

# SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

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## TO THE MEMORY OF BISHOP HEBER.

If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,  
Of sainted genius call'd too soon away,  
Of light, from this world taken, while it shone  
Yet kindling onward to the perfect day—  
How shall our griefs, if these things mournful be,  
Flow forth, oh! thou of many gifts, for thee?

Hath not thy voice been here amongst us heard?  
And that deep soul of gentleness and power,  
Have we not felt its breath in every word,  
Went from thy lips, as Hermon's dew, to shower?—  
Yes! in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have burn'd—  
Of Heaven they were, and thither have return'd.

How shall we mourn thee?—With a lofty trust,  
Our life's immortal birthright from above!  
With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just,  
Through shades and mysteries lifts a glance of love,  
And yet can weep!—for nature thus deploras  
The friend that leaves us, though for happier shores.

And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier,  
One strain of solemn rapture be allow'd—  
Thou, that rejoicing on thy mid career,  
Not to decay, but unto death, hast bow'd:  
In those bright regions of the rising sun,  
Where victory ne'er a crown like thine had won.

Praise! for yet one more name with power endow'd,  
To cheer and guide us, onward as we press;  
Yet one more image, on the heart bestow'd,  
To dwell there, beautiful in holiness!  
Thine, Heber, thine! whose memory from the dead,  
Shines as the star which to the Saviour led.

## OWE NO MAN.

This may be bad poetry, but, depend upon it, it is excellent sense. It is an old saying that the debtor is a slave to his creditor. If so, half the world enter into voluntary servitude. The universal rage to buy on credit is a serious evil in this country. Many a married man is ruined entirely by it.

Many a man goes into the store for a single article. Looking around, twenty things strike his eye; he has no money; he buys on credit. Foolish man! Payday must come, and, ten chances to one, like death, it finds you unprepared to meet it. Tell me, ye who have experienced it, did the pleasure of possessing the article bear any proportion to the pain of being called on to pay for it when you had it not in your power.

A few rules, well kept, will contribute much to your happiness and independence. Never buy what you do not really want. Never buy on credit when you can possibly do without. Take pride in being able to say, 'I owe no man.'—Wives are sometimes thoughtless, daughters now and then extravagant. Many a time, when neither the wife nor the daughter would willingly give a single pang to the father's

bosom, they urge and tease him to get articles, pleasant enough to be sure to possess, but difficult for him to buy; he purchases on credit, is dunned—sued; and many an hour made wretched by their folly and imprudence. *The Saturday Evening Magazine* presents its compliments to the ladies, and begs they would have the goodness to read the last eight lines once a week till they get them by heart, and then act as their own excellent disposition will direct.

Never owe your shoemaker, your tailor, your printer, your blacksmith, or labourer. Besides the bad policy of keeping in debt, it is downright injustice to those whose labour you have received all the benefits of.

How happy the man who owes not a pound,  
But lays up his fifty, each year that comes round;  
He fears neither constable, sheriff, nor dun;  
To Bank or to Justice has never to run.  
His cellar well filled, and his pantry well stor'd,  
He lives far more blest than a prince or a lord:  
Then take my advice, if a fortune you'd get,  
"Pay off what you owe, and keep out of debt."

## PRINCIPLE.

There are in all men two constituent principles—the one material and terrestrial, the other celestial. Neither of these can be entirely defaced or destroyed in the man. There is in the minds of the most eminent men something that is allied to the animal. Sense and matter never lose their force. There is in the most barbarous mind something that is allied to divinity; and we shall find this heavenly principle showing itself, as it were, as an apparition in the grossest natures.

## BULL.

In Blair's 15th Sermon, "On Integrity as the Guide of Life," (vol. iv., page 323,) is this passage:—

"He follows a wandering light, which, if it fail of guiding him by a short path to the palace of ambition, lands him in the pit, or the lake."

## BLESSINGS OF INSTRUCTION.

Hast thou e'er seen a garden clad  
In all the robes that Eden had;  
Or vale o'erspread with streams and trees,  
A paradise of mysteries;  
Plains with green hills adorning them,  
Like jewels in a diadem;

These gardens, vales, and plains, and hills,  
Which beauty gilds and music fills,  
Were once but deserts. Culture's hand  
Has scattered verdure o'er the land,  
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,  
Where barren wilds usurped the scene.

And such is man—A soil which breeds  
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds;  
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,  
Weeds deadly as an aconite;  
Just as his heart is trained to bear  
The poisonous weed, or flow'ret fair.