

Family Circle.

Sir Richard Arkwright.

THERE lived, some hundred-and-twenty years ago, in the town of Preston, in Lancashire, a poor, hard-working couple, of the name of Arkwright, with a large family of just a dozen children, which was increased in the year 1732 by another son. To this son they gave the name of Richard, and little thought how far at last that name would spread, and with what gratitude it should be pronounced, for many ages, by thousands of our rising youth.

Born thus in poverty, our hero had but small advantages of early education. It is probable that he never went to school; and it is certain that his childhood passed amid privations, griefs, and toils, known only to the very poorest in our manufacturing towns. So soon as he was able, he was called upon to aid in the support of the entire household, and was sent to learn to be a barber. This acquired, he earned a bare subsistence by shaving the beards and clipping the wigs of the working people resorting to his shop, and pursued these labours till he reached his thirtieth year. He now gave up the shaving part of his profession, and betook himself to the purchase and sale of hair for wig making. In following out this calling he journeyed far and wide; and saw more of the world than he had ever thought of.

It so happened that in these journeys he became acquainted with a man called Kay, who, in conversation, gave him information about the modes then common for spinning cotton, and interested Arkwright so much in the matter, that his ingenuity was set to work to contrive a machine to do the matter better. Arkwright was naturally of an ingenious turn, and now his mind became absorbed with the interesting object Kay had presented to it. Plan after plan was laid; model after model was set up; and advances made towards the production of the far-famed spinning machine, by which he made his fortune, and has helped others to do the same since then. One great trial, however, pursued him all along, and often hindered his work. His wife had no sympathy for this new hobby of her husband's; looked at it all as just a waste of time, and often broke and destroyed his models as soon as his back was turned. Arkwright, however, was not the man to give up for such petty hindrances, and on he worked till his ingenuity produced, and he appeared at Preston to set up, in conjunction with his friend Kay, the model of a spinning-machine. At that time he was miserably poor, and fearing some violence from the Lancashire people, who were ignorantly opposed to machinery, they removed to Nottingham, where a stocking-weaver inspected the model, was convinced of its value, entered into partnership with Arkwright, and enabled him to take out a patent for the machine. Five years, however, had to elapse, and £12,000 to be expended, before it equalled the expectations of Arkwright and his friend. Great prejudice, much envy, and no little opposition, had to be overcome, in bringing out the invention. But Arkwright worked steadily, strongly persuaded that, if he could only outlive the ordeal all new things have to pass through, he would confer a large blessing on his country and mankind. He knew that all new systems had been thus met, and he patiently waited for the storm to blow away. At last the machine answered all he wished; but now others claimed the invention, and many sought to rob him of it. Law suits were the consequence, and though at last he triumphed, no little vexation was occasioned to him.

And now his diligence met its right reward. His invention became well known and largely used. The cotton manufacture increased beyond all expectation, and speedily became one of the staple articles of British commerce. Arkwright became the possessor of large mills, and worked them well. A few years passed over, and the poor Lancashire barber was turned into the wealthy manufacturer. A large fortune was soon amassed by him, and, in honour of his fine invention, he was dignified with knighthood. Nor was this all, Arkwright was a benevolent man, and he felt his re-

ward as much in the impetus given to national industry and commerce by his skill, as in his personal aggrandisement and honour. He lived long enough to see all this and died at a goodly age, leaving behind a noble pattern for young men to follow. Let them study it, and it will teach them—

1. That industry is the road to wealth;
  2. Perseverance against difficulty the certain path to triumph;
  3. And patient endurance of trial, with a worthy end in view, the sure road to honour.
- Sir Richard Arkwright proved all this. With one great end in view he worked, held on his course, and patiently endured. Go thou, and do the same; and, though knighthood and affluence may not be thy portion, assuredly thou shalt not lose thy right reward.

Groups for Study.

Are you a mother?—are you?—and is your first-born, bright-eyed boy resting on your lap, and smiling up in your face? How beautiful he looks—does he not? You never saw a baby half so fair and perfect, did you? You never saw so much intelligence beaming in a baby's face before, did you? Are you a pious, consistent, praying mother?—are you? Then you shall see more than all this, by-and-by, if you train him aright. Yes, you shall see him a youth of promise, a man of God, a companion of angels and archangels, up yonder in the world now hid from thy mortal vision; but be sure you begin your work EARLY, and begin with firmness, asking wisdom from Heaven's treasury. Take him now in your arms to your quiet chamber, and kneel down at a particular chair there, and pray for him—he will very soon understand your business there; and, very much earlier than you imagine, will he feel a holy solemnity overspread his little mind, as you approach that chair; and as soon as the little feet can run, he will lead the way, and take his place at that sacred spot; and in days to come, when he is far away from you—divided, perhaps, by the river of death—the recollection of that early holy shrine shall come to his heart, like a vision of brightness, to keep his lips from joining with the scoffer, and his feet from running into paths of vice. Are you a mother?—a praying mother! and has your son gone forth to battle with the world's strife? Is he well prepared to meet the enemy who will assail him on all sides, with colours as various as the hues of the rainbow? Have you stored his mind with truths divine, and taught him the value of prayer, and the power of the grace of the Spirit? Yet are you afraid of the errors which may beset his path, and the wolves in sheep's clothing always ready to destroy? Are you afraid he may be thrown among those who laugh at his mother's God, and his mother's religion, as a thing only suited to “weak women”? Are you afraid he may some day think and act as they do, and throwing off all restraint, rush into sinful pleasures, greedily forgetting that there is yet another world, and another life beyond the grave? Are you trembling, lest in this day of convenient profession he should hear another Gospel than that which he heard from the lips of your faithful pastor, when he took his seat by your side in the Sanctuary, a young and artless boy? Are you anxious about all this? Oh, then, keep fast hold of your son by prayer—bind him with strong bands of faith to the altar; let your Heavenly Father be constantly reminded of him by your daily and hoarse cries and supplications on his account. Make haste!—the spoilers are abroad. There are those about his path who may enchant him by sweet sounds of harmony; but, like the bird whirling round and round the head of the beautifully crested serpent, he will soon fall, if he listen long, into the fangs of destruction. Are you saying there is no danger—you have no fear? Well, come with us to yonder chamber—tread softly, it is a dark and dreary place—the gate of the grave opens into it, and the shadows of death are flying all around. A pale and dying man is grasping his life there, amidst the sighs and tears of a few sad and melancholy women—and among them stands his mother! and, ever and anon, she listens with breathless anxiety to hear the sound of her Redeemer's name,

but it comes not from the pallid lips! With solemn tread, a messenger brings a letter to the dying man: it comes from a gentle spirit, to whom he was made useful while he held the truth—or, at least, professed to do so—and this is a last anxious effort to remind him of the past and the future. A tremulous voice reads the letter to the dying man, while the tears chase down the cheeks of her who holds it. Does the sufferer feel the solemn truth she listens to? He smiles—but there is no love nor benevolence, nor hope nor happiness in that smile. Listen, he speaks—what does he say? “HERS IS THE ENTHUSIASM OF RELIGION—MINE IS THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION!!!” “What, my son?—speak again.” There is no use listening any more, heart-stricken watchers!—he has spoken his last on that subject—and so he dies! Say, would you have your son, in the last dread day, stand by the philosophical man of error, on his mound of sand, or by the simple-hearted disciple of Jesus, on the Rock of Ages? Take heed how, and where, and what he hears; and keep him near your heart in prayer. But turn we now to another group. In a cottage on a mountain, there sits a widow with eight children—five of them under the age of fourteen. She called them regularly around her, and led them in family worship; and often, at the dead of night, her low voice was calling on her Heavenly Father to have mercy, and bless her fatherless children. Before the youngest had reached the age of twenty-one, all except one son had hope in Christ—that son, early in life, left the family to learn some business, but on becoming of age he found himself among the followers of the Lamb, listening to the Word of Life. His heart was touched—the sound of his mother's voice at midnight, when he slept in the chamber with her, came back with power—he, too, found peace in believing, and has long been a pillar in the church, and the superintendent of a Sabbath school. The mother still lives in peace and quiet, waiting till her change come, while her children are handing down her influence to the third generation. “Whatever ye ask in my name, I will do it. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”—*Mother's Friend.*

Obituary Notices.

For the Wesleyan

With a sorrowful heart I read in *The Wesleyan* of the 26th ult., the notice of the death of Mr. John Burns. I had the happiness of being intimately acquainted with that dear brother from the days of our early boyhood. Though widely separated we had kept up a regular correspondence during the past year; and only a day or two before I read the sad record of his death, I had felt somewhat impatient at not hearing from him. Little did I then imagine that the once warm heart of my faithful friend was lying pulseless in the all-devouring grave. And, now, the many excellent qualities of mind and heart with which he was richly gifted come rushing on my memory, deepening my sense of the loss which his friends and his Church have sustained, by what we poor mortals are tempted to believe, his untimely death.

He had been in communion with the Methodist Church about six or seven years. During the three years previous to the commencement of his studies at Sackville, he had performed the duties of Class-Leader: and I was a witness to the indefatigable diligence and faithfulness with which he met his engagements; and I know that his labours in his important office were highly acceptable and beneficial. Nor was he less admirable as a Prayer Leader and Sabbath School Teacher—being ever at his post in the spirit of his duty.

Believing himself to be called of God to the Sacred office of the Christian Ministry, he was most anxious to obtain every divine and human qualification for the great work. For a year prior to his admission at Sackville, he had regularly officiated as a Local Preacher. What he might ultimately have become as a Preacher, had his life been spared, it is idle to conjecture: but if a heart full to overflowing with true affection, piety of a most decided and comprehensive nature, vigorous reasoning powers, sound judgment, lively imagination, one of the most retentive of memories, deep love of learning, and habits of regular and laborious application, are justly to be deemed gifts of high promise, then do I believe that John Burns would have become an eminent, nay, a distinguished man. He had very clear views of the doctrines of the Methodist Church, and cherished an enlightened regard for its discipline and government: and though of Methodist pa-

rentage, yet had he carefully examined the grounds of his religious faith, and the Methodist Church was peculiarly the Church of his own choice.

The afflicted parents and other relatives will easily recognize the hand that traces these remarks in memory of my much-loved and true-hearted friend now on high; and will permit me to remind them of the “eternal weight of glory” of which their lamented son and brother is the joyful possessor, and they will not sorrow without resignation and hope.  
Co. Kings, May 3rd, 1851.

Correspondence.

JUDGE MARSHALL'S LETTERS.

All the pensions included in the several lists, which have as yet been mentioned, or referred to, were granted under former Governments; and through rather long periods of time; and therefore, the various strictures and remarks which have been made concerning them, cannot, and must not be considered, as conveying any reflection or imputation upon the high “Powers that be,”—the present Government of the Kingdom. Most of those exceptional pensions were granted in times when the Kingdom was less embarrassed than now, as to pecuniary concerns; and less oppressed by taxation; and, also, when the nobility and other aristocracy had more unrestricted power and rule; and when less watchfulness and scrutiny were exercised on behalf of the interests of the people, generally; and less intelligent and energetic opposition urged, with regard to all improper appropriation or employment of the national revenues. Such shameful and extravagant pensions, as many of those which have been stated, and commented on, no Minister of the Crown, at the present day, we may presume, would even venture to propose; nor, if proposed, is it probable that even a House of Commons, so very generally compliant to the Government for the time being, would venture to incur the popular censure and reproach, by allowing them. Probably, many of those pensions could not now be entirely withdrawn, without incurring a breach of national faith and honor; but, doubtless, some among them, might be so withdrawn; and others reduced to suitable or adequate amounts; without any such violation; or any real injustice or injury being done to the parties concerned. Hereditary pensions, to say the least, are, under all circumstances, extremely exceptional. The public service, or merit of one person, can never, merely, or of itself, form a sufficient or equitable ground, for bestowing a reward for such service upon others; though of the same family or kindred, with the original deserving grantee; more especially, where such others are not under any such circumstances of embarrassment or distress as to require it.

WAR EXPENDITURE.

After 35 years of peace, with the few and comparatively short interruptions, of not very expensive wars—for one of which, indeed, that atrocious one with China, the enemy was compelled, not only to bleed, and to suffer spoliation, but also to pay the expenses,—the sum of about 20 millions, or upwards are still, annually, expended on the means and instruments of bloodshed and havoc. It has been estimated, and sufficiently appears, that since the close of the war in 1815, not less than Five Hundred and Eighty Seven Millions of money, have been spent in keeping up our fighting establishments. The yearly pay of 150 Colonels, alone, amounts as is shown to £200,575:—29 of them being Colonels of Life and Horse and Foot Guards, and Dragoons, receiving annually, in pay and emoluments, sums of from £1,500 to £2,500 each; the latter sum, it is stated, and even more in some instances, being received by some of the Colonels of the Foot Guards.

WHAT THE IRON DUKE, (WELLINGTON) HAS COST THE KINGDOM

The items are given in the Book referred to, but it is not needful to insert them here. They appear to be quite correct, and are shown to amount, in all, to Two Millions Seven Hundred and Sixty two thousand, six hundred and thirty five pounds. It must be borne in mind, however, that although the Duke has received this enormous sum from the revenues of the Kingdom, it does not appear that any blame attaches to him, in the matter as there is reason to believe that all

the sums g held by him improper a his part.

SUMMARY PUBLIC O

From th liams, and in 1844, it. Generals, 2 Generals; and 31 other different gr wards of amongst th The followi statement, c sioners rec ly; taken f referred to

| No. of Officers. | De    |
|------------------|-------|
| 252              | Chief |
| 164              | Jud   |
| 74               | Dip   |
| 35               | Nav   |
| 158              | Milit |
| 21               | Ord   |
| 113              | Cole  |
| 19               | Onic  |
| 821              |       |

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