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TO-DAY AND TOMORROW.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

High hopes that burn'd like stars sublime,
Go down in the heavens of Freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterlest need 'em!
But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness to-day,
The Promised Land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming!
Yet life beats in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's spring is coming!
And Freedom's tide comes up a-way,
Though we may strand in sorrow;
And our good bark, a-ground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow.

Through all the long dark night of years,
The people's cry ascendeth,
And earth is wet with blood and tears:
But our meek sufferance endeth!
The few shall not forever sway,
The many moil in sorrow:
The powers of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall rise to-morrow.

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling future glisten!
For, lo! our day bursts up the skies.
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens her with sorrow:
Keep hearts who bears the cross to-day,
Shall wear a crown to-morrow.

O youth! flame earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of desire,
Our yearning opens a portall
And though age wears by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
The harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call;
O chivalry of labor!
Triumph and Toil are twins and aye
Joy runs the cloud of Sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day,
Brings victory to-morrow.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

T. S. Arthur tells a good story about a loving couple in New Jersey, who belong to the Methodist church. A new president elder, Mr. N., was expected in that district; and as the ministers all stopped with brother W. and his wife, every preparation was made to give him a cordial reception. The honest couple thought that religion in part consisted in making some parade, and therefore the parlor was put in order, a nice fire was made, and the kitchen was replenished with cake, children, and every delicacy, preparatory to cooking.

While Mr. W. was out at his wood pile, a plain looking, coarsely dressed, but quiet-like pedestrian came along and inquired the distance to the next town. He was told that it was three miles. Being very cold, he asked permission to enter and warm himself. Assent was given, and he went to a

him a chair beside the Dutch oven which was baking nice cakes for the presiding elder, who was momentarily expected, as he was to preach the next day at the church a mile or two beyond.

The stranger after warming himself, prepared to leave, but the weather became inclement, and as his appetite was roused by the viands about the fire, he asked for some little refreshment ere he set out for a cold walk to the town beyond. Mrs. W. was displeased, but on consultation with her husband, some cold bacon and bread were set out on an old table and he was then somewhat gruffly told to eat. It was growing dark and hints were thrown out that the stranger had better depart, as it was three long miles to town. The wife grew petulant as the new preacher had not arrived, and her husband sat whistling the air of "Auld Lang Syne," while he thought of the words of the hymn—"When I can read my title clear," and felt as if he could order the stranger off without any further ado.

The homely meal was at last concluded—the man thanked him kindly for the hospitality he had received, and opened the door to go. But it was quite dark, and the clouds denoting a storm filled the heavens.

"You say it is full three miles to D——?"
"I do," said Mr. W. coldly; "I said so when you first stopped, and you ought to have pushed on like a prudent man. You could have reached there before it was quite dark."

"But I was cold and hungry, and might have fainted by the way."

The manner of saying this touched the farmer's feelings a little.

"You have warmed and fed me, for which I am thankful. Will you not bestow another act of kindness upon one in a strange place, and, if he goes out in the darkness, may lose himself and perish in the cold?"

The particular form in which this request was made, and the tone in which it was uttered, put it out of the farmer to say no.

"Go in there and sit down," he answered, pointing to the kitchen, "and I will see my wife and hear what she says."

And Mr. W. went into the parlor where the supper table stood, covered with snow-white cloth, and displaying his wife's set of blue-egg'd china, that was only brought out on special occasions.

The tall mould candles were burning thereon, and on the hearth blazed a cheerful fire;

"Hasn't that old fellow gone yet?" asked Mr. W. She heard his voice as he returned from the door.

"No and what do you suppose? He want us to let him stay all night."

"Indeed, we'll do no such thing. We can't have the likes of him in the house now. Where could he sleep?"

"Not in the best room, even if Mr. N. should not come."

"No, indeed!"

"But really I don't see Jane, how we can turn him out of doors. He doesn't look like a very strong man, and it's dark and cold, and full three miles to——"

"It's too much: he ought to have gone on before he had daylight; he can't linger here as he

"But what can we do with him?"

"He seems like a decent man at least; and doesn't look as if he had any thing bad about him. We might make him a bed on the floor somewhere."

"I wish he had been at Guinea before he came here!" said Mrs. W. fretfully. The disappointment the conviction that Mr. N. would not arrive, occasioned her to feel, and the intrusion of so unwelcome a visitor as the stranger, completely unhinged her mind.

"Oh, well," replied her husband, in a soothing voice, "never mind. We must make the best of it. He came to us tired and hungry and we warmed and fed him. He now asks shelter for the night and we must not refuse him, nor grant his request in a complaining or reluctant style. You know what the Bible says about entertaining angels unawares."

"Angels! did you ever see an angel look like him?"

"Having never seen an angel," said the farmer smiling, "I am unable to speak as to their appearance."

"This had the effect to call an answering smile from Mrs. W. and a better feeling at her heart. It was finally agreed between them that the man, as he seemed like a decent kind of person should be permitted to occupy the minister's room if that individual did not arrive, an event to which they both looked with but little expectancy. If he did come, why the man would have to put up with poor accommodations.

When Mr. W. returned to the kitchen, where the stranger had seated himself before the fire, he informed him that they had decided to let him stay all night. The man expressed in a few words his grateful sense of their kindness, and then became silent and thoughtful. Soon after the farmer's wife, giving up all hope of Mr. N.'s arrival, had supper taken up, which consisted of coffee, warm short cake, and broiled chickens. After all was on the table, a short conference was held as to whether it would do not to invite the stranger to take supper. It was true they had given him as much bread and bacon as he could eat, but then, as long as he was going to stay all night it looked too inhospitable to sit down to the table and not ask him to join them. So, making a virtue of necessity, he was kindly asked to come to supper—an invitation which he did not decline. Grace was said over the meal by Mr. W., and the coffee poured out, the bread helped, and the meat carved.

There was a fine little boy, six years old, at the table, who had been brightened up and dressed in his best, in order to grace the minister's reception. Charles was full of talk, and the parents felt a mutual pride in showing him off, even before their humble guest, who noticed him particularly, though he had not much to say. "Come, Charley," said Mr. W., after the meal was over, and he sat leaning in his chair, "can't you repeat the pretty hymn-mamma learned you last Sunday?"

Charley started off without further invitation, and repeated very accurately two or three verses of a new camp-meeting hymn, that was just then very popular.

"Now let us hear you say the commandments, Charley," spoke up the mother, well pleased at her child's performance.

The child hesitated, and then, looking up at the stranger, near whom he sat, said innocently—

"How many are there?"

The man thought for some moments, and said, as if in doubt,

"Eleven, are there not?"

"Eleven!" ejaculated Mrs. W., in unfeigned surprise.

"Eleven?" said her husband, with more reluctance than astonishment in his voice. "Is it possible, sir, that you do not know how many commandments there are? How many are there, Charley? Come, tell me—you know, of course."

"Ten replied the child.

"Right, my son," returned Mr. W., looking with a smile of approval on the child. "Right. There isn't a child of his age in ten miles who can't tell you there are ten commandments."

"Did you ever read the Bible, sir?" addressed the stranger.

"When I was a little boy I used to read it sometimes. But I am sure I thought there were eleven commandments. Are you not mistaken about there being only ten?"

Sister W. lifted her hands in unfeigned astonishment, and exclaimed,

"Could any one have believed it! such ignorance of the Bible!"

"Mr. W. did not reply, but rose, and going to the corner of the room where the good book lay upon the small stand, he put it on the table before him, and opened at that portion in which the commandments are recorded.

"There!" he said placing his finger upon the proof of the stranger's error. "There look for yourself!"

The man came round from his side of the table and looked over the stranger's shoulder:

"There! ten, d'ye see?"

"Yes, it does say," replied the man; "and yet it seems to me there are eleven. I'm sure I have always thought so."

"Doesn't it say ten here?" inquired Mr. W., with marked impatience in his voice.

"It does certainly."

"Well what more do you want? Can't you believe the Bible?"

"Oh yes, I believe the Bible; and yet it strikes me somehow that there must be eleven commandments. Hasn't one been added somewhere else?"

Now this was too much for brother and sister W. to bear. Such ignorance of sacred matters they felt to be unpardonable. A long lecture followed, in which the man was scolded, admonished, and threatened with divine indignation. At his close he modestly asked if he might not have the Bible to read for an hour or two before retiring for the night. This request was granted with more pleasure than any of the preceding ones.

Shortly after supper the man was conducted to the little square room, accompanied by the Bible. Before leaving him alone, Mr. W. felt it to be his duty to exhort him to spiritual things, and he did so most earnestly for ten or fifteen minutes. But he could not see that his words made much impression, and he finally left his guest, lamenting his obstinacy and ignorance.

In the morning he came down, and meeting Mr.