

POETRY.

FAMILY WORSHIP IN A COTTAGE.

BY MISS S. E. HATHFIELD.

Sister!—I heard a voice—a solemn voice,
But sweet and fervent too, like that of prayer;
Such as would make angelic breasts rejoice,
And call to heaven from their starry spheres:
From yonder cot it came—I'll draw me near—
Its light shines like a star upon the night,
And to my wandering footsteps far more dear:
A better guide, perchance a holier light,
Leading more near to heaven than those above my sight.

Oh, 'tis a lovely scene! the grey-hair'd sire,
With lifted hands imploring on each child
All that the lip can breathe, the soul desire,
To guide their steps through the world's bleak wild,
See how the glittering tears his warm cheek gild!
How rushes through the wane of years the glow!
How beams his look with all the father fill'd!
The ardour intense, lights eye, life, brow,
Which all his bosom's thoughts, hopes, fears, and wishes show.

Look at that fair hair'd maid upon whose cheek
The rose of loveliness is deepening!
Mark how serenely pure, how calmly meek
Her countenance—some unseen seraph's wing
Seems over her; she's in youth's stainless spring,
And gives it to her God: ah, happy maid!
Thus ever smile, a willing offering
At morn, at even, upon the altar laid,
While sweet obedience binds, safe, safe shall be thy head.

There kneels the mother by her partner's side;
Silent her tongue, but oh, how full her eyes!
Look at those sacred tears, whose gentle tide
The loudest torrent of the lip supplies
Oh! what can equal her beseeching sigh?
If 'tis not heard in heaven, then never came
Nearer the sound of supplications high.
Vainly have nations pied the altar's flame,
The interest of them all no'er reached a mother's claim.

Beside her, rising into manhood's form,
Her son, her secret pride and glory, bows:
Bright is his cheek, with labour's colour warm,
The honourable tint his forehead shows:
His eye's dark glance is veil'd as it would close
Awhile to all on earth his heart deems fair;
His lips soft moving, tell responsive vows
Are rising to his holy father's prayer,
Reading with the high Heavens—"Oh, guide from every snare."

And yonder there's a group in happiest being,
The fairy tenants of the cottage dome.
Kneeling before the eye of him all seeing,
Who watches if their thoughts or glances roam,
The doll, unworldly, as I'd beside the drum;
That treasur'd instrument of loudest sound
Stands close beside its master, but as dumb
As if forgot'en on the darkness ground,
While like night's dew-closed flowers they bend and cluster round.

Look at the little hand upon each brow,
Covering the face before the unseen God!
Listen, ye might have heard the hild vow
Like cherub echoes seeking his abode;
Revels it not, despite it not, ye proud!
Nor say it is the jargon learn'd by rote,
Useless and meaningless,—those words allow'd
Upon the youthful memory to float,
Shall be the wakening chord of many a heavenly note.

O! lovely scene! most lovely! would that thou
Didst not besock the cottage bower alone,
But beneath every roof in beauty glow,
From the low hamlet to the lofty throne.
Then, England, were the smiles of Heaven thine own,
The bright paternal smiles of Duty:
Then, my loved country, would thy soil be known
The hallow'd and the blest, the truly free,
And every evening hour, a nation's worship see!

MISCELLANY.

SHABBY GENTEEL.—If you see hurrying along a bye-street, keeping as close as he can to the area railings, a man of about 40, clad in an old rusty suit of threadbare black cloth, which shines with constant wear as if it had been bees' wax, the trousers tightly strapped down, partly for the lack of the thing, and partly to keep his old shoes from slipping off at the heels, if you observe, too, that his yellowish white neckerchief is carefully pinned down, and his waistcoat as carefully pinned up, to conceal the tattered garment underneath, and that his hands are encased in the remains of an old pair of beaver gloves, you may set him down as a shabby genteel man. A glance at that depressed face, and timorous air of conscientious poverty will make your heart ach—always supposing that you are neither a philosopher nor a political economist. We were once haunted by a shabby genteel man: he was bodily present to our senses all day, and he was in our mind's eye all night. The man of whom Walter Scott speaks in his *Demonology* did not suffer half the persecution from his imaginary gentleman usher in black velvet, than we sustained from our friend in quondam black cloth. He first attracted our notice by sitting opposite to us in the reading room of the British Museum, and what made the man more remarkable was, that he had always got before him a couple of shabby genteel books—two old dogs' eared folios in mouldy worm eaten covers, which had once been smart. He was in his chair every morning just as the clock struck ten; he was the last to leave the room in the afternoon; and when he did, he quitted it with the air of a man who knew not where else to go for warmth and quiet. There he used to sit all day, as close to the table as possible, to conceal the lack of buttons on his coat, with his old hat carefully deposited at his feet, where he evidently flattered himself it escaped observation. About two o'clock you would see him munching a French roll or a penny loaf: not taking it boldly out of his pocket at once, like a man who knew he was only making a lunch, but breaking off little bits in his pocket, and eating them by stealth. He knew too well it was his dinner. When we first saw this poor object we thought it quite impossible that his attire could ever become worse. We even went so far as to speculate on the possibility of his shortly appearing in a decent second-hand suit. We knew nothing about the matter, he grew more and more shabby-genteel every day. The buttons dropped off his waistcoat one by one, then he buttoned his coat; and when one side of his coat was reduced to the same condition as his waistcoat, he buttoned it over on the other side. He looked somewhat better at the beginning of the week than at the conclusion, because the neckerchief, though yellow was not quite so dingy, and in the midst of all his wretchedness he never appeared without straps. He remained in this state for a week or two; at length one of the buttons on the back of the coat fell off, and then the man himself disappeared, and we thought he was dead.—*Sketches by Bos.*

INVISIBLE MUSLINS.—The Rev. William Ward, a Missionary at Serampore, informs us that at Shantee-porn and Dhaka, muslins are made which sell at a hundred rupees a piece. The ingenuity of the Hindoos in this branch of the manufacture is wonderful. Persons with whom I have conversed on this subject, say that at two places in Bengal, Sonar-ga and Vkrum-porn, muslins are made by a few families so exceedingly fine, that four months are required to weave one piece, which sells at 400 or 500 rupees. When this muslin is laid on grass, and the dew has fallen upon it, it is no longer discernible.

"A man may smile and smile—and be a villain still!"

So thought and wrote the immortal Shakespeare—and he was well acquainted with human nature. It would be a good rule not to confide implicitly all at once on those who at first acquaintance are immediately polite, and extravagantly kind and attentive. By affecting friendship, a man may accomplish his own aggrandizement, and accomplish your ruin. Under the mask of friendship, how many selfish, dishonest designs are executed—how many deeds of infamy are perpetrated! Be always careful of your new friends—whose friendship has not been put to the test. You need not remain long without an opportunity of weighing it in the balance, and discovering its nature and extent. Remember, "the heart is deceitful above all things." That friendship is generally most genuine and indissoluble which is formed gradually and with caution.—*Yarmouth Herald.*

NUTRITIOUS MATTER IN FOOD.—From analyses by experienced chemists, it is found that the proportions of nutritious matter in some of the more common human aliments, is as follows:—

100 lb.	Wheat contain	85 lbs.	nutritious matter.
"	Rice,	80	"
"	Barley,	83	"
"	Beans,	89 to 92	"
"	Peas,	93	"
"	Lentils,	94	"
"	Meat, (average)	35	"
"	Potatoes,	25	"
"	Beets,	14	"
"	Carrots,	10	"
"	Cabbage,	7	"
"	Greens,	6	"
"	Turnips,	4	"

TRUTH IN SIMPLICITY.—"Get the newspaper, John," and read something interesting," said an old lady to an urchin, scratching his head in the corner. The obedient John was soon seen by the candle, tumbling and fumbling over the paper, to find the desired article on which to display his edification. But in vain. Tired of search he lays down the crumpled sheet, and looking wisely at the old lady, says—"Mother, I don't think these editors known much."—*Am. papers.*

PRIOR CLAIM.—A bit of a wag on board the steam boat from Norfolk, being not a little disturbed in his slumbers by some legions of fellow-lodgers, who seemed to dispute his claim to the berth, called out, "Halloo, steward!" "What, massa?" "Bring me the way bill." "What for, massa?" "I want to see if these bed bugs put down their names for this berth before I did; if not, I want 'em turned out."

TOBACCO INJURIOUS IN ALL ITS FORMS.—The smoke of tobacco drawn into the mouth without being inhaled into the lungs, acts powerfully on the nervous system, and produces the effects of a stupifying narcotic: hence its use among the lower orders. The chewing of tobacco has the same influence; and if the saliva be swallowed, its effects are powerful and dangerous. The powder of tobacco, called snuff, drawn into the nostrils, produces on those not accustomed to its use immediate but momentary intoxication, along with much sickness.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

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