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WINTER.

THE Summer is past, the winter is nigh,
And the wind through the trees begins to sigh ;
No leaves on the trees, the flowers are dead,
And the hardy shrub would fain hide its head.
The feather'd songsters have all flown away
To warm climes, where they can sing and play ;
The snow bird only remains behind
To endure the cold and buffet the wind.
Around rich hearths it is cheerful and warm,
Though outside may fall the snow in a storm ;
The children prattle, and listen to tales,
And think of the beauty of snowy dales.
But, ah ! how is it with the poor and sad,
Who have little food, and are poorly clad,—
Who are scant of fuel to keep out the cold,
To keep life in the young, and revive the old ?
May God shelter the poor from wintry blasts,
And supply their wants while this season lasts ;
May He touch the hearts of people of wealth
To give for Christ, and for His creatures' health.

(For the CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.)

JAMES SAWYER, THE YOUNG BURGLAR.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

James Sawyer was the son of respectable parents, though latterly the father contracted intemperate habits, and frequently came home at night in a beastly state of intoxication, causing the utmost terror to his wife and children. James was the eldest child, and was now in his fourteenth year. He was getting of an age to notice the bad example his father was setting him, and he took