

Emma. Dear Mrs. Smith, how glad I am to see you! And, Lucy, my sweet child, come and sit on my knee. I must have a kiss from those coral lips.

Jane. Cannot we prevail on you, ma'am, to leave little Lucy here for the day, we should find her quite an amusement, and she is so good a child, giving no trouble whatever?

At length, it was agreed between the ladies, that the child should visit them some other day instead; and, after many expressions of attachment on both sides, such as, 'we are so very glad to see you, and wish you would often call.' 'I shall always be happy to see you at my house,' they parted. And were not such expressions grown familiar to my ear, I should have imagined them to have been very dear friends, yet, no sooner had their guests left the house, than the young ladies began saying, 'I should be sorry to be on very intimate terms with her, for there is a something in her manner I cannot like.'

'I am glad,' said Emma, 'that she did not stay to dinner, though I pressed her;' and as for that tiresome child, said Jane, 'I am glad her visit is postponed, because, perhaps, it will be forgotten. She is so unruly, I am at a loss to know what we should do with her for a whole day.'

And now, both the ladies agreed to see no more company that morning, one of them having to write a letter, and the other wishing to arrange her cabinet; and so ringing the bell, they told the servant to answer all callers with "Not at home."

I leave my readers to comment on the foregoing. Perhaps they will say, such expressions are only intended as unmeaning civilities and are become so customary, that they are more empty ceremonies of etiquette, and being thus universally understood, may be practised very harmlessly. But, if we grant, for the sake of argument, that the practice exhibits but a shadow, is it not desirable to avoid the very appearance of evil? But, on the other hand, if not merely the shadow, but the real substance of insincerity, is thus disguised beneath the fair habiliments of civility and politeness, surely it is particularly desirable, that practices of so injurious a tendency, and so contrary to the spirit and letter of the Bible, should be ingeniously discarded, as the bane and disgrace of society.

#### GLASS.

Glass does not exist in a natural form in many places. The sight of a native crystal, probably, led men to think originally of producing a similar substance by art. The fabrication of glass is of high antiquity. The historians of China, Japan and Tartary, speak of glass manufactories existing there more than two thousand years ago. An Egyptian mummy two or three thousand years old, which was lately exhibited in London ornamented with little fragments of coloured glass. The writings of Seneca, a Roman author who lived about the time of our Saviour, and of St. Jerome, who lived five hundred years afterwards, speak of glass being used in windows. It is recorded that the Prior of the Convent of Weymouth, in Dorsetshire, in the year 674, sent for French workmen to glaze the windows of his chapel. In the twelfth century the art of making glass was known in this country. Yet it is very doubtful, whether glass was employed

in windows, excepting those of churches, and the houses of the very rich, for several centuries afterwards; and it is quite certain that the period is comparatively recent when glass windows were used for excluding cold and admitting light in the houses of the great body of the people, or that glass vessels were to be found amongst their ordinary conveniences. The manufacture of glass in England now employs about forty thousand people, because the article, being cheap, is of universal use.

*Working Man's Companion.*

#### POETRY.

For the Juvenile Entertainer.  
SPRING.

Young William was wishing for spring, and was told  
He perhaps ne'er would see it again;  
And it grieved him to think he ne'er more would be  
hold  
The fields and the woods their fair blossoms unfold,  
Adorning the lull and the plain.

But spring came again, with its nourishing showers,  
And enlivening heat of the sun—  
The beautiful birds sang among the green bowers—  
The bee and the butterfly ranged through the flowers,  
And it seemed like a new world begun.

"O why did you tell me," he earnestly cried,  
"Spring never to me might return?"  
"Because like the leaves of last year," I replied,  
"It was possible you might have sickened and died,  
And left us your exit to mourn."

"But could not that voice that awakens the flowers  
Recall me again from the grave?"  
"Yes, the author of their weak existence and ours,  
Who the warm stream of life through the universe pours,  
From the depths of destruction can save."

"For God to his creatures in mercy is rich;  
And to lead us to mansions of joy,  
He lessons from Nature hath placed within reach  
Of our daily and hourly observance, to teach  
We are immortal, and never can die."

#### ON MISSIONARIES.

I love to see Great Britain stretch  
From east to west, her empire's wings,  
Because her missions fly to teach  
The worship of the King of Kings.

Constrained by love, and clothed with zeal,  
They rush through danger, woe and pain,  
The law of kindness to reveal;  
In lands where cruelty doth reign—

In lands where moral darkness broods,  
Fomenting vice in the soul,  
And rank corruption's boiling floods  
Throughout the savage bosom roll.

Go ye swift messengers of love,  
To unlightened nations go—  
Proclaim His power who reigns above,  
Yet passed on earth a life of woe.

He died on earth that man may live,  
The life that angels do in heaven—  
The triumphs none but God can give,  
Are to his humble followers given.

By this we know the Almighty hand  
That rules all nature, is their guide:  
They will not rest till every land  
Is with the light of life supplied.

By this we know the Saviour's foes  
Will soon their malice see with shame,  
And melt away like summer snows,  
Or perish like the wasted flame.

But joy awaits that matchless band  
Whose lives are to their God resign'd,

Who join together heart and hand,  
To bless and to improve mankind.

Lord, of their number let us be,  
And of their toils give us a part—  
Our souls desire to come to thee,  
Who giv'st the pure, benevolent heart.

From a recently published volume of Poems.  
By Wm. P. Brown.

#### INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,  
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,  
Grow grey as the old man's, weak and poor,  
Who asked for alms at our pillared door?  
Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow,  
As he, when he told us his tale of woe?  
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?  
Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?

He said—but I knew not what he meant—  
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent,  
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,  
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest,  
And he told how his kindred there were laid,  
And the friends with whom in his youth he played,  
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell  
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!

He spoke of a home, where, in childhood's glee,  
He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee,  
And followed afar, with a heart as light  
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight;  
And pulled young flowers; where they grew 'neath  
beams

Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue stream;—  
Yet he left all these, through the earth to roam  
Why, O mother: did he leave his home?

"Calm thy young thoughts my own fair child!  
The fancier of youth and age are beguiled;—  
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn grey,  
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!  
There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,  
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek;  
But in joy they live, fair boy like thee—  
It was there the old man longed to be;

"For he knew that those with whom he had played  
In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage shed—  
Whose love he shared when their songs and mirth  
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth—  
Whose names from our world had passed away,  
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day—  
He knew that they, with all suffering done,  
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!

"Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,  
Where want with his pale train never may come,  
Oh! scorn not the poor, with the scorner's jest,  
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;  
For He who hath made them poor may soon  
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,  
And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild;  
Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

#### ON A WAVE.

This little briny curl  
That laves the weedy strand,  
And scatters liquid pearl  
On the bosom of the sand;

Did late with fury swell,  
And dash its foaming spray,  
While lofty timbers fell  
To winds and waves a prey.

Now, soft as summer airs,  
The murmur'ing gently dimes,  
While the next wave prepares  
Successively to rise.

Life is a changing scene,  
If now our lot be woe:  
To-morrow all serene  
Our peaceful hours may flow.