

POETRY.

WHAT SHALL I BRING THEE MOTHER ?

"I require nothing of thee," said a mother to her innocent son, when bidding him farewell, "but that you will bring me back your present countenance."

"What shall I bring thee, mother mine?
What shall I bring to thee?
Shall I bring the jewels, that burn and shine
In the depths of the shadowy sea?

"Shall I bring thee a garland a hero wears,
By the wondering world entwined,
Whose leaves can cover a thousand cares,
And smile o'er a clouded mind?"

"Shall I bring the deep and sacred stores
Of knowledge, the high and free,
That thrills the heart on the hallowed shores
Of classic Italy!"

"What are jewels, my boy, to me?
Thou art the gem I prize!
And the richest spot in that fearful sea
Will be where thy vessel lies!"

"The wreath the hero loves is won
By the life-blood of the brave,
And his brow must lose, ere it wears the crown,
The smile that mercy gave!"

"Dearly earned is the volume's wealth,
That opes to the lamp at night,
While the fairer ray of hope and wealth
Goes out by the sickly light."

"Bring me that innocent brow, my boy!
Bring me that shadowless eye!
Bring me the tone of tender joy,
That breathes in thy last 'good bye!'"

METHOD.

Method is the very hinge of business, and there is no method without punctuality.—Punctuality promotes the peace and good temper of a family. The calmness of mind which it produces is another advantage of punctuality. A man without punctuality is always in a hurry: he has no time to speak to you, because he is going elsewhere; and when he gets there he is too late for his business, or he must hurry away to another before he can finish it. Punctuality gives weight to character; such a man has made an appointment; I know he will keep it: and this generates punctuality in those with whom he lives; for like other virtues, it propagates itself. Servants and children must be punctual where the master is so.—Appointments become debts. I have made an appointment with you; I owe punctuality, and I have no right to throw away your time, even though I might my own.—To be punctual is to do as we would be done by, for who likes to be kept waiting?—Punctuality is the best of economy, for what have we that is so precious as time? Punctuality is part of piety towards God; for of what gift shall we be called to so strict ac-

count as of those hours, without which no other gift can be exercised at all?

DOING GOOD.

"Instead of showing our love to our country by engaging eagerly in the strife of parties, let us choose to signalize it rather by beneficence, and by an exemplary discharge of the duties of private life, under the persuasion that man, in the final issue of things, will be seen to have been the best patriot, who is the best Christian. He who diffuses the most happiness, and mitigates the most distress within his own circle, is undoubtedly the best friend to his country and the world, since nothing more is necessary than for all men to imitate his conduct, to make the greatest part of the misery of the world cease in a moment. While the passion then of some is to *shine*, of some to *govern*, and others to *accumulate*, let one great passion alone inflame our breasts, the passion which reason ratifies, which conscience approves, which heaven inspires—that of being and doing good."—*Robt. Hall*.

HABIT.

Habit can change our natures. Even inferior animals can be made the slaves of perverted tastes as well as men. I have seen an account somewhere of a petted cat, that lost her natural taste for mice, and by indulgence would eat only the dainties of a store-closet. In addition to this, she would only sleep upon a carpet or soft cushion; otherwise the whole house was troubled with her discordant notes.

And I have known children, who before they became men, acquired a more unnatural taste than this animal. Is it natural to smoke or chew that filthy weed *tobacco*? Is it natural to love strong and exciting drink? Be careful, then, dear readers, to preserve your natural tastes, and let no false education lead you to acquire a liking for, by slow degrees what you now abhor.

POWER OF INTELLECT.

"There is a certain charm about great superiority of intellect that winds into deep affections, which a more constant and even amiability of manners in lesser intellects, often fails to reach. Genius makes many enemies, but it makes sure friends—friends who forgive much, who endure long, who exact little; they partake of the character of disciples, as well as friends. There lingers about the human heart a strong inclination to look upward—to revere: in this inclination lies the source of religion, or loyalty, and also of the worship and homage which are rendered so cheerfully to the great or old. And, in truth, it is a divine pleasure to admire: admiration seems in some measure to appropriate to ourselves the qualities in honours in others. We wed—we root ourselves to the natures we so love to con-

template, and their life grows a part of our own. Thus, when a great man, who has engrossed our thoughts, our conjectures, our homage, dies, a gap seems suddenly left in the world—a mechanism of our own being appears abruptly stilled; a portion of ourselves, and not our worst portion—for how many pure, high generous sentiments it contains! dies with him."—*Eugene Aram*.

THE FATHER SURDUED.

The following beautiful anecdote was recorded by the late Rev. R. Hall.

The Rev. R. Toller's most affecting illustrations [and the power of illustrating a subject was his distinguished faculty] were drawn from the most familiar scenes of life: and, after he became a father, not unfrequently from the incidents which attach to that relation. An example of this will afford the reader some idea of the manner in which he availed himself of the images drawn from the domestic circle. His text was Isaiah xxvii. 5. "Let him take hold of my strength, that he may make peace with me; and he shall make peace with me." "I think," said he, "I can convey the meaning of this passage, so that every one may understand it, by what took place in my own family within these few days. One of my little children had committed a fault, for which I thought it my duty to chastise him. I called him to me, explained to him the evil of what he had done, and told him how grieved I was that I must punish him for it. He heard me in silence, and then rushed into my arms, and burst into tears. I could sooner have cut off my arm than have then struck him for his fault, he had taken hold of my strength, and he had made peace with me."—*Sacred Star*.

A NOBLE BOY.

A child of twelve years had importuned his mother many times to permit him to attend a temperance meeting; but she, being opposed to the society, would not let him go. At last he urged so hard, that she permitted him to go; but charged him not to join; 'for if you do,' said the prudent mother, 'you shall have nothing out bread and water for three days.' The boy went, and saw that these societies were the thing to prevent boys from becoming drunkards when they grew to be men. When the list came round, he signed. 'And now,' said the noble boy, "I am willing to live on bread and water three days or longer, if necessary."

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