

POETRY.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

'Twas summer's eve—the rosy light
Had faded from the sky,
And stars came twinkling pure and bright,
Through the blue arch on high,
The western breezes softly stole,
To kiss the sleeping flow'r,
And nature wore her sweetest smile,
To bliss the twilight hour.

There sat within a curtain'd room,
A mother young and fair,—
What voice comes softly through the gloom?
'Tis childhood's voice in pray'r,
A cherub boy is kneeling now,
Beside that mother's knee,
Saw who had taught him when to bow
Before the Deity.

A father on the distant deep,
A sister slumb'ring near,
A babe upon his mother's breast,
And that kind mother dear;
For ev'ry living thing he loves,
His pray'r ascend's to heaven,
And for himself he humbly asks
Each sin may be forgiven.

And oft in after years, when grief,
Shall bow his spirits down,
And the world, the cold and bitter world,
Shall meet him with a frown;
Or when allur'd from virtue's path,
He tread's a dang'rous way,
Oh! he will turn to his lost hour,
When first he knelt to pray

And the kind hand which then was laid
Upon his silken hair—
And the soft voice which taught his first
His simple words of pray'r;
Will come again with thrilling pow'r
To still his pulses wild,
And lure him back in that dark hour,
As sinless as a child.

The pray'r is o'er, he last fond kiss
By that kind mother given;
But rises not from scene like this,
That childish pray'r to heaven?
It does, it does, an angel's wing
Has borne its tone with joy,
And th' earnest blessing which it sought
Comes on the sleeping boy.

MISCELLANY.

A BEDLAM CITY.—The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* says, that every thing in New York is going mad, and in illustration of this, adds the following:

Dogs go mad and bite, editors go mad and fight, brokers and stockjobbers go mad and snarl, judges go mad and pervert the laws, public prosecutors go mad and discharge their duties as if afraid of them, juries go mad and acquit the guilty and condemn the innocent, fashionable ladies go mad and run off with the footmen of their daddies, and last, not least, cows go mad and run bellowing through the streets, trampling upon little children, upsetting apple women's tables, knocking down the big bugs of Wall street, and, in short playing all sorts of mad pranks.

TEMPERANCE.—The Duke of Wellington has added his sanction to the Temperance cause, so far as the British army is concerned. He is Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, and has issued to them a regimental order, in which he expresses his opinion of the great advantages that might arise from the general forma-

tion of Temperance societies among the troops. He intimates, at the close, that those who are disabled from the service by intemperance, may expect little or no pension at Chelsea.

A young lady named Sarah Shepard, during a sailing excursion on Monday last, flung herself into the Delaware, opposite the north part of the city, and was drowned. Unrequited love, and jealousy, were the causes of the act. There was a lady rival on board, to whom her favorite showed so much attention as to drive her to desperation.—*Philadelphia Gaz.*

NEW DISCOVERY.—We have seen this week, at Leeds, a specimen of bleached flax, prepared by Mr. Harwood, chemist, of York, which appears to us as presenting a decided improvement in the manufacture of that article. It has created a great sensation amongst the manufacturers, and has been taken for silk. It is capable of being manufactured into the finest bread for the construction of veils, lace, cambric, &c., and which will supersede those articles of French manufacture. The texture is most beautiful.—we never saw any thing equal to it, and have no doubt that, if properly brought into notice, the discovery will prove a national benefit, and introduce quite a revolution in those articles of trade.—*Doncaster Chronicle.*

COINING.—At present there are five of the eight coining presses at work on the coining of the new silver four-pence. Each press is capable of coining seventy a minute, or on the average about four thousand an hour; so that, supposing them to be at work ten hours each day, the daily produce of the five would be equal to two hundred thousand, or one million two hundred thousand a week.—*Eng. paper.*

MARRIAGE INVITATION.—About sixteen years ago, one of our townsmen emigrated to Canada, where he has succeeded in life, and is in comfortable circumstances. Desirous to share his comforts with an agreeable partner from among the daughters of his own people, he, about a twelvemonth ago, wrote home to Paisley, offering terms to a woman whom he never saw, but with whose friends he is acquainted, and with whose excellent character he is fully satisfied. The lady, who never saw her future bridegroom, after giving the invitation a year's careful consideration, and satisfying herself as to his character, and the sincerity of his intentions, came lately to the resolution of accepting the terms offered, and sailed from Glasgow on Tuesday last to join her future husband. The meeting scene of the two lovers, unknown in person to each other as they are, will be rather interesting, and may hereafter furnish materials to some great Canadian Unknown, for a novel of two or three volumes.—*Paisley Advertiser.*

DON'T QUARREL.—One of the most easy, the most common, and the most perfectly foolish things in the world is—to quarrel; no matter with whom—man, woman, or child; or upon what pretence, provocation, or occasion whatsoever. There is no kind of necessity in it, no manner of use in it, and no species or degree of benefit to be gained by it. And yet, strange as the fact may be, theologians quarrel, lawyers, doctors, and princes quarrel, the church quarrels, and the state quarrels; families, nations, and tribes, and corporations, men, women and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts, quarrel about all manner of things, and on all manner of occasions.

Now that a great deal of mischief comes of this every body sees and feels and admits, but what good? Many things, evil in themselves, have their redeeming results, and produce at least their kernel of wheat to the bushel of

chaff, but if any body ever discovered a good thing out of a quarrel, if he'll give us its length, breadth, quality and description, we'll insure him a patent for it.

If there is any thing in the world that will make a man feel bad—except pinching his fingers in the crack of the door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after a quarrel, he degrades himself in his own eyes and in the eyes of others—and what is worse, blunts his sensibility to disgrace on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other.

Some things look very well in theory which do not answer at all in practice; and it is possible for a man to reason himself into the belief that a particular system is right, which when reduced to practice, will turn out entirely wrong. *But neither the theory nor the practice of quarrelling is good.*

The reason people quarrel about religion is: because they really have so little of it, and the harder they quarrel the more abundantly do they prove it. A man has a right to stand fast by his religious faith—a right to insist upon it—a right to present it respectfully on all proper occasions, to the consideration of others; but he has no right to quarrel, and any man that will quarrel about these things, in my opinion, has not much to quarrel about.

Politicians need not quarrel. Whoever quarrels with a man for his political opinion, is himself denying the first principle of freedom—freedom of thought—moral liberty, without which there is nothing in politics worth a groat—it is therefore wrong upon principle. You have on this subject a right to your own opinions—so have others; you have a right to convince them, if you can, they have the same. Exercise your rights,—but again I say—*don't quarrel.*

The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on the better—the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbours.

In nine cases out of ten, the wisest policy is, if a man cheats you to quit dealing with him; if he be abusive, quit his company; if he slander you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him, no matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is, generally, just to let him alone. There is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.—*Emporium.*

A SISTER.—He who has never known a sister's kind ministration, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered at if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentler emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attribute of manhood.

"That man has grown up among kind and affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark:

"And why do you think so?" said I.

"Because of the rich development of all the tender and more refined feelings of the heart which is so apparent in every action, in every word."

The celebrated Abbe Sieyes, of revolutionary and constitution-making notoriety, died at Paris on the 20th June.

AGENTS
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