

## WINTER.—BY ELIZA COOK.

We know it is good that old winter should come,  
 Roving awhile from his Lapland home;  
 'Tis fitting that we should hear the sound  
 Of his reindeer sleigh on the slippery ground

For his wide and glittering cloak of snow  
 Protects the seeds of life below;  
 Beneath the mantle are nurtured and born  
 The roots of the flowers, the germs of the corn.

The whistling tones of his pure strong breath,  
 Rides purging the vapors of pestilent death.  
 I love him, I say, and I avow it again,  
 For God's wisdom and might show well in his train

But the naked—the poor! I know they quail  
 With crouching limbs from the biting gale;  
 They pine and starve by the fireless hearth,  
 And weep as they gaze on the frost bound earth.

Stand nobly forth ye rich of the land,  
 With kindly heart and bounteous hand;  
 Remember 'tis now their season of need  
 And a prayer for help is a call you must heed.

A few of thy blessings, a tithe of thy gold,  
 Will save the young and cherish the old,  
 'Tis a glorious task to work such good—  
 Do it ye great ones! Ye can, and ye should.

He is not worthy to hold from Heaven  
 The trust reposed, the talents given,  
 Who will not add to the portion that's scant,  
 In the pinching hours of cold and want.

Oh! listen in mercy ye sons of wealth,  
 Basking in comfort and glowing with health;  
 Give whate'er ye can spare, and be ye sure  
 He serveth his Maker who aideth the poor.

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Be thou like the first Apostles;  
 Be thou like heroic Paul,  
 If a free thought seek expression,  
 Speak it boldly!—speak it all!

Face thine enemies—accusers;  
 Scorn the prison, rack, or rod!  
 And, if thou hast TRUTH to utter,  
 SPEAK! and leave the rest to God.—*Gallagher.*

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EXTRACT.—“It is favorite notion with many that it is little consequence what one's opinions are provided they are sincere, and the point is too frequently admitted by good people through ignorance or disregard of its effects. In this manner sincerity is often made a cloak for doctrines of the most radical and destructive character. Error of opinion or sentiment is a plague spot of the mind—a disease in greater or less malignity, as fatal in its tendency as a disease of the body. Whether the notion be advanced in religion, morals, politics, or any other matter, that error is entitled to our charity because it is unimportant, and that the sincerity will sanctify all sorts of opinions, if they are but sincerely held, is extremely corrupting in its influence, and promotes licentiousness, not only in opinion but in practice.”—*Madison Barker.*

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