

THE FEMALE.

The following natural and true description of the parental comfort derived from female children, is from a speech of Burrows, an eminent Irish lawyer—"The love of offspring, the most forcible of all our instincts, is even stronger towards the female, than the male child. It is wise that it should be so—it is more wanted. It is just it should be so—it is more requited. There is no pillow, on which the head of a parent, anguished by sickness, or by sorrow, can so sweetly repose, as on the bosom of an affectionate daughter: Her attentions are unceasing. She is utterly incapable of remaining inactive. The boy may afford occasional comfort and pride to his family—they may catch glory from his celebrity, and derive support from his acquisitions—but he never communicates the solid and unceasing comforts of life, which are derived from the care and tender solicitude of the female child: She seems destined by Providence to be the perpetual solace and happiness of her parents. Even after her marriage, her filial attentions are unimpaired. She may give her hand and heart to her husband, but still she may share her cares and attentions with her parents, without a pang of jealousy or distrust from him. He only looks on them as the assured pledges of her fidelity and the unerring evidences of a good disposition."

POETRY.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

The little brook that softly steals
 Along the sheltered vale,
 Whose placid bosom seldom feels
 The tumult of the gale—
 Apt emblem, in its course so even,
 Pourtrays the Christian's path to heaven.

To steal along through life,
 Remote from war and crime,
 Superior to the vulgar strife,
 That stirs the tide of time—

'Tis God alone, thus calm and even,
 Can lead the Christian on to heaven.

Yet many to that land of rest,
 Through fire and wave have gone,
 And mine may be a troubled breast,
 With sorrows yet unknown :
 But joy or sorrow, rough or even,
 Oh, let my final rest be heaven.

ON IDOLS.

What is an idol ? Every breast
 Has idols of its own—
 Sometimes of gold and silver bright,
 Sometimes of wood and stone.

And there are idols—sins I mean—
 Which old and young adore ;
 O God of mercy, in thy love
 Destroy them evermore.

If there be aught the world contains,
 Which I love more than thee ;
 That sinful love, within my heart
 Idolatry must be.

Then take that sinful love away,
 And place thy love within :
 And break down every image there
 That bears the shape of sin.

O give me, with a contrite mind,
 To bend before thy throne,
 And offer humble prayer and praise
 Through Jesus Christ alone.

Deeply inscribed upon my heart
 Let thy commandments be—
 That there may live within my heart
 None other God but thee.

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