

## POETRY.

## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

FULL many a flower is scatter'd by the breeze,  
 And many a blossom shaken from the trees,  
 And many a morning boam in tempest flies,  
 And many a dew-drop shines a while and dies:  
 But oft'ner far the dream that fancy weaves  
 Of future joy and happiness, deceives.  
 And thou, pale mourner, o'er an infant's bier,  
 Brighten thy cheek, and dry the trickling tear,  
 This came, though veiled in darkness, from above,  
 A dispensation of eternal love.  
 He who perceived the dangerous control,  
 Tho' heart-torn'd spirit was gaining on thy soul,  
 Snatch'd from thine arms the treacherous decoy,  
 To give thee brighter hope and purer joy.  
 Oh! see how soon the flow'rs of life decay,  
 How soon terrestrial pleasures fade away.  
 This star of comfort, for a moment giv'n,  
 Just rose on earth, then set to rise in heav'n.  
 Yet mourn not, as of hope bereft, its doom,  
 Nor water with thy tears its early tomb;  
 Redeem'd by God from sin, releas'd from pain,  
 Its life was punishment, its death is gain.  
 Turn back thine eye along the path of life,  
 View thine own grief, and weariness, and strife;  
 And say if that which tempts thee to repine  
 Be not a happier lot by far than thine.  
 If death in infancy had laid thee low,  
 Thou hadst escap'd from pain, and sin, and woe;  
 The years thy soul, the path of sorrow trod,  
 Had all been spent in converse with thy God;  
 And thou hadst shone in yonder cloudless sphere,  
 A seraph there, and not a pilgrim here.  
 O! 't is sweet to die—to part from earth,—  
 And win all heaven, for things of little worth  
 Then are thou wouldst not, though thou couldst,  
 awake  
 The little slumberer for his mother's sake.  
 It is when those we love, in death depart,  
 That earth has slightest hold upon the heart.  
 Hath not bereavement higher wishes thought,  
 And purified from earth thine earth-born thought?  
 I know it hath. Hope then appears more dear,  
 And heaven's bright realms shine brightest through a  
 tear.  
 Though it be hard to bid thy heart divide;  
 And lay the gem of all thy love aside,  
 Faith tells thee, and it tells thee not in vain,  
 That thou shalt meet thine infant yet again.  
 On seraph wings the new-born spirit flies  
 To brighter regions and serener skies;  
 And, ere thou art aware the day may be  
 When to those skies thy babe shall welcome thee.  
 While yet on earth thou'rt ever cradling arms  
 Held it securest from surrounding harms;  
 Yet even there disease could aim her dart,  
 Chill the warm cheek, and stop the fluttering heart;  
 And many a fearless tear-drop thou hast paid,  
 To view the sickness that thou couldst not aid.  
 No ill can reach it now, it rests above,  
 Safe in the bosom of celestial love:  
 Its short but yet tempestuous way is o'er,  
 And tears shall trickle down its cheek no more.  
 Then far be grief!—Faith looks beyond the tomb,  
 And heav'n's bright portals sparkle through the  
 gloom.  
 If bitter thoughts and tears in heav'n could be,  
 It is thine infant that should weep for thee.

EDMESTON.

THE BEST FRAME FOR DUTY.—Never are men  
 more unfit than when they think themselves most fit,  
 and best prepared for their duty; never more fit than  
 when most humbled and ashamed under a sense of  
 their own unworthiness.—LUTHER.

## COLUMN FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

## CAPITAL.—PART II.

THE more Capital there is in a Country,  
 the better for the laborers, for, the poorer the  
 master is, the fewer laborers he can afford to  
 employ, and the less sure he can be of being  
 able to pay them.

Suppose you were a poor man, in a newly  
 settled Country, and asked your neighbor to  
 help you to dig a piece of fertile ground, pro-  
 mising him a share of the produce for his pains,  
 he might say,—I have nothing to live on in the  
 mean time, if you want me to dig for you, you  
 must pay me daily wages. But if you have  
 nothing before-hand except bare necessaries  
 for yourself,—that is, if you have no Capital,  
 you cannot pay him till harvest. Your land,  
 there, ere will remain half-tilled; and he will be  
 forced to go into the woods to seek for wild  
 berries, or to hunt and fish, to provide himself  
 food. Indeed, all would be forced to begin in  
 this manner, if you suppose a number of men  
 left to themselves, even on the most fertile  
 land, without any property to set out with,—  
 that is, without Capital. They would have  
 great difficulties to struggle against for a long  
 time, but when they had advanced some way  
 in acquiring wealth, they would find it easier  
 to obtain more.

For, as it is, you may observe that wealth is  
 always obtained by means of wealth; that is,  
 it is gained by the help of Capital; without  
 which, labor can hardly be carried on. Corn  
 is raised by labor; but a previous stock of corn  
 is needed, both to sow the ground, and to  
 maintain the laborer till the harvest is ripe.—  
 The tools with which he works, are made with  
 tools. The handle of the axe with which he  
 cuts wood, is made of wood; the iron of it was  
 dug from the mine with iron instruments; and  
 it is the same with almost every kind of labor.  
 You may judge, therefore, how difficult and  
 slow men's first advances must have been,  
 when they had to work with their bare hands,  
 or with stakes or sharp stones for their tools.

Accordingly, in countries that are ill-provi-  
 ded with Capital, though the inhabitants are  
 few in number, and all of them are forced to  
 labor for the necessities of life, they are worse  
 fed, clothed and lodged, than even the poorest  
 are, in a richer Country; though that be much  
 more thickly peopled, and though many of the  
 inhabitants of it are not obliged to labor with  
 their hands at all.

The wages in money, the provisions, and  
 the other things which a farmer spends on the  
 laborers, and on the horses, which cultivate his  
 land, or a clothier on his weavers, is called  
*circulating Capital*; because he parts with it,  
 from time to time, and it returns to him, as in  
 a circle, in the shape of corn or cloth. The  
 farmer's barns, ploughs, carts, and horses, and  
 clothier's looms and warehouses, are called  
*fixed Capital*; because they bring in a profit,  
 not by being parted with, but being kept as  
 long as they are fit for use.

## MISCELLANE.

A YANKEE TRICK.—A short time ago a  
 Yankee took up his residence at a public house  
 in Philadelphia, kept by a credulous German.  
 The morning following, whilst at breakfast,  
 he told them that he had dreamed, a curious  
 dream, that there was a considerable sum of  
 money buried in a certain spot on the other  
 side of the Schuylkill, but at the same time  
 said he could place no confidence in visions  
 of that kind. 'I ha' hert people say,' rejoined  
 the superstitious host, 'dat if dey trem offer  
 and offer again three times dere must certainly  
 somedey be in it.'

The Yankee, two successive mornings fol-  
 lowing, told his host he had dreamed the same

dream over again. After repeated arguments  
 the German persuaded the yankee to accompa-  
 ny him; they accordingly prepared themselves,  
 and hied to the place shown by the dream-  
 or. They dug, and lo! they beheld a box,  
 which upon examination was found to contain  
 two thousand dollars, seemingly new coined.  
 It was agreed between them that the German  
 should receive five and the Yankee fifteen  
 hundred dollars. The latter told the former  
 that as he was going to travel, he wished for  
 his own convenience to have his share in bank  
 notes, telling him that he had better keep the  
 new dollars lying by a while. The unsuspect-  
 ing German immediately went and borrowed  
 among his friends fifteen hundred dollars in  
 notes, which he gave in exchange for the spe-  
 cie and with which the Yankee immediately  
 decamped. Sometime after, the German  
 presented a part of his treasure to one of the  
 Philadelphia banks as a deposit, when to his  
 astonishment he was told they were all coun-  
 terfeits.

HOW TO EVADE THE BIGAMY LAW.—A man  
 named Morgan applied to the rector of Tiver-  
 ton to put up the banns for himself to be mar-  
 ried to a young woman of that town. The  
 worthy clergyman, recollecting that he had  
 married the man within two years to another  
 woman, whom he believed to be then living,  
 charged Morgan with the fact, when, he readi-  
 ly confessed it, and said—"But that marriage  
 wasn't good, sir, cause I had then a first wife  
 living, and she be since dead." The fellow's  
 law was good, and he was married to his new  
 bride, after foreaking the second wife.—*North  
 Devon Jour.*

It was stated at a late temperance meeting  
 at Montreal, that the Bristol Temperance So-  
 ciety, in England, is composed of 3,500 mem-  
 bers (now probably double that number,) of  
 whom 1,500, nearly one half, were reformed  
 drunkards!

A BAGMAN'S JOKE.—"I wonder what these  
 ghosts of mail-coaches carry in their bags,"  
 said the landlord, who had listened to the  
 whole story with profound attention.

"The dead letters, of course," said the Bag-  
 man.

"Oh, ah—to be sure," rejoined the land-  
 lord. "I never thought of that."—*Pickwick  
 Papers.*

SCOTLAND.—"I don't know whether any of  
 you ever partook of a real substantial Scotch  
 breakfast, and then went out to a slight lunch  
 of a bushel of oysters, a dozen or so of bottled  
 ale, and a noggin or two of whisky to close  
 up with. If you ever did, you will agree with  
 me that it requires a pretty strong head to go  
 out to dinner and supper afterwards."—*Id.*

An English Magazine gravely describes a  
 newly invented railway to take an invalid up  
 to bed. A far more useful invention would be  
 a railway to make well people get out of bed.

A brother editor thinks that one important  
 remedy for the times, would be less fingering  
 the piano and more fingering the needle.

A snake has been seen in Ireland, near Car-  
 rick!

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