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Poetry.

SUN, MOON, AND STARS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Oh, the Sun he walks a gentleman full grown,
Though this is but the morning of his birth,
And he rises up so early and alone,
And prepares to make his tour around the earth.
"Do let the little stars draw near him and they say—
"Do let us keep the company we pray!"
But the sun grows red and wrathful, and he runs out.
"Get away from me, you silly little things!
You know I should but scorch your golden eyes out
With my great fiery wheels!
Get you gone. All alone
Must I take my daily journey round the earth.

And the Moon she girls her waist with silver zone,
Though this is but the evening of her birth,
And she rises up so pearly and alone,
And prepares to make her tour around the earth.
And the little stars draw near her, and they say—
"Do let us go along with thee, we pray!"
And the Moon she answers gently as a mother,
"Oh, certainly, my pretty little stars!
But mind and don't fall out with one another,
For, through my stars of years
Must we thus, all of us,
Make in company our journey round the earth.

So, ever since, from evening until morn,
The golden stars accompany their Queen;
And the earth, and all that on the earth are born,
Are gladdened by the glory of their sheen.
In them, as in a looking-glass, the sage
Sees shal low less the future's mystic page:
To them the love-sick virgin sighs her sorrows,
And from them (and, on occasions, from the Moon),
In the stillly summer-night, the poet borrows
Thought for which during noon,
He in vain duns his brain.
While the Sun is dazzling powers by his sheen

Literature.

PERSEVERANCE: OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RODERIC GRAY.

Courteous reader, thou must be aware that there is no virtue which conferreth greater benefits upon its possessor, than the virtue of perseverance. It can scale precipices, overtop mountains, encompass seas. Perseverance is a mighty conqueror; it it fith against odds, and neither turneth its back nor is dismayed. Its progress may be slow, but in the end it is sure. As a snail ascendeth a perpendicular wall, it may fall or be driven back to the ground, but it will renew the attempt. It suffereth longer than charity, and hence came the adage, that "they who look for a silk gown always get a sleeve o't." It has been said, "great is truth, and it will prevail," and in addition thereunto, I would say, "great is perseverance, for it also will prevail." The motto of every man should be—"nil desperandum." Every one should remember, that real honor and esteem do not seek a man on whom they are to alight,—the man must seek them; he must win them, and then wear them.

Instead, however, of detaining the reader with dull and general remarks on perseverance, I shall at once lay before them a copy of the autobiography of Roderic Gray, whose history will illustrate its effects in particulars.

I was the son of poor but of honest parents. (With this stereotyped piece of history concerning poverty and honesty, Roderic Gray began his autobiography.) Yes, I repeat that my father

and my mother were very poor, but they were sterlingly honest. They had a numerous family, and many privations to contend with; and the first thing I remember of my father was, a constant, I may say a daily expression of his—"set a stout heart to a steep brace." Another great phrase of his, when any of us were like to be beaten by ought that we were attempting was—"try it again,—never be beat, step by step brings the mountain low." My mother was of a disposition precisely similar to my father. Almost the first thing I remember of her, is, what was her favorite expression—"Try it again as your father says—practice makes perfiteness."

These expressions of my honoured parents were the rudiments of my education. They left an impression upon my heart, and upon my brain, before I was sensible of what an impression was. There is often a great deal more conveyed through a single sentence, than we are apt to imagine. Our future destiny may be swayed by the hearing of one little word, and that word may be spoken in our hearing at a very early period of our lives. Many a father, when years began to sober down the buoyant tumult of his spirits, has wondered at, and grieved over the disposition and actions of his son, marvelling whence they came; whereas the son received the feelings which gave birth to such actions, while he was but an infant, from the lips of his father, as he heard that father recount the deeds, the exploits, the feats of bravery of his young manhood. From the hour that a child begins to notice the objects around it, or to be sensible of kind or of harsh treatment, from that moment every one who takes it in their hands, every object around it, become its instructors. I find I am digressing from my autobiography; but I shall go on with it by and bye, and as I have mentioned the subject of education, I shall say a few more words upon that subject, and especially on the education of the young, which though it detain the reader for a short space from my history, will neither be unamstructive nor without interest.

Some years ago, I met with a modern Job, who said he had read through the large edition of Johnson's Dictionary; and I do regret, with considerable sincerity, having neglected to ask the gentleman whether in the course of his highly entertaining reading, he met with any word so murdered, butchered, abused, and misunderstood, as the poor polysyllable—education. Many wise people conceive it to signify many multitudes of words, of dead words and of living words, of words without symbols; or in plain language they say, (or they act as if they said,) that education means to make a man's head a portable lexicon of all languages. This is what they term the education classical. Some very wise men go a step farther with the meaning of the term. They shake their heads in contempt at the mere word—men. They mingle more of utility with their idea of the signification. They maintain that education meaneth also certain figures, whereby something is learned concerning pounds and pence, and square inches and solid inches. Here the general idea of education terminates; and this is the education mercantile and mathematical. There are however a third class of philosophically wise men, who affirm that education meaneth the macadamizing, on a small scale, of

blue stones and grey ones; in describing comets with tails, and planets without tails; in making the invisible gases give forth light in darkness, as the invisible mind lighteth mortality. This is the education scientific. Thus the artillery of all the three is directed against the head. The head is made a gentleman, a scholar, a philosopher, while the poor heart is suffered to remain in a state of unfutured, uncared for barbarity and ignorance. And in all this parade, concerning what education in reality imports, it is overlooked, that the heart from whence all evil proceeds,—the heart where all good is received,—is the soil where the first seeds of education ought to be sown, watered, watched over, pruned, and reared with tenderness. And it is not until the heart has become a sturdy savage hardened in ignorance, that any attempts are made to curb it within the limits of moral obligation. A more insane idea cannot be conceived by a rational man, than supposing that education begins by learning to know that one letter is called A, a second B, and a third C. Education begins with the first glance which the mother bestows upon her child, in answer to its first smile. Before the infant has hisped its first word, the work of education has made progress. The mother is the first, the fondest, the most important and responsible teacher. It is hers to draw out the young soul, which dreams in the smiles and the laughing eyes of her infant—it is hers to subdue, and in gentleness to root up the first germ of evil that springs into existence,—it is hers to unfold by a thousand ways and a thousand tenderesses, which a mother's heart only can conceive, and a mother's eye only can express,—first shadows of right and of wrong—it is hers to teach feelings of love, of gentleness, and gratitude; to give a direction, and a coloring to the embryo passions which shall mark the future character and destiny of her yet sucking child. Nor is there an object upon earth more worthy the admiration, we had almost said the envy of an angel, than a christian mother, gazing in the depth of her affection upon the babe of her bosom, watching its faculties expand like young flowers,—bending them to the sun of truth, gently as the linnet bends the twig where it thrills its little song to cheer its partner. But when the infant leaves the lap of its mother, and other duties divide her care, it is then necessary that a teacher, equally affectionate, and equally efficient, be provided; for children seek and will find, teachers of good or of evil in every scene, and in every play-mate. It is now that the infant school must mature the education which the mother has, or ought to have begun. Some disciple of moth-eaten customs, whose ideas are like the flight of a bat, and whose imagination is hung round with cobwebs, may snarl out his mouthfuls of broken humanity, and inquire—what could be learned by infants of two or of five years of age, to compensate for blighting their ruddy cheeks like tender plants in a frost-wind, by mowing them up and crowding them together within the dismal walls of a noxious school-room, through the midst of which a male or a female tyrant continue their dreary tramp, tramping to and fro within the hated circle of their terror, and flourishing fear and trembling in their hand in the shape of a birch, the bark of which has yielded to their work of punishment? I readily admit,