

## Poetry.

## TOO POOR TO PAY.

We were so poor when baby died,  
And mother stitched his shroud,  
The others in their hunger cried  
With sorrow wild and loud;  
We were so poor, we could not pay  
The man to carry him away.

I see it still before my eyes—  
It lies upon the bed;  
And mother whispers through her sighs,  
"The little boy is dead."  
A little box of common pine  
His coffin was—and may be mine!

They laid our little brother out,  
And wrapped his form in white,  
And, as they turned his head about,  
We saw the solemn sight,  
And wept as little children weep,  
And kissed the dead one in his sleep.

We looked our last upon his face,  
And said our last "good bye,"  
While mother laid him in the place  
Where those are laid who die:  
The sexton shoved the box away,  
Because we were too poor to pay!

We were too poor to hire a hearse,  
And could not get a pall;  
And when we drove him to the grave,  
A wagon held us all:  
'Twas I who drove the horse, and I  
Who told my mother not to cry.

We rode along the crowded town,  
And felt so lone and drear!  
And oft our tears came trickling down,  
Because no friends were near:  
The folks were strangers, selfish men,  
Who hadn't lost a baby then.

We reached the grave, and laid him there,  
With all the dead around;  
There was no priest to say a prayer  
And bless the holy ground:  
So home we went with grief and pain—  
But home was never home again!

And there he sleeps, without a stone  
To mark the sacred spot;  
But though to all the world unknown,  
By us 'tis ne'er forgot:  
We mean to raise a stone some day,  
But now we are too poor to pay.

Tribune.

## The Family.

## SORROWS OF ROYALTY

The world has never been without abundant illustrations of the vanity of rank and station as shields against sorrow. How full of sorrow was the life of George III.,—a man of more virtues than are often found in the lives of kings. In his large family he had one son that never gave him trouble. His infamous son and successor, George IV., was a scourge,—a perpetual laceration;—no wonder that his poor father lost his reason. George III. had a sister who was likewise a royal sufferer, queen Caroline Matilda, of Denmark. She died at twenty-three, a persecuted and broken hearted woman. Her husband, the feeble Christian VII., became estranged from her through the influence of his grand-mother and of his step-mother, who desired to ensure the prospects of Christian's half-brother. Struensee effected a reconciliation, and became the royal favorite, but ruled arbitrarily, and incensed against himself the party of the step-mother;—he was seized, condemned, and executed. The young queen, Caroline Matilda, was seized at the same time, and came near being condemned to death. She was separated from her husband and imprisoned, but was liberated by the interference of her brother George III. She died at Celle, Hanover, May 10th, 1775. The official journal of Copenhagen, of Jan. 1852, publishes a letter which she wrote to her royal brother on the day of her death. It states that the original is in the secret archives of State, at Copenhagen, and that it has never before been published. We observe, however, in a brief allusion to her in a work now before us, that the interesting letter in which she took leave of her brother the king of England, is to be found in the small work, *Die letzten Stunden der Königin von Danemark*. Perhaps it is the same letter. The one now published, which is a most beautiful and affecting production, reads thus:

"Sire,—In the solemn hour of death I address myself to you, my royal brother, in order to manifest to you my feelings of gratitude for the kindness you have shown me during my life, and particularly during my long misfortunes. I die willingly, for there is nothing to bind me to this world—neither my youth, nor the enjoyments which might sooner or later be my portion. Besides, can life have any charms for a woman who is removed from all those whom she loves and cherishes—her husband, her children, her brothers and sisters? I, who am a queen, and the issue of a royal race, I have led the most wretched life, and I furnish to the world a fresh example that a crown and a sceptre cannot protect those who wear them from the greatest misfortunes. I declare that I am innocent, and this declaration I write with a trembling hand, bathed with the cold sweat of death. I am innocent. The God whom I invoke, who created me, and who will soon judge me, is a witness of my innocence. I humbly implore Him that he will, after my death, convince the world that I have never merited any of the terrible accusation by which my cowardly enemies have sought to blacken my character, tarnish my reputation, and trample under foot my royal dignity. Sire, believe your dying sister, a queen, and what is still more, a Christian, who with fear and horror would turn her eyes towards the next world, if her last confession were a falsehood. Be assured I die with pleasure, for the wretched regard death as a blessing. But what is more painful to me even than the agonies of death, is that none of the persons whom I love are near my death-bed to give me a last adieu, to console me by a look of compassion, and to close my eyes. Nevertheless, I am not alone. God, the only witness of my innocence, sees me at this moment, when lying on my solitary couch, I am a prey to the most excruciating agonies. My guardian angel watches over me; he will soon conduct me to where I may in quiet pray for my well beloved, and even for my executioner. Adieu, my royal brother; may Heaven load you with its blessings, as well as my husband, my children, England, Denmark, and the whole world. I supplicate you to allow my body to be laid in the tomb of my ancestors, and now receive the last adieu of your unfortunate sister, CAROLINE MATILDA.—Celle, (Hanover,) May 10th, 1775."

## THE FAMILY THAT NEVER READ THE BIBLE.

BY REV. WILLIAM WISNER, D. D.

In the progress of a revival of religion in my congregation, in the winter of 1830 and 1831, one of the brethren, who was visiting families in a border settlement, went into a house where he found a woman alone. On conversing with her on her religious feelings, she told him that she did not know anything about religion. He inquired if she had never attended a meeting, or read the Bible; she said she had not, since she was old enough to remember anything about it.

He then commenced giving her a brief account of the creation and of the fall of man, and of the plan adopted by God for his recovery. When he had proceeded as far as the fall, and its consequences upon the human family, and told her that she was herself, in consequence of it, a sinner against God, and as such, exposed to his wrath in hell to all eternity, she became deeply distressed with a sense of her lost condition, and wept bitterly.

He next told her of the provision which God had made for her salvation, and exhorted her to repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, that she might be saved. On hearing this, she became composed and happy, and requested him to wait until she went and called her husband, adding, that he needed this Saviour as much as she did. He did wait; and when the husband came in, found him almost as ignorant as his wife, and repeated to him the epitome of the Bible history, apparently with the same effect which it had produced on the woman. He spent most of the afternoon with them in prayer and conversation, and, when he came away, left them both hoping in Christ.

I visited the family soon after, myself, and found them hoping, and anxious to learn all that they could about the Bible, neither of them being able to read. They continued attentive to all the means of grace, and in process of time became members of the church, dating their hope back to the visit above mentioned.

They did not remain in the place a great while after they united with the church, but

while they remained with us, gave us no reason to doubt the sincerity of their profession, or the genuineness of their conversion.

If these persons were truly converted to Christ, as I hope they were, they, like those Samaritans who believed on the word of the woman from the well, had to rely on the testimony of an uninspired individual, and will be swift witnesses against those sinners who, though brought up, as it were, in the house of God, and with the Bible in their hands, reject the counsel of the most High against their own souls.

It may seem strange to some that there could be such ignorance in this Christian land; but to my knowledge, this is by no means an isolated case. I once saw a lad of fourteen or fifteen who appeared like a bright boy, but neither knew who made him, nor that there was any such a person as Jesus Christ; and yet this boy had parents, and lived in a neighborhood where the Gospel was occasionally preached.

These things ought not so to be; and if Christians would do their duty, such gross darkness could not be found in any neighborhood where the people of God were living.

## ACT WELL YOUR PART.

We cannot always pitch our tents where we please, or enjoy over the sweet song of delight, sung by friends who played with us in childhood or conned at school the same lessons. The world is a busy one, full of adventure, and he who would act well his part, must take his chance as he can, and feel happy if he can so perform it as to exclaim at the dying hour, "I have endeavored to do my duty."

So wherever we are placed and in whatever situation, it should be our earnest and persevering endeavor to discharge our duty as faithfully as our abilities will permit. We owe this, no less to our fellows than to ourselves, for however great the good they may reap, it can in no wise, and I may say under no circumstances equal that which we may gather ourselves.

It is therefore imperative upon us to work at all times, as God gives us means and opportunities, and the more so, when he guarantees us so rich a blessing in the performance. In this view, with our hearts fully attuned to the "better spirit," the most irksome duty grows a pleasant task while the blessing is thereby doubled in the getting.—*Rural New Yorker*.

Impose not a burden on others which thou canst not bear thyself.

In youth and strength, think of age and weakness.

## WOOLLEN HALL.

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## Top Coats!!

## Top Coats!!!

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Canada Greys,	" "
Petershams, napped & plain,	" "
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Nov. 12.

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The rates of annual payment for members who draw for the first week's sickness, are as follows:

\$2 00 per year draws	\$2 00 per week,
3 00 do do do	3 00 do do
4 00 do do do	4 00 do do
5 00 do do do	5 00 do do
6 00 do do do	6 00 do do
7 00 do do do	7 00 do do
8 00 do do do	8 00 do do

Those who except the first week of sickness will receive twenty-five per cent in addition to the above rates.

## FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

## TABLE OF RATES.

Yearly payment for females who draw for the first week of sickness.

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" 3 00 "	" 3 00 "
" 4 00 "	" 5 00 "

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Paying \$2 00 per year draws	\$2 50 per week.
" 3 00 "	" 3 75 "
" 4 00 "	" 4 00 "

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## REFERENCES.

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