

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

SELECT POETRY.

MARY'S BEAUTY.

Where can it be, dear mother,
That Mary's beauty lies?
More silken are my tresses,
And brighter are my eyes.

Yet children throng around her,
And strangers praise her grace;
There's not a creature in the village
But loves her bony face.

I know when day is breaking
She seeks the forest stream,
And ever on returning
More beautiful doth seem.

Perchance its shaded waters
Some ancient charm retain;
And those who bathe at sunrise,
Its virtues can obtain.

I'll hie me there to-morrow,
To try the waters too,
And wait until she cometh,
And see what she will do.

Young Ella reached the forest
While yet the stars were bright,
But scarcely had she hidden,
When Mary came in sight.

She slightly crossed the streamlet,
And paused upon a spot
Where rocks and twining branches
Had formed a quiet grove.

Unconscious of observers,
She knelt in meekness there;
And looking up to heaven,
Breathed forth a fervent prayer.

Then rising up in gladness,
She warbled forth a hymn,
And homeward bent her footsteps
While yet the light was dim.

Forth came the softened Ella,
Nor tried the streamlet's art;
She thought not of her features—
But of her erring heart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BEAUTIFUL PASSAGES.

(From the Waverly Magazine.)

How often do we find, when perusing a work, even the most common-place book of the day, some beautiful passage, upon which our eye will pause, as if to call our attention to its great beauty. And how often do we read over and over again such passages, and impress upon our hearts the truths which they so beautifully and forcibly portray.

We have selected for your benefit, kind reader, a few such passages, which we know you cannot fail to admire and appreciate; for they will, we cannot doubt, possess the same charm to your intellectual eye that they did to ours.

The first is upon Death, and possesses a deep poetic feeling of the first order.

"Death heeds not ties of love, nor frantic widows' tears, nor the wail of helpless orphans; but round and round he treads his solemn way. No place, no time, no circumstance of being turns his steps aside. The palace gate unlocks at his approach, and, amid its splendid trappings, on he strides, and lays his victim on a gilded couch. And into the low, lonely hut of desolation, amid crumbling ruins, and where pale want sits brooding, he steals along, and the poor sufferer, on his bed of straw, quivers and is still."

Aside from the beauty of this passage, how truthful and solemn is its lesson to the soul of man. Thus comes death, sooner or later, to all beings. Come it must—come it will; time, place, age, nor aught of worldly birth, can delay its approach.

How very truthful and little understood is the following extract on "filial love." Could every father and son feel the truth of this passage, and did they

profit by it, how much more happy and pleasant home would be. How many better men would come forth from it, to take a part in the world's duties and responsibilities. Learn from it, ye who can, a lesson of wisdom, and, if need be, profit by the lesson thus learned.

"True filial love is a passion not so generally possessed as many think. In the hours of childhood, and before cold and foreign influences have affected the free and pure play of the heart, we all know with what assurance of protection—with what confidence in wisdom, justice, power, and love, the little one looks up to him whom he calls father. But, as the wayward passions increase in strength, as they often meet the stern and just rebuke, feelings of restraint arise, and throw their icy chill upon the holy tie. And oft the world comes in, that heartless creation, which knows no sacredness in love, and sees no beauty in the home bonds of life—that selfish, soulless, poisoning word, throws its deadening shadow on the fresh young heart; and, while the outward show is still absorbed, because dependence binds him within the circle of parental power, all that was beautiful in the heart's first yearnings—all that was heaven-born in its obedience and confidence—all that threw around the loved person and sacred name of FATHER a halo more than earthly, has departed."

What a sermon could be preached to the young men from this passage! How many truths could it illustrate! How many realities is it but the key to!

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

"The hours are viewless angels,
And still go gliding by,
And bear each moment's record up
To Him who sits on high."

If there is one thing in this world that we are heedless of, and that we waste with an alarming prodigality, it is TIME. After all that has been written and said upon this subject, the value of which we can all appreciate, we do not heed the passing moments. It is very true that one moment is a very trifling thing; yet he who will lose one moment, will, most assuredly, lose more; and it is the trifling value of one moment that leads us to squander away so many of them. The recording angel notes down the transactions of one moment, with as much care as the acts of a whole day. Then is it not very important that we should improve them as they pass, never to return? We may say that it is of no consequence, as we can enjoy and improve other moments; but do we not think that there is no chance for substitution here, for each moment brings us nearer life's closing scenes, and takes us one step downward toward the silent tomb.

If we should give our spare moments to study, and if we, at the end of a week, should cast our eye over our labours, we should be greatly surprised to see how much we had accomplished in those moments we had considered so trifling. This was the case with many, very many of our greatest statesmen, our most eloquent orators and learned divines.

Need we point to brighter examples than Millard Fillmore, Stephen A. Douglass, Elihu Burritt—men who, in the few spare moments allotted them, between the hours of their labours in the shop, and the few they could, from time to time, possess themselves of, applied themselves to study?—And how, we ask, have they been rewarded? Who does not feel a pride in knowing that they are American-born citizens? They have come forth from their work-shops, educated and talented men, made so by their own exertions, and their appreciation of time. Their reward is great. One of them has just left the highest place in the gift of his country, crowned with honor. Another has acquired a world-wide reputation for his talent; and the other is one of the brightest lights in the council chamber of our nation, and may, ere long, fill its highest and most honorable place.—*Ibid.*

It will afford sweeter happiness, in the hour of death, to have wiped away one tear from the eye of sorrow, than to have ruled an empire—to have conquered millions, or enslaved a world.

LAZY BOYS.

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness, that did not make a thriftless vagabond when he became a man unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses, have come up to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community, those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

When a boy is old enough to begin to play in the street, then he is old enough to be taught how to work. Of course, we would not deprive children of healthful, playful exercise, or the time they should spend in study, but teach him to work little by little as a child is taught at school. In this way he will acquire habits of industry which will not forsake him when he grows up.

Many persons who are poor let their children grow up to fourteen or sixteen years of age, or till they can support them no longer, before they put them to labor. Such children, not having any idea of what work is, and having acquired habits of idleness, go forth to impose upon their employers, with laziness. There is a repulsiveness in all labor set before them, and to get it done, no matter how, is their only aim. They are ambitious at play, but dull at work. The consequence is, they do not stick to one thing but a short time; they rove about the world, get into mischief, and finally find their way to the prison or to the almshouse.

With the habit of idleness, vice may generally, if not invariably, be found. Where the mind and hands are not occupied in some useful employment, an evil genius finds them enough to do. They are found in the street till late in the evening, learning the vulgar and profane habits of the elder in vice. They may be seen hanging around groceries, barrooms and stores, where crowds gather; but they are seldom found engaged in study.

A lazy boy is not only a bad boy, but a disgrace to his parents, for it is through their neglect that he became thus. No parents, however poor, in these times of cheap books and newspapers, need let their children grow up in idleness. If they cannot be kept at manual labor, let their minds be kept at work, make them industrious scholars, and they will be industrious at any business they may undertake in after life.

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"The resources and balance-sheet of this great Company are, on the contrary, annually registered, and unmistakable evidence is thus given periodically of its capacity to meet its engagements."—*Morning Herald*, December 26, 1855.

"Indeed, the bonus of the 'Royal' may be pronounced to be larger than any yet declared by the mass of the English offices. Here is an office which yields a fairly earnest and wholesome reversionary bonus of 80 per centum in its Life Branch, and in regard to fire operations, can make this very enviable boast, that it has exceeded the Fire business of all but two of the London Fire offices—viz.: the receipt of nearly £130,000 per year in Fire premiums alone—some of which ancient offices have been in existence for a century! Equally successful and singular in both departments. Indeed, the Life Department may be said to present results equally as worthy of mention."—*Morning Chronicle*, November 28, 1855.

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Agents for Newfoundland.

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

Is Edited and Published every Wednesday morning, by GEORGE WEBBER, at his office, Water-street, opposite the Premises of W. DONNELLY, Esq.
TERMS:—Fifteen Shillings per annum half in advance.

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