

Or their own kind companionship
On the heathy common wide.

The children of the rich man
Have not their beard to win;
They never know how labor is
The penalty of sin—
Even as the lilies of the field
They neither toil nor spin.

And year by year, as they pass on,
No wants have they to bear;
In all the luxury of the earth
They have abundant share;
They walk among the pleasant ways
Of life, and know not care.

The children of the poor man—
Though they be young each one;
Early in the morning they rise up
Before the rising sun;
And scarcely when the sun is set
Their daily labour is done.

A thousand flocks are on the hills,
A thousand flocks and more—
Feed'g in sunshine, pleasantly—
They are the rich man's store,
The poor man hath one little Lamb,
That feedeth at his door.

The little lamb lieth down,
Meek creature, 'neath the tree,
It eateth from the children's hand,
And nestles to their knee;
It has a place within their hearts
As one of the family.

It is the solitary ray
That cheers their spirits blight—
It is a living spring of joy
That makes their labour light,
The only earthly thing they own—
A thought from morn to night.

What matters it if they are poor?
The poor must never say
He loveth aught—he wanteth bread!
What if the children weep all day,
And do their small craft mournfully?
The thing they love must go away!

Oh! poverty is a weary thing,
'Tis full of sorrow and pain—
It boweth down the soul of man
As with an iron chain:
It maketh even children small
With heavy hearts complain!

Hary Moritt.

DAWN OF GENIUS.

ARCHBISHOP FENELON—This celebrated prelate discovered early marks both of piety and genius. Until the age of twelve years, he was educated in the house of his father, the Marquis de Fenelon. From thence he was sent to the University of Cahors, and afterwards to that of Paris, to compel his studies under the care of his uncle Antoine, a man esteemed for a sound understanding and exemplary piety. He began to teach at nineteen, with much applause; but his prudent uncle persuaded him to desist, and he did not enter into holy orders till the age of twenty-four. At thirty-eight, he was appointed preceptor to the Duke of Burgundy, for whose instruction he wrote his immortal *Telemachus*. Rising in popularity and wealth, he became Archbishop of Cambray; but resigned his other promotions, and refused to be a pluralist. Indeed, simplicity & benevolence were the ornaments of his character through life; but his piety, which was no remarkable, led him into the sublime mysticism of Adam Guion. The Pope, though he condemned certain propositions taken from his "Maxims of the saints," at the same time censured far more severely the malice of his enemies. "E't hath erred," said the Pope, "through an excess of divine love; but you are damned, through want of love to your neighbour."

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

DUE REGULATION OF PLEASURE.

Though religion condemns such pleasures as are immoral, it is chargeable with no improper austerity in respect of those which are innocent. By the cautious discipline which that prescribes think not that it excludes you from all gay enjoyment of life. Within the compass of that sedate spirit, to which it forms you, all that is innocently pleasing will be found to lie. It is a mistake to imagine, that, in constant effusions of giddy mirth, or in that flutter of spirits which is excited by a round of diversions, the chief enjoyment of our state consists. Were this the case, the vain and the frivolous would be on better terms for happiness, than the wise, the great, and the good. To arrange the plans of amusement, or to preside in the haunts of jollity would be more desirable, than to exert the highest effort of mental powers for the benefit of nations. A consequence so absurd, is sufficient to explode the principle from which it flows. To the amusements and lesser joys of the world, religion assigns their proper place. It admits of them, as relaxations from care, as instruments for promoting the union of men, and of enlivening their social intercourse, but though it does not censure or condemn them, as long as they are kept within due bounds; neither does it propose them as rewards to the virtuous or as the principal objects to their pursuit. To such it points out nobler ends of action. Their felicity it engages them to seek in the discharge of an useful, an upright, an honourable part in life, and, as the habitual tenor of their mind it promotes cheerfulness, and discourages levity. Between these two there is a wide distinction; and the mind which is most open to levity, is frequently a stranger to cheerfulness. Transports of intemperate mirth are often no more than flashes from the dark cloud; and, in proportion to the violence of the effulgence, is the succeeding gloom. Levity may be the forced production of folly or vice; cheerfulness is the natural offspring of wisdom and virtue only. The one is an occasional agitation; the other a permanent habit. The one degrades the character; the other is perfectly consistent with the dignity of reason, and the steady and manly spirit of religion. To aim at a constant succession of high and vivid sensation of pleasure, is an idea of happiness altogether chimerical. Calm and temperate joy is the utmost that is allotted to man. Beyond this, we struggle in vain to raise our state; and, in fact, depress our joys by endeavouring to heighten them. Instead by those fallacious hopes of perpetual festivity, with which the world would allure us, religion confers upon us a more cheerful tranquility. Instead of dazzling us with meteors of joy which sparkle and expire, it sheds around us a calm & steady light. Let us, then, show the world, that a religious temper is a temper sedate, but not sad; that a religious behaviour is a behaviour regulated, but not stiff and formal. Thus we shall pass thro' the various changes of the world, with the least discomposure; and we shall vindicate religion from the reproaches of those who would attribute to it enthusiastic joys, or slavish terrors. We shall show, that it is a rational rule of life, worthy of the perfection of God, and suited to the nature or state of man. BLAIR.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RULES OF HEALTH.

ADVICE TO THE CONSUMPTIVE.—Vigorous exercise, and a free exposure to the air, says the *Journal of Health*, are by far the most efficient remedies in pulmonary consumption. It is not, however, that kind of exercise usually prescribed for individuals—an occasional walk or ride in pleasant weather, with strict confinement in the intervals—from which much good is to be expected. Daily and long continued riding on horseback, or in carriages over rough roads, is, perhaps, the best mode of exercise; but where this cannot be commanded, unremitting exertion of almost any kind in the open air, amounting even to labor, will be found highly beneficial. Nor should the weather be scrupulously studied. Though I would not advise a consumptive patient to expose himself recklessly to the severest inclemencies of the weather, I would nevertheless warn him against allowing the dread of taking cold to confine him on every occasion when the temperature may be low, or skies overcast.

I may be told that the patient is often too feeble to be able to bear exertion, but, except in the last stage, where every remedy must prove unavailing, I believe there are few who cannot use exercise without doors; and it sometimes happens that they who are exceedingly debilitated, find, upon making the trial, that their strength is increased by the effort, and that the more they exert themselves, the better able they are to support the exertion.

ABSTINENCE A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—A venerable clergyman residing in one of the Southern states, says: "I had been in the habit for fifty years of taking a little brandy or wine, and thought it necessary to promote digestion, as my habit was dyspeptic. And a year since, I silently abandoned the use of all stimulating liquors, and as the result of my own experience, I can testify that the tones of my stomach are restored to a perfectly healthful action, and that my general health is, in every other respect, greatly improved." Let others follow his example, and it is presumed that a far greater number of certificates to the sovereign virtues of total abstinence can shortly be obtained, than are now affixed to any of the anti-dyspeptic elixirs which are vended by the apothecaries.

It is an undoubted fact, says the *Medical Intelligencer*, that those men live longest, who are the last to shut themselves up and put on additional clothing in the autumn, and the last to leave it off and expose themselves in the spring. The coldness of November is dry and bracing, it increases the warmth of the body by quickening the circulation, and thus renders an outer garment unnecessary, except in the evening, or on days that are unpleasant. The coldness of the spring is damp and enervating; it depresses instead of cheering the spirits, renders the circulation languid, and extra clothing indispensable to comfort as well as to health.

Poinsart lays it down as a general rule that those who live a life of sobriety, and drink water only, are but rarely affected with rheumatism.

An active life, says Buchan, is the guardian of virtue, and the greatest preservative of health.

A PRISONER'S CONFESSION.

[An esteemed correspondent, whose mind was solemnly impressed by reading in the last *Watchman* the narrative, entitled "A Father's Prayer," has obligingly sent us the following, as another instance of the power of parental affection and warning. It is a passage from a letter of the Rev. G. Barret, Chaplain of the State Prison in Wethersfield, Conn.]—*Boston Recorder*.

The Chaplain of the Prison at Wethersfield remarks—"Among our prisoners, I daily meet with circumstances to awaken in me feelings of deep interest.—A man of fifty, who has been a wanderer over almost the whole earth,—and a partaker in almost every sin that can be named,—and who has also met with much which we should think was calculated to make him solemn told me that nothing in his whole life had ever