



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Many wish me "A Happy New Year"
They utter the words and they smile;
But happy some do not appear,
Tho' thus they would others beguile.

What then is a happy New Year
Is it, honour,—or talents,—or health?
No! The poorest its bright beams may cheer,
Which oft leave the gay mansion of wealth!

'Tis not pleasure, nor high sounding fame,
That will make me a happy New Year.
How many are blest,—BUT IN NAME,
And in secret they shed the full tear!

'TIS THIS MAKES A HAPPY NEW YEAR,—
To do good, and from evil to cease,
To love God and to live in his fear,
To seek and pursue heav'nly peace!

Then a happy New Year I shall find,
In TRUTH and OBEDIENCE and LOVE;
O Saviour but grant me thy mind,
And prepare me for pleasure above!

Then happy shall be my LAST year,
'Twill finish all SORROW and PAIN;
Then with Jesus I hope to appear,
And bliss everlasting to gain!

THE BRITISH FIRE-SIDE.

The pleasures and gratifications which flow from the Fire-side, may be considered as almost peculiar to these islands. In warmer climates the aid of fire is demanded for little else than ordinary purposes; whilst in the northern regions of continental Europe, the gloomy and unsocial stone forms, in general, the only medium through which the rigors of their intense Winter are mitigated. To the enraptured blaze, and the clean smouldering hearth, and to all the numerous comforts, which, in this country, so usually wait upon their junction, they are perfect strangers. Perfectly silent, and interesting as is the appearance of the fire, under the warmth, and sun, it is the genial influence of a summer that I look forward to without a preference, the falling leaf or drifting-sons, when closer the family circle, and ushers draws social and intellectual intercourse which constitutes the dearest charm, and, next to religion, the highest privilege of human existence.

When all without is wrapped in darkness, and the freezing blast howls eager for entrance round your dwelling, with what enjoyment do its inmates crowd to the cheerful hearth, and, as the flame glows brighter on their cheeks, listen, with a sensation of self-gratulating security, to the storm that shakes their solid roof. It is here that the power of contrast is experienced in all its force; not only in reference to the exposure, fatigues, and hazards, which may have been actually

incurred ere the day-light closed; but imagination is at work to paint the lot of those less fortunate than ourselves, and who, still exposed to all the horrors of the storm, feel the bitterness of their destiny augmented by intrusive recollections of domestic ease and fire-side enjoyments.

We owe the following lines to the learned and accomplished biographer of the poet Kirke White, who, describing in his *Madoc*, the adventurous vessel of his Hero driving before the storm, beautifully says:—

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And, with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us; but—to hear
The roaring of the raging elements,
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not; to look round, and only see
The mountain wave incumbent, with its weight
Of bursting waters, o'er the reeling bark,—
O God, this is indeed a dreadful thing!
And he who hath endur'd the horror, once,
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner!

THE ELOQUENCE OF SILENCE.

How eloquent is silence! Acquiescence, contradiction, deference, disdain, embarrassment, and awe, may all be expressed by saying nothing. It may be necessary to illustrate this apparent paradox by a few examples. Do you seek an assurance of your mistress' affection? The fair one, whose timidity shrinks from an avowal of her tender sentiments, confirms her lover's fondest hopes by a complacent and assenting silence. Should you hear an assertion, which you may deem false, made by some one, of whose veracity politeness may withhold you from openly declaring your doubt? You denote a difference of opinion by remaining silent. Are you receiving a reprimand from a superior? You mark your respect by an attentive and submissive silence. Are you compelled to listen to the frivolous conversation of a coxcomb? You signify your despicable opinion of him by treating his loquacity with contemptuous silence. Silence has its utility and advantages. And 1st. What an incalculable portion of domestic strife and dissension might have been prevented; how often might the quarrels which by mutual aggravation, has checked in the heat of passion, have been avoided by a well-timed and judicious silence. Those persons only who have experienced the beneficial effects of that forbearance, which to the exasperating threat, the malicious sneer, or the unjustly imputed culpability shall answer never a word. 2nd. There are not wanting instances where the reputation, the fortune, the happiness, nay the life of a fellow-creature, might be preserved by a charitable silence, either by the suppression of some condemning circumstance,

or by refusing to unite in the defamatory allegation. 3d. To any one who is anxious to pass for a person of deep reflection and superior understanding, I would recommend to say but little; silence being considered by many people as a certain indication of wisdom; and I must myself confess, that I should prefer the man who thinks much without speaking, to him who speaks much without thinking. Not that I would be supposed to be an advocate for habitual taciturnity. No one can better appreciate the delight derived from intellectual intercourse. Notwithstanding which, I see daily cause to admire the truth and justice of that apophthegm, which says "Of much speaking cometh repentance, but in silence is safety."

A CONTRAST.—How superior is a poor man with a rich spirit to a rich man with a poor spirit! To borrow the expression of St. Paul, he is "as having nothing, and yet possessing all things;" while the other presents the melancholy reverse—he is as possessing all things, and yet having nothing. The first hopes every thing, and fears nothing; the last hopes nothing, and fears every thing. There is no absolute poverty without poverty of spirit. The sunshine of the mind gives only the bright side. He who lives under its influence is courted by all men, and may, if he will, enjoy their goods without their troubles. The world is, as it were, held in trust for him; and, in freedom from care, he is alone entitled to be called a gentleman. He is the most independent of all men, because fortune has the least power over him. He is the only man that is free and unfettered; he may do what he pleases, and nothing is expected from him. He escapes importunity and flattery and feels a perpetual consciousness that he is not sought for but for himself. Suspicion of motives never chills his confidence, nor withers his enjoyment. He has an enriching power within himself, which makes his outward wants easily supplied with industry and prudence, without the necessity of anxious toil. A little is enough, and beyond is an incumbrance. This is the Christian doctrine, and the doctrine of reason, which ever go together.—*Elgin Courant*.

STATIONARY, &c.

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