

The World

"I HAVE SET WATCHMEN UPON THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM THAT SHALL NEVER HOLD THEIR PEACE, DAY NOR NIGHT."

VOL. I.

TORONTO, CANADA WEST, MONDAY, MAY 20, 1850.

No. 12.

Poetry.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly;
 "'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.
 The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
 And I have many pretty things to show when you get there."
 "Oh no, no!" said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain;
 For who goes up your winding stair comes never down again."
 "I am sure you must be weary with soaring up so high,
 Will you rest upon my pretty bed?" said the spider to the fly.
 "My bed has silken curtains, the sheets are fine and thin,
 And if you please to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in."
 "Oh no, no!" said the little fly; "I've often heard it said
 They never wake again who rest upon your bed."
 "I am sure you must be hungry," said the spider to the fly;
 "Will you look into my pantry?—my pantry is close by,
 There are dishes without number, and delicacies nice;
 And if you please to look within, perhaps you'll take a slice."
 "Oh no, no!" said the little fly; "indeed that cannot be;
 I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not want to see."
 "Sweet creature!" said the spider; "you are witty, and you're wise;
 How handsome are your gauzy wings! how brilliant are your eyes!
 You do not know how fine your shape, how slender and how fair,
 How beautiful your shining wings, with colours bright and rare!
 I've got a looking-glass within, upon a little shelf;
 And if you please to take a look, you may behold yourself."
 Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
 Pleased with these flattering words, forgot the danger that was nigh:
 Thinking only of her gauzy wings and of her brilliant eye!
 And slowly she came nearer now, and nearer, till at last
 The spider darted on his prey, and fiercely held her fast.
 He dragg'd her up his winding stair, and to his dismal den,
 And true it was poor little fly came never down again.
 And so, my little children, who may this story read,
 To idle, silly, flattering words, learn never to give heed.
 Against any evil counsellor close heart and ear and eye;
 And take a lesson from this tale of the spider and the fly.

Miscellany.

MEMOIR.

Letitia Geland was born in May, 1782.—Married to Mr. John Hunt in the year 1803; with him she arrived in Canada in 1832. She was for some years before her marriage, a member of the Methodist church; and as she was married in the twenty-first year of her age, she must have joined society very young, say some time between her twelfth and sixteenth year, and being by this means furnished with early advantages and superior religious instruction, she made good progress in the divine life. From the period of her first attendance upon that invaluable and peculiar institution of Methodism, the class meeting she appeared to be greatly impressed with the word of Divine Truth, and from all that I can learn, though being at one time so situated that she had not the privilege of class instruction and comfort, yet she seemed never to have lost the enjoyments of pure religion. The "joy of salvation" was her strength, and walking in the light of Immanuel's countenance, she delighted to show forth His kindness every morning, and His faithfulness every night.—Possessing, as she did, an amiable disposition, being affable, yet discreet, in her conversation and deportment, she was singularly entertaining and instructive as a companion. Indeed a knowledge of her virtues is the only requisite to appreciate the loss sustained by her husband, children, relations, and acquaintances. I will relate a circumstance or two in the history of her useful life to show her great trust in God, and the cheerful manner in which she lost her will to the will of her heavenly father, whenever it was made known; and also to show the immediate answers to prayer which she obtained.—When brother Hunt was about coming to this country, she was unwilling, however, Mr Hunt's

fun was good, and the purchaser bound to let a certain sum of money if he would disappoint. Brother U in like manner was bound to forfeit a certain amount if he did not give possession. Well, the day arrived when the purchaser came to get his fund, but he told Mr H that if he rued his bargain, he might retract and there would be no more about it. Brother Hunt then went to his wife, and said, "Letitia I will not bring you to America against your will, Mr. — (the purchaser) offers to give up his bargain if we wish, or to keep it as we like, so now is the time for you to say what we will do." She replied, "I have made tea ready for you and Mr. —, go and take your tea, and I will tell you when you are done." She then went to her closet, while they were at supper, when she came out, she said to her husband, "give it, give it to him now for God has encouraged me to go, and go I will, I feel as if I could actually run out of the house, leave friends and all, so clearly has God now revealed it to me that it is His will for us to go." They then took ship, but while on sea, they had a tedious voyage and at one time a great storm, her husband said, "I fear we shall never see land."—She replied, "then you need not fear, for God I know will settle us in America." Some time after Mr Hunt came to Bytown, he and his faithful partner took a journey to look for a piece of land upon which they might in peace pass the remainder of their pilgrimage. they came to Fitzroy, and as they were passing along through the woods, (there being no roads only blazed trees to guide them) bound for a place called "the shaws" or "Fitzroy harbor," looking about her she said "well here is land that I would like to live upon," her husband replied, "dear me, you have not travelled as much as I looking for land, add yet there is none that I have seen that pleases me as well as this, but perhaps it is bought already, and may not be for sale again," however, he made inquiries which resulted in his going to Nicholas Horton Esq. (singular as it may appear,) purchasing the very farm she then selected, and upon which she lived, and in which she is now interred.—After she came to Fitzroy, (where all her children are now comfortably settled, except Francis who is an acceptable and useful minister of our church in Canada East,) she was to a great extent deprived of the institutions of Methodism; occasionally, however, there was one of the Episcopal Methodist Ministers who preached at a Mr. Elletts across the Mississippi river whose ministry she attended. But when the Rev. James Brennan, (who was the first of our ministers that travelled in this District,) came to Fitzroy, approving as Mr Hunt did of our principles of church government, in preference to those of the old Connexion, he invited brother Brennan to establish an appointment in his house, and from that day to this, Br. Hunt's dwelling has ever been a "Preachers' home" for our Ministers. Thus it may be seen that sister Hunt was one of those mothers in Israel whose house was always open for the servants of God, and whose hand was ever ready to supply their wants. The day she obtained the brightest evidence of her acceptance with God was some years after her marriage. There appeared to be an unusual amount of trials and difficulties in the way of her getting to class that day, and she said to her husband who was one of the Leaders of the class in which she met, "I am afraid the people will be waiting for you, therefore you had better get off, and I am determined to follow you to meeting come what will, for if I can only get to class the eleventh hour the Lord will bless me." After some trial she started, and as she went along while meditating and praying, she saw her state clearly, when she got into the class room and knelt down to pray, "she felt as it were a flash of fire enter her heart," and she even looked round to see if she were near the fire, and being filled with holiness she could scarcely refrain from shouting aloud. Sister Hunt lived an active and

exemplary Christian. Her religion was not only theoretical, but also experimental, and practical. She possessed a truly benevolent heart. In a word, she ought to be remembered as one who possessed the true spirit of the Gospel of Christ. The death of sister Hunt was remarkably sudden; on the evening of the night in which she died, she was visited by her daughter, Mrs. Steward, who left her in her usual strength and health, indeed the last words that passed between them were, "mother you seem better than you were" (she had been complaining a little of a cold) "yes child I feel better," was the reply, but the same night she departed without a struggle or a moan, and without even the knowledge of her husband who was sleeping in the bed with her. Many die as sudden, but few, I fear, as safe. Her class mates are happy in the belief that she went down to her grave as a shock of corn fully ripe and fit for the master's use. In consequence of my absence at Bytown, her funeral obsequies were performed by the Rev. Mr. Hannah, a very useful minister of the Wesleyan Church. Our little class in Hunt's neighborhood has lost one of its best members—the Preachers have lost a warm and zealous friend—the husband an affectionate wife—the children a fond and worthy mother—and the circuit one of its finest female pillars. She who was the mistress and centre of that circle which was a peaceful home is now gone; she is now entombed in the damp and dreamless grave. Nay, verily, she is not there—she sleeps not in the silent sepulchre—'tis only the casket—the clay tenement that once held her sainted spirit, now returned to God who gave it, clothed with immortality, rests there. She has joined, I have no doubt, the blood sprinkled bands in the paradise of angels and of God. And He, who on the third day of April, 1850, took her home, has said, she "shall rise again" robed

"With immortal body, fair as the Lords."
N. C. GOWAN.

THE LAKE CONSTELLATION OF GENIUS.

A little after the commencement of this century, there was one remote spot in Britain, which almost divided the intellectual interest of the community with London itself. This was the vicinity of the Lakes. Beautiful exceedingly as the region was, it had acquired a charm which no combination of the elements of material loveliness could bestow. Round it had clustered some of the wisest and finest spirits then breathing. A very constellation of genius shone around the mountains of Cumberland, as if reflecting that great plough which turns up for ever the fields of the northern sky. There wandered Wordsworth—his eye "seeing more in nature than other men," and his deep voice murmuring "to the running brooks, a music sweeter than their own."—There like a dreaming flower, reposed the wizard Coleridge—not yet arrived at the darkest hour of his chequered story. There sat in his study, with its windows looking towards Skiddaw, the indomitable Southey passing at the sound of a clock from the wildest poetry to the calmest prose. There Bishop Watson gave good dinners, sauced, it is said, with not a little of what Lord Jeffery called "exceptionable talk." There—a wild Norland meteor, with floating hair and flashing eyes fluctuated to and fro—young Christopher North. There, poor Charles Lloyd, not yet a lunatic, speculated and poetised for a season. And there was to be seen, walking with Wordsworth beside the tarns, of reclining with Christopher North under the Ellary woods, or starting with offended feeling, as Bishop Watson, at the first interview, slapping him on the shoulder exclaimed, "What little fellow is this you have brought to-day, Wilson?" a small thin, pale-faced being with sharp features, and eye profound as death, De Quincey the gifted and unhappy English opium eater. And there for a few weeks, sojourned a tall shadowy form, with a hectic flush on his cheeks, a wild, shy fire, like that of a solitary bird, in his eye, with dress neglected, and hasty, impatient step—it was poor Shelley, spending some of his last days of happiness, with his first wife, by the brink of the peaceful Cumberland lake. The brilliant cluster has been entirely dissolved. Coleridge died far from the murmur of Grasmere springs, and the rustle of the heath of Helvellyn. Southey's

mind, about departed before his body. Watson, (tame works, and all) is long since buried. Lloyd, too, is dead. Professor Wilson lives, but his noble form is now seldom seen on the banks of Windermere. Dr. Quincey, one of the most learned and highly endowed men of the age, has nowhere to lay his head. Shelley slumbers in the eternal city. A year has nearly resolved since Bartley Coleridge, partaker of much of his father's genius, and of more than his father's frailties—"his shin as light as that of a child," was carried to his last resting place. And now it is a solitary star which shines over the classic region—solitary but immortal—the star so beautiful and large," of Wordsworth.—*Eclectic Review.*

A HINT AS TO EMIGRATION AND HAPPINESS.

If people are about to marry and settle in this country, it is but common justice to insist upon a fixed provision. There is a position to be kept up, and certain expenses are inevitable, that it would be sheer madness to marry without the means of meeting. But those of sufficient enterprise to emigrate escape such narrow bounds. True they must work in the colony: not even the richest soil and brightest sun will give them graciously home, food or clothes; but it is enough that they can win them by work. The land waiting for the new-comer, welcomes and enriches him with abundance. With the ties of the old home are left its difficulties and trammels. The world is not yet all thickly populated: in wood and wilderness, by river and sea shores, along the borders of lakes, on hill sides and vast prairies, are estates that shall become the inheritance of millions and millions of people brave enough to emigrate, who, or whose children, here, must toil and bear disappointment, and might withal break down and starve. There are things better worth living for than a laboriously-gained and hard-kept home in England. Those who emigrate make their youth time their own. There is too much of the "wait, wait," teaching here. neither youth, nor vigour, nor energy, nor the spirit of enterprise, nor the strength to conquer difficulties, wait. We have here but one life to live; day by day that passes, till life is lost. We float down the river along the flowery sun-bright bank, and still, as we would land in some green sheltered nook, and rest and gather flowers, we are told to "have patience;" that further on there are flowers more fragrant, and spots more beautiful; and still, as we turn to the shore, it is the same story, "on, on," and so the life is floated on to the mud banks of the age, and the ocean of graves, oblivion and eternity; and those who have preached this wisdom of delay can give us back no day, can return us nothing for the life they have lured us from. They can give the wearied hand no strength, the worn out heart no joy. We counsel all, therefore, that they help the young to enjoy the sunshine of their youth time. Warn them, lest on the voyage they land on quagmires, but never prevent their landing on dry ground—which all with enterprise may find in the colonies. Never run the risk of their looking back in old age with but bitter memories of those who might have glad-denied their existence. It has been the lot of most in childhood to have many a long-looked-to holiday spoiled by the ill grace with which some pet scheme for its enjoyment was alloyed. So is many a new beginning of life soured by previous sullen opposition. The young should never be sent forth under a cloud of frown; they should pass through flowers, not thorns, from the old home, there is wealth for the new home in the buoyancy with which they step across the threshold of the old. There often lies the difference of success or failure in the seemingly insignificant manner of the cold or friendly pressure of the hand. There is but small difference between sending people forth inspired for any effort, and depressed so that they can make no effort. Marriages are like portraits: with scarce any are all friends satisfied. Some deny the excellence even of those that the sun of heaven itself has drawn; and our own belief is, that if conclaves of relatives were to be listened to in either case there would soon be no portrait; and after a little, no Marriages in the world. The brightest side of emigration is that it offers the young homes, at once, in return for work, that here they might wear out both youth and prime in working and waiting for, and, after all, might never reach, or reach too late for happiness.