

For the Weekly Visitor.

LIFE'S SEASONS.

BY P. O'CONNOR.

Sent by his Maker, man comes here;  
Present of germs of thought how dear!  
Requires, if culture's polish glow,  
I a youth, of toil he must bestow  
Not of only hours but years, that spring  
Give hopes of future harvestings.

Still onward on his journey goes,  
Until the man the youth outgrows;  
More mental food he still requires;  
Marked out 's the course which he aspires;  
E'en right or wrong, just as he's sown,  
Runs he, when into manhood grown.

And now the years begin to tell  
Upon his frame—how ill, or well,  
Time was improved. If ill, life's cares  
Unhappily reap but tares;  
Much good, if well—such autumns fill  
No man's declining days with ill.

Weighted down with three score years and ten—  
If in the time allotted men,  
No hope hath he within his breast,  
That he'll be numbered with the best,  
E'en he should seek, while 'tis "to-day,"  
Redemption ere he pass away.

Toronto, March 9, 1864.

A Heart to be Let.

To be let, at a very desirable rate,  
A snug little house in a healthy estate:  
'Tis a Bachelor's heart, and the agent is  
Chance.

Affection the rent—to be paid in advance,  
The owner, as yet, has lived in it alone.  
So the fixtures are not of much value:  
but soon

'Twill be furnished by Cupid himself,  
if a wife

Take a lease for the term of her natural  
life

The ladies, dear ladies, pray do not  
forget,

An excellent Bachelor's heart to be let.

The tenant will have a few taxa to pay,  
Love, honour, and (heaviest item) obey.  
As for the good will, the subscriber's  
inclined

To have that, if agreeable, settled in kind;  
Indeed, if he could such a matter arrange,  
He'd be highly delighted to take in  
exchange,

Provided true title by prudence be shown,  
Any heart unencumbered, and free as his  
own

So Ladies, dear Ladies, pray do not  
forget,

An Excellent Bachelor's heart to be let.

C. HODGENS,

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177 King Street East,

(Opposite the "Clyde Inn.") TORONTO.

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paired and warranted.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

A lady who signs herself "A Martyr to Late Hours," offers the following sensible suggestion to young men:—

"Dear gentlemen, between the ages of 18 and 45, listen to a few gratuitous remarks. When you make a social call of an evening, on a young lady, *Go away at a reasonable hour.* Say you come at eight o'clock, an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can, or rather ought, to desire to use his charms. Two hours, indeed, can be very pleasantly spent, with music, chess, or other games, to lead variety, but, kind sirs, by no means stay longer. Make shorter calls and come oftener. A girl—i. e., a sensible, true-hearted girl—will enjoy it better, and really value your acquaintance more. Just conceive the agony of a girl, who well knowing the feelings of her father and mother on the subject, hears the clock strike ten, and yet must sit on the edge of the chair, in mortal terror lest papa should put his oft-repeated threat into execution—*that of coming down and inviting the gentlemen to breakfast.* And we girls understand it, all by experience, and know what it is to dread the prognostics of displeasure. In such cases a sigh of relief generally accompanies the closing of the door behind the gallant, and one don't get over the feeling of trouble till safe in the arms of Morpheus. Even then sometimes the dreams are troubled with some phantom of an angry father and distressed (for all parties) mother; and all because a young man will stay longer than he ought to. Now young gentlemen friends, I'll tell what we will do. For an hour and a half we will be most irresistibly charming and fascinating; then, beware! monosyllable responses will be all you need expect. And if when the limits shall have been passed, a startling query shall be heard coming down stairs,—"Isn't it time to close up!" you must consider it a righteous punishment, and taking your hat, meekly depart—a sadder and it is to be hoped a wiser man. Do not get angry; but the next time you come be careful to keep within just bounds. We want to rise early these pleasant mornings, and improve the "shining hours," but when forced to be up at such unreasonable hours at night, exhausted nature will speak; and as a natural consequence, with the utmost speed in dressing, we can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape a reprimand from papa, who don't believe in beaux—as though he never was young—and a mild reproving glance from mamma, who understands a little better poor daughter's feelings, but must still disapprove, out-

wardly, to keep up appearances. And now, young men, think about these things, and don't—for pity's sake don't—throw down your paper with a "jabaw!" but remember the safe side of ten!"

HOW TO GET UP HIGHER.—There are some who do not exert the powers they suppose they possess, because they do not occupy a position adapted to call forth those powers. They stand idle, because, they say no man has hired them. When asked if there is nothing for them to do, they reply, in effect, nothing worthy of their power. Those who thus wait for stations worthy of their supposed powers may spend a life in idleness. The true man does vigorously whatsoever his hand findeth to do. He is never out of employment. No one ever need be out of employment. There is always work to be done. Some may complain that all avenues to employment are closed to them. They are not closed to those who have a mind to work. A merchant in this city had made what was then regarded as a handsome fortune. In consequence of losses occasioned by the war of 1812, he failed. He surrendered all his property to his creditors. He was not out of employment a week. He took the first thing that offered. Though he had been the head of a large jobbing establishment, he took a clerkship in a comparatively small one. He attended to the duties of his clerkship as faithfully as he had attended to the duties of the firm of which he was the leading partner. Of course it was not many years before he was among the merchant princes of the city. Let no young man wait in idleness for a situation worthy of his power. Let him do with his might whatsoever his hand findeth to do. The way to get a better place is to perform in a first-rate manner the duties of your present one. The way to prepare for greater usefulness is to make yourself as useful as possible in your present calling.

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