

LOST

Written for the "Quebec Star" on the fall of a young lady of this city.

By A. B. C.

Lost! lost! A soul is lost!
Winds of the Winter, tempest fall,
Moan and groan in your wailing fall,
For this soul may never be found again.
Tempted, and tried, and turned, it fell
From the heaven of purity, down to hell.
Turned from home to the dreary street,
No rest, no peace, for the wandering feet;
For when the Rubicon once was crossed,
Angels shrieked over her; "Lost! lost! lost!"
Out in the street stands the Magdalene,
With her face averted—"Unclean! unclean!"
And her gay old sisters go sweeping by
Under the arch of the Winter sky—
Sisters! No! she has stumbled, fell,
Their is the heaven, here the hell.
Do you think they would soil one trailing skirt
To lift up this fallen one from the dirt?
No! for the head is scornfully lost,
And they whisper each other: "Lost! lost! lost!"

Only a woman more or less
To come the land she was born to bless—
Only a woman sunk in shame,
Cursing her life and her Maker's name.
Only a woman—God above!
Is there room for such in Thy boundless love?
Sold to a life of deathlike pain
For the greed of lost, or the greed of gain,
Treading a path with anguish crossed—
Is this soul forever lost, lost, lost?

Lost! lost! No soul is lost!
Though the chasin be wide, it is bridged across,
And spanned by His infinite love and care
Who heeds the uttered or silent prayer;
And the very skirts of this Magdalene,
O scornful sister! may be more clean
In the eyes All-seeing—although you decide—
Than yours so stained with unchristian pride.
Her diaggled soul is a pearl of cost,
Well worth your finding, though lost! lost! lost!

Lost! lost! O Thou who diest
That the darkest soul might be purified,
Deat thou see from your beautiful horns on high
This wandering one'neath the Winter sky?
Didst thou see the passion, the pain, the fall?
O God! Thou see'st and know'st all;
No erring woman, no sinful man,
Can mar the strength of Thy righteous plan—
No soul ever cried from the depths where lost,
To hear Thee answer—Lost! lost! lost!

The Editor of the Quebec Star.

Dear Star
We learn that Albert Corneil is going in along with Miss D..... take care my boy we have an you.

A looker on.

SCRIPTURE LESSON NO. 1.

Scene.—A college in Lewis.

Affectionate mamma and hopeful son of 10 summers.

Mamma.—Who made the world. Boy.—God, Ma; right so we're told. Ma.—Who were our first parents. Boy.—Adam and Eve. Ma.—right so we're told. Ma.—Now tell me all the great men right along after them. Boy.—Cain that killed Abel. Ma.—Why did Cain kill Abel. Boy.—Because he was able. Ma.—right so we're told, next Noah who built the ark, Moses who was found in the bullrushes and his brother Aron though why or how he came to be his brother we don't know, but so we're told, next Samson who pulled down the gates of Gaza, after him David who played on the harp and many other instruments, next make shift shake em' up and let's bed we go, who were in the fiery furnace, Daniel in the Lion's den and next Nebucadnezzar B——, who ate grass like an ox. Ma.—you're wrong boy not our neighbour Nebby B——, why did you think so. Boy.—Because he is a very naughty man. Ma.—All the people here say it is a shame for him to live with another man's wife and he got drunk and turned her off and she took her trunk and went for the depot, and was very nearly gone only he got sober after a sleep and though ovt it, says he I am going to have a party tomorrow and I will have no woman. Saere nom de Dieu I mist' catch her right off, so he called a carole and told the driver to go like H—ll which he did wildly shouting clear the road. Go ahead you B—— and at last got in time to find her just ready to start with baggage checked, ticket paid and just stepping into the car, when he embraced her with a Judas kiss saying, Come home with me dear, would you leave your own Nebby? A persuasion she could not withstand so they came home in triumph to the great disgust of the neighbours. Now, ma is'at that a very naughty man. Ma.—you're right my by he is a very bad man, don't you take any notice of him. Go now and play and be a good boy and we'll have another lesson next week.
Dear Star please insert the above for the instruction and amusement of your youthful readers. We will send you lesson No. 2 for your next issue.

St. Joseph.

It is not true that Thos. Malone Jr. who was once the proprietor of a fine Stud on the Cape was not able to ride him without putting a strap on.

Long Six.

DENIALS.

It is not true that the youthful grocer and would be orator of Bridge st. that wears the speech bubble speaks is to be married to miss G——. Mr. whoever started that report would much oblige by coming to his wool yard Bridge st. St. Roch where he will get satisfaction.

C. M.

Captain Davenport gave a State Dinner on Thursday evening the invited guests were Chas. McKenzie Roubottom John Lithio John Laird P. T. Bow McLaughlin City Councillor Mayor Murphy H. A. Murphy Logie Duch and sharples and Timinony and old Tack-on, they all got pretty merry and the Mayor, had to put them all into a field bed and covered them up with Catalans, They all looked blue next morning.

Reporter.

Penacola Fla—Mich 13 1876.

Dear Doad.

As I am a constant reader of your invaluable paper, I have often observed interesting items, from this, and other cities, which in many instances have proven beneficial; I hope I do not intrude, and hope that you will find space for this in the columns of your paper.

Patsy E——, is still here, and is putting himself in training, for his great marriage, Miss Clortowatchie (old time anuff chewer), is to be the happy bride. Success to you old boy, and best about that watch. Patsy E——, has finally recovered from his morbid state, and is himself once more, drop on yourself, and stop paying for keys in advance. Man(n) how about that girl you tried to get sold with at the Evans Hotel, it was too bad after you had paid her wash paid, her wash bill of \$10 to go back on you, never mind old boy, better luck next time. But O Lord, Mike H——y who is now boarding at the Ocean house, has received the cold shake, from his Mattie White, who, finding, that she could not get rid of him any other way, gave him a black eye.

John W——h, you had better keep away from that cook at the hotel De McGoy. I know all about it, drop on yourself, or I will show you up worse than this.

Mr. Valles, clerk in the National is going to establish a branch bank in Desprarie Street as he thinks it will accomodate his friends in St. Roch, and he wont have to walk to Lower Town, his father is going to take all his shares, out of the national so as to start his hopeful son he has engaged his staff of clerks and will commence operations on the first of may, money taken on deposit he will promise to pay six per cent the first year good boy Valles.