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Weekly



Visitor.

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DOVER CHURCHYARD.

WEARIED with climbing Dover's cliffs,
And gazing at its sights,
I sat me down to rest awhile
In the churchyard on its heights.

And as I looked upon the flowers
That bloomed among the graves,
And saw the long blue hills of France
Beyond the sparkling waves.

A little girl came to my side,
With almost noiseless tread,
"Dear sir, this is a pretty place,"
In softest tones she said.

"Mean you my dear, the churchyard here
To be a pleasant place?"
I asked, and gazed, half wondering
Into her little face.

"Yes, sir, for mother says it is
The sweetest 'neath the sky;
May I, dear sir, sit by your side
And tell the reason why."

"Oh yes," I said, and took her hand,
And then she told this tale,
So full of true simplicity,
I know my words will fail:—

"My mother had a daughter, sir,
My sister Caroline;
She was a younger girl than I,
And I am hardly nine.

I never saw my little sis';
I hear my mother say
A prettier girl you could not meet
On a long summer day.

Our home is not in Dover, sir,
It's down at Sutton Lee;
But every summer we come here,
For mother loves the sea.

In Dover, Carry grew unwell,
And just before she died
She saw poor mother very sad,
And asked her why she sighed.

Poor mother answered that she wept
To see her child so ill,
And Carry said, 'Though I must go
I'll love you, mother, still.

Heaven cannot be so far away,
When God is always near,
But mother, just before I go,
Do call my playmates here.'

And Carry's little playmates came
And stood beside her bed,
And one by one she pressed their hands,
And then she softly said,—

'I now must bid you all good-bye,
I'm going far from here,
I'm going to live with Jesus now,
Who loves us all so dear.'

Look, sir! beyond 'yon small white stone,
Just where the lilies fair
Are bending o'er the withered grass,
Our Carry's grave is there.

But Carry is not there herself,
She's up in heaven high,
For all good people dwell with God
For ever in the sky.

Dear sir, you must not look so vexed,

And do not shed a tear,
For mother says that Caroline
Is better there than here.

Good day, sir!" My wee maiden ran
Away across the graves,
And left me gazing through my tears
Beyond the Channel waves.

R. P. S.

THE STORY OF A CITY ARAB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOUGHTON GRANGE."

CHAPTER XLVII.—Continued

I AM IN LONDON AGAIN; AND IN SEARCH OF
PEGGY MAGRATH, ONCE MORE FIND MY WAY
TO WHISKERS' RENTS.

I complied with his request, at the same time
saying that there was no need for such profound
secrecy and preparation; that my errand was a
very simple one. I was in search of the poor
woman, whom I feared must be, if living, badly
off; and that my intentions towards her were
kind and friendly.

He was sure of that, he said, for he could see
at first sight that I was an honourable gentle-
man; 'and how much,' he wished to know, with
trembling earnestness, 'did you say, my tear,
it might be worth to a poor man to help you to
find the good lady?'

'I mentioned no sum,' I said, half amused and
half disgusted: 'what do you think, now, I
should offer?'

'Oh! I am a very poor man,' exclaimed the