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Poetry.

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee when morning beams
Athwart the east in amber glow,
When day with burning lustre seems
To gild man's griefs and pains below;
And in the dreamy hours of sleep,
My thoughts o'er thee sweet vigils keep.

Thine eyes are ever sparkling here
A radiance brighter than a star;
They kindle hope, they banish fear,
And still the stormy passion war;
And in the wayward spirit's calm,
They fill its wounds with heavenly balm.

And when wild thought too daring roams,
When fancy burns in idle dream,
Thy voice like guardian angel comes,
Thy smiles with love-lit kindness beam,
And with a winning force they bind
To golden cars the errant mind.

In every hour, in every place,
Thy heavenly vision hovers near—
I seek thy charms in each fair face,
Thy voice when music greets the ear;
In all that's beautiful and bright,
I trace thy image with delight.

The fountain bursting from the earth
The cloud that sails in silver light,
The bird that tints its notes to mirth,
The shining flower so pure and white,
And everything around, above,
All speak of thee, and whisper love.

Literature.

THE FAMILY AT HOME.

On a cold dreary evening in March, Mr. Rose sat as usual in his neat little parlour, where nothing appeared which told of luxury, but enough to indicate comfort, and the adaptation of his home to his feelings and circumstances, as well as to the character of his happy household circle—the sum of which was made up by his affectionate partner, an only son, who was busy prosecuting some useful study, and two pert but tender-hearted daughters, both of whom, were the only help of their mother in the management of domestic affairs at other times, but, the constant interrogators and anxious listeners of their father's conversational entertainments during the leisure hours of the evening.

"In this morning's paper," says Maria, "while reading a relation of the benevolence of an officer of the 79th Highlanders towards an orphan girl, who was left destitute by the death of her father, once a sergeant of the same regiment,—I saw it remarked how the warm feelings of humanity link themselves at all times with the spirit of elanship in the bosom of the Scottish Highlander. I thought these people were generally as far from being susceptible to any such humane impulses as the country they inhabit is far from being remarkable for anything but its wildness and sterility."

Mr. Rose.—"My dear, in regard to some parts of that country your idea may be quite correct; but its general appearance presents beautiful landscapes and picturesque scenery. In my visits to the 'Land of Ossian,'—so re-

markable for its classic reminiscences—I was often highly delighted in taking a survey of the country—its majestic mountains, casting their shadows far over its placid inland lakes—its murmuring cascades and rapid streams, flowing down its fertile glens—and its verdant straths, stretching along a sea-coast which is indented with numerous well-sheltered havens and less important but much frequented coves, where often the fisherman's 'coronach,' or the voice of 'Flur a Bhata, mingles with the monotonous sound of the undulating surge, while

'The gay mariner's guitar
Is heard, and seen the evening star.'"

George.—"But from what I learn of the history of the Highland peasantry, I should think with Maria, that a warlike disposition and the absence of all the best feelings of social life were the only prominent features of their character."

Mr. Rose.—"In former ages when barbaric ignorance prevailed over the whole nation, the Caledonians were, indeed, led into very atrocious feuds and intestine dissensions by their chieftains; but even then they were distinguished for their fidelity to the cause they espoused, their peculiar amor patriæ, and heroic virtues, which were not characteristic of their more immediate neighbours to any degree that would admit of comparison—and if they have not since made such a general progress in the arts of civilized life, it has been owing to disadvantages and neglect of which they have too long had cause to complain, and not so much their fault. However, even in that respect a very great change has taken place;—and in the humble walks of life may be seen striking instances of the true 'Gael's' strong regard for genuine virtue, love, and integrity, as well as his readiness to be moved and actuated by the tenderest sensibilities of our nature, although some of the rude habits and romantic feelings of their ancestors are not yet chased away by a thorough diffusion of knowledge."

Mrs. Rose.—"How rarely are instances of these amiable qualities, at least of an unfeigned nature, exhibited even among the polished ranks of society, who have made a high attainment in learning, philosophy, and science, so calculated to improve and elevate the best attributes of humanity—and that such instances should be seen, either frequent or genuine, among that people, who are so comparatively ignorant and unrefined is rather paradoxical—but I entertain, papa, the greatest deference for your opinion."

Mr. Rose.—"It is not merely the acquisition of knowledge or of the arts of civilization as exhibited, as you say, by the polished ranks of artificial life, that gives a moral precedence to the character of man, or else the French nation, for example, would not now be at so low a level. A man may possess much knowledge, and yet little apply what he knows to the formation of a virtuous and amiable habitude of mental disposition, or to the nurturing of any sentiments of love and philanthropy towards his fellow man;—he may know that theft is sin, and still be dishonest;—he may know the harmony

and order that prevail in the system of nature, and the laws which regulate all departments thereof, whether the revolutions of the seasons, the course of the tides, the process of evaporation, the physical economy of the animal and vegetable tribes, or the mechanism and movements of his own frame—and yet he may be unable to control the tendencies of his heart, and be driven by every gust of passion, or tide of circumstance;—he may be an adept in all the discoveries of modern learning and philosophy, and yet, be more skilful in vice than the man who has no knowledge of these truths;—in fact he may be a polished member of society, and profess to seek the happiness and welfare of his fellow citizens, and still be another Nero in his own family and among his private dependents or domestics."

Adelaide.—"Yes papa, or he may be as brave a hero as Rob Roy, and nevertheless be as great a coward as the ignorant Highlanders, who are afraid to walk out when it is dark at night, lest some fairies or hobgoblins should meet them and transport them away to regions they know not where."

Mr. Rose.—"I intended to show, dear Adelaide, that the Highland people naturally, or instinctively, possess generous and noble feelings—that knowledge or civilization cannot invest man with such intrinsic qualities, and may exist in a high degree where those principles and virtues which most adorn human nature are little cultivated or cherished; but I do not mean to palliate the ignorance which exists, especially among the poorer classes of that otherwise interesting people. On the contrary, I would you should bear in mind that next to the influences of Christianity, learning and science are the best means whereby the better instincts of our nature may be converted into those fixed principles and unchanging sentiments, which alone will raise us in the scale of moral beings."

Maria.—"Perhaps papa will relate to us something illustrative of those inherent traits in the character of the Celtic peasantry."

Mr. Rose cheerfully consented,—but before he commenced to give the following representation he wished them to remember that the general tenor of it was not very romantic or novel,—only he preferred it, because the subject was connected with the part of that country he knew, and with parties with whom he was familiar:—

NORMAN AND COLINA.

"Colina Lamb was the only daughter of an humble but honest and industrious farmer, who lived near the village of Lochalbin, and whose peculiar care was to send her early to school, and give her every advantage he could afford, to improve her mind, and so render her circumstances through life more agreeable. She was naturally of a sweet disposition, quick to learn, and soon began to manifest a desire to gratify her parents' wishes, and to be useful to others. Indeed, so fond was the village school-master, Mr. Bethune, of Colina, for her docility