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## Poetry.

### THERE IS WORK FOR ALL.

There is work for all in this world of ours:—  
Not idle dreamers in sunny bowers!  
Not giddy titlers with time and health!  
Not covetous hoarders of golden wealth!  
There is work for each, there is work for all.  
In the peasant's cot, in the noble's hall;  
There is work for the wise and eloquent tongue;  
There is work for the old, there is work for the young;  
There is work that tasks manhood's strengthened zeal,  
For his nation's welfare, his country's weal,  
There is work that asks woman's gentle hand,  
Her pitying eye and her accents bland;  
From the uttermost laudals of this earthly ball  
Is heard the loud cry—there is work for all.  
Look at our brethren tolling in chains—  
There is work for all while a single remnant remains;  
Think on the woe of human life  
In the deadly sear of the battle strife;  
Think on the drunkard's wife and child,  
Lost to his ravings so fierce and wild,  
Look on the gibbet with shuddering eye,  
As a place where a fellow man may die;  
Think on the felon in dungeon dim—  
He is thy brother—go work for him,  
Look on the outcast from virtue's pale,  
Pity thy sister though crying and still,  
Visit the widow, the orphan, the old,  
When the wind blows keen and the nights are cold,  
Think of the poor in their low estate,  
The tolling poor who make nations great;  
Think of the sick as they helpless lie,  
Think of the maniac's frenzied eye;  
And remember the grave with its low repose,  
Which "no work, nor device, nor wisdom," knows;  
Let thy soul be pure and the aim be right,  
Then "what thy hand finds to do, do with thy might,"  
For from every clime on this earthly ball  
Is heard the loud cry—"There is work for all."

## Literary.

### A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

I WILL tell you about an affair—important, as it proved to me; but you must not hurry me. I have never been in a hurry since then, and never will. Up till that time inclusive, I was always in a hurry; my actions always preceded my thoughts; experience was of no use; and anybody would have supposed me destined to carry a young head upon old shoulders to the grave. However, I was brought up at last "with a round turn." I was allowed a certain space for reflection, and plenty of materials; and if it did not do me good, it's a pity!

My father and mother both died when I was still a great awkward boy; and I, being the only thing they had to bequeath, became the property of a distant relation. I do not know how it happened, but I had no near relations. I was a kind of waif upon the world from the beginning; and I suppose it was owing to my having no family anchorage that I acquired the habit of running to and fro, and drifting hither and thither, at the pleasure of wind and tide. Not that my guardian was inattentive or unkind—quite the reverse; but he was indolent and careless, contenting himself with providing abundantly for my schooling and my pocket, leaving everything else to chance. He would have done the same thing to his own son if he had had one, and he did the same thing to his own daughter. But girls somehow cling wherever they are cast—anything is an anchorage for them; and as Laura grew up, she gave the care she had never found, and was the little mother of the whole

house. As for the titular mother, she had not an atom of character of any kind. She might have been a picture, or a vase, or anything else that it is useless except to the taste or the affections. But mamma was indispensable. It is a vulgar error to suppose that people who have nothing in them are nobody in a house. Our mamma was the very centre and point of our home feelings; and it was strange to observe the devoted care we took of a personage, who had not two ideas in her head.

It is no wonder that I was always in a hurry, for I must have had an instinctive idea that I had my fortune to look for. The governor had nothing more than a gentool independence, and this would be a good deal lessened after his death by the lapse of an annuity. But sister Laura was thus provided for well enough, while I had not a shilling in actual money, although plenty of hypothetical thousands and sundry castles in the air. It was the consciousness of the latter kind of property, no doubt, that gave me so free-and-easy an air, and made me so completely the master of my own actions. How I did worry that blessed old woman! how Laura lectured and scolded! how the governor stormed! and how I was forgiven the next minute, and we were all as happy again as the day was long! But at length the time of separation came. I had grown a great hulking fellow, strong enough to make my bread as a porter if that had been needed; and so a situation was found for me in a counting-house at Barcelona, and after a lecture and a hearty cry from sister Laura, a blessing and a kiss from mamma, and a great sob kept down by a hurricane laugh from the governor, I went adrift.

Four years passed rapidly away. I had attained my full height, and more than my just share of inches. I already enjoyed a fair modicum of whisker, and had even made some progress in the cultivation of a pair of moustaches, when suddenly the house I was connected with failed. What to do? The governor insisted upon my return to England, where his interest among the mercantile class was considerable; Laura hinted mysteriously that my presence in the house would soon be a matter of great importance to her father; and mamma let out the secret, by writing to me that Laura was going to "change her condition." I was glad to hear this, for I knew he would be a model of a fellow who was Laura's husband; and, gulping down my pride, which would fain have persuaded me that it was unreasonably to go back again like the ill sixpence, I set out on my return home.

The family, I knew, had moved to another house; but being well acquainted with the town, I had no difficulty in finding the place. It was a range of handsome buildings which had sprung up in the fashionable outskirts during my absence; and although it was far on in the evening, my accustomed eyes soon descried through the gloom the governor's old-fashioned door-plate. I was just about to knock, really agitated with delight and struggling memories, when a temptation came in my way. One of the area-windows was open, gazing as if for my reception. A quantity of plate lay on a table close by. Why should I not enter and appear unannounced in the draw-

ing-room, a sunburnt phantom of five feet eleven? Why should I not present the precise and careful Laura with a handful of her own spoons and forks, left so conveniently at the service of any area-sneak who might chance to pass by? Why? That is only a figure of speech. I asked no question about the matter; the idea was hardly well across my brain when my legs were across the sills. In another moment I had crept in by the window; and chucking at my own cleverness, and the great moral lesson I was about to teach, I was stuffing my pockets with the plate.

While thus engaged, the opening of a door in the hall above startled me; and afraid of the failure of my plan, I stepped lightly up the stair, which was partially lighted by the hall lamp. As I was about to emerge at the top, a serving-girl was coming out of a room on the opposite side. She instantly retreated, shut the door with a bang, and I could hear a half-suppressed hysterical cry. I bounded on, springing up the drawing-room stair, and entered the first door at a venture. All was dark, and I stopped for a moment to listen. Lights were hurrying across the hall; and I heard the rough voice of a man as it scolding and taunting some person. The girl had doubtless given the alarm, although her information must have been very indistinct; for when she saw me I was in the shadow of the stair, and she could have had little more than a vague impression that she beheld a human figure. However this may be, the man's voice appeared to descend the stair to the area-room, and presently I heard a crashing noise, not as if he was counting the plate, but rather thrusting it aside en masse. Then I heard the windows closed, the shutters bolted, and an alarm bell ringing upon them, and the man reascended the stair, half scolding, half laughing at the girl's superstitiousness. He took care notwithstanding to examine the fastenings of the street-door, and even to lock it, and put the key in his pocket. He then retired into a room, and all was silence.

I began to feel pretty considerably queer. The governor kept no male servant that I knew of, and had never done so. It was impossible he could have introduced this change into his household without my being informed of it by sister Laura, whose letters were an exact chronicle of everything, down to the health of the cat. This was puzzling. And now that I had time to think, the house was much too large for a family requiring only three sleeping rooms even when I was at home. It was what is called a double house, with rooms on both sides of the hall; and the apartment, on the threshold of which I still lingered appeared, from the dim light of the windows, to be of very considerable size. I now recollected that the quantity of plate I had seen—a portion of which at this moment fell naturally heavy in my pockets—must have been three times greater than any the governor ever possessed, and that various pieces were of a size and massiveness I had never before seen in the establishment. In vain I bothought myself that I had seen and recognized the well-known door-plate, and that the urch from which I entered was immediately under; in vain I argued that since Laura was about to be married, the extra quantity of plate might be intended to form a part of her trousseau: I could not convince myself,