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## Poetry.

### HOW SOFTLY ON THE BRUISED HEART.

Flow softly on the bruised heart,  
A word of kindness falls,  
And to the dry and parched soul  
The moistening tear drops fall;  
Oh! if they knew, who walk the earth,  
What sorrow, grief, and pain,  
The power a word of kindness hath,  
To cure paradise again.

The weakest, and the poorest, may I  
This simple salience give,  
And bid delight to withered hearts  
Return again and live;  
Oh! what is his if love be low,  
A man's unkind to man;  
Or what the heaven that waits beyond  
This brief but mortal span?

As stars upon the tranquil sea,  
In mimic glory shine,  
So words of kindness in the heart  
Betray their source divine;  
Oh! then be kind whoe'er thou art,  
That breathe'st moral breath,  
And it shall brighten all thy life,  
And sweeten every death.

## Literature.

### PERSEVERANCE. OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RODERIC GRAY.

(CONCLUDED.)

Thus did five years pass on, and during that period I hardly ventured to lift up my eyes in her presence; though throughout that period I had said within my heart, *Jessy Mortimer shall be my wife*, and that was a bold thought for the son of a barman to entertain towards the daughter of a wealthy nabob. But throughout my whole life I had endeavored to put into practice my father's counsel concerning perseverance, and most of all was I determined to follow it in the subject which was dearest in my heart.

I remember the first time I ever spoke to Jessy. When I say the first time I spoke to her, I mean the first time that my soul spoke to her through my lips. For more than five years we had exchanged the common civilities of society with each other; but the language of the heart is over a sealed volume, when the cold, fashioned ceremonies of society have to be observed.

But to proceed—I was now upwards of eighteen, and the children under my tuition were to be removed to a public school. It was no disgrace to me that they were to be so removed, for I knew it from the beginning of my engagement. Yet I felt it as disgrace—as more than disgrace—because that it would tear me from the side of Jessy, on whom my eyes lived, and my mind dreamed. I had no wish to be a teacher, no ambition to become a minister; and her father had procured for me a situation as clerk to a broker in London. But to me the thoughts of departure were terrible. Every thing within and around the Colonel's establishment had become things that I loved. I loved them because Jessy loved them, because she saw them, touched them, was familiar with, and in the midst of them. They had become a portion of my home. I was unhappy at the thought of leaving them, but beyond every other cause my mind was without comfort at the thought of leaving her—it was hopeless, deso-

late. It was like causing a memory by lotes to perish in my heart.

It was in the month of September, I was wandering amidst the wooded walks upon her father's grounds. The rainbow'd bionzo of autumn lay upon the trees, deepening as it lay. The sun hung over the western hills; and the lark, after its summer silence, carolled over the heads of the last reapers of the season, to cheer their toil. A few solitary swallows twittered together, as if crying—"come—come!" to summon them to a gathering and departure. The wood-pigeon cooed in the plantations, and as the twilight deepened, the plaintiveness of its strain increased. As I have said, I was then wandering in the wooded walks upon Colonel Mortimer's grounds, and my thoughts were far too deep for words. While I so wandered in lonely melancholy, my attention was aroused by the sound of foot-steps approaching. I looked up, and Jessy Mortimer stood before me. I was too bashful to advance, —too proud, too attached towards her to retire.

We stood as though an electric spark had struck both. I trembled, and my eyes grew dim, but I saw the rose die upon her cheeks. I beheld her ready to fall upon the ground,—and half unconscious of what I did, I sprang forward, and my arm encircled her waist.

"Jessy!—Miss Mortimer!" I cried, "pardon me—speak to me."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, "Roderic!" I approached her—I took her hand. We stood before each other in silence. She drew herself up,—she fixed her eyes upon me. "Sir," she retained, "I will not pretend to misunderstand your meaning; but remember the difference that exists in our situations."

"I remember it, Miss Mortimer,—I do. I will remember it, Jessy. There is a difference in our situations."

I sprang from her, I thought I felt her hand detaining mine; and as I rushed away, I heard her exclaim—"Stay Roderic! stay!" But wounded pride forbade me,—it withheld me. I thought of my father's and of my mother's words—"persevere! persevere!" and while I thought, I felt a something within, which whispered that I should one day speak to the daughter of Colonel Mortimer as her equal.

As I rushed away, I turned round for a moment to exclaim—"Farewell Jessy!—we shall meet again!" Methought, as I hurried onward, I heard the accents of broken-hearted agony following after me; and through all, and over all, her voice was there. But I would not, I could not return. It was better to feel the arrow in my soul, than to have a new one thrust into it.

In a few days I took my departure towards London. I earned with me the letters of introduction which her father had given me. The broker to whom he recommended me was a Mr. Stafford. He received me civilly, but at the same time most coldly, and pointing with his finger to the desk, said, "You will take your place there."

"I did so, and in a very few weeks I became acquainted with the minutiae of a broker's office. I perceived the situation which my senior clerks occupied, and I trusted one day to be as they

were. I had heard them tell of our master having come to London with only half-a-crown in his pocket, and I thought of my father's maxim "persevere," and that I might do even as my master had done.

There were a dozen clerks; and three years had not passed, until I occupied one of the chief seats in the counting-house. I became a favorite with my employer, and one in whom he trusted.

During that period I had heard nothing of my early benefactor,—nothing of Jessy—but my thoughts were full of them.

Now it came to pass, somewhat more than three years after I had arrived in London, that, one day as I was passing up Aldgate, a person stopped me, and exclaimed—"Roderic!"

"Esau!" I returned, for his name was Esau Taylor.

"The same," he replied, "your old school-fellow."

Hunger sat upon his cheeks,—starvation glared from his eyeballs,—necessity flitted around him as a ragged robo. The shoes upon his feet were the ghost of what they had been. His whole apparel was the laughing-stock of the wind; but my father had taught me to despise no one, however humble. It was a saying of his, "look to the heart within a breast, and not to the coat that covers it," and therefore I received Esau Taylor kindly. He was the son of an extensive farmer in our neighborhood, and although I wondered to find him in a situation so distressed, I recollected that in London such things were matters of every-day occurrence. Therefore I did not receive him coldly because of the shabbiness of his coat, and the misery of his appearance. I knew that I was the son of a barman, and that my father's coat might be out at the elbows.

"Ha, Esau! my dear fellow," said I to him, "when did you come to town?"

"Several weeks ago," he replied.

"And what have you been doing?" said I.

"Nothing, nothing," he rejoined.

"Well," said I, "will you meet me in this house to-morrow? You were always good at figures, Esau; you can keep accounts. I think I can do something for you; and if you persevere, I doubt not but that you may arrive at the top of the tree, and become the managing clerk of the establishment."

"Thank you! thank you! thank you!" said Esau, grasping my hands as he spoke.

"Ah!" said I, "there is no necessity for thanks; I am a plain, blunt person. I did not know you personally in the place of my nativity, but I remember having seen you. I remember also you friends; and as a townsman, it will give me pleasure to know that I can be of service to you."

Esau grasped my hand, and he shook it as though he would have taken it from the elbow. I was certain he would obtain the situation which I had in view for him. We sat down together,—we talked of old times, when the feelings of our hearts were young; and amongst other things, we spoke of Jessy Mortimer. I sat—I drank with him—we became happy together—we be-