

THE GOLDEN RULE is the name of a small monthly paper published in Cleveland, Ohio. It is an avowed enemy and opposer of slavery, intemperance, sabbath-breaking, smoking and chewing of tobacco, or using it in any form so as to ruin the system. It is a paper that is well calculated to do good. Price 50cts. per annum.

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## Poetry.

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### MY MOTHER'S DEAD.

I'm very, very lonely ;  
 Alas ! I cannot play ;  
 I am so sad, I sit and weep  
 Throughout the livelong day.  
 I miss dear mother's welcome,  
 Her light hand on my head,  
 Her look of love, her tender word ;  
 Alas ! my mother's dead.

I have no heart to play alone ;  
 To-day I thought I'd try,  
 And got my little hoop to roll,  
 But ah ! it made me cry ;  
 For who will smile to see me come,  
 Now mother dear has gone,  
 And look so kindly in my face,  
 And kiss her little sou ?

I'll get my blessed Bible,  
 And sit me down and read ;  
 My mother said that precious book  
 Would prove a friend in need.  
 I seem to see dear mother now,  
 To hear her voice of love ;  
 She may be looking down on me,  
 From her bright home above.

She said that I must come to her—  
 She cannot come to me ;  
 Our Father, teach a little one  
 How he may come to thee ;  
 For I am very lonely now ;  
 Our Father may I come,  
 And join my mother in the skies ?  
 And heaven shall be our home.