

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.

VIRTUE IS TRUE HAPPINESS.

(SINGLY, THREE HALY. PENCE.)

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1853.

No. 48.

Poetry.

THE DAY OF REST.

Rest, rest! it is the day of Rest—there needs no book to tell
The truth that every thoughtful eye, each heart can read so
well!
Rest, rest! it is the Sabbath morn, a quiet fills the air,
Whose whisper'd voice of peace repeats that rest is every-
where.

O weary heart! O heart of woe! raise up thy toil-worn brow,
The hills, the trees, the very breeze—they all are resting now;
The air is still, there is no sound, save that meeking hum,
The insect song of summer-time that from the woods doth come.

And even that seems fainter now, like voices far away
As though they only sang of rest, and labour'd not to-day
The hum of bees seems softer, too, from out the clear blue
heaven,
As if the lowliest creatures knew this day for rest was given.

The spacious tracts of meadow-land, of bean-fields and of wheat,
And all the glens, are undisturb'd by sound of labour's feet,
The cotter lies his slumberous path, with peace within his breast,
He leans idly by the garden-sidc, and feels himself at rest.

The streams, the trees, the woods, the breeze, the bird, and
preling lark,
Seem all to breathe a softer sound, a holier melody;
You little church, too, tells of rest, in all the summer air,
For the bell long since has ceased to peal that called to praise
and prayer.

But while I stand 'mid those tall elms, a sound comes creeping
near,
That falls like music heard in dreams upon my charmed ear;
Like music heard in dreams of heaven, that sweet sound doth
steal
From where the old church aisle repeats the organ's solemn
peal.

Now Heaven be praised! a gracious boon is this sweet rest to
me—
How many shall this truth repeat to-day on benedict knee!
How many a weary heart it cheers, how many an aching breast!
Now Heaven be praised, a gracious boon is this sweet Day of
Rest!

TERQUAY.

Picture,

Literary.

"ARE THERE NOT GREAT BOASTERS AMONG US?"

From Blackwood for October.

CONTINUED.

The English merchant and English tradesman were once great names. They wrote them so now, when there is anything to be obtained by the reputation. Every wall is posted with advertisements, solely that the sham should draw off attention from facts. We are so accustomed to hear a mere boast given out as truth, that, if we do not actually take the imposture for the reality, we dismiss Virtue with a laugh; we never give her a warm support, "laudatur et alget." We have caught the trick from our immediate neighbours, and shrug the shoulder—admit, if not pay lipity to the supremacy of humbug. All this while, we think, or at least say of ourselves, that we are the very best Christians in the world, too many of us doing not "as we would" be, but as we are "done by." We compass heaven and earth to make proselytes, not only to our religion, but to our morals and opinions, although, strange inconsistency, we have not entirely settled any of them; nor are we able to give a very coherent account of ourselves in any one of these particulars. But let me not be foolhardy enough

to take upon me to count the number of the sands. Yet I will say, that if our missionaries think it their business to inculcate the maxims of British morals—if they be worth exporting, they must be taken from some unknown depository. I will not subscribe my guinea till I am better informed. Hitherto, the fact has been forced upon thinking people, that both our moral and religious exports have been of a very dubious character.

A gentleman, with whom I am very intimately acquainted, told me the other day, on his return from the Mediterranean, that being desirous to purchase a shawl and a carpet, he requested a lady to accompany him to the bazaar, who was well acquainted with the national characters of the traders in the place. First they went to the shawl merchant. He was a Persian. He asked his price: the lady offered one-third. Oh, it was impossible. The lady very coolly reiterated—one-third. A very small advance was made, and the shawl was purchased. They then went to purchase the carpet—the merchant a Turk. He also gave his price. Without a moment's hesitation the lady assented. The price asked was paid, and the carpet purchased. It was one of those which had been so much admired in our Great Exhibition. My friend questioned his companion upon her extraordinarily different treatment of the two traders. Her reply was to this effect—the Persians never tell truth, the Turks never tells lies. The Turk puts his price conscientiously, and never abates; the other never obtains the price he asks, but from dupe. "Look on this picture and on this." I am sorry to publish in *Maga* that it is my belief that it would be a very advantageous barter, if, while we are sending out to the Turks so many religious missionaries, they would be pleased to send us a few moral missionaries. We might, indeed, then somewhat differ from the Modes and Persians in this, that if our practices rather resemble theirs than those of the Turks, they will not be after the character of their laws, which alter not.

There were two faggot-sellers: they met over a pint. "I can't think," says one, "for the life of me, how it is you sell 'em, for I can't; and yet I steal the wood." "Ay," replied the other, "but I steal the faggots." It is really to be feared that, in some low trades, honesty would be sure to go to the wall. I actually know of an industrious woman who set up a julle shop, and was obliged to give it up, because it went against her conscience to cheat. A man in the employ of a friend of mine made this confession, that he began life with a fair honesty, but was always poor. At last he thought it would not do; so, said he, I took to stealing a bit. But that did not answer neither, for he got into prison. "Then what do you do now, John?" said his worthy employer. "Well, sir," was the ready reply, "I do now mix it." The other day I read some statistical accounts of the metropolis, wherein it appeared that there are in London two hundred and forty thousand professional rogues, thieves, and id gen. s omne; besides of course, the unprofessionals, whom common roguery does not admit of the severity. This statement is enough to frighten country folk, and deter them from setting foot within reach of such a nest of hornets. Many a one upon his first entrance in the great

world, the Wen, is immediately tossed into a bed of fleas, or ten times worse, and finds his purse missing in the morning, or very soon after. And here a little to digress, let it be observed, that there is a field open to the sanitary commission that they will do well to enter upon, much more important than sewers. They say there are ten million enough in some London lodging-houses, where, if one farthing should be given for every individual of the disgusting species, the amount would exceed the National Debt. It will be said this is no iniquity—only a misfortune. Perhaps so—it is only given as a digression; and yet the proprietors make very solemn assertions that there is no such thing within their dwellings and some protest, as a grievance, that the gentleman must have brought them all himself, though his portmanteau and carpet-bags would not hold them. He might show the impossibility by weight and measure, as the maid did, who, when charged by her mistress with letting the cat out a pound of butter, put the cat in the scales, and proved she only weighed three-quarters of a pound. Brazenfaced impudence can put on any microdulia.

"For goodness' sake, minko haste," cried out a gentleman on the stairs of a hotel, after having collected the house by calling out murder—"for goodness' sake, make haste, or the bugs will throw me over the banisters."

I said that we ate at a loss what to eat, what to drink, and what to put on. And yet this is not all. Trades have accepted the motto, "Seem, and not be." Grieved am I to say any—literature and the arts do not escape. Both are given to parading, to puffing, to self-reviewing, to cutting, to slushing, to living upon other men's thoughts; and by pouring, as it were out of one phial into another, with a little adulteration, pass off the compound as original. The arts may be called "fine," because peculiarly liable to such fine distinctions. The secrets of picture-making are only learnt by experience. It costs much to have a nose, and pursue it: yet, to be anything in this all-knowing world, taste you must have. Mr. Somebody, the great dealer, has an unbounded original. He overhauls his mark—it does not sell. He puts it in a case, directs it—"To His Majesty the King of—"; perhaps it is forwarded and returned. Be that as it may, still it is in its case—the case in a conspicuous passage, the directions very large and plain—"To His Majesty." &c. The great connoisseur and perhaps public caterer, is invited to see other pictures—sees the case. "What have you here?" "Oh—the so-and-so." "What you are not going to send it out of the country? Well, keep it awhile—we will try to have it." He departs. It is more than probable the picture—perhaps, too, a very good one—may soon find its way into the National Gallery, or some great collection. The fraud is the thing.

The whole nation, with and without taste, feted and applauded Marshal Soult as if he had possessed the genius to paint his Murillo, or at least had come by them honestly. I do not remember any stir being made about the unprincipled way in which they were obtained, though the facts were acknowledged. The truth we are less sensitive than our forefathers as to the means of honesty and industry. I cannot