

## Poetry.

To the Editor of the Carleton Sentinel:

Sir.—The Lecture delivered by Professor Weir in the Institute, on Monday evening, was judicious and very appropriate at the present moment. His eloquent and convincing arguments had a happy effect. People have been led to reflect; and one general feeling pervades this community—that the Bible, as strenuously advocated by the Professor, should be made the basis of Education in all our Parish and Grammar Schools, and in every other institution of learning. My own sentiments are in accordance with this doctrine. I have selected the following verses, circulated in England lately, which I request you will insert in this week's paper. D.

Woodstock, August 29th, 1855.

"WE WON'T GIVE UP THE BIBLE;"  
OR, THE LITTLE PROTESTANT'S RESOLVE.

Circulated in the Sabbath Schools of London, England, with reference to the late efforts to suppress the Bible.

We won't give up the Bible,  
God's holy book of truth;  
The blessed staff of hoary age,  
The guide of early youth,  
The lamp that sheds a glorious light,  
Or else—a dreary road!  
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,  
And leads us home to God.

We won't give up the Bible,  
For it alone can tell  
The way to save our ruined souls  
From being sent to hell;  
And it alone can tell us how  
We can have hopes of heaven;  
That through a Saviour's precious blood  
Our sins may be forgiven.

We won't give up the Bible,  
Nor heed the crafty tongue  
That would this treasure take away—  
Ye evil ones begone:  
For you would fain condemn our minds  
To gloom of mortal night;  
But we defy your baneful power  
And "God defend the right."

We won't give up the Bible,  
But could you force away,  
What is to us as life blood dear,  
Yet hear us joyful say:  
The words that we have learned while young  
We'll follow all our days;  
And those engraven on our hearts,  
Ye never can erase.

We won't give up the Bible,  
We'll shout it far and wide,  
Until the echo shall be heard  
Beyond the rolling tide;  
Till all shall know that we, though young,  
Withstand your treacherous art;  
And that from God's own sacred word  
We'll never, never part.

## Select Tale.

## CHARLES ELLISTON.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

'I must leave this place to-night: I can bear their marked neglect and open taunts no longer,' said Charles Elliston, and he left the richly furnished parlor where with some fashionable guests, sat Mrs. Merton and her two eldest daughters, and went forth into the garden.

'Yes, must go,' he continued, 'no one cares for me; and why should they for the penniless being whose very origin is unknown? Alas, how very hard it is to be thus cast upon the world friendless, and beloved by none!—none!

And he hurried his face into his hands, overcome with the intensity of his feelings.

'None, Charles?' said a clear silvery voice behind him, and a gentle hand was laid upon his shoulder.

He started and turning round said—

'Yes, yes, Helen, pardon me, I spoke unthinkingly. You still love me?' he added inquiringly.

'I do Charles, and my father—'

'Yes your father—my noble benefactor, Helen. He still loves me?'

'Then why leave us, Charles?' she said in a tender tone.

'Because Helen, you know I have already been the cause of much dissension in your family—God forbid that I should be so any longer. And besides, Helen, you know what treatment I have received from your mother and sisters. I have borne it long out of a respect to your father, and love for you, but I can bear it no more. I will go forth into the world, in hopes of building up a fortune, and say, Helen, if I should be successful and return will you—'

'I will love you still,' she said, interrupting him. 'Oh, I'll always love you Charles.'

'Farewell,' said he.

And imprinting a kiss on her rosy lips he tore himself away. In another hour he had quitted that house, where he had spent so many happy days with Helen.

Charles Elliston was a dependent upon the bounty of Mr. Merton. He had found him one day, when about four years old, wandering about the streets of the city, a lost child. He kindly took him home, and used every endeavour to discover his parents, but all to no purpose. At last, finding his enquiries were useless, he raised and educated him as his own.

Unlike her husband, Mrs. Merton was of a proud, aristocratic spirit, who could not bear one whose birth was so uncertain as that of young Elliston. She had diffused some of this spirit into her eldest daughters; but Helen, the youngest, like her father, possessed a noble and kind heart, looked only with compassion and love upon the poor but noble youth.

He was now about seventeen years of age, and the insults that were heaped upon him were felt severely. It is true, when Mr. Merton was present, none dared to show the least disrespect towards him, but this only served to make him feel it more acutely in his absence.

It was on this very mentioned evening that a new insult had been offered to him, and he determined not to live another day where he was exposed to them. Nor would it have caused him one feeling of regret had it not been for Mr. Merton and Helen; but however dear they were to him, he resolved to leave them. He left too without informing Mr. Merton, for he well knew he would insist on his staying, and he would not be the author of discord in that family where dwelt the only two on earth he could call his friends.

It was near the close of a summer's day that a steamboat touched the wharf of one of our Southern cities, and from its crowded decks poured a stream of weary travellers, eager once again to set foot upon land. Among the last who stepped on shore, was a tall youth with a valise in his hand, who walked slowly from the landing and bent his way towards the shipping warehouses along the wharves. He was in search of employment. But alas, he was a stranger, and had no recommendation.

With a dejected mien and sorrowful step he was about giving up all hope, when he came to a warehouse he had not before entered. He walked into the counting house, where sat a gentleman apparently about forty years of age. To the youth's enquiry whether he was at the head of the establishment he replied in the affirmative.

'What do you wish my lad?' he enquired.

'Do you wish a lad to assist in your store? I have no recommendations to offer you sir,' he continued modestly. 'I have just arrived in the steamboat from the North, and have neither friends or money. I cannot even buy a lodging for the night.'

And seeing the merchant look incredulously at him, he could control himself no longer, but said imploringly,

'Oh sir, do not refuse,' and the tears trickled down his cheeks.

The merchant, touched by his grief and convinced by the openness of his manner, hesitated a moment, and finally took him to his house. A few days proved the truth of the youth's story, and he was employed at once by his benefactor.

In the course of time he rose by degrees, until he became head clerk in the establishment of Mr. Thompson. He also, by his amiableness, became the favourite of the wealthy family of his employer, with whom he still resided. All loved him, and he loved them in return, as father, mother, and sister. For although Charles (for it was Charles Elliston) thought that Emma Thompson was almost as beautiful as his Helen, yet he still remained faithful to the latter and could but think of the former as a sister.

Five years had rolled away, and he had become a proprietor of the large establishment which he had entered as an errand boy, Mr. Thompson having retired from business.

One evening he was sitting in a familiar conversation with the family, when Mrs. Thompson, after looking steadfastly at Charles for some time, remarked how much he and Emma resembled each other.

'Yes,' said her husband, 'I have often observed it—they look as much alike as though they were really brother and sister. Our Charles—poor little fellow, could not have been more like Emma.'

'Your Charles? I never knew you had any other child besides Emma,' said he. 'When did he die?'

'Would to God he had died!' exclaimed Mrs.

Thompson, 'then would I have known he was in heaven; but now perhaps he is buffeted about by strangers whose hard hearts can seldom feel like parents.'

And she gave vent to her feelings in tears.

'He was lost then?' asked Charles.

'Yes,' said Mr. Thompson. 'About seventeen years ago, Mary and I journeyed North for the benefit of our health, to visit some friends in New York city, we took with us our little Charles, who was scarcely four years old, and then our only child. We arrived there in safety and after staying with our friends some time, set out on our return home. Anxious to prosecute our journey, we immediately, on our arrival at Philadelphia, took steamboat to proceed immediately on. I went to see to the safety of the baggage, thinking that Mary and Charles were in the cabin; but what was my surprise, when on going in the cabin some time afterwards, to find Mary there alone. She thought I had Charles with me, and she swooned away when I informed her I had not. We searched the boat over, but no Charles could be found; and then it struck us that he wandered on shore before the boat left the wharf, and consequently was left behind. How harrowing were our thoughts? to think that every minute increased the distance between us and our beloved child. But there was a thought more distressing. Perhaps he had fallen overboard unseen and was drowned. However, I determined on arriving at New York to leave Mary with friends and to return to Philadelphia, and spare no pains or expense in trying to discover his fate; but the great mental excitement and bodily fatigue I had undergone, threw me into a fever on the way, and it was several months before I recovered. When I did, and arrived at Philadelphia, no trace could be discovered of our child, and never since, have we heard anything concerning him. But God be praised he has given us a son in you.'

'But was there no mark by which he could have been known had he been left behind, as you first supposed?' asked Charles eagerly.

'Yes,' there were scars of dog's teeth on his left wrist, and besides he wore a locket around his neck with 'Charles' engraved on it,' said Mrs. Thompson with tears in her eyes.

'Then father, and Mother,' said Charles, baring his arm, and drawing from his bosom a locket which he threw into Mrs. Thompson's lap, 'behold your long lost son!'

For an instant they stood amazed, the next moment they were locked in each other's arms.—Then turning to Emma, he for the first time pressed to his bosom a sister.

How different was his situation now from what it was the day he set foot in New Orleans. Then he was poor and friendless, with scarce a place to lay his head, now he was wealthy, surrounded by friends, and a sister's love. He could claim now what her noble father would not have refused, even to the poor youth had he asked—Helen's hand, even her proud mother would not object to receiving for her son-in-law the heir of the richest merchant in New Orleans.

Mirth and music resounded throughout, and gladness reigned predominant in the splendid mansion of Mr. Merton. It was the birth-night ball of his beautiful and accomplished daughter Helen, given on her nineteenth birth-day, and the magnificent saloons were thronged by the youth, beauty, and elite of the metropolis. All paid willing homage to her fascinating charms. Nor beneath their fervent congratulations did there lurk aught of malice or envy; for the sweet disposition and gentle manners of Helen Merton, had won the good will of all who knew her. And, now as she replied to their warm-hearted wishes, she looked here more beautiful than ever. She was attired in a plain white dress, looped with roses and fitted exquisitely to her finely moulded form; her shining curls were confined by a costly diamond head-band, that sparkled on her forehead, rivaling the transparent beauty and clearness of her complexion.

At times she would mingle in the giddy whirl of the dance, a smile would play upon her lovely features; but when it was over, a melancholy expression would steal into her laughing eye, telling something was yet wanting to complete her happiness. She was thinking, perhaps, how he, who many years ago had won her maiden love, might, while she was surrounded by wealth and luxury, be dragging out the prime of his life in poverty and distress. Yes, she remembered the companion of her childhood. Alas, that it should be abused.

The evening was somewhat advanced when Mr. Merton approached Helen, locked arm-in-arm with a young man whose dark countenance, raven

hair and eyes, and tall straight form, indicated a native of the south.

'Mr. Thompson, of New Orleans, my dear,' said Mr. Merton.

And then after conversing for a few moments, sauntered to the other side of the saloon.

'Who is that handsome young man you just now introduced to Helen?' asked Mrs. Merton, of her husband.

'That is Mr. Thompson of New Orleans, the richest man in that city, and his father before him. He arrived here the day before yesterday, and I invited him here to-night, and if the impression is not felt on Helen's heart which has hitherto been so callous, none will ever regret the disappearance of—'

'Your protege, Charles Elliston,' said his wife sarcastically.

Mr. Merton did not answer her, he only turned away.

At first, when the stranger was introduced to Helen, there appeared an air of embarrassment; but it wore off and he entered into conversation with his usual vivacity. In the course of it, she asked him if he had ever been in the city before. He replied that he had been when he was about seventeen years of age, and that he had become acquainted with several of his own age, whose acquaintances he had slightly prized. Among these he mentioned was that of Charles Elliston in particular.

As he pronounced the name he bent his dark eyes full upon her, and perceived that she started, while, for an instant, agitation was visibly depicted on her countenance. After a moment's pause, he continued:

'But I have made enquires since my arrival, respecting him, and hear that he has returned the kindness of his benefactor, your father, with ingratitude, by leaving his house and going, no one knew whither.'

'Oh no sir, do not believe that; it is an idle report. He had reasons for leaving my father's house,' and her voice trembled, and a tear stood in her eye.

Just then a gentleman advanced to claim her hand for the last cotillion, and the conversation was abruptly terminated. Charles resigned her silently, but his heart was full.

It is strange how the lapse of a few years between youth and manhood will change the face and disguise the form; the slight stripling that a little while ago clambered on our knee, we can scarcely recognize in the tall, stately form and staid demeanor of the man. So it was with Charles Thompson, and no wonder Helen and her father could not see in the rich merchant from the South, the poor lad who six years before had left them with scarce a dollar in his pocket.

It was the morning following the ball, and Mr. and Mrs. Merton and Helen were sitting in the parlor, the former two engaged in discussing some private affairs, and the latter with her head resting upon her hand, apparently in deep thought.—The servant entered and handed Mr. Merton a letter. He opened it, and after having perused it for a few moments, uttered an exclamation of joy. Both of his companions looked up. Seemingly overcome with the excitement of some pleasing news, he approached his daughter and gently patting her on the cheek said:

'Come, come, Helen dear, cheer up, Charles, our own dear Charles has returned; he is in the city and will be here in half an hour. Cheer up my dear.'

And he began to pace the floor.

'See here,' he continued, as a splendid equipage, with servants in livery drove up to the door, from which a young man alighted, 'here is Mr. Thompson too, how glad I shall be to introduce them to one another.'

'I don't see why you should be,' said his wife, 'though perhaps your Charles as you call him, may be as rich as Mr. Thompson. You know he left word that he was going to seek his fortune.'

And she pronounced this last word with a sneer. 'And he hopes he has found it, madam,' exclaimed Charles, who entered just at that moment, 'thanks to an all-wise Providence that directed me to my father's house. It is Charles that stands before you.'

With a shriek of delight, Helen threw herself into his outstretched arms and wept tears of joy on his bosom; and the old man stood motionless, but his eyes were wet, and his lips quivered though not with grief.

When they had become somewhat composed Charles related to them what had occurred since he left them. The joy that beamed in the swimming eyes of the delighted girl, as she hung fondly on her lover's arm, was only equalled by the tenderness with which he returned her looks of affec-