

When breaks upon the sin-seared mind,  
 The first repentant feeling,  
 Or where an influence, pure and kind,  
 O'er some hard heart is stealing,  
 Where peasants of a Saviour's love  
 In rustic speech are telling,  
 Or Childhood's voice, o'er hill and grove,  
 In holy lays is swelling;  
 The softening thought—the cradle-hymn,  
 The simple, artless story,  
 Are marked by the same Seraphim  
 Who hailed the King of Glory.

Oh! call thou not the loneliest spot,  
 Poor mortal, wan and weary,  
 Though human converse glad it not,  
*All* desolate and dreary;  
 There dwells a holy presence there,  
 Where e'er thy step is roving,  
 Peopling the earth, the sky, the air,  
 With beings kind and loving;  
 No dream of ages passed away,  
 No nymphs of classic fable,  
 But they who watched the Babe that lay,  
 By night, in Bethlehem's stable

R. A. P.

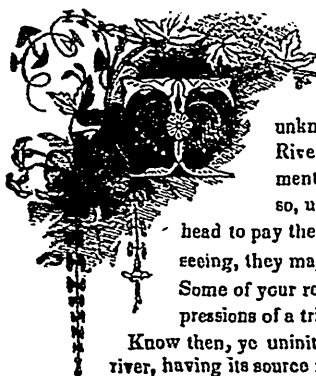
Coburg, Feby. 1853.



[FOR THE "MAPLE LEAF."]

# A BOY'S TRIP TO THE SHAWINEGAN FALLS, IN TWO CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER I.



HE great river St. Maurice, and the Shawinegan Falls, are comparatively unknown, except to the inhabitants of Three Rivers, and "its vicinity," as the advertisements would say, and, probably, will remain so, until some great man takes it into his head to pay them a visit. As they are both well worth seeing, they may be equally worthy to be described. Some of your readers may like to hear a "Boy's" impressions of a trip up the river to the falls: so here goes.

Know then, ye uninitiated,—that the St. Maurice is a large river, having its source far North, and deriving its springs from the same great chain of Northern Lakes that feed the Ottawa. It pours itself into the St. Lawrence at Three Rivers, and indeed gives that