

PRAYER.

BY DR. BOWRING, M. P.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends,—O Father! hear it!
Upsoaring, on the wings of fear and meekness,
Forgive its weakness.

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before Thee;
What can I offer in Thy presence holy,
But sin and folly?

For in Thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our trust;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour; our lips repeat them,
Our hearts forget them.

We see Thy hand,—it leads us, it supports us;
We hear Thy voice,—it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away,—and still Thy kindness
Pardons our blindness.

And still Thy rain descends, Thy sun is glowing;
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us blowing,
And, as if man were some deserving creature,
Joys cover nature.

O, how long suffering, Lord! but Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering,—Thou invitest
By smiles of mercy,—not by frowns or terrors,—
Man from his errors.

Who can resist Thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feeling?
That voice paternal, whispering, watching ever,
My bosom?—Never.

Father and Saviour! plant within this bosom
These seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom,
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where every flower that creeps through death's dark
portal
Becomes immortal.

NIGHT.

A SONNET, BY THE LATE REV. J. B. WHITE.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame—
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a current of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the hosts of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
Whilest fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That two such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife—
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

SCRAPS OF CURIOUS INFORMATION.

From Burrill's Bond of Brotherhood.

We see that the New York Evening Gazette is serving up to its readers a very interesting and valuable *plat des morceaux choisis*, under the caption of "Scraps of Curious Information." We, also, have endeavored to present facts, from time to time, which we deemed something more sober than "Curious." Below will be found a few of these scraps, which we have scraped together for all curious and sober men.

The mercantile shipping of the civilized world amounts to about 8,000,000 tons; which is worth, new and old, \$30 per ton; and nets, clear of expenses, interest and insurance 10 per cent, or \$24,000,000 per annum. The appropriation to the British Navy for the current year, is \$33,620,200! Is not that a "scrap of curious information?"

The American Board of Foreign Missions has become almost a wonder of the world for its extensive operations of Christian philanthropy in heathen lands. Since its institution, it has received and disbursed more than \$2,500,000 for the promulgation of the Gospel. The Military Academy at West-Point has received from the Government more than \$4,000,000!!! Is not that "a scrap of curious information?"

The officers of the U. S. Navy receive as salary over \$2,000,000 per annum. The ministers of the Gospel receive an average salary of \$500 each. Then the pay of our naval officers equals that received by 4000 ministers for all their labours of love, in season and out of season. And is not that "a scrap of curious information?"

From March 4th, 1789 to June 30th 1844, our Government expended on the War Department \$663,438,851. For civil purposes, comprehending the expenses of the executive, the legislative, the judiciary, the post office, light houses, and intercourse with foreign nations, \$161,120,114. A scrap of curious information to the curious, truly!

The value of the cotton exported from the

United States from 1821 to 1842, inclusive, was \$886,984,209. The profit on this amount at 10 per cent, clear of all losses and expenses, and the interest of capital invested, would be \$88,698,420. The appropriations to the U. S. Navy, during the same period, have amounted to \$72,912,484, leaving a balance of more than \$15,000,000 in favor of the cotton interest above the expenditures for the Navy. Fifteen millions of dollars, then is all that "sinews bought and sold have earned" in the fields of the South, for 22 years, above the cost of our glorious little navy! A "scrap of curious information" to the cotton grower.

It costs much hard labour beneath a burning sun, to produce a bushel of wheat. A crop of this important grain covers over the farmer's year with solicitude and toil, and he is apt to reckon in the just reward of his own labor with the profits of his crop of wheat. Fifteen per cent, clear of the interest of the capital invested in land, implements and hired and personal labor, is a liberal estimate for the profit accruing to the wheat and corn grower. In 1842 there were produced in the United States 1,000,000,000 bushels of wheat, worth, at 75 cts. per bushel,

Indian corn, 142,000,000 bushels at 40 cts.	\$75,000,000
	56,800,000
Total	\$131,800,000

Profit at 15 per cent. \$19,770,000,00
Appropriation to the Army and Navy the same year \$20,150,401,00

Hard-working farmers, is not that a "scrap of curious information" to you?

There are 1521 naval officers in the pay of the Government, whose salaries average \$1,300 each, per annum.

There are 45 war-ships, carrying 1504 guns, in actual service. The cost of officering each ship, then, amounts to \$45,000 per annum. Government has more than one officer, at the salary of \$1,300, to every gun in service! In 1844 there were 365 of these officers "waiting orders," i. e. doing nothing—and yet they received about \$350,000, nearly as much as was paid to all the members of the Senate and House of Representatives the same year.

To the foregoing items concerning war, may be added the following concerning Slavery. We find them selected to our hand from papers published in Slave-holding States of the Union:—

"Ran away, my negro man Richard. A reward of twenty-five dollars will be paid for his apprehension, dead or alive. Satisfactory proof will only be required of his being killed—D. A. Rhodes, Alabama."

"About the 1st of March last, the negro man Ramsom left me, without the least provocation whatever. I will give a reward of twenty dollars for said negro, if taken dead or alive; and if killed in any attempt, an advance of 5 dollars will be paid—B. Johnson, Crawford Co. Geo."

"Was committed to jail, a negro boy named Jim—had a large lock chain round his neck—Wm. Toler, Sheriff, Simpson Co., Miss."

"Ran away, a negro man named David—with some iron hobbles around each ankle—H. Loflana, Staunton, Va."

"Ran away, negress Caroline—had on a collar with one prong turned down—T. Enngy, New Orleans."

"Ran away, a black woman, Betsy—had an iron bar on her right leg—J. Henderson, Washington Co. Miss."

"Was committed to jail, a negro man named Ambrose—has a ring of iron round his neck—Wm. Dyer, Sheriff, Claiborne, La."

"Ran away, a negro named Charles—had on a drawing chain, fastened round his ankle with a house lock—Francis Durret, Lexington, Lauderdale Co., Alabama."

"Ran away, the negro Manuel—much marked with irons—A. Murat, Baton Rouge."

"Was committed to jail, a negro boy—had on a large neck iron, with a huge pair of horns, and a large bar or band of iron on his left leg—H. Gridley, Sheriff, Adam's Co., Miss."

"Ran away, the negro George—had on his neck an iron collar, the branches of which had been taken off—F. Lemos, New Orleans."

"Committed to jail, a negro who calls his name John—he has a clog of iron on his right foot which will weigh four or five pounds—B. W. Hodges, Jailor, Pike Co., Ala."

Here is another paragraph on Intemperance:—

THE CHIEF CAUSE OF CRIME.—Judge Wightman, in his late charge to the Yorkshire Grand Jury, said:—"I find in this, as

in every other calendar that comes before me, one unfeeling source, directly or indirectly, of most of the crimes that are committed—intemperance. The depositions show that public-houses and beershops are usually the places in which crime originates, in many instances the suffering parties being the victims of their own intemperance, which encourages the attacks made upon them; and, in others, it is the cause (I allude to cases of personal violence and injury) where all power of self-control is lost in the exasperation of intoxication.

A PATCH ON BOTH KNEES & GLOVES ON.

When I was a boy, it was my fortune to breath, for a long time, what some writers term "the bracing air of poverty." My mother—light lie the turf upon the form which once enclosed her strong and gentle spirit—was what is commonly called an ambitious woman; for that quality, which overturns thrones and supplants dynasties, finds a legitimate sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened. The struggle between the wish to keep up appearances and the pinching gripe of necessity, produced endless shifts and contrivances, at which we are told, some would smile, and some to whom they would teach their own experience would sigh. But let me not disturb the evil of oblivion, which shrouds from profane eyes the hallowed mysteries of poverty.

On one occasion it was necessary to send me on an errand to a neighbour in better circumstances than ourselves, and therefore it was necessary that I should be presented in the best possible aspect. Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched and dilapidated wardrobe, and to conceal the rents and chasms which the envious teeth of time had made in them; and by the way of throwing over my equipment a certain savor and sprinkling of gentility, my red and toil-hardened hands were enclosed in the unfamiliar casing of a pair of gloves, which had belonged to my mother in days when her years were fewer and her heart lighter.

I sallied forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy, who evidently belonged to a family which had all our dragging poverty, and none of our uprising wealth of spirit. His rags fairly fluttered in the breeze; his hat was constructed on the most approved principle of ventilation, and his shoes, from their venerable antiquity, might have been deemed a pair of fossil shoes. He was an impudent valet, with a swagger in his gait, of "I'm as good as you" leer in his eye, the very one to throw a stone at a well dressed horseman, because he was well dressed; to tear a boy's ruffles because he was clean. As soon as he saw me his eyes detected the practical inconsistencies which characterized my costume, and taking me by the shoulders, turned me round with no gentle hand, and surveying me from head to foot, exclaimed with a scornful laugh of derision, "A patch on both knees and gloves on!"

I still recall the sting of wounded feeling, which shot through me at these words. To parody a celebrated line of the immortal Tuscan:

"That day I wore my gloves no more."

But the lesson, thus rudely enforced, sank deep into my mind; and, in after life, I have had frequent occasion to make practical application of the words of my ragged friend, when I have observed the practical inconsistencies which so often mark the conduct of mankind.

When, for instance, I see parents carefully provide for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers in music, dancing, and drawing, but giving no thought to that moral and religious training, from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life alone can come; never teaching them habits of self-sacrifice and self-discipline and control, but rather by example, instructing them in evil speaking, and uncharitableness, in envy, and falsehood, I think with a sigh, of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see a family in a cold and selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with a glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which could furnish the hospitality of a whole year, upon the profusion of a single night, I think of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see a house profusely furnished with sumptuous furniture, rich curtains, and luxurious carpets, but with no books, or none but a few tawdry annuals, I am reminded of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see the public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office and neglecting those which will qualify them to fill honourably the posts to

which they aspire, I recall the patch on both knees with gloves on.

When I see men sacrificing peace of mind and health of body to the insane pursuit of wealth, living in ignorance of the character of the children who are growing up around them, cutting themselves off from the highest and purest pleasures of their natures, and so perverting their humanity, that that which was sought as a means, insensibly comes to be followed as an end, I say to myself, "A patch on both knees and gloves on."

When I see thousands squandered for selfishness and ostentation, and nothing bestowed for charity; when I see fine ladies be-painted and be-jeweled, cheapening the toils of dress-makers, and with harsh words embittering the bitter bread of dependence: when I see the poor turned away from proud houses, where the crumbs of tables would be to them a feast. I think of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

THE HUMAN HAND.

The human hand has given to the world such embodiments of thought, that thousands have half worshipped "the divinity that stirred within them," and even called the artist divine! It mattered not whether he incarnated these godlike thoughts in canvass or Parian marble; he breathed into the immortal image a living soul, a speaking mind, which will forever remain behind, to commune with the successive generations of men, when his name shall have perished.—The Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medicis are not petrifications of thought—not posthumous images of a dead mind. No! their cold marble lips for centuries, have uttered a voiceless language that has awed buried millions into reverence; they will hold the same sublime converse with millions yet unborn. Are these works divine? Let me point you to others of higher antiquity, of more direct divinity—speaking statuary, that conversed with Noah in the ark, and all his descendants. Look at that axe, hammer, hoe, and spade. In their iron lips is a living speech, which has been audible to all ages and generations of men. They are things inspired with more divinity than all the marble statuary in the world; yes, and with humanity too, for they have worked for man as well as talked. Before sculpture had hollowed out a mortar to grind his corn—when the earth was one vast uncultivated wilderness, they went out and laboured with him in the field and forest, in the ditch and in the mountain. They helped him to get his food and feed his children, and make them a covert from the storm. They are the fathers of all statuary, painting, and architecture, and invested with just the more divine dignity than they, as they possess the more faculty to do for man. Therefore, of all human works, those he has endowed with a kind of creative capacity, or a faculty for labouring for his comfort, are most entitled to the quality of divinity and the veneration of mankind. For they are not only his doings, but his faculties to do what he could not do before.—E. Burrill.

NO EFFORTS TO DO GOOD ARE LOST.—I have heard of some seeds which will sleep in the earth for ages, and I have read of the young of certain insects which lie in a state like death for eighty years together, and yet when the hand that scattered the seed had been mingled with the dust, and when the insect that had deposited the young had ended its flight for generations, the seed would come forth a forest of mighty trees, and the slumbering insect would wake to life and become the mother of an endless multitude.—And so it may be with us. We are scattering the seeds of knowledge and goodness, and immortality, but we see not the seed spring forth. Our instructions seem to be forgotten; the fruits of our liberality seem to have perished; and our labors appear to have been in vain. Be of good courage; the seed is still in the earth undecayed, and the time will come when it shall spring forth, and yield a plentiful harvest. It is watched over by the God of heaven, and not a seed shall perish. The hand that scattered may be withered, but the seed itself shall swell, and send forth its germ, and become a mighty tree. The voice that uttered the sermon may be silent, but others that received the truth shall come forth and declare it afresh to the generations that are yet unborn.

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