

POETRY.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

By Mary Howitt.

I am coming little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden;
With the honey for the bee;
With the blossom for the tree;
With the flower and with the leaf;
Till I come the time is brief.

I am coming, I am coming!
Hark, the little bee is humming,
See, the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky,
And the gnats are on the wing;
Little maiden, now is Spring!

See the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on mossy banks so green
Star-like primroses are seen;
Every little stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white.

Hark! the little lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms,—a noisy crowd;
And all birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly,
In the sun goes flitting by.

Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven!
God for thee the Spring has given,
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth, and clear'd the skies,
For thy pleasure or thy food,
Pour thy soul in gratitude!

ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

There are a thousand ways to gain instruction. God has given us teachers all along our pathway in life. We can obtain it from the humble flower as well as in the quiet school-room; from the warm sunshine, as from the page of history. When every thing thus produces for us happiness, then we are obeying the highest law of our nature, and progressing onward to entire perfection.

But many men, as well as children, seem to have a mistaken notion of education.—They talk of it as being something which is completed before it is scarcely begun. They tell you it is ended in our youthful days, when we escape from the confined school, and have attained the size of a man. But a more absurd idea can never be conceived.—Education is the work of a life; aye, and I may add, of another life beyond the present. But you will ask, *how* we may learn from all these things,—those objects which have neither life nor the power of speech, can they be teachers? But you mistake, my friends. I would hope to lead you along (by slow degrees it is true,) so that those very things may become your most eloquent and powerful teachers. Then these beautiful works of the Creator will appear to

you in a new light. You will never be solitary or alone, for you can learn to converse with all God's works, and thus be led to adore the Maker of them every hour you live.

I would teach you by a simple story how children have made themselves, by the aid of a kind parent, familiar with those subjects which not only interested but instructed them, so that they were always happy; for the inquisitive mind, when directed properly, feeling its wants, learns *when* and *how* they may be applied. I hope you will follow me in my story, that you may be thus benefited.—*Juv. Rep.*

THOMAS JENKINS.

Thomas Jenkins was the son of an African king on the coast of Guinea, who took it into his head to send his son to England for his education. The British captain to whom the king consigned him, and who gave him the name of Thomas Jenkins, died soon after he returned home, and Jenkins was thrown destitute upon the world. A farmer who was a very distant relative of the captain, at length took him home with him, and employed him in rocking the cradle, looking after the poultry, pigs, &c. He was successively advanced to the offices of cowherd and teamster. When he went to live with the farmer, he could hardly understand a word of English, but he very soon acquired a good knowledge of the common dialect.

After he became a 'stout boy,' he was transferred to another gentleman, where he became a sort of Jack-of-all trades. He was cowherd, stable boy, errand boy, or anything else convenient. He was soon found to have a taste for learning, and to have actually made some progress. How he acquired his first lesson nobody ever knew. Perhaps it was through the medium of the servants.

The lady of the house was surprised to find that he had a strange fondness for candle ends. Every scrap of wick and tallow that he fell in with, was secreted and taken away to his loft above the stable; and unpleasant suspicions began to be raised against him. On watching him, at one time, after he had retired to his den, it was found to the great astonishment of all, that he was engaged with a book and slate, in making rude imitations of the letters of the alphabet. It was also found that he kept an old fiddle by him; and that it cost the horses many sleepless nights.

His master now put him to an evening school, where he made such progress as astonished all who knew it; and though constantly occupied, still, during the day, he soon began to instruct himself in Latin and Greek. A boy in the neighbourhood lent him many books; and the family and others favoured him. Without the means of any regular instruction, he soon gained a toler-

able knowledge of Latin and Greek, and began the study of Mathematics.

His eye now turned toward a dictionary; and going one night to an auction, he (with the assistance of another boy, and about a shilling from a gentleman who stood by,) bid off one.

When he was twenty years of age, a vacancy occurring in a small parish school, among other candidates for the office, Jenkins, with a heap of books under his arm, made his appearance. The committee were surprised, but on examining him, and the testimonials of his character he brought, his knowledge was found so thorough, and his morals so correct, that he was received in preference to the other candidates. The Presbytery, however, in prejudice voted him out again; but the circumstances produced so much excitement that an 'opposition school' was soon got up, and Jenkins was placed at the head of it.

The result was most happy. In his method of communicating knowledge and of governing his school, he was excellent; and he was beloved by all his pupils. No teacher ever possessed a kinder disposition or better temper. Five days of every week were spent in the school, and the sixth he occupied in walking four or five miles, and reciting his own lessons to another teacher.

By conducting the school one or two years, he was able to save nearly a hundred dollars. Now it was that he began to think of spending a winter at the college. Many were surprised at this, and among the rest the professors, most of whom generously relinquished their fees. One gentleman perceiving what the bent of his mind was, gave him a draft upon a merchant in the city for whatever money he wanted. Having spent the winter in Edinburgh, he returned, once more, to his professional duties.

The sequel of his history is not very well known. It appears, however, that he was deputed by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, as a missionary to Mauritius, and that he still resides there. He entered this field of labor about ten years ago. It were greatly to be wished he had been restored by some benevolent society to his native friends and country, where his influence in civilizing and instructing his fellow men would probably have been much greater than in Mauritius.

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