

### Family Reading.

#### SELF-DENIAL AND ENDURANCE.

(From the Franny Post.)

One of the chief characteristics of the present age, is certainly its self-indulgence and love of ease and comfort. It may be doubted whether the numberless contrivances which are daily invented to minister to the luxury and convenience of those who can afford to pay for them (a class very numerous now, owing to the cheap rate at which many of those luxuries may be procured), tend as much to the real happiness and well-being of the community as at first might appear. It can be proved that the tendency of these various luxuries is to relax the energies, by diminishing the necessity for exertion, and to produce a soft, effeminate character, we surely must fear that the rising generation will grow up a self-indulgent race, incapable of generous self-denial or manly endurance.

What, for example, will our sons ever know of the exertions and hardships of travelling which their fathers underwent? The young railroad traveller, who is conveyed without effort on his own part from place to place, what can he possibly tell of the fatigue and intense suffering from cold in the early morning or night air, which his father endured when, mounted on the top of a coach, he performed the same journey in many painful hours which his son now accomplishes with ease in a few minutes. We often hear this very convenience of railroad travelling brought forward as proof of the advantages of modern times. I may be a prejudiced old man, but I cannot help thinking that our youthful traveller will lose much, both in hardness of character, power of endurance, and knowledge of life, which his father acquired by mixing with all classes in his stage-coach journeys of former days. Don't suppose, because I say this, that I am so absurd as to wish the railroads were torn up and the old coaches put on the road again; or that I forget that people save a great deal of time in modern travelling, which, if they rightly use it, would partially counterbalance the loss I speak of.

What I have said of travelling will apply with equal force in many other ways. Education is no longer the harsh stern thing that it used to be; and though I am by no means an advocate for severity, yet I sometimes doubt whether our present system does not err on the other side; whether, by our assiduous contrivances for removing all physical discomforts or privations from our children, we are not inflicting on our country a race puny and feeble, both in body and mind; may, worse still, a race not only weak and indolent, but selfish and hard-hearted; for who so selfish as those who are immersed in their own personal and material comforts, and who so hard-hearted, for the most part, as those who have never known what it is to suffer?

That a life of hardship and exertion has a tendency to produce that class of manly and heroic virtues which the present self-indulgent habits of vast numbers among us have a direct influence to extinguish, is a truth forced upon my observation by my connection with a class of men whose life is one of constant toil, and frequent exposure to suffering and danger. I allude to the seamen engaged in the merchant service. Little does the world in general know or appreciate the trials and hardships undergone by these men, their courageous enterprise, their unflinching firmness, their heroic struggles in situations of extreme danger and difficulty. Yet to them are our luxurious people mainly indebted for most of the physical comforts they enjoy, for even our home manufactures could not be carried on without our imports from abroad. It is my intention in the following story, not to work up a tale of fictitious adventures, or even to color the truth highly by way of exciting the imagination of my readers, but to give a simple and unembellished account of some passages in the seaman's life, in the plain style of language in which they were related to me by the very actors in those trying scenes. I must add that the instances I shall bring forward are by no means of an unusual or singular kind, but that many cases of equal difficulty and suffering are constantly coming under my notice. I shall begin by the narrative of a seaman belonging to a brig of about 200 tons, engaged in the palm oil trade from Bonny River, on the western coast of Africa, to Liverpool. His was a tale not only of danger and difficulty, faced with resolution and firmness, but of privation and anxiety, borne with unrepining patience; and here let me remark, that if one or two of my dainty young acquaintances had been passengers on board the good brig—during her last voyage, they might have learnt a lesson of self-denial and endurance which would have been of service to them through life. But now let me commence my story.

"We sailed, sir," said my friend the sailor, a fine manly youth, of about two or three-and-twenty, "upon the 9th of September, 18—, from Bonny River. Our vessel was bound for Liverpool, being laden with a cargo of palm oil and peppers. Palm oil, as you doubtless know, sir, is the juice of the nut or fruit of the palm tree, (*Elias Guineensis*) and is a great article of trade on the western coast of Africa, south of Fernando Po. It is something of the thickness of butter, and is of a yellowish color. You must often have seen them greasing the wheels of the railway carriages with it. The blacks eat it as we do butter, but I can testify to its being good not much to the taste of a Christian. Well, as I said before, we set sail on the 9th of September, our vessel being then tight, staunch, and strong, well manned, rigged and fitted, the masts and pumps all in order, the black natives took in exchange for the freight with which we were now returning to our own country. The first part of our voyage was prosperous, but upon the 25th of December we were overtaken by a violent gale from the west, in which the vessel laboured hard, was much strained, and sprung a leak. A sea stove in the bulwarks, and washed the spars and galleys from the lashing. The gale continued until about 21st, when another sea struck the vessel, which stove in the cabin dead-light, and deluged all below with water, soaking books, charts, papers, nautical instruments, and all other articles in the cabin. In spite of wind and waves, the captain kept his course, the crew being engaged chiefly at the pumps until the 4th of January, when the vessel veered southwards to the south, we being then about 500 miles to the west of Cape Clear. A heavy sea was breaking right over us, and carried away the rudder head, the vessel striking great quantities of water. The leaks were increasing, and the crew were almost exhausted, four of our men being sick below, and unable to perform any work; the rest of us kept the pumps going as well as we were able, until the evening of the 6th of January, when the rudder was carried away by the violence of the waves. Night was closing in around us, and a gale was then blowing from the southwest, with a frightful sea. The same wave that tore away the rudder washed one of our boat hands overboard. His loud scream for help, which we were unable to afford him, was heard above the roaring of the wind and the sea and the crash of broken spars, and made a cold shudder run through each of our hearts among us. 'There was not one of us who did not breathe a prayer for mercy on the soul of the drowning man. Yes, sir, some among us, who had never prayed before, and who had hitherto led thoughtless, careless lives, first learnt to pray on that fearful night. On the evening of the 7th, three of our sick men breathed their last. One of them had been insensible for some time, and died unconscious of all that was going on around him. Another, for several days before his death, had been delirious, and although the weather had become intensely cold, fancied himself in the burning jungle of Africa. He raved of the tropical fruits he thought he saw hanging on the trees above his head, and which he tried in vain to reach in order to cool his thirst, and in the fever that consumed him, he impatiently cast off every covering which we laid upon him. The third who died was a link of fourteen, my own brother. He sunk under the same fever which his comrades died of. Poor boy! he hid his head on my shoulder, and expired without a struggle in my arms. He was my only brother, sir; I had the charge of him ever since he was seven years old, for we were orphans, and now he is dead and I am alone in the world.'

"On the 8th of January we had put over the ship's stern ten fathoms of chain cable, floated by a spar, in order to steer the vessel by tackle attached to another spar placed across the deck abaft the mainmast. Our work, however, was scarcely completed, when we found the leak gaining so fast upon us that we were obliged to ship the chain and attend only to the pumps. The wind and sea continuing in the same boisterous state. The starboard pump had got damaged and useless, and the vessel had to be steered by the sails, in order to keep her from sinking on the starboard tack. We were drifting fast northwards, the brig being now perfectly unmanageable. Our provisions were almost exhausted, and the water in the casks well nigh spent. We must have died of hunger had it not been for the cargo of palm oil, which in this our extremity served us for food, and thus saved our lives. From this day forward, the 8th of January, we had nothing to subsist on but palm oil and peppers, mixed with a wine glass of flour and the same of rice, and half a pint of water served out to each man daily. We took it in turn to work day and night at the laborious pump. Being entirely at the mercy of the winds and the waves, we felt in this protracted struggle for life that it was a chance that we ever should behold land again; a chance, did I say; oh no, sir, we all felt that we were in the hands of an over-ruling Providence. The perils of the deep open a man's heart, sir, to religion, and we all of us, I humbly trust, became more thoughtful men during that fearful voyage.

"On the 18th of January our hopes revived by the distant sight of land; it proved to be the rocky coast of the Shetland Islands. The captain had the boat lowered, and we all got into it and abandoned the brig, thinking to save our lives by rowing to the shore. The wind had somewhat abated, but we soon found that no boat could live in such a sea, so, reluctantly, we put back to the ship, to wait if possible for more moderate weather. Onwards we drifted, powerless to arrest our involuntary course. We passed so near the shore that we could distinguish the sea birds on the cliffs and hear the screams of the cormorant on his rocky perch. Onwards we drifted still to land was impossible, for the sea ran mountains high, and we heard the distant roar of the breakers dashing on the rocks. Onwards, still onwards did we speed, and now the rocks receded from our lunging eyes, and we were once again in the wide ocean; no land in sight, our hopes well nigh extinguished in anguish, I had almost said in despair, to see the sun of that day go down. But, as I observed before, Providence watched over us; we were to be tried to the utmost, but not lost. Three days of mortal anxiety passed over our disappointed at the Shetland Islands, and still the ship bore away northwards. It

was of God's mercy that the wind did not veer and drive us off into the boundless Northern Ocean, there to perish to a certainty. But it kept steady, and upon the 21st of January, to our inexpressible joy, we made the Faro Islands, and letting go our anchor, brought up the vessel opposite the island of Phlegoe. In order to save her from capsizing, we cut away both masts, as she was then water-logged. The Faro Islands, as you doubtless know, belong to Denmark. There are 22 of them, but only 17 are inhabited. The coasts are steep and rugged, and the interior of the islands very mountainous. The high land in Osteroe towers nearly 3,000 feet above the level of the sea; that in Stromoe upwards of 2,000 feet. The days at the time of our arrival were not five hours long, but the aurora borealis lighted up the long and dreary night. We were tired and nearly dead with fatigue and anxiety, nevertheless, we had still to wait four days longer, as the roughness of the sea prevented our landing. On the 24th of January the weather moderated a little, and getting once again into the boat, we made for the island of Wideroe. Our adverse fortune pursued us to the last; for here our boat was wrecked upon the rocks and dashed to pieces, and the manner in which we all escaped, and contrived at last to gain the shore was little short of miraculous. We were more dead than alive, and even then should have perished had it not been for the kindness of the simple-hearted and hospitable natives. We lavished every care upon us which their slender means would permit, food and clothing, and in furnishing us as soon as we were sufficiently recovered with the means of returning to our own country."

"The seaman was silent. "And what," said I, "are your plans for the future?"

"I felt interested in him, and wished much in my heart to serve him. "Oh," replied he, "I am now on my way to Liverpool; my old captain has just got the command of another vessel in the palm oil trade; I am attached to him, we have gone through many dangers together, and I am to join him on board the day after tomorrow. We sail in a week for Bonny River, and shall be absent a year. If God should spare our lives, I will call on you, sir, when I return."

"Thus, reader, ends my seaman's story.

**MY MOTHER'S HAIR IS GRAY.**  
"One lamp-like mother's hair—and the stars that in its fine tints change, and below the throat of our hair, through our eyes, say—'as it was and is, and may be.'"  
"Pardon me, Miss Edwards, I cannot agree with you. 'To me gray hair is beautiful. My mother's hair is gray.'"  
A deep silence followed these words. "The low, earnest, reverent tone, in which they were spoken had impressed the guests of that gay young group.

The speaker had numbered more than forty years. He was above the medium height, his frame indicating vigor and manly strength, rather than grace or beauty. The face, though far from handsome, at once inspired both confidence and respect. His ordinary expression was grave, smiles rarely visited it, but when they came, the effect was like a bright beam of sunshine in a shady place. Around the broad, high brow, clustered graceful curls of brown hair. The contour of the head was singularly beautiful and more than redeemed the plainness of the face. He was a man of great moral and mental power, to whom his acquaintances looked up with admiration that was little short of reverence. By the magic of his eloquence he could sway a listening multitude as the leaf-burdened branches of the forest trees are sway by the winds of heaven. He had an enviable reputation as a man of learning, and he was one of the blessed few—

"Who gain the book to know, Nor lay the knowledge with the hoar."  
His influence was felt in the political world. Offices of honor and emolument were pressed upon him, and he had but to listen to the promptings of ambition to ascend the dizzy heights of popular favor. He was the poor man's friend. The widow and the orphan never claimed his sympathy in vain. Kind words, which are the true measure of benevolence, and made glad the hearts of the needy.

He knew the "names of husband and of father." The brightest ornaments of the modest cottage, where he had set up his household goods, were his beaming sweet-voiced wife, and a group of fair-haired children, who clustered like olive plants around his table. His absence from home was like the withdrawal of light from the loving household of which he was the head; his presence when he returned seemed to them—

"To brighten light, And give a sunbeam with an added glow."

He was a Christian, not by profession only but in deed and truth. His religion was not a dead letter; a matter of mere formal belief, and more formal practice, but a living, active principle which regulated all his actions. He did not wear it like a Sunday coat, to be laid upon the shelf at the going down of the sun, but wore it through the week, in the hurry of business, and the pursuit of pleasure, in the house and by the way.

That which gave grace and beauty to his character, was the love he bore his mother, the watchful care with which he smoothed the path of her declining years, his unwearied devotion to her comfort, and the reverence with which he always spoke of her.

"To me gray hair is beautiful. My mother's hair is gray." The words were few and simple, enough, but they revealed much. I thought how it would have quickened the mother's languid pulse, and how the weary heart, now almost home, would have leaped with joy had they fallen on her ears. Involuntarily, it was true, the man whom the world called great had offered this tribute of filial affection, and expressed his reverence for the "crown of glory" which gray hairs become to those who are found in the paths of righteousness.

Many a mother lives, whose gray hairs have no beauty in the eyes of her children, and claim no reverence from those for whose welfare she would cheerfully pour out her heart's blood. Many a mother's love is repaid by unkindness and ingratitude. Many an hour of wearisome toil and patient watching meets with no other recompense than deeds, the knowledge of which ring her faithful heart with anguish. Yet through all the misfortunes, even through the dishonor of her children, her love knows no virulence. Her sympathy is given, though unsought, it is not forced upon the attention, but its soothing power is felt. In the silent night watches her tears flow for them, unbidden, and her voice goes up in supplication that He who never slumbers will watch over and comfort them. In their presence her heart is never weary of planning nor her hand of executing sweet offices of affection; and in their absence the arms of her prayers in their behalf rises continually before the Eternal One. A mother's love!

"There is none In all this cold and hoar world, no font of deep, strong, fearless love, save that within A mother's heart."

**THOMAS BILTON,**  
Merchant Tailor and Robe Maker,  
No. 2 WELLINGTON BUILDINGS.

DRESSING, that is he is now receiving, and in a few days will have in Stock, his usual assortment of  
**FALL AND WINTER GOODS.**  
Comprising, in addition to the various shades of West of England Cloths, Cassimeres, &c. one of the best importations of France's Goods he has ever held in Stock. The encouragement this establishment has met with, in keeping a select assortment of the best class of clothing in the varied styles, has induced him to extend that branch of his business, the travelling community and others, having fully appreciated the advantage of being able to supply themselves at an expedition with an article got up in the best possible manner.

N. B.—The subscriber has much pleasure in intimating to his customers, west of Toronto, that having secured the assistance of an experienced Cutter from London, he will be enabled to make his usual style of clothing in the same business in September and October, with Patterns of the latest styles, making his arrangements so as to be at Davidson's City Hotel, at the time of the Provincial Fair.

In the different orders of Official Robes, that strict regard to correctness of style will be adhered to which has secured to this establishment so large a portion of that branch of the business.

### TORONTO AND HAMILTON.

#### THE STEAMER CITY OF HAMILTON,

(CAPT. JOHN GORDON.)

WILL leave TORONTO for HAMILTON, every afternoon (Sundays excepted) at 2 o'clock, and will leave HAMILTON for TORONTO, every morning at 7 o'clock.

### Ontario, Simcoe & Huron Railroad.

"THE Freight Train going north, will until the 1st of May, leave the foot of Bay Street, on each Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 A. M. for Bradford.

### WANTED.

A LADY competent to teach English, French Music, Drawing. She must be a member of the Church of England, and fond of a quiet country life.

### City Assessments.

"THE Court to revise the Assessments for the current year, will meet on THURSDAY, the 21st instant, at one o'clock, P. M., to hear the remaining appeals against the Assessment of ST. JAMES'S WARD, and to revise the Assessment of ST. DAVID'S WARD, of which all persons interested are to take notice.

### FEMALE EDUCATION.

A CLERGYMAN, who is anxious to secure instruction under the superintendance of an accomplished lady, is induced to offer to receive one young lady into his family, to be treated in all respects as a member of it.

### FALL DRY GOODS & MILLINERY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
AT THE TORONTO HOUSE,  
No. 60 King Street, Toronto.

J. CHARLESWORTH would most respectfully, and fully intimate to the Ladies of Toronto and vicinity, that his Fall Stock of  
**STABLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS**  
is almost complete, and will be found worthy of inspection before purchasing elsewhere.

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.  
J. C. would respectfully intimate to the Trade in Canada West that his stock of Dry Goods this Fall will be found to offer some of the greatest inducements.

Having made special arrangements by which every article has been taken of the home markets, where purchases have been made for each only, his  
**MILLINERY DEPARTMENT**  
has without exception the advantage over all others in this branch of trade.

Parties not having visited this house will upon inspection find the Stock not only the largest, but the cheapest.

**BOOKS JUST RECEIVED.**

- COURSER of Lectures on the Figurative Language of Holy Scripture, by Wm Jones, M.A., F.R.S., 1s. 10d.
- Agnes and Eliza, or Humility, 1s. 6d.
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