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Poetry.

A DREAM BY A STRINGER OF PEARLS.

For the Family Herald, by Miss Aird.

I dreamt, I scaled a ladder high,
(The heaven, and earth it spanned)
I sought to gain yon glorious sky,
And bask in health radiance of that Eye,
Within the glory-land.

Oh! where is God, my Maker, say,
Who giveth songs in night?
Who chases sorrows clouds away,
And turns death's shadows into day,
"The God of Love," and "Light."

But how can man be just, with Him
The Holy, and the pure?
(In whose sight Heaven is not clean)
Ah! when He comes in wrathful dame
How shall this heart endure.

A still voice whisper'd in my ear,
"Faint not," I, wisdom give,
"My terror shall not make thee fear,"
"Behold I bring Salvation near,"
"Believe! And thou shalt live."

I looked—nor throne in Judgment cloud
Nor flaming Majesty
I saw—"no trumpet waxed loud"
A form benign beside me stood,
Lowly, and meek, was He.

While memory lasts, can I forget
His soft, and gentle hand?
His arm of might—wherewith beset
My feet that did in admy act,
Within "Immanuel's" land."

I may not tell of "mansions" fair
Wher saluts make sure abide,
Of fields of light, and glories rare
One thought was bliss, that err'd there
I would be "with the Lord"—

Dear to the "tempest tossed," a Shore
Sweet to the "weary"—Rest
Grateful to wanderer, "Ferne o'er,"
But ah! how sweet for Evermore,
To lean on Jesus' breast.

Again! those hallelujahs high
I hear—that gushing strain
Of melody so sweet that I
Would gladly lay me down, and die,
To dream, my dream, again.

Literature.

STORY OF WALTER RUYSDAEL, THE WATCHMAKER.

Beneath the shadow of the old venerable castle of Rosenthal, on the Beateous river Rhine, there lived some years ago an humble husbandman with his family, the cultivators of a small patch of ground, whence they drew the meagre means of support. Hans Ruysdael, as this obscure tiller of the fields was named, and Greta his wife, though poor and hard-wrought, though rising early and lying down late, were contented with the lot which Providence had assigned them, and the only heavy sigh they uttered as to the rearing of their numerous children passed through their minds.

Besides requiring much labour, the grounds which Hans cultivated bore precarious crops. They were principally laid out for vines; and some seasons, from the effects of blighting winds and rains, these yielded scarcely any

harvest. It was sometimes in vain that Greta would toilsomely carry earth from the low grounds to the higher, and lay it at the roots of the plants where the soil was the thinnest, or that the elder children would be set to pick the dead leaves from the drooping stalks; or that Hans himself would turn up the ground with his powerful mattock, so as to expose it to the sun. In a single night a blighting wind would rush up the valley, and at a blow disconcert the toils and plans of the whole summer.

"It is clear, Greta," said Hans Ruysdael to his wife one day, after the occurrence of a calamity of this kind—"it is clear that at least one of the boys must leave us, and perhaps more than one. The family cannot all live in this wretched spot, and in such circumstances it is wisdom to disperse. What do you say, Greta, to our beginning with Walter; he is too feeble for this toilsome and precarious profession, and would do better as an artisan in Strasburg or some other large town?"

"I have had many sad thoughts on that score, dear Hans," replied Greta. "I should not by any means like to part with even one of them; but God's will be done, let Walter go. He may become a great man."

"I care nothing for that," rejoined the husband and father. "What I desire is to see my sons grow up honest men, diligent in their calling, whatever it may be. I say that a man, though ever so hard-working and obscure, if he be honest and happy in his own mind, is a great man—greater far than the overbearing and sinful barons who used to live in the proud old tower up yonder."

"No doubt of it, Hans; yet Walter is an aspiring child, and who knows to what height he may push himself."

Walter was delighted with the notion of going to Strasburg, to which it was arranged he should be taken, and placed under the charge of his uncle, the head worker in one of the principal watchmaking establishments of that city. Ever since he had seen the watch of a passing stranger, he had formed a fancy for mechanical pursuits, and took a pleasure in making wheels and other little objects with his knife—all which he exhibited to his twin-sister Margaret, who admired them as prodigies of ingenuity.

Influenced by necessity, as well as by what he perceived to be his boy's inclination, Hans applied to his brother, who promised, at the first vacancy, to place his nephew in a situation in the same employment with himself. A vacancy occurring when Walter was about fourteen years of age, and the master watchmaker being willing to gratify his foreman, Hans had the pleasure of learning that as soon as he could bring Walter to Strasburg, his brother would take charge of the boy, and set him to a good line of business.

Walter scarcely knew how or where he stood with joy and pride when his father told him the good news. Choking with emotion, he ran to the old tower, where his sister was at the time employed, and there poured out to her his full and happy heart. They sat down

together on a stone bench, and when Walter had finished speaking, she looked up in his face with her large tearful eyes. She thought how lonely she would be without him; but she remembered it was for his good, and she took his hand between hers and smiled. The brother and sister sat late that evening; but no one called them away, for they knew it would be their last evening together for many years—perhaps for ever. Walter talked of his projects for the future, and Margaret already fancied she saw him the great man which he wished to be. He promised her a watch of his own manufacture one day, and they counted the months and weeks which would elapse before they met again. Margaret scarcely liked to see him so glad to part with her, but she did not say so; and she talked to him of next Christmas, and her hopes that would be allowed to come and see them then, and that they should be very happy. Walter, however, was too full of his new greatness to think of returning so soon home; and his sister already thought she saw her brother was extinguishing affection in ambition. Her heart was heavy as they entered their father's dwelling, and tears forced themselves unbidden into her eyes.

The next morning was bright and beautiful as a May morning could be. Margaret had helped her mother to put up Walter's little bundle of clothes long before daybreak, and prepared a breakfast for him and her father. It had been arranged that they should travel by one of the barges employed in passing up and down the Rhine; for at that time no steam-vessels navigated the river. The only conveyances were these barges, and clumsy kind of boats, partly moved by oars and sails, but chiefly by means of horses yoked one after the other to a long rope passing from a mast in the barge to the shore. Hans's occupation near the banks of the river made him acquainted with many of the barge owners, and by some of them he was occasionally carried to Mayence and other places on the river to which his business led him. He had never, however gone as far as Strasburg with any of them. That was a long way up the river, and few barges went to such a remote distance. On the present occasion, he expected the passage upwards of an old acquaintance whose profession was the conducting of large rafts of timber from the Black Forest on the borders of Switzerland, down the Rhine all the way to Dort in Holland, and who therefore passed Strasburg in his voyage. Having performed his duty as conductor of the raft, and consigned it to the timber merchants who waited its arrival, Ludwig, as this pilot was called, was in the habit of returning up the Rhine in a barge along with the men under his charge.

Old and trustworthy Ludwig was now bending his way homewards to the Black Forest after one of these excursions. His barge had been perceived toiling its way up the strait of the Lurli, and was expected to pass the village and old tower of Rosenthal on the following morning.