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## Poetry.

### "HUMBLE WEALTH."

Not oak alone are trees, or roses flowers  
Much humble wealth makes rich this earth of ours—  
*Leigh Hunt.*

He who goeth forth in earnest,  
With a wise and cheerful mind,  
In the lowliest works of Nature  
Wonders rare and fresh shall find.  
Every blade of grass that springeth,  
Every leaflet of the wood,  
Every shell on Ocean's margin,  
Hath an influence for good.

Not alone in groves majestic,  
Or in stately garden bowers,  
Are her lessons mild and kindly  
Taught by sunbeams and by flowers.  
Not alone to gorgeous landscapes  
Of the realms of grape and vine,  
But to England's fields and heath-rows  
Doth this priceless charm belong.

E'en the fuchsia's ruby pendants,  
Or the sweet geranium a bloom,  
Though they wither pale and sickly  
In the laborer's humble room,  
Cheer the days of want and sickness,  
Calm the fevered thoughts to rest,  
Better here than in the ball room  
On people haughty beauty's breast.

And the sunbeam family struggling  
Through the arched cottage pane,  
Speaks as well as when reflecting  
Blazoned pride in solemn fane,  
And the brook that hummeth peaceful  
With its ever constant flow,  
Speaks as well as the broad river,  
Where the white winged navies glow.

Chaucer, bard of wit and wisdom  
Did not seek the garden rose,  
Or the pleasant lawn resplendent  
With the dazzling hues of May;  
But went forth to seek the daisy,  
In its green secluded nest;  
For its simple, homely beauty  
Pleased his poet mind the best.—O. H. D.

## Literature.

### THE FAMILY TRYST.

(FROM LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.)

The fire had received an addition of a large ash-root and a heap of peats, and was beginning both to crackle and to blaze, the hearthstone was tidily swept—the supper table set—and every seat, bench, chair, and stool, occupied by its customary owner, except the high backed, carved, antique, oaken, armed chair, belonging exclusively to the goodman. Inopulence, labour, contentment and mirth were here all assembled together in the wide, low-roofed kitchen of this sheltered farm house, called, from its situation, in a low woody dell, The How, and all that was wanting to make the happiness complete was Abel Alison himself, the master and father of the family. It seemed to them that he was rather later than usual in returning from the city, whither he went every market day. But though it was a boisterous night in April, with a good drift of snow going, they had no apprehensions of his safety, and when they heard the trampling of horses' feet on the gravel, up sprang half a dozen creatures of various sizes to hail him at the door, and to conduct the

colt, for so they continued to call a horse now about fifteen years old, to his fresh strawed stall in the byre. All was right—Abel entered with his usual smile, his wife helped him off with his great coat, which had a respectable sprinkling of snow, and stiffening of frost; he assumed his usual seat, or, as his youngest son and namesake, who was the wit of the family, called it, his throne, and supper immediately smoking on the board, a blessing was said, and a flourish of wooden spoons ensued.

Supper being over, and a contented silence prevailing, with an occasional whispered remark of merriment or affection circling round, Abel Alison rested himself with more than his usual formality against the back of his chair, and putting on not an unhappy, but a grave face, told his wife, and family, and servants, all to make up their minds to hear some very bad news nearly affecting themselves. There was something too anxiously serious in his look, voice, and attitude, to permit a thought of his wishing to startle them for a moment by some false alarm. So at once they were all hushed—young and old—and turned towards their father with fixed countenances and anxious eyes.

Wife—and children—there is no need, surely, to go round about the bush—I will tell you the worst in a word, I am ruined. That is to say, all my property is lost—gone—and we must leave the How. There is no help for it—we must leave the How.

His wife's face grew pale, and for a short space she said nothing. A slight convulsive motion went over all the circle as if they had been struck by an electric shock had struck them all sitting together with locked hands. Leave the How! one voice sobbing exclaimed—it was a female voice, but it was not repeated, and it was uncertain from whom it came.

"Why, Abel," said his wife calmly, who had now perfectly recovered herself, "if we must leave the How, we must leave a bonny sheltered spot where we have seen many happy days. But what then? surely there may be contentment found many a where else besides in this cheerful room and round about our birken banks and braes. For myself, I shall not lose a night's rest at the thought, if you, Abel, can bear it,—and, God bless you, I have known you bear a severer blow than this!"

Abel Alison was a free, warm hearted man, of a happy disposition, and always inclined to look at every thing in a favourable light. He was also a most industrious hard-working man. But he could not always say "nay,"—and what he earned with a month's toil, he had more than once lost by a moment's easy good-nature. He had sometimes before imprudently become surety for an acquaintance, who had no such rightful claim upon him—that acquaintance was a man of no principle,—and Abel was now ruined—utterly and irretrievably ruined. Under such circumstances he could not be altogether without self reproach, and the kind

magnanimity of his wife now brought the tear into his eye. "Ay—ay—I was just the old man in that foolish business. I should have remembered you, Alice, and all my bairns. But I hope—I know you will forgive me, for having thus been the means of bringing you all to poverty."

Upon this, Abel's oldest son, a young man about twenty years of age, stood up, and first looking with the most respectful tenderness upon his father, and then with a cheerful smile upon all around, said, "Father, never more utter those words—never more have these thoughts. You have fed us—clothed us—educated us—taught us what is our duty, to God and man. It rests with ourselves to practise it. We all love you—father, we are all grateful—we would all lay down our lives to save yours. But there is no need for that now.—What has happened? Nothing.—Are we not all well—all strong—cannot we all work? As God is my witness, and know's my heart, I now declare before you, Father, that this is not a visitation, but it is a blessing. Now it will be tried whether we love you, Father—whether you have prayed every morning and every night for more than twenty years for ungrateful children—whether your toil in sun, and rain, and snow, has been thankless toil—or whether we will not all rally round your grey head, and find it a pleasant shelter—a smooth pillow—and a plentiful board; and with that he unconsciously planted his foot more firmly on the floor, and stretched out his right arm, standing there a tall, straight, powerful stripling, in whom there was visible protection and succour for his parents in their declining age.

One spirit kindled over all—not a momentary flash of enthusiasm—not a mere movement of pity and love towards their father, which might give way to dissatisfaction and despondency; but a true, deep, clear reconciliation of their souls to their lot, and a resolution not to be shaken in its unquaking power by any hardships, either in anticipation or reality. Abel Alison saw and felt this, and his soul burned within him. "We shall all go to service—no shame in that. But we shall have time enough to consider of all these points before the term day. We have some weeks before us at the How, and let us make the most of them. Wife, children, are you all happy?"

All—all—perfectly happy—happier than ever—was the general burst of the reply.

Sur up that fire, my merry little Abel, said the mother, and let us have a good, full, bright blaze on your father's face—God bless him.

Abel brandished an immense poker in both hands, and after knitting his brows, and threatening to aim a murderous blow on the temples of the beautiful little Alice on her stool close to the angle, and at her father's feet, a practical joke that seemed infinitely amusing, he gave the great ash-root a thump that sent a thousand sparkling gems up the wide chimney, and then placing the poker under it like a lever, he hoisted up the burning