

## THE MOTHERLESS.

You're weary, precious ones! your eyes  
Are wandering far and wide;  
Think ye of her, who knew so well  
Your tender thoughts to guide!  
Who could to Wisdom's sacred lore  
Your fixed attention claim!  
Ah! never from your hearts erase  
That blessed mother's name!

'Tis time to say your evening hymn,  
My youngest infant dove!  
Come, press thy velvet cheek to mine,  
And learn thy lay of love;  
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,  
My poor deserted throng!  
Cling, as you used to cling to her  
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds! the accustom'd strain,  
Come, warble low and clear;  
Alas! alas! you're weeping all—  
You're sobbing in my ear,  
Good night!—go say the prayer she taught  
Beside your little bed—  
The lips that used to bless you there,  
Are silent with the dead!

A father's hand your course may guide  
Amid the thorns of life;  
His care protects these shrinking plants,  
That dread the storms of strife;  
But who upon your infant hearts  
Shall like that mother write?  
Who touch the strings that rule the soul?  
Dear, smitten flock!—good night!

## WILLIAM BROWN, Esq., M. P.

(From *Anti-Corn Law Memoirs in Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper*.)

Mr. Brown's property, both in this country and in the United States, was very large, but it could not be realised in money. He had drawn on all his available resources in England, and sent out cash to meet the liabilities in America, until he knew not where to turn for other assistance, the transatlantic losses still accumulating—the American branches of his firm receiving no payments, and being called upon on every hand to pay. In this conflict with huge adversity, the Samson of Commerce put his shoulders to the pillars, not to overthrow, but to uphold, and with the weight of the breaking credit of two nations on him, he bowed his head, yet did not yield, not even in spirit. One of the largest private fortunes ever accumulated by one man, and a trade which filled the two hemispheres with his name, were hazarded, and all seemed lost. Yet there remained to him one treasure, which bankruptcy cannot alienate—unless a man is bankrupt in heaven as well as on earth—personal and domestic peace. At that time, with the loss of all his wealth staring him in the face by day, William Brown did not lose even a night's sleep. That angel of family felicity, who had given him her hand in marriage when it was the hand of a milkmaid, and who had still ministered to him when his hand and her hold wealth measured by millions, she was still the comforter and promiser of happiness.

In 1837, the failures of houses in the American trade in Liverpool and London, had amounted to about thirty, when one day Mr. Brown left Liverpool for London, with the expectation that before he returned his firm would have lost its commercial vitality, and he would be in the *Gazette*. When making arrangements for this catastrophe, in London, he happened to call on the late Sir William Heygate. On the evening of that day, there was to be a dinner at the Mansion House, and Sir William asked Mr. Brown to accompany him. Mr. Brown pointed to his want of preparation in dress, and objected; but his friend overruled that objection, and he went in his ordinary dress.

The dinner was a Ministerial one. Lord Melbourne was there, the Chancellor of the Exchequer also, and Lord J. Russel and the leading Whigs of that period. During the evening, Mr. Brown was introduced to Lord Melbourne, and other members of the Government; and his Lordship and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, taking advantage of a suitable minute, called Mr. Brown aside, and

retiring, not from the hall, but into a corner of it, where, under cover of the music, or the festive toasts then in progress, they questioned him. Words spoken at such a time, by such personages, may not be repeated even now with propriety. But there stood, dressed in a plain brown coat, a man of middling stature, and rather slim figure; before him the more portly dignity of the then Prime Minister; at his side the smaller and more slim figure of the Prime Minister that now is, listening with a deep thoughtfulness to what was passing between the Premier, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the slim gentleman in the plain brown coat. The Minister knew well what shocks the trade of the country had already received by the American failures, and knew that at that time there was hardly a hammer or a file in Sheffield and Birmingham but would cease to move if the great agency-house of William and James Brown & Co., of Liverpool, ceased to maintain its credit. They asked Mr. Brown what his real circumstances were, and he told them candidly that he could not go on, and had come to London to take the necessary steps to stop business.

To him they said little more; but next day he received a message from the Bank of England, requesting his attendance there. He attended; was introduced to the Governor and Directors, and was told that the Bank had resolved to assist him with money to any amount, up to two millions sterling, and that on his own personal security. The exact sum he was authorised to draw was £1,959,000, the deduction being for discount to the Bank: He took advantage of the loan to the extent of between eight and nine hundred thousand pounds. He remitted this money to America without loss of time, paid his liabilities there, saved the credit of his house, and has long since realised his property and repaid the Bank of England.

When this transaction was settled, he took into partnership Mr. Shipley, an American gentleman, and the firm became Brown, Shipley and Co. It was now deemed advisable to do less mercantile business, and restrict themselves more to the banking department. Yet still there is a large mercantile business done as well as banking; and we believe it is the only house in Liverpool that unites those two great branches of commerce.

A MISSIONARY OF MEAL.—Our whole-hearted friend, Elihu Burritt, says, in his last letter from England, that he had been exceedingly busy for ten days, working night and day with his arms up to the elbows in Indian meal, instructing the natives in the mysteries of "corn fixings." With the assistance of the good women of the house, he brought out a capital edition of puddings and johnny cakes. A great many of the poorest class of the people there are determined they will not eat it, especially those confined in the work-houses, but when they find it is used as an article of luxury on the tables of the rich, it will remove their squeamishness. They have got the idea fixed in their minds, with all the obstinacy of ignorance, that corn meal in its best estate is mere swine's food. Mr. Burritt has resolved to make it a condition upon which only he will consent to be any man's guest, that his wife shall serve up a johnny cake for breakfast, or an Indian pudding for dinner. He had been invited to a tea party where about thirty persons were to be present, and accepted the invitation with the johnny cake clause, which was readily agreed to by all parties. So the virtues of corn meal will be tested by some of the best livers in Birmingham.—*Bangor Whig*.

## APPLES OF GOLD.

Give ear to my prayer, O God; and hide not thyself from my supplication. Psalm lv. 1. *Christ's Answer*: Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatev'er ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you, John xvi. 23. For the Father himself loveth you, Verse 27. *He has promised*: Before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear, Isa. lxx. 21. Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them, Mark xi 24.

He that converses much with God in prayer, and has some child-like confidence in his word, shall certainly be heard; and these answers of prayer are undeniable evidences of the truth, the faithfulness, and the love of God, and greatly strengthen his faith, and at last bring him to be intimately acquainted with God. The more we receive, the more we are enlightened to see how much there is still wanting. This stirs us up to more frequent prayer, and to more fervent desires; and the more we desire, and believe that we shall receive it, the more shall be granted. Unbelief receives nothing—Matt. xiii. 58—but faith opens all the treasures of God, and never goes away empty.

Because on me they set their love,  
I'll save them, saith the Lord;  
I'll bear their joyful souls above  
Destruction and the sword.

My grace shall answer when they call;  
In trouble I'll be nigh;  
My power shall help them when they fall,  
And raise them when they die.