

POETRY.

THE SWALLOWS.

An American poet, named Sprague, is the writer of the following beautiful poem, suggested by the incident of two Swallows having secured a Church during diving service. It is a production of great feeling and happy thought.—See P. 84: 2. The Arabian Poet Noddi has some magnificent verses on the same subject.

Gay gullible pair,
What have ye from the fields of Heaven?
Ye have no seed of prayer,
Ye have no aim to be forgiven.
Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear,
That God you never could offend?
Ye never knew,
The crimes for which we come to weep;
Penance is not for you,
Bliss wanders of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given,
To make sweet nature's untaught lays,
Beneath the arch of heaven;
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands;
And join the choirs that sing,
In yon blue dome not rear'd with hands.

Or if you stay,
To note the consecrated hour;
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly;
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless light to soar;
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God adore!

FAMILY CIRCLE.

The Right for its own Sake

"James, you must not go over that fence," said Mrs. Mason to her son, who was with her on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Ward; "it is not right that you should do so."

"I know it, mother; I am only going to look over," said James.

"You had better get down," said Mrs. Mason. James did so at once.

The fence in question separated the yard in which James was playing from a peach orchard, which the owner had forbidden any one to enter. The trees were loaded with fine ripe peaches, and James thought he would climb to the top of the fence and look at them. He had no thought whatever of taking any of them. He knew it would not be right. Still he was right in promptly following the advice of his mother.

"I observed, sister," said Mrs. Ward, "that you never say anything to your son about the consequence of disobedience."

"I have taught him the fact, that sin will be punished; but I have avoided making mention of the penalty every time that I give a command; I do not think it wise to be dwelling constantly upon the penalty of disobedience. I think it interferes with the development of the true principle of obedience. It makes the impression upon the mind of the child, that obedience is to be rendered solely to avoid the penalty of disobedience. That impression I deem to be a very unhappy one."

"Suppose you tell him he must not do a thing, and he asks you the reason why he must not?"

"I should judge from the circumstances of the case whether it was best to give him reason or not. I have labored to teach him that the fact that a thing is wrong, is a sufficient reason why he should not do it. I have always gone upon the assumption that I should give no higher reason why he should do a thing, than the fact that it is right. I believe we are to teach our children that they are under obligation to do right, and avoid doing wrong, irrespective of the reward in one case, and the penalty in the other."

"That may do with some children, but not with all. There are some who will not obey unless you hold up the penalty of disobedience before them."

"That is true; but it remains to be considered whether the case would not have been different, had there been taken to develop rightly their nature. It is rightly developed by exercise, by appealing to it. If we always act towards a child on the principle that it is the supreme law, that this is a self-evident truth, that we are

under obligation to do right for its own sake, that child will never think of requiring a reason for doing right. I believe our moral nature is so constituted, that it will recognise the obligation, though, from various causes, that obligation may not be met."—*Mother's Journal.*

The Bill of Exchange.

We find the following incident in one of our exchanges, which we consider too good to be lost, and, therefore, transfer it to the pages of the *Merchant's Magazine*, as well calculated to call forth the admiration of our mercantile readers. It occurred, we are told in New-York, and the gentleman who appears to so much advantage in it, is well known in Wall-street:—*Hunt's Magazine.*

"Mr. W. is an Englishman and a Quaker. He has realized a fortune in business, and has now retired, spending yearly his whole income in benevolent objects; and his merit is not lessened by the quiet and unobtrusive manner in which he effects his purpose. Some years since a young gentleman came out from England to New York, for the purpose of going into the same line of business in which Mr. W. then was. The young Englishman brought letters of introduction to Mr. W., who immediately gave him all the assistance and counsel he needed to render his success in business sure. After he had been in business some time, the young gentleman, who was a Quaker also, had to remit funds to the amount of \$4,000, or \$5,000 in England, and seeing a bill of exchange for about the sum advertised, he went to Mr. W., and asked him if it was good. He told him at once it was so, and the young merchant purchased it and sent it to England. But when it arrived there it was not accepted, and the loss fell, of course, upon the young merchant."

"Some time afterwards, Mr. W. accidentally learned the facts in the case, and went to his young friend's store."

"George," said he, "did not they buy a bill of Jeremiah some time since?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was the bill accepted?"

"No, sir."

"George, did they buy that bill at my recommendation?"

"I asked thee about it."

"Would thee have bought it, had I not told thee it was good?"

"No; I don't think I should."

"Well, George, I want thee to give me that bill."

"The young man gave him the bill. He went to his own store, calculated the amount of exchange at the time when the bill was drawn, added the interest up to date, and drew his check for the whole amount, which he then sent to his young friend's store. The bill remains to this day unsatisfied by the drawer. Occasional instances of this kind, and an unvarying practice of truly Christian virtues, have placed the society of Friends among our most respected citizens."

A Happy Home.

A happy home greatly depends on the recreations and amusements which are provided for young people. It is no small difficulty to give a useful direction to their play hours. Little more has been contemplated in the gambols of youth than in the health and activity of their bodies, and the refreshment of their spirits. It is well when these objects can be attained without the indulgence of sinful temptations, but youthful sports have often proved the nursery of pride, ambition, and contention. In public schools these evils have been encouraged, or at least, deemed unavoidable. The seed of revenge in manhood, has been planted in boyish violence, and the unheeded acts of oppression by the elder boys towards their juniors, have trained them to tyranny in riper years. Private education affords greater facilities for checking these evils, but the want of the stimulus supplied by numbers, is apt to render the pastime uninteresting, and hence distasteful.

Leigh Richmond was alive to these inconveniences, and endeavored by suggestion and variety of recreations to employ the leisure hours to advantage. He had recourse to what was beautiful in nature, or ingenious in art or science; and when abroad he collected materials to gratify curiosity. He fitted up his museum, and his library, with specimens of mineralogy, instruments for experimental philosophy, and interesting curiosities from every part of the world; he had his magic lantern to exhibit phantasmagoria, and teach natural history; display pictures of beauty, and scenes and objects far famed in distant countries; he's various microscopes for examining the minute of plants and animals; his telescope for tracing planetary revolutions and appearances; his air pump and other machines for illustrating and explaining the principles of mechanics and electricity; and not on every country who trace on the large valuable, and

with modern science; whatever, in short, could store the mind with ideas, or interest and improve the heart. When he traveled, he kept up a correspondence with his family, and narrated to them the persons, places, and adventures of his progress. On his return, he enlightened many a leisure hour by larger details of all that he had observed to amuse and improve.—*Family Scrap Book.*

Anecdote of President Adams.

John Adams the second President of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote:

"When I was a boy, I used to study Latin grammar; but it was dull and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could stand it no longer; and going to my father, I told him I did not like study, asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. 'Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, try ditching; perhaps that will, my meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that.'"

This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But soon I found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it, and dug next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night, too, I conquered good. He told him at once it was so, and the young merchant purchased it and sent it to England. But when it arrived there it was not accepted, and the loss fell, of course, upon the young merchant."

Correct Speaking.

We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both speaking and writing, and to abstain as early as possible the use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be; and if the golden age of youth—the proper season for the acquisition of language—be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he hears, instead of imitating what he hears, to form his taste from the popular speakers, writers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and to use them as he finds them in the same time that he is perfecting his pronunciation and his style, and to be careful to avoid the weakness of a vain ambition, than the polish of an educated mind. There is no man, however low in rank, who may not materially benefit his financial condition, by following this advice, and cultivating at the same time such morals and manners, as correspond in character with good words.

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Correspondents must send their communications, written in a clear hand, and unless they contain the names and addresses of new subscribers, or testimonials, free of postage; and enclosed as in confidence, with their proper names and addresses. The Editor holds himself responsible for the opinions of correspondents, and claims the privilege of modifying or rejecting articles offered for publication, and cannot pledge himself to return those not inserted. Communications on business, and those intended as publications, when contained in the same letter, should be put in separate envelopes, and marked so that they may be separated when they reach us. Communications and exchanges should be addressed to the Editor, Halifax, N. S. The Editor receives no remuneration. Terms: Ten Shillings per annum, exclusive of postage—half yearly in advance. Single Copies three pence each. The Wesleyan Ministers of the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Districts are our Agents, who will receive orders and make remittances.

THE WESLEYAN.

Halifax, Saturday Morning, December 23, 1849.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

"We take no note of time,
But pour its loss. Take it then a tongue,
Is wise or not."—*Yates.*

This close of the year is near at hand.—

In two days more *It then Huddell and forty nine* will be numbered with the years beyond the flood. The season suggests the propriety of serious reflection. The past

is gone, never to be recalled, and has borne its testimony to the throne of the Eternal. We are inscribing characters on the tablet of Eternity. These records of our daily living will stand when the brief and feverish period of life is over, and meet our gaze in that day when an irresistible judgment will be pronounced on the past. No oblations can be offered except through the precious blood of atonement. That can wash out the deepest stains of guilt. Through it alone can the sin of the past be forgiven—the wrong be rectified—other principles be re-introduced into the heart—another character acquired. Thus we, who, through the Providence of God, have escaped the thick-flying shafts of death, and are alive at this day, may review the past to profit, and learn lessons of practical wisdom to guide us in the future path of life.

Yet in our daily lives become susceptible. An unreasonable adventure is to the future should be guarded against with care. Experience lifts high its voice in warnings against the folly and danger of recklessness and presumption. During the year past we have seen many, whose paths led to commencement, but who, with the dawning of streams of life, smitten by the hand of death, and from our side fall into the gaping grave. They have passed away.

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We are of us to be called away from the family circle on the busy scenes of life during the approaching year, the probability is that the summons would not come to us more unexpectedly than it did in the year now numbered with the dead. That many during the next year will finish their dwelling on earth is certain; and some whose eyes now scan these lines may be of this number. Death is no respecter of persons. There is no security against his advances. As he passes through the earth, viewing with relentless eye the wrecks of his power, he sings—

"I spare not the son
Of the widow's eye,
Nor the fatherless man's time;
I take not his cry,
The orphan's wail,
And the strong man's prime."

The close of the year should then remind us of the end of life, and of the high necessity of securing in the method of God's appointment timely preparation for the future. Unholy ambition, undue desire for worldly goods, should be checked. Eternity, with its solemn realities, and unchanging character, should control and modify our present pursuits. Union with Christ, an interest in the living favour, a meekness for the inheritance of the saints in light, should be valued beyond all price, and industriously sought. Such is the testimony of God—such our imperative duty—such our highest interest.

"Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? Prudent, and he shall know them? For the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk therein; but the transgressors shall fall therein." Attaining to this religious knowledge, a pure conscience, a renewed and sanctified heart, through him who "is the way, the truth, and the life"—*Being*, present duties will be performed in due order, weight, and measure, preparation for the future events of Providence will be possessed, and once a source of tranquillity and a guard against tormenting fears, and *deplorable* will close in peace and security, and the disengaged spirit may have had from his long wait, unbroken peace, and drawn by gently to the throne of the

have a place occupied by a child
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