

Carleton Place, Canada West, November 11, 1858.

VOL. IX.

CARLETON-PLACE, CANADA WEST, NOVEMBER 11, 1858.

No. 9.

POETRY.

O, LET US LOVE EACH OTHER.

O, let us love each other,
The little while we stay;
We cannot tell how soon from earth,
Some may be called away.
The flowers we love and cherish most,
Will all the sooner fade,
And by pale Autumn's ruthless hand,
In death's cold arms be laid;
And O, 'twould be a happy thought,
When gloom has overtaken,
That a kind smile and a tender word
We gave them to the last.

O, let us love each other.

O, let us love each other,
Forget each word unkind;
And let all thoughts save gentle ones;
Be banished from the mind;
Let no ungentle action come
To cause the bitter tear,
Remember, this is not our home,
That "we are exiles here,"
Yes, exiles in a stranger land,
Far from our Father's hall,
And O, we need love's silken chain,
To bind us in an all.

A weary pilgrimage 'twould be.

As through the woods we rove,
Were we deprived of life's best gift;
Pure, strong, and generous love,
Then let us love each other, with
A passion deep and fast;
Let a kind smile and a tender word,
Be given to the last.
If 'tis true we love each other, mid
Life's sunshine and its flowers,
Our attachment should be stronger in
Its sad and gloomy hours;
If the light of love is round us,
The faintest time of mirth,
We should cling with closer tenderness by
The lone and sorrowing heart.

A gentle word hath magic power.

To heal the wounded heart,
And out of an soul-speaking smile,
The tear will cease to start.
Then let us love more deeply,
Amid sorrow's chilling blast;
How sweet to think a tender word,
Was spoken to the last!

Alas! that anger, scorn, and hate.

Should fill the human breast,
Till meek affection like the dove;
Can find no place of rest;
In this cold, unfeeling world,
Cast not the gem away;
No treasure that the earth can yield,
Will e'er its loss repay.
How can we ever find it,
To dwell in heaven above,
Where all is radiant with love's smile,
And God himself is love,
If we in coldness turn away,
When human we see,
It were but just to God to say;
"This is no place for thee."
Then let us love each other, till
Life's smiles and tears are past,
That surrounded by love's parent beams,
We may meet in heaven at last.

Sabbath Reading.

THE WIDOW'S LAST LOAF.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

Sir—Many a noble deed is quiet, poverty is never recorded on earth. Let me rescue one too good to be lost. In dark scenes to come, it may waken some messenger of mercy, or cheer some broken heart.
At the close of a long, hard winter, more than two years since, we were summoned from the institution one morning, past liquor stores, junk-shops, and fish-stands, to one of those vile imitations of the Tower of Babel, a real tenement house in the low regions between the Five Points and the Bowery. In a small chamber, apart even in misery, was the patient. She was the young widow mother of four helpless little ones, a delicate, delicate woman, best as with suffering, with brown hair, eyes red with weeping, and thin, pale features, once handsome, but then the picture of despair. There was strange, timid reserve. Having given up to die, as the afterword said, she only wished to save a Coroner's request. She had neither flush nor cough, neither fever nor consumption. A horrible suspicion flashed. It appeared, an enquiry, that she lived by sewing; that she was of no wealthy church to help her, but only of a little Tract Ward Mission; and that, after her rent was paid, she had left from her scanty earnings less than five cents a day, for each, in these expensive times, to clothe, warm and feed five persons. Except an occasional better meal from friends, without money, butter, or vegetables, she had lived at times for months on dry bread. Modest to a fault, she would die rather than beg. There she was, the very "shadow" of the "Song of the Shirt."

At length, forgetfully, there was suggested.

her "nourishing food." It was too much. She answered with a gush of tears, and a food took at her children, like that a conservative mother gives in parting. Just as Arctic or African travellers, long famished on scanty food, at last find to rise no more, in the pesty of a great city, she was sinking of gradual starvation.

Some kind ladies nursed her to life, and helped to win her history.

It was full of sadness. Left early a lone orphan, she had suffered from the loss of her father, and some property extortions, in her marriage; and the young couple had left their home in a distant resort to bury their lives in New York. Misfortunes had followed. Just before the birth of their fourth child, her husband had gone to New Orleans for employment, where, delirious with fever, and unable to send a message, he had died of a fever after his arrival, leaving his destitute family in a dark New York basement, under the shadow of his father's death, and woe-stricken by the poor dead father did not write and send them money. The embryo died on the hearth, and the last trust was gone. Terrible gloomy days followed. "Her little girl, named after the children of Utopia in a dark room, and she by crying for bread. Her brain throbed and she tried to die in the midst of darkness. She died. It was a dark night. By the dim light, she saw on the mantle a cup of poison ready mixed, and a poison cup was the last to give, and drink, and quiet all. Starting back with a shudder, she pressed for deliverance, but the thought, for the last time, suddenly a knock was heard at the door.

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THE LITTLE STAR-GAZER.

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We are living, we are told, in an age of "shams." "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players;" in a worse sense than Shakespeare's. The grand drama of life is literally, as the Greek name of it is, a "hypocrysis," a "hypocrysis," to look upon its scenes and characters as realities, is, we are assured, the happy ignorance of childhood's first visit to the theatre; wisdom can only smile and envy us: it knows all the actors of the stage—can detect the wigs and the tinsel, smells the lumps that unmasking, and has the power to see through the hero's history, the most popular writer of fiction, the most remarkable, if not the deepest, philosophical thinker of our day, unlike many things, all agree in this tone. It seems the great modern discovery in moral science; and, like other great discoveries, is of doubtful authorship; the idea claims birth in more than one mind.

LADIES SHOULD READ NEWSPAPERS.

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