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Poetry.

THE BLOOMING OF VIOLETS.

BY REV. J. G. LYONS.

As I cast those gloomy thoughts aside,
The genial spring is here,
She comes with all her violets
To bless another year.
Lo, rising at her welcome voice,
They steal in gladness out,
And, wished for long, the light warm south
Is harping all about.

By garden walk and rustic fence,
Fair bush and rude gray stone,
They laugh among the leaves and grass,
In starry clusters strewn,
Retiring from the gaze of men,
They lurk, a bashful race,
But every breeze that wanders by
Reveals their hiding place.

While heedless of their own sweet worth,
They quaff the shining dew,
Or catch, from God's eternal arch,
Its deep and stainless blue,
Go, mark thou well the accents and dyes,
To them so freely given,
And own that weak and lowly things
Are yet most loved of Heaven.

Then drop this weary load of care,
Be meekly glad as they,
Nor fear to live on Earth unseen,
To pass unseen away,
Learn thou with joy to stand or fall,
Where sacred duty leads,
And prize, above renown or gold,
Pure faith and holy deeds.

Literature.

STORY OF WALTER RUYSDAEL, THE WATCHMAKER.

(Concluded from our last.)

The boy who worked next him lived in a street adjoining Walter's lodging, so they generally walked back together in the evenings. An intimacy soon grew up between them, and it was not long before Walter communicated to him all his projects for the future, that he meant one day to be a great man, and to make a clock like that in the cathedral. He told him what he had already done, his inventions, the wooden watches he had constructed for his sister's amusement, and that he was at that time working at one every night after he came home, by which he meant to surprise her next Christmas. The next morning the boy amused his companions in the workshop by a recital of these projects. Nothing could exceed Walter's indignation. His face changed from pale to red, and then paler than before. He did not speak, but his quivering lips and flashing eyes, and the vain attempt at a scornful laugh, which only excited more merriment from those around him, showed the violence of his resentment, and at last, provoked beyond endurance, he advanced to give a blow to his tormentor, when the master entered in the midst of his passion, and commanded silence; but remarking Walter's angry countenance, he desired to speak with him when work was over. He then enquired from him the cause of the morning's disturbance, which the boy frankly confessed,

and his master, after acknowledging the provocation, yet blaming Walter's violence and imprudent openness to one almost a stranger to him, continued—"But we must all learn by experience, my boy. So you hope one day to distinguish yourself: I commend your ambition; but the less said, the more is likely to be performed. I would, however, caution you in one thing: the mere love of distinction is the desire of gratifying your own vanity, often at the expense of something better; and if you do not work from a higher motive, you will fail in that. Let the desire of being useful to your parents in their old age be your first object, and then endeavour to perfect and improve upon the inventions and discoveries of others, which will lead to your making inventions and discoveries yourself, and to the distinction you covet. though, Walter, I warn you, by the time you acquire it, you will have attained something so much better than this boyish ambition is worth that you will not care for its possession. However, work on, and I do not fear your doing something yet; only beware of vain projects which hasten you on to your ruin. Pray to God to put a right spirit within you, fear no labour on your part, and his blessing will go along with you." Walter only half comprehended his master's words, but they sounded encouragingly, and he felt happy that evening, and swallowed his onion soup with so good an appetite, that his aunt was almost alarmed for the family expenses.

The boy's character became from that day more and more reserved: he worked diligently, but associated as little as he could with his fellow-workmen. His waking hours, his nightly dreams, were spent in the vain projects from which his master had warned him; and the desire for the approbation of his fellow-creatures seemed to increase in proportion as he shunned their society, and fancied he despised them. Vanity was his foe; and, as is usually the case, he was the last to perceive his own infirmity. He imagined there was something noble in rising above those who were born his equals. God had given them the same beautiful world to inhabit; he was their Father as well as his; and what superior talents he had bestowed on one more than another, were intended that that one might serve his fellow-creatures more, and receive his reward in the consciousness of that service; but Walter only saw in those talents a promise of his own elevation. True, he was only a boy; but the full-grown man is the development of the boy; and if we do not early cut away those branches which encumber the sapling, they will in its maturity, consume the richest nourishment, and destroy the beauty and excellence of the tree.

Christmas came at last, and Walter would have returned home, but it was inconvenient to do so, the distance being considerable; and he continued, without repining, to labour diligently at his employment.

Years rolled on and Walter became a man; still, the same earnestness, the same ambition,

the same desire of fame, scarcely more rational, though more determined in the man than in the boy, characterised him. His master had placed him in one of the most responsible situations in the house: he had won his regard by his honesty, diligence, and obliging manners, but Walter was not happy. He was restless and discontented because he was not known by the world. all his savings were spent in books and materials for the work which now occupied him the greater part of the night. The clock of the cathedral had been the object of his admiration since the day he first entered the city, and he was never tired looking at it. This extraordinary piece of mechanism was begun about the year 1352, and placed in one of the spires of the cathedral in 1370. Until recent times, it showed a variety of movements, some introduced since the period of its first fabrication. The basement of the clock exhibited three dial-plates, showing the revolutions of the year and seasons, with eclipses of the sun and moon. Above the middle dial-plate, the days of the week were represented by different divinities, supposed to preside over the planets, from which their common appellations are derived. The divinity of the current day appeared in a car rolling over the clouds, and at midnight retired to give place to the succeeding one. Before the basement a globe was displayed, borne on the wings of a pelican, round which the sun and moon were made to revolve, and consequently represented the motions of those bodies. The ornamental turret above the basement exhibited a large dial in the form of an astrolabe, which showed the annual motion of the sun and moon through the ecliptic, as also the hours of the day, &c. The phases of the moon were likewise marked on a dial-plate above. Over the dial-plate were represented the four ages of man by symbolical figures, one of which passed every quarter of an hour, and marked this division of time by striking on small bells. Two angels were also seen in motion, one striking a bell with a sceptre, while the other turned an hour-glass at the expiration of every hour. This celebrated clock has lately undergone repair, and is now considerably simplified: but at the time of Walter's residence in the city, it was in all its glory; and he thought, if he could succeed in discovering its mechanism, make a model of it, and then exhibit it from city to city, he would realise a fortune for himself and his family, and be on the high road to distinction.

Full of this idea, our young watchmaker studied the history of every curious clock which he could hear of. Among others, he was deeply interested in the clock of Berne, in Switzerland, which is renowned for its ingenious contrivances; but more particularly a clock made by Droz, a mechanic of Geneva, which rivalled even that of Strasbourg. Procuring as minute an account as

* To amuse our young readers, we may mention that this clock was so constructed as to be capable of performing the following movements. There was exhibited on it a negro, a shepherd, and a Joz. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog appeared and barked upon him. This clock was exhibited