

POETRY.

TO A RINGLET.

Lock, severed from a radiant brow,
A welcome boon to me thou art,
And, as I would some fairy gift,
I place thee near my heart
There shalt thou be a spell to guard
My soul from passion's power,—
A star, whose gentle light shall cheer
My thoughts when sorrows lower.

A dear memorial of blest days,
Ere early feelings had grown cold,
When I had thoughts that cannot be
Bought back again for gold;—
And I had joys, sweet simple joys,
That lightly held my soul in thrall,
And bright hopes flitted in my dreams,
Like rainbows o'er a waterfall.

To wander by untrodden ways,
In the still moonlight was my joy,
Deeply content, if friends in sport,
Called me a fond romantic boy.
And one was ever by my side,
A fair-hair'd, blue-eyed, light-heart girl;
I sometimes think she must have lov'd—
'Twas she gave me this curl.

How oft I half regret that e'er
Ambition tempted me to stray,
Far from the flowers with which love would
Have strewn life's lonely way?
And oft, as now, some toy wafts back
Long vanish'd visions to my heart,
Lock, sever'd from the radiant brow,
A welcome boon to me thou art!

ON SEEING A CHILD AT PLAY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And it makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old,
And my heart is ripe for the reaper, death,
And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true; it is very true;
I'm old, and "I 'bide my time;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on; I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I huddle with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go;
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay.

MISCELLANY.

AWFULLY SUDDEN DEATH OF A CLERGYMAN IN HIS PULPIT.—It is with sincere regret that we announce the sudden death yesterday of the Rev. Isaac Saunders, who has been for the

last 19 years rector of the united parishes of St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe and St. Anne, Blackfriars, London. We understand that the deceased, who was in the 53d year of his age, left his country-house at Norwood yesterday morning in perfect health, for the purpose of preaching, in his parish church, a sermon on the advent of the new year, a custom which he has regularly observed during the many years of his incumbency. When the service for the day was over, Mr. Saunders entered the pulpit, and chose as his text the following verses from St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians:—"Beware, lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ; for in him dwelleth all the fullness of of the godhead bodily, and ye are complete in which is the head of all principality and power." The rev. preacher, in discussing this text, had described the apt configuration of the physical frame of man for the great objects of nutrition, respiration, and life, and was proceeding to impress upon his audience the necessity of a strict obedience to the ordinances of our Saviour, in order that their spiritual frame might, "through the body of his flesh, be presented to God holy and unblameable," when, on his uttering the words "You will be complete in Christ," he suddenly stopped short, fell on his breast upon the cushion on which his sermon was placed, and then dropped backwards on the floor of his pulpit. The alarm of his congregation was excessive when it was found that he was unable to rise. Two medical gentlemen, who were present, immediately rushed up to him, and opened a vein: but the hand of death was upon him; only a few drops of blood followed the incision of the lancet; and in a few minutes he breathed his last in that pulpit from which he had so often inculcated the doctrines of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. He died at 20 minutes past 12 o'clock, amid the tears of his congregation. One of his friends—and he had many among those present—started for Norwood, as soon as his death was ascertained, to break these mournful tidings to his afflicted family. The presentation to the living is alternately in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, and of the inhabitants of the parish of St. Anne, Blackfriars. The late rector was elected by the inhabitants, and the present presentation now devolves on the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal. The previous rector, the Rev. Mr. Goode, was presented by the then Lord Chancellor, in deference to the unanimous recommendation of the parishioners. We understand that a memorial is now in course of signature in favour of the present afternoon lecturer, the Rev. James Harding, M. A. of Chelsea.

MEANS OF ESCAPING SUFFOCATION IN HOUSES ON FIRE.—When, at Hatfield House, the noble owner of the mansion, with all his retainers around him, stood aghast at the door of his mother's burning room, and none dared enter to rescue the unfortunate lady, living or dead, nobody thought of a simple expedient, by which that object might possibly have been accomplished—the simple application of a wet cloth or handkerchief to the mouth, and boldly venturing in. Unless there were absolute flame to oppose such a step, breathing in the densest smoke could be effected for a few minutes; and what good, even in that short space might not have been done? Better still if the courageous rescuer should enter on hands and knees, with his mouth and nostrils protected in the manner just mentioned. The expedient is by no means new, however newly it may recur to the public attention; nor is it the less valuable, perhaps, for having been sometimes tried with success. It is now about ten years since the contrivance of John Roberts, a poor miner was the subject of general wonder and admiration.

This man invented a covering for the head with glass or talc eyes, and a tubular mouth-piece; with this he was put to the test both in this country and in France, and under its protection could resist the most suffocating vapours of sulphur and resinous matters, shut up in a room for above half an hour, where no mortal, without such a defence, could exist for half a minute. Why this valuable contrivance has not been more generally adopted we can form no conjecture, except we refer it to that apathy on the part of the public already alluded to. --*Medical Gazette.*

NEW SOUTH WALES.—At Sydney much injury had been done to the crops by the rain, but the flocks of sheep had experienced little damage. Wheat had advanced to 10s. per bushel, and fine flour to £24 per ton. There were expected to arrive from England one thousand bushels of wheat. Potatoes were at from 12s. to 13s. per cwt. Several grants of money had been voted by the legislative council for the use of the colony, &c. For the year 1836, the sum of £14,386, 12s. had been appropriated for the Episcopal church; £3,550 for parochial schools; and about £6,000 for orphan and other schools; £1,300 for sending Missionaries to the Aborigines; £30,000 for promoting emigration from the mother country in 1836; and £8,000 for expenses arising from the arrival of emigrants in 1835, under the direction of the home government. Much dissatisfaction had been felt by the colonists, at their being obliged to provide for the police and jail establishments out of the colonial revenue.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.—Governor Bourke has received an announcement from the Secretary for the Colonies, of the intention of government to declare the whole of New Holland part and parcel of the British empire; and that it is further intended to nominate a Lieutenant Governor subordinate to the Governor of New South Wales, with a civil and military establishment at Port Lincoln. A settlement is also to be formed either at Cape York or some other eligible position at the southern extremity of the Continent. Communication is to be opened by land, with the least possible delay, between all the settled points of the great Australian Continent. The policy of the Sydney government, encouraging the spread of population, allowing all persons who may choose to march forward into the interior, as was and is the case in America, is not to be interfered with.

Our UNENLIGHTENED readers may be edified by the following *Recipe for a Rout*:—"Take all the ladies and gentlemen you can collect, and put them into a room with a slow fire. Stew them well. Have ready twelve packs of cards, a piano forte, a handful of prints or drawings, and put them in from time to time. As the mixture thickens, sweeten it with politeness, and season with wit, if you have any; if not, flattery will do, and is very cheap. When all have stowed well an hour, add some ices, jellies, cakes, lemonade, and wines; the more of these ingredients you put in, the more substantial will your rout be. Fill your room quite full, and let the scum run off.

AGENTS
FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIN.
Miramichi—Rev. JOHN McCURDY.
St. John, N. B.—Mr. A. R. TRURO.
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.
Truro—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.
Antigonish—Mr. ROBERT PURVIS.
Guysboro'—ROBERT HARTSHORNE, Esq.
Tatmagouche—Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL.
Wallace—DANIEL McFARLANE, Esq.
Arichat—JOHN S. BALLAINE, Esq.