

Great Spirit of the past!
 God of the future! teach the road,
 By which in death is found
 The land of souls! that bless'd abode—
 The happy hunting ground!

[*Montreal Garland.*]



THINK OF ME.

Oh! think of me when distant far thou'rt roving

In stranger lands,
 When joyously thou'rt moving
 'Midst laughing bands;
 When lightly beats thy heart to music's measure,
 When thrills thy soul with ecstasy or pleasure,
 Then think of me.

Oh! think of me when sorrow's darkly gleaming

O'er thy rough way,
 When eyes once proudly beaming,
 Are turned away;
 When by the proud and gay thou art forsaken,
 And care, thee from thy dreams of bliss awakes,
 Then think of me.

Oh! think of me, my heart's best, holiest feeling
 Is still, still thine,
 Thoughts deeply, wildly stealing,
 Are ever mine;

The smiles of joy, the merry notes of gladness,
 To my tired soul are nought but grief and sadness,

Oh! think of me.

Oh! think of me, this world's cold storms are blowing

In angry blasts;
 The streams of bliss once flowing
 Too bright to last,
 Their course have run, and woe is sternly reigning,
 And life's dim lamp is slowly, surely waning,
 Think, think of me.

Oh! think of me, withhold me not thy blessing,
 Nought else I crave,
 The willow trees caressing
 My early grave;

The flowers of life are withering, fading, dying,
 My soul for some sweet haven of rest is sighing,

Oh! think of me.

St. John, February, 1843.

HARRIET.



[*From the Montreal Garland, for February.*]

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

For the first time in my life, I have been to-day, in an American Cotton Mill. I went through it, and surveyed both its *living*, and its inanimate machinery. I have been through mills of most huge dimensions in England, of which this one seemed to me, a bright and elegant miniature edition. The gigantic vastness of an English mill is more imposing, but the superior cleanness of an American mill is more pleasing. Hordes of children pant wearily in an English mill; in an American one, but few children are employed. Fewer men, also, are engaged in American Cotton Factories. The principal operatives, therefore, in American cotton factories, are young girls. They come to these factories from all parts of the country in New England; are daughters of farmers; many of them well educated, and most of them of excellent character. After a few years of hard work, they return, and marry on the strength of their earnings. In the mills they are decently dressed, and on holidays, they are the gayest of the gay. In looks they are generally pretty; in appearance, healthy; in demeanour, modest and retiring. One evil in American Factories corresponds to a like one in those of England: and that is long hours of labour.—Here I find that work commences with the light, and closes, at the present season, at six. In summer time it commences at five in the morning, and closes only at seven in the evening. An hour and a half each day, I believe, is allowed for meals. I have, myself, a theory against factories, in their most mitigated operations; but as, with our civilization, so many fellow creatures are likely to be engaged in them, I trust that facts may prove my theory false. That much may be effected to render such labour consistent with all that is best in the development of human nature, the literary productions of the Lowell Factory girls evince; and where much has been done, there may be more. Girls from England and Canada, I found, had been enlisted into work in the mills here; and, although the managers discovered that some of them were rather rebellious creatures, others were highly appreciated, for peaceful and docile industry. Factories, I know, *must be*, and as they *must*, let them be as consistent with the happiness of their laborious workers, as every human effort can make them. But as it is, there are few modes of occupation that give me less pleasurable emotions, than these immense combinations of

The great mass of men are interested only for principles best calculated to ensure to them liberty, prosperity, peace, and happiness.