times. LOVE BY A STILE. OR, BORN TO BE USEFUL.

The slanting beams of a September sun show with a golden haze upon meadow and upland valley and stream, clothing all objects it rested on, with that soft, dreamy mellowness so peculiar to our American autumn.

As the carriage came suddenly to a dead halt, a little veiled head leaning far forward, was thrust out to reconnoitre, and a soft youthful voice enquired: "Are you sure this is the place, Michael?"

How different he was from the rest of them; his mother and sisters were polite and refined—eminently so,—and she could soon see accomplished in other respects than household affairs.

While David and Alfred were out in the large field, she perhaps with broom or duster, was engaged in the simplest of pretty morning's occupations, with her soft dark hair put straight back behind her little ears, and fastened up with a tiny silver comb.

ing more to-night," he said, taking away the ladle as he spoke and laying it down; "see how red and tired your hands look, and your cheeks—why, I could almost light a cigar by them."

found pride upon the sweet down-cast face, which was cast mournfully upon the earth—"My own Cathie, you are not happy, while I feel so glorious, so that earth can scarcely contain me."