

## THE POOR MAN'S GARDEN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Al! yes, the poor man's garden!  
It is great joy to me,  
This little, precious piece of ground  
Before his door to see!

The rich man has his gardeners,—  
His gardeners young and old;  
He never takes a spade in hand,  
Nor worketh in the mould.

It is not with the poor man so,—  
Wealth, servants, he has none;  
And all the work that's done for him  
Must by himself be done.

All day upon some weary task  
He toiled with good will;  
And back he comes, at set of sun,  
His garden-plot to till.

The rich man in his garden walks,  
And 'neath his garden trees;  
Wrapped in a dream of other things,  
He seems to take his ease.

One moment he beholds his flowers,  
The next they are forgot:  
He eateth of his rarest fruits  
As though he ate them not.

It is not with the poor man so;—  
He knows each inch of ground,  
And every single plant and flower  
That grows within its bound.

He knows where grow his wall-flowers,  
And when they will be out;  
His moss-rose, and convolvulus  
That twines his poles about.

He knows his red sweet-williams,  
And the stocks that cost him dear,—  
That well-set row of crimson stocks,  
For he bought the seed last year.

And though unto the rich man  
The cost of flowers is nought,  
A sixpence to a poor man  
Is toil, and care, and thought.

And here is his potato-bed,  
All well-grown, strong, and green;  
How could a rich man's heart leap up  
At anything so mean!

But he, the poor man, sees his crop,  
And a thankful man is he,  
For he thinks all through the winter  
How rich his board will be!

And how his merry little ones  
Beside the fire will stand,  
Each with a large potato  
In a round and rosy hand.

The rich man has his wall-fruits,  
And his delicious vines;  
His fruits for every season,  
His melons and his pines.

The poor man has his gooseberries;  
His currants, white and red;  
His apple and his damson tree,  
And a little strawberry bed.

A happy man he thinks himself,  
A man that's passing well,—  
To have some fruit for the children,  
And some beside to sell.

Around the rich man's trellised bower  
Gay, costly creepers run;  
The poor man has his scarlet beans  
To screen him from the sun.

And there before the little bench,  
O'ershadowed by the bower,  
Grow southern-wood and lemon-thyme,  
Sweet pea and gilliflower;

And pinks, and clove carnations,  
Rich-scented, side by side;  
And at each end a hollyhock,  
With an edge of london-pride.

And here comes the old grandmother,  
When her day's work is done;

And here they bring the sickly babe  
To cheer it in the sun.  
And here, on Sabbath mornings,  
The good-man comes to get  
His Sunday nosegay, moss-rose bud,  
White pink, and mignonette.

And here, on Sabbath evenings,  
Until the stars are out,  
With a little one in either hand,  
He walketh all about.

For, though his garden-plot is small,  
Him doth it satisfy;  
For there's no inch of all his ground  
That does not fill his eye.

It is not with the rich man thus;  
For, though his grounds are wide,  
He looks beyond, and yet beyond,  
With soul unsatisfied.

Yes! in the poor man's grow  
Far more than herbs or flowers;—  
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,  
And joy for weary hours.

**Savage v. Civilized.**—The comparative physical strength of savage and civilized nations has been a subject of controversy. A general impression has obtained that the former, inured to simple and active habits, acquire a decided superiority; but experience appears to have proved that this conclusion is ill-founded. On the field of battle, when a struggle takes place between man and man, the savage is usually worsted. In sportive exercises, such as wrestling, he is most frequently thrown, and in leaping comes short of his antagonist. Even in walking or running, if for a short distance, he is left behind; but in these last movements he possesses a power of perseverance and continued exertion, to which there is scarcely any parallel. An individual has been known to travel nearly eighty miles a day, and arrive at his destination without any symptoms of fatigue. These long journeys also are frequently performed without any refreshment, and even having their shoulders loaded with a heavy burden, their power of supporting which is truly wonderful. For about twelve miles, indeed, a strong European will keep a-head of the Indian, but then he begins to flag, while the other, proceeding with unaltered speed, outstrips him considerably. Even powerful animals cannot equal them in this respect. Many of their civilized adversaries, when overcome in war, and fleeing before them on swift horses, have, after a long chase, been overtaken and scalped. — *Canadian Journal, by Willis.*

**GLASS WEAVING.**—Few are aware that glass is now woven with silk, although its brittle nature would appear to render such a method of manufacturing it impossible. The fact, however, is indisputable, the new material being substituted for gold and silver thread, than either of which it is much more durable, possessing besides the advantage of never tarnishing. What is technically called the warp, that is, the long way of any loom-manufactured article, is composed of silk, which forms the body and groundwork, on which the pattern in glass appears as the weft or cross-work. The requisite flexibility of glass thread for manufacturing purposes is to be ascribed to its extreme fineness, as not less than 50 or 60 of the original threads (produced by steam-engine power) are required to form one thread for the loom. The process is slow, as not more than a yard can be manufactured in twelve hours. The work, however, is extremely beautiful, and comparatively cheap, inasmuch as no similar stuff, where bullion is really introduced, can be purchased for anything like the price at which this is sold, added to this, it is, as far as the glass is concerned, imperishable. Some admirable specimens of the manufactured article may be seen at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent street, especially two patterns of silver on a blue and red ground, and another of gold on crimson. The Jackquard loom by which it is woven, may also be seen at the same establishment.

**CHRISTMAS BOX.**—The private wealth of the late Mr. Arkwright had grown to such an enormous sum, by his unostentatious mode of living, that, excepting Prince Esterhazy, he is the richest man in Europe. A few years back, I met his daughter, Mrs. Hurt, of Derbyshire, on a Christmas visit to Dr. Holdcombe's, and she told me that a few mornings before, the whole of her brothers and sisters, amounting to ten, assembled at breakfast, at Willsley Castle, her father's mansion. They found, wrapt up in each napkin, a £100,000 bank note, which he had presented them with as a Christmas box. Since that time I have been informed that he has repeated the gift, by presenting them with another £100,000.

**MUSIC WAKES THE MEMORY.**—How often has the lone wanderer, who has strayed for years over the world's wide waste, a victim of vice, pollution and misery, been restored to virtue, happiness and home, by the rehearsal of some song, oft heard in youth, the recital of which called back tender recollections of childhood,

endearing ties of home and absent friends, and innocent pleasures, the house of prayer, the Sabbath school, and all the friendly admonitions, which now pierce like daggers the guilty soul.

Parents, teach your children the songs of Zion.—They will remember them for ever. Although, like Israel's captives, their harps may for a time be hung upon the willows, yet their remembrance will be sweet. Some oft repeated strain may touch a tender chord, that may restore your vagrant child, to home and all its sacred ties.—*Musical Visitor.*

**THE RED-BRAST—A PARABLE.**—A red-breast came during the severity of winter to the window of a kind-hearted peasant, apparently wishing to get in, when the peasant opened his window and kindly took the confiding bird into his dwelling. There, it picked up the crumbs which fell from his table, and the peasant's children regarded the bird with great affection. But when spring returned to the land, and the bushes were covered with leaves, the peasant opened his window, and the little visitant flew away to the nearest wood, and built his nest and carolled his joyous song. But lo, when winter returned, the red-breast came once more to the dwelling of the peasant, and brought along with him his mate; and the peasant and his children were greatly rejoiced when they saw the two birds approach, with a confiding look beaming from their clear eyes. Then the children said, "The birds seem as if they wished to say something;" and the father answered, "If they could speak, they would say:—*Friendly confidence begets confidence, and love produces love in return.*

As arrows shot through liquid gold participate in the hue and richness of the material through which they pass: so thoughts that pass through a mind deeply enriched with piety, will take their character from the medium through which they pass. The same may be said in a less degree of intellect. The thoughts that pass through a refined and polished mind will be of the same cast.—Such a mind cannot be satisfied with what is coarse and bungling, either in language or thought.

A limner taking the portrait of a lady, perceived, when he was endeavouring to give a resemblance to her mouth, that she was twisting her features to render it smaller, and putting her lips in the most violent contraction. Impatient of this artifice, the painter said, "Don't hurt yourself, madam, in trying to make your mouth smaller, because, if you choose, I will put none at all."

**A FAMILY.**—How pleasant it is for the members of one family to live together in harmony and love—where parents and children are striving to promote each other's enjoyment—to alleviate the sorrows and lessen the cares of the whole. Such a family will prosper; the children will grow up virtuous, and be a blessing to the gray hairs of their parents.

The swelling of an outward fortune can  
Create a prosperous, not a happy man;  
A peaceful conscience is the true Content,  
And Wealth is but her golden ornament.

QUARLES.

We ought always to deal justly, not only with those who are just to us; but likewise to those who endeavour to injure us; and this, too, for fear, lest, by rendering them evil for evil, we should fall into the same vice; so we ought likewise to have friendship, that is to say, humanity and good will for all who are of the same nature with us.—*Hierocles.*

**AFFLICTIONS.**—As the snow-drop comes amid snow and sleet, appearing as the herald to the rose, so religion comes amidst the blight of affliction, to remind us of a perpetual summer, where the bright sun never retires behind a wintry cloud.

As a single light in the midst of intense darkness, so is a good man among a community of evil ones.—*James.*

To make cheap and wholesome table beer, take 8 bottles of water, 1 quart of molasses, 1 pint of yeast, 1 table spoonful of cream of tartar. These ingredients being well stirred and mixed in an open vessel, after standing 24 hours, the beer may be bottled and used immediately.

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