

# THE SON OF AMERICA

Canada's Literary Gem.

HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, C.W. JANUARY 11, 1851.

NO. 2.



### PRAYER FOR THE MILLION.

God of the mountain, God of the storm,  
 God of the flowers, God of the worm!  
 Hear us and bless us,  
 Forgive us, redress us;  
 Breathe on our spirits Thy love and Thy healing;  
 Teach us content with Thy fatherly dealing:  
 Teach us to love Thee,  
 To love one another, brother his brother,  
 And make us all free—  
 Free from the shackles of ancient tradition,  
 And show us 'tis manly, 'tis god-like to labour!

God of the darkness, God of the sun,  
 God of the beautiful, God of each one—  
 Clothe us and feed us,  
 Illume us and lead us!  
 Show us that avarice holds us in thrall—  
 That the land is all Thine, and Thou givest all!  
 Scatter our blindness,  
 Help us do right all the day and the night—  
 To love mercy and kindness;  
 Aid us to conquer mistakes of the past;  
 Show us our future to cheer us and arm us,  
 The upper, the better, the mansions Thou hast;  
 And God of the grave, that the grave cannot harm us.

### What a Man saved by Stopping his Paper.

Not many years ago, a farmer who lived a hundred or two miles from the seaboard, became impressed with the idea that unless he adopted a close cutting system of retrenchment, he would certainly go to the wall. Wheat, during the preceding season, had been at a high price; but, unluckily for him, he had but a small portion of his land in wheat. Of corn and potatoes he had raised more than the usual quantity; but the price of corn was down, and potatoes were low. This year he has sown double the wheat he had ever sown before, and, instead of raising a thousand bushels of potatoes as he had generally done, only planted about an acre of that vegetable, the product of which was about one hundred and fifty bushels.

Unluckily for Mr. Ashburn, his calculations did not turn out well. After his wheat was harvested, and his potatoes nearly ready to dig, the price of the former fell to ninety cents per bushel, and the price of the latter rose to one dollar. Everywhere the wheat crops had been abundant, and almost everywhere the potatoe crop promised to be light.

"I shall be ruined," he said at home, and carried a long face while abroad. When his wife and daughter asked for money with which to get their fall and winter clothing, he grumbled sadly, gave them half what they wanted, and said they must retrench. A day or two afterward, the collector of the "Post" came along and presented his bill.

Ashburn paid it in a slow and reluctant manner, and then said—

"I wish you to have the paper stopped, Mr.

"Sorry to give up the paper, but I must do it," returned the farmer.

"Isn't it as good as ever? You used to say you'd rather give up a dinner a week than the 'Post.'"

"Oh, yes, it's just as good as ever, and sometimes I think it much better than it was. It's a great pleasure to read it. But I must retrench every point, and then I don't see how I'm to get along. Wheat's down to ninety cents, and falling daily."

"But the paper is only two dollars a year, Mr. Ashburn."

"I know. But two dollars are two dollars. However, it's no use to talk, Mr. Collector: the 'Post' must be stopped. If I have better luck next year, I will subscribe for it again."

This left the collector nothing to urge, and he withdrew. In his next letter to the publishers, he ordered the paper to be discontinued, which was accordingly done.

On a little act of retrenchment, Jane, Margaret and Phoebe knew nothing at the time, and the farmer was rather loth to tell them. When the fact did become known, as it must soon, he expected a buzzing in the hive, and the anticipation of this made him half repent of what he had done, and almost wish that the collector would forget to notify the office of his wish to have the paper stopped. But the collector was a prompt man. On the second Saturday morning Ashburn went to the post-office as usual. The post-master handed him a letter, saying as he did so—

"I can't find any paper for you to-day. They have made a mistake in not mailing it this week."

"No," replied Ashburn, "I have stopped it."

"Indeed! The Post is an excellent paper. What other one do you intend to take?"

"I shall not take any new-paper this year," replied Ashburn.

"Not take a newspaper, Mr. Ashburn!" said the post-master, with a look and a tone of surprise.

"No, I must retrench I must cut off all superfluous expenses. And I believe I can do without a newspaper as well as anything else. It's a mere luxury; though a very pleasant one. I own, but still dispensable."

"Not a luxury, but a necessity, I say, and indispensable," returned the post-master, "I don't know what I wouldn't rather do without than a newspaper. What in the world are Phoebe, Jane and Margaret going to do?"

"They will have to do without. There's no help for it."

"If they don't raise a storm about your ears that you will be glad to allay, even at the cost of half a dozen newspapers, I am mistaken," said the post-master, laughing.

Ashburn replied, as he turned to walk away, that he thought he could face all the storms of that kind that might arise, without flinching.

"Give me the 'Post,' papa," said Margaret, running to the door to meet her father when she saw him coming.

"I haven't got it," replied Mr. Ashburn, feeling rather uncomfortable.

to the eyes of her father, her countenance was full of suspicion. Still, he had not the courage to confess what he had done.

"The 'Post' has not come," he heard Margaret say to her sisters a few minutes afterwards, and their expressions of disappointment fell reluctantly upon his ears.

It seemed to Mr. Ashburn that he heard of little while in the house, during the whole day, but the failure of the newspaper. When night came, even he, as he sat with nothing to do but to think about the low price of wheat for an hour before bed-time, missed his old friend with the welcome face, that had so often amazed, instructed and interested him.

On Monday morning the girls were very urgent for their father to ride over to the post-office and see if the paper had not come—but, of course, the farmer was "too busy" for that. On Tuesday and Wednesday the same excitement was made. On Thursday Margaret asked a neighbor, who was going by the office, to call and get the newspaper for them. Towards evening, Mr. Markland, the neighbor, was seen riding down the road, and Margaret and Jane ran down eagerly to the gate for the newspaper.

"Did you get the paper for us?" asked Margaret, showing two shining rows of milk-white teeth, while her eyes danced with anticipated pleasure.

Mr. Markland shook his head.

"Why?" asked both the girls at once.

"The post-master says it has been stopped."

"Stopped!" How changed were their faces and tones of voice.

"Yes," said he, "your father directed it to be stopped."

"That must be a mistake," said Margaret. He would have told us.

Mr. Markland rode on, and the girls ran into the house.

"Father, the post-master says you have stopped the newspaper!" exclaimed his daughters, breaking in upon Mr. Ashburn's no very pleasant reflections on the low price of wheat, and the difference in the return he would receive a ninety cents per bushel to what he would have realized at last year's price of a dollar and twenty-five.

"It's true," he replied, touching himself behind a firm, decided manner.

"But why did you stop it, father?" inquired the girls.

"Because I can't afford to take it. It's as much as I shall be able to do to get you enough to eat and wear this year."

Mr. Ashburn's manner was decided, and his voice had a repelling tone.

Margaret and Phoebe could say no more—but they did not leave their father's presence without giving his eyes the benefit of a fresh gust of tears. It would be doing injustice to Mr. Ashburn's state of mind to say that he felt very comfortable, or had done so since stopping his paper, an act for which he had sundry times more than half repented. But as it had been done he could not think of recalling it.

Very soon were the father and daughters

the editor of a new paper, when he had such serious troubles to bear.

On the next Saturday, as Mr. Ashburn was walking over his farm, he saw a man sitting on one of his fences, dressed in a jockey cap, and wearing a short hunting coat. He had a rifle over his shoulder, and carried a powder flask, shot and bird bags. In fact, he was a fully equipped sportsman, a somewhat rara avis in those parts.

"What's this lazy fellow doing here?" said Ashburn, as he came up. "I wonder where he comes from?"

"Good morning," spoke out the stranger, in a friendly way, as soon as the farmer came within speaking distance. "Is there any good game about here? Any wild turkeys or pheasants?"

"There are plenty of squirrels," returned Ashburn, in a sarcastic way, "and the woods are full of robins."

"Squirrels make a nest rate pie. But I needn't tell you that, my friend. Every farmer knows the taste of squirrels," said the sportsman, with great good humor. "Still, I want to try my hand at wild turkey. I've come off here into the country to have a crack at game better worth the shooting than we get in the neighborhood of P——."

"You're from P——, then?" said the farmer.

"Yes, I live in P——."

"When did you leave there?"

"Four or five weeks ago."

"Then you don't know what wheat is selling for now?"

"Wheat? No, I think it was ninety-five or a dollar, I don't remember which, when I left."

"Ninety is all it is selling for here."

"Ninety! I should like to buy some at that."

"I have no doubt you can be accommodated," said the farmer.

"That's exceedingly low for wheat. If it wasn't for having a week's sport among your wild turkeys, and the hope of killing a bear, I'd stop and buy up a lot of wheat on speculation."

"I'll sell you five hundred bushels at ninety-two," said the farmer, half hoping that this green customer might be tempted to buy at this advance on the regular rate.

"Will you?" interrogated the stranger.

"Yes."

"I'm half tempted to take you up. I really believe I—no!—I must knock over some wild turkeys first. It won't do to come this far without bagging rarer game than wheat. I believe I must decline, friend."

"What would you say to ninety-one?" The farmer had heard a rumor, a day or two before, of a fall of two or three cents in wheat, and he could get off five hundred bushels upon this sportsman, who had led the breast of his coat fly open far enough to give a glimpse of a large, pocket-book, at ninety-one, it would be a very desirable operation.

"Ninety-one—ninety-one," said the stranger, to himself. "That is a temptation! I

at ninety cents for that. I