

POETRY.

HOME.

I love to hear the mournful eve
The ploughman's pensive tone,
And still be wending on my way
When the last note is done.

I love to see the misty moon,
And cross the gusty hill,
And wind the darksome homeward lane,
When all is hushed and still.

From way thus distant, lone and late,
How sweet it is to come,
And leaving all behind so dear,
Approach our pleasant home,—

While every lowly lattice shines
Along the village street
Where round the blazing evening fire,
The cheerful household meet.

And passing by each friendly door,
At length we reach our own,
And find the smile of kindred love
More kind by absence grown.

To sit beside the fire, and hear
The threatening storm come on,—
And think upon the dreary way,
And traveller alone.

To see the social tea prepared,
And hear the kettle's hum,
And still repeated from each tongue,
"How glad we are you're come!"

To sip our tea, to laugh and chat
With heartfelt social mirth,
And think no spot in all the world
Like our own pleasant hearth,

POETRY OF LIFE.—We hear a great deal of the philosophy of life, the poetry of life is equally real far more generally diffused. It is that spirit which mingles itself with all our hopes, affections, sorrows, and even death, and beautifies them all. It mingles itself with the ambition of aspirants in every honorable track—with the emotions of the lover, with the ardor of a hero, till it covers the battle field pit from his eyes, and shows him only the halo of glory—with the patriotism of the righteous statesmen—with all our social attachments and intercourse, and spreads the roses of heaven on the beaten paths of our daily life. No human speculation, no humane pursuit, no humane feeling which is not utterly selfish and base, but draws fire and force from this spirit—and is born by its elating influence towards its legitimate end. It is impossible to point out any nation that has become great or even successful for a time without it. Of the ancient nations we need not speak—in all, of which we know any thing but the barest facts, poetry, and the intense desire of glory, which cannot exist totally distinct from poetical feeling, were found. From some of them what have we not received. The very Sarcens when, under Mahomet, they suddenly overflowed Asia, Africa, and part of Europe were set on fire by the poetic charms of his

new paradise: The Trojans, that extinguished the last sparks of the Roman empire, and laid the foundations of the present European kingdoms, were not led hither merely for food—it was Valhalla, and the poetic legends of their Scyths, that armed and animated them. We cannot take away poetry from life, without reducing it to the level of animal stupidity. In our days, stupendous events have passed on the face of the civilized world, and equally extraordinary has been the development of poetic power. A host of great names will be left to posterity, and with them a host of new impulses that will fill futurity with increase of light and happiness; and as christianity becomes better understood, as the spirit of love begins to predominate over the spirit of selfishness, the true poetry of life, and its power, shall be more and more acknowledged. Men will feel that in aspiring after true honor—in desiring to become benefactors of men—to spread knowledge and intellectual beauty, they are but giving exercise to the divine spirit of poetry which is sent down from heaven to warm and embellish every humane heart, though often unseen and acknowledged; and they will work in the spirit of love and its enjoyment.

LEARNING A TRADE.—There are many people who dislike the name of mechanic, and would rather than put their children to a trade, tug hard at their business, and live sparingly, for the sake of giving them a college education. They think meanly of him who wears the leather apron, and is not dressed up in finery and show. This, we believe, is the reason why there are so many pettifoggers and vagabonds in the world. Many a son has been sent to college with the expectations of his parents highly excited—but like the fable of the mountain, has only produced a mouse. We think highly of our college institutions, and rejoice to see them prosper; but we are more pleased to see an individual's mind turned in a right current. There are hundreds of lawyers who would have made better mechanics, and have obtained a more comfortable livelihood; and there are, no doubt, mechanics who would stand high at the bar, had they been blessed with a liberal education. But if a child have talents, they will not remain hid, and no matter what his profession is, they will sooner or later burst forth. There are many distinguished individuals in the world who were bred to mechanical trades. Many of the editors of our best conducted journals were mechanics and do credit to the stations they occupy.—And our mechanics, too, generally speaking, are the most industrious part of the community. They are almost always busily employed. But it is apt to be otherwise with professional men. They are often dilatory, lazy. It is an effort for them to bend their minds to a difficult pursuit. They are well informed, because they spend much of their time in reading; but

this is unprofitable business, unless we have some definite object in view.

In these remarks we wish it not to be understood that we think lightly of professional men generally—for we do not. We wish to address ourselves particularly to those parents who are hesitating what occupation to give their children. Are they ingenious—fond of mechanical pursuits? Give them a trade. Do they love to study, and cannot give their attention to any thing else? Send them to college. Let your children choose themselves what trade or profession they will follow—and what they select will generally prove the most advantageous in the end. But never think a trade too humble for your son to work at, nor a profession too important for him to acquire. Let every parent pursue this course with his child, and we are confident there would be less unhappiness and misery in the world. You can never force a trade upon a child; it must be natural to him. A disregard for a child's inclination in this respect, has often proved his ruin, or at least unfitted him for the duties of life.

A PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE.—Let young persons put some such questions as those to themselves—Do I think myself a person of consequence? If so, on what grounds?—who is the better for me? if I were away, who would miss my services? would my parents lose many dutiful affectionate attentions? would my brothers and sisters lose a kind and accommodating and self-denying companion? would my friend or poor neighbours be any the worse off for my removal? would one and another say "Ah! if he were but here, he would have done this or that for us?" But if conscience assures us that in no such ways as these we should be missed or regretted, than what ever our station, whatever our opinion of ourselves may hitherto have been, we may be assured that we have not, at present any just grounds of self-complacency: and if we are discontented with this conclusion let us go and learn of the humble active and devoted Christian, how to make ourselves persons of consequence.

HUMAN NATURE.—Man, without motives to exertion, is a beast: with them, he can become an Alfred or a Paul. The presence of these is the chief cause of human distinction.—Where nothing prompts, to action, nothing will be done.

PAINTING, &c.

W. B. STEPHENSON,

Bees leave to return his sincere thanks to his friends and the public, for their liberal support while in the Firm of Metzler & Stephenson, and to inform them that it is his intention to continue the business at the same stand, Mr. Foreman's Yard, head of Long Wharf; and hopes by strict attention to merit a share of their support. January, 1836.