



Lord Ermouth and the Dey of Algiers.

T H E

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THE JEWELER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE."

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MAN whom ruin frowns on may be excused some confusion in his actions," said Stanwood, rather sharply; "I consult you for the benefit of your skill in my future course, not that you should read me a lecture on what I have done. A prophet of the past is not entitled to much honor!"

The lawyer, with a smile at the excusable anger of his client, declared he should not suffer from want of advice—but he viewed the case as nigh hopeless. As his own testimony was entirely unsupported by other evidence, it were useless to commence proceedings against the nobleman or his friend; they had already done voluntarily as much, or more, than the law could have enforced. As for making it a jury case, it was

impracticable for want of witnesses, and even if this difficulty were removed, sympathy would be strongly in favour of the defendants, from the manner in which they met the charge. The property must be somewhere. And all that he could do, was to make the police acquainted not only with the robbery, (of that by-the-by they already knew something) but with the exact description of the necklace, the facial cutting and weight of the precious stones, mode of setting, and other particulars. An accurate description should also be distributed among the trade, to which be added the offer of a competent reward for recovery of the property, or on apprehension of any party on whom it should be found. With respect to the owner's claim, that was a matter of debtor and creditor, which would be arranged better by appeal to the party's feelings, than by a solicitor's interference. As Stan-

wood was, by bond, answerable for the return of the jewels, or their value, he could not escape from the penalty. As to the threatened legal proceedings of the peer, and his untitled friend, he had not much to fear; though indirectly, in respect to his business connection, their hostility might prove extremely hurtful.

The solicitor's advice, as far as practicable, was adopted, and Stanwood passed a miserable, restless night. Next morning, on looking over the public journals, he found a tolerably distinct representation of the affair, though filled out with blanks, asterisks and inuendoes, in lieu of streets and names. He who had prided himself on the array of handsome equipages, blocking the way-side in front of his door, was doomed to loiter through the morn without a call, without a customer. The afternoon prints repeated the morning version, with additions descriptive of the magnanimous forbearance of the high-spirited nobleman, &c., with tribute of consolation to the injured dames, concluding with advice to ladies in selecting their tradesman.

Dinner and afternoon paper discussed—alike indigestible—Stanwood was relieved from the solitary monotony of the morning by a visitor. It was the owner of the necklace, who, having heard reports which the papers circulated, came, with anxious face, to ascertain whether the story referred to Charles Stanwood. It was but too true, as the jeweler, with rueful visage, admitted!

"This happened yesterday morning," exclaimed the merchant, in extreme anger; "and every one is to be informed of the loss—if you call it such

but myself! What construction am I to put on such behavior?"

Stanwood answered, though not with clearness, that no unfavorable construction could be justly applied—a man's honesty were not less, if his courage were not always equal to the emergency. The merchant, without commenting on this reply, inquired if he had not been at certain rooms (which he named) on last Monday night, after play-house hours.

Charles admitted that he was present.

"Did he know," inquired the creditor, "the name and character of the tall man, with dark whiskers, and black cane with jeweled top, whom he appeared so familiar with, on that night?"

The startled jeweler replied in the negative—he was a total stranger—had never seen him before—knew not his name.

"Then I do," exclaimed the merchant; "he is a noted gambler. Is it fair to ask, whether you often frequent those rooms?"

Poor Charles began to believe that all powers, human and transcendental, were leagued against him. With quiet and correct habits, such as would have commanded respect from the most rigid business man, or moralist, he had been induced on that evening—having heard frequently of the rooms—to venture on a glance, by way of curiosity, after leaving the theatre, in order that he might not appear quite ignorant of life among his acquaintance. When there, probably a new face attracted the gambler's attention, whom he certainly knew not, nor had met there, or elsewhere, before

—as he now solemnly assured the merchant.

The proprietor of the necklace replied, coldly, he was glad to hear it; a party known to both, a young man on town, with more money than prudence, had seen him there, on the occasion, and, knowing Stanwood's responsible connection with the merchant, had wit enough to put his friend on his guard.

From examination of the the jeweler's books and stock, it appeared he was far from being able—if every thing were sold—to pay, in full, all demand, including the limit price put on the necklace. But as he offered to make immediate inventory of effects, and showed every disposition to act honorably, the merchant was much softened, and went away with the declaration that he would allow fair time for the discovery of the property, ere he pressed his claim; and that an additional reward, on his behalf, should be advertised.

There were yet two parties whom he was most anxious, yet most dreaded to encounter. These were the lady to whom he was attached and her father. Mr. Benson was a retired merchant, and had higher notions of his daughter's future position than as wedded partner of a shopkeeper. He was, therefore, extremely averse to the match, although he could not object to Stanwood, either in respect of deficiency of personal accomplishments, or morals, nor yet on the score of means, as the business of the jeweler, though comparatively in embryo, promised eventually to realize its owner a handsome fortune. Clara Benson was nineteen, in two years more would be of age, and, as her fath-

er feared, if he interposed decided obstacle to a union, would, on attaining her majority, exercise its privilege, as guardian of her own happiness. The jeweler, as we have intimated, was of respectable family, his father having been a merchant of repute. It was at the house of a mutual acquaintance—no other than the proprietor, or consignee, of the lost necklace—that the lovers first met; the father, therefore, had no plea of reproach against the daughter, for the way in which they became acquainted. So he thought fit (on reviewing all the circumstances, more especially that the time would arrive when his consent or denial would not be regarded or required, and the swain's increasing income rendered application to his purse unnecessary) to yield at discretion, and the addresses of Stanwood were permitted.

The first hint of a storm in that quarter occurred in the evening, when Charles, summoning courage, ventured a visit to the house of his expected father-in-law. He was informed, at the door, that both Mr. and Miss Benson were "not at home" which from circumstances, he disbelieved, and construed into a denial. His strong hopes had been ever built on the depth of Clara's affection; on that rock he now relied, and resolved to seek an interview—and, if necessary, explanation—at an early hour in the morning.

By putting in practice this resolution, he, in fact, stole a march on Mr. Benson, who was surprised, on returning home from a morning walk, to learn that Mr. Stanwood was in the drawing-room with his daughter. Thither the retired

merchant stole, deeming it no breach of decorum—under the peculiar circumstances—to listen in the back drawing-room to what was uttered in the front. He heard, from the lover, sighs, protestations, vows of unalterable affection, mixed with complaints of cruel fortune. These were in response to the cruel interdiction which her father had placed against further intercourse. A week ago, Mr. Benson's injunction would have been laughed at by the jeweler, disregarded by his daughter. But times were changed, and Stanwood, who had now no home to offer, felt the change bitterly, yet he struggled against his hard lot.

"It rests with yourself, Miss Benson," exclaimed Charles, in agony, "whether I am to be treated as a criminal—I have had property stolen from my possession, and every one turns upon me as though I were the thief. Let me but meet with pity in one dear bosom, and I will bear misfortune bravely, proudly!"

The low voice of Clara was heard murmuring a disclaimer of accusation. Her father, she said, had not asked her to give up her attachment—indeed, he would find he had no power to extort such a surrender—but she had promised—what she could not refuse an only surviving parent—that, as there were rumors affecting Mr. Stanwood's character, (which she had no faith in) as well as a certainty of his complete ruin, she would postpone further intimacy for the space of one twelvemonth, to allow interval for the truth to appear.

"And what were these rumors affect-

ing his character?" demanded young Stanwood, with eagerness.

"Let me answer that question," cried Benson, throwing open the folding-doors.

Charles could not deny having held conversation with a professed gambler, in a disreputable locality,—though in vain urging the excuse, that he had been led there for the first and only time, having been often jeered for his ignorance, even by young of high standing and character.

His excuse might be certainly fair,—as Mr. Benson admitted—yet appearance with such company stood in very disagreeable apposition with the mysterious disappearance of the diamonds! He was also forced to confess insolvency, if the jewels were not forthcoming; and, whether recovered or not, his business in Bond street—as one but slightly acquainted with the peculiarities of a West-End connection must be aware of—was totally ruined. Had he even staunch friends, he would be unable to bear up against the influence of the deeply insulted ladies, whose wide aristocratic circle would make common cause with them.

Against these arguments and insinuations, Charles had nothing to oppose—so far as they militated against his union with Clara. He felt himself totally in the old man's power—he had no home to offer the lady, were she disposed to accept his suit—he had only his own conscientious integrity to rely on, and that availed naught in the way of providing maintenance for a wife.—The postponement of intercourse for one year, was, he judged, a manoeuvre to

deceive Clara—the real intention being to break off the match altogether. Like a general, who has made the best fight circumstances admit of; and who retreats slowly, and with regret, before a superior force, so Stanwood was forced to accept the conditions, and take a year's farewell of Clara.

At home, the jeweler had leisure to reflect on the occurrences of the last three days. He felt thoroughly beaten. He had often read how hard it was to climb—how easy to fall; yet, in his own history, he had exceeded romantic fiction. From comparative affluence to poverty, he slid down, as though along an inclined plane, and every one gave him a kick as he passed. The world, in its infinite wisdom, had condescended to read him a great moral lesson—yet he knew not how to profit by it, for he could neither see the crime he had committed, nor was he prepared to act otherwise than he had done, if the same circumstances—for which he suffered—were repeated.

Time was fruitful in events. The necklace could not be heard of. His once crowded shop was shunned—the principal creditor grew pressing, as his effects, through lack of business, were undergoing a process of gradual dissipation instead of increase. He committed a voluntary act of bankruptcy—obtained, in due course, his discharge, and left the court with the bankrupt's allowance-money, clothes and gold watch. The world was all before him and before he renewed general acquaintance with it, love prompted inquiry after the Bensons. On passing final examination, and receiving his certificate,

the commissioner complimented the bankrupt on the accuracy of his books and faithful account of stock. Elated with the praise, hope whispered he might regain influence with Mr. Benson, perhaps be put in a way to begin business under happy auspices. This hope perished miserably. The harsh, unfeeling old man had carried off his daughter to the East Indies, under pretence of realizing long-neglected property, but—as Charles knew but too well—to escape the alliance.

What bitter thoughts succeeded this news! His character was unimpeached—his creditors pitied his fate! Had but his friends (and who should have been more eager than his intended father-in-law?) rallied round him in the hour of difficulty—he might have transferred his business to the city, or some quarter beyond the influence of his aristocratic enemies, and flourished anew!

He fell sick—became the victim of a long, cruel fever, and when he slowly awoke to recovery, found himself peniless, deserted, and forgotten. His name had passed away from the street where he once dwelt—another name occupied its place—ware of another description ornamented the windows. To look at Bond street, with his melancholy gaze, it seemed as though what had been was nothing but a dream. His eye glanced on his apparel—there was change there—and he hurried away to conceal his poverty.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

THE DANDY AND HIS TURKEY.

CHIEF Justice Marshall was in the habit of going to market himself, and carrying home his purchases. Frequently he would be seen at sunrise, with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other. On one of these occasions a fashionable young man from L—, was swearing violently, because he could find no one to carry home his turkey; Marshall stepped up and said to him:

"This is on my way, and I will take it for you."

When he came to the house, the young man inquired; "What shall I pay you?"

"O, nothing," said the Chief Justice, it was on my way home, and no trouble."

"Who was that polite old man that brought home my turkey?" inquired the young man of a bystander.

"That," replied he, "is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States."

"Why did he bring home my turkey?" asked the young man.

"To give you a severe reprimand, and teach you to attend to your own business," was the reply.

True, genuine greatness never feels above doing anything that is useful; but especially the truly great man will never feel above helping himself.

Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are, of the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave, and of the character they assume.

Original.

Lines Suggested by a Tale of Slander.

The tongue of Slander who can bear?
Ah, who withstand its scorching blast;
While dark deceit is lurking there,
And specious friendship round him cast!

Away from us—we hate the smile,
The siren smile thy votaries wear,
Or drop at least this mask of guile,
And to the open field repair.

Yes, meet us now with open hate,
Now let your fiercest darts be hurl'd,
While we in calm submission wait,
And brave the fury of the world.

Yet think not with presumption vain,
In our *own* strength we proudly dare,
The terrors of the human train,
Or the fell demons of the air.

Nay, we are but a bruised reed,
But Jesus is our strength and shield,
"A present help in time of need,"
Through Him the victors sword we wield,

Securely shelter'd in His side,
The storms of slander we defy,
And safely o'er the tempest ride,
That shakes the worldling's changeful sky

Our steadfast hearts shall know no fear,
But that of wandering from our God;
Secure alone while He is near,
Who bought our pardon with His blood.

ANN.

Grandmother's Verse.

"A Sabbath well spent,
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of to-morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whate'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

JANE.

INCIDENTS OF A DAYS EXCURSION.

ONE day last summer I took my place in a Gravesend Steamer, and found considerable amusement in watching the various characters—Two persons in particular attracted my notice; one was a middle aged gentleman, stout, rather surly, taciturn, who paid no attention to any living being on board, except a huge Newfoundland dog, that was panting or lolling out his tongue, or roamed among the passengers, shoving them out of his way, frightening children by suddenly covering up their faces by one lick of his great tongue, and convincing nervous ladies that he was going mad by the vigor with which he stuck out his legs while rolling upon his back upon the deck. His master eyed these pranks with a sly smile, and seemed quietly to enjoy the terror occasioned by the antics of his burly friend.

The other person whom I especially noticed, was a very pretty and well-dressed lady. Young lady she would no doubt have been called, but that she had with her a little girl, about seven years old, who called her 'mamma.' She was evidently possessed of nerves. Indeed, she seemed to be possessed by them, and their name was Legion. Endless were the petty annoyances in which they involved her. But her keenest sufferings in this small way were caused by the unwieldy gambols of Lion, the Newfoundland dog, and her incessant and puerile exclamations of terror, indignation and spite, against the good-natured brute, kept up the sly, malicious smile upon the lips of his ap-

parent unnoticing master. The little girl on the contrary, had, to the increased alarm of the weak mother, made friends with the monster; and for a long time amused herself by throwing bits of biscuit for him to catch, which feat, notwithstanding the incorrectness of her aim, he managed to accomplish by making a boisterous plunge to one side or the other; and when at last she timidly offered him a piece out of her hand, and he acknowledged the compliment by licking her face and rubbing his side against her till he almost pushed her down, the little creature fairly screamed with delight. Her mother screamed too, but in one of the small hysterical screams in which she was fond of indulging, and was followed by an outburst of anger at Lion's audacity.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "if that horrid creature should be mad, he'll have killed my child! And how dirty he is, too! Look at your pelise, Adelaide; see what a state it is in! How dare you play with that animal?"

This transition from hydrophobia to a soiled dress, was to much for Lion's master, and he burst into a long and loud laugh.

"I wish, sir," said the lady snappishly, "that you would call away that nasty dog, instead of setting him on to annoy every body who is not accustomed to have such dirty animals around them,"

The gentleman said nothing, but bowed and walked forward; and I soon after saw him enjoying a cigar, while Lion played the Agreeable in his own way to people who knew how

to read the expression of his honest and intelligent physiognomy.

Little Adelaide deprived of the attraction which had fixed her attention to the inside of the boat, began to see amusement in watching the foaming water as it rushed from the paddle-wheels, and danced in long lines behind them. She knelt on a shawl which a fellow passenger had kindly lent as a cushion for her little knees, and leaned quietly over the side watching the roaring water; so her mother was for a time relieved from the thousand mosquito-winged vexations which had hitherto beset her.

We were within a few miles of Gravesend.—The tide was just at the full, and the broad expanse of the river lay around us in all its majesty; and to those who have never beheld the Hudson or the Mississippi, old Father Thames is majestic; aye and if we place in the balance the historic, political and commercial importance of the transactions of which his broad breast is and has been the highway, our time-honoured river will not lose in dignity even when compared with those giant floods of the West. Such thoughts as these, however, did not trouble Adelaide's pretty head, which began, I could see, to grow giddy with the continual whirl beneath her. A large seaweed that was dashed from the paddle wheel caught her attention. It sank, then rose, turned round in a short eddy, and then darted out in the long wake that was left behind the Steamer. She leaned forward to watch its progress, farther, still her little neck was stretched; she lost her balance, and

toppled over into the roaring hood. In a moment all was confusion on board. Men were shouting for ropes and boats, to stop the steamer; cries of "a child overboard!" "who can swim?" and a thousand other cries and questionings; but above all, were the poor mother's heart-rending shrieks, too painfully in earnest now; and she alone, in the fond instinctive devotion of maternal love, that even should she reach her child she could only sink with her, endeavoring to leap into the water to save her.

Suddenly Lion, followed closely by his master, came tearing along the deck, knocking the people to the right and left like ninepins. They sprang into the boat that hung at the stern, every body giving way before the determined energy of both man and dog. Lion looked anxiously in his master's face, and uttered a sharp low bark.

"Wait," said the latter in reply; "where was she seen last?"

"There, sir," replied a sailor promptly, "there beside that piece of plank."

"How often has she risen?"

"Twice."

The gentleman drew a long breath, and said to his dog in a low tone, "look out!"

And Lion did look out, with wild flashing eyes and limbs that trembled with anxiety. What a moment that was! Every one else was passive, every other attempt was laid aside, and all stood in mute expectation; those who were near enough watching the third rising of the poor child; and those who could not see the water keeping their eyes fixed upon Lion. In another

instant a cry was raised, as a golden head was seen to emerge from the water. The noble dog had seen it first, though, and ere the warning cry reached his ears he had dashed from the boat with wonderful rapidity and was swimming towards the little sufferer as though he knew that life and death depended on his efforts.

His master marked his progress anxiously. His face was pale as death, and it was only by rigidly compressing them that he could control the nervous quivering of his lips. 'He has her!' he exclaimed, as Lion rose to the surface after a long dive, holding the little Adelaide by the hair of the head in such a manner that her face was out of water. 'He has her, and she is saved!' Down went the steps, and on them stood a couple of active sailors, encouraging the brave dog by shouts and gestures, and ready to receive his precious burden when he should approach them. Slowly he came wistfully eyeing his master, who was leaning over the side encouraging him with his well-known voice.

"Here you are!" cried the sailors, seizing the little girl. She was handed from one to another, and at last deposited in the arms of an active looking gentleman, whom every body seemed instinctively to recognize as a surgeon, and by him carried below.

"Now come up, there's a brave fellow!" said the sailor, retreating to make way for Lion to clime up the steps. But the poor creature whined piteously, and after one or two fruitless attempts to raise himself out of the water he remained quite passive.

"Help him--help him! He is ex-

hausted!" cried his master, fighting his way through the crowd, to go to the rescue of his favorite. By the time, however, he reached the top of the ladder, the sailors had perceived the condition of the dog, and with some difficulty dragged him from the water. With their assistance he crawled feebly up, and languidly licked his master's hand and stretched himself feebly on the deck.

It would be difficult to tell which received the most attention—the little girl under the hand of the surgeon and all the women, who had squeezed themselves into the cabin under the firm conviction that they were exceedingly useful, or the noble dog from the kind but rough attentions of the steamer's men, under the superintendence of his master.

Both the invalids were convalescent; and Lion was sitting up, receiving with quiet dignity the caresses of his friends, when Adelaide's mother came running up stairs, and throwing herself upon her knees before him, and clasping him affectionately in her arms, laid her cheeks upon his rough head and wept.

"He's a dirty animal, madam," said the gentleman, who could not forget her former slighting remarks. "He'll make your pelise in such a state! Besides, he may be mad!"

She cast up her eye with an expression of meek reproach. They were very fine eyes, and I think he felt it, for his features softened immediately.

"Oh, pray, pray, give him to me!" she began.

"Give Lion to you," he exclaimed in derision.

"Why, what would you do with him! I will tell you. You'd pet and pamper the poor beast, till he was eaten up with disease, and as nervous as a fine lady.

No, no; you'd better give little Adelaide to me. Lion and I could take much better care of her than you can."

"Perhaps so, sir," she replied, with the gentle manner that had come over her since the accident; but still I could not spare her. She is my only child and I a widow."

"I must go," muttered the gentleman to himself. "Whew! Has not the Immortal WELLER assured us that one window is equal to twenty five ordinary women? It's not safe—morally safe—to be in the same boat with her."

He walked away. But who can wrestle against fate? When the boat returned to London Bridge, I saw him carrying Adelaide ashore, with the pretty widow leaning on his arm. They had a long conversation all the way home; and when he had put them into a cab they had another chat through the window, terminating with a promise to "COME EARLY." What could all this mean? He looked after the cab till it was out of sight.

"I think she has got rid of her nerves," he observed to himself. "What a charming creature she is without them!"

Virtue is no enemy to pleasure, grandeur, or glory: her proper office is to regulate our desires, that we may enjoy every blessing with moderation, and lose them without discontent.

Adversity is the best school of virtue.

Original.

MRS. HEMANS.

BY M. E. H.

THE period has passed away, in which woman was regarded as an inferior being, and only known as the abject slave of her tyrant lord, doomed to wear out her life in servile obedience to one who should have been her guide and protector. Education has ameliorated her condition, and not only rescued her from degradation and misery, but elevated her to that situation in society which she was originally destined to fill by her all-wise Creator. Where the happy effects of civilization and refinement are experienced, there her intellectual endowments are appreciated, and she is regarded as an intelligent and accountable being. Among the enlightened nations of Europe and America, we find her occupying a place at once honourable and influential; her name is enrolled among the benefactors of her country, and her genius and talents entitle her to the highest meed of praise. It has been affirmed that the mind of woman is not susceptible of that degree of mental culture attainable by her more gifted companion, man; that her intellect is defective, and that her sphere of usefulness does not extend beyond the confines of the domestic circle. The many brilliant examples of intellectual superiority which have adorned our world, prove, that with all the disadvantages of an inferior education, and the prejudices of the learned world, woman has successfully competed with the usurper of literature; correcting, by her admirable productions, the abuses

to which she had been subjected, and imparting a refinement to taste hitherto unknown. Home is truly "the soil of the affections."—the sphere to which woman has been called, and where she can discharge the duties incumbent upon her, with honor to herself and benefit to the rising generation; and this situation, so far from rendering the efforts of a cultivated mind unnecessary, is one eminently calculated to call into exercise all the powers of the mind, both mental and moral. If her Creator has endowed her with superior intellectual capacities, it is not that they should merely conduce to her own personal gratification, but to contribute to the happiness of her fellow beings; and if the twofold object can be accomplished, that of rendering home and its scenes delightful with literary pursuits, woman is where she ought to be. Is it probable that an unerring Providence would bestow inferior abilities upon woman to whom he has committed the care and education of those who are to be the champions of the truth and the pillars of the church. Whence is the next generation to derive its mental vigor? if the teachers of the present are defective? Is the pupil always to be superior to his tutor? Individual eminence in every age can be referred to the instructions of mothers who are chiefly intrusted with the early and most important part of education. The courage of the Spartan soldiers can easily be traced to the character of their mothers, whose spirit was discovered in the reply of one who said to her son, when presenting him with a sword, as he left for the field of battle "return with this, or upon this."

Mrs. Hemans has most beautifully paraphrased this maxim of the Spartan mothers.

THE SPARTAN MOTHER AND HER SON.

Mother.

"My Son, let virtue animate thy breast;
Fly to the battle—spurn inglorious rest!
Take up the spear and lance—with ardour go,
March proudly forward to repel the foe!
Let all the spirit of thy noble sire,
With rising energy thy soul inspire!
Thy bleeding country calls thee to the fight,
And duty prompts thee to defend the right,
Fly swiftly, Isadas, for glory says,
'Why dost thou waste in peace thy slothful
days?'"

Son.

I go, my mother, for the deathless crown
Which fires the youthful hero to renown!
And if thy soldier shall return to thee,
And bring the laurel—wreath of victory,
Ah! let the tribute of thy praise impart,
The dearest pleasures of my glowing heart.
And should I fall—oh! be my glorious grave
Crown'd with the patriot—honors of the brave,
Think that I died in virtue's sacred cause;
Think that I died to win her bright applause.

Mother.

My noble Isadas, to me what pride,
Wert thou to die—as thy brave father died!
Go, young enthusiast, to the battle go,
Repel with native zeal the daring foe.
Oh! that I were a bird, with thee I'd fly,
And search the ranks among with piercing eye,
For thee, my son: thy actions brave I'd mark,
And grave them in my breast.—But hark! oh,
hark!
The martial trumpet sounds to war's alarms;
Farewell! my hero, haste thee from my arms.

Son.

Adieu! my mother, if with glory crown'd
Home I return not, scarr'd with many a
wound,
I'll bravely fall in battle's rushing tide;
Conquer or die—"as my brave father died!"

Who that has perused the invaluable writings of Hannah More, Madame de Stael, Madame de Sevigne, will not readily acknowledge that for discrimination, refined taste, and exquisite sensibility, they hold an honorable rank not only among their contemporaries, but also among the authors of the present day. To these may be added the illustrious names of Hemans, Edgworth, Sigourney, Landon, Ellis and a host of others, whose talents have secured for them imperishable honors.

Among our accomplished female writers, none is more distinguished for poetic talent than the admirable authoress of the "Forest Sanctuary."—She was one of those brilliant geniuses who would have adorned any age, and had she not been summoned from this world in the prime of life, her talents would have secured a fame unparalleled in the history of female writers. The gradual development of her mind plainly indicated the existence of those powers, for which she subsequently became so celebrated. Endowed with a quick poetic temperament, she found nothing in nature too sublime for her contemplation, or too minute to arrest the attention of her muse. The butterfly, as well as the spangled canopy of heaven, called forth the feelings of her soul; for in both she traced the workmanship of a Divine Creator. In her youthful days her retentive memory enabled her to lay up a store of the useful as well as the beautiful; and when but a child the hours not devoted to scholastic duties, were spent in committing to memory extracts from prose and verse; manifesting at that tender age the existence of a mind that

would one day revel in intellectual luxuries. From the commencement of her literary career to its close, she had to encounter difficulties and trials, which would have paralyzed the efforts of any less-ardent youthful aspirant for fame; but Mrs. Hemans rose superior to them all, and notwithstanding her earlier efforts were subjected to the severe lash of criticism, yet the success which attended her renewed exertions more than compensated for previous disappointments. Could she have enjoyed a faint glimpse of the fame that awaited her in future, it would have proved a powerful stimulus in all her intellectual exertions; but unaided at that early period except by her own genius, she prosecuted her favourite study with that devotion which is characteristic of highly gifted minds. Reading was to her a prolific source of pleasure and improvement. She perused with intense delight the best authors, and like the humming-bird that wings its airy tide through the flowery meads extracting from every nectary its luscious deposit, so did our authoress with a poet's enthusiasm enrich her mind by reading. Nor was this confined to her own language. She was equally familiar with the German, French, and Italian languages, from which, particularly the latter, many beautiful extracts and translations are to be found among her writings. Her love for these languages and the readiness with which she acquired them, facilitated her introduction to the literature of Europe, a repast which her refined taste was eminently calculated to enjoy.

Of the life of this distinguished woman little has been recorded; from her

works alone can be gleaned the history of her deathless spirit. But certain it is that no one ever more truly lived for immortality. Her ascent from mediocrity was steady and rapid. Many of her unrivalled sonnets were written upon a bed of sickness, exhibiting the distressing conflict between mental inspiration and corporeal suffering. Yet at this trying moment, her heart imbued with the treasures of divine grace, reposed with unlimited confidence on the merits of her Redeemer.

Yes! the gifted Felicia Hemans,—the pride and glory of her sex—the admiration of the world—She who for ten years was regarded the master-spirit of Lyric poetry, has terminated her triumphant career, and will only be heard in the echo of other days. Too truly were her own inimitable words verified in her case.

“Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind’s
breath,
And stars to set but—all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, oh!
Death.”

Adelaide Academy, }
Toronto, April 16, 1849. }

The great and the little are more upon a level than they themselves are aware of: the splendour of the former is more than compensated by the security of the latter.

Temperance, by fortifying the mind and body, leads to happiness. Intemperance, by enervating the mind and body, ends generally in misery.

THE UNION-JACK.

BY HARRY DANFORTH.

It was a calm and moonless night; but the stars were out on high, shining with a brilliancy only seen in the tropics. The brig lay almost motionless, her sails hanging loosely from the yards, and her bow slowly lolling with the almost imperceptible heave of the long, regular swell. There was not a sound to disturb the silence, except the wash of an occasional ripple against her side, or the impatient whistle of a seaman. On every side the ocean stretched away until lost in the dim obscurity of the horizon; and the blue concave was unbroken by clouds, except toward the west, where a bank of vapor hung on the seaboard, like a thin veil of gauze; but a spicy odor impregnating the air told the practiced seaman that what seemed only a cloud was in reality land. The beauty and stillness of the scene were beyond description, and even the rudest of the crew, as they leaned idly over the brig’s side, seemed to feel the dreary influence of the hour.

There were but three passengers beside myself, a father and his daughters, two of the most beautiful girls I ever saw. One had dark eyes and hair, with a most queenly presence. She was the elder sister; but the other was my favorite. Rarely does nature gift a human being with such transcendent loveliness as that enjoyed by Ellen Benson. Her eyes were of a deep blue, humid, melting and heavenly.

Her hair was of that rare golden color of which the poets speak, and each wavy tress glistened with every motion of the sun. Her voice was like running water, clear, silvery and liquid, or like a flute at night heard across a quiet lake. Her form was so light and aerial that it seemed to float along, as if it were that of a goddess, and the movements of her limbs kept time like sisters dancing. Though I had known her scarcely a week, she had already twined herself around my heart, for there was an artless frankness and reliance about her which might have won on one far less imaginative and susceptible than myself.

The day had been excessively sultry, so that when night came on and the air grew cooler, we gathered on the quarter-deck with reviving spirits, and spent a gay and happy evening. Long will those few hours remain stamped on my memory, for, in the course of an eventful life, I have spent few so pleasantly. Ellen had been singing to us, and the soft notes of her voice yet lingered in our thoughts, producing that holy silence which always follows a plaintive song well sung, when suddenly a cry broke from the lips of the performer. It was a cry of alarm, so startling and wild that I turned hastily toward her. Her face was paler than that of death—her lips were parted in terror—her eyes stared fearfully at some object in the distance; and her finger, which pointed in the direction of her look, quivered like an aspen. Instinctively I followed her eye. The cause of her agitation was apparent. Far up to windward, and scarcely discernible amid

the thin haze which hung in that direction, appeared a long, heavy oared boat; and, though the distance and the fog bank rendered it undistinguishable, enough could be seen to make us certain that it was crowded with men and pulling directly towards us. The size of the boat, its dense crew, and the reputation of the seas we were in, left no doubt as to its character. *It was a pirate.*

In an instant the alarm became general. A dozen eyes, at the same moment, discerned the outlaws. The sisters had heard so much of pirates that they knew immediately the character of the best. The elder uttered a faint shriek and clung closer to her father's arm; while Ellen, after gazing in horror a moment longer on the barge, turned shudderingly away and buried her face in her parent's bosom. Never shall I forget the look of agony that shot over the sire's countenance. A dark frown gathered on the skipper's face, but to this speedily succeeded an expression of deep anxiety. He looked eagerly around the horizon, then up to the sails, then around the horizon again, and called for a lighted candle. By this time every eye was fixed on him. The crew gathered within a short distance of the quarter-deck, anxiously awaiting his orders; while the father and his daughters stood forming a group by themselves, the parent with one arm wound around either child, each of whom convulsively clung to him, while all gazed wistfully into the skipper's face, as if on his looks hung life or death. He was now calm and collected. He held the candle aloft, and though, for some

minutes, it streamed perpendicularly upward, at last it slightly inclined and finally flared almost horizontally outward from the wick. Simultaneously I felt on my cheek a nearly imperceptible puff of air. But our sanguine feelings were of short duration. Again the candle burned up steadily, and as minute after minute passed, during which, though we watched the light anxiously, no perceptible effect was produced on it, our hearts sunk within us.

There is no feeling so agonizing as suspense. As I watched the candle, my anxiety gradually became so intense that I could hear the beating of my heart increasing nervously in rapidity and strength until it smote on my ear like the strokes of a force pump. Soon, too, other sounds reached me—they were those of the quick rollicking of oars at a distance. I started, and seizing a night-glass, gazed at the approaching barge, determined to know the worst at once. Good God! I counted no less than thirty ruffianly negroes. Our own force, all told, did not amount to ten. Sick at soul, I shut the glass and turned to the skipper. We exchanged a look of mutual intelligence and then again he fixed his eye on the candle. I fancied that it flared slightly. Wetting my hand I held it up and felt, yes! I felt the water evaporating on the palm. I turned to the light. It now bent steadily over. Half a minute passed, during which my heart beat faster and faster with anxiety, and I trembled nervously lest the flame should again resume the perpendicular, but it gradually inclined nearer to the horizon, and finally streamed out nearly at right an-

gles to the wick, in which position it continued a moment, when it suddenly went out. At the same instant I heard a light murmur in the rigging, while a steady though light breeze poured gently by my cheek.

"Thank Heaven! here it comes at last," said the skipper in a cheering tone: then, lifting his voice, he cried out with startling energy, "All hands make sail—lay aloft!—out to gallant sails and royals. Away there—cheerily my lads. It is for life or death."

The men sprung to their duty; the sails were quickly distended and the glad sound of the water rippling under our bows soon met our ears, telling us that we were in motion. With a sudden feeling of exhilaration I turned astern, and it seemed as if we had already increased our distance from the foe. Unconsciously I uttered an exclamation of joy. At this instant I heard a deep respiration at my side. The sound proceeded from Ellen, who attracted by my words, had read hope in my face, and thus given utterance to her relief.

"Do you think we shall escape?" she said eagerly.

"I hope so—indeed I am nearly sure we shall," I added quickly, observing the sudden expressions of agony on her face at my first doubtful words, "if the wind continues to freshen we shall in an hour run them out of sight."

She clasped her hands and turned her eyes to heaven with a look of mingled hope and gratitude, indescribable. That look gave me courage to face a dozen foes. I mentally resolved to lay

down my life sooner than suffer her to fall into the hands of the pirates.

The next fifteen minutes were passed in a state of the most agonizing suspense. At first, she fancied that the pirates were dropping astern, and a general feeling of relief passed through the ship, perceptible in the altered and gayer demeanor of the men, but particularly of the passengers. But, when I had watched the barge for several minutes, my heart misgave me, and at most I could only hope that the bucaniers did not gain on us. Anxious to conceal my fears from the sisters—for they studied my face continually, as if it were an index to our peril—I assumed a cheerfulness I did not feel, and endeavored to divert their minds from the contemplation of their dangerous situation. But my efforts were in vain. In spite of my attempts to appear composed, there was an increasing nervousness about me which re-awakened the fears of the sisters, and when Ellen caught a stolen glance, which I directed anxiously from the horizon to our sails, she laid her hand on my arm and said,

“Do not deceive us. They—the—” she could not utter the word, and said, abruptly, “they are gaining on us!”

She looked up into my face so pleadingly that, for my life, I could not tell her a falsehood. Yet I hesitated to acknowledge the truth. My silence convinced her that her suspicion had not been false. She looked up to heaven again mutely, clasping her hands; but this time her expression was one of agony and supplication. How my heart bled for her!

I strove to encourage her with hope, and, for the few succeeding moments, there seemed a faint chance of yet escaping from the pirates. The wind coming fitfully and in puffs, forced us ahead one moment, and then, almost dying out, left us comparatively motionless. Sometimes we would gain half a cable's length of our pursuers, but, just as the sisters' eyes began to sparkle with hope, the breeze would decline, and the dark forms on board the barge again perceptibly grow larger. But, during the whole time, we could hear the quick rollicking of their oars, the sounds becoming fainter as the boat dropped astern, but increasing as the pirates gained on us. These fluctuations from hope to despair grew momentarily more frequent and terrible. Never before in real life had I experienced so fully the horrors of suspense. I remember once, when a boy, dreaming that an enemy pursued me with a drawn sword, and never shall I forget my emotions as I looked back and beheld him, now at some paces behind, and now within a step or two of me. But that had been only a feverish dream—now I felt the horrible reality. Yet, it was not for myself that I cared. Had those lovely sisters been safe at home, I could have met these ruffians, as I had often, in earlier life, met other enemies at as great odds.

At last the breeze died out, or only blew so lightly that it afforded us no hope. For the first time since they had come in sight, the pirates now uttered a wild yell, or rather a howl like that of famished wolves at sight of their prey, and, springing to their oars with increased

energy, sent their boat along at a fearful pace, rolling the foam in cataracts under her bows. Ellen gave vent to a stifled shriek and buried her face on her father's bosom. The other sister's lips parted in mortal terror, and her eyes were fixed on the barge, as if fascinated by some strange spell. Words cannot describe the agony expressed in the parent's look or in the wild embrace with which he drew his children to his bosom.

The skipper glanced at the now rapidly approaching boat, and, coming close to me, said, in a hoarse voice,

"In ten minutes all will be over.— Good God!" and he looked earnestly toward the sisters, "to think of those lovely girls in the hands of brutal violators."

"It shall never be," I said. "Arm the men, and let us make a desperate defence. We *may* beat them off."

He shook his head mournfully; and I knew when *he* surrendered hope that the case was indeed desperate.

"We will arm, certainly, and do our best." Again he glanced at the sisters, and something seemed on his mind.— After a pause of a second, he said,

"But, if we fail, shall we suffer these angels to fall into the hands of the ruffians?"

"Better death than dishonor," I responded, understanding his meaning. No other word was said, but we pressed each other's hands convulsively. Then he turned away and ordered the arm chest to be opened. His whole demeanor was changed. His voice was calm and energetic, his countenance glowed with high resolution, his form was erect, and his deportment calculated to inspire

the crew, as far as the confidence of a leader can inspire his followers, in so desperate a situation as ours. Weapons were soon distributed to the men, and a short address made by the skipper. He did not pretend to conceal our danger; he told them they had no alternative but to conquer or die. No allusion was made to the females, but a single glance of his eye toward them was understood, and each man grasped his cutlass tighter as he comprehended the silent appeal. When the voice of the skipper ceased, there was a hush for a second. The first sound that broke the quiet was the rollicking of the pirates' oars, striking with fearful distinctness on our ears, and telling, by its increased loudness, how the foe had gained on us during the harrangue. The measured sound was like the ticking of the clock that counts the criminal's last hour.

I have said that, when the pirates first appeared, they were scarcely distinguishable, on account of the distance and the fog-bank from which they emerged. This bank of vapor had, at that time, seemed scarcely more dense than a thin veil of gauze, or the semi-transparent clouds which the spectator on a mountain side sees streaming upward from a river at sunrise. Gradually, however, this pile of vapor had been creeping down toward us, lying flat on the water like a heap of snowy fleeces, and advancing with an almost imperceptible, but not less certain motion, until, at last, the fog enveloped us on every hand, growing momentarily denser and more opaque, and moving in a rapid whirl, like smoke when a hand

is turned rapidly in it. By this time, the mist had grown so thick that, up to the west, it shut out the horizon from sight, veiling sea and sky alike in a thick, impenetrable shroud; though, as the fog extended only a few degrees above the seaboard, the stars were still visible higher up toward the zenith. Nearer us the vapor was less dense. Objects were still visible for some distance across the water, and, though the mist had enveloped the pirates, they were only rendered shadowy, and not concealed, by its folds. Besides, they were advancing toward us at a speed that almost rivalled the velocity of the vapor.

"I think I can pick off one of those ruffians," said I to the skipper. "We may disable three or four before they reach us, and every life will increase our chances. We have four muskets on board. I think you are a good shot?"

"Ay!" said my friend. "I will take care of one, if you will hit the other fair. Let us take the two leading oarsmen. What we do had best be done at a distance, for, the instant they touch us, we shall have them pouring in, on our low decks, like a cross wave over the knight heads. Are you ready?"

"Ready!" was my response. There was a death-like pause for a single breath, when we fired.

I had taken deliberate aim, and, simultaneously with the flash of my piece, I saw the bow oarsman fall over. Quick as thought, the skipper followed my example and pulled trigger. The second ruffian leaped up, with a yell, and tumbled across the seat. Both oars caught in the water, and were snapped

off at the thwart. For an instant, the negroes seemed paralysed, and then a cry of savage ferocity burst from them; while the oars, which had suddenly stopped, were again flashing in the water, and with increased velocity.

The skipper had turned to me, with an exulting smile, but had not spoken, as he saw the two men fall, and now, seizing his second piece, he said, sternly, "Again!"

We fired so nearly at the same instant, that there was but one crack of our pieces, but our success was not so decided as before. One of the men we aimed at appeared wholly to have escaped, but the other, from a quick start and cry, we judged to be wounded. Both oarsmen kept their places at the oars, and our failure was received by the pirates with a sharp yell of exultation. So near had the ruffians now approached that we could make out the Spanish tongue as that in which they conversed, while the surging of the water under the bows of their barge was plainly distinguishable to the ear.

"Would Heaven we had a carronade here!" I exclaimed. "We might rake them with grape, and, perhaps, sink their boat."

"Ay!" answered the skipper. "But we must do our best with what we have. The muskets are ready again, and now for a last shot."

The boat was now within pistol shot, for a delay had occurred while our muskets were being reloaded. We saw that our all depended on this single discharge.

"Take off that colossal fellow with the red sash," hoarsely whispered the

skipper; "I will aim at the helmsman. One of the two must be the leader."

I comprehended at once the reasoning of the skipper: If the pirates could be deprived of their head, they would board us, perhaps, in a state of irresolution, consequent on the want of an acknowledged leader to whom to look. The same idea had already occurred to me, and I had, after scanning the desperadoes, concluded also that the persons named by the skipper were the most prominent of our foes. I nodded an assent. The seconds that elapsed were, to me, the most intensely absorbing that I ever spent. I felt the mighty stake which hung on the accuracy of my aim. Some men grow nervous under such circumstances; but my eye was never keener, nor my hand more firm than at that moment. One might have counted three while I paused; then my piece blazed, and my man sprang forward and fell, struggling convulsively. The skipper fired simultaneously, and the helmsman tumbled headlong forward, falling on the man I had shot. Instantaneously there was a howl of lamentation from the negroes; the rowers stopped, several rushed aft, and all was confusion. The boat shot forward until almost abreast of us, and then lay motionless on the water.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires, makes a wise and a happy purchase.

As rust corrupts iron, so envy corrupts man.

"I WILL SURELY GIVE A TENTH UNTO THEE."

LONG before the Missionary, the Bible, and the Tract Societies came into existence, I had read that a young man, who had been piously educated, left his Father's house to seek his fortune in a foreign land. His father was not only a pious man, rich in the hope of eternal life, but he was rich in this world's goods; he had "possessions of flocks; possessions of herds, and a great store of servants," and he was also the owner of a large tract of land in the East—a land flowing with milk and honey. He had not yet received the land, and entered into possession of it; but he had the title deeds from the original proprietor and owner, and it was made sure to his children, and descendants. And yet, notwithstanding the great riches of the father, the son was sent away empty handed; for he had, at the instigation of his mother, and with her help, practised a wicked deception on his father, now old and blind, and had moreover, cruelly wronged his only brother. His brother's anger was fierce against him, and he was sent far away from home, to seek a shelter among the relations of his mother.

I suppose the young man found his long journey wearisome, as he travelled alone and on foot. I think he must have regretted the wickedness of his conduct, and often wished that he was back to his father's house with his mother and brother. At one time, on his journey, he slept all night in the open air; and as he had no bed to rest upon, he took a stone and placed it for his pillow, and laid his head upon it, and fell

asleep. Now I cannot certainly say that he repented of his wickedness previous to this time; but I judge it was so; for as he slept that night upon his hard bed, the angels of the Lord came down to him, and the Lord God himself looked down in kindness upon him, and graciously promised to guide and keep him in all the way he should go, to bless and prosper him, and to bring him safely to the land he was then leaving.

I do not wonder that the young man said when he awoke, "The Lord is in this place; it is the gate of heaven."—He felt that God was present there, and he named the place Bethel. In the house of God, when we see the gate of heaven opened, and in faith behold the Lord smiling graciously upon us, it is indeed a Bethel to our souls. His soul filled with love and gratitude, he determined here to leave a monument for himself and for others, of the gracious appearance of God to him; and he took that very stone on which his head lay, when the heavenly vision appeared to him, and he sat it up for a memorial, and poured oil upon it, thus consecrating it as a holy altar unto the Lord Jehovah; and then in this place, this house of God, with this monument to remind him of his obligations, he vowed a vow unto the Lord. "If God will be with me, and keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on—of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give a tenth unto thee."

I shall not now inquire how the Lord would use the tenth that Jacob promised to give him; nor shall I inquire why the Lord, who owns the cattle upon a

thousand hills, should want one-tenth of Jacob's flocks; neither will we waste our time to enquire whether Jacob could find use, in the service of God, for one-tenth of all the great possessions which afterwards came into his hands. But I would enquire of you—all ye whom God hath blessed, and who live upon the fruits of his bounty—have you followed his example? Look at him; I pray you, a poor wanderer from his father's house. See what he asks of God when he makes his vow. He does not say, if thou wilt give me a thousand rams and ten thousand sheep, and flocks and herds, such as my father has; but, if thou wilt give me *food and raiment*, then I will give one-tenth of all unto thee. Jacob made a vow when he was poor; and I have often thought, perhaps if he had waited till he had come out of Laban's house, with all his camels, his he goats, flocks, and men servants, he would have thought as some wealthy Christians, I fear, now think, one-tenth would be too much—more than the Lord requires. I believe it is easier to form good principles on this subject before the deceitfulness of riches choke the path of duty.


Let me say a word to all. Are you poor?—just beginning life—just entering upon its active duties for yourself? The field is all before you. In the smile of Providence only will you prosper.—Do you wish to do all your duty? The Bible gives here an example in benevolence. Are you rich? Has God already blessed your basket and your store? Surely you can well and truly give back a tithe of what he has so freely given. Are you neither rich nor poor?

Has Augur's prayer been answered unto you? rejoice in your happy lot and show your gratitude to God by laying by in store as he hath prospered you.

One word more. If you have vowed, if you do vow, do as did Israel, *pay your vows.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

IMPORTANCE OF CHARITY.

 ALL the principles, and graces, and the temper of mind, and course of conduct approved and recommended, by sound reason and the word of God, are, in themselves valuable, and of vast importance to the human family.

But at the same time, all of these are not alike valuable; some being of greater importance, because tending in a higher degree to advance the happiness of mankind, than others. Among the principles and graces which adorn the character of man, and render him acceptable to his maker and redeemer, charity stands pre-eminent. An inspired Apostle speaking of Faith, Hope, and Charity, has remarked, "But the greatest of these is Charity;" and had the Apostle been comparing it with all the Christian graces, and with every principle of virtue and truth, he, doubtless, would have come to the same conclusion. Charity, Heaven-born, and Soul-inspiring! how empty, how bare and fruitless the soul is without thee. But some have mistaken the thing, supposing charity to consist in mere alms-giving. Nothing can be farther from the truth, nor can anything be more mis-

chievous than this. St. Paul says "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing," from which it is evident that charity is something besides beneficence; that it is possible for a man to give all that he possesses to relieve those in distress, and even to sacrifice his life for the benefit of mankind, or in defence of what he may conceive to be the truth, and yet be without charity. Affording relief or assistance, to suffering humanity, is often an effect of charity, but not always; for the worst of motives may influence men in their show of benevolence and good will.— Seeing then the end which charity is designed to answer, and the dependence which men are ready to place thereon, it is of very great importance that the thing be understood. Taking the view of charity which we have named, some regard it as a ladder, by means of which they expect to climb up to Heaven; and every benevolent act which they perform, they look upon as placing an additional rundle in their ladder, or taking a new step in their ascent to the mansion of glory. But alas, their ladder will be found rotten, when it shall be too late to repair it; and instead of finding themselves at the top of the staircase, quite up to Heaven, they will find themselves at the bottom, and will see, when forever too late, that they have not taken the first step in the right direction to the New Jerusalem. Charity, in its highest and most important sense, is that love of God which the Holy Spirit inspires in the soul, that supreme affection placed upon the Divine Being which

leads us to obey Him in all things. In this it is a principle, fixed in the mind, and giving the right kind of impulse to the heart. In another and more general sense, charity is that grace which induces love to mankind; that temper of mind which prompts to acts of benevolence, and which leads us to cherish kind feelings towards those who differ from us, and to cast a mantle, as it were, over their defects. This is the true kind of charity so rarely met with in the world. It is talked much about, commended by all, but little practiced, and imperfectly understood. To be really charitable is to be what is acceptable to God, and amiable in the estimation of all good men.

Charity considered in either of the senses named here, or in both of them, is of great importance to the human family. Viewed as a Divine principle wrought in the heart, nothing can equal it in importance, as it is the "Pearl of great Price," which only can entitle men to an inheritance in the kingdom of God. And viewed as a grace inducing love, and feelings of kindness to our fellow creatures, it is of vast importance to mankind; and should be cherished in the heart and evinced in the life of all who wish well to their species.

On the part of all ministers of the gospel, it is of great importance that they show themselves to be examples of charity in their conduct towards each other. If this is not done, their efficiency and success, in the great work of their calling, will be anything but great, while, on the other hand, where a truly catholic spirit is evinced, success is sure to follow. There is at the present

day but little controversy and strife, among ministers of different persuasions about the doctrines which they respectively teach, but there is a strife in another way, which shuts charity out of the soul, in many instances, and destroys all of its fruits. A spirit of proselytism is at work in the churches, particularly in new and growing countries, under the influence of which ministers condemn ministers, and, blind, alike, to each other's good qualities, each pursues a course in relation to the other, which tramples every law of charity and kindness in the dust; and as a legitimate consequence the usefulness of both is destroyed. Among ministers of the same order charity should ever be exercised; it will cement them together in unity, and increase the strength of the body, and serve to render each more efficient; and in proportion as it is extended to all fellow laborers, will the true interests of religion be advanced in the earth.

Charity is important to the peace and prosperity of Christian churches. To err in human. None are exempt from faults and imperfections, in consequence of which, their is great need of the exercise of charity in every christian, as well as other, association; and when this is properly felt, and fully and freely, displayed among the members of a particular church, it saves the community from a thousand evils which otherwise would arise, and causes the Divine will to be done on earth as it is done in Heaven. And the thing so productive of peace and prosperity in one church, will produce like effects in all the churches, and amongst the different

churches, if but allowed to operate.— How important, how necessary, then, that charity, pure charity, warm, and flowing from hearts melted into compassion and tenderness; by Divine love, be exhibited and felt throughout the whole church of God. While infidels, and the cold world; can have no charity; and while christians alone are blessed with this grace, so important to the happiness of mortals here, as well as hereafter, it should be their study and their delight to increase this medium of happiness in the earth.

In the numerous scientific and useful professions pursued, there is room for the exercise of charity, and the success of those pursuing them, as well as their benefit to society, may be increased by their means. It will, where exercised, prevent all dishonest rivalry and strife, and all envious and jealous feelings of the mind. But we need not stop to arrange and classify, for view man in whatever relation we may, we shall find that his peace, safety, and usefulness, will all be measured by that amount of charity which he shall exercise towards others and which others shall cherish towards him. As parents, as children, as husbands and wives, the members of the human family find daily that they have need of this grace. And looking at the different callings and classes into which we find the human family divided, we see the demand for the grace of charity, and the importance that it is to the world. But there is too little of it in existence, quite too little; and, until there is more charity in the world, sin, and strife, and sectarianism, will continue their destructive work.

DRY PREACHING.

PREACHING, to be effectual, should be sound, and clear, but it never should be *dry*. A warm and stirring sermon, into which the whole soul of the preacher is thrown, though it afford but little information, if it be but the truth, is infinitely better than an elaborate discourse delivered in that *cold* and *dry* manner, so well calculated to close up the eyes, ears, and hearts, of every hearer. We once read an excellent anecdote upon the subject of dry preaching, which we will here give to our readers, as an illustration. "The Rev. Dr.'s Hardy and Macknight were colleagues in the old Church of Edinburgh. One Sunday, when it was Dr. Macknight's turn to preach, it happened that he had got drenched by a heavy shower, and was standing before the session room fire drying his clothes, when Dr. Hardy came in, whom he requested to take his place, as he had escaped the rain. "No, sir," replied Hardy, "preach yourself: you will be *dry enough* in the pulpit." There is quite as much in the manner as in the matter of a discourse. And if all subjects taken up and discussed by men of reason and sound sense, preaching the gospel of a crucified Saviour, to sinful and dying men, is the one that should most awaken every faculty of the soul, arousing every latent power, and bringing into the great work, all that there is of the man. Preaching should not be *dry*; it should be well sprinkled with the blood of Calvary; and it should be well watered with the tears of the preacher in the sight of his congregation.

But says the preacher, "nature has not formed me to be so zealous as some and to have the feelings and weep like others." Very likely, but, if nature has not, grace should. Let the heart be in the work; and let the spirit of God, from Heaven, be infused into the soul, and there will be no complaint about the *dryness* of the preaching. But let our remarks be understood. We are not pleading for loud and boisterous pulpit efforts; this is often the very *driest* and most *barren* of all preaching. For if a man have not the love of God in him, and if he be destitute of all sympathy for perishing souls, and then attempt to make up the deficiency by an artificial zeal, and by taxing his voice to the utmost possible extent, he is at once, and in the fullest sense of the terms, as a sounding brass and a tinkling symbol. Preaching, whether loud or low, can be energetic, and accompanied by love, and sympathy; and when such is the *manner* of the preaching it will take effect.

OUR COUNTRY.

WE have repeatedly spoken of the natural and other advantages of Canada as an agricultural country, and as a place of commerce and trade. It is capable of being made, in these respects, one of the finest sections of the new world. But with all its advantages and ample means for prosperity and wealth, it seems doomed to be a second Ireland. The people are divided upon every subject of interest and importance to the country, faction-

ists are busily engaged in stirring up strife and exciting to envy, and all that is mischievous and destructful of the interests of the province. And times and changes of government make little alteration for the better. Politicians, and some others, talk of some great changes which they fancy they see in the future history of our country, as though they would bring great and permanent prosperity, but, they may see themselves disappointed. Nothing with us is settled, (unless it be the 57 Rectories and the Clergy Reserve Question,) and so many factions now exist, that it is to be feared that the country never will assume a settled and quiet position.

But bad as matters are, unsettled and unsafe as everything is, we will not yet despair. The gospel, and education may yet accomplish the work, and secure for our beloved country, tranquility and great prosperity. The destruction of property, and the destruction of life even, sought by some, should be frowned upon by all well-wishers of the land; for let a work so nefarious once be set on foot in our country, and our ruin is sure to follow. Patriotism is a rare thing in our country. The greater portion of our population are emigrants from other lands, and hence, this is not their *home*. They seek their own interests, but the interests of their adopted country are overlooked,

An inward sincerity will of course influence the outward deportment; but, where the one is wanting, there is great reason to suspect the absence of the other.